

Wermund – Players Guide.

“Some may say I’m just a spoilt brat looking for a legacy.
Well I have found my own path to power and it’s nothing you could ever imagine...”

The World of Skara.

This Players Guide is designed to give you a feel for the basic world setting, some of the geography, history and knowledge your character knows (It is by no means set in stone).

It also contains some basic information on your character and rules you might find useful. It is not essential to memorise it, but please keep it handy for the game.

Introduction.

Your father’s tower was located in the heart of Falun, in the city named after the domain. You and your brother both grew on the ground floor playing with toys made of clockwork, or puzzles made of rope and pins. While you were growing up visitors of all types came to seek your father’s advice, farmers, warriors, tradesmen and treasure seekers. All came and paid tribute, some gaining access to the towers sacred shrine, the study where your father rarely left.

It was some treasure hunter from the north that left the Orb for your father, and from the first you were fascinated by it. A silver globe made of interlinked discs covered in runes spidery and unknown, with yellow translucent gems at either pole; it was obviously a puzzle box of some kind. You watched as your father wrapped in a cloth and locked it up inside his vault so he could study it later.

Within a few years you found yourself and your brother working for your father, copying histories, learning languages and scribing important scrolls. Your father also trusted you as the eldest to run errands around the city in his name. This was your first experience of the world, and you soon discovered how far your father’s reputation ran, discovering how it would open all sorts of doors to you, even the High Lord’s own Meadhall.

You soon discovered your taste for life far outweighed your father’s lessons and duties. You were never reprimanded as you spent more and more time away from your duties, sampling the finer things the city had to offer, and for a while life was enjoyable.

Then the fever came. Some say that it has been sent as a warning from the Seven that Falun was not pious enough, others that mercenaries from the north had spread it deliberately, whatever the truth, the fact is nearly a quarter of the city, from Lord to Slave was laid low with the fever that killed almost all it infected. Your father was one of those stricken. When he gave your brother his title (with the High Lord’s blessing), you were not shocked, and in fact was proud of your studious young brother as you indeed had no wish to follow your in your fathers dusty footsteps. When he left you nothing, and suddenly you where dependent upon the scraps from your brothers table to support you however, you realised his displeasure of you as his son, as did everyone else. Those who once respected you now sniggered behind your back and everywhere you looked into eyes dark with hidden amusement about your whispered ‘worthy fate’.

Stealing into your fathers former study while your brother was attending a function of the High Lord’s was easy, deciding what to take was less so, after all, how much would a new life cost you?

Opening your father’s hidden vault, you uncovered some of the treasures and tribute that he had gathered over the years. Inside you rediscovered the orb that has so caught your attention all the years ago, where it had remained untouched for all of these years.

As soon as you hand clasped the orb, something powerful exploded in the back of your head, and knocked you to your knees. You looked up into the eyes of a woman you had never seen before wearing a robe of white material that seemed to shine as if it was composed of solidified moonbeams. She introduced herself as Seidkona and told you that your training was about to begin. You could hardly concentrate, the pain inside your skull almost making you pass out. She seemed concerned, muttering something about how you were too old, and something about compatibility. You reached out for

her, trying to focus, but instead stood stunned as your arm passed straight through her, as if she was a phantom or demon. You felt memories pour between the two of you, as you glimpsed a far gone age, a marble temple and the selected beginning their training in the art of mysticism now long lost, each with their own orb, their own tutor on this path. Other images, some making no sense flashed through your mind too quick to really grasp, a fast moving shadow over a land impossibly vast, a betrayer wearing purple robes, races long gone to this world who once would have called you friend and god's demanding tribute from those long turned to dust. You saw too the power of the ancients mystics, how they could turn invade opponents minds, turning their opponents bodies against themselves, how they could project bubbles of force to protect them from the spears and arrows of their foes, even swap their own consciousness with others to serve as spies and information gatherers. Here at last was something more interesting than books. Done right you could learn a skill long gone and forgotten, and reap all the benefits it could give to one who was wilful and practical in its application?

