

# **KaranBlade Online Supplement**

Khitai (pg.2) | Final Days (pg.19)  
Moonlit Knights (pg.298) | Eagles`s Flight (pg.30)  
Biamindua`s Chariot & Spellbook (pg.31 | pg.32)

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The map of Khitai: <http://dndworld.com/khitai/khitaimap.jpg>  
The sketch of the War Chariot: <http://dndworld.com/gnp/chariot.jpg>

# Khitai

## | Introduction |

Greetings to all of you with avid interest for Khitai, I'm Mario Crispi, a historian from Bak who did come to Khitai searching for its culture and spiritual knowledge... Meanwhile, I managed to write a few notes about this kingdom, notes that may uncover some of the vast khitaian secrets to you people in the south. I will tell you more about this amazing lands, yes I will, but first lets introduce you to Khiai, using the words of Tellius Tolken, from his "A Brief Overlook at Near World":

"Khitaians are the humans that lives at the distant north, at lands covered by snow and tundra. They are a mysterious civilization, with their own culture, honor and education. Their weird weapons and armor are rarely found at the south lands, but they are very famous between the warriors. One few examples are the Katana and the Shuriken... Tough they are rare to find at the south lands, the ones who travels the huge distance are very respected by their courage. Khitaians spoke a totally different tongue and apparently never loose their accents while talking in Torak (world common). The most famous of the Khitaians must be his king Maw-Tutso-ju, that is believed to be the richest man in the world."

## | The Journey |

Its not a easy task to travel from Dardeeh to Khitai, just because between the country and the kingdom, miles and miles of dangers and unknown monsters awaits the rangers... For me it was no easier, though I did come with a division of soldiers from Bak, nearly half of them died in the journey. I really recommend you to think twice before daring to make this travel, but if you really want to do it, equip yourself!

This lands are known as The Savage Lands, and among its legendary sites are the J'Ilahou, the city of the lizardmen, and Hok'tush'ran', the cold desert that is a prison of gods...

Time of The Journey: 12 to 18 months by walking (1/3 by horse) at the first time, 7 to 11 months by walking (1/3 by horse) for the subsequent times (or if anyone from your party actually did it already). There are no known maps for

the Savage Lands, but with the aid of a rare one, the time could drop to 75% of total.

Known monsters: Here is a list of some of the dangers that awaits the rangers along the way... Aarakocra\*, Ankheg, Arcane (legendary), Basilisk, Behir, Bulette, Bullywug\* (common), Catoblepas, Cockatrice, Dinosaur (rare ones near the mountains of The Wall), Deep Dragon (near The Wall), Dragonne, Duergar Dwarf\* (near The Wall), Skriaxit (composite elemental), Galeb Duhr (near The Wall), Giants (actually common to find near The Wall!), Gibberling, Spriggan Gnome\*, Grell (legendary), Grimlock, Grippi, Caveman (near The Wall), Kenku\* (common), Kuo-Toa\*, Leech, Lizard Man\* (common, though the rumors of their huge city are treated as legends), Locathah, Mongrelman, Muckdweller, Merrow Ogre, Peryton (near The Wall), Roc (near The Wall), Sahuagin, Tabaxi\*, Tasloi\*, Titan (legendary), Yuan-ti (psionics are legendary).

\* Suggested races for possible PCs from The Savage Lands.

All monsters are described on the Monstrous Manual (you can buy it at our Library)

## | The Monarchy (Royal Cities) |

Since immemorial times, the kingdom of Khitai has been plagued by ferocious battles between the monarchy, which believe it has been chosen by Alkh and Mah, the first gods of Khitai, to be the power above all their lands, and the shadow clans, whose believe in the god Odda, and want to take the monarchy down to bring anarchy and chaos, together with liberty, to Khitai.

But all khitaians seem to accept the controlling but wise power of the king, instead of the dangers of an anarchy being ruled by the crime lords of their people. So, I will introduce you to the monarchy of Khitai, and describe the four Royal Cities, the greatest cities of all their cold lands...

The King: During the eternal struggle between the monarchy and the criminal shadow clans of Khitai, Maw-Tutso-ju found himself in the highest position of king at the tender age of 15 years, after the murder of his father, the king Fyunna-Tutso-ju, by the master assassin Hia-Kunn-fu. During 9 years, he ruled the northern kingdom the better he could, and now he's a young, but wise, king of Khitai. The common folks of Khitai love him to the death, and the shadow clans want a meet between him and death...

### City of Daí-Khai

The center of the monarchy, Daí-Khai is the greatest city of all Khitai, having the king's palace and famous gardens inside its walls, Daí-Khai is a beautiful and secure place. Being settled alongside the Ankai River a long time ago, Daí-Khai suffers extremely cold temperatures, and warm times are rare, but very productive...

Actually, the lands besides the river are very fertile, but can only be productive for small parts of the cold years of Khitai, and so during this times their folks work as hard as they can. Daí-Khai also make trades with the other Royal Cities, and it was the ancient kings who built the roads which connects to Mir-Khai and Urk-Hai.

One of the shadow clans best strategies to battle the monarchy is to attack the caravans which brings food and trades from one big city to another, so the king's army is always watching for this precious caravans. There are about 25,000 khitaian living in Daí-Khai, some of them are monks who came from the Yin Mountains...

#### City of Mir-Khai

Settled beside the Yang Mountains, Mir-Khai is a city who lives for mining its precious metals, particularly the Cion. This is a metal that can only be found here, and its very good to build their Katanas and Samurai Armors (treat as a rare +2 non-magical weapon or armor)

Mir-Khai inhabitants are very devoted to the military arts, and inside this city lives the most famous samurais of all Khitai, whose serves the king against the shadow clans... There are also very good weapon and armor smiths, specialized on making the most deadly weapons you will ever see.

They do also have farms near the city, but their land aren't so fertile as at Daí-Khai.

General Yinn, an experienced warrior, is the man in charge of Mir-Khai while the king is not there... About 8,500 khitaian do live by there. There are also about 400 duergar dwarves who often came from the mountain caves to visit Mir-Khai.

#### City of Nakhat

Built by the ronins (fallen warriors who lost their honor) who came from the other cities, the once roguish city of Nakhat is now accepted by the king as a Royal City too, mostly because of the great work of Hia-Jutso-do, a very brave warrior who managed to transform Nakhat into a honorable city, sending all their rogues and criminals to the Nakhat forest.

The problem is that this rogues aren't satisfied with that, and they even built small camps inside the forest, to make the life of Hia-Jutso-do as harder as they can... Some say that this rogues are even aided by the shadow clans, who want to control this city of ronins. But all khitaian inside Nakhat work hard to regain their lost honor, and they are also very loyal to the man who showed them the correct path once again. Being very alike Pravokia somehow, Nakhat lives from the trades of their rare herbs and small farms. There're also a good fishing commerce being settled.

About 4,000 khitaian live there, including the rumors of some Kenku families who came from Khun-po Mountains and the savage lands.

#### City of Urk-Hai

To the east of Daí-Khai, inside the Haiyai Hills, there's the city of Urk-Hai. Being the Royal City most close to the shadow clans territory, Urk-Hai holds a great number of solders, and is a very secure city, with two rows of giant stone walls, and some of the best weapons that Khitai could produce, such as the catapults and war chariots...

General Hiak is the man in charge of Urk-Hai, the great warrior he is. Many battles takes place between the monarchy and the shadow clans just to the north of Urk-Hai, near the Fing-po River, and if you have not a big reason to came to this city, I suggest you to stay away from it.

The inhabitants of Urk-Hai are very stressed with its situation of constant battles, and from time to time the king send new troops to replace the warriors who are about to get mad with all that... Besides it, Urk-Hai generates a great amount of fishing trade, there are also some farms to the south of it. Just about 5,000 khitaian dare to live here.

### | The Shadow Clans |

The mysterious shadow clans of Khitai are formed by ferocious anarchists who wants to break the Monarchy down, and free the people from so many rules and codes of honor and well conduct. The shadow clans abominate any restrictions to the total liberty of a human being, they demand the right to choose their own paths... Though their beliefs seen to be sincere and somehow even heroic, their actual ways of action are very criminal and coward. The truth is that the shadow clans doesn't speak for the whole khitaian, because the major part of their people are happy with the king control, they just believe in him to the death, and just wants him to tell them which path is to be followed. Though the shadow clans might have a bit of reason on their critique to the Monarchy, a kingdom under their criminal control would be only worst for all the khitaian... The shadow clans are each leaded by powerful ancient magicians who call themselves as shadow lords, they have many unknown magical powers which, rumors tell, are a gift from the god Odda, ruler of the shadows!

The nightblades are the special agents of this clans, who had developed some mysterious magical abilities with the aid of their lords. Most of the nightblades are noiseless assassins and raiders of the cold nights, but many others retain some honor inside their hearts, and often rebels against their own lords, though very few survive to tells the history.

### | The Shadow Lords |

There are about 9 known shadow lords along Khitai, but as they are very reclusive and always hidden in the depths of Khun-po Mountains, there may be even more lords to be found!

Each shadow lord control one entire clan of nightblades, ninjas, samurais, warriors, rogues, necromancers, mages, clerics of Odda, kenkus and other fearful beings in the service of the shadows... They may be not allies, but each one share the same hate against the monarchy and the king Maw-Tutso-ju.

The clans operates by attacking the royal caravans and annoying the Royal Cities, making their trades of food and minerals a day after day risk of life. They also have plans of taking

the control of Urk-Hai, the city which is just to the south of their territory, but the Monarchy knows how to defend their cities.

