





HISTORY

The following is a summary of some of the history of Mithgerd, the World-Tree and the enchanted small-worlds that lie on the branches of the World-Tree and can be reached by travelling those carved branches through the dark void-place.

Mithgerd: Mithgerd is the middle-place, the core-place, the place where all other worlds meet. It is the oldest of all worlds and the world to which all others are bound. In Mithgerd magic is most powerful and the form of life that thrives there is reflected upon all other worlds.

The Mithgerd is the mortal world that grows and flourishes with life that is doomed to die. The Mithgerd is the oldest of all worlds and it is the source of all magic and all old powers. It needs no magic nor will of a spirit to sustain its flesh of clay and blood of river-salts, nor does it have a will of its own except perhaps that of renewal and rebirth eternal. For nothing that remains in the Mithgerd remains unchanged. It is a world in which time has bitter teeth. In game: Mithgerd is the world in which most of Wayfarer's Song will take place. It is the land of Mortals, Aelfan, Duergar and Ettin folk, as well as the dwelling place of many strange and ancient magics, creatures and beings.

The World Tree: Between the worlds is a void-place. This is a darkness haunted by strange spirits and howling winds that have an alien life to them. Twisting and curling through the void are the leafless branches of the World Tree. Each branch is a massive twist of oaken wood, carved with whorls and gravings, and cut with stairs, roadways and bridges. There are shrines to forgotten gods of dead worlds carved into the World Tree branches, and also elder creatures both evil and kindly, spirit-lurked castles cut from the wood and other uncanny things. Travelling the World Tree spans and stairs is a dangerous endeavour at best, and almost certainly lethal for anyone who is not of great power. It is however the only way to access the Small Worlds that sorcerers, gods and demons have created in mystic orbit around Mithgerd.

Small Worlds: This is the name given to the pocket worlds that those who have mastered the Rings of World-Making have made through force of will and charm of magic. There are a multitude of Small Worlds, some of them barely large enough to contain a single house on a wooded crag, others vast enough to hold in them forests, mountains, rivers and snowy lands. The Small Worlds all draw their life from Mithgerd and the shape of life that springs forth in them is always a reflection of the Mithgerd. If the Mithgerd could be mastered and remade to a being's will, then all the Small Worlds would change also, like mirror-shapes in a pond.

The Night Age: The world that is now was born out of a world that was. Little is known of that place, that time or the creatures that lived therein except that the end of that world was dark time of chaos. There are dim stories of armies of extraordinary power, of gods walking among men, of cities in the air and weapons of elder magic. A few remnant things have survived, a piece of stonework of impossible intricate artistry, a sword made of unknown metal, a scrap of black armour like glass and other things that no keeper of lore can identify. In the frozen mountains of the north are rumoured to be cities in ruins that are the last vestiges of the world that was. Nothing else is known of it.

Life flourished in the Mithgerd once again after the old world ended in flame and magic, and the speaking peoples of the world returned to their wits and grew in number, formed themselves into villages, cities and dominions. This was a naive age, when war was little known, when magic coursed in all veins and when bird and beast spoke with man.

Outside the world stirred other things. Some say that these were the ghosts of the lords of the world that was lost. Others claim that these were alien things entirely, cosmic entities that were older than any world and had come out of the void at the dawn of time. These were the entities that have been come to be called Demons--elder beings of old power. Some of these were vast spirits of power and under them were multitudes of minor things in their own order though the least of them had more power than any mortal might attain in a single life.

Among them was Nagoroth, a great spirit of darkness. Along with his kindred spirits of the shadow, Nagoroth entered the World Tree sphere but could not find egress out.

It is thought that before the sundering of the world that was lost, there were many small worlds that could be accessed via the tree paths. In the cataclysm that ended the world that was, all the small worlds were blasted to ash and cinders and destroyed utterly. Only one world was left, the Mithgerd, the first world, the middle world, the eldest and the world in which magic was always most powerful and most ancient. The spirits found that they could peer into the Mithgerd but could not enter it. Nagoroth saw in the Mithgerd old power and saw that if he might enter the mortal world and remake it to his purpose, then this work would flow into all other parts of the World Tree--he might make a whole universe in his image and in his everlasting servitude. He set himself to finding a way to enter the Mithgerd and master it.

Not long after the dark host of Nagoroth entered the World Tree, than did other spirits follow. Many of these were solitary things, neither kind nor unkind, and most of them found for themselves hollows and tangles of branches along the paths where they laired and made their homes. But other spirits followed too. These were the Kindly Demons--spirits that viewed the life as the Mithgerd as good unto itself, beautiful and a wealth to be protected.

The Demons of Nagoroth and the Kindly Demons soon fell to bickering, then to battles, then to war. The war lasted a thousand years. In a final battle atop the Great Span Bough, the Kindly Demons lost their war. They were over-run by Nagoroth and though the dark-things did not have the power to completely destroy the Kindly Demons they were able to cast the good spirits into a deep abyss beneath the World Tree, there bound with chains of blood and magic.

After this, the ways and stairs, bridges, spans and branches of the World Tree were ruled by the host of Nagoroth. No person may enter there without entering terrible risk.

The Kindly Demons: In the most ancient of times the greatest five demons of light and life met the forces of Nagoroth in war. The battle was met on one of the greatest branches of the World Tree and the Kindly Demons were joined by many lesser spirits that loved the life of Mithgerd. But the good demons were bested and their power overthrown. The Kindly Demons were cast into a dark world of Nagoroth's crafting from which they could not escape. No longer could they or their spirit legion manifest in the mortal world--at least, not in physical form.

The Dawn Age: The first records kept of the current age are those writ by the Aelfan Folk. They lived in the Dawn Age throughout vast forests, meadows and willow-woods that then covered the temperate climes of the south. In that time, the Aelfan were a charmed people. They were beautiful and long-lived, magical and they learned quickly the magic of the earth, befriended many Wild Folk--the native spirits of Mithgerd, not divine, but magical and immortal beings of the earth, sea, rivers, trees and airy mountains.

The Founding of Taer Losthoris: The Aelfan, and subsequently other folk of Mithgerd track their years from the founding of the first great city of the Aelfan Folk. This was Taer Losthoris, and its foundations are now sea-crust ruins off the shores of the Sea of Hrór. In those days, Svolnir's Bays were not seaswept, but the whole of the land thereabouts was a fertile woodland called Ae Losthor in the old Aelfan Tongue. The years after the founding of Taer Losthoris are deemed the Age of Losthor (AL) though history has long since seen the fall of that ancient city-port. Little is remembered of the early kings and queens, lords or ladies of the Aelfan of old. It is known that they were in those days the Aelfan were not a cursed folk as they are today, but were beautiful and possessed of cunning arts and fine through subtle magics.

500 AL: The Aelfan Folk by this date have expanded westward and founded numberou other towns and at least four great cities, the Taers Sharenthal, Ortholon, Beltharel and Afronthral.

680 AL: The Aelfan Folk of the westernmost of the cities, Taer Ortholon have dealings with a tribe of Ettin.

690 AL: The royal houses of Sharenthal and Beltharel fall to bickering over a trade-river. An envoy from Beltharel and his retinue disappear in the deep woods that then covered much of the lands. Although the Sharenthal House denies murdering the envoy, distrust between the cities grows.

700 AL: War enters the history of Mithgerd. Sharenthral and Beltharel send armies against one-another. The war lasts ten years throughout which the other great cities of the Aelfan remain outside the conflict.

709 AL: Beltharel is losing the war, and the lords and magians of the city desperately draw on powers none had dared try to master before. For a long time now seers of the Aelfan Folk, and probably those of other peoples too, had seen that there were vast and unworldly spirits dwelling beyond the veil of the world in the dark sphere of the World Tree. In 709 a sorcerer-king of Beltharel succeeds in summoning a demon out of the World-Tree void. Though this is a minor spirit, he cannot control it and the shadow-thing runs wild through the city killing and laying waste. The city is abandoned and falls to ruin. The spirits, whose is named as the Maelgrond, remains there and it is thought, sets itself to devising a way to gain his master Nargoroth entry into the world.

712 AL: Youths and babies begin disappearing from Sharenthral. Soon it is realized that Maelgrond is abducting them. Sharenthral and Afronthral send a joint army against the dark spirit in his ruined city. They discover that Maelgrond has been toying with the stolen Aelfan, torturing them into new shapes and working magic on their ghosts. He has made half-dead thrall-things from the brethren and has gained in power during his reign. The armies are defeated and Maelgrond makes more of his dead-thralls from the captured and fallen.

720 AL: A tide of Dead-Thralls attack first Taer Sharenthral and then Afronthral. The cities are overrun and the refugees flee either west to Ortholon or east to the first city, Taer Losthoris. A wasteland of dead woods and haunted lands now stretches between the two last remaining Aelfan cities. This is the first sundering of the Aelfan Folk. In the west, the descendants became the Tangleroot and Nightvast Aelfan courts--called also the Sunderaelfan. In the east, the line split in time into the Applewood, Dragonglass, Oakbone, Silverjet and Willow-Writhen courts.

800 AL: Maelgrond has now wrought for himself the form of a monstrous serpent made of thundercloud and lightning. He has grown conceited in his reign and decides no longer to work to bring forth his old master, but rather to make himself master the Mithgerd himself. In this year, he sends a ill-wrought army of Dead-Thralls against Taer Ortholon. But in the years since his appearance in the world, the Court of Ortholon has made bargains with tribes of stone and clay Ettins and met too with some of the Wild Folk--the native spirits of Mithgerd in manifest form. Though the Wild Folk do not lend direct aid, they have no love for spirits of the outer void-places and give advice to Aelfan and Ettin alike.

802 AL: A combined army of Aelfan and Ettin, armed with weapons crafted using wild-arts and empowered by spells that were wild-taught, met the Dead-Thrall and are victorious. They march on the ruins of Beltharel and there is a terrible battle. Many are slain and to this day the place of the battle, near Dusking Falls, is said to be ghost-haunted. Maelgrond fled west but was ambushed in the forests by a Wild Lord of the Earth and was slain. His blood ran out into the earth and was soaked up by trees. Dark magic flowed out of him and the Iron Wood grew from it--a twisted place of shadows and unkind shades of trees, witches, half-wolf creatures and canibal ghosts. All of this sprung from the blood of the first of the otherworld demons that tried to gain rule over Mithgerd and it was known then that any battle with the dark-things of the void could only ever be a half-won thing. In death they poison the earth with their own soul's magic and the land is ever changed by it.

810 AL: Bickering between the Aelfan and Ettin sees an end of the alliance. The Ettin travel north and take to living in the cold lands where there brethren, the Ettin of saltsea, fire and storm already resided. In those days the northland was not accursed by the ever-night that afflicts it now, but knew summer and winter, night and day, as any land.

810 AL: At about this time the first humans, the Mortal Folk, enter the southern reaches of Mithgerd. These were a primitive people, ancestor worshippers whose arts were chiefly those of copper, wood and leather. The Tribe Morhorag claims that these early peoples who are remembered only dimly by the Aelfan were their own ancestors. There are few dealings between the Aelfan and Mortal folk.

830 AL: The copper-tribe Mortal Folk settle on the island of Vardruin. There are records of wars with a wolfish witch-race called the Maniskinn. Little is known of these conflicts except that the Maniskinn were in time defeated and afterward vanished from the history of Mithgerd.

832 AL: An Aelf-Voyager and wandered, Aris Indotor, sails from Taer Losthoris south along the coast, then strikes true south and lands on the Island of Shadows. He and his crew glimpse strange shadowfolk, but are not harrassed by them. In a secluded valley Aris Indotor finds the ruins of a city made of green stone and carven into polished shapes like the boughs of a tree. Beyond these ruins was a cliff and in this cliff a door. The door was made of strange oaken wood, twisted with carvings and inlaid with golden serpents coiled about great trees. Although the Aelfan did not know it, this was the first of the doors to the World-Tree that would be found. Most, perhaps all other doors, were and are hidden, but for reasons unknown the Door of the Island of Shadows has always remained visible and no sorcerer's sight or craft is needed to make it seen. The door, however, proves unopenable by any trick of magic or raw force.

835 AL: Aris Indotor returns to Lostthoros with stories of his voyagers. He relates the tale of the mysterious door, but does no more.

842 AL: A sorcerer-prince of the Aelfan, Ilthsaust the Artificer, journies to the Shadow Island. He spends many weeks trying to speak with the Shadowfolk, but the strange people melt before him and eventually disappear completely into caves and dark places. He turns his mind to the mysterious door and puts his mind to understanding its magic. After a year of work he understands the subtle threads of the magic and works a charm that opens the door. When Ilthsaust steps into the blackness beyoind he finds himself on a wide plinth of wood suspended in the limbs of a tree that stretches in all dirrections as far as any eye might see. Twisting branches coil into the darkness, lit by ever-burning torches and carved with stairs, bridges and dead fortresses. Ilthsaust is too overcome with a sense of power in the space to sense the darkness that stirred there too. He returns and shuts the door, but sets his mind to devising a way to enter the door at any time. His mind turns also to considering whether the door is unique. On the return voyage to Lostthoris, the prince detects a familiar magic, commands that the sails be tied and that they go ashore. He finds a dell and speaks there a word of power. Another door, similar, but smaller and moss-hung, appears under the roots of an elm of ruinious age. He has discovered that there are other doors and that they are hidden.

The doors are sealed to the dark spirits of the void so long as they remain shut and unknown to the sorcerer-prince he prevents the invasion of Nargoroth by chosing to leave the doors shut while not in personal attendance.

850 AL: In this year the sorcerer-prince Ilthsaust crafts the first of the Silver Boughs--large keys, wrought cunningly into a shape like a tree in flower and veined with rare stone. This key has the power to make unseen doors visible and to open them. Ilthsaust crafts another eleven keys so that twelve and made and these he gives to princes, lords and ladies of his realm.

850 AL: At about this time, it is not known for certainty when, one of the dark spirits of the void, Sarathesta, discovers that although she cannot enter the Mithgerd in body, she can cast her mind into the Mortal World through arts of magic. She wanders the world for a time as a voice on the wind, then finds a remote tribe of humans. Here she lurks and watches, then, one night when all are asleep. she creeps spirit-like into a hut and slips into the flesh of a sleeping young woman. There is a brief struggle only, and Sarathesta takes mastery of the body. Her powers in this form are much attenuated, but she finds that she still has some of his shadow-arts.

In the morning, the young woman leaves behind a village of torn huts and bodies in bloodied and broken shapes. She walks into the wilds and lives there like a beast, naked, for nine years.

859 AL: The Vessel of Sarathesta enters the Aelfan Realm of Ortholon. She is now ageless with magic, and seemingly a powerful Mortal sorceress, but the Sunderaelfan have learned to mistrust strange people and their arts. Sarathesta finds no welcome here, and journeys eastward. She spends some years in the Ironwood, though none know what she was undertaking in that wood, nor who she met or made bargains with.

865 AL: Sarathesta's actual and physical form in the void is seized by Sgorr, the chief-lord and first-hand of Nargaroth. It has come to the mind of Nargaroth that Sarathesta is practising magic that she has not divulged. He tortures her and she divulges her arts of spirit-sending. Sgorr tries the art first and finds that he too can enter the Mithgerd as a spirit-voice. He also seizes a body, but is reckless and lets the vessel die. He takes another and is more successful. But when Nargaroth attempts to enter the Mithgerd he finds that his way has been barred by ancient sorcery. For a long year he rages against it but cannot break the spell.

Before long he understands the nature of the magic and recognizes it. The spell is the working of the five greatest of the Kindly Demons. They had known that the spirit-sending was possible for the void-folk and they worked a charm in secret to bind Nargaroth, and he was unaware. The Kindly Demons after their defeat had been cast so deep into the root-places that although they were bound and trapped, they were also now outside the reach of Nargaroth. The King of the Dark Places and Voids was furious. He slew many of his own thralls and thegns, broke limbs of the tree and roared into the void. But in time he saw that it was useless. His spirit was bound and he had to rely on his lieutenants to enter the Mithgerd and devise a way, if possible, to open the doors.

866 AL: Sarathesta was allowed to return to her stolen body, which had remained in a tortured and enchanted sleep during her mind's absence. She found the body cold and in pain, but tolerable. Alone, Sarathesta robed herself in dresses of starlight and shadow, crowned her head with the light of diamonds and went to the gates of the last great city, Losthoris.

Ilthaut is now wizard-king of the city, older, but not much so, for his people age slowly. Sarathesta is welcomed by the Aelfan as an enchantress whose arts seem to be mostly those of illusion and harmless shadow. She is secretly delighted to find that the Aelfan have not only discovered the doors to the World-Tree, but have opened them and started exploring. The dark spirits of Nargaroth were utterly unaware of this. They had no only to find one of the wandering Aelfan in the myriad branches of the tree and from that unfortunate soul could be extracted the way and means to enter the Mithgerd.

867 AL: The demons of the haunted dark have hunted far and wide but have not found the corner of the World-Tree that the Aelfan princes and ladies have entered and explored. The World-Tree is a vastness that size of a world itself, perhaps the size of many worlds over, so that the hunt continues but seems increasingly futile.

868 AL: Aelfan lords and ladies, led by Ilthaut, explore the World Tree paths and many are lost and many are slain by the ancient creatures they find there. Luckily, none cross paths with any of the host of Nargaroth. At what seems to be the very centre of the tree paths, they find a great fortress-palace carved from the living heart-wood of the World-Tree. It is abandoned and echoing, full of dust and shadows. In a great hall they find seven thrones and sitting in each throne the skeleton of something like a man strangely formed and each of them robed in gossamer clothings, crowned with gold and silver and stones like fire. Above each of the dead kings of the World-Tree was set a different map in brilliant hued glass.

The Aelfan Lords knew not what this was. They walked among the dead and looked on the finery. Then, as one, the dead spoke. Their voices rose as one, whisperous and like the voices of the dead ghosts of gods. They said, in that darkness, "We are the makers of the worlds that were. Dust are they now and ashes. Dust are we now and ashes. Our age is gone. To you, the new age. To you, the world-craft. Be wise." Each of the skeletons flared with light and sunk into mist and

nothing. In the place where each hand had rested on a carved armrest was left a ring of plain silver. The seven most spell-wise of the lords and ladies took a ring and felt in them power. Though the Aelfan did not yet know this, these were the Rings of Great Weaving. With these, the wielder would find the power to bud new worlds from the branches of the World-Tree. They had in them the power to make new lands in whatever wondrous form the wielder might envision.

869 AL: The lords and ladies return to the Mithgerd. They attempt to understand the magic of the rings, but cannot fathom it.

870 AL: Sarathesta grows impatient and increasingly desperate. Her physical form could be murdered at any time by Nargaroth should he decide that she had failed in her task. Thus, she goes in secret to Ilthaut and, knowing something of the history of the rings and their making, she offers to tell the wizard-king how to wield the power therein. By this time, however, the king and his folk have begun to be suspicious of their guest. She does not age as the Mortal Folk should, and her magic has to it a strange taste--otherworldly, dark and alien seeming.

Ilthaut evades the point, but Sarathesta presses. She offers him herself if he wants it, but he does not. She offers him great power for himself and for his people--magic such that the Aelfan Folk will ever be feared and so that even the meanest and least of them will wear cloaks of magic always. To this Ilthaut thinks on. He is himself a powerful worker of magic and his lords and ladies number among the most artful of sorcerers. He thinks that if there is a trick here, he can undo it. So, after a time, he agrees to take from Sarathesta both the knowledge of the rings and the charmed power she offers.