You travelled for a while, living off the sales of trinkets from the theft that night, till most of your gold, and indeed most of what you have are now gone. Your lessons progress, even if Seidkona is a harsh teacher at times, but you have begun to feel the benefits of her lessons, the old powers now reside within you, (even if your teacher tells you there is much more to learn). Inside the pack of stolen items, the last things left are a pouch of dried beetle wings, (a rare and deadly weapon in the right hands, as it dries the lungs of those who breathe it causing them to choke quite violently) and a pair of letters from the Lord Theldred of Bodun asking for your father's aid.

It seems as if the Lord of Bodun has been on a search for items from before the Great Exodus, and had already some small success in this area. Thinking of the Orb of Seidkona, and what other treasures you could unlock, you purchased some velum and ink with your last gold coin, and passage to Bodun with the Kaupmadur's. On your journey you forged a letter from your father, desperately ill, who had instead sent his learned son along to identify these artefacts and more that should come into his possession. You felt that even if you failed to identify the artefacts, the vault of a Lord could be worth looting...

When you arrived in Bodun however, the Lord Theldred was not to be found, his daughter, the Lady Estrid informed you that he was fighting bandits in the nearby province known as the Orchards, and worse still had been injured. Given your status as a man of learning, and given the type of wound (apparently a deadly poison) you were expected to join her party and use your 'book learning' to help heal his wound. Unable to think of a way out of the engagement (especially with the eyes of the Brethren and stout warrior who accompanied her), you have ridden out to a squalid little farm run by a man who considers himself a petty noble known as Odger, and in his straw filled bed you have seen the injuries of Theldred. You truly have never seen a wound of it's like. Estrid is refusing to leave the side of her injured father, but the Brethren and some of the others are talking about tracking down the bandits that did this to him. Seidkona appears and tells you that you should go along to help identify the poison, and help formulate an antidote, but the thrill of adventuring is something you have never rushed to experience, still, does it beat sitting here in this squalid hole watching your current plans for a future die?

Magic of Skaran vs. the Mystics of the Golden Empire.

Weremund has never been the greatest of scholars, but with the power of mysticism taught to him by the Orb of Seidkona he has been forced to use some of the skills his father imparted to him to discover the differences between his power, and some of the other powers known on the Isle.

“The stories told of the Mystics of the old age do not compare with the powers known on the Isle today. While there are many stories of those here who work some divine, mystical or supernatural forces are well recorded, in both document and bard song, the Mystics of the old age were somehow unique, as their power came from one source, their own soul and ability to mentally control their own energy and life force. This was a stronger power than it first appeared, Seidkona tells me that they could send a message from one side of the empire to another in seconds using the ability to talk to distant minds, they could confuse raiders thinking, causing their ships to fire upon themselves, they could even wipe the souls from dangerous criminals, and offer them new places in society as born again beings, innocent to crime.

All other power is said to come from external means, and thus be a corruption of the being. This corruption can lead to abuses, as he who comes across power from such a source will not only be loath to give it up, but will indeed grow paranoid about having to protect that source from others, lest they raise themselves up to the wielders level.

The Mana-Scarred are perhaps the most prevalent examples; their power literally corrupts their flesh, and left unchecked rouge ‘scarred can wipe out a small village in a conflagration of unrestrained power. Despite their assurances, Paranoia is not an uncommon friend to the ‘scarred as they constantly have to restrain their fired emotions. Due to their power, policing themselves has become a necessity as none are above suspicion of losing control, as they age, their weaknesses show, more the paranoia sets in, until that pushes them over the edge into becoming what they fear so much. Despite this, few freeholds or even large villages would do without one, though none like them training or living too close.

The rune-smiths and warrior priests that the Brethren courts hold dear, while far rarer are also examples of learned knowledge being hoarded away. While most appear as a lone individual with a special power blessed by the might of the Seven, the truth is others; all linked to the Brethren cause often possess similar powers and training. It is incredibly likely that the Brethren possess knowledge of how to train individuals into using these skills and powers, and again, they rely upon symbols, runes and other artefacts, less on the actual soul of the wielder. What secrets the Brethren have locked away since the Great Revolt? Again, that same paranoia of others once again reaching a level to challenge their organisation, it is doubtful that even most of the Brethren are aware of their true limits or what corruptions they face.

