

# **Chronicles of Savits**

HeNine

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# Chapter 1

## INTRODUCTION

### Tides

The tides on Savits are unusually ferocious, rising from the all-encompassing ocean from which the land gets its name. When both Savitian moons align, the tides can flood deep in-land, often destroying crops and low-lying villages alike.

Larger cities are often situated on hills or fortified with high walls to withstand the typical High Tides. The most famous such city is Krane, the capital of Kraain, where the water cascading over the city walls forms the famous Savits Falls. While some claim that the falls illuminated by the setting sun after a storm would make the gods themselves pause and stare, it has been suggested that this opinion is mostly held by those who have recently survived a High Tide in a storm.

In most other cities, a storm on top of a High Tide means major reconstruction will be in order. If the local ruler is lucky, all that is needed

is bucket chains and some fresh paint. If fortune does not favor them, however, their throne may be washed away entirely. Many a kingdom has survived generations before being washed away in a single night. Others survived the initial flood, but fell to famine and pestilence later. Mostly, they fall to other kingdoms, as those who were lucky enough to foresee a High Tide, emerge in a perfect position to press their advantage against their less fortunate neighbors.

When the waters retreat they leave behind nourishing silt, producing some of the most fertile fields in the land. The bounty growing on the flood plains attracts civilization and strife alike. A High Tide is often followed by a period of war, where the survivors scramble to secure land, by plundering the kingdoms destroyed in the flood, making alliances by sharing their resources, and, not least of all, defending their land from would-be invaders.

### Geography

## **Part I**

# **The Geography of Savits**

# **Chapter 2**

## **KINGDOMS AND RULERS**

**Kraain**

## Chapter 3

# THE MOONS OF SAVITS

### Lannya

The major moon Lannya, sometimes called the Ewe, dominates the night sky over Savits. It also dominates the minor tides – the everyday rises and falls in sea levels.

### Mura

Mura, also known as the Wanderer, is more unpredictable – its position in the sky erratic and its size inconstant. When Mura starts to approach his sister, however, a High Tide is sure to follow.

A lot has been written on Mura's travels, as his comings and goings can raise or topple whole kingdoms. Many have tried to predict his paths, but long-term prediction continues to elude even the best arithmeticians.

## **Part II**

### **The Peoples of Savits**

## Chapter 4

# THE FAE FOLK

**T**HE FAE, the fair folk, the elves, pixies, gnomes, faeries – their names are as numerous as the people themselves are diverse. Their diversity stems from the origin: each fae was sung into being from a tree by another of their kind. This is also why, as a rule, they prefer to abide close to trees.

Many fae will continue to live close to where they were sung, while others move on to a different village, a large city, or they set off into the wilderness.

Fae communities are fairly loosely knit. Members come and go as their life's path takes them. Of course, from the view of other peoples, the long-lived fae can be a pillar around which a community is built – a fae may end up living in the same place for a generation before moving on.

In cities fae integrate fairly closely with other peoples. While their nature sets them somewhat apart from others, their longevity tends to place them at the center of communities. Their constancy also ensures others come to rely on them.

It might seem such a people would be inherently peaceful, but it's only a matter of time before someone cuts down someone else's birth tree. Fae have frequently been at war among themselves and with other peoples.

## The Song

Fae have sung wood and other natural materials for as long as historical records exist. Many tools and useful items can be made by singing them out of the trunk of a living tree.

There is one song that is considered sacred above all others: the Song used to sing new fae into being.

The core of the Song – the main melody and structure – has, through the millennia, been revised and perfected into a form that ensures a healthy and complete individual is sung out of a tree. This main sequence must not be deviated from, or else the singer risks creating a being of unsound body or mind.

Around the core of the song, the singer weaves variations that determine the unique shape and soul of the fae being sung. The possible varieties are infinite; for a start, fae don't really subscribe to the concept of sex or gender. They arbitrarily combine what some other peoples might consider gender-specific characteristics. They also vary



in physical size from tiny fluttering pixies, to brownies and gnomes, to human-sized elves, to – if the stories are to be believed – giants the size of towering redwoods.

