

## I S H R A H A

(ish-rah-hah)

...your father dancing the ways of combat upon the great savannah, the wind rustling through the grasslands distant for miles around save the north where mountains of metal left long in water reign, and the great tents of the clan, other warriors beside your father watching and practicing... you swaying with them trying to copy their moves even though you stumble on new legs... the heat tiring, the wind dry...

...still the great savannah, broken in brilliant and strange trees where the flowers grow under the shade of twisted roots... sapphire dawns and scarlet sunsets, the sky so wide, so expansive... a blanket under which you are familiar to as your mother and father's arms...

...the happiness, peaceful joy of clansmen who whisper words to you under the bright canopy... tents moved, horses carry... the grasses continue and the horizon tucks in the warm sky... huge fires blazing with warmth while above twinkling of the stars as clansmen sing and weave stories that drift you to sleep...

...the grasses yellowing, the trees shrinking and the sky blistering in hazes of yellow and still the horses carry, tents move, but the people remain happy... father twists and spins, kicks and pushes, and the men they follow with you beside him, a happy smile upon his face as you mimic with them... no longer the mountains of bad metal can be seen, lost to the sun at its height...

...stronger the heat, the horses droop until the water wells... the tents move less and the people stay smiling under the bright roof protecting you above... racing among the canvas and skins, through the feet of elders and doors between, breaking to watch the men dance and weave, their braids spinning about them so gently while...

...now the land cracks and splinters and the people smile less, but are happy together, but something is wrong, it seeps into the food, into the practice, into the play, and the sky is unhappy... and then it awakens in screams, shrieking searing light and crimson smears across its sucked dry covering...

...the sky frowns grey and dusty, from behind bars of blood, a cage inscribed with black pictures of monsters that chase you in sleep and not even mother or father can stop them... the sky parts grey to black, harsh black and the white embers are gone, only now red streams of fire... clansmen screaming, passed chained through a crowd, one by one, up a blood red stone pyramid, burning blood down its steps... roaring of people, roaring of sky which opens its mouth as the blood spurts up and it screams... father nowhere... mother nowhere... just clansmen... then strange robed men from behind the red sky walking on the air, sweep through the crowd and the sky parts...

...among trees, shade and cool, the sky darting between the branches and leaves, water gurgling upon stones, chilled and refreshing, soft to touch... someone not your

mother, holding, caressing, speaking, feeding... moving always with horses pulling houses... the sky glazed in an aftermath of red, gold - tired... mountains, not of the dying metal colour, but these like the angry sky, capped in clouds join the horses with the setting sun and with them you rise upward, the sky grows cold...

...then a magnificent building built into the mountains, overlooking blue river swollen in hard water with deepest green forests luxurious in foliage... the building sculpted as if it were part of the mountains themselves... the horses leading to this place...

...not dark halls of stone, but filtered pools of the sky... many rooms in the house removed and white robed men taking the rooms inside their halls... men taking interest in you, speaking soft words... then you see them moving, pushing, dancing the way of the air in the hallways but different than father... you practice beside them... and the men talk more with you, soft words... woman-not-your-mother leaves and you are with the robed men...

...yo u awake up to smiling sky in trees from stones...

## :: t h e c h a n g r a m a ::

*“The changramai holds in his embrace unity and manifests it to all the world. He is free from self-display, and therefore he shines; free from self-assertion, and therefore he is distinguished; free from self-boasting, and therefore his merit is acknowledged; free from self-complacency, and therefore he acquires superiority. It is because he is thus free from striving that therefore no one in the world is able to strive with him.”*

- Ancient Changramai saying

Your life of training in the Changramai Monastery became your life, with only fragments of your earlier life dim in mind. It has brought with it a life with many friendships, epiphanies to life's mysteries and your own well-being, knowledge beyond words, but what the school succeeded in you is the presentation and actualization of its tenets, its beliefs. It is the Changrama doctrine that you have the most faith in, beyond and above all other concerns. It has shaped you into the man you are now.

