
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 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. 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 or subterfuge; as the leader of the demons, you keep only the most loyal sources of information. 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 their plans.

In addition to souls, you tend to barter in ritual supplies. You are one of the few demons with knowledge of the most obscure magicks and are absolutely the topmost in guaranteed quality. If you are dealing with someone with no soul to give and no interest in magic, you make them hunt down a new legendary sword for your legendary sword collection; swords hold the spirits of their owners and their triumphs and you love feeling the energies inside them. Of the things you keep to trade, you have mountains of treasure. Someone always wants something, right? Upon receiving the letter from Onyx the Great Black Dragon, you quickly determine who might be there at that soire: Sphinx will undoubtedly be there. You also think that Ruby and Count should be there, as leaders of the two oldest monster organizations in Astyria. You also have reason to believe that the other leaders of the council should be there, most likely even the lowly Goblin leader. You pack some things they may like; a quill for that troll poet, a lovely sparkling necklace for that tree fae (you know that she has a rare fruit known to allow nocturnal creatures receive no harm from walking in the sun, maybe you can use it to manipulate the Loremasters?). You decide to bring your standard pack of ritual ingredients as well, maybe some subterfuge will be going on. Oh, who are you kidding, monsters are always full of ulterior motives and you always love to manipulate them!

You never miss a chance to offer a deal and you always haggle until you are sure to get what you want. Everyone knows you; not everyone loves you—in fact, most monsters and humans you interact with dislike you, but they always come back for more obscure knowledge or artifacts! You know that stuffy old black dragon has a beautiful masterpiece, the The Legendary Sword of Ice (249), in his possession but 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 for centuries now and you have reason to suspect that the scaly grump has one 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.

You try to know as much gossip about everyone as possible but information trades are seldom worth it unless you are getting more than just a rumor your information is valuable so your victims should cough up more than just “Sally stabbed the king.” It is your job to convince everyone that you are a loyal friend and then play with them; manipulating those around you is the only way you really feel joy anymore. You rub your claws together and give a wry chuckle. You know that Ruby has been spouting an idea of killing all humans for decades now, ever since his mother was slain by one. Undoubtedly, this issue will come up. You have know idea what else might happen at this meeting, but if rituals are being performed, you will be there to supply them (for a sizeable price, of course!) This meeting will be full of chaos because you will ensure it with every fiber of your being. You grab your pack. “Goodbye, my imps! I must away and help decide the fate of the humans! you shout to no one in particular. “Youre

in charge, you casually say as you pass a statue of yourself and get ready to teleport to Onyx's castle.

Goals

- Join as many factions as possible.
- Cause and encourage chaos whenever possible.
- Keep your precious loot from being stolen. Bartering is a fine practice!
- Find out who the human is! It will surely cause chaos.
- Find 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
- Xavier Fizzgig: Once a powerful human sorcerer, now an even more powerful lich.
- 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 seem to want to participate in your deals. What a shame!
- Yorzels Chouseater: You heard that the Ogre hoard had been swarmed by humans but apparently they are hardier than they look! An impressive feat!
- Serpentis: Hmm...You heard that the Basilisk has a secret about the power of her stone gaze. Maybe you could find a cure somewhere?
- 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 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.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- The Continent of Astyria

Greensheets

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

Abilities

- Hell Fire
- Dispatch Forces or Request Asylum

Items

- Zumwalt's Golem Construction Manual, Part 1 (991)
- Demonomicron (667)
- The Quill of Dark Desire (365)
- Paper (265)
- Quill (724)

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 quite beauty. . . and you are all wrath. . . They burned your forest. . . Ruby the dragon and Xavier. . . you will have vengeance. . . 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 the humans into nature. . . man to tree. . . life to life. . . 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. . .

Goals

- You must get the other war leaders to take the 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 if it will help your people’s chance of 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)
- 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 bushwhacking an 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 along with you, so you're the only cleric of the god of war here. In addition, you seem to have lost a crucial piece to the ritual: your Holy Book. In order to perform the ritual, you have to find that book. 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.

Hmm, that gives you an idea. It's a council of war, and you worship the god of war. Maybe some creatures here would like to help you with your ritual. You need four more members present for the ritual. If you stretch the truth a bit, claim that the God of War will help them against the humans; maybe you can get some suckers to help you summon your god. As a cleric of the God of War, you may pick up his Holy Book and Sacrificial Dagger. You have been properly ordained, and thus the wards that prevent them from being picked up by other creatures do not effect you.

Until you get more followers, you need to keep your disguise. Stay safe; try to act like you think an Ogre would. There might be some monsters who knew the Ogre you are disguised as. Try and fit into the council, and gain followers. Also, you should try to sabotage the teleportation runes that you teleported in through to prevent anyone from leaving.

