

# Illyr's Inhabitants

Calcas: *half-dwarf, male seneschal*  
Galatyne Knightwyng: *human, male, paladin*  
Kymr Graye: *half-elf, male, warder captain*  
Sarafian Dal nAraeda: *elf, female, knight commander*  
Nereus: *human, male, cleric*  
Bekkan Ibon: *dwarf, male, master stone forger*  
Rhawn Fia Tain: *half-elf, female, master farrier and horse trainer*  
Atia Kalonice: *human, female, caravan mistress*  
Anteros: *humanoid, male, sage*  
Deiphus Mor: *human, male, magus*

## Calcas

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*Race:* Half-Dwarf

*Gender:* Male

*Appearance:* 5'5"; stocky build; short dark hair; tight, franz-josef style beard; blue-grey eyes

*Profession:* Seneschal to the Knight Marshal and Seele

Like many others, Calcas' family came to Illyr for its openness. His mother is human, his father a dwarven merchant. Calcas was schooled as a child and learned much about trade working with his father. He enjoyed the work but wanted to be part of something larger; so, he joined Illyr's Order of the Rock where he served six years and earned rank of majer. Still not quite content, he was about to leave the Order when he was approached by the knight marshal and asked if he would consider the post of seneschal. In that office he found his true calling, administering the operations and logistics of Knightfast and the Sunspear.

Calcas is a calm but shrewd and no-nonsense sort. His military training, education, and knowledge of merchant ways serve him well and make him ideally suited to acquire supplies, keep an eye on the defense of his charges, administer justice, and handle people who need valuable pieces of the knight marshal's or seele's time. When the knight marshal and seele are absent, he is in charge, though any decisions of broad scope require agreement from the council. Calcas manages a staff that assists him with his duties, and he maintains an intelligence network in the city as well as a few operatives that travel abroad. He is extremely loyal to the knight marshal and seele and would willingly lay down his life for them, but his loyalty is not blind, and he is very forthright in giving his opinions and advice. His "staff-of-office" is a war hammer as long as he is tall, and he often carries two small-axes tucked in his belt when out and about. He considers his weapons his "court of last resort." There is a formal guard unit for the knight marshal and seele, but Calcas has also assembled his own elite guard that do not wear uniforms. In truth, his background and loyalty make him much more than his position implies.

## **Galatyne Knightwyng**

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*Race:* Human

*Gender:* Male

*Appearance:* 6'; average build; long, dark blond hair; close-cropped, dark beard; brown eyes

*Profession:* Paladin, Knight of the Order of the Flame

Galatyne comes from a land far from Illyr. In his youth, his homeland and the neighboring fey lands were plagued by creatures of darkness, and he entered the Order of the Knights of the Light of Lyfaye, a goddess who protected Her people and gave them the strength to drive back the evil. When the Lyfeian Knights turned their animosity on the nearby elves, seeking to stamp out their magic, Galatyne defended the elves against his brother knights. Condemned as a heretic, Galatyne fled his homeland with a handful of human and elven allies. Lyfaye, however, took the outcast knight directly into Her service and bestowed upon him the abilities to sense evil intent, heal, create light about his person, and call forth blue fire to combat the servants of Darkness. He made a new home in Illyr and founded the Knights of the Order of the Flame. He also sits on the Klerikos Council for the Order. As a paladin of Lyfaye, he engages in mediation, conflict negotiation, diplomacy, and, when necessary, physical combat against oppressors or servants of darkness.

Galatyne is generally reserved and stoical but has a less serious side that can unexpectedly emerge in the presence of close friends, which he does not make easily. While not an aesthetic, his sense of ethics and discipline steers him away from excess and things that lead to unhealthy attachments--strong drink, treasure hunting, cavalier relationships, frivolous magic, etc. His desire to help others and make the world a better place battles with the fear of making a mistake in action that leads to even more suffering. He sometimes wonders if his past and dedication to his path have given him too narrow a view and has taken to visiting other spiritual houses in Illyr and abroad in order to gain new perspectives and expand his perception of the world. His explorations are leading him to a new understanding of perfection in the unfolding of the present moment, whatever it is. He has chosen a black pale (vertical band) on a white field as his coat-of-arms.

## **Kymr Graye**

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*Race:* Half-elf

*Gender:* Male

*Appearance:* Average height; athletic build; shoulder-length, sandy hair, elven features; thin line of beard; grey-green eyes

*Profession:* Warder Captain

Kymr's first day in Illyr landed him in a prison cell. He was an orphaned youth who had been rejected by both humans and elves. Homeless and angry, he had lived primarily in the forests around towns and villages, stealing what he could not forage. Illyr seemed to be a treasure house, but its riches exceeded his reach and the city warders caught him trying to steal from one of the temples. The half-elf cleric interceded on Kymr's behalf and made him work off his sentence in service to others. Kymr thus experienced the diversity of Illyr's inhabitants and their hard-won peace and decided he had found his home. More than that, he wanted to help make it a beacon and safe haven for others like him. He joined the Order of the Rock and eventually worked his way up to warder captain where he scours the streets for others like his younger self and helps them find what he did.