Many clans are also criminal, hiring kenkus, rogues and mercenaries to turn the Royal Cities into a chaotic place, even spreading vicious and toxic herbs inside their walls, turning the khitaians into weak dependants.

Lord Hawkin: The leader of the Hawkin clan is believed to be the most powerful and wise of all the shadow lords, many rumors actually say that he is the mind behind all the other shadow clans strategies! His clan is the most strong, with more members, and a wide area of operation that reaches even the city of Nakhat, far away from their territory. They are prime criminals, and controls many thieving gangs all over Khitai.

Lord Sû-Marath: The leader of the Maraths, the vile clan that is totally devoted to assassination and mercenary ways, Sû-Marath became famous with the notice of the killing of king Fyunna-Tutso-ju by his master assassin, known as Hia-Kunn-fu. The Monarchy nearly felt with this horrible event, but somehow they managed to find the way of survival by turning the young son of Fyunna-Tutso-ju into a wise king, even more charismatic than his father...

Lord Hunn-Khu-do: The leader of the Hunn-Khu clan, Hunn-Khu-do is a master strategist, being the man in charge of developing all the strategies to finally take out the city of Urk-Hai, he still doesn't got the job done. But his contribution to the shadow clans cause were great so far, particularly the alliance between the clans and the kenku families inside Khun-po Mountains, which could only be possible with the diplomatic talents of lord Hunn-Khu-do. His clan also operates by controlling the Royal Cities thieving gangs.

Lord Kai-Kaishy: The leader of the Kaishi, the most coward of the clans, who invest in the cultivation of rare vicious and toxic herbs who sells high to the already many dependants of them inside the Royal Cities. A plan so diabolical that even the other shadow lords feels a bit troubled by cooperating with... The Kaishi members are known to be weak of fighting skills, but masters of commerce. There are no known nightblades inside this clan.

Lord May-Jinn-po: The leader of the May-Jinn clan, May-Jinn-po is a strong warrior, who everyone sure would avoid to fight. Though his clan is the responsible for all the military structure of the shadow clans, having even many soldiers on the battles at Urk-Hai, the May-Jinn are actually the most honorable of the clans, sincerely devoted to bring liberty, and not just criminal anarchy, to the lands of Khitai. Their nightblades are ranked among the best warriors of all the kingdom.

Other Lords: The other four known shadow lords controls lesser clans, which doesn't have the same power level and structure of the other five, though still works with thieving, assassination and so on... Here is the other four lords: Lord Maw-Maw (Maw-Maw clan), Lord Kiuyaia (Kiu clan), Lord Yang-Tutso-do (Yang-Tutso clan) and Lord Pay-Jutso (Jutso clan)

### | The Khun-po Mountains |

To the very northeast of Khitai, we find the Khun-po Mountains, the base territory of all shadow clans. "Khun-po", which means "Dark Fate" in Torak, is also the home of the god

Odda according to the legends of Khitai... Not only the criminal shadow lords live here, but also about 1,500 kenkus and 950 duergar dwarves.

The shadow clans are already allies of the kenkus, and often hires them to work as spies or assassins to work inside the Royal Cities, in exchange they get some extra protection against the constant attacks of the duergars, who are ancient adversaries of the kenkus of Khun-po, and wants to rip them off both the underground and mountain tops, even cowardly attacking their nests.

The duergars also hate the shadow clans, but as their villages are built outside the mountains, near the Fing-po River, they just tolerates their presence as long as they don't interfere too much on their battles against the kenkus.

## | The Legendary Places |

### Khun-po (mountains)

These mountains are the refugee of almost all shadow clans of Khitai, please look above for a better description.

### Nakhat (forest)

Its the name of the forest that surrounds a city with the same name: Nakhat... Built by the ronins (fallen warriors who lost their honor) who came from the other cities, the once roguish city of Nakhat is now accepted by the king as a Royal City too, mostly because of the great work of Hia-Jutso-do, a very brave warrior who managed to transform Nakhat into a honorable city, sending all their rogues and criminals to the Nakhat forest.

The problem is that this rogues aren't satisfied with that, and they even built small camps inside the forest, to make the life of Hia-Jutso-do as harder as they can... Some say that this rogues are even aided by the shadow clans, who want to control this city of ronins.

This forest is also famous because of its rare herbs that may enchant someone with mysterious magical powers, and there are other herbs with superb healing effects as well... Rumors also say that some Kunku families make their lives hidden inside Nakhat.

### Ryukhat (forest)

The cold forest of Ryukhat is the scary homeland of the beings known as ryunai, which is the equivalent for ogre magi in Torak. Legends say that the whole race of ogres are distant descendants of the trolls from Torann... This ogres were trolls who decided to abandon the caves of the Barren Mountains and traveled to the distant north, ending up on the upper edge of the mountains known as The Wall, very near Khitai. It was the god Odda (again) who decided to start a new kind of race, and tried to transform all these trolls into vile gigantic creatures, with enough intelligence to cast illusory and destructive spells!

But even Odda's powers were not sufficient to generate a new magical race, and actually only one out of 333 born ogres retained this magical powers. Odda wanted to build an army of ryunai, and he had been very disappointed with the results of his plan, and then tried to

destroy all his creations... But the benevolent god known as Akun interfered to protect the ogres, sending the ryunai (ogre magi) to the forest of Ryukhat, and the others back to the lands of Torann... It is what the legends of Khitai tells us.

The fact is that the vile ryunai are still alive inside the Ryukhat forest, and some other recent rumors say that they are governed by a council in the same way as the elves of Mahul Maakh, far away from there... They are also very alike the ogres of Torann and Stonebridge, except for the different skin colors.

You must take one lesson from all this story, though: Don't ever enter this cold forest, unless you are really wanting to find some serious trouble!

### Yang Mountains

The mountains to the south of Khitai are an excellent reserve of precious and durable metals, like the amazing Cion, which resembles the finest dwarven steels and is also used to build the most deadly weapons and astonishing armors (katanas and samurai armors).

The city of Mir-Khai is settled beside the heights of this mountains, and there are many miners there who often risk themselves inside the many caves and underground areas of the Yang Mountains to dig the rare metals from its stone walls.

There are a few dangerous creatures living bellow these mountains, but as long as the duergar dwarves can be trustable, there will be no reason for panic, because they often act as protectors of the miners, in exchange of a good amount of treasure that they receive from the king every year...

### Yin Mountains

At the cold north of Khitai, hidden in the ultimate frontier between the kingdom and the Great Glacier, the monks known as yinai (KI-NAE) make their living... Surviving inside one of the most inhospitable lands of all Near World, this monks give their lives to the command of the benevolent god Akun, in whose they strongly believe and follow with all their hearts.

Though the religious life of this monks may seen very boring for some adventurers, the few monks who travel to the south lands of Khitai seen to be very happy with their own lives.

All this monks seen to attract the attention of people with relative ease, as they incite the curiosity of the common folks of Khitai with their calm personalities and warm smiles.

The monarchy of Khitai have good relations with the yinai monks, though they totally disagree with the constant battles between the monarchy and the shadow clans...

Surprisingly, there are rumors which reveal us that the scary nightblades often tries to stay away from this monks, apparently because they have fear from them!

The religious chief and leader of the yinai, called as "The Lamah", is believed to be a reincarnation of the god Akun himself... No khitaian ever seen the Lamah.

### Yin-Po Swamps

Beside the Ankai river, and between the Yin Mountains and the Royal City of Daí-Khai, we find the Yin-Po swamps. "Yin-Po" can be translated to "Glorious Fate" in Torak, but this swamps are only welcome for the yinai monks, and they are actually the only path to the yinai monasteries and villages inside the Yin Mountains...



This swamps were created by the god Akun to protect the yinai monks, and make sure that they would really have the opportunity to dedicate their lives to the deep knowledge of the spiritual ways, without being bothered by the other khitaian with unholy intentions. So, for the yinai monks, this swamps seen to always show a direct and secure path to travel, but for any other, this swamps may be very, very dangerous indeed... Many khitaian disappeared forever inside this swamps during the ages, but some say that they just encountered the right path with the other yinai, and decided to became one of them. There are also rumors which says that this swamps are watched from the heights of the Yin Mountains, by shinny golden creatures which resembles flying goats. The powerful Ki-rin are believed to be the high protectors of the entire yinai, keeping the frontier between the holy and unholy grounds always well protected!  
(note: Near World Ki-rins doesn't have any psionic powers)

#### | Khitaian Classes and Kits |

##### Nightblade (roguish class)

Ability Requirement: Dexterity 15, Intelligence 11

Prime Requisite: Dexterity, Intelligence

Races Allowed: Human (Khitaian, Torannian or Dardee)

Description: The nightblades are rogue kithaians magically trained by the kithaian lords for special, covert missions. Such as assassination, spying, infiltration, and so on... All nightblades seen to be very skilled with stealth and assassination skills. They have a magical ability to disguise, hide in the shadows, move in utter silence, or even turn themselves invisible. Also, almost all of them have the abilities to breed and use poison for maximum deadly efficiency on their blows!

Normally, all nightblades are khitains who follow one of their shadow clans leader, but most stories say that some torannians and dardees that have traveled to the distant lands of Khitai often learn the secrets of the nightblades and are accepted into their shadow clans. However, this is very, very rare to happen.

Only rogues can take this kit. They must have also a Dexterity score of 15 or more, and an Intelligence score of 11 or more. Not every ordinary rogue have all the attributes to be magically enchanted by the khitaian lords.

