
Ahiraxon-Gukhasha

*“His twisted words entice the weak.
The price is paid.
The power is mine!”*

– Ravenous Demon, Archdemon of Greed

You are the leader of the abyss. You thrive on the chaos around you and encourage it on every level. The great Onyx has summoned you to this place to discuss the fate of monsters versus humans - the truth is that you don't really care. You and your kind can make deals with humans just as well as you can make deals with monsters. You do love that the monsters are all in a tizzy about this whole “gun” device the humans have crafted. While everyone is all running about like a headless kobold, you are sitting back and chuckling at their screams; when things get hairy all you have to do is blink into the Abyss. (Although, as long as you are in Onyx's castle, you can't blink out completely and return to the Abyss. *As a game kludge, game space is closed and you cannot leave the castle.*)

You have made it your goal to get as involved in everyone's lives as possible; you absolutely love the rush you feel when you have pulled the wool over someone's eyes or have manipulated them into throwing their livelihoods away for a few pennies. You keep a tight network of demons, devils, ghosts, and other monsters that deal in information and subterfuge. As the leader of the demons, you know the value in loyal informants who bring you timely, accurate information. As such, you know little tidbits about everyone here; you need to be aware of potential military invasion as well as knowing how you can sneak your way into hearing more rumors. In your book, treasures are only topped by gossip and gossip is only topped by using that gossip to anonymously sabotage people's plans.

In addition to information, you barter in treasures, and of course, souls. You are one of the few demons with knowledge of the more obscure magicks and guarantee the absolute top quality in supplies. As is traditional of a demon of your stature, you can always make a deal for someone's soul; assuming they have one. If you are dealing with someone with no soul to give and no interest in magic, you can always make them hunt down a new legendary sword for your legendary sword collection.

Upon receiving the letter from Onyx the Great Black Dragon, you quickly determined who might be there at that soire and what you might tempt them with: Sphinx will undoubtedly be there. You also think that Ruby and Count Wilhelm Von Dorburt should be there, as leaders of the two oldest monster organizations in Astyria. Even the lowly Goblin leader will likely be in attendance. You pack some things they may like; a quill for that troll poet, a lovely emerald necklace for that tree fae. . . You rub your hands together. This should be fun. Monsters are always full of ulterior motives and you always love to manipulate them!

Everyone always wants something. It is just a matter of identifying what. Your skill at doing just that has elevated you to leader of the demons. You never miss a chance to offer a deal to someone, and you always haggle mercilessly. Everyone knows you, but not everyone loves you – in fact, most monsters and humans you interact with despise you, but they always come back for more obscure knowledge or artifacts! After all, you are the best.

While demons don't hoard things the same way that dragons do, you do have a soft spot for swords. You know that stuffy old black dragon has a beautiful masterpiece, the The Legendary Sword of Ice (249), in his possession; if only you could come up with something he wants, it would be yours! In addition, you have been searching for the missing pieces of the Vorpall Sword of Wonder (321) for centuries now and you have reason to suspect that that scaly, old churl has a fragment somewhere. One of your dimwitted imps was able to convey that one of the other council members holds a second fragment, but you were unable to understand where. You incinerated the imp on the spot for his incompetence.

One of your other imps was mildly more useful. He mentioned something about rituals. Well of course someone here was going to try a ritual. After all, What would an unprecedented gathering of monsters be without someone attempting a ridiculously reckless, large scale magical ritual? The specifics of rituals have never interested you, but their generalities certainly don't escape

you. Any ritual you can think of will require a The Ritual Wand (222), a magical item of incredible rarity that must be consumed during a ritual. You suspect no more than 3 exist in the world, and you know where two of them are. By process of elimination, only one could possibly be present in Onyx's castle. It will be delightful to watch the monsters fighting for control of the wand. And would be even more delightful if you could get your hands on it first, and enjoy the bidding war that ensues.

You grab your satchel. "Goodbye, my imps! I must away and help decide the fate of the humans!" you shout to no one in particular. "You're in charge," you casually say as you pass a statue of yourself and get ready to teleport to Onyx's castle.

Goals

- Extract as much information and as many valuable items as possible from the other delegates. You have plenty of both, but it is always good to have more.
- Join as many factions as possible.
- Cause and encourage chaos whenever possible.
- Make deals to trade away your information and items that people want. Ensure that the deals are as outrageously favorable to you as possible, ideally subtly screwing over the other party in the process.
- Find and claim legendary swords to add to your collection, including the The Legendary Sword of Ice (249) and the missing pieces of the "Sword fragment" (123)
- Disrupt any attempt at a final decision at the meeting.

Contacts

- Onyx: The elder dragon leading the council.
- Count Wilhelm Von Dorburt: A powerful vampire rivaling with Xavier. Also leader of the Loremasters. Your information suggests that he wants to find a way to walk under the sun unharmed. You suspect the Fae are the answer. Their magics are all too often the answer.
- Xavier Fizzgig: Once a powerful human sorcerer, now an even more powerful lich. He is always looking for more power, and to to that end is a member of the Power Society.
- Maerwynn: A fae thoroughly infatuated with nature. Capricious and fickle, she is never boring.
- Nyx: A fae thoroughly infatuated with drinking the dreams of human babies. You appreciate the mischievousness of the fae.
- Mortag: A troll. He seems to have some intense belief that he has a talent for poetry. You disagree but find it highly amusing how much the status quo is disrupted by his antics.
- Tayschrenn: You never paid too much attention to the leader of the Djinni because he never seems to want to participate in your deals. he probably begrudges the competition with his wish granting. What a shame!
- Yorzelt Chaoeater: You heard that the Ogre horde had been swarmed by humans but apparently they are hardier than they look! An impressive feat!
- Serpentis: You heard that the Basilisk's stone gaze is weakening for some unknown reason. How bizarre. Perhaps you could render some assistance? For the appropriate price, of course.
- Gulfim Rozghar: The minotaur. His manner of speak reminds you of your imp minions back home. How quaint. You know of a longstanding intellectual rivalry between he and Sphinx.
- Sphinx: Speaking of Sphinx, you always were amused by Sphinx's ability to play with the minds of others. You love chaos, but you can't stand the cryptic sentences from him; you keep your distance but with sincere respect.
- Tunmal Underbite: This plucky little goblin wants to rule the world someday! You have no faith that Tunmal will succeed in this endeavor, but if you can convince him to trade away all of his life savings, or better yet his very soul, for the cause you will.
- Strong Branch: The Ent is the oldest and wisest of his forest. He is known for having disdain for undead but seems to be generally peaceful. You happen to know that he has a deep, personal grudge against the lich and Ruby because they burned down his forest.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open if you die.

Bluesheets

- The Continent of Astyria

Greensheets

- The Battle
- How to Build a Golem
- Decking Instructions

Abilities

- Hell Fire
- Dispatch Forces or Request Asylum
- Soul Contract
- Seduce Scout

Items

- Zumwalt's Golem Construction Manual, Part 1 (991)
- Demonomicron (667)
- The Quill of Dark Desire (365)
- Paper (265)
- Quill (724)
- Soul of a Demon (15)
- A Shiny Necklace (324)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 10

Strong Branch

"For it is easier to shout 'Stop', than to do it"

The Lord of the Rings: the Two Towers

You are strong or at least stronger than most. . . you are old. . . or at least older than most. . . it is hard to remember how old you are. . . you have been alive so long. . . all the other races use so many words. . . words are hard. . . but not as hard as your hate. . . they think your people slow. . . calm. . . peaceful. . . but they do not understand. . . nature is just as much wrath and hunger as quiet beauty. . . and you are all wrath. . . They burned your forest. . . Ruby the dragon and Xavier. . . you will have vengeance. . . you know of a sword rumored to be able to slay the dragon. . . the phylactery of Xavier is hidden but you will find it. . . nature always finds a way. . . but the forest is weakening. . . it needs strength. . . seeds. . . seeds of the world tree. . . you must give them to the delegates to plant. . . but it will not be enough. . . drastic action is needed. . . a ritual to turn humans into nature. . . man to tree. . . life to life. . . monsters too, but so much the better. . . not alone in this true quest. . . Maerwynn and Mortag stand with you. . . they see. . . nature fills them. . . why is unimportant. . . all that matters is the goal. . . they understand nature's value. . . that old dragon called you here about a war. . . Onyx is so insistent. . . but the war is unimportant compared to nature. . . a blink of the eye. . . whatever plans has the highest chance of helping your people survive. . . helping nature survive... that is wise. . . survival is needed. . . the forest depends on you. . . the time of the tree has come. . .

Maerwynn understands the trees. . . but she is always with Nyx . . . Nyx is a polluter. . . along with Serpents . . . keep Maerwynn away from them both. . .

The humans. . . will not turn to trees. . . for many years. . . but you do not care. . . a decade is nothing . . . you have given so much to keep your lands safe. . . let others sacrifice on your behalf. . . for once. . . weaker monsters too may be turned back to nature. . . but you care not . . . Maerwynn at least will be protected. . .

Goals

- You must get the other war leaders to take the seeds (Seed of the World Tree (605)) and plant them.
- Kill Ruby.
- Kill Xavier.
- Complete the ritual to turn people into trees.
- Discuss the plight of the forest with as many people as possible.

Notes

- You are willing to go to war but only if you are convinced it is necessary for your people's survival
- You need to find The Legendary Sword of Ice (249) to kill the dragon
- You need to find and destroy the Phylactery (403) to kill Lich.