The mystics of the Empire Golden, where however more than all of these, Seidkona has told you how temples of thought were open all across the empire, how children, gifted and learned were selected to try to train. They were taught law and how to process thought, to deepen the knowledge of themselves and through themselves gain power over their own being and thought to a point unlike any known in history. They were keepers of law and order, judges, knights and lords, organised into not one, but many temples, each open to the other, but none keeping dominion. While they formed only a small part of the human population, such was their spread that most temples were full. Sadly this made them a primary target for the Ebon, of those dark days Seidkona knows little, except for the duplicitous murder of her own young charge, a story she has imparted little upon me. Stories vary if the mystics made it to the Isle, but none have been even hinted at since before the Great Revolt (though some say they are responsible for the vast Sea of Storms, I doubt even at their height they had that power). Now this power has come to light again, and I am learned enough, just to control it, though my progress is slow. Some I know will see this power as an affront to the Seven, as I am no Brethren, and I am not marked like the ‘scarred. Still this power is easy to conceal, so the real point is simple then. What this power will mean to the future, is entirely up to me.

History as Wermund knows it.

“For over two thousand years the Radiant Empire ruled, a Golden age of relative peace and prosperity. The humans were the last of the races to join the Empire, coming down from the north, youngest of Avandia’s flow, but numerous and possessed of great potential. Their coming ordained by wise, they soon progressed from a primitive race into a race of culture and intellect, their base natures and violence held back by the nurturing wisdom of those they surrounded themselves with.

They discovered the power of the soul and mind, and mystics grew with their temples of learning, helping protect and support the empire from sea shining to sea dark.

Then the Ebon came. All things must end, and the Ebon was the death knell to the Empire, and especially for mankind. The empire fell almost immediately into two, with many races and powers falling to the dark, betraying their once allies. Mankind was considered a threat to the Ebon from day one, and no quarter was to be given their race, and as reliant as we were upon our allies, we began to fall, and like a guttering candle in a storm, we were nearly extinguished forever.

Askan arose, according to the legends with a Spear of Lightning stolen from one of the Ebon’s prized warriors, at his side Elangtia helping him flee on horseback after he struck again and again at his foe, to disappear into the blessed night. As strong as his revolt was, Askan soon realised that the Empire would never be rebuilt, that too much had changed in the hearts of those on both sides of the war. He decided that he would rather give his race a chance somewhere new, and thus began the great Exodus, a tide of humanity, protected by warrior ‘god’s’ who rode the Sea Dark, and looked for a place to begin anew.

The tales from this time are many, fights against giants and serpents of the deep, of the discovery of Atenios and his beasts, the rescue of Lagetan and poor mad Korandia, and finally the mapping of the way through the impenetrable Sea of Storms, and of landing upon the Isle, the new home of the human race. By now there where those who worshiped Askan and his fellow leaders of the Exodus directly, and we as a race renamed ourselves forever in his honour as Skaran, followers of Askan. We built the city of Storfald, the city of Landings, and for a time, all was better than it had been in over fifty years of wandering and adventure.

The time came when Askan and the others left us, stories as always differ why, but some say they were looking for a way to fight against the Ebon when he finds us, for all things have an ending, but if we are his, or he is ours is still to be written. In his place the religious grew and gained a foothold, calling themselves the Brethren to All Men, they formed council and ruled over the Skaran in the name of the lost Askan.

The Brethren done a good job at first, for there was much to do. They sent out explorers and adventurers to map the Isle, to see who our neighbours were and what threats they may represent. This time of discovery started with the creation of the great domains, eight of which were finally created with Falun being the youngest at just two hundred years of age. Each of the domains was led by an appointed High Lord who reported directly to the Brethren council. The Brethren council were always more concerned with the fate of Storfald, than some start up domain a few hundred miles to the south, and their judgement angered some of the High Lords. Some banded together under the leadership of a man known as Hereca, (whose name has undoubtedly been changed by history) thus starting the Great Revolt.