At this, Sarathesta smiles. She instructs the wizard-king, and tells him how the rings are used and that they must be used in the void-place. A wielder must go into the void, stand on an outmost branch and there he or she may conjure up a whole world that will come into existence as real as the Mithgerd, full of life and blood, rock, grass, sky and light. The wizard-king then asks after the power he has been promised for his people and Sarathesta tells him that she will work a great sorcery during the night. In the morning, he will have his powers and so too will all his subjects, all the Aelfan in fact. He retires and sleeps.

During that night the demoness in Mortal form does work her charm. When dawn comes to the city, she is gone but the effect of her spell remains powerful and painful. Power indeed she gifted the Aelfan but at a cost. The Aelfan had been a beautiful people, lithe and graceful, but on waking all and every one of them, however scattered, however distant, found in their reflection a broken image. They were withered by magic, their eyes corpse-white, their skin sunken, grey and veined. Their hair was turned to black straw and their voices gave out now sounds like the cawing of crows. Even those brethren of the far west, the Sunderaelfan, were accursed too, as desperate riders from all corners of the realms attested. In place of their beauty, the Aelfan folk were given powerful magic, as promised, but it was all illusion and shadow. They could make themselves look beautiful, they could charm other people's minds, and they could enchant the senses, even the least of them had these powers as promised but the cost was too dear.

Warriors of the Aelfan Folk sought Sarathesta everywhere but she was gone. If she had given up her mortal body and let it slide to dust or escaped by some other means is not known.

This is how the Aelfan Folk came to be accursed and why sometimes the curse is called Ilthaut's Folly or the Hex of Sarathesta.

870 AL: The curse of Sarathesta was so great that it formed itself into a physical object, a pulsing knot of corded magic, like a living heart. If this heart were ever destroyed, the curse would be undone. Using magic that near-killed her, Sarathesta sent the Dark Heart of the Curse into the world-tree and into the keeping of Nargaroth.

870 AL: Meantime Sgorr, the lieutenant of Nargaroth had mastered the form of a Mortal Man and set himself at the heart of a dark cult in the south. He built for himself an army during this time and was called by the Mortal Folk of that time the Bone-Prince, for he worked much necromantic magic and his great hall was a place of misery and ghosts.

880 AL: Ilthaut ventures into the World-Tree once again and wanders far into the outer branches. There he uses his Ring of Great Weaving to create the first of the Branch-Worlds, the Aelfanhaem--a beautiful place of meadows, sunlight and warmth. He returns to the Mortal World and offers to lead his people to Aelfanhaem, there to live in peace away from the troubles of the earth. But Ilthaut is mistrusted now, and by some hated, for it is suspected that he had a hand in the curse though none can prove it. Only a few score of his people follow him, though three other Aelfan Princes take their rings and journey far enough with Ilthaut to make their own worlds. The four Aelfan worlds are called collectively the Deepwood Realms, and they were a paradise-land of wonderment for those who chose to live there.

890 AL: Tribes of other Mortal Folk, the Beorga first and then the Laukar migrate into the northern lands. Many battles with the followers of Sgorr follow, but the warriors of the newcomers cannot triumph. Both tribes flee into wildernesses, the Beorga to the mountains and the Laukar to the deepest woods. Afterward came the Vanargan, and now Sgorr found his armies pitched against a capable foe. For the Vanargan had as their leader a 'goddess', Vanna. She was beautiful as none were ever beautiful and powerful as none have been since. It is said that Vanna could restore the slain to life, heal deathly wounds, cure all poisons and return all injuries back to those who inflicted them.

It is not known how the goddess Vanna drank from the Well of Mirmirith that lies in the World-Tree, but it is agreed by scholars that this must have been. Perhaps water of that well had been brought into Mithgerd in an earlier age. Perhaps she had found her own way into the trangled paths of the tree. The Well of Mirmirith is full of the water of life and has in it the power of all worlds. To drink of the well is the path to godhood, and few have done so.

892 AL: The death-worshipping armies of Sgorr are defeated by the Vanargan at the Battle of Many Banners. Sgorr retreats from his fortress and great hall and flees west to the mountains that are now called the Orn. There he works a great spell and from the corpses of a hundred slain warriors he forges a living dragon-thing, called in the common language the Battlegore, but in those days the Gleirthog Gloru. This corpse-made dragon-thing raged across the land and slew many. Such was its terror that the Vanargan fell back and were in fear of being utterly destroyed. But as her people retreated, Vanna stood and waited.

None were witness to the battle, though the sounds of it rent the night all through, from twilight to dawn. In the morning there was silence, and a few braver Vanargan went out and found that the Gleirthog Gloru was destroyed but so too was Vanna. From her broken body seeped blood and as this soaked into the earth new life sprung. The Forest of Apples grew about Vanna's place of death--an enchanted wood where the apple trees never cease to give fruit and where the air is always summery and warm. The Vanargan founded their city, Vannargard and placed Vanna's body under a cairn of crystal in the deepest of chambers cut from bedrock under the city. There the body remains, dead, but it is alleged untouched by rot or the flowers of decay.

892 AL: After the defeat of the Gleirthog Gloru, the necromantic lord Sgorr wanders north and makes for himself a new lair in the lands that are called now Dark Spirit Vale.

900 AL: The Duergar are recorded for the first time in the Aelfan records, though according to their own Duergar-lore they had dwelled long unnoticed in tunnels and halls beneath hill and mountain. There is initially some trade, but in time mistrust between the peoples develops.

905 AL: The start of the Wars of the Auga. The spark that set off these hundred years of Aelfan and Duergar war is not properly remembered and both peoples blame the other. The wars are bitter and in places where the Duergar are defeated and driven into the wilds, the Aelfan hunt them for sport.

910 AL: In this year a minor dark-thing of Nargaroath finds the gates of the Deepwood Realms. He reports this to his master and the dark spirits of the void prepare themselves for war. They are barred from the Mithgerd, but are not barred from entering ring-made worlds. In the same year two other lieutenants of Nargaroath cast their minds into the mortal world. These are

Gorm, who takes for his vessel a large black sire-wolf that he twists into a yet more monstrous form, and Jormunorm, who possesses a serpent-wurum of the sea and makes its flesh into a huge thing made out of coils of shadow and blood. Gorm wanders into the Ironwood and finds there Sarathesta who has taken a new body--pale of skin, golden haired and pure-seeming. Sarathesta has made for herself of modest realm of witch-beings where she has been living in a hedonistic sort of quietude. Gorm threatens to inform Nargaroth that she has wandered from her set path. Bitterly, she agrees to aid him and tells him that Sgorr is in the far north and that they should travel there and confer.

911 AL: The Deepwood Realms are assailed. One of the realms falls almost immediately and its ring is taken by Nargaroth. But the other realms have time to prepare defenses as a result. Each of the princes of those realms re-works their arts to conjure up beasts of war and weapons of power. The worlds of happy peace were reformed into battlement-worlds seething with the sorcery of war. A long seige begins. The Aelfan Folk of the Deepwood Realms could not hope to win against the creatures of the void that had come on them without warning, but they were determined to cost their unknown attackers a dear price.

916 AL: A second Deepwood Realm is over-run and its Maker-Ring taken by Nargaroth. The remaining Aelfan abandon all worlds but one, the first world, Aelfhame. The rings are used to make Aelfhame into a land of weird dangers and eldritch beasts. Many of the dark host of Nargaroth are lost and destroyed in the phantom mists of Aelfhame.

920 AL: Nargaroth accepts temporary defeat and sets his thralls and generals in seige around the outskirts of Aelfhame. No-one is able to enter or leave the Aelfan ring-made world.

921 AL: Nargaroth has by this time turned his mind to what dark purposes the newly taken rings may be put. He is familiar with them and their powers and arts, but whether through instinct or memory from a lost age is not known.

In this year, Nargaroth starts the weaving of his own world on the limbs of the World Tree. He makes a vast and shadowy land, where the earth is dust and the rivers tinted with blood and crisscrossed with small runnels of dark fire. This world he calls Hel, and he sets great webs and nets of magic around the world and all through the void. Until this time, the spirits and souls of those who died in Mithgerd or in any other branch-world passed out of their bodies, into the void between worlds and then onward to rejoin the life-power that flows around and through all things, to rest, to clense and perhaps in time to be reborn. Now, Nargaroths World-Net of Souls begins to catch and snare ghosts that passed and draws those shades into his domain. Not all souls were snared in this way, but many were, and Nargaroth thronged his lands and midnight halls with dead spirits that he tortured into mindless thralls.

925 AL: Sgorr works a sorcery that allows the shadows of Hel to return as wraiths, as corpse-stealers and dead-walkers into the Mortal world. A plague of dead arise in his lands and spread through the north. The halls of the Ettin are attacked but they hold off the dead through their own magic and old crafts.

926 AL: The last of the first cities of the Aelfan, Losthoros, is troubled by dead who come out of the north and west. At this time, the Aelfan of that city are still embroiled in war with the Duergar. Though the Aelfan perceive that the dead-things of the north are the work of old evil and a common threat, the war with the Duergar has bred great enmity and for too long and both sides continue to raid and harass the other.

932 AL: A great force of shades and corpse-stealers snake out of the northern winter and throw themselves against the walls of Losthoros. Sgorr himself arrives with corpse-made creatures of the same kith as the Battlegore that slew the goddess Vanna. Those Aelfan who can, take to ships and sail from Losthoros. From a distance they see fires rise and smoke billow and hear shrieks--whether of the dead or of the dying left behind it is not clear. The refugee fleet wanders the oceans and loses ships to sea-creatures and storms. They land on the north-west of

the Isle of Shadows and settle a makeshift town there. From time to time, the Aelfan think they spy shapes in the shadows and discover that belongings and sometimes children disappear. They never venture far into the Isle of Shadows and keep to the shoreline. An unwelcoming presence seems to live there, ever-watchful.

932 AL: A sea-faring tribe of men, the Harogar, arrive from the south-west, skirt the coasts of lands now controlled by the Vanargan and make landfall on Vardruin Island. In the shadow of the ruins of Sgorr's cult-houses and temples, this tribe raise fortresses and golden-roofed halls. They are a people of warrior-poets, not so versed in magic as the Vanargan, but possessing some charms of sword and spear.

935 AL: The Vanargan convene a council of the Mortal Peoples. A loose alliance is agreed on by all except the Morhorag who have by now retreated into fens and warn others not to enter on threat of death or worse. In this year the Hall of High Sorcery is built in the Forest of Apples and the Council of Wards is founded. The Council of Wards is intended to provide wise council and pass law over workers of magic. The first mage-orders of the council are the Wardlockers of the Seasons, and of Bear and of Wolf. In the following decades the orders that exist to this day are formed. The Wardlockers of Season split into Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. Orders of the Otter, Fox and Raven also formed by sorcerers joining the council. The masters of each Order are called Monarchs and the highest of their members are called Mage-Highlords.

942 AL: In her new and beautiful form, calling herself Alquanis the White, the dark-thing Sarathesta, arrives in the lands of men and presents herself as a sorceress of power to the Council of Wards. She is clearly of power and over-masters several wardlockers in contents of illusion and miricles. Sarathesta is granted leave to form a new order and she sets herself as Monarch of the Order of the Swans. She hires the most skilled of the masons and spellcrafters of the Vanargan to raise haven of white towers on the river Grey Water.

950 AL: A harsh winter falls. During a snow-storm all of the children of the Aelfan vanish from the settlement on the Isle of Shadows. The Aelfan hunt for them, but neither magic nor careful tracking nor force of arms yeilds them from wherever they have been stolen away to. The Aelfan abandon their make-shift home again, repair old ships or make new ones and sail west. They land for a time on Vardruin and have some dealings with the Harogar.

Sarathesta whispers to her fellow sorcerers and sorceresses about the Aelfan and advises the mages to casts spells that break illusion. When a mage does this at a feast hosted by an Harogar king the beautiful glamour of the Aelfan in the hall is lifted. All of the Mortals who are present see that their guests are hideous creatures, pallid, haggard, milk-film eyed and cursed looking, who have been using magic to make themselves but appear beautiful. The Mortals react with revulsion and fear. There is a tense moment, threats of violence, and the Aelfan leave. They take to their ships and sail again, westward. By now their numbers are so thinned that when they land on the island of Mael, they decide to make this small landmass a new home. It is a harsh place, storm-plagued and barren, but it is free of other peoples and there are no dark spirits or creatures there, only the natural living things of the earth.

950 AL: Meantime the Duergar are now at war with the dead host. They use their craft-magics and bewildering arts to ward and rune against the dead host, and tunnel deeper and deeper into their mountain homes. Eventually they plough their cavern-halls so deep that the dead cannot follow them, and for a time the Duergar disappear from the history of the lands of light and sun.

960 AL: Sgorr and his chief servants, Gorm and Jormunorm consolidate their power and for a time the dark spirits and servants of the north-lands are quiet.

961 AL: The Duergar in the deep-places have formed themselves into cities and forge-towns that bred in time also clan alliances. Petty wars between the forge-towns develop and one tribe, the Auvarg, leave the deep-halls of their kin. They re-enter the world of light and find that the

lands of the north remain haunted by old evil the domain of dead-spirits. The Aurvarg use their arts of make hidden realms for themselves in woodlands and hills, under earthy soil and mounds. They become the mound-duergar, called also the muddy-wolf folk.

For long years the Aurvarg practised secretive arts that hide them from the eyes of Sgorr's servants. They settle mostly along the eastern fringes of the Iron Wood, and though the creatures that live in that forest grow quickly suspicious that there is a new power in their lands, they cannot find it.

970 AL: An agent of Nargaroth visits Sarathesta in her charmed land and conveys to her that the lord spirit is unhappy with her apparent slow progress. He is concerned that she may be turning disloyal and reminds her that though her mind lives in the mortal Mithgerd in a stolen body, her actual body remains in the void of the world-tree asleep and under Nargaroth's 'care'. To make the point unambiguous, Sarathesta finds herself the victim and sudden and terrible pain. In the void-world, Nargaroth or one of his servants has visited dark magic on her sleeping body, and the pain echoes through the worlds into Sarathesta's mind.

978 AL: Sarathesta vanishes from her realm. None know where she has gone. Her servants and enchantress ladies maintain her holdings in the expectation that she will return.

980 AL: A new Magian-Queen of the Vanargan comes to the throne, Thruthra. She is more concerned with the dark movings and tidings of the north than her predecessor, Nottara, and she sends charmed bird-spies northward to find out the truth of things

982 AL: Not all of Thruthra's spies return, but those that do report that the north hold great peril for all the lands of men and other creature. The Ettin folk, who men have barely heard of outside of legend are locked within fortress-realms barred with magic. The Aelfan of the north and west have lost all their great arts of war and building and have become wild half-Aelfan things that have inter-bred with Wild Folk and other creatures. These are the Wild Aelfan that would later be called the tribes of Tangleroot Aelfan and Nightvast Aelfan. The Duergar proved unfindable, and to the knowledge of the spies, might as well have been utterly destroyed (though they were in fact hidden deep in the roots of mountains). They reported also on a vast dark mass of towers, the City of Souls, in the Dark Spirit Vale and sorcerers who were once men that live centuries and are possessed by dark spirits.

Thruthra sends emissaries to all the man-peoples of the south, the sea-faring Harogar, the Beorga of the mountains, the woodland Laukar, and even in desperate hope the dead-worshipping Morohorag of the fens. The replies are short and unhelpful. None of the other clans of men perceive the threat, and they are unwilling to organize themselves for a war against uncanny things that until now have left alone the lands of men.

985 AL: Thruthra learns news that is troubling to her, but which she does not fully comprehend: it seems that the sorcerous North-King, Sgorr, has set his master-witches and thralls to carving a great door into the rock of a place of old power. There are rumours that the door will open into a place where it is ever-night and there is a vast immortal tree. Thruthra knows nothing of Nargaroth and his minion-spirits, so she does not fully understand the increasing danger.

1000 AL: The Aelfan of the island of Mael hold sombre celebrations remembering the founding of their lost cities. By this time, the curse of the Sarathesta has begun to tell in other ways. The Aelfan find themselves to be increasing long-lived and the birth of children becomes increasingly infrequent. With no gods, and few concerns about unwanted births, notions like marriage break down and the Aelfan become introverted and pleasure-seeking in their ways. They raid the lands of men and take mortal babies to raise as their own. These children are short-lived compared to an Aelfan, but are raised as Aelfan and taught Aelfan arts so that though they cannot match the power of a true Aelfan lord or lady in magic or war, they do become great heroes. Some half-bloods are born too, though they are often more troublesome and difficult to

control. Frequently they leave Mael and become wandering wizards and mages in the lands of men, sometimes founding great dynastic lines of magicians or sorcerer-lords.

1002 AL: The succession of the queens of the Vanargan is to the eldest niece. In this year, the heir-apparent, Syn, is killed by a mysterious dragon-like creature in the woods while she was riding with friends. This throws succession into dispute. The two possible heirs, Hariasa and Hretha are both disliked by the queen Thruthra though for different reasons. Hariasa is impetuous and given to bouts of red anger, while Hretha is a vainglorious woman who views herself as above all others. Thruthra is old but not ancient and has some years in which she may yet turn one or both her heirs to better and more responsible ways.

1012 AL: Without warning an armada of ships maned by dead and spirits attacks the northern shores and towns of Vardruin. They seize several of the northern chiefdoms and from there begin to cut a swath deep into Harogar lands. The Harogar meet the dead army in battle in a wooded plain that is today the Foxfire Fens. The Harogar are proud of their warcraft and sword-theigns, and they refuse help offered by the Magian-Queen Thruthra.

The force of Sgorr is, however, unstoppable. He had made an army not only of dead wraiths, but has drawn yet more spirits from the void into Mithgerd, giving them twisted forms of wolves and ice-bears of the north, and thrall-bound trolde, dragons and wurums too.

1014 AL: The last kingdoms of the Harogar are overthrown and their captured lords tortured to death. The lands of the Harogar are ravaged and made hellish. A few Harogar flee, but the tribe is effectively no more.

Sgorr returns to Vardruin and raises a new fortress of iron and black stone. He appoints a spirit as lord of this keep who has for a 'body' the form of dozens of shadow-fleshed ravens that swirl and speak as one being: Malgrod the Raven-Mouthed. The fortress was called Ungartharg.

Work on the gateway to the world-tree has progressed but is not yet ready. Certain of the stars must be in alignment before the door can be completed.

1015 AL: This is the approximate year in which Sgorr founds an order of witches and sorcerers whose mission is to move through the lands of men to spy and sow discord. This order is the Malbröd, and they remain a shadowy force in the world to this day.

1020 AL: Sgorr readies his forces for an invasion of the lands around the Orn Mountains. The people of the south finally rally together. Under the leadership of Thruthra, the remaining tribes of men, including the Morhorag, march together to the Orn Mountains and prepare to attack first. Thruthra sends messengers to the Ettin with advise of the attack.

1022 AL: A vast fleet of ships leaves the port of Hark and lands on Vardruin. In the same week Ettin of the clans of rime, frost and stone sally out of their mountain-holds. The Ettin launch an attack on Dark Spirit Vale.