Before an elf is allowed to sing a new fae, they must prove that they know the Song in all its intricacies. They do this by singing the Song to their forebears – at least two older generations – in a ceremony. The elders then confirm if the song has been learned correctly, or if more practice is required.

While trees are the main focus of fae Singing, other plants can be sung too, although to less useful results. Fae sung from smaller plants

tend to be close to insects, both in size and nature. Thus, plants are reserved for making tools and other useful items, such as rope.

Many elves throughout the ages have tried singing stones. The consensus is that rocks are stubborn and “the crystals sing right back at you.” Some singers have managed to sing small features, like divots or even small bas-reliefs, but nothing close to a living creature has ever been sung.

Artificial materials, such as glass or refined metal, are completely unresponsive. They cannot be shaped through song and some elves eschew them in favor of materials they find easier to work.

## How to sing a fae

Before a fae can start singing, they must find an appropriate tree. The kind of tree used has an effect on the fae being sung: for a would-be warrior a strong oak is preferred, while for a pixie, a softwood or balsa wood is used. Above all, the tree should be healthy, strong, and large enough to produce an elf of the desired size.

Often, the selected tree is marked in some way, to show that a new fae is being sung there. This can be a simple ribbon, tied around the trunk, or a mark cut into the bark. If the singing is particularly important, a community might post a permanent guard to ensure there is no tempering.

The singing can take months or even years to complete. A well coordinated group of singers can work quite fast, while a single singer working on their magnum opus could take a very long time to complete their work. The choice is never made on speed alone. A group tends to produce average, some say boring, fae, who conform to societal expectations. One elf with a strong vision, on the other hand, can produce a truly unique individual. Fae appreciate individuality, so one or two singers are usually preferred, while group singing is reserved for specific situations. In

times of war, groups often work to hastily create new warriors. When a disease ravages a village, new fae are quickly sung to replenish the numbers.

Once begun, the singing need not be completed in a single session. This is another reason why the process might take a long time: some fae add to their ‘project’ as ideas occur to them. The only critical part is at the end, where the sung wood must be taken from a mostly inanimate shape, to an opening in the tree trunk where the new fae exits, fully formed. This process is arduous process for the singer, not unlike a human birth.

Once the newly sung individual exits the tree, they leave behind an impression – a hole in the tree in the exact shape of their body. Over time, the tree regrows the bark around the hole and even fills in some of it, but the impression remains. Beyond that, there is no more physical or metaphysical connection between the fae and the tree they emerged from. While most retain a sentimental connection to the tree, live close to it, or at least visit it often, some happily move on and away.

## A Society of Individuals

The process of singing leave no lasting connection to either the singers or the tree. This means that all fae are individualistic by nature. They are encouraged to spend some time with the community they were sung into, not least to learn the basics of existing in the world – while a newly-sung fae is physically an adult, they have no knowledge of any kind. It is, however, not uncommon for newly sung fae to soon set out to explore the world, which quickly washes any remaining naïveté out of the individual.

Those who survive the experience, usually return to where they were sung, or join a different fae community, and share what they have learned of the world, of themselves and of other peoples. It is also common, at that point, for the fae to want to put what they have learned about other

societies and peoples into practice, and sing a fae.

This is when most fae learn the Song, either from the elders who sung them, or from the elders of another community. A fae will know some of the Song from their time with their original community, but actual learning – one that could pass testing by the elders – doesn't take place until later in life. This also means that fae who join a different community cross-pollinate the Songs, creating interesting new variations.

Fae hermits are also common. The fair folk are in tune with nature and can photosynthesize to some degree, which means they can easily survive on their own, away from civilization. Some have been known to get lost for decades, before returning to their village.