Those who followed Hereca at first came to great success; he smashed a loyalist domains army, and marched for Storfald. Laying siege to the city, Hereca ordered the Brethren out, or the whole city starve. It took three months of siege, but finally, having no choice the Brethren left, untouched as agreed, and the city was taken by the forces of Hereca. Tales speak of the atrocities that Hereca done when he took ownership of the holy city, burning the Exodus library, destroying artefacts that could never be replaced, violating sacred crypt, and his troops feasting in an orgy of blood and violence. The truth of what happened that night is not known, for as they say history is written by the victors.

The Brethren realised that their own council was too weak to fight Hereca, endless infighting and indecision in the council delaying the smallest choice until often it was too late to react. A Brethren known as Sigthryth finally convinced the Brethren to place sole command of the entire kingdom within the hands of himself, with the council relegated to the role of advisors, and thus be able to lead the armies and forces of the Skaran as with a single deadly mind and purpose, and thus he became the first High King. The High King led the forces of the Brethren, and eventually reclaimed Storfald, destroying Hereca and indeed his entire domain, wiping its name from maps and records.

The defeated forces of Hereca where driven north, where legend states they became the Orcad, though far more likely they were either assimilated or destroyed by that powerful warrior race.

The fall of Hereca happened nearly three hundred years ago. Since then domains war on each other, petty squabbles between Lords and Mercenaries happen and cities change Lords, but nothing had disrupted the peace of the entire kingdom and some say that a new golden age is beginning, others think that once again, things must come to an end. Of course, when and what form that end will take is for us, and the generations after us to discover...”

The Seven as Wermund knows them.

The Skaran worship the Seven, a pantheon of god's based on those who saved them from the Ebon, and for almost all Skaran faith is a very important and real part of their culture.

Alvandia – The River of Being.

Alvandia created everything; she is the Goddess who created us all.

Represented as the river of creation, her flows are time and matter themselves. She is as above us as the heavens she flows through, and does not concern herself with the fate of mortals.

Askan – The Man turned Storm.

Askan was once a man, the first to defy the Ebon and lead humanity in the escape from the lands of the Golden Empire. He stole the lightning spear, and when wielding it took down giants, sea serpents and worse. He took the disparate and damaged human refugees fleeing the forces of the Ebon and lead them through the Great Exodus to the Isle. Where he disappeared to at the end of the end of the Exodus, if he did ascend as a God is still open to debate, but the tales ascribed to him, even if inflated, make you sure that such an exceptional individual must have existed.

Elangtia – The Horse Rider.

Reportedly a member of the riders who once traversed from one side of the empire and back, Elangtia joined Askan once her own people were wiped out by the races they used to travel and trade with. She was an idealist who always looked to the aftermath of war, insisting that the humans would need to help their new home grow and become fruitful. She is worshiped as the Goddess of Hearth, Home and Horses, she is aligned with the Apple Tree and there are tales that she was a pacifist, though how any in those times could be is unrealistic. There are also rumours that she was pregnant with Askan's child the day she supposedly ascended.

Atienos – The Wild Rager.

A creator of wild beasts, and a warrior without equal, the rumour was that Atienos was not human, but one of the fallen races that betrayed mankind to the Ebon. He laid a trap for the leaders of the Exodus, intending upon presenting Askan and Elangtia to his Ebon masters. Knowing of his great pride, Askan challenged the barbarian to a feat of strength, and became the first to defeat the wild rager gaining Atienos sworn loyalty, instructing him to creating his beasts to help drive away the Ebon. Nothing is known about his fate, but most believe that Askan and Elangtia took him away, believing him too dangerous to leave without guidance. Today he is worshiped as the master of the wild and the beasts that dwell within.

Lagetan – The Bloodied Rune.