Kymr is an excellent fighter, favoring hand-to-hand tactics to weapons (because weapons can be taken away) and two short, double-edged swords if steel becomes necessary. He is still fond of the woods and, oddly enough, has little use for cities other than Illyr, which he dearly loves. He has been offered a knight-apprenticeship but feels he has found his place with the warders. Kymr is fearless and revels in challenges, but his childhood has tempered what could be an adversarial nature with just enough compassion to make him a fair, just man who has a knack for empowering others and who is respected, even by those he catches. He does struggle with his independence at times, having to remind himself that he is not alone or acting on only his principles. To help himself stay focused, he practices and teaches blade dance mediation, where, through the blade forms, he reinforces that the dance, the dancer, and the space and people through which the warrior moves are all one and interconnected in harmony.

## **Sarafian Dal n'Araeda**

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*Race:* Elf

*Gender:* Female

*Appearance:* Average height; slender but athletic build; long golden-blond hair; blue eyes

*Profession:* Knight Commander, Order of the Wind

Sarafian's people originally inhabited lush, magical forests far from Illyr. When the magic and rains began to fade, the elves used their magic to bolster the forest. It never seemed to change, but every year, more magic was fed into it. When a horde of semi-human creatures stormed into the wood, the elves' magic was too weak and they fled. The area is now a desert inhabited by their enemy. Sarafian's parents, who live in Southgate, suspect that the gradual weakening of the forest was by design.

Sarafian entered the Illyrian Knights, and immediately took to the mediation of the lance, a practice similar to Kymr's blade dance, where the lance serves as a focus and combatants are viewed as different aspects of one being. She mastered the lance, became better than many with the longsword, and developed a sense for the right action at the right time—all of which led her quickly to the rank of knight commander of her own company. Sarafian's fellow knights comment quietly on her uncanny perception and skill with weapons and her ability to seemingly drop opponents before she strikes them. No less commanding than her weapons is her voice, both on and off the battlefield, and Sarafian effortlessly mesmerizes whole common rooms when she sings of her homeland.

Sarafian's meditation practice quickly became of utmost importance to her. Her abilities are not just the skill and speed that come with martial practice. Nor is her song just heartfelt words. Once she began her practice, she felt a... quality... to the city that seemed to enhance her skills; not a spirit, exactly, but an essence that, when she is in the proper frame of mind, becomes an extension of her... or she of it. And Illyr is different than other places, all of which have their own *feel* that she has been able to tap into with somewhat more difficulty. Rarely, she has encountered a place with an energy that she wants no part of—one such exists along a short stretch of the Dimming Pass. Even more disturbing was the one city she visited that had no discernable essence at all. So, her mediation has become a quest to understanding her experiences of the forces around her and how to interact with them. She doesn't speak of her gift, not knowing exactly where it comes from, but hopes to one day understand it enough to restore her homeland.

## Nereus

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*Race:* Human

*Gender:* Male

*Appearance:* Tall (6'-ish), slender but fit, short brown hair, brown eyes, green or brown robes

*Profession:* Adar (Cleric) of Erce, All-Mother, Goddess of Earth and Weald

Nereus is an adar of Externsheene Abbey, carved from the natural stone outcrops and pillars at the foot of the Dimming Pass. The abbey is clearly the work of the same artisans who constructed the original city, yet it is set apart. The only thing known for sure comes from a verse in a carved archway that seems to praise a mother goddess named Erce. The founders of the Ercian order were supposedly guided by the spirit of the place. Some of the adar speculate that the entire city, with its buildings, walls, and life, was actually a temple to Erce, and that the abbey was set apart as a retreat. Others suggest that the city could have been built for Erce to establish her kingdom and that the only structure ever inhabited was the abbey.

Nereus does not hold a strong view of Illyr's purpose other than that it is not just a city. He is certain that it had/has a significance in relating the corporeal to the divine. He does believe that it is no coincidence that Illyr is situated on the edge of the mountains and the forest, both of which seemed steeped in ancient power, and is flanked by springs—sources of life. Consequently, he spends much of his time exploring the city looking for clues to its builders intent and studying in the Sunspear. While in the city, he always takes time to minister to those in need, regardless of their spiritual orientation. He believes that Erce is the world and views all beings as the goddess coming to life. To him, all other deities are aspects of Erce. In many ways, his approach to Erce is similar to the Lyfeian domini approach to Lyfaye, and Nereus can often be found in discussion with them when he visits the city.