## The Eternal Ones

Once a fae is sung, they remain more or less unchanging for the rest of their life. The most obvious sign of this is that they do not age. While that means they do not die of old age, there are plenty of other causes of death to choose from. War, disease, starvation – there are many reasons why a fae might not reach an old age; the smaller members may even succumb to predation. Young fae are especially vulnerable, as they are easily taken advantage of by more experienced people.

Fae who have been injured can sometimes be healed with song. The process is even more complicated than singing a fae anew, and only extremely skilled singers would attempt it. Simple wounds and minor diseases are normally left to heal on their own. A missing arm, on the other hand, might prompt the fae to attempt a regrowing. Even if they find someone to sing them new limbs, they try to reproduce the original shape, as trying to make a change might risk producing an incompatible body.

This unchanging nature has another effect: to call fae, “set in their ways,” would be an understatement. They may acquire knowledge, but their temperament remains the same. This makes fae relationships either extremely short-lived, or lifelong. That is not to say that all fae are intransigent – some are even pathologically compliant – but their behavior does not change.

While most fae die sooner or later, some manage to survive for centuries. As noted before, they do not age or change their behavior much, so it would be wrong to expect old fae to be fountains of wisdom. They do, however, make good chroniclers. Many a fae has been able to resolve an old conflict, simply by remembering how it began.

A danger to old fae is a kind of ennui – a listlessness that causes fae to simply give up. This could be caused by running out of things to do, or by frustration at their own or others' inability to change. Some walk into the wilderness and are never seen again, others take their own

life. Sometimes, they do not actually die, but rather go into a form of meditation or hibernation, where they stand or sit in one spot until they become a part of the landscape. Such fae

have been known to eventually wake up, if the circumstances prompt it. But more often, they slowly decay until they die.

## Elf in the City

Fae cities are rare. Their individualist nature means communities large enough to be called ‘a city’ do not generally form. Large congregations of fae are usually stretched across a whole forest, with hardly a center and few fortifications.

On the other hand, fae who set out from their home to seek adventure sooner or later end up in a different culture’s city. Other peoples, being aware of fae’s natural constancy, are cautiously welcoming toward them.

It is common for a fae, after initial familiarization, to become an integral member of the community. In fact, most cities do not have a separate fae community, as such, but many fae be-

come local leaders in groups in different parts of the city. Either due to their personality, or by sheer Brownian motion of age, fae drift toward the center of societies, where they can remain for decades, before moving on.

New fae are almost never sung in cities, both due to a general lack of suitable trees, and because the tree would likely be cut down soon after.

## The Elfsong War

The Elfsong War started with a song and ended

with a song.

## Chapter 5

# THE JOVIAL ORC

**T**hey say it takes a village to raise an orc. In fact, often there is no other way, as the manner of orc reproduction is such that parentage is frequently ambiguous. This is why orcs communities are deeply connected – it is everyone’s responsibility to take care of the young and bonds form, to some degree, between all members of a village or a neighborhood.

It is not exactly clear where orcs come from, as all orc appear, to the human observer, outwardly male. The only indisputable fact is that orcish life starts in filth. Small, almost larva-like orcish embryos are frequently found in middens and compost heaps around orc populations. Their mating rituals we shall not write of, except to note that they are likewise foul.

This might lead one to believe that orc are naturally slovenly. To the contrary: orcish abodes and villages are remarkably clean, as a precaution against a population explosion.

The fact remains that once a child is found, it must be taken care of. Not least because a feral orc presents a danger to everyone around it.

Orc ancestry itself is fairly peculiar. They tend to take on something of their environment: rural orcs have greenish skin that can sometimes even take on a leaf-like texture, more urban orc take on the characteristics of the people around them, while those that live near the sea can even appear somewhat marine.

## Outcast By Necessity

Many other societies shun orcs, and they are entirely banned from some cities, due to the quite rational fear of feral orc children running wild inside the city walls. Where they are allowed, they normally stay together in orc-majority neighborhoods, where the spawning of new individuals of their kind can be monitored.