Role: The nightblades are feared among the khitaian folk, basically cause their primary intentions are murdering and poisoning their clan's opponents... But not all nightblades are evil. After all, there some shadow clans and his lords who actually likes to maintain the order and upholding the good on their lands, and this clan's nightblades will only do missions of murdering to prevent some imminent conflict or war between the clans. Also, nightblades doesn't seen to have a personal life. They are always hidden, waiting for his next mission at some khitaian village... They are always disguised, and even his words must be disguised to not let the truth appear. Normally, when a nightblade becomes

famous, he will be very likely to die suddenly, murdered by one of his brothers in arms. Cause no shadow clan like to get his dark secrets revealed.

**Roguish Abilities:** The nightblades uses the Rogue Combat Value (THAC0), Saving Throws, Hit Dice (+2 beyond 10th lvl.) and Proficiency Slots (initial and progression). They are also penalized by Limited AC (maximum is Chain Mail AC 5) and Limited Weapons (they can't wield heavy weapons such as 2hd sword, halberd or heavy crossbow. Katanas are allowed!)

**Unique Abilities:** All nightblades knows the secret of backstabbing and may Backstab as a Thief. They are also familiar with some Thieving Skills, at 1st level they may distribute 30 points to their base scores (also modified by their dexterity and armor): Open Locks (5), Find/Remove Traps (5), Move Silently (15), Hide in Shadows (10), Hear Noise (10) and Climb Walls (55). Each time the nightblade rises a level in experience, they receive more 20 points to distribute.

A nightblade may also cast Wizard Spells using the Bard Spell Progression (see table 32 at page 42 of PH). They also use spell books like any other wizard, but they are limited to the schools of Abjuration, Alteration (spells can only be cast on themselves), Illusion/Phantasm and Invocation/Evocation.

At 9th level, a nightblade gains the ability to Brew Poison. With the proper ingredients, available in most khitai forests and small woods, he can brew one dose of Class L contact poison (see page 73 of the DMG) sufficient to coat a single weapon. The nightblade requires one hour to brew the poison. It loses its potency in 24 hours.

**Unique Restrictions:** No nightblade may keep more treasure or magical items than he can normally carry without any aid (such like horses or mules). A nightblade must obey his shadow clan and may not reveal his true identity to anyone outside of the clan, if a nightblade breaks this rule he will be chased by all members of his clan until he's dead or banned of Khitai. Nightblades receive -6 reaction adjustment when dealing with any khitai that actually knows he's an agent of the shadow clans.

#### NIGHTBLADE EXPERIENCE LEVELS

Level	Nightblade	Hit Dice (d6)	Level	Nightblade	Hit Dice (d6)
1	0	1	11	685,000	10+2
2	1,600	2	12	925,000	10+4
3	3,200	3	13	1,265,000	10+6
4	6,400	4	14	1,505,000	10+8
5	13,000	5	15	1,745,000	10+10
6	30,000	6	16	1,985,000	10+12
7	62,000	7	17	2,220,000	10+14
8	120,000	8	18	2,450,000	10+16
9	200,000	9	19	2,680,000	10+18
10	444,000	10	20	2,900,000	10+20

Note: If your campaign is not centered on Khitai, perhaps its better for you to take only the Nightblade Kit, instead of the whole class. Take a look at the Kits

## Yinai Monk (priest kit)

The Yinai Monk is a variant specialty priest of the benevolent god Akun. Though many khitaian believe that all the monks of the Yin Mountains are alike each other, they actually have two distinct divisions: The Akunai, which are the pure prayers of Akun (see The Holy for more details about them) and the Yinai, which blend their ancient martial art techniques with the devotion to Akun, being not so pure as their brothers Akunai, but also totally devoted to the desires of their god.

### Specialty priests (Yinai Monks)

Races Allowed: Yinai (khitaian) only

Requirements: Dexterity 12, Wisdom 9, Charisma 13

Prime Requisites: Charisma, Wisdom

Alignment: Any Good

Weapons: Limited to Bo Stick, Club, Staff, Sling, Staff sling and Tetsubo (khitaian polearm) only

Armor: None (though they may accept leather armors during times of war)

Major spheres: All, Astral, Creation, Divination, Healing.

Minor spheres: Animal, Plant, Protection.

Magic Items: As fighter and priest

Required proficiencies: None

Bonus Proficiencies: Survival (Mountains)

Special Abilities: +3 reaction adjustment with non-hostile beings

Immune to spells or spell-like powers cast by nightblades

THAC0 as Fighter

While using bare hand attacks against humanoid opponents, may triple the %KO chance

While fighting at open areas, gets +2AC due to acrobatic training

May not intentionally kill any form of life (even including insects). If they do so, they will be subject to lose all their powers for an undetermined period of time

| Khitaian Gods |

Alkh (The King)

Greater Power, LG

Portfolio: Creation, Monarchy, Honor, Power

Aliases: None

Superior: None

Allies: Mah

Foes: Odda

Symbol: Enlightened Bronze Crown

Wor. Alignment: LG, LN, LE

Alkh is the supreme king of all Khitai. He`s believed to be the first khitaian ever, whose escaped from the Nexus of All Reality to found a new breed of men at the cold lands of Khitai. He`s a natural leader and king, powerful and honored. He demands his followers to obey strict codes of law and self conduct, and he only accept those strong enough to accomplish all his demands.

All clerics and specialty priests of Alkh receive religion and heraldry as bonus non-weapon proficiencies.

Dogma: The clergy of Alkh believe that honor is above all other things, and will do their best to follow the codes of honor, reaching the final enlightenment.

Major Centers of Worship: The church of Alkh is present at all the Royal Cities of Khitai, having its center on the capital of the monarchy: Dai-Khai.

Affiliated Orders: Alkh has no other orders, as he believe in total unity to reach his goals.

#### Specialty priests (Honorguards)

Races Allowed: All

Requirements: Wisdom 11, Charisma 9

Prime Requisites: Wisdom, Charisma

Alignment: Any Lawful (LE are rare though)

Weapons: Any

Armor: Any

Major spheres: All, Creation, Astral, Healing, Combat, Guardian,  
Protection, Divination.

Minor spheres: Elemental (All), Sun.

Magic Items: Same as clerics

Required proficiencies: Etiquette

Bonus Proficiencies: None

Special Abilities: Honorguards must follow a strict code of honor, or be subject to loose all their powers for an undetermined period of time: They must protect the monarchy and fight those who are against the king, must serve the orders of the king when needed, must donate 10% of his spoils from adevntures and work to his church, must aid the weak,

must fight with honor (cannot attack an opponent from his back, cannot attack from distance if his opponent cannot defend himself, cannot kill an opponent who give up from fighting), and finally, they must uphold the laws of the king along all the lands under the monarchy.  
+4 to saves against charm and illusion based spells  
May cast Alarm (1st lvl. Wiz) once per day  
May cast Know Alignment (2nd lvl. Cle) once per day

Mah (The Queen)  
Intermediate Power, NG

Portfolio: Fertility, Abundance, Monarchy, Loyalty  
Aliases: None  
Superior: None  
Allies: Alkh, Akun  
Foes: Odda, Khun Kulun  
Symbol: Silver Tiara  
Wor. Alignment: LG, NG, CG

Mah is the female god created by alkh to aid him at the leading of Khitai. She is the goddess of fertility and abundance, granting the food to all khitainas. Even along their poor and cold lands covered with tundra, plants are fertile because of Mah.

All clerics and specialty priests of Mah receive religion as bonus non-weapon proficiency.

Dogma: The clergy of Mah believe that with abundance of food and water supplies, the happiness of the people is granted.

Major Centers of Worship: The church of Mah is present at all the Royal Cities of Khitai, having its center on the city of Urk-Hai.

Affiliated Orders: Mah has many orders along the lands, mostly on the farmlands of monarchy.

Specialty priests (Landguards)  
Races Allowed: All  
Requirements: Wisdom 9, Charisma 13  
Prime Requisites: Wisdom, Charisma

Alignment: Any Good  
Weapons: Any  
Armor: Limited to non-metal armors, no shield  
Major spheres: All, Animal, Creation, Healing, Guardian,  
Protection, Plant, Weather.  
Minor spheres: Elemental (All), Sun.  
Magic Items: Same as clerics  
Required proficiencies: Etiquette  
Bonus Proficiencies: Agriculture  
Special Abilities: +2 reaction adjustment with non-hostile  
beings  
+4 to saves against poison  
+1 to his Agriculture proficiency per 5  
levels (begins with +0)  
Cast all spells dealing with the creation or  
purification of water and food as 3 levels  
higher.

Odda (The Ruler of Shadows)  
Greater Power, CN

Portfolio: Liberty, Freedom, Shadows, Chaos, Anarchy  
Aliases: None  
Superior: None  
Allies: None  
Foes: Alkh, Akun  
Symbol: Dark stone runes  
Wor. Alignment: CG, CN, CE

Odda is the god of liberty, anarchy and chaos. He had been fighting the monarchy since the ancient times. He's the founder of the Shadow Clans, and many shadow lords say that they received their powers direct from Odda himself. There are rumors who say that he live at the Khun-po Mountains yet this days...

All clerics and specialty priests of Odda receive religion as bonus non-weapon proficiency.

Dogma: The clergy of Odda believe that only with freedom and liberty the people of Khitai will have the opportunity to choose their own paths to live.

Major Centers of Worship: The church of Odda is hidden inside the Khun-po Mountains.

Affiliated Orders: Odda has many orders, known better as Shadow Clans.