Contacts

- Maerwynn: She said she would help you turn all humans into trees
- Mortag: He said he would help you turn all humans into trees

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- The Continent of Astyria

Greensheets

- The Battle
- Decking Instructions
- The Pure Ritual of Natural Metamorphosis

Abilities

- Dispatch Forces or Request Asylum
- Regeneration

Items

- Zumwalt's Golem Construction Manual, Part 2 (992)
- Soul of a Ent (21)
- Seed of the World Tree (605)(×**15**)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 15

Yorzelz Chaoeater

This is a war universe. War all the time. That is its nature.-William S. Burroughs

You are a human cleric of the God of War, Groznak. After ambushing and killing the ogre delegation, you've arrived at this council of monsters disguised as an Ogre with one goal: Summon your god and kill everyone. You can't wait to see the floors of this castle painted red with blood, the walls smeared with entrails, and the screams of the dying echoing down the corridors once you summon your god.

However, the rest of your compatriots failed to teleport into this castle thanks to those accursed wards, so you're the only cleric of the god of war here. This is a problem as you need help to cast the summoning ritual. Also, without any backup, you know that if you're exposed as a human you will be swiftly killed by all the monsters here. After all, it is a council about going to war with the humans. You may crave death and destruction, but it is no fun if you are not around to witness it because you got yourself killed. To make matters worse, you seem to have misplaced a crucial piece to the ritual: your Holy Book. In order to perform the ritual, you have to find that book first.

Still, you are nothing if not optimistic. You already have a solution to the problem that the ritual requires multiple participants. This is a council of war, and you worship the god of war. Surely some creatures here could be convinced to help you with your ritual. Monsters are stupid enough that they would probably fall for any old lie you told them. Of course, you expect that once Groznak is summoned, the monsters will attempt to flee the castle. If you can sabotage the teleportation runes ahead of time, you can prevent everyone from leaving, turning the castle into a death trap. Delightful.

While you work on recruiting followers you'll need to maintain your disguise. Stay safe; try to act like you think an Ogre would. Hopefully none of the monsters here knew the Ogre you are disguised as. If you are revealed, you do have a secret weapon with you – a gun. The gun is a new development by the artificers in your kingdom. Do try to keep it a secret unless absolutely necessary as revealing you have it will almost certainly blow your cover, and you can't fight your way out of all of these monsters.

All told, this would be easier with allies. In the short time you've been here, you heard the minotaur mention something called the "Power Society." That sounds like a promising start. You should investigate. Luckily, being a cleric of the god of war grants some perks. You have the ability to grant one army the chance to back stab another army that has been deployed against the humans. Since monsters are notoriously incapable of cooperating with each other, this should prove a powerful bargaining chip in gaining allies.

Speaking of deploying armies against the humans, you frankly can't think of anything more delightful than an evenly matched battle that leads to endless chaos and bloodshed, monster and human alike. Nothing pleases you and your god more than death. What a glorious day for Groznak if you could manipulate the monsters into fielding a united force approximately equal to the human armies.

There is one more wrinkle. While Groznak has not been summoned to this plane yet, he does keep an eye on his followers and occasionally grants them warnings. You have received one such warning, that there is another human here! This is particularly unfortunate because while the monsters are unlikely to know who Groznak is, the human very well might, and is unlikely to be favorably aligned. Most humans do not understand the glory and greatness that is the God of War and seek to curtail the activities of you and your compatriots. You'll need to tread carefully.

Goals

- Summon Groznak, the God of War.
- Ensure that the monster army matches the human army in strength.
- Sabotage the teleportation runes so no one can escape.
- Join the Power Society.

- Keep your disguise up.

Contacts

- Gulfim Rozghar: You overheard him mention something called the “Power Society.”

Memory/Event Packets

- Open if you die.

Bluesheets

- The Continent of Astyria

Greensheets

- Breaking Wards and Runes
- Summoning Groznak, the God of War
- The Battle
- Decking Instructions
- Inducting Followers

Abilities

- Battle Rage
- Betrayal of your own kind

Items

- Stealthy Firearm (556)
- Soul of a Human (12)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 5

Count Wilhelm Von Dorburt

“Remember my friend, that knowledge is stronger than memory, and we should not trust the weaker”

– Bram Stoker, Dracula

Many throughout the five hundred and eighty seven years of your unlife have come to hate you and fear the name Count Wilhelm Von Dorburt. Of course, the fools’ petty emotions just make you laugh. They can scream and curse at you all they want – you are too busy plotting and accumulating hidden lore care. If there is one thing you have learned in all of your long unlife, it is that knowledge is power. And you have a lot of knowledge, rivaled only by the likes of Ahiraxon-Gukhasha and Onyx. Your lust for lore is why you founded the Loremasters. As its leader you can guide the other members on your quest to gain further knowledge.

Your knowledge and stature have clearly impressed Onyx, as he has entrusted you with being in charge of the dinner party this evening. It is the natural choice, as you will be by far the most elegant and eloquent being present. But convincing such a motley assortment of creatures to conduct themselves with any semblance of proper courtesy and protocol will be...challenging. Still, you intend to do your utmost to make sure everyone is polite and that decorum is maintained.

You were born in the human city of Tordin; growing up, life was perfectly acceptable other than the fact that everyone around you was a complete moron. Or at least, life would have been perfectly acceptable were it not for that bastard lich Xavier. You and that power-mad pile of putrescence go way back, back even before you rose from the grave. You vaguely recall that your families had some sort of long standing rivalry, but your loathing of Xavier goes far beyond some petty old feud. She has no appreciation for poise, patience, or subtlety, as evidenced by the hideous, shambling minions she so eagerly raises at every opportunity. You, on the other hand, long ago learned the value of maintaining a calm and dignified demeanor at all times, though that fool lich surely tries your patience.

Still, you will have ample opportunity for spiting Xavier this evening. For one thing, your spies have informed you that she recently completed a manuscript containing all of her arcane knowledge. “It must be an awfully thin book,” you jest to yourself, a slight smile passing across your pale lips. While it is unlikely that this ludicrous manuscript contains any useful lore, it would be worth getting your hands on it just to see the expression on Xaviers bony face when she finds out.

You also comfort yourself with the knowledge that she will get her comeuppance when you at last seize her lands for your own and destroy the vile, stinking zombies that pass for her minions. Your strategy is simple, but foolproof. The plan is to bide your time and let Xavier mobilize her army, where most of her disgusting zombies will perish fighting the human hordes. Meanwhile, you and your armies will stay back and seize her territory, leaving her a homeless beggar – a most delectable punishment.

Of course, if things look too grim and you are forced to mobilize your own armies against the humans to prevent your own extinction, you had best make sure to be chosen as Supreme Commander of the armies. You can think of no one better qualified than your illustrious self, and as Supreme Commander you can more easily ensure that Xaviers troops are assigned to the front lines, there to be decimated; it is all zombies are good for anyway.

You have never liked zombies; they give you and your brood of vampires a bad name. To be classified by ignorant fools and doddering scholars alike under the family of Undead with monstrosities such as they is not only revolting, it is insulting! They rot and drool and have no will or drive of their own, whereas you are the epitome of style and control. People call vampirism a curse, but it is a blessing, immortality and power.

Yet all blessings come with a price. For your kind, the price is blood and darkness. There are precious few things you miss from your days as a human, but in your more sentimental moments, you often wish that you could again feel the kiss of sunlight upon your cold flesh without burning. Despite all your searching in dusty tomes, you have yet to find the piece of arcane knowledge that would grant you this wish, but you have heard that the Fae may possess such knowledge; and if they prove unhelpful or uninformed – as most creatures do – you could always try the demon Ahiraxon-Gukhasha. For a price, she almost

always has useful tidbits.

As for the other price to your immortality, you know of no solution. Much as you hate to admit it, your fate is shackled to that of humanity, for it is their blood alone which sustains you. Therefore, the complete annihilation of the humans cannot be allowed. Enslaving them as livestock would be a beautiful solution.

To that end, your research recently uncovered a powerful ritual which would boost your natural vampiric powers of psychic domination to a staggering degree. It unfortunately requires the cooperation of a few other beings of power, and a powerful ritual wand that you are sure Onyx has squirreled away somewhere. This war council will be the perfect opportunity to enlist the necessary assistance. You've already contacted Gulfim and Serpentinis to feel them out, and they seem cautiously curious. You will have to be careful how and to whom else you couch this proposal. If the other delegates knew just how much power the ritual will give you, that meddling lich might be able to turn them against you. If executed properly with the arcane knowledge you've gathered, you believe the ritual will not only allow you to enslave large swaths of humanity, but also control at least some monster species.

After all, knowledge is power. *long, diabolical laugh*

Goals

- Find a way to walk in the sunlight safely.
- Complete the Dread Ritual of Mind Shackling.
- Make sure everyone shows up at the dinner party on time and maintains proper courtesy and decorum.
- Frustrate the designs of the lich Xavier, and if possible obtain the Voynich Manuscript (291) which he has written.
- Avoid committing your army if possible, but if you must do so, become the Supreme Commander of the armies, at which point it will be easy to maneuver the lich's armies into a bad position.

Contacts

- Xavier Fizzgig: You really hate her and have for a long time. She is a member of the Power Society.
- Onyx: A powerful elder dragon, well versed in lore, and host of this gathering.
- Ahiraxon-Gukhasha: A notorious information broker whom you both respect and, if you're being completely honest, envy.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open if you die.