The greatest scholar of the Golden Empire, he was valued so highly that the Ebon would not kill him, instead imprisoning him at the peak of a tower guarded by its best warriors. It is said that he alone knows the truth of the prophecy between the Ebon and Mankind, but he would not reveal the ending for fear of changing it. Askan managed to rescue him and his wife, Korandia. Since then he has become a patron token of wisdom, writing and magic to the Skaran people.

Korandia – Mistress of Ravens.

The wife of Lagetan, she was driven mad by the cawing of the birds within her tower prison. Her great intellect was a huge loss for Lagetan, for she was the only other in the world with an intellect that could match his. Her twisted perception sometimes gave her insights others would miss, but most intelligent men would not worship her, but pity what she turned out to be. She is known for her insight, her capricious giving and taking of luck and fortune, and most of all of her agents, the Ravens spying everywhere, hearing all.

Ogimos – The Final Watcher.

This solemn figure guides the dead to their final resting place. Who, and why he has to do this job has been debated for centuries, but to utter his name is considered folly by some, as calling death means he has to take a soul away. Superstitious nonsense of course and children often call to him in secret games late at night to scare each other.

Skaran Society

The Skaran live are very conscious of the social ranks that naturally divide their society. It is considered bad form to be born to a rank, as it is considered that each must earn their rank to the approval of those above. Of course, a High Thane's son will be taught to follow in his father's footsteps from the day he is born, and thus becomes the most likely to be chosen to assume his role. The ranks, and the way they are respected do vary depending upon a multitude of factors from the sex of the peoples involved, to the Domain in which one resides; however the basic view of social ranking is as follows.

Slave > Freeman > Thane > High Thane > Lord > High Lord > High King > Brethren Council.

While all who are pure Skaran born are born Free, by law, criminals are often punished by becoming indentured for a period of time to suit their crime. Others sell themselves into slavery for a period to help provide for themselves or their families. Owning a slave is considered a charge of honourable trust, and the one who owns the slave must ensure their care and living to a reasonable standard in return for their labour.

It is important to also realise that not everyone fits neatly into these organised structures, and some different groups have slightly differing titles for these social ranks. A Scribe to a prominent High Lord might be considered the equivalent of a Thane while holding no such real rank.

The Truth about the Nobility.

While the above document on the flexibility of Skaran social ranking is true, in law at least, in reality things are as always far more complex. The truth is that those in power often seek to keep their power even when in their dotage, and often look to pass their power along to those in their family, or others who they believe they can trust. It is not uncommon for those who feel overlooked, or those who wish to own what is currently occupied, then armed conflict or challenges of power are not uncommon. This is where mercenaries and family fighters can gain everything, or lose it.

The Races of The Isle as Wermund knows them.

THE SKARA. [Skar-a]

The main people of the campaign, the Skara are the last of the race of humans who once dominated the Radiant Empire, and now dominate The Isle. They are roughly five to six foot in height, and generally fair skinned, with blue or brown eyes. They range between 4'-6'. Most believe they are the chosen of the Gods.

THE ORCAD. [Orc-ad]

The Orcad are rumoured to be the descendants of the Brethren driven to the northern mountains. In reality it is likely this race has always been here, on the Isle. They are shorter and broader than the Skaran, with skin of a much darker hue. Their hair is thin and lank, normally worn long, and often died bright colours with berries. They are generally much more muscular than the Skaran; their jaws are far more pronounced and often have between one and four tusks protruding. Some wear tattoos of white, sometimes on their chests, but also sometimes on their throats. They tend to live either in the mountains, or on the rocky coasts of the northern lands, where they fish in small, but fast ships. They tend to work in Skaran lands as mercenaries or guards.

THE KUZUD [Kuz-ud]

The Kuzud arrived first about ten years ago, somehow sailing through the Sea of Storms in ships lined with grey metal. They appeared in Falun, where they negotiated trade; they have unique items they have traded, including superior steel in return for lumber and furs. They are apparently short, stocky with grey glistening skin and have no visible body hair. They wear armour made of solid plates of metal, and are apparently far stronger than the average Skaran. They are quiet and do not speak except to those they have business with.