Specialty priests (Shadowlords)

Races Allowed: Only khitaian (being best suited for NPCs)  
Requirements: Wisdom 16, Intelligence 17  
Prime Requisites: Wisdom, Intelligence  
Alignment: Any Chaotic  
Weapons: Any  
Armor: Limited to non-metal armors, no shield  
Major spheres: All, Astral, Charm, Combat, Necromantic,  
Summoning, Sun (reversed only).  
Minor spheres: Elemental (All), Protection.  
Magic Items: As per clerics and wizards  
Required proficiencies: Spellcraft  
Bonus Proficiencies: Blind-fighting  
Special Abilities: -6 reaction adjustment with almost all other  
khitaian who are under monarchy  
May cast Wizard spells from the schools of  
Abjuration, Alteration (spells can only be cast  
on themselves), Conjunction/Summoning,  
Illusion/Phantasm, Invocation/Evocation and  
Necromancy as per Wizards at **half** of their  
levels.  
At 5th lvl., may cast Detect Scrying (4th lvl.  
Wiz) once per day  
At 9th lvl. Shadowlords gain total immunity to  
any kind of scrying spell cast by mortals  
At 15th lvl. Shadowlords are able to share his  
powers with other believers, losing 1 point of  
Constitution and generating a Nightblade

Akun (The Prince of Wisdom)  
Intermediate Power, N

Portfolio: Wisdom, Meditation, Enlightenment, Peace  
Aliases: The Lamah, The Son  
Superior: Alkh  
Allies: Mah  
Foes: Odda  
Symbol: A cross with each of the four elements on its edges  
Wor. Alignment: LG, LN, NG, TN, CG, CN

Legends say that Akun was the thirty three of Alkh descendants, being the son of the King and the Queen Mah. Akun had a great infancy, being educated by the most wise khitaian of his epoch. Soon Akun was the most bright of the Alkh sons, but even then he never saw what was outside of the royal palace where he passed all his yet short life.

Then he planned to escape from the guards view during a celebration on the city outside, hoping to finally see all his brothers, which he believed to have the exact same life as he

had so far inside the palace... He escaped, and saw the poor and the diseased, saw the vile and the innocent who were suffering with starvation and war... Akun never returned to the palace of his father, and begun to wander Khitai in the search for a answer to all that pain. Finally he found that the answer was hidden deep inside himself, and is exact that what he still teach for his clergy.

The Akunai, monks from the Yin Mountains, believe that Akun reincarnated many times over, and each of this reincarnations are called as The Lamah by his clergy...

All clerics and specialty priests of Akun receive religion and heraldry as bonus non-weapon proficiencies.

Dogma: The clergy of Akun believe that meditation and peace is the key to found the inner nature of oneself, and then prepare to reach enlightenment.

Major Centers of Worship: The church of Akun is set at all the heights of the Yin Mountains.

Affiliated Orders: There are two unique orders: The pure (akunai) are isolated on the Yin Mountains and will rarely appear outside; The unpure (yinai) blend ancient martial techniques with the belief in Akun, and very often are seen on the Royal Cities. Take a look at the Ways of Khitai for a better explanation of the Yinai.

Specialty priests (Akunai "Wisdombringers")

Races Allowed: Only Yinai (khitaian from the Yin Mountains)

Requirements: Wisdom 15, Charisma 16

Prime Requisites: Wisdom, Charisma

Alignment: NG, TN

Weapons: Limited to Bo Stick, Club, Staff, Sling, Staff sling  
and Tetsubo (khitaian polearm) only

Armor: None

Major spheres: All, Creation, Astral, Healing, Guardian,  
Protection, Divination, Elemental (All), Sun.

Minor spheres: Animal, Plant, Summoning.

Magic Items: Same as clerics

Required proficiencies: None

Bonus Proficiencies: Survival (Mountains)

Special Abilities: +3 reaction adjustment with non-hostile  
beings

+4 to saves against charm and illusion  
based spells

Immune to spells or spell-like powers cast  
by nightblades

May cast Divination spells as per 3 levels  
higher

May not intentionally kill any form of life  
(even including insects). If they do so, they  
will be subject to loose all their powers for



an undetermined period of time

Khun Kulun (The Black Scorpion)  
Lesser Power, CE

Portfolio: Vileness, Poison, Destruction, Plague  
Aliases: None  
Superior: Odda  
Allies: Odda  
Foes: Alkh, Akun, Mah  
Symbol: A black scorpion  
Wor. Alignment: LE, NE, CE

The Black Scorpion was once a powerful god, and fought endless battles against the forces of Alkh and Mah... Till the day that Haw-Matso-ju, a master samurai, finally killed Khun Kulun with his magical katana. Instead of vanishing forever, Kulun managed to cast a last spell and transformed his now weak life force into a deadly artifact known as The Ring of the Black Scorpion (see Items&Artifacts)

Now the small clergy who still worships Kulun is searching desperately for this lost ring, because they believe that a ritual could break it and free the vile Black Scorpion again. The shadow lords often aid in this search, because Odda thinks that Khun Kulun should be a great ally against Alkh when he get his liberty again...

All clerics and specialty priests of Khun Kulun receive religion as bonus non-weapon proficiency.

Dogma: The clergy of Khun Kulun believe that those who are powerful and strong should rule above the weak and helpless. They want to bring monarchy down because they think that only the evil are adequate to rule.

Major Centers of Worship: The church of Khun Kulun has no more centers, only a few prayers still teach and convert the people to his cause.

Affiliated Orders: None.

Specialty priests (Scorpionlords)  
Races Allowed: All  
Requirements: Wisdom 9, Constitution 15  
Prime Requisites: Wisdom, Constitution  
Alignment: Any Evil  
Weapons: Any  
Armor: Limited to non-metal armors  
Major spheres: All, Healing(reversed only), Combat,  
Necromantic, Summoning, Sun (reversed only).  
Minor spheres: Animal, Elemental(Earth).  
Magic Items: As clerics

Required proficiencies: Herbalism

Bonus Proficiencies: Brewing

Special Abilities: Have his Charisma lowed by 2 points

permanently

Infravision (60' feet)

-1 to all rolls on sunlight

+4 to saves against poison and disease

Scorpions and Manscorpions will ignore a

Scorpionlord unless attacked first

At 8th lvl., may brew poisons as a

Nightblade

## Final Days

:: out of time ::

*" Indeed, the difference between me and you, mortal, is that you are locked inside the eternal flow of time, and I... I aid on its flowing. "*

**The Ancient**

"What? What happened?"

"Is anyone there? Help me! Its cold... I... I'm so... Alone!"

:: suddenly, the whole site changes from a matter-less space to an apparently infinite plain of pure green bush... with a few trees in the distant horizon ::

"Calm down young child, and let the Ancient speak." :: states the glowing dark-blue figure. standing immobile besides a short and bald man, wearing just a grey robe ::

"What brings you here, mortal?" :: calmly speaks ::

"What is this place? I... I was searching for the Nexus... and... No, it can't be the Nexus!"

"Be careful with what you seek, my dear. Tell me so, what brings you here?"

"I... I'm Arbhatish... Arbhatish the chronomancer. I used to live at Talantha, but then I was searching for the Nexus... I was looking to save myself from the Final Days and..." :: cries

:: "Tell me, am I dead?"

"Dead you should be child... How dare you to disturb the Ancient?!" :: the dark-blue figure start to glow even more, and the whole site seen to accompany him... burning the scene with raining columns of blue fire ::

"Nahrrghhh... No! Spare me, I can't stand it... Spare meeeee..."

:: the short man gestures, and then the rain stops, as the dark-blue figure shut up ::

"Forgive Jyaayj please. He have some strong beliefs in justice... Kinda like a mercykiller or something. But lets continue our chat, mortal. So, you were looking for the Nexus of All Reality and then you appeared here... And you tried to run from Jyaayj`s rain?"

"Thanks! Yes... I tried... I tried to run. But I can't move, nothing is moving here!" :: looks around ::

"Of course you can't run mortal..." :: smiles :: "We are out of time. Here and now."

"Holy! I found the Nexus... I finally found it. I must be out of time too, its because I can't move and..." :: the short bald man gestures again, and claps, and smiles again :: "You, you can move?"

"Of course I can, I'm the Ancient."

"So... So you are immortal, a power or such a high being?"

"Indeed, the difference between me and you, mortal, is that you are locked inside the eternal flow of time, and I... I aid on its flowing."

"I understand now. But, what is this place? This fields are the Nexus?"

"Everything here is the Nexus, or part of it. Nobody knows the Nexus entirely, as nobody knows everything."

"Not even you?"

:: walks for a while, coming closer to Arbhat's :: "Not even me. Fortunately, I'm just the Ancient... Nothing less, nothing more... But let's talk about you mortal. I ask again: What brings you here?"

"I was looking for the Nexus. To save myself... No, to call for help. Do you watch us from here, we are about to extinct from Near World... We could not unite ourselves like before, and the demons were coming for the Final Days... Can you aid us?"

:: Jyaayj was about to charge on Arbhat's again, but he suddenly stopped ::

"Curious question, mortal... Curious indeed, because I'm the Ancient, and the Ancient deal with time. But as you made your way through my home, I think I should try to aid you, so you can aid yourself, and your world. I can not make anything for you but make you wiser, but that should be more than sufficient for you... So, mortal, tell me more about this Near World..."

:: world gone mad ::

*"And then, then we became lone warriors, searching for our swords..."*

**Arbhat's the Chronomancer**

"I... I just don't know where to start..." :: visibly nervous ::

"Start from the beginning of it, my dear."

"Well then... We, my people, are intelligent humanoid creatures... er... You know, there are civilizations and various cultures, but basically we are just humanoid, some more advanced than others but..."