A great battle is fought by the tribes of men on the plains west of the Henge Hills. Gorm in the shape of a storm-cloud wolf full of lightning and fire descends into battle and is slain by the Magian-Queen Thruthra. Sgorr himself then enters the battle leading a high-guard of skeletal creatures and blastered, withered thegns. Meanwhile, in the north, the Ettin break the gates of the City of Souls and enter. They slaughter many dark creatures and servants of Sgorr. However, they have no way to undo the magic of the Gate of Graven Stone, which now stands humming with magic. It will not open without the proper incantations and magic arts.

At Vardruin the battle has gone less well. The tide of shadows and wraiths forces the army of mortal men towards the coast. Creatures of fire and smoke come upon the ships at anchor and destroy many before they are fought off. There comes a point where the battle seems lost. Thruthra herself is struck down by a poisonous and charmed spear. But she lives long enough to spy twelve black specks in the airy distance. As she lies dying, Thruthra watches the shapes grow in size, in span and shape.

It was not just those beings with the wits and shape of men who were suffering under the rule of the powers of the void and darkness. Sgorr had enslaved many other creatures, and

among these were dragons. The dragons of Mithgerd are long-lived, cunning, greedy and not given to help for help sake. But in these times, dragons had been watching the wars and affairs of other creatures--they had spoken and consulted among themselves, and at this moment, a few had decided that this upstart creature, this Sgorr *thing*, whatever it was, needed to be removed utterly.

The men of the south were as terrified as any child when the black and gold, red-green and blue-scarlet winged dragons flew low over the field. They did not know anything of dragons except that the beasts drew no distinction between the meat of sheep or cattle or man. The dragons descended on Sgorr and his high-guard. The fight was terrible.

Five dragons were slain and the seven that survived never gave aid to mortals or any other creatures again. Sgorr's body was almost completely destroyed and though he had still many servants and warriors, he fled the attack and returned to the Fortress Ungartharg. He finds that Malgrod the Raven-Mouthed has already perceived defeat and fled. Alone, thinking himself safer in disguise, Sgorr flies northward again. He soon learns from scattered servants that Dark Spirit Vale has been over-run by Ettin. All of his plans are collapsed.

1022 AL: Meantime, the island of Vardruin is scoured by the warriors of men as best they can. But all the caves, hollows and dark woods are infested with spirits and shadow-things now, and the land is haunted. It cannot be settled and the remnants of the invasion force return to their ships, sail south and then to their lands.

1022 AL: The body of Thruthra, preserved with magic, is returned to the Forest of Apples and interned in a barrow, snowed with white flowers. Her nieces, Hretha the Vainglorious and Hariasa the Wrath-given both claim the throne. There is almost immediate civil war.

1023 AL: After hiding for a time in the Iron Wood, Sgorr decides to retreat even farther, lick his wounds and regroup his forces. He wanders into a nameless range of ice-bound mountains in the north. Here, he causes his servants to raise up a new fortress, the Gates of the Night and here he bides time. A shadow is lifted from much of the northlands.

1024 AL: The Malbröd, having infiltrated the Council of Wards, sets the mage-orders against one-another. Wolf and Summer are soon embroiled in a magical war with the Order of the Bear. The remaining orders try to keep out of the conflict, but eventually are drawn either in the mage-wars or into the ongoing Vanargan civil war.

1030 AL: A tribe of men ruled by a wizard-king Asyneur arrive out of the south. They rapidly conquer several of the south-most Vanargan holdings or allies. For a time, the Vanargan ignore these new-comers and their king.

This king is Othinarr. His are the strange magics of the dead and of mystery. He rides a horse so swift than men said that it might as well have eight legs, his beard is wolf-grey, his left eye had long ago been lost, and he carried a charmed spear. A war-king of a warrior people, Othinarr views the infighting and much split Vanargan as an easy conquest. He was however, mistaken.

1030 AL: The Duergar clan called the Auvarg record that they have some dealings with Huld-folk that live also in the Iron Wood. Little is remembered of this, though it is through this contact that some marriages occur and a little of the Huld blood passes into the Auvarg line.

1035 AL: The Asyneur invade Vanargan lands in full force. The warring cousin queens, Hertha and Hariasa are forced to truce and turn their followers, theigns and sorcery of war against the new attackers. There is a battle near Sigrunnar, but this does not settle the war as neither side emerge clear victors. The Asyneur, however, seize the town of Sigrunnar, demand tribute from the Laukar and Morhorag who are now under their rule and go about raiding Vanargan lands.

1037 AL: A Duergar named Unt Gathr explores the long deserted upper halls of his people. He finds no dead-things or shadow-creatures and explores further. In this year he discovers that the mountain cities of the Duergar that were long ago abandoned are no longer inhabited by dark creatures. The world has changed.

He informs his fellows and clan members. The clans Bomburr, the Fjornir, Harr, Thrainn and Modsognir emerge from their dim halls and reinstate themselves as lords of the mountains. The Bomburr in their time have, however, grown tired of the company of the other clans and travel south to settle new towns in the hills and valleys. The only clan to remain in the deepest and darkest places by choice are the mistrustful and mistrusted Eitri, the poison-dwarf folk.

Working together, the Fjornir, Harr, Thrainn and Modsognir clans establish co-operative mountain kingdoms that remain alive and thriving to this day.

1038 AL: Hariasa is killed in battle fighting Asyneur warriors near the Valley of Mists. She is succeeded by Lofinya the Shadow-Handed. Lofinya and Hrethna the Vainglorious cannot agree on joint rulership. The truce between their respective houses remains, but is uneasy. Meanwhile the war with the Asyneur continues without respite.

1040 AL: Finding the north-lands less cursed than they had been, the Aelfan of Mael Island explore northwards and find the fjords and forests of the Forest of Gloam. Some of their distant relatives, the Tangleroot and Nightvast Aelfan are already living in these forests in scattered, primitive towns.

1042 AL: This is the first recorded year of attacks by Skalla. No-one knows where this race of emotionless and uncanny half-men hailed from. Perhaps they had always lived on their rocky isles of the far western sea but had never possessed sea-going ships that were sturdy enough to sail long distances. The Skalla arrived in five black longships and ransacked a village west of Forn.

1043 AL: The Aelfan island-hold of Mael is attacked by Skalla ships. The Skalla do not breach the sea-walls, but this is sufficient to convince the Aelfan that the island is no longer safe. They secret themselves away northward and settle a town in one of the secretive bays that run along the southern fringes of the Forests of Gloam.

1050 AL: Some Aelfan travel east and visiting lands that their ancestors had once ruled. They stumble on some Auvarg Duergar in a town, and decide that they would make useful servants. The Aelfan have, by now, become an iron-minded people, and sometimes ruthless. They take many Duergar as slaves and keep them as servants, craftsmen and forge-smiths in the Gloam Forests. After this, Aelfan enslave some Huld and Trow too, and make themselves lords over a wood-shadowed realm.

Among other arts, the Aelfan devise magics that make their cities all but invisible from a distance. A person approaching an Aelfan city may be dimly aware of notions of spires or glimmering lights in the dusky air, but only on setting foot in the city will all be revealed and the full stone and towers and soaring fortress walls be revealed. They set also charmed defenses, mists full of phantom voices and rivers that wash away a persons thoughts and memories and can be made to flood to prevent an army's crossing into Aelfan lands.

1050 AL: During all this time, Sarathesta has not been idle. After vanishing from her enchanted hold in the Vanargan lands, Sarathesta in her mortal form travelled north, secretly until she finds one of the unseen and secret gates into the World-Tree. But her magic is not strong enough to open it. She needs one of the keys forged by Ilthaut. To this end, she travels to Mael but finds the Aelfan buildings in ruins. The Aelfan are gone and the Skalla have since combed over the cities, taking all that they could, then burning all that remained to stone and ash.

For a long time, Sarathesta wandered, until she heard of the settlements of Aelfan in the Forests of Gloam. In due time, she presented herself here and asked for one of the Silver Bough keys--for the Aelfan of Mithgerd still possessed three of them. But the Aelfan were suspicious now, they had been often tricked. They refused. Sarathesta accepted this and left. But when the Aelfan lords look to the keys, he found that one was missing.

Sarathesta now entered the World-Tree void and shut tightly the door after her.

She busied herself in the World-Tree with the following result: In the year 1050 AL, spies of Nargaroht told to him that they saw strange things in the last ring-made world of the Aelfan. In Aelfhame there were strange flickering lights, cries and inhuman voices and then a collapse of power. Nargaroht assumed that the Aelfan must have fallen to infighting after their long years imprisoned in the world, or perhaps that their own creations have turned on them. He massed his forces and marched on Alfhame. They found easy egress into the world--all of the gates and wards and walls were broken. No creatures harried them and no magics assailed them. But when they arrived at the heart of the world, at the palacial fortresses and spires of the Aelfan, they found no-one. The city was empty and there was no way to know how or where the Aelfan had removed themselves to.

Some of the creatures of Nargaroht remained in Aelfhame against the return of the Aelfan, though to this day, none have returned there. When Nargaroht returned to his own ring-crafted world, Hel, he found that he had been tricked. The mortal body of Sarathesta, which he had kept under watch was dead and all the guards he had left about it were slain. Wearing the mortal form she had possessed, Sarathesta had crept into Hel while Nargaroht and his host were distracted, killed the guards and worked old magic over her sleeping body. She severed herself utterly from the body and let it die. Sarathesta was now bound to the mortal body she inhabited. If it should die, so would she, but also now, she was outside the reach of Nargaroht. For in the years she had spent with the Vanargan, her mind had turned to gentler things than once it had. Sarathesta had seen no hope or good in the destruction that Nargaroht delighted in and had found a love for the people of Mithgerd.

In her time in Hel she tried also to find the knotted Dark Heart of the Curse that she had laid on the Aelfan, for now she regretted this and hoped to undo it. But Nargaroht had hidden the curse-heart well and she could not recover it.

She then ventured deep into the roots of the tree on another mission.

1051 AL: The Aelfan of Aelfhame emerge into Mithgerd via a secret way shown to them by Sarathesta. They ride out of a gate that opens near the Mornath Mountains and with them run all the eerie creatures and beasts of sorcery that they had made for their protection against the demons of the World-Tree.

Ilthaut still lives, though he is ancient now. He asserts himself king, and founds a new mountain-top city, the Halls of All Kings on one of the southern reaches of the Mornath Mountains. His only surviving son, Ilwraith, founds a spired town nearby.

1062 AL: Word reaches the Aelfan living in the Halls of All Kings that some of their brethren survive in the western Gloam Forests. Many Aelfan still hate and mistrust Ilthaut, and of these, at least some leave and wander westward, joining their distant cousins.

In the long time apart the Aelfan of Mithgerd and Alfhame have learnt very different skills of magic and craft and both groups teach one-another their arts. The cities and realms of the Gloam Forests become thick with magic.

1068 AL: Hretha the Vainglorious dies with no clear heir. The mantle of Magian-Queen rests once again with a single family line, Lofinya the Shadow-Handed. By this time the war of raiding and skirmishing with the Asyneur is going badly. Many of the People of Vana are concerned that they face eventual defeat.

1075 AL: Ilthaut and his son, Ilwraith, fall to argument. There are some skirmishes with arrows and spears between the two Aelfan settlements. There is no clear victor but most of the Aelfan folk go over to Ilwraith's alliance. Ilwraith declares himself the Erlking, an ancient title of years gone by.

1080 AL: It took Sarathesta twenty years to find the borderlands of the void-prison deep in the roots of the tree where the Kindly Demons were imprisoned. She was unable to free them, but did manage to speak words to them, whisperous, through the coiled bars of root. To them

she taught the arts needed to cast one's mind into the Mithgerd word, possess and body and take physical form there.

As far as is known, none of the Kindly Demons have thus far done so. Perhaps they cannot bring themselves to possess and utterly dominate the body of an innocent being, perhaps they have not yet mastered the arts required being as they are in a depleted and overthrown state.

Few doubt that in time, at least some of the Kindly Demons will snake their minds through the gaps between worlds and enter Mithgerd. When this will happen, or what shapes the Kindly Demons will choose to take, none can guess.

1082 AL: Sarathesta returns to the place she now thinks of as her home, the Swan Towers in Mortal Lands. She is horrified to find that the Vanargan lands threatened by Asyneur barbarians. Sarathesta is uncertain that her power alone will tip the balance. The Asyneur and their Warrior-Kings are too powerful now and too well defended. She decides on a plan and goes to Othinnar herself. She negotiates between the two people, Asyneur and Vanargan a compact of peace and suggests that there are open and untilled lands west of Vanargan that might suit the Asyneur better than the lands they occupy now.

There follows some months of deliberation and debate among the Asyneur, but eventually they cede to this and with wagon, horse and war-chariot, they march west, through Vanargan, eventually to found a new fortress-city at Asyneur Gard on the southern foothills of the Orn Mountains.

Sarathesta, however, has a degree of vengeance in mind. She secretly tells Othinnar the lore of the World-Tree and gives him her key, as well as directing him to a doorway, hidden high in the Orn peaks.

Othinnar considers this council and decides to explore the World-Tree as others have done before him. He takes with him his chief warriors, Thunor and Tywaz, the Warrior-Queen Freyja and others too. With arms of gold, blazing with magic they enter the World-Tree. She has warned them that there are dark spirits in the void and that the door must be shut behind them, but she has neglected to explain the full power and nature of those spirits. In truth, Sarathesta expected Othinnar and his companies to die quickly under the claws of Nargaroht's folk, and this was her revenge. This did not happen.

1083 AL: Othinnar and his people have explored the World-Tree for a year and have fought many battles. They have lost several among their number, but have also won treasures and are not yet ready to return to the Mortal World.

During this time, Othinnar and his followers find a secret garden enclosed by walls of wood and over-hidden by branches and leaves. In this garden they met a creature that calls herself Idunnia: she is neither spirit, nor god, nor mortal being, but inhabits the form of a golden-skinned young woman. Idunnia tells them that she has remained here in this garden since the beginning of the age, and has, thus far, avoided discovery by Nargaroht and his dark spirits, but also that she cannot remain hidden forever.

Othinnar asks why this is of importance to him and his, and Idunnia explains that her garden has in it an apple tree that bears fruits of immortality. She tells them also of a place deep in the roots of the World-Tree where there is a well that has in it water of power and knowledge. Idunnia makes an offer: if Othinnar and his band wish to eat the apples of immortality, then she will tell them where the wellspring of kenning is. If they sip of that water, great magic will flow in their blood, and then, they might assail Hel, slaughter many of the dark spirits of Nargaroht and take for their own one, perhaps more, of the World-Maker Rings. In return, Idunnia wants eventual protection for her and her garden. She cannot defend herself against an attack by the creatures of Nargaroht, but Othinnar and his might.

Othinnar and the band agree to this readily. They eat of the apples and leave the secret garden.

1085 AL: Othinnar and his band find the Wellspring of Kenning. It is watched over by another strange being, neither spirit, nor mortal, Mimirin the Restless-Worded. He allows them to drink of the well-waters, also on condition that Othinnar set themselves against Nargaroht and make the World-Tree safe to walk freely.

1087 AL: Othinnar and his band assail the walls of Hel. The spirits of Nargaroth are caught completely by surprise. The gates of Hel are burst open with sorcery of war and many of the ghosts of the dead escape. Some of these spirits return as half-dead things to the Mortal World and make themselves troublesome ghosts there. Others flee upwards into the branches of the World-Tree, and beyond the tree they dissolve and return to the spirit-stuff of the universe and are free.

Othinnar's people fight long battles across the plains and crags of Hel. They slaughter many of Nargaroth's servants and take a World-Maker ring from one dead spirit. Nargaroth himself dressed himself in arms and fares out to do battle. The fighting rages among Mortal and spirit, but Othinnar cannot overcome Nargaroth in his own Hel lands. Eventually, Othinnar and his band withdraw and return to Idunnia's garden. There, she teaches them how to use the World-Maker Ring.

Othinnar creates a world called The Goldenhalls. He makes it a place of meadows and feasting halls, flowing ale and rough laughter. He allows each of his fellows to make their own halls and chambers inside the world, and sets its boundaries so that it protects Idunnia's garden. He then sets a soul-web as large as Nargaroth's and by doing so Othinnar saves many of the souls of the dead from Hel. Some of the dead souls stay with Othinnar as warriors and lords of the Goldenhalls. Those who are not warriors or war-minded, Othinnar allows to slip free and dissolve into the free energy of the universe.

1090 AL: The Goldenhalls is assailed by Nargaroth and his forces, but the dark spirits are repelled. Othinnar, his fellow God-Mortals and the dead warriors inflict heavy losses on Nargaroth's host. Nargaroth flees back to Hel, locks the gates and broods in darkness and blood-red shadows.

1124 AL: By this time, Sgorr has forged new creatures and war-monsters. He is looking again to the south, conferring by magic with Nargaroth and planning war. Throughout his wars and conquests, however, Sgorr has made more enemies than he thought. The Wild Folk, who were the natural spirits of the earth, seas and rocks of Mithgerd have become increasingly hateful of Sgorr and his otherworld things. The alienness of the spirits of darkness alone is troubling for the Wild Folk, but more than that, Sgorr has already slain many Wild Folk and destroyed many of their sacred groves and grottos in his rule.

One day, the tower guards and wall guard sound their horns of alarm, but none dare to stand before the person that approaches. Alone, without guard or thrall, a spirit in the form of a woman with ice-rime hair and eyes that were entirely the blue of glaciers flecked with gold, snow-white of skin, she arrives at the gates. She speaks a word and the gates are split open by ice, then she enters the halls. All creatures that come near her are frozen without mercy. Ghosts and shades are destroyed as if they were fragile spider-web. Iron-hide beasts and wolf-demons are made into statues of dead blood and flesh and ice. In his throne room Sgorr waited, uncertain, for the spirit had in it notes and tones of something older and darker and he wondered if it was a kin to him.

But she was not. This was Himinglaiva, loftiest among the winter Wild Folk. Some say that there was a battle, others whisper that there was none. Himinglaiva, acting alone and without advice or help slew Sgorr in his hall. It is not known if she understood what this would do to the world. Sgorr was a creature of vast power. As his final life's blood fled his corpse, the world changed.

Until then, the north had been cold, but it had known day and night, and the seasons, spring, summer, autumn and winter, just as all other lands had. But Sgorr's death set a powerful change into the world. The north was altered so that it was ever dark and ever winter. The further north one ventured the darker and more ice-bound the world became. So some say, Himinglaiva, being a queen of winter and coldness, perhaps knew exactly what she was doing. She made for herself a palace, and though it was a long vast way from the Gates of the Night, which remained spirit-haunted and bleak, she made her palace inside the ever-winter lands of the north.

1124 AL: The Ettin tribes of stone, snow, rock, clay and seas were untroubled by the coming of ever-winter to their lands, but the Fire-Ettin, the tribe of Eldr-Rauth, could not stand the charmed cold. They wandered first southwards, then led by their High King, Surth Orosr Surg, settled around the volcanic mountain of Nál.

1125 AL: Having barely started his new realm, carved out with magic and sword, Ilthaut hears his tower-wards tell of a distant shadow approaching on the wind. This is Aslaugh the Golden, among the most powerful and greatest of dragons. He has been driven from his lair in the north by the ever-night and winter brought about by the death of Sgorr and now he seeks a new home.

The mountain-top palaces and fortresses of the Aelfan look pleasant to Aslaugh and he descends on them. The Aelfan fight, but so many of their number have already gone westward that they are depleted and their arts are unable to overcome Aslaugh. Ilthaut himself it is said died fighting Aslaug alone in his halls while all the others of his kin and servants had already fled the halls.