THE MELIAI [MEL-E-I]

These creatures are spread across the deeper woodlands of the isle, and are notoriously hard to find, being almost invisible in their home environment. They are apparently all beautiful females who are rumoured to bewitch others into serving them as protectors and guardians, (and possibly for reproduction, as every race requires a male side?). They are rumoured to be in possession of a strange kind of magic that can heal the most grievous of wounds, and it is rumoured even return the dead to life, but to rarely give away such gifts for free. That they exist is no simple child's story, as treaties and documents do describe agreed boundaries with them, and laws prevent that gathering of lumber in certain woodlands more than a mile within the boundary. Having said this, the last treaty was drafted decades ago, and it is not commonly known who was the last of the Skaran to actually speak to the Meliai.

THE UERCO [ur-co]

The Uerco are a race that apparently once dominated the northern mountains, and various children stories feature their large bulky rock like forms, their low intellect, and their fierce sense of honour. Historically they almost certainly did exist, but some stories state that they were wiped out in a war between their tribes and the Orcad.

THE SKRATTA [Sk-ra-ta]

The Skrattra are seen as vermin but where perhaps the true natural inhabitants of The Isle, at least until before the Skaran came along to superseded them anyway. They are found all over The Isle, sometimes in caves or anywhere else where they can breed in quiet darkness. They are short (about 3 foot high maximum), and have earth coloured skin. They are bald, producing no hair, and often naked, or wearing rags, and it is said that you'll never find one alone.

They are known for being petty thieves and raiders, and can be dangerous in large numbers against groups of few unprepared or unarmed. Thankfully they are easily scared being notorious cowards, and quite weak and easily dispatched. They are omnivores, loving the taste of meat, but will at a pinch eat anything; The debate on how to remove this pest permantely from the Isle is often discussed between individuals in Mead-Halls up and down the Isle.

Geography of The Isle as Wermund knows.

The Isle.

The Skaran lands are hidden across the Dark Sea and are basically a large landmass surrounded by water, with several smaller isles. A mountain range rings off the North Western corner of the land and it is here that the **Orcad** reside.

Sea of Storms: This whirling living sea surrounds the entire Skaran Isles. There are pathways through the storms, though they move with the seasons, and thus are almost impossible to map. How the Kuzud made it through is still a matter for debate, and even concern.

Storfald: Known as the city of eastern landing, it is here the Great Exodus ended, and the King and the Council of Brethren reside. It is also a place of learning, and contains the Exodus Library, the greatest collection of pre-exodus artifacts anywhere on The Isle.

Nordun, Torsang, Borslang, Enbacka, Milsun, Falun.

The six other remaining domains of the Skaran, Each of the domains are governed by a series of Thanes, Lords and finally the High Lord. Each owes allegiance to Storfald, and quite often not necessarily each other...

Falun: The domain the adventure takes place within. While over two hundred years old it is still the youngest of the seven domains of the Skaran, and is located on the southern edge of the Skaran lands. It has expanded to three main cities, farms and small villages. It has a rivalry with Nordun, and is often allied with Torsang, however, this has never broken out into more than a few mercenary skirmishes in the wild for various trinkets of the Lords.

Falun City: The principal city of the Falun domain, here resides both your brother and the High Lord. It is set on the crux of a river branch, and the current High Lord has maintained the domain from here for the last thirty years. It is well organised, and well run with the High Lord doing a circular visit around his domain once every five years.

Bodun: The southern most city of Falun and the smallest, it is a small fishing and trading port, and nearby hosts a large group of farm lands known as the Orchards. Often they trade the catch from the sea across the rest of Falun. The Lordship of Bodun was contested about twenty years ago, with the current Lord Theldred the obvious winner. He is interested in pre-exodus artefacts, and apparently has a few within his Mead-Hall, he has written a letter to your father requesting his aid in verifying their authenticity.