In a well-organized urban orc community, members regularly inspect sewers, middens and other places where refuse is deposited, for fresh orclings in need of socialization. If their real parents cannot be determined, as is often the case,

they are given to any available orc family to raise. Even then, the entire community takes responsibility and helps with the raising and education of the next generation.

In settlements where children of all peoples frequently wind up orphaned – such as mining and fishing towns – orc families regularly take in the orphans and care for them as their own. Conversely, other families will take in orclings, if a couple cannot conceive children of their own.

## Friend to All

Despite the treatment they usually receive, anyone willing to be friendly to the orc will find them very easy to befriend. Many a stranded traveler has had their life saved by a passing orc caravan. They tend to be generous with their supplies and will share them with anyone they consider in need.

Their friendliness is, however, not without limit. They are ever wary of the first sign of rejection – a lesson hard-learned by their kind, as even initially friendly towns frequently turn on them unpredictably.

Those who cherish their friendship with an orc will find them, in turn, generous and constant companions. This often extends to the orc's entire family, as they always help out their own, and, by extension, their friends.

Orc communities typically hold many things in common. The entire community is tasked with the raising of the young and many of its members grew up together in extended families. Therefore, they share those resources everyone makes use of, such as food, drink, tools and some living spaces. Most communities operate so-called 'common houses', where anyone may receive food and drink, and usually companion-

ship. Even in places where orcs are not welcome, they regularly have a network of watchers who look out for any orclings that might show up and escort them safely to a nearby orc village. Sometimes, this is a semi-official position in the settlements, while elsewhere it is a more clandestine operation.

In many ways they resemble an inn, however, food and rooms are offered free of charge. Living spaces are largely taken up by children and young adults without explicit families, who take on most of the duties relating to care for the common house. They also house individuals who cannot care for themselves, such as the elderly and the infirm.

Other members help in running the common house in any way they can, by providing food and other goods as needed. These spaces are the center of the community; the main gathering spot where members come at the end of the day, or on those days when outside work is not possible. At those times, they truly come alive with singing, drinking and the screams of children playing.

In places that don't get many visitors, those that do come are welcome to join, especially if they are willing to share in turn, even if they only share stories.

By extension, orc-run inns, even if they charge for a stay, are generally well-regarded. They aim to reproduce the communal spirit of an orc common house, and it's welcoming atmosphere. They will not hesitate to eject any patrons who might ruin said atmosphere.

## Product of His Environment

It is not clear how or why orc take on something of their environment, but the resemblance is undeniable. Rural orc and orc living in the wilderness will take on the color of the local flora and sometimes fauna. More urban orc grow to closely resemble other peoples that surround them.

Orc that live close to nature usually have greenish skin and some can even subsist for a while on only water and sunlight. Those that work with animals sometimes have large amounts of hair and even horns. There have even been reports of bear-like orc living deep in Tomno forest.

In towns, orc take on the characteristics of other peoples around them. Orc populations in human towns take on the pink skin and average stature

of their fellow denizens. Those living among the Jaen look more canine and have more hair.

Strangely, those living with dwarves and the fae do not take on any resemblance and revert to what is sometimes called 'True Orc'.

The term is adopted by certain entirely orc cities that aim to "maintain the orc bloodline," as they claim. They often ban, not only all non-orcs, but also all of what they call 'half-orcs' – orc that display any sign of influence other than orc.

Outside those groups, the term half-orc refers to individuals who have known-mixed parentage, or whose appearance clearly marks them as straddling the line between two peoples.

## Orc Physiology

The origin of orc is unclear. While similar in appearance to humans, their internal physiology is different enough to support the idea that they come from an entirely different branch of life. While similar to humans, they have a few obvious peculiarities.

Firstly, all orc would be considered male. Since they do not reproduce sexually, this determination is purely cultural. In orc society, different individuals frequently take on roles in the same way that different genders do in other societies, but the distinction is less stark.