In order to help insure your safety, you brought along a gun, a new development by the artificers in your kingdom. Try to keep it secret, as using it will tip off the other players that you might be a human.

Goals

- Keep your disguise up.
- Keep your gun secret
- Sabotage the teleportation runes
- Summon Groznak, the God of War

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- The Continent of Astyria

Greensheets

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

Abilities

- Battle Rage

Items

- Stealthy Firearm (556)

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 life have come to hate you and fear the name Count, of course the fools’ petty emotions just make you laugh. They can scream and shout at you all they want – you are too busy plotting and building knowledge to care. If there is one thing you have learned in all of your long life 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 knowledge is why you founded Loremasters. As its leader you can guide the others members on your quest to gain further knowledge. Of course one piece of knowledge you seek and value above all others knowledge of walking again in the sun. You have heard that the Fae may possess knowledge in this regard a way to see the sun again and it will be yours.

You were born in the human city of Tordin growing up thing where perfectly acceptable other than the fact that everyone around you was a complete moron or they would have been if it was not for that bastard Xavier. You and that dried up shriveled old Xavier go way back, back even before you came back to life. You were both rich and you now realize arrogant with the entitlement of privileged youth. You have since learned to remain calm though that fool Xavier surely tries your patience, but he will get his comeuppance when you take he lands that should rightfully be yours. Your strategy is simple, but foolproof. You will do one of two things: either wait and let the Xavier mobilize his army, lose most of his disgusting zombies fighting the human hordes while you with your armies who will be sadly unable to participate will be able to seize his land and leave him a homeless beggar, a most delectable punishment. Of course if things look to grim and you have to mobilize your armies to prevent extinction then you had better be the supreme commander of the armies. Perhaps you can put the Xavier troops on the front line, it is all those zombies are good for anyway.

You have never liked zombies; they give you and your brood of vampires a bad name. To be bunched under the family of the undead with creatures such as them is completely revolting. They rot and drool where as you are the epitome of style and control. People call vampirism a curse, but it is a blessing, immortality and power. A blessing with one small cost, blood, you cannot let the blood dry up. As such the complete annihilation of the humans cannot be allowed. Enslavement of the human cattle is a beautiful solution. It would be an endless blood bank of waiting and willing slaves. You have heard that there is a ritual that could have the power to enslave all humans on the continent, if such a thing were true it would be very interesting academically and practically.

One more thing, Onyx has entrusted you with being in charge of the dinner party. Make sure everyone shows up and is polite, decorum must be maintained.

Goals

- Find the Sunberries (162)
- Complete the The Dread Ritual of Mind Shackling
- Make sure everyone shows up at the dinner party on time and is polite
- Discourage Rudeness among the delegates
- Become the supreme commander of the armies and maneuver the lich’s armies into a bad position

Notes

-

Contacts

- Xavier Fizzgig: You really hate her and have for a long time

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- Loremasters
- The Continent of Astyria

Greensheets

- The Battle
- The Dread Ritual of Mind Shackling
- Decking Instructions
- Loremasters Guild Member

Abilities

- Dispatch Forces or Request Asylum
- Blood Bank

Items

- Zumwalt's Golem Construction Manual, Part 1 (991)

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 Court and the 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 about 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 more 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 understanding the human mentality is the key to anticipating them. When you reminisce you never allow yourself to think too much about your rival, that over-pompous, detestable Count Wilhelm Von Dorburt. 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 maintained tradition. You and Count Wilhelm Von Dorburt have been at war for centuries; if you are able to ensure that his troops are deployed, you can then commit to deploying so that you shall be able to finally take over the land controlled by him. What you know more than anything, however, is that you cannot let the humans get any stronger. You are pleased that Onyx has called the council to discuss this; no army appears to be able to fight off the humans alone.

Unfortunately, your strategy of remembering hasn’t been working out too well. The living humans seem to be able to overpower your minions in a one-to-one battle unarmed. To your great displeasure, you witnessed a hired mercenary destroy three of your strongest minions using that blasted new contraption they have. You don’t understand how it works without magic; moreover, you don’t care because your battles will be fought and won with the finest of armies.

What your nonexistent heart yearns for is the power of raising beasts to do your bidding as well as human corpses. You’ve played with this fantasy for a while now but haven’t made any progress. When you noticed the humans, in the village near your secluded home in a musty castle, had begun making more and more of those loud destruction machines, you realized you needed to work. Thus far, you have made strong strides in improving your plans for what you know will be the height of your career. You poured over every book you could find, but all your research led to a plateau when several texts referenced a single book with the secret of capturing monster souls. When you attempted to piece together the missing information, you were somewhat successful in that you now are thoroughly versed in raising weak monsters, e.g. goblins, dire rats, etc.