Bluesheets

- Loremasters
- The Continent of Astyria

Greensheets

- The Battle
- Decking Instructions
- The Dread Ritual of Mind Shackling
- Ritual for New Member Induction (Lore Masters)

Abilities

- Dispatch Forces or Request Asylum
- Blood Bank

Items

- Zumwalt's Golem Construction Manual, Part 1 (991)
- Soul of a Vampire (13)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 10

Ezekiel

After drinking that potion, you fall unconscious with a splitting headache. When you awaken, the headache is gone but there is now an additional voice in your head. Your previous personality is still very much present, but you are now also Ezekiel, the 1000 year old lord of what are now known as the old fae, back before the fae split into the Summer and Winter Courts. You are confident, powerful, and a natural leader. You expect everyone to follow your orders as a matter of course.

Ezekiel's personality does not conflict with your own — his considerable experience in combat and magic only adds to your existing power. Your CR is permanently increased by 10.

Ezekiel is 1000 years behind on his history, so the first thing he wants to do is find Maerwynn and Nyx to get an update on the status of the fae population and how he came to be awakened. He considers all fae to be his subjects, no matter how much time has passed, and will look after their interests.

Goals

- Find out how you came to be here, and what is going on with the fae in the present day.
- Protect the interests of the fae.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- none

Items

- none

Stats

- Combat Rating: 0

Xavier Fizzgig

“Fusing intelligence with the power of undeath requires inspiration of the darkest kind.”

– Havengul Lich

It has been 587 years that you have been wandering this plane, perfecting your craft. You were born a wealthy child in Tordin; from your first word, “dead,” you have seemed most in tune with the thin line separating heartbeats from silence. You often make a point to remember your past—you would lose all semblance of humanity if you didn’t. Understanding the human mentality is the key to anticipating them. In your state of undead perfection, memories remain as crystal clear as the Phylactery which contains your soul, never fading. The same goes for your grudges. To this day, the thought of your bitter enemy, that pompous, patronizing, pest Count Wilhelm Von Dorburt, still sets your teeth on edge. The two of you have never gotten along. Your rivalry was born as you two were; your families hated each other with a passion and the two of you have maintained tradition. While you pursue knowledge and mastery of arcane powers in order to grow more powerful and control ever stronger minions, Dorburt seems to accumulate and hoard knowledge for its own sake, all the while being insufferably arrogant about it. And the despicable hypocrite looks down on your zombies, as though he doesn’t command undead too!

You and Dorburt have been at war for centuries, but the oncoming conflict with humans offers a convenient opportunity if you are able to ensure that his troops are deployed in the coming battle, and you can avoid committing your own. In the chaos of war, you shall be able to finally take over the land controlled by him while he is off fighting. However, you must also ensure that Dorburt is not elected Supreme Commander of the monster army – even if you manage to seize his territory, the revenge he would be able to exact against you as Supreme Commander is... troubling. The only thing more troubling would be if he manages to pull off a certain, powerful ritual you know he has been working on. You don’t know the exact details, but it has something to do with enhancing the innate vampiric domination (mind control) ability.

Yet as much as you hate Count Wilhelm Von Dorburt, what you are more sure of than anything is that you cannot let the humans get any stronger. You are pleased that Onyx has called the council to discuss this because no army can fight off the humans alone. Living humans seem to be able to overpower your minions in a toe-to-toe fight, even poorly armed. To your great displeasure, you witnessed a hired mercenary destroy three of your strongest minions using that blasted new contraption they have. You fear that an army of humans outfitted with such weapons would be nigh unstoppable. You won your last pitched battle with the humans only by allying with the dragon Ruby and using scorched earth tactics; when the human invaders entered the large forest separating your territory and Rubys, the two of you set it ablaze, decimating their army. The fact that the entire forest was destroyed in the process was beyond irrelevant—who cares about trees, anyway? Ents, apparently. The leader of their faction, Strong Branch, has had it in for you and Ruby ever since.

Ruby is the founder and leader of the Power Society, which you gladly joined shortly after it was founded. It suits your ends of maximizing your own sorcerous might alongside like-minded monsters. While you detest most living beings, being a lich can be a lonesome existence, and even you desire the company of your equals on occasion. Too bad there are so few of those. To this end, you have decided that it is time you took on an apprentice, some promising human sorcerer interested in embracing the power and immortality of undeath to become a lich alongside you. Their power will never match your own, of course, but it would be useful, and less lonely, to have a proper assistant. You have prepared a tome of your accumulated knowledge of undeath—the Voynich Manuscript (291) –which, in the right hands, will allow its user to undergo the desired transformation upon their death. You’re not sure how to find a human wizard willing or coercible enough to undergo this process, other than capturing one in the coming battle, but the demon Ahiraxon-Gukhasha may have some idea. She is in the business of trading information and corrupting souls, after all.

What your withered heart yearns for far more than companionship, however, is the power of raising beasts and monsters to do your bidding as well as human corpses. You’ve played with this fantasy for a while now but haven’t made much progress. When you noticed the humans in the village nearest to your secluded home in a musty castle had begun making more and more of those

loud destruction machines, you realized you needed to redouble your efforts. Thus far, you have made great strides in improving your plans for what you know will be the height of your career. You are now thoroughly versed in raising weak monsters, e.g. imps, dire rats, etc., and know how to go about gaining the knowledge to raise more powerful monsters. You would welcome the opportunity to raise a monster of legendary power, like Onyx himself, to serve you, but in order to do that, he would have to be dead. And to slay him you would undoubtedly need a massively powerful artifact, like the The Legendary Sword of Ice (249). Conveniently, you believe the sword to be somewhere in Onyx's castle.

You learned one interesting piece of information recently while interrogating the zombie you raised from a human cleric you had killed. Your new minion told you of the god he had served, Groznak, God of War. Before your other minions finally managed to slay him, this cleric, in life, bore a powerful aura you found both painful and unmistakable. Humans worship many gods, most of them foolish fabrications, but what you sensed here was true power. Much to your dismay, you sense the power of Groznak emanating from something, or someone, here at this war council. You cannot pinpoint it, and you do not know what it could portend, but it is one more complication in an already precarious situation.

As a lich, your soul is stored within a magical gem, your Phylactery, which resurrects you if your body is destroyed, so long as the gem is intact. You normally hide it in a carefully secured location, though you cannot go far from it or you begin to weaken. Knowing that this war council could take awhile, you brought the Phylactery with you and hid it in the deepest recesses of Onyx's cavern, behind many layers of traps and monsters. You have the ability to sense when someone is approaching your Phylactery, and you can teleport to it at any time, though that may not always be advisable—if both the Phylactery and your body are destroyed, your undeath will come to an end and you will pass beyond the veil of final death, never to return. The very thought of it sends shivers through your already cold, lifeless body.

Goals

- Protect your Phylactery at all costs. AT. ALL. COSTS.
- Learn how to raise powerful monsters. If possible, orchestrate to raise Onyx.
- Defeat the human army, but without risking the complete annihilation of their species. Corpses are beautiful and you need to rule them, but if all the humans die, you will lose your supply.
- Prevent Count Wilhelm Von Dorburt from being elected Supreme Commander, or from completing his mind control ritual.
- Find a way to acquire a human sorcerer to corrupt with the Voynich Manuscript (291) so that you can have a lich apprentice.

Notes

- You have no soul. Your phylactery holds what is left of your soul after a number of terrifying and brutal rituals that you underwent to become a lich in the first place. You may not interact with mechanics that require you to have a soul.

Contacts

- Onyx: The elder dragon leading the council.
- Ahiraxon-Gukhasha: A powerful demon known for dealing in information.
- Count Wilhelm Von Dorburt: A rival ruler of the undead faction. His ideas are vastly inferior. Perhaps Dorburt's only respectable quality is that he is the (overly) proud leader of the Loremasters.
- Strong Branch: One of the oldest monsters in the land. Strong Branch has let his distaste for you be well-known.
- Ruby: A powerful red dragon whose territory adjoins yours, and leader of the Power Society, of which you are a proud member.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open if you die.

Bluesheets

- The Continent of Astyria

Greensheets

- The Battle
- The Deadly Ritual of Bloody Demise
- Decking Instructions

Abilities

- Phylactery
- Awareness of Phylactery
- Dispatch Forces or Request Asylum
- Raise a Zombie
- Study Monster Soul

Items

- Zumwalt's Golem Construction Manual, Part 4 (994)
- Voynich Manuscript (291)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 10

Golem

You are a large, stone automaton. You exist to serve your master. You must help them in any combat, and follow their orders to the letter. Whomever holds “An Ornate Rod (490)” is considered your master. If they are unable to give orders, (i.e. they are knocked out or wounded) you must go dormant.

Goals

- Follow your master’s orders to the letter.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- none

Items

- none

Stats

- Combat Rating: 10

Maerwynn

Last night was one of the most remarkable nights of your life. In all your centuries of existence, you've been capricious and frivolous, never seeking a higher calling than bedecking early morning blossoms with dew or painting the autumn leaves in fiery shades of red and gold. (For as long as your attention span lasts, of course. The fae folk of your Summer Court complete tasks you forget to finish.) But last night you and your counterpart in the Winter Court, Nyx, were summoned to see the Oracle.

Actually, you were in the middle of dancing in some wheat fields, which you were loathe to leave, but the Oracle cannot be denied. At this meeting, she spoke in ringing tones of the alignment of stars and prophesied the rising of Ezekiel, the King who will unite all fae folk, old and young, Summer and Winter alike. She impressed upon you and Nyx the importance of cooperation in performing the ritual to raise him. (The two of you haven't always gotten along, but it looks like you'll have to.) It must be done using a gem from the Tomb of Ezekiel, whose location was lost long long ago. However, she has sensed that one of the jewels is not far from here. In fact, it will be at the council meeting the ancient dragon Onyx is holding to coordinate action against humans. You were planning to attend anyway, but now you have all the more reason to go. The Oracle then gave you the Tome of Ezekiel, which describes the elaborate ritual you must perform. You and Nyx swore to her that you would not fail.