Rather than risk destruction by the dragon, Ilwraith and his kin leave and go west. He arrives in the Gloam Forest realms and declares himself Erlking over all Aelfan folk. There are battles and a slow conquest, but by the time ten years have passed, Ilwraith has established himself as king over all Aelfan Folk.

1125 AL: About this time there are wars between Iron-Trolde and the Duergar of the Mountains of Mallog. Neither side gains much from the war and there are many difficult and bloody battles.

1148 AL: The Iron-Trolde King Noxgaga sues for peace with the Duergar of Mallog. The peace is accepted and the wars are stopped. There is little or no trade between the peoples, but there are no longer raids or counter-attacks either.

1255 AL: The fire-drake called Crimson Hyrrokkin comes out of the north-east and descends upon the Fire-Ettin city at the mountain of Nál. Much like Aslaugh, Hyrrokkin was likely also driven out of his old hunting grounds by the perpetual night, though he persisted in the ever-night lands for much longer. The Fire-Ettin fight to protect their fortress-home, but are defeated after a difficult and bloody battle. Many are slain by the dragon. The survivors trail away into scattered lands and places.

1260 AL: The Frost-Ettin King Urschucolla takes some of his followers north and siezes the Gates of the Night from the last dwindling followers of Sgorr. The Ettin remake much of the fortress in the style of their own stone-work and ice-work, cutting it with Ettin runes, raising up spires of enchanted ice and graving the walls and towers with ancient spiral-charms.

1270 AL: A king of the Fire-Ettin, Oxthorg Anorg, leading some of his people east from their fallen city in Nál finds an expanse of boiling mud and steaming volcanic fields near the coasts of the Nørg King Fjords. They found a new Fire-Ettin city here.

1300 AL: The sons of the Frost Ettin King Urschucolla fall out with him, grow annoyed and travel south and east to found a new empire. Their names are Hrorogott and Goxatargr. They found the Frost-Ettin empire of Vrasag Thrór.

1305 AL: Unbeknownst to any, Malgrod the Raven-Mouthed, one-time servant of Sgorr has been biding time in the Myrkkan Moors. There he has trapped unwary travellers with mists and beguiling phantoms. From those he has captured, the demon has made thralls and servants. His goal is to open the gate that Sgorr never completed. This gate, in the Dark Spirit Vale is watched by Ettin, so attempting to open it will not be easy.

1306 AL: Malgrod the Raven-Mouthed launches a surprise attack on Dark Spirit Vale. The Ettin guards fight bravely but are defeated. Reinforcements are immediately warned of the attack by magic and they march for the Dark Spirit Vale at once.

They do not arrive in time. Malgrod the Raven-Mouthed works a terrible magic that darws on the life and blood of all his gathered thralls and thanes--they are slain by the magic and the door is cracked ajar, then open, then blazing wide with the darkness and power of the World-Tree void.

Nargaroth too is taken by surprise. Suddenly, there is a way into the Mortal World, but he is unprepared. Hastily, Nargaroth leaves Hel with a bare few defenders and leads a column of dark spirits for the gateway.

Othinnar and his people are warned of the gate opening by magic too. They are uncertain what to do, and debate too long, missing the opportunity to intercept Nargaroth.

Nargaroth emerrges into the Mortal World. Malagod greets him, but warns that a huge Ettin army is approaching from the south. The Ettin ring Dark Spirit Vale but do not attack. Nargaroth is not at his full power and is disorientated on entering the Mortal World. He also holds off attacking.

The Ettin send charmed messengers to the Duergar and Aelfan, Mortal human and all other realms. Though the Aelfan refuse to send aid, having grown fearful of Nargaroth, Durgar and Mortal Men arm and dispatch armies. Sarathesta herself, leads a great band of Vana warriresses and war-sorceresses. Some, though not all of the armies of Men and Duergar, Nisse, Trolde and Trow arrive in time. The host of Nargaroth attacks, and the armies arrayed against them fight a desperate battle.

The fighting continues for hours, many hundreds are slain in terrible clashes lit by green and scarlet flames of magic, over-shadowed by monsters and winged beasts. In desperation, the generals of the free peoples send a sorcerous message to Aslaug the Golden, begging aid from the dragons, as they have given aid before. But the dragons have grown older and more withdrawn as the centuries have rolled on. No help from that quarter comes.

As the battle-lines waver and the war seems all but lost, a horn of war sounds in the open gateway itself. Othinnar and his host have arrived and they charge on sorcerous horses, with swords of war and flame, swords of iron dripped with poison, axes with demons wrought into them. The charge is glorious. There are Mortals in the armies who are blinded for life by gazing on the charge of the God-Men and the Golden War-Dead.

The battle is terrible. Many are slain, and with every spirit that has blood spilled on the soil, the Dark Spirit Vale grows ever more haunted and alive with strange, old magic. In the final accounting of things, Othinnar and Thunor are killed, so too is Tywaz and many other great warriors of the Goldenhalls. Nargaroth is brought to his knees, but he cannot be killed. With great magic and chains made by the most lore-wise of the Duergar, Nargaroth is bound. Many of his host escape and flee back to Hel. Nargaroth is dragged into the World-Tree void and is thrown off the branch, so that he plummets, perhaps forever into the void, through woven tangles ever-downward.

Sarathesta along with other sorcerers work powerful spells and shatter the gate forever. But none can stay in the Dark Spirit Vale, too much spirit-blood has been spilled there and the earth itself is alive with magic now.

1356 AL: The magic unleashed in the battle rips through the world and causes fifty years of winter and twilight. The battle is afterwards called the Ragar Nathrok, the End of the World. Strange creatures hunt the earth and towns are destroyed in the dead of night without warning, all the people slain or vanished. Sarathesta works tirelessly during this time to hunt down and destroy creatures and ghosts of dark magic, and work spells of light and warmth to rekindle earth and grow crops during the dark winter-years.

In 1356 the enchanted winter-dusk subsides and the seasons begin to return to normal. In the northlands, the magic of Himinglaiva holds and the ever-winter remains stretched from The Gates of Night all the way across the northlands. In southern lands, the world returns somewhat to normal. In the meantime, the dead God-Men have become objects of worship. None knows what happened to the ghosts and spirits of Othinnar and his fallen comrades. They did not return to Goldenhalls, nor did they appear in Hel it seems.

1400 AL: This is the nominal year in which Wayfarer's Song is played. At this time both the Goldenhalls and Hel alike are largely empty of souls. There are rumours that dark spirits are stirring again in the World-Tree, but nothing of detail is known. There are no god-men left, but many are the young would-be heroes, who have thought to follow in the footsteps of Othinnar on the path to immortality and godhood.

TALENTS

NOTE: A couple extra talents to add.

Beard-Knots

You have learned the old, strange art of weaving knots into your beard or hair that has in them magic and knowledge of the arts sorcerous.

Rank One

You can tie one knot into your hair that has in it magic tied to a spell you know. It takes half an hour to tie a knot. You may run fingers over the knot to remind you of how to work a particular spell. When you do this you gain a bonus to your casting of the spell.
Spellcasting bonus:

Rank Two

You can tie two knots into your hair. You may also cause a knot to unravel and become untied and cast the associated spell automatically and without any of the normal costs.

Rank Three

As above, except that you can tie three knots and it takes you twenty minutes to tie a knot.

Rank Four

As above, except that you can tie six knots.

Rank Five

As above, except that you can tie twelve knots.

Songs Bleak and Sorrowful

You have an inherited talent for charmed songs of sorrow and longing. You need time to sing a song and this ability does little good in combat. Listeners must make a Test of Willpower (diff. X) to resist the effects of your songs.

Rank One

Characters that are affected by your song may experience either of the following. The Gamesmaster determines the effect at random. The affects begin as powerful impulses but fade with time. After a year or so, the magic is much less strong. After several years, the magic remains only as a faint sense of yearning.

- 1) Affected character becomes obsessed with hearing you sing again. The character must do all that is possible to hear you sing again.
- 2) Affected character becomes terrified of your songs and will do anything possible to avoid hearing you sing again.

Rank Two

As above except the following are also possible.

- 3) The affected character's own singing voice improves, but only while singing sad songs.
- 4) The affected character loses his or her ability to laugh or smile. They can still be happy, but will always appear to be sad, or at best, emotionless.

Rank Three

As above except the following are also possible.

- 5) Affected character will become prone to periods of long melancholy and depression.
- 6) Affected character will magically learn the identity or perhaps location of their true love.

Rank Four

As above except the following are also possible.

- 7) Affected character loses the ability to be made happy by anything. Character will become obsessed with trying to find something, anything, that will make them happy again.
- 8) Affected character is able to understand the songs of birds, but only those with a sad meaning.

Rank Five

As above except the following are also possible.

- 9) Character's voice and tone becomes permanently sorrowful and sadness-inducing.
- 10) Character gains the Trait 'Songs Bleak and Sorrowful' at Rank One.

Cults

Raven sorcerer, bear sorcerer, wolf sorcerer,

SOULBURN

The rules for how Soulburn applies to Aelfan, Duergar and Ettin have never been well established. I was thinking that the following might help. Where there are dice rolls I've used a d6 as I think you were planning to rework the system using the Danse rules.

Soulburn

Although usually, Soulburn will be the remit of Mortal sorcerers and workers of magic, sometimes Aelfan, Duergar or Ettin will absorb Soulburn, either from a charmed relic or through the use of Mortal magic. Soulburn affects these other folk differently to Mortals, though the rules are broadly similar. If a Character takes ten ranks of Soulburn, a Taint is acquired and the Soulburn returns to zero. The Taints however are kith-specific. Only Mortals are short-lived enough and flexible enough to be moulded by the magic they wield--for others the magic remakes them into forms that are increasiny parodies of the self.

Taints

Roll on the following table using a d6. If you have the taint already or roll a 6, then roll on the next set of Taints and so on. Where the roll refers to an 'actual' feature, this is the Aelfan's real and broken body that is normally hidden by illusion.

Aelfan Folks

- 1 Small pastel lights dance around you when you work magic
- 2 Your eyes glow when emotional
- 3 Flickering fire-lights dance at your fingers when you move them
- 4 Your footsteps look like shadows, but fade after a few minutes
- 5 Sunlight always seems to glow around you when outside
- 6 Roll on next list
- 1 Your actual arms turn shrivelled and skeletal
- 2 Your actual face shrivels to a skull visage
- 3 Your actual eyes turn bloody and red
- 4 Your actual teeth grow long, black and hooked
- 5 You actual nostrils shrink into holes like a skulls
- 6 Roll on next list
- 1 Any dreams you have come to illusory life over your sleeping form
- 2 If you work magic: 1/6 chance of nightmares coming to illusory life around you

- 3 Wild howling roars around you whenever you work magic
- 4 Low whispering noises and moving shadows constantly follow you
- 5 Murky ghost-like lights always swirl around your feet
- 6 Roll again twice

Duergar

- 1 Gain an unreasonable lust for silver
- 2 Gain an unreasonable lust for gold
- 3 Gain an unreasonable lust for gemstones
- 4 Gain an unreasonable lust for enchanted relics
- 5 You become madly jealous if you met someone richer
- 6 Roll on next list
- 1 You become hump-backed
- 2 Your limbs grow longer and more gangly
- 3 You grow small hooked black claws
- 4 Your face becomes obscenely heavy and fleshy looking
- 5 Your hair turns wildly long, thick and wirey
- 6 Roll on next list
- 1 You shrivel in size by about a foot
- 2 One leg shortens: you gain a pronounced limp
- 3 Your mouth twists into a constant sneer
- 4 Your teeth grow into big, stone-like lumps
- 5 Your eyes turn filmy white. Your sight dims except that magical items glow for you
- 6 Roll again twice

Ettin

- 1 Your arms grow larger and heavier: + XXX to XXX
- 2 Your horns curl longer and turn a strange colour
- 3 Your eyes become grey and stormy
- 4 Your skin becomes leathery: + XXX armour
- 5 Your bottom row of teeth become large over-hooking fangs
- 6 Roll on next list
- 1 You become hunch-backed
- 2 Your legs grow bowed and skinny: - XXX to XXX
- 3 Your fingers become unnatural thin and long
- 4 Your feet grow and swell into mishappen things: - XXX to XXX
- 5 Your grow in size: + XXX to XXX
- 6 Roll on next list
- 1 Your grow substantially more hirsute
- 2 Wild animals, especially dangerous ones, now follow you around but are not helpful
- 3 Air is colder around you: Ice begins to form on surfaces near you after an hour or so
- 4 If you touch a stone surface or wall it will be magically hardened stronger than steel
- 5 Your breath has motes of ashes, rock dust and/or snow on it depending on your clan
- 6 Roll on next list

ENCHANTED RELICS

Note: If I understand right, the plan is to rework Wayfarer to fit the Danse basic rules system. As such, I haven't added any stats or rules mechanics to the following descriptions. Where there is a highlighted XXX some details of mechanics need to be filled in.

As a side note to the rules, I think that Least Enchantment relics should be modified in the rules so that they never obsess and overwhelm player characters--they might still overwhelm an NPC, but it seems a little too silly to have a very minor magical relic take over the personality of a hero.

Arrow of Stone-flesh

Relic of Lesser Enchantment

Many Arrows of Stone-flesh were crafted by the Aelfan-wright Antharleor during ages past, though few now remain. These arrows are black-shafted bolts trimmed with blue-grey feathers and tipped with a head of white and polished metal.

Will of the Arrows: The arrows were made during a time of clan and kingdom war among the Aelfan folk. Their will is the defence and protection of Antharleor's clan, but the clan has long since dwindled and died. This has rendered the arrows mad and they now seek only to destroy any and all Aelfan, having lost all ability to tell friend from foe.

Rank One

Task: None

The arrows have the following bonuses in battle: **XXX**. If an arrow does **XXX** damage to a target, the target is turned to stone and killed instantly. The arrow cannot be extracted from the stone and is effectively lost.

Rank Two

Task: Discover the origin of the feathers that decorate the arrows.

As above, except that the arrow will have the following bonuses in battle: **XXX**.

Axe of the Eldritch Raun

Relic of Greater Enchantment

The Axe of the Eldritch Raun was crafted by Duergar for trade to an Ettin prince. It is a huge weapon of black-metal decorated with a single rune cut in bronze on the blade.

Will of the Axe: This object is simple minded and singular in its course. It's purpose is to let blood in war and it will both act to provoke conflict and will attempt to direct its owner towards the nearest conflict.

Rank One

Task: None

The Axes of the Eldritch Raun will never blunt or break.

Rank Two

Task: Find out the nature of the single rune on the blade, what it means and why it was cut there.

The Axe gains a raw fury and power. When it is wielded in battle, the owner will be surrounded by a black light and furious winds. The axe gains the following bonuses: **XXX**

Bone-Snare Hook

Relic of Lesser Enchantment

A hook of curved and polished bone marked with letters in an ancient and dead language. The hook has a notch at one end for tying a cord to.

Will of the Hook: The hook wishes only to catch fish (or other watery prey). It will fill an owner's thoughts with dreams of fishing, sunlit days and quiet hours by a river, sea or lake.

Rank One

Task: None

The hook has some remarkable powers when cast in the water and gains the following bonuses when used for fishing: **XXX**

Rank Two

Task: Learn that the hook must be 'baited' with your own blood.

As above, except that you may state any prey thing that you wish to catch using the formula: "Today, I wish to catch a salmon". The prey can be anything that swims, including dolphins, seals, turtles and so on (i.e. not just fish). If a very large or very small prey is stated, the hook will grow or shrink in your hand to suit the prey. Time is required, but eventually, the hook will snare whatever has been asked for. The hook also grants the strength needed to haul up the prey,

whatever it is. This can be dangerous: the hook can be used to catch and snare a kraken if so asked for, but once the beast has surfaced it will be less than pleased.

Rank Three

Task: Catch three monstrous creatures using the hook.

As above, except that the hook can be recalled from a snared beast at will. That is, if you catch a beast that is beyond you, you can call the hook back and it will loosen from the mouth of the snared animal and free itself--at which point the beast may or may not depart. . .

Cleversome Rope

Relic of Least Enchantment

Soft grey rope woven by Aelfan masters. Cleversome Rope is made for use aboard Aelfan warships, though sometimes is sold or given to travellers.

Will of the Rope: Cleversome Rope has no particular power or great will, though its magic is happiest when at sea. It will seem drab and sad if taken too far from the ocean.

Rank One

Task: None

Cleversome Rope grants the following bonuses when tying knots or lashings: **XXX**.

Rank Two

Task: Use the rope three times.

The rope bonds to you. It will tie knots that will hold fast against any force until you want them to come undone. When you want a knot to undo it will come loose easily, even if you simply tug at the rope. The rope will never break or fray. It can only be cut by an enchanted blade, and if this is done then the rope's magic is undone and it crumples into frayed cords of fine silk.

Cloak of the Wandering Gull

Relic of Greater Enchantment

A cloak lined with black feathers on the outside and white feathers on the inside. The hem of the cloak is decorated with an embroidered pattern of waves and cloud-sailing gulls.

Will of the Cloak: The cloak wishes to journey, especially by sea or over sea in the form of a gull. It will make an owner always restless and eventually unable to settle down.

Rank One

Task: None

When worn the Cloak of the Wandering Gull grants remarkable powers of sight over great distances. The wearer will be able to tell a sparrow from a finch at a dozen leagues.

Rank Two

Task: Count the number of gulls on the hem. This is more difficult than it sounds: the gulls subtly move and often one or more are hidden behind clouds or waves.

The wearer may don the cloak while naked and become a great-winged gull as large and heavy as the wearer is in actual form. In gull form the wearer can sail almost endlessly on the air and can see for leagues and leagues. You can also see through even the thickest cloud and sea-roke mists. In gull form your defence against attacks is the same as your natural defence as if you were simply naked, however you have no dangerous powers of attack or strength for fighting.

Daggers of the Five Grimms

Relic of Greater Enchantment

The Daggers of the Five Grimms were crafted by a necromancer in ages past. They were bound to five men who were sacrificed and their souls bound using dark arts. The daggers are small, only about a hand-length long, silvery looking and studded with black stones. They are too ornate to be practical for fighting or cutting-work.

Will of the Daggers: The Daggers wish to be together and joined under one master's control. They will seek one-another out and try to bring about conflict that will result daggers passing into a

mutual ownership. If a person collects all five daggers, then the will changes to one of brooding, solitude and whispers about necromantic magic.

Rank One

Task: None

The dagger has no particular power. Your dreams will be haunted by a dark shape. Sometimes at night a ghostly visage will flit past the corner of your eye.

Rank Two

Task: Find out the name of the person who was sacrificed and bound to your dagger.

Gain power of summoning and command over the ghost that is attached to your dagger. The spirit is one of the class of Ghost called a *Shade* (see the Antagonists chapter).

Rank Two

Task: Possess another dagger.

Gain power of summoning and command over the ghost that is attached to each new dagger.

Rank Three

Task: Possess all five daggers.

You gain immediate knowledge of some necromantic magic. The exact nature and amount of magic is at the Gamesmaster's discretion. You can learn additional magic by spending time in solitude listening to the whisperings of your shades. For each week you spend in this way, you gain **XXX**.

Dragon of War

Relic of Grander Enchantment

The Dragon of War is a longboat built by Duergar thralls in the service to Aelflords of the Gloam Forest realms. It is a sleek ship, carved cunningly of black wood with a rearing dragon-head. The eyes and mouth seem to bleed fire in darkness or mist.