Nereus wears a small version of his order's emblem, the Irminsul, a stone tree (similar to a tau cross) and carries a staff (another tree symbol). He uses both as foci for his devotions and channeling the gifts granted to him by Erce through those devotions, which can range from healing to calling forth water to protective wards, and, when adar join together, the shifting of the earth or opening of the skies. Nereus has also discovered that, he, himself can become an Irminsul simply by stretching out his arms and opening himself to Erce.

## Bekkan Ibon

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*Race:* Dwarf

*Gender:* Male

*Appearance:* 4'7"; broad, solid build; muscular; bald; light-colored beard; grey eyes

*Profession:* Master Stone Forger

A stone forger's shaping of stone is an expression of spirituality, akin to meditation or prayer, and while he is certainly a master at shaping stone, he can also "grow" stone, in essence, calling forth molten rock from the earth. It requires discipline, concentration, and significant time and be extremely dangerous if the stone forger's body, mind, and spirit are not perfectly balanced. Bekkan's upper body is tattooed with runes, symbols, and abstract representations of his holy craft.

Bekkan came to Illyr because Illyr needed him. When he heard of the city carved from the mountains, he packed his tools, his wife, and his daughter, and set out from his dwarven homeland. He has been

instrumental in reconstructing portions of the city and shaping the underground halls of Northbridge. He often walks the streets of Illyr, studying the stonework, and believes that while some of Illyr was carved, other portions of it were grown. To him, the whole city is temple of sorts, and he has taken several apprentices to train in stone forging, including his daughter, so that Illyr will always be tended.

Bekkan is imbued with a healthy dose of the gruffness attributed to the dwarven race and doesn't hesitate to speak his mind. While brusque and surly, he is not mean-spirited and will always find a way to help someone in need... though he'll be certain to find something to grump about. He has been offered a seat on the Klerikos Council, but doesn't see any point in the office. There is nothing to officiate on; things are how they are, for now, and stone is patient. He does not tolerate disrespect for the earth or other craftspersons who are dedicated to their work. His ire can, however, be raised by those who do not fully apply themselves to their chosen craft. To him, such laziness is equivalent to blasphemy.

## **Rhawn Fia Tain**

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*Race:* Half-Elf

*Gender:* Female

*Appearance:* Average height; strong, lean build; high cheekbones but no other elven features; long, dark red hair, usually in a plait; dark green eyes

*Profession:* Horse Trainer and Master Farrier and Senior Warden of the Worshipful Company of Farriers (Farriers' Guild)

As a child, Rhawn had seemed to have a way with animals. As she got older, her ability focused on horses, which were always around, and increased to a near telepathic connection. Her elven mother said that her people were caretakers and guardians of a distant land and that each individual came to form a special bond with one species of animal. Through that bond every individual had a personal relationship to the land. Rhawn has only vague memories of her father, and her mother doesn't speak much of him except to say that he was not an elf and she loved him deeply, but that he was not welcomed in their community. Rhawn lives and works in the Upper City, just above Southbridge, where her mother lives. Rhawn has had no interest in seeking out her homeland. She prefers to use her talents to improve the rest of the world.

Rhawn's skills would seem to be wasted as a farrier, but she says that a horse's feet and legs are two of the most important aspects of horse care, and so few riders do it as well as they could. In reality, she is much more than a farrier. Her abilities allow her to diagnose most medical problems and make her an excellent rider and handler, and she serves as a part-time veterinarian and trainer for Knightfast. In working with the knights, she has learned something of weapon-skill herself and has become quite exceptional with the bow on horseback. She has earned the respect of the farriers' guild so much that she sometimes sits on the Illyrian Council as proxy for the guild master.

Rhawn is generally quiet and reserved, but blossoms around horses. She can also have a bit of a temper, especially when confronted with someone who mistreats animals, and horses in particular. In fact, her red hair, temper, almost magical relationship with horses, and questionable parentage have earned her the nickname "demon-blood" in some circles, though it is not a name spoken in her hearing.

## **Atia Kalonice**

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*Race:* Human

*Gender:* Female

*Appearance:* 5' 9"; olive-skinned; shapely; dark hair and eyes

*Profession:* Caravan Mistress

Atia's family has always been in the merchant business. They began by running the most difficult routes for the most valuable cargoes. When they happened upon Illyr in its early days, they saw the opportunity to establish a trading center and set up the Taraneh Caravanserai, which the women generally ran while the men continued trading. Atia has, however, turned this practice on its head. She had traveled often with her father and has taken over management of the merchant side of the business while her parents run the caravanserai together. Atia's time is split between leading caravans, helping out at the caravanserai, and occasionally conducting her own private trading runs.