Easier said than done, of course. There are just so *many* interesting things you want to do. Your friend, the ent Strong Branch, who lives in the same forest as you, has some idea to try to deal with the humans. Strong seems to have persuaded a troll named Mortag to join him already. He has no great love for humans either, since they have an irritating habit of mistaking sleeping trolls' mouths as caves and trying to light fires in them, and then trying to kill the trolls that wake up and fight back. Hopefully, with all three of you, you can succeed in pulling off the ritual. (With so many spells that must be performed, you've brought some magical fruits with you, in case they come in handy.)

And then there is the vote on how to fight the approaching human horde. The others keep badgering you over whether you plan to deploy the Summer Court's army, but you are hesitant to commit yourself. You think that turning humans into trees is a much simpler, cleaner alternative. You'll have to discuss deployment with Nyx and see if she thinks it's a good idea.

There are other distractions as well. Shortly after you arrived, you saw a very striking djinni, Tayschrenn, walking around. Mmm, eye candy. You introduced yourself, naturally, but you'd like to pursue the acquaintance and get them to teach you some potent spells. Nyx is clearly jealous of Tayschrenn – not much to be done there other than meeting with the djinni in secret. Not that Nyx has any right to complain – she is always consorting with that snake Serpentsis. The basilisks are scum who turn the Summer Court into stone for fun. You will have to confront Nyx about this. The only thing good about Serpentsis is that her scales are made of emeralds — by *far* your favorite gemstone. Probably too much effort to kill Serpentsis just for their scales, but you would certainly pay a fine price for them (or other emeralds of sufficient beauty).

One of the greatest artifacts of the Summer Court are your precious Sunberries (162). You have to be cautious who you trade them with, as in the wrong hands they could come back to cause you trouble. But still, you suspected you might need something to barter with so you've brought them just in case.

Also, while listening to the dragons rant about the so-called human "heroes" who persist in hunting them down, you suddenly realized just how fun it would be to become an adventurer. No responsibilities, no long-term plans – you could do anything you wanted, anytime you wanted. What freedom! You're in luck – your fae nose tells you that a human is present. Perhaps if you have time, you can figure out who it is and ask about adventuring (before you turn it into a tree).

While you're pursuing all these goals, you also have to worry about others trying to steal your magic. Fae magic is renowned for power (it can cure ugliness, for one thing), and you wouldn't be surprised if someone here wants it.

One thing is certain – you won't have to worry about getting bored at this council meeting!

Goals

- Raise Ezekiel so he can unite all fae folk.
- Help Strong Branch and Mortag turn all the humans into trees.
- Make sure no one steals your fae magic.
- Become an adventurer – it sounds really fun!

Contacts

- Onyx: An ancient dragon who called this council meeting.
- Nyx: Your counterpart from the Winter Court, with whom you have an uneasy alliance.
- Strong Branch: An ent who lives in the same forest as you, who wants to turn humans into trees.
- Mortag: A troll you just met at this council, who also wants to turn humans into trees.
- Tayschrenn: A djinni you just met at this council, to whom you are attracted.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open if you die.

Bluesheets

- The Tear of Magic
- The Continent of Astyria

Greensheets

- The Battle
- The Tome of Ezekiel (out-of-game notebook)
- Decking Instructions
- The Pure Ritual of Natural Metamorphosis

Abilities

- Tear of Magic
- Dispatch Forces or Request Asylum

Items

- Sunberries (162)
- Tear of Magic (303)
- Flask of Spiritual Resurrection (706)
- Soul of a Fae (17)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 5

Mortag

"I'm coming to gobble you up"

– Three Billy Goats G ruff

A Poet and a troll. Two incongruous demons raging in the bowels of your essence. A monster whose wit is sharper than any gnashing teeth it may possess. They call you a fool and laugh, but their laughter is the cage of stenotype trapping them in the fruitless grip of damning expectation. They pity you for the determination you possess, but you in turn pity them for their tinted view of the world that lives in the dream of their visions, haunting their lives. The shades of past shape present.

The cruelest of your critics is that snide, seditious, slandering sphinx Sphinx, who believes that words are for building walls of riddles and confusion, not uplifting the soul on wings of glorious verse. You shall make them pay for their cruelty and cynicism this night, whether through tooth and claw or scathing verbal retribution.

The dove does not sing for the song alone, but sings to attract a mate and join in a duet, voices mingling in a harmony of profound noise. In that regard a magical quill is needed to capture and enthrall, enhancing the soft musing of your heart. A quill of magic to carry the magic of your words to the world—what more fitting magic could there be? In the hands of the dark prince of demonic danger Ahiraxon-Gukhasha the quill lies—what task pure or vile will be needed to free this magical key to your poetic whimsy?

Yet whimsy has taken over more than your dreams—it fills your heart to the brim, ever since you met her. Maerwynn...her name itself is the melody of the winds, the song of the trees, and the music of the crackling fire. Like a sun rising over tranquil oceans stirred to fury by sudden storms, shattering all peaceful facades, your calm, vibrant heart was struck by the righteous fury of love that seeped throughout every pore of you large frame. An ally, unexpected but well met, has told you of a chance to win her: A metamorphosis most extreme to twist the teeming human masses into trees, which you know Maerwynn loves. This ally is already half tree himself, none other than the mighty ent Strong.

Dark clouds gather and peril rears its fearsome head, for the Djinni Tayschrenn has entrapped your love's shining heart in their webs of treachery and lechery. they must die or be dealt with so that the waves may part and she may again see the surface of the beautiful sky of true love. If that bloody declaration does not convince Maerwynn of the truth of your love then you shall have to seek a love potion somewhere. Just a splash on skin of your beloved and away will flutter any lingering doubt of your love.

Nyx the fae, the pale shadow of their cousin Maerwynn, may have the magic to change your shape and make you truly ideal in outward form to match the glorious luminosity of your soul. It would help you understand the true beauty of your soul and so the magic must be stolen or coaxed out of them by whatever means necessary. You must claim the Tear of Magic (303) to gain this vibrant power of shifting shapes.

Your army is strong and you really do not care what happens to your soldiers. They are all silly brutes who do not grasp the endless power of your nimble mind. You even have had to smash some of the foolish brutes from time to time. Perhaps you can use your army to garner fortunes favor.

Though the verse does not always come easily to you, there are times when inspiration floods you, mind, heart, and soul, with the blinding light of truth. At such times the words flow from your pen like pure waters from a spring. It is a pity that so few take you seriously, for you know that you have the bards tongue. When you received Onyx's invitation to the war council, a new poem sprang unbidden to your lips with the force and intensity of a hurricane:

The three-headed serpent coils, cornered in its lair Whilst all around it, the vengeful manlings prepare

Fangs flash bright, three heads quarrel over which shall strike Heedless of the price to friend and foeman alike

One mouth holds venom, the second enslaves the will The third brings change arboreal, woody and still

Yet no matter which one strikes, the cost will be great As it is with all choices made in fear and hate

But all is not lost, for a fourth path there may be If, acting as one, all the heads can but agree

You have had precious little time to guess at its meaning, but if the change arboreal is the ritual which will turn humans into trees, then perhaps there are two other rituals—the other two heads of your figurative serpent—being considered by those gathered at the war council. You do not yet know what the fourth path could be, but if your poem holds true, then any of the three rituals will come with a heavy price. Thinking about such weighty practicalities when your mind should be filled with the music of poetry makes your head hurt. It is going to be one rough evening, but you have faith that love and poetry will guide you true, as they always have.

Goals

- Win the love of Maerwynn, using The Love Potion (203) to do so if all else fails.
- Kill or utterly humiliate the Djinni Tayschrenn, who has stolen the heart of your love.
- Decide how to interpret your prophetic poem, and what to do about it. Complete the ritual to turn all humans into trees, for the sake of your beloved Maerwynn, if you decide it is worth the price.
- Get and keep the The Quill of Dark Desire (365) from the demon so you can compose a love poem to rival all that have come before.
- Obtain the Tear of Magic (303) from Nyx in order to gain the ability to transform your body to match the radiant beauty of your soul...by any means necessary.
- Kill or utterly humiliate the sphinx for so cruelly mocking your poetry.

Notes

- You are neutral about your armies and their use

Contacts

- Maerwynn: Your true love, peerless in beauty, wit, grace, and wisdom.
- Strong Branch: Will help you complete the ritual to turn humans into trees.
- Nyx: Though her beauty is but a pale shadow of her cousins, she possesses the power of transformation you seek.
- Tayschrenn: The vile scoundrel who has stolen your true loves heart.
- Sphinx: The mocking, arrogant beast who has been your harshest critic.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open if you die.

Bluesheets

- The Tear of Magic
- The Continent of Astyria

Greensheets

- The Battle
- The Pure Ritual of Natural Metamorphosis
- Decking Instructions

Abilities

- Regeneration
- Forge
- Dispatch Forces or Request Asylum

Items

- Soul of a Troll (16)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 10

Nyx

Most monsters and humans underestimate the fae. They assume that just because you are fun-seeking, capricious, and whimsical when the situation allows it, that you cannot possibly rise to the occasion when the situation turns serious. You know from your centuries of experience that many such monsters who have underestimated and looked down upon the fae are now lost to the history books. The fae have been around a very, very long time and behind their whimsical nature is an ability to adapt to changing environments that allows you to survive in situations that have crushed countless “more powerful” monsters who tried to resist with strength alone. As the leader of the Winter Court, you embody this spirit of adaptability, and this war council is a testament to the changing times. You will have to use your considerable cunning to see to it that whatever happens here, the fae come out on top.