The Orchards: Just outside Bodun the Orchards runs for several acres, where different farms and freeholds hug the southern cliff of The Isle. The farms in this area are quite rich and provide flax, meat, fruit, alcohol, and various other products. The people are insular and known to be backwards thinking, several petty nobles in domains the size of a small garden. It may be necessary but it is not where you would choose to stay, missing the bustle and organised fun of the city anytime.

Kiruna: The second of the three cities of Falun, and is the focus of the domains merchant houses. Maybe if things in Bodun don't work out, that will be your next destination, after all from there, you could catch a caravan across the domains, Torsang perhaps? Of course, affording the journey might be a problem.

The Wilderness: The Wild is just that, wild and dangerous. Traveling without the knowledge of the Kaupmadur's who run the caravan routes is a good way to get you killed. Even then, stories still persist of how halfway through a journey the Kaupmadur's will suddenly double their prices, or leave their passengers without food, water or weapons in the middle of nowhere is whispered in many an alehouse. Whenever possible, it is better to stay in the cities, sure life can be dangerous there, but at least it's a man-made danger.

Some people Wermund knows.

Lord Theldred

Lord Theldred has been Lord Governor of Bodun City for twenty years, and has visited your father on a few occasions, even before his current position. He has a lust for objects from before the Great Exodus, believing they help his family prove their position as rulers and nobles of the Skaran people.

Lady Estrid.

The Lady Estrid, a beauty with a flame of red hair is Lord Theldred's daughter. You have only just met her, and while your note has made her accept you into her company, she still keeps a careful eye on you, as do the others who watch over her. She is passionate, quick to anger and slow to cool, yet seems compassionate and intelligent just like her father.

Psychic Powers Sheet

Role: Controller.

Weremund has been trained by Seidkona how to mentally influence the actions of your foes, as well as how to toss you enemies around the battlefield with psionic force.

Power Source: Psionic.

You direct psionic energy from within your own being, focusing that power through mediation and knowledge of your own true self. Your powers work on the minds of others, manifesting your will as a physical force in the world.

Armour Proficiencies:

Weremund is trained in fighting wearing Cloth, Leather, and Hide armour.

If you don armour you have not been trained in you take a -2 penalty to all attack rolls and -2 to your reflex defence.

Weapon Proficiencies:

Thorkelin is trained in all simple weapons.

You can use any weapon without proficiency, however when wielding a weapon you are proficient in you gain the weapons proficiency bonus (normally +2 or +3) to your attack rolls.

Class Features.

Discipline Focus: Telepathy Focus

You have been taught how to focus and meditate towards perfecting you understanding of how to use telepathy as the core concept of your powers. Due to this you gain access to *distract* and *send thoughts*.

Psionic Augmentation

Through discipline and careful study, you have mastered a form of psionic power designed to offer a greater versatility. You know a broad array of at-will powers, each of which is a conduit through which you can pour as much or as little psionic energy as you choose. You channel psionic energy into a reservoir of personal power-represented in the game as power points-that you can use to augment your at-will attack powers, replacing the encounter attack powers that other characters use.

Because of this class feature, you acquire and use powers in a slightly different manner from how most other classes do.

At-Will Attack Powers: At 1st level , you choose two at-will attack powers and one daily attack power from your class, but you don't start with any encounter attack powers from your class. You can instead augment your class at-will attack powers using power points. These powers have the augment able keyword.

You gain new At-Will attack powers from this class, instead of new encounter attack powers, as you increase in level. At 3rd level, you choose a new at-will attack power from this class. At 7th, 13th, 17th, 23rd, and 27th level, you can replace one of your at-will attack powers with another one of your level or lower. Both powers must be augmentable and from this class.

Power Points: You start with 2 power points. You gain 2 additional power points at 3rd and 7th level, 1 additional power point at 13th level, and 2 additional power points at 17th, 21st, 23rd, and 27th level. If you gain power points from another source (such as your paragon path), add them to your power point total. You can use your power points to augment any augment able power you have, regardless of how you gained the power.

You regain all your power points when you take a short or an extended rest.