"The Ancient knows who you are, child. You may be more direct with him." :: the glowing Jyaayj interrupts with a scary look ::

"Of course, of course... You just want to know what brings me here, I understand. Let's be more direct so: I'm here because my world, called Near World, is suffering from the sores of war. Not an ordinary war, but one that deals with demons... They want to destroy everything, they are nihilist beings led by an abomination known as the Balrog... Like the legends told us, this huge demon awoke from his long sleep and then start to march down on our entire civilization. Cities fell apart, hundreds died, the world has gone mad, there is no hope anymore... Just the ashes after the fire and..." :: tears fall apart as well ::

"I hear you mortal... You said something about legends. What this legends said exactly?" :: the short bald man looks still as calm as ever ::

"The legends said many things, there were many many stories. But it was the meaning behind the words that were important for us to understand... After many years of study, I concluded that all the legends about the first awake of the Balrog, the first Red War, were in reality a kind of manual for survival. I kind of aid for the next generations... In the first Red War, the demon-king was defeated by a warrior called Galtar Karan, wielding an artifact known as the Sword of Eternal Fire, the Karanblade..."

"Do you believe that a mere sword would be sufficient to destroy an army of demons, child?"

:: thinks for a while, and finally dare to face the glowing figure ::

"I believed on it, like many others... But now... Now I'm not so sure. We searched for this sword for years, but we found nothing but illusions... I don't think it exists... as a sword."

"You seem to be of some intelligence, child. But now that you have not your sword, what should you do?"

"The legends glorified this sword, but they also said that only with the union of the races that weapon should be found, and used... Indeed they said many things about union, compassion, respect for all living beings... But we were not looking for this kind of narrative after all, and then, then we became lone warriors, searching for our swords..."

"And what do you believe now, child?"

"I still don't know what to believe. I was looking for the Nexus, to find answers, to know what to believe... Now I found the Nexus, and perhaps the answers are right here." :: looks for the being known as the Ancient ::

:: then the short bald man, who appeared to be on meditation, talks ::

"Yes, you have come to the right place mortal. Here everything is, including your sweet world... Now, I can see all its story, from the first drop of magic that created it to the last piece of light before its conclusion... I shall reveal to you some secrets, untold details about the complexity of your world. And I will, if the Lady desires so..."

:: before Arbhat's could even ask "Lady?", the whole scenery disappear in a blink of an eye.

a blinding light glowed on the deepest horizon, and from it appeared a huge metal mask with many blades tied to it. the chronomancer saw at the same time one of the most beautiful and tenebrous female faces of his life... speechless, he closed his eyes... and when he opened them again, the scenery turned back to normal. the short bald man was standing in front of him again, and calm ::

"No, don't say anything my dear... Its time to listen..."

:: untold tales ::

*"The Lady of Many Faces have one thousand faces, mortal, though the one most known to the inhabitants of the Nexus is the face of pain..."*

**The Ancient**

"As I told you mortal, I may be of some influence for your quest. Aid you with nothing more than words is what I can do, but it's always sufficient, if you understand first that nothing occurs inside the eternal flow of time without a reason tied to it... Even where the chaos rules, there is a reason behind..."

"Reason? Wh... What kind of reason?"

"Powers, gods, immortals... Your folk used to give these kind of silly names for the Reason, young child." :: replies Jyaayj while the Ancient remains mute ::

"Holy! I... I'm sorry, but I don't used to believe on such high beings... I mean, but now, from what I have seen here... And this Lady..."

"Wise you were in not believing in mere cantrips child. There are beings with power, beings without, but yet we all are the same... Even the Ancient belongs to the same Reason

of you, my dear." :: the bald man points to Arbhat's, and he feels a very strange, but comfortable energy surrounding his body ::

"That energy... Its my spirit isn't it?"

"You call it spirit child, and I say that its much, much more than that..." :: and the Ancient finally interrupts the glowing man :: "Its part of the Reason, mortal."

"I understand. I need to know what the Reason is first. Will you tell me?"

"The Reason can't be explained, only felt. The Reason is everything, and directs everything. The Reason have many faces... Perhaps because of it, mortal, we call it by a very peculiar name here on the Nexus: The Lady of Many Faces." :: after hearing that, Arbhat's thought of seeing the Ancient face turn into some other strange faces in the blink of an eye, but ignored ::

"Its this force we just saw... Which face was that?"

:: both the short bald man and the glowing figure turn to each other, somehow surprised in their own ways ::

"The Lady of Many Faces have one thousand faces, mortal, though the one most known to the inhabitants of the Nexus is the face of pain..."

"I don't understand... Isn't this most higher power good? How could it cause pain?"

"The Reason don't interfere, mortal. The Reason just is, and perhaps that is all we should ever know... But each of us believe on it by our own way. Due to the kind of place that the Nexus is, the beings tend to believe that one Lady of Pain is necessary to maintain their order..."

"So, the Reason always brings the order that the people need?"

:: smiles :: "No, my dear, the Reason don't bring what we need, because it could not, as it actually brings everything that is indeed. Law and Chaos. Life and Death. Love and Pain... The Reason is, and by just being, its above anything you could ever think of it... But some of us, particularly those who are full of wisdom, may have a clue about what may be the Reason."

"Tell me great Ancient, what it may be?" :: sensibilized ::

"During the eternal existence that I passed here and now, mortal, I could perceive that the Lady of Many Faces indeed plays many lives, commanding the existence of specific beings into one thousand different places and one thousand different times. Kind like it was a game that it likes to play from time to time, watching the lives of specific beings and actually enjoying it..."

"Enjoying it? How could such a power be amused by our inferior lives?" :: now confused ::

"Indeed mortal, it even seem to prefer the most inferior beings... Mortals from the Prime. It plays with them, commanding the reality and designing quests to each one of them. Before you do ask, apparently those quests serve to teach something to these special beings. And by learning so much with this kind of aid, these beings tend to achieve higher ranks on the history of their worlds... Some are even found on the Nexus, though that is really rare..."

"So... So these beings have to learn from their quests... But, do they learn? Do they die like the rest of us?"

"Many of them die, and that's what is strange... Even when they die and do not easily resurrect after, their spirits are most likely to be saved and transported to other beings therefore. By not even passing by the Nexus after their deaths, these beings play the lives of many other beings, though very few of them will ever discover that."

"It makes an incredible sense to me... It explains why some adventures that I knew were always somehow "favored" and did escape from many threats that were not supposed to

escape. So the Reason actually play games with some of us... But then, what we are supposed to learn from it?"

:: Jyaayj glows on a lighter blue and walks towards the chronomancer ::

"Use your brain child... If somehow some of you mortals may entertain the Lady, why do you believe that you are doomed to end your existences?"

"Of course! Holy, I didn't thought on that aspect... If the Reason is amused by our inferior lives, then we should not loose our hope. We should just... play its game?"

"Indeed my dear. Right now you discovered what faith is... But I still must know who are those special beings on your world... They are often called adventurers, and many times, heroes."

:: lasting heroes ::

*" Precisely, that is the most important aspect of a hero, the divine energy that he carry inside his spirit, his capability of suppress any dangers with superior determination. You know it as heart... "*

### **The Ancient**

"Yes, we call them heroes... There were many of them on the lands of Near World, protecting the weak, adventuring where most of us don't dare to, discovering relics and uncovering mysteries... I wanted to be one on my childhood, but then time passed by, and I found myself studying the secrets of time..."

"Make it brief child, I warned you only once!" :: Jyaayj glows at a darker blue again ::

"Don't be so abrupt Jyaayj, or you forgot of the first time you broken the soft veil of reality? The mortal is a little confused, so let him be..."

"No, no... Jyaayj is right, I will be brief." :: the glowing dark-blue figure calms down with anger shown on his face ::

"I'm glad my dear. Tell me about the heroes whose you crossed paths during your existence." :: smiles ::

"That's the problem, I actually were an adviser for the Cities during many years... And I found many adventurers, many heroes. You need to know about all of them?"

"No, just about the chosen ones. The ones that were selected to be the saviors of this Near World."

"But... How I'm supposed to know which ones are the chosen ones?"

:: Jyaayj walks towards the chronomancer and touches his front with just one finger.

immobile, arbhat's could not do anything to prevent a massive pain on his head... tough

after a moment, the pain was gone, like it never did existed ::

"A Drahul, an elf who lost his spirit... And a prayer of the local earth entity... There were others who passed the veil before now." :: says Jyaayj, and strangely, his voice sounded just like the voice of Arbhat's ::

"You used my memories... Fantastic! But, how did you knew about which ones are the saviors?"

"With time, we get used to the taste of the Reason. It prefers enigmatic adventurers whose would rarely join to from a party, but somehow did... But most than that, it prefers spirits

that may have conditions to become powers, and that kind of spirit can be felt by Jyaayj from miles, or milleniums, away..."

"Makes sense... Perhaps its the same path of all the known gods. I know these persons by name: Corwynn, Cirdan and Torah."

"Tell me about their feats, mortal."

"Well, from what I remember, they are together since the first demon surge inside one of our forests. After they aided an orkish tribe there, they started to wander the world, as adventures never seen to disappear from their lives..." :: looks to the Ancient and sees that he wants to hear more :: "They became famous on the distant north as well, but their most known feats are the battle with Kankaar, the red dragon, to save the giant eagles, and the memorable defeat of the demon army leaded by the liches, when they saved the entire elven forest of Mahul Maakh from imminent destruction..."

"Enough of it my dear... Tell me, do you knew them personally?"

"I encountered them two or three times only, why?"