Although you lead the Winter Court and your partner Maerwynn leads the Summer Court, on matters of fae history you both defer to the eldest fae, The Oracle. Last night, she summoned the two of you to an ominous meeting. At this meeting, she spoke in ringing tones of the alignment of stars and prophesied the rising of Ezekiel, the King who will unite all fae folk, old and young, Summer and Winter alike. She impressed upon you and Maerwynn the importance of cooperation in performing the ritual to raise him. It must be done using a gem from the Tomb of Ezekiel, whose location was lost long long ago. However, she has sensed that one of the jewels will be at the council meeting the ancient dragon Onyx is holding to coordinate action against humans. The Oracle then gave you the Tome of Ezekiel, which describes the elaborate ritual you must perform. You and Maerwynn swore to her that you would not fail. You find Maerwynn and her fellow Summer fae to be a bit too obsessed with their forests, but for a matter important enough for the Oracle to summon you, you’re willing to tolerate her for a while.

Your passion is for dreams. In real life (except for fae) both monsters and humans are honestly quite boring. They act under a mountain of inhibitions that prevent them from acting the way they want. Dreams are the exact opposite. In dreams, people are so much more exciting. You crave the vast range of emotions present in dreams, from euphoria to carnal savagery, and always seek to cultivate intensity of emotion in others. Still, you rarely get to interact with races besides other fae and the monsters such as basilisks that live in the caves and mountains you call home. However, this council will have many races, such as vampires and minotaurs, that almost never interact with fae. You fully intend to take the opportunity to explore their dreams by whatever means necessary. Unbeknownst to many outside the fae, dreams offer more than just insight into someone’s emotional turmoil: with the right preparation they can control and subvert another’s mind.

The fae of the Winter Court live alongside several monster races, but the only such race present at this War Council is the basilisks, represented by Serpentinis. You two get along as well as can be expected, and you will hopefully look after each other’s interests here. Maerwynn does not like Serpentinis and is far too close with Strong Branch. Strong Branch does not even have dreams as far as you can tell, and worse yet, Strong Branch wants to turn humans into trees. You are happy for there to be conflict with humans, but if they are trees (or stones) they will not dream and are useless to you. You will have to deter Maerwynn from helping this annoying ent or otherwise stall the ent’s plans. You are also a bit wary of the djinni Tayschrenn, who Maerwynn seems to be infatuated with. You are too capricious to really care, but there’s something about Tayschrenn that bears a bit closer attention. You can’t be sure yet, but you think this djinni might be ensnaring Maerwynn.

Onyx is naturally going to insist that you deploy your forces in this war against the humans. Although monsters do sort of dream, humans have *by far* the tastiest of all dreams and an emotional richness that far outweighs their diminutive forms. You really do not want the humans to be crushed: you know that the monster horde will push forward and given how frail humans are, you fear that your supply of dreams will run dry. Still, you also don’t want your people to be killed or hurt. You are fine with other’s sacrificing themselves though, as you’d certainly stand to benefit if races like the trolls and demons are wounded a bit in the battle. You would have to be given some pretty significant incentives to actually commit your forces: the fae are really not a combat-oriented race. And under no circumstances would you deploy your troops unless Maerwynn did so as well. On the other

hand, if you manage to bring Ezekiel back, the fate of the fae may change rapidly and you would likely listen to his advice.

While you're pursuing all these goals, you also have to worry about others trying to steal your magic. Fae magic is renowned for power (it can cure ugliness, for one thing), and you wouldn't be surprised if someone here wants it.

You've also heard about some rumors of surrendering to the humans, but you don't really know what to think about that yet. Like everything at this council, you'll just have to figure out more and adapt as needed.

Goals

- Raise Ezekiel so he can unite all fae folk.
- Make sure the Winter Court fae come out ahead of the other races on any war negotiations. Keeping your people safe is of utmost importance to you.
- Play with the dreams of the other monsters present at the council.
- Help Serpentis, as long as it's not too much trouble.
- Stop Strong Branch from turning humans into trees.
- Make sure no one steals your fae magic.
- Try to avoid letting the humans get utterly crushed by the monster army.

Contacts

- Onyx: An ancient dragon who called this council meeting.
- Maerwynn: Your counterpart from the Summer Court, with whom you have an uneasy alliance.
- Serpentis: The leader of the basilisks who lives near the caves where the Winter Court fae live.
- Strong Branch: An ent who wants to turn everyone into trees.
- Tayschrenn: A djinni who Maerwynn is infatuated with.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open if you die.

Bluesheets

- The Tear of Magic
- The Continent of Astyria
- Loremasters

Greensheets

- The Battle
- Delving Into Monster Dreams (out-of-game notebook)
- The Tome of Ezekiel (out-of-game notebook)
- Decking Instructions

Abilities

- Tear of Magic
- Dispatch Forces or Request Asylum
- Deep Slumber
- Read Dreams
- Control Dreams (Humans only)

Items

- Dreamcatcher (822)
- Zumwalt's Golem Construction Manual, Part 2 (992)
- Tear of Magic (303)
- A Quintu Seed (952)
- Soul of a Fae (17)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 5

Onyx

We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately. -Ben Franklin

The world as you know it has ended. You are an ancient, black dragon, wise even beyond your formidable years. You recognized that the world was about to change when the smell of black powder first reached your nostrils. Once, monsters ruled the land, and the humans were nothing but a pesky thorn in your side as you battled for dominance among the great leaders of the other monsters. At that time, the world was in a deadlock between monster races, with humans doing all they could to not be overwhelmed by monsters, and all you had to worry about were a few pesky adventurers who might get the drop on you. Now entire human armies march, laying waste to monster kingdoms. Already they have killed your good friend, the king of the Manticores, and driven his people to extinction. They have steadily pushed back the forces of the monsters, slowly, but surely, heralding the extinction of all monster kinds.

Monsters were never meant to unite into a single force. Occasionally, short lived alliances are formed to deal with an immediate threat, but it always falls to pieces once the “discussion” of how to divide up the spoils begins. Until now, it hasn’t really mattered. Humanity were little more than pests. But now, it is the humans who pose the greatest threat to monsters.

It seems that it is in every monster’s fundamental nature to resist unity. And yet, you have set yourself against this seeming impossibility, because the only other option is your own destruction, and that of all monsters, and you will not stand for that. This is why you have called this council. You have the wisdom of age to see that the only way to drive back the humans is to unite. You and the other monster leaders must stop all the infighting amongst the monster species and mobilize your armies to combat the human horde which is descending upon your lands.

In addition to getting an alliance formed, you know that an army must have one supreme leader, not just many different equal leaders, or it will inevitably be defeated. Therefore, there will be a vote for the supreme leader of the monster force. You have no particular candidate in mind yet, but they must be wise, level headed, and have their number one goal as the preservation of monsters. If no one else steps forward, you are willing to nominate yourself.

To complicate matters, you know that some monsters have been approached by human diplomats with offers of peace. You have not received one, as you try to make it a policy to eat every human you see on sight, and you deeply distrust humans and their motivations. However, part of wisdom is accepting new possibilities. If the human’s offer of peace is genuine, you would be willing to accept it. But the burden of proof is on any human foolish enough to wander within range of your powerful claws. One way or another, you will see to the preservation of all the races of monsters; this council is intended to do just that.

You are not surprised that every monster leader you have reached out came to this council, despite it’s unorthodox intent. This is in no small part because you are known to be respectful of your equals among the other monster leaders, and will tolerate no murders at this council. Violence is inevitable among the delegates, but you will not have a monster leader killed on your watch.

The other part of protecting the delegates is maintaining the wards. There are 3 wards scattered across your castle that keep wizards and other unwelcome magical beings out. These are the same wards that have allowed the monster leaders to teleport in. Their care and maintenance is of utmost importance to maintain security at the council.

Still, there are risks in calling monsters to your castle. As one of the oldest dragons on the continent, you have a massive treasure room with many priceless artifacts; and everyone knows it. You expect that some delegate or another will try to steal them from you. You are highly possessive of your treasures and will only let someone into your treasure room for a *very* good reason, and even then, only with you in attendance.

As something of a side note, many years ago you had a son. You named him Ruby, and then abandoned him. It might seem harsh, but it is the reality of this world that many cruel things happen. You wished to teach your son to stand on his own. From

what you hear, he is now the leader of the Power Society. Seems your strategy worked.

Seeing your son again has had the inconvenient effect of bringing to the surface an emotion that you had thought yourself incapable of feeling. In your age, you have become lonely. There is no monster species that could fulfill your desire for good company, but you have heard rumors of magical constructs, and one of them could provide you with the company you desire. Still, you will probably have your claws full with the council, so you may not get around to researching this yourself, but you aren't above liberating a construct from someone else.

Goals

- Make sure the council reaches a decision that will preserve monster kind.
- Keep the peace between the delegates; if a delegate dies before sending his army, that army will not be sent.
- Keep people out of your treasure room.
- Maintain your wards.
- Find a way to acquire a golem for company.

Contacts

- Xavier Fizzgig: That Lich is looking at you strangely, almost covetously. You'd better keep an eye on him.
- Ruby: Your son. He has made quite a name for himself, but despite what he might think, is *not* in a position to take over your position as the strongest and wisest dragon on the continent.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open if you die.