The name Kalonice means "victory of beauty," and the women always triumph over the men, though not just in looks. Kalonice women have always had the ability sense when others are deliberately lying. In trade, it is of great benefit, but they are careful not to let it be known outside the family women as all business arrangements are based on some degree of withholding information or details, and no one wants to deal with someone who can sense truth. Atia has an extra share of both the Kalonice beauty and truth-talent, which is sometimes a boon, sometimes a curse. People who don't know her tend not to take her seriously, and she has to go to extra lengths to use her ability to reach a fair arrangement as opposed to something that benefits only her. As a result of her efforts, those who deal with her regularly respect her greatly for her directness and honesty.

Atia knows how to use her looks to their greatest advantage but can have a sharp tongue and sharper blade with those who don't know their boundaries. She learned early on in her career that hiring good guards was important but that knowing how to fight, herself, was critical. Her guards are fiercely loyal and, when she is home, provide as more security in and around the lower square than the city warders. She is adept with short, slashing blades and an evasive hand-to-hand style. She is also very charitable and shares her good fortune with the less fortunate around the caravanserai. To her, and her family, a strong sense of community, honest trade, and peace go hand in hand, and they stand up to anything that might threaten those things in their corner of Illyr, making the lower square a successful trading center and one of the most popular places in the city.

## **Anteros**

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*Race:* Humanoid

*Gender:* Male

*Appearance:* Average height; slight build; human and fey features; long hair and beard that are brown with streaks of grey; blue eyes

*Profession:* Wandering sage

No one knows exactly who Anteros is or where came from. He showed up one Winter Faire and has been a part of the city's landscape ever since, roaming the streets claiming to have solved the Mystery of Sorrow and bestowing his wisdom on any who will listen. His age is difficult to gauge, for his body seems old

while his eyes are bright and young and his step spry despite the walking staff he carries more than leans on. Many debate whether he is entirely human or if he has a touch of fey blood. His own recounting of his history has him the child of the mountains and the woods before they grew apart. He doesn't have a residence but never seems to lack the basic necessities of life: food and clothing are given to him by charitable individuals, he sleeps in the parks, chapels, and stables—that is when he doesn't disappear for long stretches into the forest or mountains on “pilgrimages.” A few adventurous souls have occasionally tried to follow him, but have lost him by the first night.

Visitors to the city easily take Anteros for a crackpot, but some, including several members of the Klerikos council and the paladins, seem to treat him with some regard—or perhaps they are keeping tabs on him. He is generally an amiable sort, willing to talk with anyone, though more than a few people seem to avoid him, some out of annoyance, others from superstitious fear, believing him to be a spirit or sorcerer with some hidden power. He seems to have a knack for drawing people's problems out of them. He always has guidance to offer. Sometimes it makes no sense, other times it is amazingly insightful, but everyone who actually stops and interacts with him seems to walk away smiling.

## **Deiphus Mor**

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*Race:* Human

*Gender:* Male

*Appearance:* Average height; strong build; polished bronze skull-cap; dark beard; blue eyes

*Profession:* Magus

Deiphus is a relative newcomer to Illyr. He was a former devotee and marshal of Vael, the Fire Archer (a lightning god). His town fell to nomadic barbarians when the people put up very little resistance, expecting the marshals of Vael to protect them. After that, Deiphus had no more use for religion. It was a crutch for those who felt inadequate and prison to control those who were strong. If there were gods, they were nothing more than masters of forces that touched everyone. Theoretically, anyone could attain such mastery, and Deiphus threw himself into the study of what he called pure magic, the raw, chaotic forces that swirled through everything.

In Illyr, Deiphus established a small school in the Lower City, near Northgate, where he taught his philosophy of magic. Initially, it was well received, and Deiphus petitioned for a seat on the Klerikos Council, since it oversaw issues of magic as well as religion. Cautious, the council recommended his request for further evaluation, which Deiphus saw as a delaying tactic by zealots who feared the representation of pure magic untainted by religious doctrine. When some of his students began getting into trouble at the local temples, the council investigated his school. They decided that his teachings, while sound in methods of successfully manipulating magical energies, lacked a basic respect for the source of magic, treating it as a simple tool to be wielded however the user saw fit. They denied him a seat on the council and closed down the school.

Instead of retaliating or leaving, Deiphus maintains a low profile. He believes that the Sunspire and its caves, rather than being a spiritual center, are a construct that focuses magical energies, which the knight marshal and seer use to rule. He uses his magic to sneak into the citadel and Undercity, certain that if he could just figure out how it all worked, he could control the flow of magic in the region and show people how powerful pure magic is. He also keeps an eye out for other potential users of magic that might be sympathetic to his perspective.