Ritual Casting

You gain the Ritual Caster feat as a bonus feat, allowing you to use magical rituals (see Chapter 10 of the *Player's Handbook*). Choose either two first level rituals, and one second or third level ritual.

Quick Play Rules.

The Basic Mechanic.

Roll 1d20 add Modifiers, and see if you beat the target number.

Combat Quick Rules.

Before Combat: Roll your Initiative.

Roll 1d20 add your Initiative mod from your character sheet, highest goes first.

On Your Turn.

1. **Take any ongoing damage.**
2. **Take your actions.**
3. **Make any Saving Throws.**
4. **End your round.**

On your turn you make take the following four actions.

Standard Action

Most basic attacks, taking a Second Wind, or Charging an enemy are examples of a Standard Action.

You can trade for either a Minor or a Move action.

Move Action

Make a basic move, run, or standing up after being knocked prone.

You can trade for a Minor action.

Minor Action

Drinking a potion, voluntarily dropping prone, dropping a weapon.

Can not be traded in.

Free Action.

Make as many as the DM will allow.

Attacks.

Basic Attacks.

Basic attacks work by you rolling 1d20 adding your Strength / Dexterity Modifier (Depending on melee / ranged and weapon), adding any proficiency modifiers (you normally get a +2 to hit if your trained with a weapon).

A hit deals the weapons damage, plus normally your Strength modifier.

Powers.

Your powers cover some special moves you have learnt, but use these as guides. If you want to try something, try it!

Powers are split into At Will, Encounter and Daily.

At Will powers can be used as often as you like.

Encounter powers normally can be used once per encounter, and you get them back after a short (5 min)

rest.

Daily powers can be used once and then you need a good eight hours rest to get them back.

Power types tell you what the power is and what you need to do it.

Most of your powers are '*Arcane*', magical in origin, some have 'Implement' meaning that if you have a magical Implement you can use it's bonuses to help you increase the power, 'Thunder' & 'Lightning' are damage types, and certain creatures are more or less vulnerable to these.

Most powers tell you what damage they do on a hit as 1[W] meaning it does the weapons normal damage.

2[W] means you roll the damage dice twice, and add together, 3{W}, three times normal damage and so on.

Some powers, (normally Daily powers) can deal damage, or have special effects on a Miss. Make sure to read the power to be sure.

Defences.

You have four defences, Armour Class, Reflexes, Willpower and Fortitude.

This is what the enemy targets to hit you, and assumes you are dodging and so forth.

You can increase these by spending a Standard Action to go Total Defence.

Holding an Action.

To hold your action, you must declare what will trigger your action to start, i.e.: I want to charge the enemy when they move past that rock. If you do this you can interrupt an enemy's action. If you change your mind, or alter your trigger, you can still act when you wish, but if you go on the same initiative as an enemy you go after them.

Critical.

On a natural 20 on any attack, you automatically deal maximum possible damage.

Some powers add dice to criticals.

Saving Throws.

A saving throw is normally rolling a 11 or above on a single 1d20 roll.

Movement.

Moving up to your move value is a move action.

You can run (move your value +2 sq) as a move action, but you grant Combat Advantage to all enemies.

You can charge or bull rush if you have at least two sq between you and your target as a Standard Action, gaining a +1 to your attack roll.

Action Points.

You start play with 1 action point, this resets every extended rest.

You gain action points in play after every two encounters.

Spend it to gain either a extra Standard, Move or Minor action on your turn.

Death, Damage & Healing.

hp: Your hit points are your life force, when they hit 0 or less you go unconscious.

Bloodied: When you drop below $\frac{1}{2}$ your maximum hp you become bloodied. Some powers trigger only on bloodied creatures.

0 hp rule: When you drop below 0 hp, keep a track of negative hp, as If it drops below your bloodied level, your dead. However all healing works as if you where on 0 hp, you don't count negative points.

Healing Surges: You have a number of healing surges you can use per day, you only get these back after extended rests. Some powers activate these to help heal you.

Second Wind: Once per combat, you can spend a Standard Action to use one healing surge.