Bluesheets

- The Continent of Astyria

Greensheets

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------|
| - Repairing Wards and Runes | - How to Build a Golem |
| - The Battle | - Decking Instructions |

Abilities

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------|
| - Impenetrable Scales | - Fly |
| - Dispatch Forces or Request Asylum | - Firebreath |
| - Healer | |

Items

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------|
| - Zumwalt's Golem Construction Manual, Part 3 (993) | - Key to Treasure Room (558) |
| - Ward and Rune Repair Manual (694) | - Soul of a Black Dragon (10) |

Stats

- Combat Rating: 20

Gulfim Rozghar

“Not every intelligent being is interested in treasure and lost knowledge...or even the basics of speech.”

– Ruinous Minotaur

You start munching on the goat leg before you, pieces of meat fall from your maw as you attack the bone with your sharp teeth. Chewing bone helps strengthen your bite and lost meat can fall for the gremlins. One of them comes to you with a scroll. You bang your fist on the crude table out of annoyance; you take a massive swig from your goblet and gulp as saliva and lost wine dribbles down the front of your hairy chest.

“What this?” you grunt loudly in the face of the gremlin. It whimpers, drops the scroll, then runs off, giggling. Picking up the scroll, you begin to read.

Greetings mighty war leader,

I write to you now out of desperation that I know we all feel, our days are numbered. The humans press further into the lands we call home.

It seems that the old black dragon, Onyx, has decided to call together a council to discuss the human problem. You toss the scroll aside and return to devouring the rest of the three goat carcasses before you.

“Hmm,” you think, “I wonder who will be at the meeting. Surely that old windbag would’ve invited the leading representatives of other factions, likely at least one undead, one fae, maybe a few others.” Likely the fae will want to make peace with the humans, but maybe you can garner favor with the undead to help you enslave the humans. You need more intelligent minions to test your mazes; these gremlins are nearly always a waste of your time. You mentioned your desire for human playthings to your friend, Serpentis, who also expressed interest in human cattle. When you sent a note of inquiry to Ahiraxon-Gukhasha (someone who you don’t like talking to because of her smug attitude but always go to for the immense knowledge and resources she possesses), the only response you got was one indicating that half of the ritual was located in a dungeon in the old black dragon’s castle. If you can get enough support, maybe you can go through the dungeon and attain half of the recipe. Where would the other half be?

“I wonder if the Sphinx will be there,” a grimace grows on your already frowning face, “Surely Onyx wouldn’t have skipped over such a powerful weapon as the Sphinx. The Sphinx may be annoying and verbose, but at least you know that he has the power to turn the tide in a war. This time I’ll show that wordy windbag who is the better puzzlemaster!” You have never felt that you could trust that annoyingly cryptic beast and your rivalry is legendary amongst those who follow puzzles. You don’t understand the point of talking so much. In fact, your own language skills are so underdeveloped that you only speak in single syllable, though your thoughts are profound. You will finally show Sphinx who is the true master of puzzles by completing your masterpiece! You are close to figuring it out, you just need some fresh perspective. Maybe someone at the meeting will help give you inspiration. If Onyx wants to discuss a solution to the human problem, there will likely be discussion of war and slaying the humans; Sphinx will surely remain neutral for whatever silly reason until there is a vote of some sort. You know you can’t risk an invasion by the Sphinx the mind-bending attacks of the Sphinx would surely wipe out all but your mentally-tough minions, and none of those will be physically capable of bringing him down. It would be better to wait and see what Sphinx commits to before making a public commitment of your own. After all, making a public commitment is separate from what you physically commit to doing words are not as powerful as the body. Maybe you and your supporters can band together and enslave the humans despite the inevitable vote at the end of this meeting.

You are a proud, Warrior member of the Power Society. The Society encourages its members to become as strong as possible. There is no discrimination as long as you can hold your own in a one on one battle. For obvious reasons, no weaklings are allowed to join; those members who work to gain presence in politics are still chosen by their physical prowess as well as mental. You and the strongest of your ancestors have always been members; your family has served the Society so well that you didn’t even

need to pass a trial to prove yourself! The values of the Society are manifold, but you appreciate that the direction the Society has taken over the last fifty years has moved towards a more secret influence than in the past. You find the politics, while absolutely not your mug of ale, necessary for lasting power. The Loremasters Guild doesn't seem as if they have any real presence in Astyria because they mostly just shut themselves in the great Astyrian Library and ignore the world. You imagine every Loremasters member must never see the sun because they are always sitting bent over tomes. The Power Society doesn't mean as much to you as it did to your father, but you still participate fully in whatever tasks Ruby asks of you. You are a reliable member, though you are not an officer; you never really wanted to be an officer, you would prefer to spend that time in your mazes, perfecting them.

Goals

- Enslave all humans!
- Finally design your maze masterpiece!
- Put Sphinx in his place by forcing him into your masterpiece maze.
- Aid in the Power Society's goals.

Contacts

- Onyx: The elder dragon leading the council.
- Ahiraxon-Gukhasha: A powerful demon known for dealing in information.
- Serpentis: A friend. You two enjoy forcing humans to "play" with you.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open if you die.

Bluesheets

- Power Society
- The Continent of Astyria

Greensheets

- The Battle
- The Dread Ritual of Mind Shackling
- Decking Instructions
- Maze Masterpiece (out-of-game notebook)
- Ritual for New Member Induction (Power Society)

Abilities

- Battle Rage
- Forge
- Dispatch Forces or Request Asylum

Items

- Soul of a Minotaur (18)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 10

Ruby

Well, I grew up quick and I grew up mean//My fist got hard and my wits got keen. - Johnny Cash

Finally! They've finally recognized your greatness. Ever since your father left, you've had to fight for respect. It is a common misnomer that Dragons are bad parents or that they leave their offspring to fend for themselves. Only those beyond saving are abandoned by their parents, and even then, usually not until they've given it a good try for a few centuries. Onyx abandoned you and your mother a mere three decades after you were hatched. Everyone knows that Onyx left you, and assume it was for good reason. It made every day of your youth a living hell.

Every time you introduced yourself to someone new, they would laugh at you for being Onyx's failed brat. So you would bash in their head. The constant fighting made you the roughest, toughest dragon in the entire southern Dragon kingdom. You fought your way through the ranks of the army and became the youngest war leader that the southern Dragon kingdom's ever seen. No one alive disputes the fact that the only dragon more fierce than you is giant black dragon, your father, Onyx. You hate your father, and you've sworn an oath to kill him and take his place as the undisputed master of all of the dragons on the continent of Astyria.

Now you are faced with a golden opportunity. Onyx has *finally* recognized how great you are by inviting you to this council and asking you for your army. How far the great have fallen. He must be weak, if he's asking for help against the pathetic humans. This is the perfect time to fulfill your oath.

No human has ever set foot in the southern kingdom, thanks to your stalwart army and your tactical brilliance. There was one close call however, that you suppose is worth mentioning. Not so long ago, an army of humans managed to penetrate the monster lands right to your very border. Only through a temporary alliance with Xavier Fizzgig did you manage to rid yourself of those pests. Still, after the scorched earth tactics you used, you don't expect they will be foolish enough to try again. You and your army burned the entire forest in which the humans had taken refuge. You congratulate yourself regularly on such a brilliant tactic, but Strong Branch, the leader of the Ents, sees things differently for some stupid reason. He has had it out for you ever since.

You are undoubtedly the most clever dragon in Astyria, but you find yourself needing to prove it to everyone yet again. If you send your force to deal with the human "threat", you demand to be the supreme commander, as you're far and away the best choice. With you in command, it will be a trivial matter to squash the pathetic humans.

Still, your brilliant tactical mind has invented an ingenious alternate solution. Many hours of laborious research have led you to a ritual that you believe will poison several of the water sources on the planet. The epicenter of the effect will be deep in human territory, and so will kill a significant number of humans. There is some risk that water sources for some monsters will also be affected, but since the Southern Dragon Territory has many different water sources, it is a risk you are well willing to take. Not every leader might be though, so you haven't disseminate that particular piece of information.

As part of your rise to power in the southern dragon kingdom, you became the leader of the Power Society a few centuries back. The society could use more members, and the leaders of the other monster factions seem a reasonable place to recruit subordinates. One of the things you hope to accomplish through the society tonight is raiding Onyx's treasure room and relieving him of some powerful artifacts. After all, it's about time you started your own horde of treasure and Onyx has the best stuff. You've heard rumors that he has a sword that has the power to slay dragons, an Orb of Power, and even a few fragments of a second mighty sword. If you could find all of the parts to the sword, you could reforge it into a mighty weapon.

Goals

- Become Supreme Leader of the alliance against humans. Make sure you are commanding as large a collection of armies as possible.

- Recruit as many people as possible to the power society.
- Kill Onyx to extract your revenge. If that proves temporarily beyond your means, embarrass Onyx as much as possible by causing problems.
- Collect all the Sword fragment (123)s and find a way to reforge them into a mighty weapon.

Contacts

- Onyx: The black dragon who called the council. Most people believe that he's the strongest dragon Astyria has ever known. You intend to prove that you're better than him.
- Gulfim Rozghar: A member of the power society.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open if you die.