Secondly, they are, on average, taller and stockier than humans, although this is less pronounced in orc of mixed ancestry. The other distinctive feature are the tusks rising from their lower jaw. Even individuals with fairly weak orc ancestry tend to have some degree of protrusion in their bottom canine teeth.

What are sometimes called female orcs, are always in truth half-orcs. They are relatively rare and most of them could easily pass for members of a different people, albeit powerfully built

ones.

Much has been written about orc skin colors. A popular hypothesis is that orc skin changes to allow them to better hide in the local environment. This does not explain other changes, such as additional hair or horns when around animals, or why isolated orc tribes in the north often have dark gray skin. One thing is for certain: orc skin is special in that they can absorb water and nutrients through it. This is the main way orc infants receive their nutrition and the capability does reduce with age. However, some amount does remain even in adulthood. On long journeys, orc have been known to wrap themselves in bandages soaked in honey or sugar water. So prepared, an orc can continue walking without taking a break for a day or longer, stopping only to sleep.



## The Great Migration

Orc lore holds that their ancestral lands lie to the east, whence they were driven millennia ago. It is unclear where exactly those lands are, as almost all of the east is covered by the Eastern Wastelands, an area of deserts and sand dunes now mostly inhabited by the Jaen. Orc generally prefer forests, jungles and other humid environments, so it is unlikely that they originated in the Wastelands. Stories do mention a drought, so it is possible that the lands to the east used to be more lush than they appear now.

The story most commonly told starts with chief Keraal receiving a vision in his dreams.

His people were hungry, and the land was dry, and the beasts from the south were attacking the village nightly<sup>1</sup>. So he beseeched the gods to guide him, and the gods granted him a vision in his dreams.

The sun rose in the east and scorched the land, but it did not set in the west, for it was covered in clouds. Again and again this repeated without ceasing. As he stood there, facing west, his increasingly small tribe standing behind him, a much larger group of orcs, a tribe of tribes, came walking from the west. Unlike his own, tan-gray skin, they had verdant green skin<sup>2</sup>. Unlike his own tribe, they stood strong and tall. But, like all orc, they embraced the smaller tribe and took them west.

Upon awaking, Keraal said to his husband, Aeruul, "I have seen our salvation. We must depart to the west, and we will find there new lands to settle."

But Aeruul said, "we cannot leave this place. This is where our parents were, and our parents' parents, and this is where they built their homes.

The land sustained them, and it will sustain us again."

Keraal said, "I have seen it in my dream. The land will bake under the sun until the end of time. To the west, our brothers await us, ready to embrace us<sup>3</sup>. They are strong, like our parents' parents, and their skin is green, like our parents' parents."

Keraal gathered his tribe around him and told them what they must do. They must gather all they owned and travel west, where the land was still verdant, and they may yet find sustenance. Many were, like Aeruul, apprehensive about leaving their ancestral land, and still held hope that one day it may feed them again.

In the end, they relented, and Aeruul spoke up, "if we must depart, let us take our land with us. Let us wet the earth and cover ourselves with it one last time<sup>45</sup>."

Thus, they headed west, through the wastes, to seek a promised land.

For twelve days and twelve nights they walked. By day, the relentless sun beat down on them. By night, they fended off attacks by the beasts. Their numbers grew smaller and by the thirteenth day they came upon another orc village.

<sup>1</sup>It is commonly believed that these were early Jaen tribes, although recent evidence shows that the Jaen came into the Wastelands much later.

<sup>2</sup>All known versions of the story note this difference, showing that even early orc were aware of the range of skin colors orc could possess.

<sup>3</sup>Modern mantologists agree that the vision portrayed the tribe's descendants, rather than orc living further west at the time. There were no known major orc tribes living west of the Trogaths at the time.

<sup>4</sup>The translations are somewhat ambiguous, but there is corroborating evidence that this was common practice at the time.

<sup>5</sup>It is unclear whether they knew at the time, but if the earth itself was still fertile, in spite of the drought, the nutrients would feed them while they traveled, as well as protect them from the sun.