"They seen to be good aligned... I mean, really. Do they really looked to be wanting to save the world, or they seen to be just searching for the eternal fire, the sword of eternal fire?"

"Well, I couldn't know that. They seen to be like the other adventurers I saw, even less heroically then most paladins... But I couldn't know what is inside their hearts..."

"Precisely, that is the most important aspect of a hero, the divine energy that he carry inside his spirit, his capability of suppress any dangers with superior determination. You know it as heart..."

"So, can you tell me if they are up to the final quest? Their hearts are strong enough?"

"I told you my dear, the Ancient deals with time... But I have some other friends indeed." :: suddenly, the whole site disappear again and Arbhat's found himself at a huge library, with thousands and thousands of books carefully placed on infinite shelves, closets and tables. standing behind an enormous tome, a mid sized black skinned man writes on some papers with a pen made of pure light ::

"Oh Holy. Wonderful, that's the paradise... All the books ever written!"

"Silence child, we are here just to meet the Scribe." :: warns Jyaayj, and the chronomancer shut up, even with his eyes shining of ecstasy ::

"Hail time writer, what brings you here?"

"Corwynn, Cirdan, Torah. From Near World. If they are really the saviors."

:: slowly, very slowly, the Scribe gets out of his chair and walks along the infinite piles of books. the Ancient goes with him, till they disappear on the shadow... after a quarter of a Near World day, as Arbhat's could fell, they finally return ::

"So, what you discovered?"

"What I supposed to... They are, and still are not, the saviors. Dealing with time is a complex thing to understand, tough very simple to do. There are many realities, many possibilities, but still only one Reason behind everything."

"But... If they are not the saviors, how I will return to my world?"

"Simple child, we will return to the plane of the Ancient, and he will taught you everything you need to know to find the eternal fire by yourself, in the case of the failure of the chosen ones..." :: says Jyaayj ::

"Indeed my dear, wisdom always is the better remedy. I will show you that anyone can be the savior, because it all depends of what is inside your heart."



:: eternal fire ::

*" Somewhere, above us, rests the fire that cannot be extinguished, the word that cannot be spoken, the eternal wind that moves through everything, that is everything, tough we cannot see. "*

**Anonymous**

:: just after another mere blink of an eye, the surroundings turn back to the plains of green bush and calm air ::

"Tell me, mortal. You did not heard tales about the first Red War? When the demon king first came, and also when the sword was first used against him?"

:: surprised with the recent familiarity of the Ancient with his world's history, Arbhat is replies :: "Well, I heard many tales, of course. When I were a child, I believed, but when I grew up I started to mistrust all these tales, then with the demon surge I treated to remember them all again..."

"There is a phrase that disturbs you... Knocking your mind almost every day, tell me."

"You... Are right... A phrase that was supposed to be said by a sage from the time of the first War..." :: searches his memories :: "It is like that: 'Somewhere, above us, rests the fire that cannot be extinguished, the word that cannot be spoken, the eternal wind that moves through everything, that is everything, tough we cannot see.' "

"What?! Its the words of Sananda... He was there, on this feeble world?" :: Jyaayj looks really surprised, for the first time in ages ::

"Yes, he was there, tough he isn't anymore, nor will return... Only his words are of importance to the world of this mortal now. Only the words." :: the Ancient looks directly to Arbhat is, and his eyes are so penetrating that he feels like the bald man was viewing deep inside his soul ::

"I knew it! Holy, this words are like a charade, that leads to the sword!"

"Not a charade, because it not hides the truth, but the opposite: It makes the truth easier to be understood"

"I'm sorry, may you explain it better? So even being as ignorant as I am, I may understand..."

"Ignorant are those who feels good with the illusory world, but will are not, as you even discovered the Nexus by yourself..." :: the chronomancer widely smiles, and the Ancient continues :: "The truth can't be seen, only felt. You may know the truth, have faith on it, but you don't need to see it... Those who live inside the illusory world are seduced and deluded by what they can see. They like only what they can see, and that is ignorance indeed... But somewhere above us rests the eternal fire."

"So... The eternal fire is the Reason, the Lady, or such?"

:: smiles :: "Yes and no, my dear... As I told, the Lady of Many Faces have one thousand faces. Any given thing or being is the Lady, tough the Lady is even more than everything. Being an eternal fire which floats around your world unseen is an easy task to the most higher power, understand?"

"I understand. Then the sword which may defeat the Balrog is a kind of a holy weapon?"

"Holy, unholy... There are not such concepts for the Ancient, child."

"Indeed, the sword could not be holy, because that way it would be opposed to the demon king, as you define him as unholy..."

"What? Do you mean that the vile Balrog isn't evil?" :: more confused than ever ::

"You are not born to fight, mortal. And you are not going to receive a better death if you fight everyone that is considered evil... Because in reality you live to learn. Because if you stay on the illusory world, you will never know exactly what is good and what is evil. Things change, evil may become good and good, evil. But as you stay on playing this never ending, futile game, you will never know the truth..."

"The truth. Indeed, I wish to know it." :: the chronomancer doesn't know what to think anymore ::

"The truth is right before your eyes, child: There is no difference between our spirits, as we are built by the same energy. You cannot define that one is evil and other is good. One is holy and other unholy. You cannot say that one is superior nor inferior than you... But there is still a law, which says that those who knows more about the truth, know more about themselves, are more wise, powerful... and free!"

"Jyaayj, please don't confuses the clueless even more. There is no need to talk about laws... As you are here just to know how to reach the eternal fire, I will tell you my dear... You just live, watch, and learn... Learn about anything you may think of, anything you found useful for you. And, with time, you will uncover the veil of reality, and see what is behind the darkness."

"I... I would like to do it... But then, how may I find the sword, how may I end the demon surge?"

"Any sword." :: says the short bald man on a whisper that reaches Arbathis like a breeze ::  
"What?"

"Any sword. Any blade of pure metal with a good grip... Even any weapon, a hammer or a bow or your own hands. Just know the truth, and you will be able to transform anything into an eternal fire..."

"But... But... But..."

"So your world is going to really end, young child. I doubt that someone there will ever know half the way to the truth they must know..." :: Jyaayj being ironical ::

"Calm down Jyaayj... Don't you remember? Sananda was there..." :: the glowing figure shuts up, embarrassed ::

"The legendary Sananda, the man whose strength were the wisdom and the words... Of course, we must find his belongs, anything he did carried, the staff and... Holy! There is that tale which says he blessed the sword of an barbarian who gave up from battles. I know were to search! I... I must return... Now I..."

:: Arbathis looks for the Ancient and Jyaayj, and suddenly perceives that he is now moving his own body. he is out of time, but moving just like the other higher beings ::

"Oh no! I'm dead right? I can't return anymore... Not now."

"That is the law, child." :: Jyaayj catches the chronomancer arm, and he feels a comfortable, tough somehow cold, joy ::

"Worry not, mortal. The heroes will find it, because we all know that its what the Lady want..."

:: everything turns deeply dark, and the last thing Arbathis saw was an enormous, circular portal of pure light. Jyaayj pushed him inside and after he could even say "Thank you", he was gone ::

**END**

:: chronomancers ::

TSR published a handbook about chronomancy called *Chronomancer* (nice name) back in 1995, describing the chronomancer class and the Plane of Time. But as this book is actually out of print, you have three choices if you want to use chronomancy into your campaigns, or into KaranBlade: You may search for this out of print book, you may wait until the third edition starts to describe chronomancy, or you may create your own rules for it...

Using the *Tome of Magic* (still available), you may find some useful information to create your own chronomancy rules, particularly the priest spells from the sphere of time.

Anyway, you must still follow two basic rules about chronomancy: First, they loose one experience level per 100 years of travel along time. Second, they always have about 5% chance to end up at an alternative timeline while traveling and never come back. Other than that, of course, they cannot mess up with history, because if they do so, the gods will chase and stop them (and that is definitely not good for them...)

At Neat World, chronomancy is way too rare, and find chronomancers wandering by the lands is a really difficult task. The sages and wizards with outer planar knowledge may have a clue about the Plane of Time, but they will still be no real chronomancers. But there are some rumors still, about an icy desert near the Yang Mountain at Khitai, a place that freezes the time flow and keep everything outside... Only real chronomancers might have started this kind of stories, but nobody ever entered this desert and came back to tell the secret of it. Does the Black Desert really exists?

:: why all of this? ::

Ok, now that you had seen it, you might have a million questions. But I'm not here to answer these questions... KaranBlade have always been two distinct things for me: First, it is my own fantasy world, that I created inspired by Tolkien and many other fantasy writers. A campaign setting that use the AD&D rules and basically has the objective to make the job of players and DMs who visits my site easier, since they don't have to create a new world or new rules to expand their horizons within AD&D, they just have to enter my site from time to time and check the updates...

Second, its a place where I can show a little bit of my philosophical talents (if I have some). Yes, I actually love philosophy, but sometimes its too boring for those who just want o play RPGs... Then, I tried to "hide" some philosophical concepts here and there along the page. Particularly on the Ancient Lores, Famous Places and Khitai.

But I still wasn't satisfied, I had to go deeper inside philosophy somewhere on KaranBlade, then I thought on this little story about the Final Days. Its highly philosophical and very hard to understand indeed, but it also have some information about the campaign and some adventurers taken from the PCs at the Adventures section. So, you might found some useful information about the chaotic situation of the world or the truth behind the sword of eternal fire, and while you read that, you may even get caught, as I am, by the sweetness of philosophy. Hope you don't bother with that.