Bluesheets

- Power Society
- The Continent of Astyria

Greensheets

- The Battle
- Ritual for New Member Induction (Power Society)
- Decking Instructions
- The Deadly Ritual of Bloody Demise

Abilities

- Impenetrable Scales
- Healer
- Dispatch Forces or Request Asylum
- Firebreath
- Fly

Items

- Zumwalt's Golem Construction Manual, Part 4 (994)
- Soul of a Red Dragon (11)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 15

Serpentis

Unlike many of your fellow magical beings, you *like* humans. You think they're great. They're so slow and bumbling, so clumsy as they try to run across the mountainous terrain. They trip over rocks and fall over bushes and lie there panting and sobbing as you glide up to them. Some of them start begging. All of them squinch their eyes shut as you gaze at them for long moments and listen to their pounding hearts. It's a waiting game, and they always crack first. Hearing no sounds, eventually they open their eyes for a peek – and see you, just a few feet away, patient and still. Then the inevitable shriek of fear, the scramble to get to their feet, and off they bound again. You repeat this until they're exhausted and begging at your, well, not feet. At your mercy. Depending on your mood, sometimes you turn your Petrifying glare on them and transform them into stone. Sometimes you toy with them a little longer, not switching on your glare yet, until they begin to hope that the stories about basilisks are false. And *then* you Petrify them. Ah, bliss. You're never quite so happy as you are at the end of a chase, when you admire your newest statue.

Until your ability began to fail you. It was such a gradual process that it took a while for you to realize that you were no longer Petrifying things permanently. The duration has been steadily decreasing. At first, you tried to make the best of it. You convinced yourself that it just adds to the game. The humans wake, realize that they're still alive, and you can toy with them some more before killing their hope again. But now the Petrification only lasts five minutes! It is unbearable. Your main joy in life has been taken from you.

And even worse, you achieved your position as leader of all basilisks because of your prowess in these games. In terms of psychological torture, you are still peerless among your kind and retain their respect, but how long before some young whippersnapper challenges you? You *must* find a way to heal your glare. Luckily, the ancient dragon Onyx has summoned leaders of all the magical creatures for a council meeting to discuss how to deal with the human horde. You're sure that someone here will know how to cure you.

It does mean you're going to have to mingle with the others, which you normally avoid as much as possible. Although you hide it beneath a crusty exterior, you're actually very sensitive and unhappy. You look like a dragon but can't fly. You look like a snake but have no poisonous fangs. You don't have legs, so you're treated like an animal rather than a thinking being. Now that your Petrifying glare has begun to fail, you don't even have an awesome power, as the Summer Court fae, Maerwynn, likes to remind you. Even a pathetically weak fae is mocking you! No one respects you! All you have left is your beautiful emerald hide. You *have* to find a way to fix your glare so they fear you.

But they do need something from you. They want you to commit your basilisk army to the battle against the humans. So a basilisk is something to be ridiculed until it is useful? Anger fills you at the thought. Yet in this struggle, you see an opportunity. Let the other magical creatures and the humans fight and die. If you can keep your own army out of the fight, you'll be in a strong position to conquer the other magical creatures' lands afterwards, and enslave the remaining humans to be your playthings. Unless the Winter Court fae, Nyx, convinces you to deploy your troops. She is the closest thing to a friend you have, and you have an unfortunate soft spot for her. The only problem with Nyx is that they are often hanging around the insulting Maerwynn; you will have to find a way to separate them. You also have occasionally learned a bit about chasing humans from the minotaur, Gulfim. Gulfim is not a friend, per-se, but he is very good at tormenting humans in stone mazes, not entirely unlike the tree mazes you employ.

You've only been here for a few minutes, but already in your exploration of the castle, you've seen hints that someone is working to build golem. Inspiration struck you – you could build yourself a pair of mechanical legs! Then you'll be humanoid in form! You make a mental note to figure out who's making golems. Maybe he or she will help you. If that plan fails, it might be possible to create shape-shifting legs using fae magic. You'd never steal fae magic from Nyx, but Maerwynn is certainly fair game.

All in all, this will be a profitable meeting for you!

Goals

- Create a potion to fix your Petrify glare.
- Obtain legs, either by building golem legs or by using fae magic if necessary.
- Enslave humanity (they make wonderful playthings).
- Keep your own army out of the fight if possible.
- Separate Nyx and Maerwynn.

Contacts

- Onyx: An ancient dragon who summoned everyone to this council meeting.
- Nyx: A Winter Court fae who lives nearby, perhaps the closest thing to a friend you have.
- Maerwynn: A Summer Court fae who makes fun of you.
- Gulfim Rozghar: A minotaur talented at tormenting humans in stone labyrinths.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- The Continent of Astyria

Greensheets

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| - Curing Petrifying Glare (out-of-game notebook) | - Decking Instructions |
| - The Battle | - The Dread Ritual of Mind Shackling |
| - How to Build a Golem | |

Abilities

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------|
| - Dispatch Forces or Request Asylum | - Stone Gaze |
|-------------------------------------|--------------|

Items

- Soul of a Basilisk (20)

Stats

- | | |
|------------------|----|
| - Combat Rating: | 10 |
|------------------|----|

Sphinx

“A riddle is nothing more than a trap for small minds, baited with the promise of understanding.”

– The Author

As the creature known exclusively for mental prowess, you stand tall before your peers. You don't like interacting with the physical world about you, and that works for them because no one seems to enjoy listening to your beautiful riddles. Your entire being has been centered around your glorious word puzzles and you find nothing wrong with that. Everyone seeks you out for your amazing lingual acrobatics of the tongue! Your riddles are auditory art and you spend hours on perfecting them. If someone were to ask you what your greatest challenge would be, you would undoubtedly admit that you find it exceedingly difficult to keep your riddles challenging but mundane enough for the less-developed brains around you. You affectionately tolerate all other life forms, but being as unique a creature as you are, you know that not everyone can understand your existence. You are the only one of your kind, and you are fine with that—well, you wouldn't mind having company, or having someone HAPPY to see you once in a while, but you know that speaking in a non-cryptic manner is impossible! You have already evolved to speak in such a manner that you aren't speaking in full riddles every statement you make, but speaking in straight, plain, boring wording is absolutely beyond you. One word sentences are a faraway concept! You have no idea how creatures around you manage it!

Something that is able to bring your head out of your own world is your deep rivalry with Gulfim. Oh how you and he fight over who is the greater puzzle master! You know that manipulating words to play with the mind is something that only geniuses are capable of and you are the greatest manipulator of words Astyria has ever seen! That minotaur has always insisted that physical puzzles, like mazes, are superior to mental puzzles, like riddles, because mazes can trap anyone whereas riddles only trap some. You disagree! Your riddles are magnificent works of art! The nature of the riddle is to test the subject and mental prowess is to be rewarded! The fact that anyone can be tricked by a maze is something that you despise; after all, that would mean that mazes treat the mentally strong the same as the physically strong! You completely reject this concept.

With all of your personal philosophies in mind, however, you feel that it would be nice to not be shunned. Your tongue is strong, like your mind, but that doesn't mean that you loathe the other creatures of Astyria. You like humans because they find great interest in your riddles; they don't seem to mind that you speak cryptically—in fact, they seem to want to worship you! As far as the question of how to react to the human “gun” invention, you remain firmly neutral. No humans have decided to attack you, but you are aware that they will in one of the many possible futures. You further sense that there are some human minds masquerading among the monsters – how clever and daring of them! You will have to find and test them. The other monsters are ignorant, as far as you know.

In order to determine which side of the argument you choose, you have decided to give your vote to the better of the two sides, in terms of riddle-solving. The humans you have spoken to have mostly been disappointing, but you have determined that they are currently winning the competition in your mind. You have decided to ask riddles of each creature at this meeting and if enough take your riddles seriously and are able to answer your riddles correctly, then you will take their side. Your vote is extremely important because you have a series of mental attacks that cripple your foes. Your signature mental attack has been known to turn the tide of wars past. As you are readying yourself to be teleported, you make a snap decision that you will find some way to translate your cryptic manner of speech to a means that is capable of being understood by the average creature.

You hate being forced to deal in physical matters, but sometimes in situations like this there is just no avoiding it. One of the mentally-challenged species, the trolls, is always out for your flesh. You will just have to outwit their representative, Mortag; you haven't exactly bothered to discover why the trolls want to kill you yet. For this particular representative though, perhaps it is obvious. Mortag fancies himself a poet. Nothing could be farther from the truth and you have never bothered to mince words about it. He can barely string three words together, never mind the butchery he makes of language with every painful attempt.

Goals

- Find a way to communicate with your peers.
- Determine which side of the humans versus monsters war you are on through riddles.
- Show Gulfim who is the REAL puzzle master!
- Figure out why the trolls want to kill you.

Contacts

- Onyx: The elder dragon leading the council.
- Ahiraxon-Gukhasha: A powerful demon known for dealing in information.
- Gulfim Rozghar: Your rival in the puzzle world. Your mental puzzles are far superior.
- Mortag: A troll who has it out for you.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open if you die.

Bluesheets

- Loremasters
- The Continent of Astyria

Greensheets

- The Battle
- Decking Instructions
- Riddles of the Sphinx
- Riddle Masterpiece (out-of-game notebook)
- Tongues (out-of-game notebook)

Abilities

- Riddle Me This!

Items

- Soul of the Sphinx (14)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 15

Tayschrenn

Despite having an acute appreciation for all manner of arcane knowledge, you really have only the vaguest sense of how a djinni is supposed to act. Cryptic or straightforward? Forward-thinking or opportunistically shortsighted? Your ignorance of djinni behavior is turning out to be somewhat troublesome, seeing as you currently look just like one, and you happen to be surrounded by any number of creatures most of whom you are certain would rip you to pieces if they knew you were a human.