Goals

- Learn how to raise powerful monsters.
- Raise Onyx.
- Protect Phylactery.
- You want to kill the humans. Corpses are beautiful and you need to rule them.
- Acquire the legendary The Legendary Sword of Ice (249) to slay Onyx.

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 Count Wilhelm Von Dorburt’s only useful quality is that he is the 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.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- The Continent of Astyria

Greensheets

- The Battle
- Decking Instructions
- Raise Monster Ritual (out-of-game notebook)
- The Deadly Ritual of Bloody Demise

Abilities

- Phylactery
- Dispatch Forces or Request Asylum

Items

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

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 long harbored the hope of turning all humans into trees. Pointing out that humans wouldn't be so quick to cut down trees if they *were* trees, he convinced you that the only way to save your home is to perform a ritual to turn all the humans into trees. You have only been at this council meeting for a few minutes, but the two of you have already persuaded the troll, Mortag, to join you. 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. 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

- none

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)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 5

Mortag

"I'm coming to gobble you up"

– Three Billy Goats Gruff

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 me for the determination I possess, but I intern 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.

Yet the dove does not sing for the song alone, but sings to attract a mate and join in a duet, voices mingling in a cacophony 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 the magical key to your poetic whimsy?

Yet whimsy has taken over more than your dreams, it fills your heart and to the brim, ever since you met her. Maerwynn, her name itself is the melody of the winds, the song of the trees, and music of the cackling 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 thought every poor of you large frame. She asked you to seek a metamorphoses most of extreme augmentation to twist the teeming human masses into tall trees to stand a testament to our love.

Dark clouds gather and the peril rears its dark head, the Djinni Tayschrenn has entrapped you loves shinning heart in his web of treachery. He must die or be dealt with so that the waves may part and love may again see the surface of the beautiful sky of true love. If that bloody declaration does not convince Maerwynn of the validity of your love then it is rumored there is a love potion hidden somewhere. To seek and find such a remedy to the awful authority of loves complex game. Just a splash on skin of the beloved and away will flutter any lingering doubt of your love.

Nyx the fae, the pale shadow of their cousin Maerwynn may have magic to change shape to make yourself 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 by whatever means necessary. You must take the tear of magic to gain this vibrant power of shifting shapes. The other ridiculed creature may aid you in your quest for the power lies a tempting pinnacle of achievement.

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, but as with all things, words and your love is fleeting. Perhaspe you can use your army to garner fortunes favor.

Goals

- Kill Tayschrenn
- Win the love of Maerwynn
- Find and use The Love Potion (203)
- Complete the ritual to turn all humans into trees
- Get and keep the The Quill of Dark Desire (365) from the demon so you can compose a love poem when you return home
- Steal the Tear of Magic (303) from Nyx

Notes

- You are neutral about your armies and their use

Contacts

- Maerwynn: Your true love

- Strong Branch: Will help you complete the ritual to turn humans into trees

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- The Tear of Magic
- The Continent of Astyria

Greensheets

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

Abilities

- Regeneration
- Dispatch Forces or Request Asylum

Items

- none

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 are the basilisks, represented by Serpents. You two get along as well as can be expected, and you will hopefully look after each other’s interests here.

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.
- Make sure no one steals your fae magic.

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.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- The Tear of Magic
- The Continent of Astyria

Greensheets

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

Abilities

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

Items

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

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. 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. You are an ancient 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. Whereas before, the world was in a deadlock 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 eliminated 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 your kind.

However, monsters have never truly united like the humans have. Sure, the trolls and the ogres might have formed an alliance against the (write in race after map creation), but that would always quickly fall to pieces once they “discussed” how to divide up the lands they had just conquered. Monsters have never presented a united front against humanity, even when it is the humans who pose the greatest threat.

This is why you have called this council. You have foreseen that the only way to drive back the humans is to unite together, to stop all the infighting amongst the monsters 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 are impartial to whom it is, 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.

However, 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, but if the humans offer of peace is genuine, you would be willing to accept it. Your main goal is the preservation of all the races of monsters, and that this council is successful in its goal of doing just that.

As the caller of this council, you are expected to remain neutral to all parties, and protect their delegates.

You are jealous of your items of immense power in your treasure room, as they have taken you many years to collect, and you know many people desire to steal them. You will only let someone into your treasure room for a very good reason, only accompanied by you.

In your age, you have become a bit lonely, and would like some company. You have heard about magical constructs, and one of them could provide you with the company you desire.