The Changrama is the ancient technique of mind and body fusion dating back to the Second Era of Ire, some 8000 years ago (2500 S.E.I), established by none other than the Loari master of unarmed combat and Loremaster, Tanris Dekdarion. He sought to create a school and training centre of warriors disciplined to themselves and the order to be unequalled within the Shadow World. With or without the aid of the use of Essænce known as Mentalism, the Changrama embraces a philosophy of nature and the Essence within. Though this is unknown to outsiders, one chooses to train as a pure physical warrior or with use of Mentalism that requires additional regimes.

The Changrama is both function of mind and function of body brought together into a temple within oneself, a temple mirrored in the world. As your head is round, so to is the Shadow World and the Sun, as your feet are square so too is the earth, you are a universe within yourself and understanding how to flow harmoniously allows the arrival at Changrama that is ignored by those not of the order. The world has divided the mind from the body and humans fight wars of body and elves wars of mind, and those who fight for both do not undifferentiate their unity. Changrama is not solid, it is invisible, inaudible, intangible, formless, non-material, and indistinguishable, yet within it is an image, a substance, a genuine Essence.

*“Always rid yourself of desires in order to observe its secrets,  
Always allow yourself to have desires in order to observe its manifestations.”*

- Ancient Changrama saying

The development of the Changrama is a long process, requiring disciplined effort to achieve each Veil, and to know that once one has attained the peak, he must begin again at the bottom, in the inferior position. The further one strives to learn and understand the material things, the less he knows of them, but by knowing oneself, one knows the world. Unity of mind and body is the key to understanding the world, the world is not separate from oneself.

There are those who follow the Changrama who also listen and weave the teachings of the god, Lord Cay of Orhan, into their philosophy. No organized religion is practiced within the walls of the Changramai Monastery. The god is he who rules physical strength and athletic prowess, said to be the most skilled of the martial arts. Their belief in harmony is not the same as the pure teachings of the Changrama, their ideals being that the temple within is grown inside as an embryo. The result is the same, but the perspective is different.

One of the first lessons of the Changrama is the technique of controlling one's breath to become aligned with the rhythm of the world. Quieting the body, it frees turmoil and allows one to reach a state pure from tension. More and more this was taught with physical activity, to concentrate the breath while moving, eventually so that the breath was controlled to descend to the soles of your feet and follow the channels of Essence within through the body and to the head. It is said that the masters need not breathe through their nose, but can do so through the pores in their very skin, able to inhale light, essence, and other presences.

*"Those who possess in highest degree the attributes of the Changrama do not seek to show them, and therefore they possess them in fullest measure. Those who possess in a lower degree those attributes sought how not to lose them, and therefore they did not possess them in fullest measure."*

- Ancient Changrama Saying

To be insoluble with nature allows one to channel its energies as long as there is no struggle to take from the harmony with force. Once union is achieved, harmony flows through oneself and moreover provides a state of well-being unequalled or wavered by the petty conflicts of cultures. Changrama integrates with the Essence and the Changramai student becomes attuned to the ways of nature, so much so, he can notice fluctuations before the actions occur, since all action has its origin in the Essence that the student strives to be harmonious with.

Trained from early childhood, only those with aptitude and the desire become initiates of the Changrama, and many ascetics live within the Changramai compound that follow not the ways of Changrama. The first five years of initiation were the easiest lessons upon reflection, for the principle of Changrama continues over and over and the peaks get higher and higher. Your path was not the Mentalist, neither the teachings of Lord Cay interested you. Only the pure physical warrior called to your soul, and perhaps your heritage. Your masters soon uncovered this and tailored your schooling and training around this.

*"All things are produced by the changrama, and nourished by its outflowing operation. They receive their forms according to the nature of each, and are completed according to the circumstances of their condition. Therefore all things without exception honour the changrama, and exalt its outflowing operation."*

- Ancient Changrama Saying

There are ten Veils of skill and development within the Changrama, although these are theoretical and non-defined with material achievements. Current Changramai Grandmaster T'vaar Dekdarion himself has only reached the Ninth Veil, by his own declaration. The passing of the Veil is advanced through a trial of Changrama, mental, physical and spiritual ability in which monk proves his new designation before a tribunal of masters. The Veils are worn on the traditional white robes within the Changramai monastery only, signified by the colour of the small raised collar band and on the left cuff. The Veils are only ever worn in the compound and never beyond in the public's eye. Plain, black robes are always worn beyond the compound.