Rafael Arrais

## **Other Stuff**

### **The Moonlit Knights (Monsters)**

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: Any  
FREQUENCY: Very Rare (Legendary)  
ORGANIZATION: Solitary (Army??)  
ACTIVITY CYCLE: Night (Full Moon)  
DIET: Nil  
INTELLIGENCE: High (13-14)  
TREASURE: Nil  
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Neutral

NO. APPEARING: 1 (1% 1-6)  
ARMOR CLASS: 0  
MOVEMENT: 12  
HIT DICE: 9 (10-sided dice)  
THACO: 11  
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1 with +3 bonus  
DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon  
SPECIAL ATTACKS: See bellow  
SPECIAL DEFENSES: See bellow  
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 80%  
SIZE: M (6'-7' tall)  
MORALE: Fanatic (17)  
XP VALUE: 5,000

The legendary Moonlit Knights are powerful and lunatic undead that once were ranked among the most noble warriors of all Near World. They`ve fought the first Red War, and lost something more than their lives, they`ve lost their honor, and now are seeking redemption during the scariest of the full moon nights...

Combat: A moonlit knight retains the fighting skills he had in his former life. Since he has little regard for his own safety and an intense hatred of most living creatures, he is an extremely dangerous opponent. Still, a moonlit knight retains a semblance of the pride it held as a Round Table Knight and fights honorably: He never ambushes opponents from behind, nor does he attack before an opponent has an opportunity to ready his weapon. Surrender is unknown to a moonlit knight, and it will parley only if he senses his opponent has some information about his past life as a warrior of the legendary Torannia. A moonlit knight has a strength of 18(00). He usually attacks with a sword; 60% of the time, this is a magical sword. When a magical sword is indicated, roll 1d6 to determine which type of magical blade it is: (1) Long sword +2 (2) Two-handed sword +3 (3) Two-

handed sword +4 (4) Short sword of quickness (5) Short sword of dancing (6) Short sword of life stealing

A moonlit knight wears the same armor he wore in his previous life, but regardless of the quality of the armor, it always has na AC of 0. Hit points for a moonlit knight are determined by rolling 10-sided dice.

This hopeless being often brings with his corpse the lethal injuries that killed him centuries ago. That injuries can be very bad, such as missing body parts, but amanzigly, they have no influence at the combat abilities of such a warrior... By example, a moonlit knight with a decapitated head will fight carrying his head at a pouch or something, but it won't have any influence on his fighting skills at all! Anyway, the odor of death surrounding the moonlit knight is so potent it cause horrible effects in those who breath it. On the first round a character comes within 30 yards, he must save vs. poison or be affected in some way. The following results are possible: (1) Weakness (as the spell) (2) Cause disease (as the spell) (3) -1 point of Constitution (for 2d6 weeks!) (4)Contagion (as the spell) (5)Character unable to act for 1d4 rounds due to nausea and vomiting. (6) Character dies instantly and becomes a zombie under control of the moonlit knight (he will carry his backpack, try to clean his armor and such...)

Finally, a moonlit knight cannot be turned, but he can be dispelled by a holy word spell. Undeads with 9 HD or less often run away from these scary beings!

Habitate/Society: The moonlit knights are former Knight of the Round Table of Torannia who have betrayed their country and joined the forces of the first demon surge. They've tried to save their lives during the first Red War, but now they know that they've lost much more than just a life... They've lost their honor, and cannot die yet. To reach their so wanted rest, they must first pay for their sins, and reach redemption. That`s what legends say, but the few ones who actually saw one of this knights told that they are completely lunatic, screaming to the moonlit skies their eternal shame and endless pain. They are not evil, but one cannot entirely foresee what one of this beings will do next minute, sometimes they can even attack innocent people as if they were the demons of the first Red War, killing them in no time!

They're further condemned to remember their crime in song on any night of full moon; few sounds are as terrifying as a moonlit knight`s chilling melody echoing through the moonlit countryside. They are likely to attack any creature that interrupts their songs.

Ecology: Moonlit knights have no physiological functions. They are sometimes accompanied by skeleton warriors, zombies, and other undead who serve as their aides. They are very unlikely to appear during nights with no full moons, but we never know...

## Eagle`s Flight (Ancient Lores)

One of my preferred tales is the history of how Mister Riggs, the legendary founder of Pravokia, settled the alliance between the gigantic eagles from the peaks of the Eagle Rocks and the common folks of the lands... In a very long time ago, one weak nestling from a noble family of eagles got lost from his parents during the winter, and ended up on a farm which were full of chickens. As the chickens saw the yet little nestling, they decided to take care of him, and the nestling then learned from the chickens everything that a chicken had to know.

But after a week, our dear Mr.Riggs was wandering by this farm, and saw the nestling of a giant eagle among the chickens. He called for the farm owner and told him that this "chicken" were an eagle, and that he must be free to fly again. He could not stay on the ground with the other chickens... He were an eagle, and he must flew again! Then the farmer took the nestling and climbed up to the roof of his house, then he dropped the eagle from some height and... The nestling had fallen to the ground, only opening his wings to avoid being hurt. The farmer said: "See? Its a chicken, not an eagle. So, it will stay with my other chickens..."

Mr.Riggs, being the great soul that we all know, decided to try again... This time he took the nestling into his pack, and left the farm with the farmer, going to the peak of a hill which was near the site. He then forced the nestling to look upon the bright sun, which was so beautiful on that given day that the angles were singing the sweetest melodies from the skies. Mr.Riggs then said to the young eagle: "Look, the sky is yours, its your home. Look how lucky you are! Now fly, fly back home, fly back to were you belong my dear..." And the nestling proved that he were an eagle, not a chicken. He flight so fast that he reached the horizon in a blink of an eye...

And when the nestling returned home, all the eagles made a party to celebrate. They invited Mr.Riggs to take a part, and since that day they promised to protect all the torannians and other civilized races from any kind of danger... That is a wonderful tale, but since we all know that today the same torannians who had saved the nestling are hunting them for gold, we cannot do anything but lament our ignorance.

Wick the Old, famous storyteller

## Biamindua`s Magnificent War Chariot (Items&Artifacts)

Marcus Odissey Biamindua, the supreme sorceror of the Magic House, didn`t got his rank without the use of his high intelligence: Being a powerful magic user, but still having a fragile health, Biamindua designed with the aid of the gnome Gnosha Galliezzo a strong magical vehicle to transport and protect him through the now dangerous lands of Near World.

It is a War Chariot with two floors, this list bellow will explain its details (but it will be better understood if you see the bigger image by clicking on this thumbnail):

- It is carried by four elven horses (Semi- to low (2-7) Intelligence, can follow simple verbal commands) using horseshoes of Ogre Power (Str 18/00) and Elven Chain Bardings (AC 4), so just two of them would be sufficient to carry the entire chariot (which is very heavy indeed!)
- The charioteer`s chair (where Thr, the dwarven "bodyguard" goes) is protected by a Wall Shield +3, giving +5 AC bonus against misseles.
- At the sides, there are small windows with Heavy Crossbows fixed on an base. There are also two chairs, one is fixed on the floor, the other hides a lever which unlocks it and reveals an exit to outside (that can be real useful to surprise enemies!)
- The backdoor and all its structure is reinfoirced with wood from Mahul Maakh, and very resistant to fire (+4 to saves)
- Inside it there are two large chests to keep magical breads (sufficient for about 3 months of food to 5 people), wineskins, torchs and stuff like that...
- There are also a table fixed to the wall that can be used to read maps and study scrolls, as well as the wooden stairs to the second floor.
- Finally, on the second floor there is the "Lance Thrower", a huge crossbow made by Galliezzo that actually shots small lances! It must be used by two people, and will shot once every two rounds (1/4 with just one user), but only warriors with 15 or more on Strength can reload it. It inflicts 1-10 points of damage, but there are also some ignitable oils which may add 1-6 points of fire damage as well (roll both 1d10 and 1d6)

This chariot can be particularly useful on an apocalypse, while there would be demons everywhere! I created this chariot for the book final chapters (see Design Team), when the heroes traveled from Bak to Talantha inside it (this book is in portuguese, but I think you can imagine the fun of having a group of heroes traveling around the lands and killing flying baldreads with lance shots, hehe...)

## Biamindua`s Spellbook

Hail fellow magic users and apprentices, I have had the wonderful opportunity to study and cast magic during all my life, and now I`m dedicated to teach you a few magical spells that I had found by myself or by studying the fabulous works of the greatest wizards from all Near World... Some of this spells may even be prohibited at the Great Cities, but a true teacher has to show all of his knowledge. Hope you enjoy my selections!

Marcus Odissey Biamindua, Supreme Sorcerer of the Magic House

### Levels 1-3

#### Size Staff

(Alteration) Level 1

Range: Touch

Casting Time: 1

Components: V, S

Area of Effect: Staff touched

Duration: 3 rounds/level

Saving Throw: None

One of the earliest tricks that the Near World wizards learn, this spell is used to affect the vertical size of one quarterstaff, normally used by the caster. The staff can be vertically growth or shrunk at up to 20% of his size per level, up to a maximum of 300% growth (3 times his actual size) and 99% shrink (will have the size of a splint). Only wooden staves are affected, and magical staves may save against this spell if the user isn`t willing to accept it.

This spell looks like a very weak one, but a creative wizard can make wonders with it...