You are Tayschrenn Albelin, a prominent and rising member of Norbrook's Arcane Academy (not that any of the creatures here have even the slightest idea what that is). You seek out all magical knowledge and are not afraid to get your hands dirty to find it. One day while wandering the astral plane, you intercepted a mysterious and terse missive being carried by a baby air elemental. After easily hypnotizing and interrogating the elemental, you deduced that Onyx, an elder dragon, was attempting to unite a diverse array of races into a single army to oppose the human army currently on the march. Onyx had requested the aid of the djinni, who turned them down claiming that the djinni are busy with their own affairs trying to invade the ifrit and have no time for his concerns. You aren't really as up-to-date on human politics as you should be, but you do know that with the recent development of gunpowder humans have proven themselves quite a competent adversary even against such powerful foes as vampires, demons, and dragons. It appears that Onyx is inviting the leaders of each race to a special war council. Realizing this opportunity isn't going to present itself again, you wipe the air elemental's mind, polymorph yourself into what you hope is a convincing-looking djinni, and proceed to the council.

You are not a military-minded individual. You suspect that, had you not ended up with the talent to become a powerful wizard, you might have been a passable ambassador or diplomat. If you had your way at this council, there wouldn't be any fighting at all. The monsters are hardly friendly and up until now have harassed and killed humans who stray from magically-protected cities with little fear of repercussions. But you also don't want things to escalate to an all-out war. Now that humans have firearms you suspect that the human army will come out on top unless Onyx manages to unite all the monster races together, but you know there will be huge losses on all sides. It's a long shot, but before Onyx manages to unite the armies together, you plan to find a group of monsters sympathetic to your cause and convince them to sue for peace with the humans. You have enough political influence that you could guarantee their safety as long as none of their troops take part in the battle. Even if few monsters are likely to be interested in peace, many of the more self-serving races such as goblins or fae might realize the benefits of saving their races from needless sacrifice. In any case, you are determined to try and delay or disrupt things to prevent as many of the war leaders as possible from committing their armies to Onyx's cause.

You've only been at the conference a brief while, but you've already seen a frightening diversity of monsters. Most seem to be the leaders of their races and, despite your considerable skill as a wizard and experience as an adventurer, you're certain that many of them could crush you with little to no effort. Still, you are intrigued — few wizards have ever had the opportunity to study living demons, liches, and dragons in close proximity. Some of these monsters are centuries old and you fully intend to take advantage of the chance to learn what you can from them.

There are three attendees that you've heard of before: the elder dragon Onyx, the demon Ahiraxon-Gukhasha, and the archlich Xavier Fizzgig. Onyx has been around for longer than anyone can recall. Normally dragons his age vanish into seclusion, so the fact that he is taking such an active role in this conference is unsettling. Ahiraxon-Gukhasha is far less widely known in human lore, but among wizards there are several records showing her to be an insidious information dealer. On one hand, you know that she has plenty of sorcerous knowledge you would pay dearly to have, but you know that you are not likely to come out ahead on any deals you might make. Still, you suspect Ahiraxon-Gukhasha has or can point you to a copy of the long-lost *Demonomicron*, a comprehensive history of demon-kind's many wars. Finally, centuries ago Xavier was one of the most powerful sorcerers on the continent. Obsessed with immortality, she eventually achieved it but only by turning into a lich. You would pay dearly to find and examine her phylactery; although most people who ask after a lich's phylactery find themselves

rapidly disintegrating. Xavier has committed innumerable atrocities, so you would like to destroy the phylactery but you know they are notoriously hard to destroy.

You are an accomplished wizard, but your true expertise and passion lay in the history, design, and construction of golems. Imagine your surprise when you realize that this meeting is being held in the ruins of Zumwalt's laboratory, the greatest gnomish artificer ever known! Zumwalt also specialized in golems, and the chance to explore her laboratory is very exciting. You are certain that there are plenty of notes lying around that would be priceless to modern golemists such as yourself. If you find the right parts, you might even be able to build a golem of your own. Beyond its academic interest, such a golem could also help you avoid being crushed during your time at the council.

You are a wizard, not a scientist or engineer. You vaguely understand how gunpowder works, but you leave the actual design and construction of guns to others more suited to the task. Still, before you got sucked into this war council you were mulling over plans to augment guns with magic. You still have the basic blueprints of your modifications with you, although you have no plans to work on them while you're here.

In your readings you know that monsters have their own analog of an "academic community". You don't know much about the specifics, but you are definitely interested and this is the perfect opportunity to find out more. You suspect that the more "knowledge-oriented" races like vampires, demons, and liches are likely the best ones to approach, but you will need to be cautious lest you get revealed as a human.

In and among all the monsters though, something is amiss. Your innate magical senses tell you that there is another human here. If you can find them, you'll almost certainly have an ally for peace!

Goals

- Convince as many factions as possible that war is futile and that they should sue for peace with the humans.
- Prevent factions from committing their armies to the war effort by whatever means necessary.
- Acquire the Demonomicron; you hope that Ahiraxon-Gukhasha can be convinced to help you with this.
- Find out more about (and possibly join) the monster's academic society.
- Find and examine Xavier's phylactery.
- Acquire as many of Zumwalt's notes on golems as possible.
- Build a golem servant by scavenging parts from Zumwalt's golem laboratory.

Notes

- Any reference to a "djinni" applies to you, even though you are a human in disguise as one. This includes items that can be used by djinni, rituals that require a djinni, and so forth.
- Having spent a lot of time studying books, you find yourself with a good head for riddles, and have memorized a few of your favorites:
 - What has 4 fingers and a thumb, but is not living? (A glove)
 - We hurt without moving, we poison without touching. We bear the truth and the lies. We are not to be judged by our size. What are we? (Words)
 - I am always there, some distance away. Somewhere between the land or sea and sky I lay, and you may move towards me, but distant I'll stay. What am I? (The horizon)
 - I can only live where there is light, but I die if the light shines on me. What am I? (A Shadow)

Contacts

- Onyx: The elder dragon leading the council.
- Ahiraxon-Gukhasha: A powerful demon known for dealing in information.
- Xavier Fizzgig: Once a powerful human sorcerer, now an even more powerful lich.

Memory/Event Packets

- If you see or hear the word “Groznak”, open this packet
- Open if you die.

Bluesheets

- The Continent of Astyria

Greensheets

- The Battle
- Decking Instructions
- How to Build a Golem

Abilities

- Teleport
- Astral Illusion
- Influence with Humans

Items

- Magical Gun Blueprints (434)
- Soul of a Human (12)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 5

Tunmal Underbite

“Goblins don’t care who they catch, as long as it is done smart and secret, and the prisoners are not able to defend themselves”

– The Hobbit

They think you small and unimportant, you will show them. You are important! You are the most important because you are the smartest, fastest, strongest badass there is. Well maybe not strongest, but who wants to be a large muscle bound idiot anyway. You will not need to be big when you get enough magic power or technological power – any power would actually do, to show the other races that goblins are the best. In that regard you’ve got plans, plans to get stronger and more powerful. Not that you need it you are already the most powerful goblin, though everyone laughs when you tell them – you just need more power so you can actually show the other races why they should fear the goblins.

Your first plan is golems, why be big when you can have big monsters to hit other big idiots for you. Your spies tell you Onyx was interested in golems also. But in the end they will be yours, not that you can’t use the big idiot.

If the golems fail, Onyx can help you out again, the Lore Masters society told you, because you are best that the old dragon has got some really powerful orb and you want it. They wanted to study it. It has to be good right? They entrusted you to go get it for them, trusting a goblin, a perfect example of why everyone else is dumb. You should probably keep it when you find it as a reward, that seems fair and if the other Lore Masters have anything to say about it then you can always use the orb on them. Onyx’s treasure room seems like a promising start, but first you need a key.

But your plans do not end there, oh no. You hear the Maerwynn has some magic that might be worth stealing a tear of magic. You heard the troll muttering about it, that all Fae have one magical tear in their possession that can if drunk give you Fae magic. Not sure what that means, but sounds interesting and more power never hurt.

The guns, the cause of this whole meeting seem interesting; with your massive smartness figuring out how to build one should be easy. Yorzelz seems to have one, the why hardly matter when you could take it from him.

For someone with so many plans in term of war you do not have much of a plan. Peace could be interesting let the other die for your people. But you really don’t feel that strongly and if you could get a few magical nick-knacks then you might just feel confident enough to crush the stupid humans. You could go either way. Though being supreme leader would be pretty great, it makes sense because you are the smartest.

You are the little guy with big plans.

Goals

- Obtain the The Legendary Orb of Power (281)
- Obtain the Tear of Magic (303)
- Build a golem
- Steal any guns you can find to shoot people with
- Make everyone respect you however you can

Notes

- You start wanting peace with the humans, but can change your mind easily
- You know Onyx can help with the golems
- The Troll my know more about stealing Fae magic

Contacts

- Mortag: An idiot who thinks they are a poet
- Onyx: An idiot who is old, powerful, and much less wise than he think

- Count Wilhelm Von Dorburt: An idiot who is the head of the Lore Masters and full of himself for some reason
- Yorzelz Chauseater: An idiot who seems to have a gun

Memory/Event Packets

- Open if you die.

Bluesheets

- Loremasters
- The Continent of Astyria
- The Tear of Magic

Greensheets

- The Battle
- How to Steal
- How to Build a Golem
- Ritual for New Member Induction (Lore Masters)
- Decking Instructions

Abilities

- Now You See Me
- Dispatch Forces or Request Asylum

Items

- Smoke Bomb (215)(×3)
- Soul of a Goblin (19)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 5