The Veils are;

White is the first Veil - Tan is the second Veil - Grey is the Third Veil - Red is the Fourth Veil - Green is the Fifth Veil - Maroon is the Sixth Veil - Blue is the Seventh Veil - Purple is the Eighth Veil - Black is the Ninth Veil - Gold is the Tenth and Final Veil.

Outside of the Veils, a second designation of skill is known as the degrees or the ranks, related to the two basic schools of martial arts, *Talshya* (utilizing the striking force) and *Renshya* (involving mostly unbalancing and throwing maneuvers). There are four ranks for each style within each Veil, designated by small triangular pips on the right side of the collar on the traditional white robes. Usually only worn at ceremonial occasions, a monk must ascend through all four levels before he can be considered by a tribunal of masters for ascension through trial to a new rank, where the monk begins with no pips once again.

At the passing of the White Veil at the age of fifteen, you were given a small triangular tattoo on the back of your left hand. From a distance the tattoo looks solid. It is only upon close inspection that the very intricate pattern is revealed, a pattern signifying the Changrama. Magically inscribed, the tattoo is impossible to counterfeit. It signifies your arrival as a recognized Changramai monk, although it did not allow you to be as your brethren and use your skills beyond the compound walls.

The passing of your next two Veils to be of appropriate level for duty beyond the walls tested both mind and body, although both separately. The meaning of each Veil is something learned during the trial. The first Veil represented the purity of the Changrama, the arrival at monkhood, and was without the difficulty of the second and third Veils.

The second Veil, of the Tan, represented your trial of body. While the White Veil was a test of both mind and body, it was by far nothing compared to the duress under which the tribunal watched your moves for the Tan Veil. The physical struggle of the Tan trial put your body through limits you thought unattainable and it was only through the core studies of the Changrama you survived. The strain imposed was akin to torture, but of the most heinous, having to prove your mettle by the

concentration of body and mind to overcome the physical torment. Two days of pain blurred into a period of non-rest, but you proved yourself, and the Tan Veil was passed to you. Strangely you remained without scars, physically, emotionally and mentally, and perhaps that is why you passed.

The third Veil, that of the Grey, represented the trial of your mind. Left alone in solitary for one week without food nor water, your mind underwent changes not previously felt, horrors and deceptions entering your mind, trying to break you will, your resolve, dreams so real you felt as if you experienced it all you walked through. Lost you would have been save the Changrama which called you back to your centre and reminded you of your being, and rather than fight to flow, and as soon as the resisting was dropped so to were the nightmares.

Some would argue the Veils themselves are material, that the pips of the *Talshaya* and *Renshya* are also, but they exist only within the Changramai compound as a means of understanding who the teacher is and on what path to being with unity a monk is upon. Never in any circumstance is rank used other than with the Masters who are the teachers. No other Changramai monk must reveal the teaching unless she attains the rank of Master, and then, and only then to the pupils learning within the compound.

## :: the sundering of the nuyánar ::

Though dim are the memories of the time before you came to the Changramai Monastery, remain they did, always in the back of your mind. These were sparked several years past after you had completed your trial of the Tan Veil, among the library of the Changramai. Hymachus, Library Master always instructed the copying of texts for future reference, and while the study of the world had never been of interest to you other than by means of a place you would work within, it was this particular text Hymachus passed to you to scribe that brought back your memories with a vengeance, The Sundering of the Nuyánar.

It is a tale of the beginning of the ten clans of the steppes of Tai-Emer, the Nuyan-Khôm, as you would soon remember, your very people who gave birth and life to you, before it was all taken away. You copied the document for Hymachus and for yourself, so much it has become close to your heart.