#### Starglow`s Star Missile

(Evocation/Illusion) Level 2

Range: 60 yards + 10 yards/level

Casting Time: 2

Components: V, S

Area of Effect: 1 or more creatures in a 10-foot cube

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: Special

Combining the *magic missile* spell with his talents with illusionary magic, Kory Starglow created this very tricky spell, which functions only during the nights with visible stars in the sky... The caster actually throws magic missiles at the targets, but with some illusory tricks, he make the target believe that the missiles were the stars from the sky who had fallen and hit him! So, targets that fail on their saving throws against magic (with -2 penalty) will be stun for one round due to total surprise, but only for the first time that they are subject of this kind of spell. Targets with very low morale may even run away and never came back...

Other than that, treats this spell as a *magic missile* spell.



### **Biamindua's Aura of Majesty**

(Enchantment/Charm) Level 3

Range: 0

Casting Time: 3

Components: V, S, M

Area of Effect: 60-foot radius

Duration: 3d4 rounds + 1 round/level

Saving Throw: Special

By the enchantment of this spell, the caster will suddenly appear to be more powerful, charming and commanding. It functions just like a *friends* spell (1st level Wizard), though the caster does not only increase his Charisma, but enjoys some other bonuses:

- His voice can be "thrown" into the air, and the caster is able to speak freely with any creature within the radius. The targets will hear his voice as if he were just in front of them.
- The caster may glow into any light color he wants to, though the light force is too weak to blind others.
- Within the duration of the spell, the caster may cast any kind of cantrips to amuse his audience even more.

Material Components: Vermilion (applied to the face) and a ring of pure gold worth 20 to 50gp. (must be a perfect circle)

### **Biamindua's Mistform**

(Alteration) Level 3

Range: 0

Casting Time: 3

Components: S, M

Area of Effect: The caster

Duration: 5 rounds/level

Saving Throw: None

Turning into mist is particularly useful for escaping prisons, traps, and all sorts of unpleasant situations. While in this form the spell caster cannot speak, cast spells or carry anything, but he can hear and think. Only the physical body is affected, not the possessions, weapons or cloths; These simply drop to the floor after the transformation.

While in mistform, the caster may levitate freely, as under the effects of a *levitate* spell (2nd level Wizard). He is also vulnerable to the forces of wind. No weapons can hit or cut a mist and pass harmlessly through. Fire does half damage, however, and lightning and cold based spells slow the mist's movement by one half (MR of 1).

This spell offers high resistance against any dispelling magic (+4 to caster's level for the purposes of resisting the dispelling force). The caster may end it with a single word as well.

Material Components: A flask of clear glass with some dust inside.

## **Levels 4-6**

### **Biamindua's Magic Pigeon**

(Conjuration/Summoning) Level 4

Range: Immediate area (10 yards)

Casting Time: 1 round

Components: V, S, M

Area of Effect: Special

Duration: 2 months/level

Saving Throw: None

Through the means of a special incantation the spell caster is able to create a mystic facsimile of a pigeon. The magic pigeon is able to deliver a spoken (30 words or less) or written message to anyone, anyplace in this world (in the same dimension or plane).

However, the spell caster must know at least the general location of the recipient of the

message and a specific person (or two) to receive the message. If the recipient of the message is not at the prescribed destination, it will wait until he returns or until the spell duration elapsed and it fades away.

The magic pigeon looks exactly like a real pigeon but needs no food or rest; thus it can fly 720 miles every 24 hours at a speed of 30 mph. Normal weapons cannot harm or capture the pigeon but magic spells of entrapment can capture it. Only a dispel magic can destroy it. Material Components: A pigeon's feather and a sheet of papyrus.

### **Biamindua's Swords to Snakes**

(Alteration) Level 5

Range: 120 yards

Casting Time: 5

Components: V, S

Area of Effect: Up to 60-foot cube

Duration: 5 rounds/level

Saving Throw: None

Not only this spell transform swords (large or small including daggers) to snakes, but the snakes are extremely hostile; biting whoever holds them doing 1 point of damage each bite, and demanding a save to avoid its poison (1 attack per round). The snakes will not change back into swords until the spell elapses. Magic swords are not affected. The caster may transform one sword per level.

### **Raven's Snake Arms**

(Alteration) Level 5

Range: Touch

Casting Time: 5

Components: V, S, M

Area of Effect: Self

Duration: 3 rounds + 1 round/level

Saving Throw: Special

The mage Emanuel Raven created this spell for a journey because he was going to face alot of small creatures and he would like to use one spell that could strike them all at once. He also decided that the spell would have some sleeping effects... By means of this spell, the wizard can transform both of his arms into two large snakes, that can bite for 2d8 points of damage (two attacks per round with +4 to hit), plus its sleeping poisons (saving throw to negate effect). The downside is that the mage must forfeit all other actions to use his arms for the duration of the spell. That little thing he forgot, and he discovered it later... Now he has a scare over his chest to prove it!

Material Components: Two hides from a giant snake (can be found without fighting one, they change hide once in a while), and two wooden sticks of 1 yard each.

*Sent by Martin Bech Nielsen*

### **Redfield's Horrid Fever**

(Necromancy) Level 5

Range: 30 yards

Casting Time: 5

Components: V, S

Area of Effect: 1 creature

Duration: Permanent

Saving Throw: Neg.

Similar, though considerably more scary than the *Contagion* spell, this shunned spell inflicts a horrible disease on a victim who fail his saving throws. It will cause serious headaches and tenebrous fevers, reducing the victim to a prone like state, with -4 to Strength, Dexterity, attack rolls, armor class and all other actions. The effect persists until the character receives a *cure disease* spell or spends 1d4 weeks taking a complete rest to recover.

Characters ignoring the fever for more than a day will have to make system shock rolls to avoid death, and will also lose one point of Constitution permanently for every 48 hours.

### **Biamindua's Clap of Freedom**

(Abjuration) Level 6

Range: 0

Casting Time: 6

Components: S

Area of Effect: 10-foot radius

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: Special

A wizard hates to be imprisoned or grappled by others, and this spell is the easiest way to avoid those misfortunes. By only clapping his hand and thinking on the magical words, the caster gains instant freedom from any kind of holding spell (including *hold*, *web* and *slow*), and anyone surrounding the target will be thrown away by the force of the spell. Creatures who fails a saving throw versus spell will remain stunned for 5d4 rounds as well.

This spell grants liberty only against the spells or creatures that were holding the caster at the moment he casts it, any additional holding spells or attacks will function normally after the casting of this spell.

### **Levels 7-9**

#### **Raven's Call the Raven**

(Conjuration/Summoning) Level 7

Range: 10 yards

Casting Time: 5 rounds

Components: V, S, M

Area of Effect: One raven

Duration: One journey

Saving Throw: None

The mage Emanuel Raven created this spell for a journey because he was plain lazy, and for the convenience of his name and reputation, he decided to have a magical giant raven during his travels. The spell summons a *Giant Raven* (10 yards long) with saddle, that will fly with the wizard and 400 pounds of weight to any place within 10 miles/level from the site of its conjuration. The name of the location must be said while casting the spell or the bird will just fly anywhere it wants to.

The raven has the same statistics as a *Wyvern* (including flight speeds), but can't fight at all, it can't feel no pain, so it will not fly away when attacked (good or bad?). It will fly in a straight line between the two points.

Material Components: a pinch of diamond dust (100gp, goes away). Two opals (500 each, but don't go away, it is the eyes of the raven).

*Sent by Martin Bech Nielsen*

#### **Redfield's Ethereal Vision**

(Divination, Evocation) Level 7

Range: Unlimited

Casting Time: 1 hour

Components: V, S, M

Area of Effect: 40' wide, 20' high, 20' deep cloudlike radiance

Duration: 1 day/level

Saving Throw: None

By casting this highly useful spell, the wizard creates a cloudlike ethereal radiant form that moves itself at a very high speed (up to 200 feet per round) to any direction specified by the

caster. Its only half affected by winds, and may bypass any solid. Upon high concentration, the wizard then may see anything in an area of 10-foot radius around the cloud... But the caster must not be always concentrating, he does so only when he actually wants to see something.

While he is not concentrated on the cloud, it moves at high speed to any place specified by him (though he must be already familiar with that place). Other than that, the wizard may change the color of the cloud's radiance at will, which may be used to give specific orders or coded messages to those who are seeing it. The cloud can't be dispersed or destroyed by any kind of destructive spell nor melee attacks, only dispelling magic will destroy it.

Material Components: A crystal ball(which is not consumed but must be used in conjunction with this spell) and a smoking incense.

### **The Norath**

(Divination) Level 9

Range: Self

Casting Time: 1 week

Components: V, S

Area of Effect: The caster

Duration: Permanent

Saving Throw: None

The Norath is not only a spell, but a ritual that marks the enlightenment of a channeler, marking his evolution to another level of existence. That spell is obviously only known and available for channelers, mages which uses the magical force of the forests to cast their spells.

After the long ritual, which takes one week of complete meditation, the caster body dies and decompose within a few minutes, but his soul (or lifeforce, whatever) is permanently melt with the forces of the forest he had previously chosen (he must cast this spell inside the specific forest). Now, acquiring a new level of life, the channeler becomes one with the entire forest extension, and may see, hear and sense everything inside its woods. He may also animate any natural matter (such as mud, stone or wood) with his soul, creating a humanoid creature which will resemble a golem with his previous life appearance. He will retain his previous hit points and physical abilities, but once seriously hurt or destroyed, he will have to transfer his soul back to the forest essence, and survive (though he must be inside the forest, or he will be dead for true).

Needless to say that many other secret powers will be developed by the channeler whose reaches the Norath, but as the character acquires this level of power, it will be better to take him out of play and transform him into a NPC... Legends say that the forces behind the magic of the Mahul Maakh and its Council are formed by ancient channelers who had archived the Norath long before the Red War.