Will of the Dragon of War: The ship wishes both to travel to new and distant places and to engage in glorious battles. It will infect its captain's mind with dreams of war, raiding and glory in distant lands.

Rank One

Task: None

The Dragon of War will never run aground, split or sink in a storm. Attacks on the ship, whether by arrow, fire or magic, will never harm the ship itself, though may kill the crew.

Rank Two

Task: Find out the name of the Duergar ship-wight slave who was the master of the ship's building.

The crew of the ship will perform as if they are expert sailors and navigators, regardless of actual skill.

Rank Three

Task: Find out the name of the ship's first captain.

The ship can be navigated to sail from any body of water to any other body of water, regardless of what maps may state. When the ship needs to sail though land, it will enter a misty river-world and then re-emerge into the destination.

Rank Four

Task: Find out the name of the battle where the ship first fought.

The ship will begin to take the crew and captain where they need to go and not necessarily where they want to go. Also, the crew will fight as if they are expert warriors and archers, regardless of actual skill.

Ember Stone

Relic of Least Enchantment

Small amber hued stones that are plain seeming except for a small swirling mark like fire. Many Ember Stones were made by the Duergar long ago. Though the art of their crafting is now known to only a few Duergar-wights, these charmed stones can be found from time to time.

Will of the cauldron: Ember Stones have only a weak magic in them. Their will is to bring warmth and comfort. They will nudge a person to offer hospitality or invite strangers to a fire.

Rank One

Task: None

The Ember Stone will work only on wood. By placing it in a jumble of kindling and speaking the words 'Enflame' in Duergar, the stone will spark and gradually grow hotter until it sets the wood afire. It can be collected from the ashes afterwards.

Rank Two

Task: Discover the quarry where the Ember Stones were excavated and why they have natural charms of fire and heat.

The stone will now set *anything* on fire that could possibly burn, given enough time.

Helbringer

Relic of Grander Enchantment

A sword made by a mad and broken Ettin who long ago was in service to the dark powers of the outer voids and shadows. Helbringer is a grey-black bladed sword of great size. It can be wielded by Ettin or very strong Mortals, but not by almost any Aelfan or Duergar as they do not have the height or power to do so.

Helbringer has a hilt of silver and gold. At the heart of the hilt is a tormented man's face, and the guards form dragons that appear to be half-devouring the pained face. There are rubies in the eyes of the dragons, and these shine with bloody light.

Will of Helbringer: Helbringer has a demon's soul. It is full of blood-wish and it is fated that the sword, once drawn cannot be returned to its scabbard without first drawing blood. It always pushes its owner to fight instead of seek peaceful solutions to a battle.

The final and eventual goal of Helbringer is the release of Nargaroht into the world. A warrior who is utterly dominated by this sword will shrivel into an undead thing akin to a Draugnar that restlessly hunts for a means to let Nargaroht enter the Mortal World.

Rank One

Task: None

At Rank One Helbringer is a powerful sword. It cuts steel and iron as if they were stiff leather, it flashes and flares with magic and howls like dead souls when used. The weapons has the following bonuses in battle: **XXX**

Rank Two

Task: Discover the name of the Ettin who made the sword.

Helbringer increases in power. It now has the following bonuses in battle: **XXX** All enemies who look upon it must make a Test of **XXX** or suffer **XXX** penalties to combat skills due to sheer chilling fear.

Rank Three

Task: Discover the name of the first warrior to be slain by the sword in single combat.

Helbringer now has the following bonuses in battle: **XXX**. Undead that come in sight of you have a 4/10 chance of feeling the power of the sword and offering their service to you.

Ice Cauldron

Relic of Grander Enchantment

A massive cauldron of flame-red bronze incised with angular runes in a black metal that run around the lip of the cauldron. Ice and frozen mist seems to endlessly boil out of the Ice Cauldron.

Will of the cauldron: Above all else the Ice Cauldron wishes to devour other enchanted items. If the cauldron is not 'fed' at least one item each year it slips into a torpid state in which the boiling ice in its interior ceases to flow and the magic of the cauldron sleeps.

Rank One

Task: If the Cauldron is not already 'awake' it will have to be fed an enchanted relic

Any enchanted relic that is dropped into the Ice Cauldron is destroyed utterly. All of the raw power of the item passes to the Cauldron. This is perhaps the only means known by which certain relics of high and dark power might be destroyed.

Rank Two

Task: Discover the name of the Frost Ettin witch who made the cauldron.

If you are a worker of magic you can draw magic from the Cauldron to cast spells. If you work your magic standing over the Cauldron you will not gain any Soulburn. Every ten spells cast in this way requires that one enchanted relic be sacrificed to feed the cauldron. Otherwise the cauldron becomes exhausted and slips into torpor.

Rank Three

Task: Discover the nature of the runes that run around the cauldron's lip.

If you drop a skull of a man or beast into the cauldron, the spirit of that creature is summoned and bound to the cauldron in the form of a Hoar Shade. Smaller animal Hoar Shades will not be as dangerous as those of men, dogs or wolves, but could be useful spies if so desired.

When the cauldron torpors or changes ownership all previously bound Hoar Shades are released from its service.

Kin-slayer

Relic of Lesser Enchantment

A spiked warhammer of Duergar make. The warhammer has powerful charms about it, but is considered an unlucky and cursed thing: it was used by the Duergar Unthigr to kill his father and three brothers during a drunken row.

Will of the Kin-slayer: First made as a weapon to defend hearth and home, Kin-slayer has been driven mad by the killings of Unthigr's family and now seeks to constantly wheedle and worry its owner's mind with fears of treachery and betrayal by family.

Rank One

Task: None

Kin-slayer has the following bonuses in battle: **XXX**.

Rank Two

Task: Discover the names of the brothers and father who were killed by Kin-slayer and why.

Kin-slayer gains the following bonuses in battle if you are fighting relatives or treacherous friends: **XXX**.

Gemstones of the Mists

Relic of Grander Enchantment

A set of twelve gems of various watery colours, shading from blue to green to washed white. The Gemstones of the Mists were wrought long ago by a weather-witch for the purpose of command over storm, mist and rain.

Will of the Gemstones: The Gemstones delight in wild and savage weather. They will prod an owner to give free lease to increasingly powerful hurricanes, lightning storms and blizzards just for the joy of it.

Rank One

Task: None

If you cast the Gemstones of the ground, the pattern of the stones will tell you what the natural weather will be in the immediate surrounds for the next week.

Rank Two

Task: Discover the name of the weather-witch who made the stones.

The stones can be used to summon a thick mist. It takes half an hour for the fog to rise from the earth.

Rank Three

Task: Summon a mist three times using the stones.

The stones can be used to summon storms of moderate power. It takes half an hour for the storm to form. The storm can be called down on the surrounding landscape. The stones can only be used to summon storms while in a mist, either natural or unnatural. Further, the stones can only summon storms in open spaces--a storm can't be summoned inside a house or cave.

Rank Four

Task: Summon a storm three times using the stones.

The stones can now be used to summon frighteningly powerful blizzards, storms and hurricanes. It still takes half an hour for the storm to form.

Ghostly Augur

Relic of Grander Enchantment

A huge golden shield with twelve skulls of dead sages embedded into it. The shield is ceremonial only, and would be more than useless in a fight, being extremely heavy and lacking any sort of handholds on the reverse side. The eyes of the skulls are set with semi-precious stones, and there are small emeralds crusted into the gold in whorl-patterns.

Will of the Augur: The Augur desires knowledge and to that end, it will drive an owner to seek libraries, stashes of scrolls and wise tribal wayfinders. When the owner of the Ghostly Augur dies, the twelve shades of the augur emerge and proceed to the corpse of the dead owner. They remove the head of the person and remove its flesh. The skull is used by the undead shades to replace one of the skulls already on the shield. The dead owner is then bound as a new spirit in service to the Augur. The oldest shade is released. This process will continue until all twelve shades are replaced twelve times. Then, it is said, the world will end.

Rank One

Task: None

If you ask a simple yes or no question of the shield the answer will come to you during a dream when next you sleep. The augur can only answer questions about things in the present or past. It cannot see into the future.

Rank Two

Task: Discover the name of at least one of the sages whose skull is currently embedded in the shield.

You may ask a yes or no question and have it answered truthfully immediately in the form of a phantom chorus of voices in your head.

Rank Three

Task: Learn the names of all the sages in the shield.

You can ask questions about the future too. The future, though, is ever-shifting and the shield may give one, two or many answers in the form of visions of what may come to pass. You will gain also a sense of what must be done to bring a particular future into being, or to prevent it.

Guard-hound of Vana

Relic of Greater Enchantment

A small black stone hunting hound chased with silver. There were once twelve Guard-hounds of Vana and they are said to have protected her and her sanctum. They have since been scattered and lost.

Will of the Hound: The hounds wish to protect the weak and defenceless, especially women, aged and children. They will make an owner answer pleas for help, even if it seems a suicidal thing to do.

Rank One

Task: None

If a hound is left out in the open and told to watch for danger its eyes will glow with a grey-gold light. If any monstrous creature, thief or danger approaches the hound will emit a ghostly howl. This howl will wake and alert anyone present, and the sound is terrifying enough that this alone may chase away unwanted visitors on its own.

Rank Two

Task: Discover the name that Vana gave to your bound.

As above except that if danger approaches a huge spectral hound made of silver and black ghost-flesh will appear above the stone dog. This spectral hound deals damage as an ordinary hound except that it can injure magical or enchanted things including ghosts, demons and spirits. The hound cannot be injured or killed, even by magic, but it also cannot move more than about twenty paces from the stone dog. If the stone dog is moved or tipped over the hound will disappear until summoned again.

Mantle of Shadow-feathers

Relic of Greater Enchantment

A cloak of shimmering black raven feathers trimmed with ebon silks and rippled with the darkest crimson. The Mantle of Shadow-feathers was made long ago by a great enchanted of the Nightvast Aelfan: one of the 'wild' Aelfan clans that long ago sundered from true Aelfan and live now along the fringes of the Gloam Forests.

Will of the Cloak: The cloak delights in night and shadow and will make a person seek out darkness. Eventually an owner will become shy of the sun, and in time find any bright light both blinding and painful.

Rank One

Task: None

A wearer of the cloak will be able to see in complete darkness, though all colours are reduced to ruddy shades of grey.

Rank Two

Task: Discover the name that the Aelfan Enchanter gave to the cloak.

A wearer is able to cause shadows to deepen and even seem to rise up and form dark hedges and walls.

Rank Three

Task: Discover the name of the first person to wear the cloak after it was stolen from its maker.

If donned while naked, you can turn into a huge raven made of shadows and darkness. In this form you cannot be hurt except by magic or enchanted weapons, but you also cannot cast spells or cause injury. You can pass through solid objects such as walls or trees but not anything larger than this—you could not for example fly through a hill or mountain.

Mark of Fohlara

Relic of Grander Enchantment

Fohlara was an enchantress who made six armbands of silver-gold. Each band is marked with a powerful protecting rune of Fohlara's own devising.

Will of the Mark: The Marks of Fohlara are protective and healing. They wish to save and protect others, especially anyone threatened by dark magic, ghosts or elder demonic things.

Rank One

Task: The Mark of Fohlara only work if worn by a girl or woman.

A wearer of the Mark has the following bonuses against attack by magic: **XXX**

Rank Two

Task: Discover the name of the woman who Fohlara give your armband to.

A wearer of the Mark has the following bonuses against attack by undead, demons and dark spirits: **XXX**

Rank Three

Task: Discover the meaning of the rune that Fohlara incised on the armband

You may heal injuries done to others by dark magic, spirits, undead or demons. You can heal up to **XXX** of injuries per day in this way. You can only heal injuries between dawn and dusk, the healing does not work at night.

Moonsword of the Wraith-folk

Relic of Greater Enchantment

This sword has murky origins, though it is claimed it was given by a strange people of mist-like beings to the ancient Mortal hero Mjotrhir. The sword has a translucent white blade that has a faint green tinge to it. It feels cold and uncomfortable to touch.

Will of the Sword: The sword has a cryptic will and its desires will seem alien to any Mortal that holds it. It demands strange things, such as being returned to the moon or the stars. Othertimes it will demand that the owner locate devices or substances that seem to be so arcane that perhaps they belong not to this world, but to the world that went before it. Eventually the Moonsword will drive an owner insane with its demands. It's only other delight is for the owner to dance in the moonlight--even this is strange for the 'dance' it demands is a odd formal affair of careful steps that do not resemble any dance performed in the world today.

Rank One

Task: None

The sword has the following bonuses in battle: **XXX**

Rank Two

Task: Use the sword to fight by moonlight three times.

The sword increases in power. Any creature injured by the sword suffers a poisoned wound. This would will inflict **XXX** damage per day. Such wounds can only be healed using magic. The sword now has the following bonuses in battle: **XXX**

Necklet of Hex-whispers

Relic of Greater Enchantment

A necklet of five rune-stones carved of sea-ivory and marked with runes coloured with ochre and old blood. The Necklet was made by a Morhorag necromancer for the purpose of storing and keeping magic for ready use.

Will of the Necklet: The Necklet has a tendency towards necromantic magic, but will settle for any magic at all. It becomes unhappy and sullen if owned by a person who is without any magic and will draw the attention of spell-weavers and enchanters in an effort to find a better master. The Necklet also has a preference for a more powerful master and may decide to fail to perform spells if there is a chance that another, greater magician may prevail over the current owner and thereby take the Necklet.

Rank One

Task: None

Wearing the Necklet gives to following bonus to spell-casting: **XXX**

Rank Two

Task: Wear the Necklet for a month and a day.

The Necklet is only genuinely useful for spell-casters. You may whisper one of your spells to one of the rune-stones. Treat this as an act of casting the spell, where the necessary Soulburn or other

associated costs must be met. The spell however remains in the stone ready to be unleashed at the mere thought of the Necklet's owner. Each stone can hold one spell. If the Necklet changes hands any stored spells dissipate and are lost.

Poach-Merry

Relic of Least Enchantment

A small dagger of tempered blue steel. The pommel of the dagger is shaped into the image of a laughing rabbit.

Will of the Dagger: Poach-Merry delights in hunting small game and will urge an owner to pursue rabbits, squirrels, pheasants, ducks and other such game.

Rank One

Task: None

The dagger has the following bonuses when thrown: **XXX**

Rank Two

Task: Use the dagger to kill a small game animal.

The dagger will never miss when thrown at a target, though if used against anything larger than a fawn or goose, it will do only the Rank One damage (above). If thrown at a small game animal the dagger will always bring the prey down and kills instantly.

Sark of Three

Relic of Greater Enchantment

A short cape made of wolf pelt, trimmed with otter skin and collared with eagle feathers.

Will of the Sark: The Sark of Three enjoys hunting in the three animal forms: wolf, otter and eagle. It will prod and encourage a wearer to don each form in turn and hunt down prey.

Rank One

Task: None

A person who wears the cape gains wolflike powers of smell, eagle-sight and an otter's dexterity (+**XXX** bonus to **XXX**)

Rank Two

Task: Wear the cape for a week without removing it.

When donned while naked the cloak will allow you to transform into a wolf, or an eagle or an otter at will. However, in each form you will be as fragile as the actual animal. If caught while in otter form you will be easily killed and as an eagle your bones would be smashed by a solid blow. It takes a full action round to transform. If you are killed in animal form you will turn back into your natural shape, naked except for the cloak.

Shawl of All Mists

Relic of Lesser Enchantment

A shawl of silk coloured with shifted patterns of blue, grey and white. The shawl is of Aelfan workmanship, and though it has some lettering along its edge, the runes and language are unknown today. Presumably they belonged to a long lost and dead Aelfan tribe.

Will of the Shawl: The Shawl delights in clouds, illusions, mists and phantoms. It will drive a person to spend time in and perhaps eventually settle in a place of natural mists: near a waterfall, beside a sea-misty cove or on a mountain peak.

Rank One

Task: None

A person who wears the cape can see through mist and fog.

Rank Two

Task: Find out the name of the lost Aelfan tribe who made the shawl.

The wearer can summon mists, fogs and phantom clouds at will. The fog takes a few minutes to form and can fill up any space, be it outdoors or inside a building.

Rank Three

Task: Visit the ruins of the city where the lost Aelfan tribe lived.

The wearer can conjure phantoms and illusions at will. The illusions are always silent, cannot do harm and lack smell and solidness. They have a ghostly appearance but from a distance may trick a person. At closer range, the illusions will be more likely to be mistaken for demons, ghosts or spirits.

Shield of Ages

Relic of Lesser Enchantment

A marvellous shield of linden wood chased with silver and covered with leather made from a dragonhide. The shield is of Asyneur make and is well suited to a Mortal warrior, though is of a size that it could be used by Aelfan, Duergar or Ettin.

Will of the shield: The shield delights in rough battle and fighting, though not necessarily deadly combat. It will prod at its bearer to enter contests of arms, issue friendly challenges to test mettle and accept any and all dare to fight.

Rank One

Task: None

The shield will never break. It gives the following bonus in battle: **XXX**

Rank Two

Task: Find out the name of the dragon whose hide was used to make the shield.

The bearer of the shield becomes immune to all forms of heat and fire attack, even dragonfire. This immunity lasts only so long as the shield is held against the flame. A surprise attack that is not defended against could still burn the shield-bearer.

Silver Bough Key

Relic of Grander Enchantment

Ilthaut the Aelfan King crafted twelve of these keys in ages past. Each key is wrought of silver twined with a black metal and has the shape of a branching, leafless tree.

Will of the key: The keys wish to open doors to the World Tree and will encourage this by sending dreams and subtle hints of the mind to the owner of the key. They were made carefully as tools though, and Ilthaut cunningly avoided giving the keys too much of their own will.

Rank One

Task: None

The key can be used to open a door to the World-Tree. However, the key-bearer needs to find such a door.

Rank Two

Task: Find out the name of the first Aelfan lord or lady who owned the key you have.

As bearer of the key you can feel its gentle tug towards the nearest World-Tree doors. The doors are invisible to any who does not have spirit sight and are embedded in the natural landscape, in rocky cliffs, hillsides and under old trees. If you move a Silver Bough key to within a few inches of a hidden door, the door will be revealed in a shimmering of white light.

Stone of Arcantorrag

Relic of Lesser Enchantment

A great black whetstone made of strange rock and graven with Ettin runes. The Stone was made by the Cliff-Ettin Arcantorrag.

Will of the stone: The stone has rather a homely will. It wishes to be useful and to that end, it will encourage the bearer to use it often and publicly--this itself can be a trifle dangerous as the stone is likely to appear clearly magical to most onlookers.

Rank One

Task: None

If used as a whetstone, the stone will strip rust from a blade and restore it to perfect condition with a few strokes.

Rank Two

Task: Find out the name of the Ettin who made the stone.

If the stone is used to sharpen a blade or metal point, the weapon or tool will never dull, rust or lose its keen edge.

Rank Three

Task: Find out the meaning of the runes written on the stone.

If the stone is used to sharpen a blade while the stone-runes are spoken aloud, the metal blade will turn to silver. This is not much use for making weapons or tools into more useful things, but it is a good way to never run out of silver to spend. If a character thinks to try this on a blade already made of silver, there will be a rumble of noise and the silver blade will turn to dust.