Keraal addressed them, “this land is doomed and there is no more hope here. We must go west and seek new lands.”

The chieftain replied, “we are doomed, for we have strayed from the path of the True Orc. Our ancestors have cursed us with gray skin, and they have cursed our land to not bear fruit.”

Keraal said, “let not the bonds of your forebears eternally bind you. I have seen eternity in this land, and it is terrible. The sun does not relent, the waters do not come. Don your ancestral soil and join yourselves with us, for in numbers there is safety.”

A half followed him when he departed and on they walked, for twelve more days and nights.

They finally arrived at the pass<sup>6</sup> where the beasts fell upon them in great numbers. They ran into the pass for in the narrow place they would have defenders’ advantage.

For a day they fought and could not make the beasts retreat, and Aeruul said to Keraal, “take the people and lead them to safety. I will hold

back the beasts and when they take me, I will rest in this land of our ancestors.”

Keraal said, “you did not want to leave our home, and yet you joined me, for I could not bear to be without you. Now fate bids me choose again, to spare myself, or let you have your peace. You leave your heart in this place, or I leave mine, and I must choose” And they embraced for the final time.

They walked on, and soon could see mountains in the distance.

On the eighth day, they stood before the mountains and, as the sun rose, a rainbow spread across them. Underneath it, they saw the break in the mountain range that would take them to the promised land<sup>7</sup>.

Keraal said, “Aeruul is showing us the way<sup>8</sup>. He is part of this land now and bids us depart with hope in our hearts.”

As they ascended, rains bathed them and they rejoiced. The falling water turned their skin green and strengthened them<sup>9</sup>.

The story generally ends there, although some villages add on additional text, explaining how their village is descended from the original few orcs who made it across the mountains. History, both orc and other peoples’, speaks of much conflict as the orc tribes settled in the Kraain basin. They eventually found their space in the ever-changing geopolitical landscape.

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<sup>6</sup>This is unlikely to refer to Dato pass, in the Trogath mountains, that connects the Eastern Wastes to the Kraain basin. More likely, it is one of the passes in the minor ranges that start to rise up before Trogath proper.

<sup>7</sup>This passage almost certainly refers to Dato, as the clouds coming from the west commonly drop the rain near the peaks, creating a rainbow.

<sup>8</sup>The orc still sometimes refer to Dato pass as Aeruul’s Gate.

<sup>9</sup>There are no known cases of orc skin changing color or water changing their physique, so barring divine intervention, this is likely allegory, representing salvation and new hope.



## **Chapter 6**

# **THE JAEN TRIBES**

## **Chapter 7**

# **THE PROUD DWARVES**

## **Chapter 8**

# **HUMANS**

## **Part III**

# **The Flora and Fauna of Savits**

## Bandit

*After a High Tide washed away most of Jolliet's farm, he joined king Rannet's army. It was one less mouth to feed for what remained of his family, and after the conquest was done, he would be granted some land of his own, as was tradition.*

*It turned out king Tronndor had a similar idea. The difference being that, rather than recruiting green farmboys, Tronndor had spent time since the last High Tide training and equipping his troops.*

*Later, after washing out his underwear in a nearby stream, Jolliet came across two other recruits from what remained of his unit. After some deliberation, they decided that: first, their provisions were running low, and second, they still had their weapons.*

*As the newly forged bandits sat in an ambush above a bend in the road, they heard a man singing in a deep, but melodious voice. Soon, the sound of horse hooves and the strumming of a mandolin joined the singing, and an orc came riding around the bend. He was playing his instrument and singing with his eyes closed, like he had not a care in the world. "What kind of*

*simpleton would make their presence so clear in bandit-infested woods?" Jolliet thought, drawing his sword.*

2	STR	INT	2
1	DEX	KND	2
3	CON	CMP	1
2	STB	CHA	2
15	HP	MP	9
6	AC		
Proficiency 1			

Weapon	Bladed	Shortsword
Armor	Medium	Leather

**Hard Strike** Bandit chooses a number up to STR and roll for an attack. On success, bandit adds the chosen number to the margin. Bandit removes at least twice as many dice from the pool (this includes the failure dice that would be removed anyway.)