You have three wards in your castle to keep out wizards and other magical beings who often attempt to teleport in without invitation. You need to keep them maintained.

Goals

- Make sure the council reaches a decision: War or Peace.
- Keep the peace; if a delegate dies before sending his army, that army will not be sent.
- Find a way to make a golem for company.
- Keep people out of your treasure room.
- Maintain your wards.

Contacts

- Xavier Fizzgig: That Lich is looking at you strangely, almost covetously. Youd better keep an eye on him.
- Ruby: The Red Dragon looks familiar, like a son you once knew. You left him and his mother because you had a kingdom to attend to, and it has been your policy not to interfere in the lives of your children so they can prove their own worth. You gave him the name “Ruby,” knowing that the teasing he went through would toughen him up for the trials of the world, and it looked like it worked. However, now is not the time for a family reunion, as everyone needs to be focused on the matter of the human army approaching. Besides, he’s made a name for himself without you as you wanted. He doesn’t need another complication in his life.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- The Continent of Astyria

Greensheets

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

Abilities

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

Items

- Zumwalt’s Golem Construction Manual, Part 3 (993)
- Ward and Rune Repair Manual (694)
- Key to Treasure Room (558)

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

- none

Bluesheets

- Power Society
- The Continent of Astyria

Greensheets

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

Abilities

- Battle Rage
- Dispatch Forces or Request Asylum

Items

- none

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 all your life for respect, all because of that accursed name he gave you: "Ruby." You hate your father, and you've sworn an oath to kill him. Whenever you'd introduce yourself, some guy would laugh and you'd have to bust his head. This 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. The only dragon more fierce than you is said to be giant black dragon, Onyx who called this council. Now, he's finally recognized how great you are by inviting you to this council and asking you for your army. He must be weak, if he's asking for help against the pathetic humans. No human has ever set foot in the southern kingdom, thanks to your stalwart army. You are undoubtedly the most powerful dragon in Astyria, but you want to prove it to everyone. If you send your force, you demand to be the supreme commander, as you're the best here. With you in command, you will kill all those pathetic humans.

In addition, you're the leader of the power society. You want more members, as your power grows. Perhaps you can enlist some of your society's members to raid the Onyx's treasure room and find some powerful artifacts. You've heard rumors of a sword that has the power to slay Onyx and an Orb of Power. Then you'll show everyone who's the most powerful dragon.

You have heard that fragments of a mighty sword are hidden throughout Onyx's throne room. If you could find all parts you could reforge it into a mighty weapon.

Goals

- Investigate the strange painting in the hall for some reason it bothers you
- Recruit more people to the power society
- Become Supreme Leader of the alliance against humans.
- Best someone in combat with a large audience of at least 5 people
- Embarrass onyx as much as possible by causing problems
- Make sure the humans are dealt with
- Collect all the Sword fragment (123)s so you can reforge them

Contacts

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

Memory/Event Packets

- If you see the number 978, open the packet

Bluesheets

- Power Society
- The Continent of Astyria

Greensheets

- Alpha (out-of-game notebook)
- The Battle
- Decking Instructions
- Alpha (out-of-game notebook)
- Power Society Member
- The Deadly Ritual of Bloody Demise

Abilities

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

Items

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

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! 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.)

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 shapeshifting 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.

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.

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

Items

- none

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! You received notice of the Onyx's meeting before Onyx even wrote you an invitation; you felt the message sweep into your consciousness while your brain was seeking inspiration in one of your famous trances. 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 the aforementioned 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. 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 a riddle of each creature at this meeting and if ten or more of them 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.

“Oh, I feel a sensation like that alluding to a historical race of creatures known for auditory outbursts during physical labor, as well as being known for cohabitating with a sickly pale female in a children's legend!” You say aloud as you smile. “Happy” you think to yourself.

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 a way to make everyone your friend.

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.

Memory/Event Packets

- If you see the number 4321, open this packet

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

- none

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 four 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 sorcerors 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.

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.

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

- none

Bluesheets

- The Continent of Astyria

Greensheets

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

Abilities

- Teleport
- Influence with Humans
- Astral Illusion

Items

- Magical Gun Blueprints (434)

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 a big when you get enough magic power or technological power – any power would actually do, to show the other races that goblin are the best. In that regard you 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 fails 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)
- bptain the Tear of Magic (303)
- Build a golem
- Steal any guns you can find to shoot people with
- Make everyone repsect 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 Chaoseater: An idiot who seems to have a gun

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

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

Greensheets

- The Battle
- How to Steal
- How to Build a Golem
- Loremasters Guild Member
- Decking Instructions

Abilities

- Now You See Me
- Dispatch Forces or Request Asylum

Items

- Smoke Bomb (215)(×2)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 5