Swords of Storm

Relic of Lesser Enchantment

The Swords of Storm were made by Asyneur craftsmen long ago for three great brother-kings of the people. The swords are matched in all ways except that one blade is black, one silver-grey, and one is lightning-white. The swords are powerful weapons, but have an unlucky repute as all three brothers died in different battles. The swords are Stormslay (black), Stormbale (grey) and Stormharrow (white). During natural storms all three blades make an eerie sound like singing.

Will of the swords: The swords wish to be reunited. They will prefer to do this by forging alliance and friendship among those who wield the swords, but if this fails, they will resort to provoking conflict so that one sword-bearer might kill another and take both swords.

Rank One

Task: None

The swords have the following bonuses in battle: **XXX**

Rank Two

Task: Find out the name of the brother-king who first owned your sword and the battle in which he died.

The swords gain the following bonuses.

Stormslay: Against demons and dark spirits: **XXX**

Stormbale: Against undead and ghosts: **XXX**

Stormharrow: Against unfriendly wild folk and nature spirits: **XXX**

Thrall-shadow

Relic of Greater Enchantment

The Thrall-Shadow is a minor demon trapped inside a leathern pouch tied with a red velvet string. If the pouch is opened the demon will emerge and ask what tasks or biddings are required of it. The demon is about the size of a small cat and has a shape something like a spider made of congealed shadows. It moves silently and is near invisible in deep shade or darkness.

Will of the Thrall-shadow: The demon wishes to be released but can be released only after twelve of its masters have died while in possession of the pouch. It will actively encourage a master to take dangerous paths and make foolish choices.

Rank One

Task: None

The demon can leave its pouch for up to three hours, but must then return. If it is somehow captured magically it will vanish and reappear in the pouch. The demon is not capable of actively betraying its master, it can only give bad advice in the hope that misfortune befalls its current

owner. It has the following stats and abilities: XXX. Can scurry along ceilings and walls. Poison: XXX

Rank Two

Task: Find out the name of the demon.

The demon can no longer give bad advice. It is forced to be truthful and faithful in all its actions.

Twelve Swords of Valanar

Relic of Lesser Enchantment

Twelve swords of blue steel ribboned with white and gold metal. These swords were made for the honour guard of Vana the goddess-queen, and each of them was given to a sorceress of war.

Will of the swords: The swords wish to protect the Vanargan lands and people, but also they have a desire to make the bearer dress and behave like a guard of the ancient Vana people and realm.

The Vana honour guard dressed in snow white cloaks and eagle feathers and wore bronze masks shaped like a hawk's face. They were always woman, and for this reason the swords do not much like being carried and used by men.

Rank One

Task: None

The swords have the following bonuses in battle: XXX

Rank Two

Task: Find out the name of the first owner of your sword.

The sword glows with an eerie ghost-light when a dark spirit, demon or undead creature draws near.

Rank Three

Task: Visit the forge where the swords were made.

The swords have the following additional bonuses in battle against undead, dark spirits and demons: XXX

Rank Four

Task: Obtain a white cloak and hawk mask of bronze.

The sword grants a power of friendship with eagles and other birds of prey. You can understand the language of these birds, and so long as your requests are not unreasonable, most birds of prey will try to help and assist you.

Twine-Adder Armlet

Relic of Lesser Enchantment

A small gold arm bracelet in the form of a brassy snake with ruby eyes. There are small runes cut into the head of the serpent and decorative scales of blue and green-sheened metal along its length. The snake seems quite tarnished and dull, but if polished it refuses to take a shine.

Will of the adder: The snake arm band is curious and will nudge a person to look around the next corner, peek through a gap in the trees, or travel to the next town.

Rank One

Task: None

A wearer of the armband becomes more alert to danger. Whenever there is a test of skill to notice danger, the wearer gains a bonus at the Gamesmaster's discretion.

Rank Two

Task: Find out the name that the first owner of the arm-band gave to the snake.

The wearer can command the snake to unravel and slither over the ground. While the snake is creeping around, it serves as eyes and ears for the arm-bands owner. Now the dullness of the snake's scales make sense: the snake is difficult to see, especially in leaf litter or in grass. If the snake is discovered while it is exploring, it will revert in a flash to an armlet.

Rank Three

Task: Find out the meaning of the runes on the snake's head.

Even if the snake is lost or taken while exploring it will wait for an opportunity to escape and return to you.

Whisperous Thorn

Relic of Greater Enchantment

A charmed war mattock of black metal, wrought by Duergar smiths in long ages past. The mattock has Duergar runes carved along its side and geometric shapes along the head and haft.

Will of the Thorn: The mattock wants battle and more than this, honour in war. Because it especially desires valour and acts of courage, the mattock is not given to provoking petty fights, but it will drive an owner to join hopeless but valiant battles or challenge great champions of the enemy to combat.

Rank One

Task: None

The mattock have the following bonuses in battle: **XXX**.

Rank Two

Task: Visit the underground and now long-abandoned smithy where the mattock was made.

The mattock whispers and snickers constantly in battle. This is to say the least, disconcerting for enemies fighting against you suffer the following penalties to combat skills: **XXX**.

White-Gold Arrow

Relic of Least Enchantment

These charmed arrows were made by Aelfan-wrights during long ago wars with the Duergar. In particular, the arrows were made for the bane of the Dvergastain--the animated stone guardians of the Duergar.

Will of the Thorn: The arrows have a sleepy, half-aware will until a Dvergastain comes into view. At this moment the arrows will flare to life and glow with mage-fire. Any person who is carrying such an arrow will immediately know what to do with it. Even if the Dvergastain is friendly, the arrow will scream loudly in a silent voice inside the head of its owner, demanding revenge and the destruction of the 'unaelfan monster'.

Rank One

Task: None

The arrow acts as an ordinary arrow except that it will not break or shatter when shot. However, if it is fired at stone, the arrow will pass right into the stone, sometimes sticking out a little, sometimes vanishing entirely. If this happens, the arrow cannot be retrieved except perhaps with careful chipping and a chisel.

Rank Two

Task: Encounter a Dvergastain

The arrow comes to life and will demand the death of the Dvergastain in a silent voice inside your head. If the arrow is fired at a Dvergastain it will not miss and will kill instantly.

World-Maker Rings

Relic of High Enchantment

No one knows the origin of the World-Maker Rings, though the conjecture is that they are relics of the world that existed before this world. The World-Maker Rings can be used to create pocket-worlds on the branches of the World Tree.

Worlds that are created on the World-Tree persist even beyond the leaving or death of the owner of the ring. This means that all the worlds that have been created so far, Nargaroth's Hel, Othinnar Golden Halls and the Aelfan Deep-Wood Realms still exist, though they are abandoned, lonely and swept by howling winds. If a person returned to an abandoned world with

the same ring that was used to make it, the world can be undone, remade or re-awakened to its former glory.

Will of the Rings: The rings wish to make new worlds, then craft and tinker with them endlessly always seeking a sort of perfection that cannot be attained.

Rank One

Task: None

The ring can be used to conjure up illusions and phantoms in the real world. These illusions seems uncannily real, though have no substance to them and cannot cause harm. They persist as long as the ring-bearer concentrates.

Rank Two

Task: Discover the true nature of the ring.

The ring can be used to conjure a small world about the size of a modest kingdom in the World Tree. The world must be a reflection of Mithgerd and cannot depart too dramatically from the 'reality' of Mithgerd: that is, a person may create a land of trees and hills, rivers and animals, but cannot create things that do not exist in the actual world.

Rank Two

Task: Discover the name of the first Aelfan lord or lady who owned the ring.

The ring can be used to make worlds that depart somewhat from the actual world: strange coloured beasts, hybrids or talking animals, or illusions, phantoms and trees that bear strange, ever-ripe fruit are possible.

Rank Three

Task: Visit the throne-room of the mysterious World-Tree castle that the rings were found in. Locate the throne that belongs to your ring and sit in it.

The ring can be used to make worlds that represent a very large kingdom or empire. The reality of the world can depart a little more from Mithgerd, but must still be recognizable as a reflection of the Mortal World. The ring can also be used to craft strange magical constructs, such as the web-net that Nargaroath used to capture the souls of the dead, the Golden Halls that Othinnar used to house dead warrior's spirits or the phantom perils, walls and monsters that the Aelfan Lords used to defend Aelfhame against the forces of Nargaroath.

Wood-Graver

Relic of Lesser Enchantment

A small blunt knife made of iron all the way from blade to hilt. The knife is not rusted but is dull and no matter how many times it is sharpened it will never take an edge, even if a magical whetstone is used. The knife is useless in battle, being blunt and rather small.

Will of the knife: Though it has many other uses, the knife was made for carving. It will nudge and hint at an owner to take some wood and start carving, causing the fingers to itch and feel restless unless they have a piece of wood in hand. The knife especially enjoys making toys and likes to see these given away to children. It will sulk and refuse to work for a week or more if a character tries to sell such a toy.

Rank One

Task: None

The knife grants the following bonuses to wood-carving: **XXX**.

Rank Two

Task: carve ten wooden toys

The knife will cut through wood as if it is not there. It can be used to cut through a door in moments, slice holes in boats or even fell a tree in a few minutes. When wood-carving this allows for remarkably dextrous cutting. The knife now grants the following wood-carving bonus: **XXX**.

CREATURES

Note: As with the magical artifacts, I haven't added any stats or rules mechanics to the following descriptions.

Aelf-Wild

The Aelf-Wild are Mortals who have been possessed by an dead Aelfan ghost. They are often crazed, wild-eyed and reclusive, shunning both Mortal and Aelfan company, living alone in forests or woodlands or wild places of cliffs and mists. The mind of an Aelf-Wild is often given to the past, they dwell on how things once were and are frequently sad creatures. Their mind is a shattered mixture of the dead Aelfan ghost and the Mortal whose flesh has been stolen. They are seldom coherent beings and may not even be able to converse in anything but riddles and nonsense.

However, through the Aelfan spirit, the Mortal vessel gains some knowledge of Aelfan magic, arts and charms, and thus may be dangerous to deal with. At least some lords, ladies and kings of the Aelfan folk are thought to have returned and inhabited Mortal bodies. Such spirits no doubt know secrets and lore of the past, and are sometimes sought for this knowledge, albeit with caution.

Arrach

Huge, hideous cliff-haunting monsters. Arrach are hairy, jowl-heavy and lowering creatures, patched with fur and possessed of filthy, horny claws. They are perhaps distant relatives of Trolde, but are larger and heavier, and also less given to speech or any sort of civil behaviour. Most Arrach have little more wits than beasts, though some make for themselves rudimentary tools or fires to cook their meat over.

Bäckahäst

A species of half-spirit water horse. Bäckahäst haunt lochs, fjords and rivers, and are fond of playing pranks, usually harmless, but sometimes evil and vengeful, occasionally with the aim of inflicting hurt or death. Elusive, magical and otherworldly: in some remote communities a local Bäckahäst may be worshipped as a sort of dangerous god. However, as far as is known, Bäckahäst care nothing for worship, gifts or sacrifice, and the wisdom of even approaching one of these strange creatures is almost always doubtful.

Bäckahäst usually seem to be hairy black horses, but are clearly magical: streaks of blue flames leap from the feet and smoky fire twines from nostrils and mouth. The creature's eyes become distended and flash with fire when the beast is angered. Their horse's face is rather skull-like too, and looks as if there is no flesh at all, only skin over bone.

Most Bäckahäst can change appearance, and do not always walk as a horse, taking sometimes to form of goats or cows, and sometimes dark-skinned, shaggy-haired men, always with a skull-like face. Some have power of the animals of the swamps, and others can make anything that touches their skin stick to them. It is said that calling a Bäckahäst by his name will give you power over him, though this is something of a wife's tale and may or may not be true.

Beigad

White boars of terrifying size that haunt the icy plains and forests of the northern winter-night lands. Adult Beigad are at least the size of a bull, and sometimes reach the mass and power of a great bear. They are clever, but not given to speech, and often run in packs. Among the more terrifying and dangerous of the beasts of the north, Beigad can swim substantial distances and some have wandered as far south as Vardruin where they are considered monsters as ill and dangerous as any of the smaller kin of dragon.

Beithir

Coiled, corpse-white serpents that dwell in the mountains, glacier-lands and mist-countries of the north. Beithir are called sometimes storm-serpents, though this is because of the flickering, dead-eyed light they have in their eyes.

Beithir can grow to a tremendous size and have a deadly venom, but have none of the powers of deadly breath that some dragon-kin and serpents possess. They smell strongly of stinking corpses, and their snake head has tangled of rotting hair on the chin and jowls.

Frost-Ettin keep charmed and chained Beithir are guards and watch-creatures in some of the northern gards and cities. Such creatures are usually chained in front of a gateway, door or cave entrance as they are too dangerous to be allowed to slither freely.

Bergtaken

Bewitched mortals, the 'mountain-stolen'. Bergtaken are folk who have been stolen by the phantoms and strange spirits of the mountains and wildlands, raised by those spirits and given eerier magic and charms as a result. Many of the spirits of the earth are fragile and they find the idea of having a mortal guardian, who can dress in armour of iron and heft a sword of steel, an appealing idea, even if that guardian should live a brief life by comparison to the spirits of old. Many enchanted groves, old places of power and ruined, toppling rings of standing stones have had Bergtaken guardians bound to them at one time or another. The Bergtaken as always stolen as babes and raised in the strange half-world where Wild Folk live. They are often powerful in magic, but limited in knowledge or experience of the outside world and may be bound to their set task by their own naïvety rather than by any arts of magic.

Bergugle

Owl-shaped half-spirits that have a trickster's mind and delight in cruel jokes and pranks.

Bergugle live in the forests and woods of the north, especially the Iron Wood, where they flap silently from tree to tree, or hop along the ground on their taloned legs. They live sometimes in groups of a few individuals, but are just as often solitary in nature.

In appearance, Bergugle look much like a huge, child-sized owl with a goblinish look to the face and beak and eyes that are huge and golden-orange. They have a snickering voice and will both hoot and 'sing' wandering, ghostly songs in their speaking voices. Possessed of magics of illusion, trickery and phantoms, the Bergugle cannot be trusted, but are seldom very dangerous.

Bøygen

More correctly, The Bøygen, is a creature that may be unique in the world. This strange beast is a serpent of prodigious size with scales like shadows spotted with stars and the head of a troll. The Bøygen lives deep in the Iron Wood and may well be the remnant of a Trolde wizard who worked so much magic that his body was utterly changed into this strange beast-shape. Certainly, the Bøygen has remarkable powers of sorcery over darkness, night and shadows. It can make shadows come to life, build walls of solid darkness and make itself into nothing more than a voice in the night.

The Bøygen's motives and affairs are puzzling if not mad. It may help or hinder a person or creature that it meets, it may bestow gifts of enchanted relics, give advice, cast spells of harm or it may kill and devour a person. There is no apparent rhyme or reason to its actions, though many lore-wise suspect that it works towards a secret goal and what seems to be the random actions of a mad being may be the subtle moving of pieces of a gameboard.

Carrog

The Carrog are monstrous river beasts, brassy-scaled, eel-like in shape and bearded with gelatinous tendrils. They have teeth as sharp as needles of volcanic glass and they hunt often in packs. Carrog cannot live long on land, but they can coil out of water and squirm about for long enough to take prey or snatch an unwary person.

Behind the gills of the Carrog is an array of spines that drip deadly poison. These spines are used more often when fighting other Carrog for territory or if challenged by another great beast, a river wurum or the like, but if pressed, out-matched or cornered a Carrog will attempt to use the spines in a fight. Puffing and bloated creatures, Carrog cannot speak any human tongue but do have more than animal wits. They do not need to eat often, requiring food only about every month or two and will wait just below the surface of a pond or river for days before deciding to strike.

Ciudach

The Ciudach are a kin of ravenous and hairy cannibal ogres. They are considered older, wilder relatives of humans and may have in them some ettin blood, but perhaps Trolde blood too, and

other stranger beasts. Ciudach are shaggy all over with hair that may be a ruddy brown, grey, black or white. They have long, sloping faces, narrow eyes and a stooped, heavy-shouldered appearance. Ciudach run with their long fingers near brushing the ground, and can climb with stunning ease, up cliff, tree or rocky precipice. Ciudach dwell in the snowy reaches of the Bjornetooth Peaks. Although they were once common, they have been hunted over long centuries and now live only in the high reaches of the mountains, ghost-like among the snows and clouds.

Dvergastain

Stone guardians crafted by Deurgar and brought to life by the arts of rune and spellcrafting. Dvergastain may be shaped into any number of forms. Some are crafted to seem like Duergar, at least from a distance or in silhouette, others are crafted to look like wolves or hounds, men, trolls, even small dragons. Dvergastain vary in quality from crumbling things that will shatter under a good hammer-blow to hard-as-steel creatures of black stone. Their crafting takes at least a year and requires rare and expensive works of magic, so that especially where the Dvergastain is of quality craftsmanship, these stone guardians tend to be found only in the halls and chambers of kings or queens, great rune-workers and lords of the Duergar.

Ellefolk

Cold, icy, wood nymphs, called also the Elverpiger or Ellepige. A race of people who are of a mixed blood that is Aelfan, Mortal human and Wild Folk. The Elverpiger always give birth to female children and so must steal, lure or bind husbands of other races to them. They usually hunt for Aelfan or Mortal husbands, but have been known to take Ettin, Duergar and even Trolde.

Fossegrimen

The Fossegrimen are a race of ugly half-spirits who live in rivers and often near waterfalls. They have a particular talent with magic and music, and many sorcerous songs and words of power are known to them. The Fossegrimen are said to have powers over songs that can drive the listener mad, and this folk are not to be troubled lightly.

Their crafts are cunning too, though they chiefly work gold and silver, sometimes bone, ivory and copper. There are myths that the Fossegrimen have Duergar blood in them from a union long in the past, but if this is true, then the two peoples have long since gone their separate ways.

Fossegrimen and Duergar have little or no contact in the modern day.

Finn-Folk

This strange folk of the northlands were human once but have long ago been changed utterly by wild magic of the seas, snowy hills and rivers. Finn-folk can assume the form of seals, dogs, porpoises or ravens at will--or so it is said. They are secretive, wise, and oft-gifted with magical powers. Many stories tell of their control over weather, and sailors of the northern seas live in fear of the small, grey-and-white sailed boats that the Finn-Folk pilot on their fishing trips. Small of stature and dark complexion, many of the Finn-Folk have odd patches and blemishes on skin, marks of the magic that flows in their blood. Others sport strange eyes, blood-coloured or milk-white, or hair of unnatural darkness, like living midnight.

The Finn-Folk are not much concerned with the goings and doings of other men, nor of Aelfan, Duergar nor Ettin either. They reprise against raiders with deadly magical force, sometimes demand tolls from passing ships, but otherwise keep largely to themselves.

Frostbeast

Huge, hairy, white-furred beasts of the northern ice-wastes. Frostbeasts are hunched and long-clawed creatures, with eyes like old moonlight and breath that is so cold it burns. Frostbeasts are solitary creatures. They hunt alone and prefer ambush where possible. Their ice-breath can serve them as cloak and a shield. In cloudy or snowy weather, Frostbeasts are difficult to see, as they are always veiled in thin, cold mists. Although, the attack is exhausting, Frostbeasts can also dredge up a ball of icy air and spit it at prey or an enemy. Frostbeasts cannot use this icy blast more than once in half an hour or so without succumbing to exhaustion.