**Knock out** Bandit rolls an opposed test with DT 6 – STR. The opponent must win with DT 6 – STB, or become **unconscious** for a number of turns equal to the difference in margins.

## Drub



*Drubs are small, goblin-like creatures that live on the edges of forests, usually near roads. Primarily, they are scavengers, as is obvious from their attire. Most often, they scavenge items that drop off passing wagons. They rarely attack on their own, although they have been known to ambush lone travelers, if they judge their odds to be good.*

*Their favorite, however, are battlefields. They have been likened to crows, in the way they fight among themselves while scavenging after a skirmish. They do not eat the bodies, as folklore suggests – they actually prefer a herbivorous diet – but will not hesitate to bite or cut off a limb, to get at an item they want.*

*It has been proposed that they are a type of fay, but closer examination of their anatomy clearly contradicts that notion. They are likely related to the goblins; perhaps a distant offshoot that developed separately into a less intelligent, yet just as inquisitive, creature.*

2	STR	INT	2
4	DEX	KND	1
2	CON	CMP	–2
1	STB	CHA	–1
12	HP	MP	–9
6	AC		

### Proficiency 1

<b>Weapon</b>	Simple	Knife
<b>Armor</b>	Light	Rags



**Sure Strike** Remove up to Drub's STR dice from their dice pool. Drub deals damage appropriate to the number of successes equal to half the removed dice.

**Volt** When Drub attacks, they may spend up to DEX successes to move after the attack (1 m per success), instead of doing damage. If they do, remove at least that many dice from their dice pool – dice removed as failures are included in this number.

## Horned Bear



*Horned bears are, as a rule, solitary creatures. They do not attack unless provoked, although stories of what has provoked a horned bear range from owning a sheep the bear wants to eat, to laughing too loudly in the forest where the bear resides.*

*Their pelts are prized for their softness and density of fur. They are, however, in no danger of being over-hunted, as few hunters are willing to go up against half a ton of angered bear. There have been reports of a horned bear charging a horse and throwing it 10 meters into the air, along with its rider. When cornered, the bear, instead, uses its claws that are said to be able to kill an aurochs in a single swipe.*

*It might not be much comfort to anyone being charged by a horned bear, but the protrusions on its head are not, in fact, true horns. Rather, they are antlers that the bear sheds every winter, before entering hibernation. Note that a hibernating horned bear is not much less dangerous than one that is awake. Many an adventurer*

*has wandered into a bear cave, hoping to get an easy horned bear pelt off the sleeping beast. Instead, the bear wakes up and does exactly what one would expect a bear who had just been forced awake to do.*

4	STR	INT	0
2	DEX	KND	-2
3	CON	CMP	2
4	STB	CHA	0
18	HP	MP	6
8	AC		
Proficiency 2			

<b>Weapon</b>	Simple	Horns and claws
<b>Armor</b>	Medium	Skin

**Juggernaut** Horned bear rolls a DT 6 – STB test. On success, horned bear moves the margin of success meters in a straight line.

While moving, the horned bear is immune to Trip and has +1 AC to any attacks.

Any characters horned bear moves through must succeed a DC 6 – STB test by a margin larger than the distance already traveled, or be knocked prone.

**Toss** Horned bear rolls a test with DT 6 – STR opposed by a DT 6 – STR or 6 – DEX test from the target. On a win, the target is moved up to the difference in margins, reduced by the target's STB, meters away from the attacker.

**Hard Strike** Horned bear chooses a number up to STR and roll for an attack. On success, add the chosen number to the margin. Horned bear removes at least twice as many dice from the pool (this includes the failure dice that would be removed anyway.)