Grindelar

Slimy-skinned, gangly and clawed creatures of the fens, swamps and river-reeds. Grindelar are flesh-eating trolde-like beasts that have greenish-black skin cold and wet to feel. Their faces are massively overgrown by a huge jaw, hooked teeth and heavy brow-ridges. Down their neck and back runs hair like rotten black weed.

Fen-Grindelar

Smaller of the two common types of Grindelar. Fen-Grindelar tend to haunt river-banks and small swamps. They are not taller than a ten-year old child and hunt in packs.

Moor-Grindelar

Huge and solitary, the Moor-Grindelar make lairs in watery pools that dot moorlands and wet lowlands. They can remain submerged for days, and emerge from their fetid ponds to hunt by moonlight.

Grogach

Long-haired, golden coloured wildmen of Vardruin island. Wars and dark kingdoms have swept Vardruin over the centuries and there are few Grogach's left today. Some haunt the woods and forests of the remoter corners of the island, cutting sacred faces into trees and rocks and singing old songs of wild magic under the stars. Grogach are taller than men, though not so great and girthed as trolde. They never fell under the reign of the dark powers that once ruled Vardruin and have suffered for this. Very few of this people remain, and those that do are a scattered and dying race. It is said that the Grogach have secrets though, treasures and dark artefacts stolen from the powers of old and hidden in their sacred groves. Few travellers venture into those lands, and if any have visited a Grogach grove, none have returned to tell of it.

Haugfolk

Called the haugtussar or haugfolk, tuftefolk, underjordiske, rorefolk, and bjaergmaend, these are the hill-men of the northern lands. Many clans and tribes of Haugfolk exist, but there is no particular stamp to their form and shape. Most can be said to be humpbacked and small, but this is not true of all the Haugfolk. Some are tall and more graceful seeming. Their skin varies through many colours, snow white, rust coloured, ochre and earthy blacks. The Haugfolk are a people who were broken by magic long ago. The story is that their king or queen in ages past awoke a great rune and this strove through all the Haugfolk, disfiguring them into a hundred shapes and forms. Now they live as a motley nation of half-men and half-beasts among the ruins of old cities built on hills as old as time and earth. Their numbers have grown, their clans split and wandered, so that now the Haugfolk houses, built always under hills or from turf, can be found scattered all along the western fringes of the Iron Wood and down the coast of the Nørg King Fjords.

Kerling

There is only one Kerling, so far as is known. She is a hag, huge and bloated that has her home on one of the smaller islands of the Skerry Torrent. Her lair is full of strange magics and phantoms, and is built under a waterfall on the island.

The Kerling can make herself seem human when she is in company, but when angered or if seen with true sight or if her reflection is seen, her true form emerges. Fire seems to burn from her eyes and jaws, and though she has a human face and head, her mouth is thick with fangs, her fingers are clawed and she carries on her belt two massive swords curt with runes. She has also a deadly tail, tipped with barbs and vemon.

None at all would ever visit the Kerling except that she has tremendous powers of foresight. Her advice can make or break a king, bring down empires or raise them up. Many are the supplicants who have visited her cave-lair under the waterfall and many are the scattered bones of those whose gifts and sweet words did not please the Kerling. Only a few leave her cave, but those who do will carry knowledge that will benefit them through life.

Hernfolk

Enchanted folk with deer-antler horns, silver-blue eyes and voices like music and wing-songs. The Hernfolk are an elusive people of Dellingar Wood. The Laukar sometimes have dealings with them, but very infrequently.

The Hernfolk ride not horses, but a kith of massive-hocked and sable-skinned deer. They are fleet and agile hunters, wary of strangers and quick to vanish if threatened. More than any other people, the Hernfolk are feared and reputed as archers. They carry no bows of war, but small elegant bows that are used to loose fine arrows, as white and sharp as needles. The arrows themselves are deadly enough, but the Hernfolk had the tips in poison too, so that few survive even a graze by one such bolt without the wound mortifying and turning deadly.

Hulduske

Charmed bulls of the Aelfan Realms. The Aelfan have bred many strange creatures in their lands, and among them are the white kine and bulls called the Hulduske. These were bred for sport by the Aelfan, and are free to roam in the woods of the Aelfan realms. They are huge beasts, larger than bears and possessing horns that are like sharpened bronze. Their pelts alone felt a heavy gold-price in the southern markets of human-folk and it is said that any mortal who tastes the roasted flesh of a Hulduske will grow magical in strength and power.

Mar-Folk.

The Mar-Folk have the appearance of men when in their air-caves of coral under the sea, but become part-fish when swimming the waters. When ashore they discard their sea-tails too, but can never venture far from the salt-spray of the ocean. Any Mar-Folk man or woman who leaves sight and smell of the ocean behind will sicken and die, shrivelling up like an old leaf. Though it is not commonly known, the truth is that Mar-folk cannot live long either on land or in the sea, as the air in their own caves beneath the sea is different to either of these elements. The land is worst for them, and they will die within a few weeks. If caught at sea with no access to their charmed caves, a Mar-Folk will live for a year or so at most, and will be shrivelled and insane by the time he or she finally dies.

The voices of Mar-Folk can enchant men and other beasts. Seals swarm around when Mar-men sing, and there are witches among them, called Mar-wights, who can transform into seals, sing down storms, foretell the future and summon ship-smashing waves and serpents and kraken from the depths.

Called also the Selki-Folk or the Seal People, in many of the coves and bays where Mar-Folk are sometimes seen, it is considered unlucky and ill to kill a seal because one can never be sure that the beast is not some Mar-wight who has donned the seal-shape.

Lailoken

Small, dwarfish and hairy folk of the forested hills. Lailoken are blessed and cursed with foresight. They can see glimpses and glimmerings of the future, but always they see dark tidings and cursed things that have not come to pass but yet might. Every Lailoken knows the hour of his or her own death and can always feel the time slipping away, though they never know the cause nor the agent of death until it is upon them.

Moorfiend

Serpentine monsters of the swamps and moors. Moorfiends have a dragonlike head, heavy scales, almost to the thickness of a turtle shell, and long coils of snake-cords. They are poisonous and are feared both for the venom in their bite and in the corrosive clouds of gas they belch. The shrubs, trees and grasses for a mile around a Moorfiend lair will quickly yellow, blacken and die, and wildlife either dies of poisoned water or flits away elsewhere.

Moss-Hagge

Half-human, half-spirit bog women, the Moss-Haggas are a witch-blooded race that live in the Foxfire Fens of Vardruin island. They served the dark powers of Nargaroth once, and may still do so.

Moss-Haggies are half-elemental beings, and they are over-grown with lichens, mosses, and water-weeds. When asleep or keeping watch a Moss-Hagge will sink into the earth and seem to all but vanish.

The Moss-Haggies have no husband-folk, but do not seem either interested or capable of breeding. Some say that they did have men in their kith at a time in the past, but murdered them all during one bloody night. As it is, the Moss-Haggies live quietly and watchfully in their swamp-homes paying scant attention to the goings on outside of their world, growing older century by century and working their earth-magics in the cold winter months, calling out to the strange beings of the dark beyond that they once served.

Nøkken and Näcken

These are two tribes of goblin-like water creatures. They are grey and slick skinned, ungainly in shape, but not ugly, and gold-eyed. The Nøkken and Näcken are undoubtedly of the same blood, long ago, but this should not be suggested to them openly, not if a person values life. These two peoples have been at war for centuries, and possibly since the world began.

The Nøkken and Näcken live in the North Isles in the Sea of Eld. The Nøkken occupy the westernmost isle and the Näcken, the eastern isle. Both of the people build swift, grey warships of cunning design and are experts in sea-warefare and archery. The only way for an outsider to tell the two folk apart is by the tattoos of their skin. The Nøkken decorate themselves with angular red lines from head to toe, whereas the Näcken tattoo themselves with whorls of blue-green.

Both tribes are civilized in their way, and do not much trouble the coastlines where mortal men dwell to their immediate south. They sometimes hunt Drachen along the eastern reaches of their lands, but otherwise are occupied almost entirely with the planning and carrying out of raids and slave-taking sallies against one-another.

Scoffin

Dangerous, serpentine creatures that live on a few of the islands that dot the Sea of Green Shadows. Scoffin can swim long distances and tend to occupy only a single island to a beast, coming together only to breed once every eleven years. They hunt mostly for fish, porpoises or sharks, but will gladly take prey that is fool enough to sail into their waters.

Scoffin are dragonish creatures and have the fire-drake's breath in them. They can boil water, shoot jets of fire and steam and set ships on fire with ease. On land, the Scoffin can breath a fire so hot that if a person or beast is caught in the flame, the flesh can seem to be turned to black stony ash in moments.

Sjörå

Mermaid wild spirits of the northern fjords and lochs. The Sjörå have a trollish look to them, and are to a mortal eye quite hideous. They do, however, have voices that are beautiful beyond belief, and they sometime unwittingly draw mortals to them through an accidental working of enchantment. The Sjörå have no interest in mortals, except perhaps as a toy or distraction and sometimes meat when hungry. Their coves have in them the bones of those who have been unfortunate enough to be drawn into the waters by the Sjörå songs, and there either drowned or met with Sjörå teeth.

Skalle-Creeper

Shapeless creatures, white and eyeless that live in the deep caves of the earth. Skalle-creeper are thought to be distant relatives of kraken that have taken to a life in the cool, dark caves, pools and rivers that run through the limestone caves that dot and connect many of the mountains of the world.

The Duergar fear and hate Skalle-Creepers and will kill them whenever possible, but the slithering beasts are hard to destroy. They can squeeze through cracks as narrow as a person's hand only expand to a size larger than a bull, tentacles lashing in ambush, beak gapping hungrily.

Skogsrå

The Skogsrå are an Aelfan-chaŕmed race, bred from a union of Trolde and Aelf, enchanted by Aelfan magic and bound to thralldom as guardians and warders in the Aelfan wood-realms. Most, though not all, of the Skogsrå are female. They are huge of frame, pale-skinned, blue-shadow eyed and possessed of great strength. The Aelfan use them as guards and sometimes as house-servants. They are often as the first soldiers to wade into battle when the Aelfan go to war, and their plaintive songs, heard in forests dark or across a moonlit battlefield are much feared.

Skørg

Shambling hairy creatures, with twisted horns, grinning toothy mouths and sly cat eyes. Skørg live in wilds and woodlands, hunting alone usually, though sometimes in small groups. Where some beasts collect gold or silver, or magic treasures, the Skørg delight in polished bones, carved or incised into delicate shapes. Whilst generally speaking, Skørg will be satisfied taking the bones of what things they hunt for food or collecting bones from carrion, they will sometimes take a fancy to a person's bones while they are still in the living person.

Spellmannen

This is the name given by people to warlocks and magicians who have allowed themselves to be overrun by Soulburn. Such people are mad, often cloaked in illusions, filthy, wild-eyed and babbling. The exact nature of a Spellmannen depends on the magic that has overrun the sorcerer: Darkness Spellmannen are different entirely to Spellmannen of Song or of Summer and Light. All however are dangerous in their way, all are crazed, and though they are tolerated in some villages and towns, in other places, Spellmannen are driven off whenever they arrive wandering along the roads, singing their mad chants.

Tomte

Small, thin-framed, sallow-faced relatives of Nisse. There are Greyclad Tomte that live in hills and woodlands nearby human settlements; Redcape Tomte that are savages, murderers and killers who dye their cloaks in blood, and Barrow-farmer Tomte who are said to live in enchanted houses built into the mounds of ancient dead kings. The last, the Barrow-farmers are said to gain powers and arts from the dead, and are sometimes sought for powers of prophecy.

Troldes

Fleshunger-Trolde

A cursed species of Trolde that are now few and far between. In ages past the dark powers stole Troldes of varied clans and tortured them with magic. The Fleshunger-Troldes were the twisted making of those arts. They are half-rotten seeming creatures, dead-smelling and festering. Though Fleshunger-Troldes are thin to the point of seeming skeletal, they are also tall, taller even than Ettin. Long ago, these beasts were soldiers of Nargaroth and high guards of his thanes and thralls, but they are masterless now and stalk the night hunting always for prey for a Fleshunger-Trolde is never sated no matter how much it eats.

Iron-Trolde

Troldes of the north winter-lands who have skin that is as black and hard as iron. Their eyes are piggish and red and they have hair of wirey grey fur. Iron-Troldes have both battled with and traded with Duergar and the two people have an easy familiarity with one-another.

Jätten-Trolde

Huge-framed Troldes that are in truth half-Ettin by blood. Jätten-Troldes sometimes live as kings among other Trolde-kin, but are always hated and mistrusted due to their murky bloodline, Ettinish features and habits.

Saltsea-Trolde

Great lumbering trolde-folk who have hair of a dark green, gelatinous stuff and skin that is rough grey and sometimes covered in barnacles. The Salt-sea Troldes are not fully creatures of the sea, but live along the banks, rocky shores and cliffs of the oceans in remote corners of the world. They stand much taller than any other Trolde, and some call them giants, not knowing they are Troldes at all.

Skallog Trolde

Winter trolde-folk of the north, with ice-blue skin, rime-encrusted hair and eyes like moonlit shadow. The Skallog Trolde live in the lands to the south of Himinglaiva's place, in caves and small hamlets of their own rude making. They are subjects of Himinglaiva and are always on the watch for invaders into her lands, be they mortal, spirit or other things of the void beyond.

Wind-Trolde

A species of thin-boned troll that lives among some of the skerries and islands of the west. Wind-Trolde are happy, merry and genuinely friendly creatures. They are tall, gangly and quite ugly, but are not dangerous unless attacked first. The Skalla have tried to take Wind-Trolde as slaves, but Wind-Trolde have innate powers over rain, storms and winds, and the Skalla ships run afoul of rocky shoals long before they make landfall on Wind-Trolde islands.

Trullet

Relatives of the Trow. Trullets are small trolde-like creatures who live in the woodlands and forests of the western coasts and on some islands. They are simple folk, living often as woodcutters, beekeepers and shepherds, sometimes trading and dealing with Mortal Men or Duergar, though just as often keeping to themselves.

Morth-ravin

Called also the Ravens of the Slain, the Morth-ravin are strange creatures of old and dark magic. Usually, they take the form of a huge raven, as big as a great eagle, and this is probably their truest and oldest shape. But by magic arts, Morth-ravin can transform themselves into huge black wolves and also into a nightmare hybrid creature, half-wolf and half-raven. Their arts are stranger still, as the Morth-ravin can take human form, but only for a period of one month after eating the heart and drinking the blood of a slain human. There are rumours that more than one dark lord brooding in a hillfort over a terrified village, is in truth a Morth-ravin in human-form, taking each month a victim so that he or she can continue to live as a human lord with all its privileges, foods, entertainments and eases.

Warden trees

Very old and ancient trees that have been bewitched with Aelfan magic. Warden trees have faces carved into them and these have been quickened with magic, so that the face can heave itself around the tree, open jade-green eyes, look, whisper and call out. Warden Trees are found only in Aelfan realms or sometimes in forests that were once ruled by the Aelfan but have since been abandoned. They are loyal watchers, and their voice when calling alarm can be heard by any Aelfan up to a day's walk off.

They have no power to uproot and move around, though can move their lumbering branches to defend themselves, or strangle an unwitting trespasser. More often, Warden Trees will call for help in the Aelfan tongue and then try to beguile, mislead or confuse travellers with false advice and misdirection. They can seem unquestionably helpful and friendly up to the point where a traveller realizes that they have been directed into some trolde's cave or a forest-wurum's lair.

Wolf-witched

Tribes of wolves that can assume a human form by magic. The tales vary, some saying that the Wolf-witched take human form on definite days or nights of the year, although opinion differs when. Others say that the Wolf-witched particularly, or only, take human form every ninth night, or at high or low tide, on a full moon or new moon, on certain feast days, in fine weather or in summer-time, or at night between sunset and sunrise. It could be that there are more than one Wolf-witched tribe and their arts and spells differ among them.

The Wolf-witched generally hold themselves apart from other people and do not have much dealing with Mortals at all. They sometimes come into villages or small towns when in human form, after having stolen clothing, but never stay long for fear of discovery.

Wurums

Mole Wurum

The smallest of the Wurums, Mole-Wurums are about twelve foot long at most, and have a thickness of about that of a human thigh. They are burrowing creatures, possess gnawing blunt teeth and small claws below their chins. Their faces and snouts are snakeish, but are maned with black fur and they have a powerful acrid smell about them.

Mole Wurums are most hated when they infest graveyards and barrow fields, which they are prone to do. The buried corpses make for easy food and Mole Wurums can tunnel among the burying places with ease. They sometimes tunnel into food-stores and cellars, though usually only if a house or inn is isolated.

Helsorm Wurum

One of the smaller sorts of Sea Wurum being about as long as two boatlengths when grown to adulthood. Helsorm Wurums swim and hunt along the coasts of the Sea of Green Shadows as far north of the Fjords of Wurums. They are varied in colour and hue, scarlet or emerald, blue, jet or ivory. Their scales are faintly iridescent and much-prized for making coats of armour or carving into small, translucent items of jewellery.

The Helsorm Wurums are the kith of Wurum that nests most frequently in the Fjords of Wurums, and it is this kin of Wurum that the Aelfan Folk have made bargains with for their mutual advantage. Aelfan watch the sandy beaches where the Wurums nest, and the Wurums haunt the bays, assailing and sinking strange ships that may be intending to raid the Aelfan realms.

Cirean Wurum

Grey-crested sea wurums of tremendous size. Cirean Wurums are great beasts that hunt whales and other creatures of the deep. The greatest of them are large enough to kill a Kraken and few beasts of the sea rest easily where a Cirean Wurum is basking in the storm-raked waters of the far seas.

UNDEAD

Aelvaslaik

Undead spirits of outcast Aelfan. Aelvaslaik are bitter and twisted spirits, usually criminals or oath-betrayers among the Aelfan. They have no physical form or powers, but have a voice and can whisper in seductive half-tones. Many resort to teaching Aelfan magic and arts to a Mortal in return for a body to inhabit and desires fulfilled. Many dark illusionists and sorcerers of Mortal history are in truth illiterate fools whose mind has been over-run by an Aelvaslaik that found the person wandering in the wilds one day.

Ashen Spectre

These are the remnant spirits of twelve Mortal lords and warriors who gave their service to Gorm, the demon the dark age of war. The Ashen Spectres survived Gorm's destruction but have fled and scattered so that now they live hidden under helm and cloak, pretending to be warlocks or dark thegns of small kingdoms.

Ashen Spectres, when revealed in their true forms, are grey and smoke-shadowy of shape with eyes like cold and distant stars. They are dangerous in this shape, but can also take the form of a huge and deadly wolf-spectre, grey-black all over with a maw that burns with cold fire and blazing eyes. It was in this wolf-form that the Ashen Spectres most commonly accompanied their lord, Gorm, and as wolves they can run swifter than horses.

Attergangar

An 'again walker', the Attergangar are mindless and weak corpses returned to life by dark magic of a cursed place, by sorcery gone awry or by the spilled blood of a demon. These undead walking corpses are dangerous in numbers, but alone are slow moving and clumsy. Their only thought is a hatred for all that lives and breathes. They cannot stand sunlight and will hide themselves in caves or under thick trees during the day.

Deildegast

The spirit of a thief or criminal who has been sacrificed at a cross-road or border-place and bound with sorcery and witchcraft to always watch the boundary lands. They are called sometimes border-stone ghosts, for they often haunt stones that mark boundaries between land-holdings or kingdoms. The Deildegast can take a human-like shape, but more often appear as spectral owls. They are seen at times when invasion threatens or when a border has been crossed by unfriendly soldiers. Deildegast are considered unlucky omens of war, but they serve the purpose they were set, which is to give silent warning to a people of approaching invaders.

Gravemist

Shapeless ghost-things that haunt graveyards. Gravemists look something like a white fog rolling along the ground and it is thought by some scholars of the necromantic arts that Gravemists are not true ghosts at all, but rather a sort of collective spirit of a dead place that forms over time. Gravemists do not usually trouble passers-by, but on sacred nights or when the moon is new and the night dark they may attack trespassers. Their touch is chillingly cold and anyone killed by a Gravemist will appear to have frozen to death during the night--an eerie corpse to find during high summer.

Helhest

Hell horses, the Helhest were first raised from the spirits of dead horses by demons in the service of Gorm. Subsequently, many Mortal necromancers have learned this art. Helhest appear as great shadowy horses through whose dark flesh can sometimes be seen glimpses of crumbling yellow bone. They obey a rider's commands perfectly and run swift and without tiring. However, Helhest cannot tolerate daylight and are only useful at night or during thick fogs. The beasts are considered cursed things for obvious reasons by most Mortals, and the sorcerers who raise them are thought of as unclean at best.

Helhunn

Guardian dog Draugnar raised from the skeleton, pelt and flesh of three slaughtered hounds and merged together using black arts. Helhunn are massive, black beasts with burning eyes and silent padding claws. They are used often as watchers by dark workers of magic and are clever, tireless, strong and obedient. Helhunns dislike sunlight but if forced they can run and fight in the day. If allowed a choice they will always seek shade at least, and prefer darkness.

Mean-Wights

Mean-wights are a sort of half-Draugnar that are brought about by drownings or murdered travellers, suicides, executed trespassers or when a grave-thief is 'barrow taken', that is: killed by a guardian ghost. Mean-wights may be petty, covetous, distraught or in a state of constant and unwitting terror depending on the nature of their death. They have at their heart some shambling bits and shards of corpse, flesh and bone, but are mostly ghostly things, enveloped with shadow. Some sorcerers create Mean-wights on purpose as servants, but Mean-wights lack any great power and they tend to fade over time, eventually disappearing. To give them real power, they need regular sacrificial offerings of blood, either human or animal will do. In game terms a Mean-wight that has been recently 'Blood-fed' is more solid and more dangerous than a Mean-wight that hasn't. Mean-wights that have come about 'naturally' due to murders or broken oaths usually do not understand for themselves that feeding on blood will strengthen them, but if one does it can turn from being a dangerous nuisance in the wild to a deadly and remorseless killer, slaughtering sheep and goats and eventually people in an endless and misguided desire to become real and alive again.

Night Mist

Called the Moor-Woman's Brewing, the Night Mist is a strange and powerful undead thing that haunts the deeper fens and moorlands where the Morhorag dwell. Some think that the Night Mist is the result of some ancient necromancy, other believe that it is a collective sorrow of all the souls of those who have drowned or died of exposure on the moors.

Certainly the Night Mist a form that suggests a congealing of many ghosts. It is a grey-bleak mist-shape that has in it many staring, haunted faces of the dead. The faces mouth words constantly but never make a noise and none know what it is that the ghosts in the mist are trying to speak. The Night Mist seems hungry to swell its ranks, as it will attack and attempt to absorb into itself any who cross its path.

The legend among the Morhorag is that the Night Mist is brewed each night out of a cauldron by an ancient witch-hag of the hills, thus the name: Moor-Woman's Brewing.

Nightraven

The wandering soul of an executed malefactor or suicide whose body has been held down by stakes, beheaded or otherwise treated with white magic that will prevent a Draugnar or Mean-wight from walking. Nightravens are insubstantial things. They can take a human form or the appearance of a dead and ghostly raven. They cannot speak unless fed a bowl of recently drawn blood, but even when fed on blood, Nightravens have no power to harm or kill.

Rite-Wraith

Dark and dangerous wraith-like undead that were first raised by Gorm to swell the ranks of his armies. Such beings are most powerful if they were made from the soul of a dead sorcerer or mage, sacrificed for magic, and for this reason many magic workers were beguiled into the demon Gorms service only to be slain and raised as undead using dark rituals.

The knowledge how to create a Rite-Wraith passed to a few Mortal necromancers, but most of Gorms servants were themselves killed long ago so that it is now unclear if this dark art still remain alive today. If it does, it is no doubt practised in some remote and wild corner of the world where a lonely necromancy raises Rite-Wraiths in secret in preparation for the day with Nargaroeth returns.

Utburd

The ghost of a child taken out and left to die of exposure. Leaving an unwanted child to perish is still practised in some remote and savage places of the world. Usually such unfortunates perish and pass pitifully away. Rarely, a child has a strong enough soul or has suffered enough during its death that it returns as an Utburd, desperate to find its family and sometimes bent on revenge.

The mind of babe is simple and full of swirling emotion. They cannot be reasoned with and this makes Utburd's dangerous things. They will sometimes try to suckle at breasts and instead kill the woman by draining out blood and life. Othertimes they will half-crawl, half-flutter through dark forests or along roads following travellers, desperate for warmth and love but afraid also.

There is said to be an Utburd in the Glens of Lithraisnir that was left for dead on a winter night but was found by a she-wolf and cared for. The babe died despite the care of the she-wolf and it returned as a ghostly Utburd to ride with the wolf-pack, screaming through the night.

Wight Fires

Undead spirits that haunt lonely moors and forest. Wight Fires have a glowing body and a flickering of flames in their eyes and their lashing hair. These spirits are the ghosts of people who long ago were burned to death in sacrificial ceremonies performed by a barbaric and now long-dead religion. The Wight Fires probably had some task to perform or were set to guard a place or thing, but what their purpose was is now lost to us.

They are strange ghosts, and can be either helpful or dangerous. Some seem to be in pain and mad, while others have wits intact and speak calmly without any hint of emotion. Unlike most undead, Wight Fires have a warmth to them, though any who draw too close will find themselves burned by the ghost's flaming heart.

WILD-FOLK

Ilvätte

Mischievous spirits that delight in living around farm houses, outlying villages and sometimes small towns. Although Ilvätte like to play annoying pranks and tricks, they also tend to develop a strong attachment to the Mortal human families in their nearby community. Ilvätte are actually

quite powerful beings and can swell themselves up into huge hairy beasts with claws and slavering jaws. They prefer for their 'beloved' family to never see them in such a state, but many is the raider, slaver or invading soldier who has discovered, to his lethal sorrow, that lonely farmhouses are not always unguarded.

Skälvrängare

Huge shambling spirit-beings that have the form of a tree, something like a giant made up of wood, bark and branch, moss, lichen and wet clay. These beings are called also the wood-walkers, the watchers of the woods, or the forest keepers. Skälvrängare neither like nor strongly dislike Mortal folks, though they have a dislike of Aelfan Folk. In times past the Aelfan Folk thought to enslave Skälvrängare and use them for guardians of their woodland realms: some Skälvrängare were caught and thrallled with magic, but this did not end well for the Aelfan Lords. Free Skälvrängare descended on the small Aelfan Realm in question and tore it up, over-throwing wall, building and tower. The Aelfan have never been foolish enough to try and enslave Wild Folk again, but nonetheless the Skälvrängare mistrust and dislike that folk until this day.

Skummelt

Minor darkness spirits, although the Skummelt are spirits of nature and night-time, many Skummelt were seduced by Gorm, and were tortured and twisted by that demon-lord. When Gorm was destroyed, his Skummelt thralls scattered and fled. They now haunt lonely dark places, preying on lonely travellers. Other Wild Folk hate those Skummelt that went over to the dark servants of Nargoroth and will kill Dark Skummelt on sight.

A few Skummelt did resist the pressings and temptations of Gorm, and these spirits are lonely, sad beings who live alone in woodlands. They come out of their hidden lairs at night, and have the form of silvery-skinned young woman with hair like moonlight.

Spreet

Spreets are the lowest and least powerful of the Wild Folk. They are often without much real form, having a shapeless sort of ghost-appearance, sometimes with eyes and mouth, but sometimes featureless. Spreets are seldom more than a few feet in height and often flock as attendants to more powerful Wild Folk. Sorcerers sometimes capture Spreets and use them as servants, spies or assassins.

Storm Spreet: Spirits of lightning and storm, black and foggy in appearance.

Wind Spreet: Almost invisible spirits of the air, playful and giggling.

Sea Spreet: Curling mist-spirits that swim through water as easily as they drift over the waves.

Flame Spreet: Fire spirits with glowing spectral bodies of smoke and embers.

Stone Spreet: Sluggish spirits of the earth and rock, slow and dull, but nigh impossible to destroy either by arms or by magic.

Uragaig Folk

Winter spirits, haglike and dangerous. The Uragaig Folk live under the rule and mastery of Himinglaiva the Winter-Queen and many of them serve her as witches and seers in her court. Uragaig Folk are powerful works of magic, and are among the few of the Wild Folk who take an interest in learning and working the classes of spells that Mortals use. Some are even afflicted by Soulburn and Taints. Although generally speaking, Uragaig Folk have little interest in a living Mortal, they will take time to speak to sorcerers in the hope that they may learn some secrets, whether by bargain, threat or trickery.

Vittra

A class of Wild Folk spirit. The Vittra live mostly in the southern lands and are spirits of seasons, fertile vales, streams and orchards. The Vana lands have many Vittra in them, though the Vittra do not always reveal themselves. Men often categorize the Vittra, calling them Land Vittra, Meadow Vittra, River Vittra and so on, but in truth this class of Wild Folk are a single people who have wandered, divided and taken to living in a landscape of their own particular delight. Some names given to these spirits by people include: Skogsrå of the forest Vittra, Sjörå of the rivers and lakes, Havsrå of sea and ocean, and Bergsrå of the mountains, cliffs and the hills. For

reasons that are unknown, some Vittra take a like to humans and attached themselves to a family or household. Such spirits are called Dís and are viewed a sort of minor patron goddess.

Vörðr

Warden and caretaker spirits of sacral places. The Vörðr are fearsome and huge spirit-creatures that have in ancient days been set to guard enchanted or hallowed lands. They are often watched over from a distance by more powerful and greater wildfolk, and are in a sense a sort of guard-hound of the Wild Folk. The forms and shapes of Vörðr are many and varied, but all of these creatures are deadly and powerful when defending their lands, and Mortals should be wary of approaching such a being.

DEMONS

Bjaerg-Harrow

A shadowy demon that dressed itself under silver and sable cloaks and wears a bone mask. It haunts a field of barrows and burial mounds that lies to the west of the Iron Wood. It has made a petty realm here and on the highest of the barrows there is a black throne of rough rock where the demon sits and surveys its realm. The Bjaerg-Harrow has necromantic powers and has many thralls and theings of undead things in its service.

Gorm

One of the most powerful servants of Nargaroth. Gorm took the form of a large black sire wolf that seemed made of storm clouds and flaring lighting. For a time Gorm ruled a vast kingdom of nightmares, dark sorcerers and undead and he nearly brought about the entry of Nargaroth into the Mortal World, Mithgerd. Although he was slain long ago, it is not known if demons of the power and lineage of Gorm can ever truly stay dead. Perhaps he is even now a voice on the wind somewhere, riding with a wolf-pack or reforming himself into a shrivelled, silver-ghostly mockery of his former glory.

The game statistics provided for Gorm represent this demon at his powerful nadir, before his fall and death.

Groamagh

Demons of dusk and gloaming. The Groamagh are hairy-looking things with red-pitted eyes and darkness on their breath. Their hairy bodies seem to be made of spun night-shadows, and their long claws and like scimitars of bone. Many Groamagh once served Malgrod the Raven-Mouthed

Hrae-Svelgr

Called the corpse swallower, the demon of the dead and sometimes the flesh-jaetter. The Hrae-Svelgr is a strange creature, mishappen grey-green fleshed, silent and predatory. It wanders the Lithrasiar Forest and is given to rooting up bodies from graveyards and killing wandering travellers. Murdered dead are frequently left to rot for a week or more before the Hrae-Svelgr returns to eat them, and more than one party of border-wards has found a tree with corpses hanging off it, waiting for the Hrae-Svelgr. The demon is clever of wit but seems to have no delight for company or servants and works only to feed it hunger for dead and rotting meat.

Heljaegeren

The demon and is called also the hell-hunter, the rider of thunder and the night's horseman. The Heljaegeren is a wandering demon of the north who has no home. He once served Gorm in his army, but after the fall of Gorm and then the defeat of Nargaroth in Dark Spirit Vale, Heljaegeren has walked his own path. He rides a Helhest of massive size with ice-chips for eyes and is accompanied by dozens of baying and snarling Helhunns. Heljaegeren delights in hunting prey, especially where the prey has the wits and weapons of men. Where a chase has been especially difficult and the kill challenging, the Heljargeren will take the skull of his prey, polish it to shining bone and hang it from his saddle. He has a dozen or more such skulls rattling at his flanks already: some of humans, some of stranger beasts and even one small dragon skull.

Ese

A powerful sea-dwelling demon that lives near the mouth of the Scoured River. None live today who can rightly remember the shape or form of Ese, as this demon has been dormant for centuries. He entered the world shortly after Gorm, Jormunorm and Malgrod, but has been less active in his pursuit of Nargaroth's will. Perhaps he has already made plans, but they are labyrinthine and complex: long is the life of a demon and the more patient are perhaps the more dangerous.

Jormunorm

A demon in the form of a serpent made of coils of blood and shadow. When Jormunorm surfaces it is as if the sun is blotted out by clouds of raining blood. Thankfully for all who live, Jormunorm surfaces seldom. He swims in the deepest darkest expanses of the ocean, devouring whatever unlucky kraken, whales or sea-wurums he finds.

None know the plans of Jormunorm or whether he remains loyal to Nargaroth. If the serpent-demon should ever haul itself onto the earth it would likely be the end of many kingdoms, perhaps the end of all people, as his weight alone might shatter the earth and bring waves of cresting grey-blue death upon the green fields and forests of the world.

Limgrim

An enraged, almost mindless demon that has taken the form of a boar. Limgrim haunts the forest of Gangrathir where he is much feared. He is of a size about that of a small dragon with coarse brown-black fur, yellow tusks like jags of rusted steel and piggish, fire-burning eyes. Limgrim behaves in all ways like a creature driven insane, and though he can speak many of the languages of beasts and men, he only babbles and snorts incoherently.

Malgrod the Raven-Mouthed

A demon who has taken the form of a hundred demonic ravens swirling in circles and screaming together. When Malgrod speaks, all his raven-beaks speak as one and it sounds like a chorus of the damned singing.

Malgrod can and has disguised himself in the form of a man-like wraith, and can presumably take other forms as well: animals, beasts, perhaps objects if so desired. He is among the more powerful and certainly among the cleverest and most dangerous of Nargaroth's demons, for it was Malgrod who opened the door to the World-Tree, allowed Nargaroth to enter and brought about the battle that was called the Ragnarok: the doom of gods, heroes and demons alike. However, Malgrod escaped the battle when it was lost, and this demon still lurks somewhere in Mithgerd, hidden in some dark place, healing himself of dire wounds and no doubt brooding on when next he shall emerge into the world, in what form and to what purpose.

Mjorn

Powerful demons of the night. The Warlock Lord Mjorn has re-named himself after these night-demons and as a mark of his power and perhaps his foolishness, he has bound many of these demons to his service. It is said that the Mjorn were once the champions and high guard of Gorm in his days of power: certainly the Mjorn are terrifying things. They are fleshed of darkness, phantoms from the waste down and armoured in black and bronze metal on chest, arm and head.

Sarathesta

Sarathesta was once one of the chief demon servants of Nargaroth, but over time she has wandered away from the darkness, taken a new form and works against the shadows and other demons. Sarathesta lives now in the form of a mortal woman who seems young and ageless. She has the reputation of being a powerful sorceress, though few if any suspect or know her true history.

Sarathesta dwells in a holding of white towers on the Grey Water river near the western borders of the Vanargan lands. She has developed a special love for the People of Vana and will act to defend them where she can. She has made for herself the name and reputation as the Swan

Witch, and the water gardens and ponds of her towers have always white swans in them, swimming graceful in the lit waters. She keeps a circle of woman sorcerers who dress in white feather cloaks and she keeps a band of nine warriors whom are called the Swan-Thegns and dress also in white and silver from head to toe.

Scimtherenis

A coal-black she-cat as big as the biggest sacred oxen. Fire seems to issue from her mouth and nostrils and her claws are like shards of moonlight. Scimtheren keeps her own company in the Mornath Mountains. She prowls alone and like a shadow, and thus far at least seems to have no quarrel with Aslaugh the Golden though it is perhaps even doubtful that the dragon knows of the slinking shadow-cat that hunts deathly silent in his domain.

NOTE: I've never been very happy with the Aelfan names provided for Wayfarer's Song. These somewhat more 'Celtic' names are more to my liking and I think suit the race better.

FEMALE AELFAN NAMES

Áinia, Ais, Ana, Aoissbu, Armaing, Beuane, , Breenda, Bren, Cara, Clindia, , Conchiu, , Conea, Corchea, Criada, Cuirgen, Cutu, Crissia, Daill, Darna, Dell, Delma, Deonó, Diarva, Dori, Dorrecl, Duinninn, Dymphna, Ealnird, Ébleach, Ednatia, Éil, Éilla, Eimh, Elanind, Eponcla, Ericiod, Erillan, Erinn, Ethna, Eurna, Evlind, Find, Fingelia, Finna, Follan, Gobha, Grufori, Guinnsh, Hisenn, Inina, Innathn, Itanda, Kea, Laoill, Lasa, Lasaide, Leirid, Lia, Locuxso, Maema, Maigria, Mairinn, Meenna, Melocca, Mida, Miroghn, Monn, Morma, Muadhbh, Mugene, Muil, Muirdre, Muirion, Muirna, Nes, Nóire, Nolai, Norscna, Odaoigh, Ogaimhe, Orle, Pialgre, Réallee, Rhybre, Rigeoni, Sabhinh, Saoirse, Slania, , Tala, Tarea, Téit, Telma, Temachi, Thach, Trenica, Truoche, Whilind

MALE AELFAN NAMES

Ailbod, Ala, Andeust, Andlint, Anlochn, Aodhenu, Aroste, Baile, Bech, Caindug, Caitoco, Cárr, Cas, Cathis, , Cathard, Catus, Cedran, Ciassis, Ciold, Cis, Clas, Cogenth, Comhín, Conanne, Congone, Conne, Contocr, , Croethi, Croicus, Croncha, Cuman, Cúmhono, Debh, Desubh, Dommoc, Dondrub, Dougabr, Drythoe, Dubaris, Dufinco, Dun, Ebus, Ech, Éibhcras, Elan, Elvodvos, Esubith, Feach, Feignothorn, Fin, Finen, Finn, Finusti, Flairio, Forgis, Gairber, Gallath, Gar, Gnarr, Gobthan, Golael, Gos, Guo, Guot, Inval, Juthers, Kil, Kilius, Lach, Leff, Lugair, Lughlisc, , Lystrai, Maelasú, Mal, Malpharc, Mathaim, Nech, Neidfiu, Nemhrai, Nemmori, Pirgren, Rionniu, Semhnam, Sene, Sreisolarc, Strewali, Toimat, Ual, Ultragi, Venusard