### The Womb of Y'Nar

*East and north, where the Twin Stars rise in the summer sky, that is where lies the home of Y'nar. In the language of the Old Ones it is southern Kelestia, but the Nuyani know it as Ohtani Y'nar, the Womb of the People. Endless plains of green grass knew shelter against the north winds by the Tishiri Ha'an - The Wall of Mighty Stone - and were watered by gentle rains from the Bay of Serenity. The god To'tanaur gave this land to the Y'nar, and one more: the horse to carry the people across the plain like the wind itself.*

*Got many turns of the orb of the world around the warming sun the Y'nar lived in blissful peace, many tribes calling no one place home but all of the green plain.*

*It entered slowly, the Shadow. The winter winds stayed longer, and autumns grew cool. Perhaps the Y'nar faltered in their devotion to To'tanaur, perhaps the Twin-god himself dozed on watch over his children. But the people could not say that there was no warning when spring came not at all to the Ohtani Y'Nar.*

### The Ice-Spring

*With an ironic cruelty, the Master of Malice struck at nightfall on the day of the Spring Revel, the holiest celebration of To'tanaur the Merry. The Wall of Mighty Stone proved no protection against the armies of the Master. Countless pale men in gleaming white steel armour came through the passes and overran the hill clans. Led by the Frost King and astride white-furred steeds like great wolves, they hunted the Y'nar like sheep. No warrior could stand against the Frost King.*

### The Vision of Kyan Kitanor

*A knight of the clan Kyan, Kitanor was a reluctant warrior. Not out of fear, Kitanor was as brave as any man. But he sought instead the Way of To'tanaur the Thoughtful, spending many hours in prayer and meditation. His devotion to the Twin Gods never faltered, though he pleaded to know how his people had failed To'tanaur. The Y'nar were dying, forced to flee from the tireless pale armies. Kitanor begged the Twin Gods for forgiveness, offering even his own life for any answer.*

*In truth To'tanaur had not slept, nor abandoned his children. But there are other powers in the Heavens, and even the Twins must answer to another. So moved were they by his entreaties, however, that they found a way to help the Y'nar. They came to Kitanor in a dream, and told him what he must do. They also told him the price: he would lead his people to a new home far from the Frost King, but he could not pass the threshold to this land. Kitanor fell to his knees and accepted without hesitation.*

*As he was told in his vision, Kitanor made a pilgrimage on Midwinter's to an ancient ruin at the southwestern coast of the land. A few from his clan joined him, also moved by a vision, though none would speak of it in detail. Many were women, and there was concern at their traveling because the invading forces of the Frost King were drawing ever nearer. But they could not be dissuaded, some acting against the will of their lord.*

*Kitanor and the others of Kyan arrived at the holy site to find many hundred – perhaps thousands – already there. They knew not exactly why they had been drawn here, but felt it was To'tanur's will. That night under the bright stars, To'tanaur the Thoughtful appeared to the people. They passed through the ruins to the very edge of the land. There, the Twin opened a doorway to a secret passage – a Coral Road under the sea.*

*And To'tanaur the Merry was not idle: the hordes of the Pale Men had drawn nearer than even Kitanor knew; in another few hours they would have reached the holy site. But fortunately under their unearthly skin they were still men, vulnerable to the vices of men. The Twin bewitched them with a charm of decadent thirst, and they raided the nearby settlements for wine and mead. The night of revelry meant a day of aching paralysis afterwards.*

### Journey Beneath the Sea

*Kitanor led the unusual exodus: a mixed group of religious pilgrims. Down they went into a wondrous realm inside a living tunnel of pastel stone with windows into an undersea world of luminescent creatures. They walked for days and days, yet To'tanaur provided for them. At last their undersea journey ended when they emerged from a natural tower of rock on a rugged coast. Ahead of them loomed jagged black mountains. It was a cold and rainy day, but Kitanor was unslowed. He led them through a pass west into the inland plains of Silaar.*

### The Green Land

*At the pass they paused and looked upon their new home. The plains between the Mountains of Rust and Ash were littered with the crumbling ruins of another people long gone, but now they were uninhabited except for wild beasts. They began their descent, but here Kitanor stopped. It was time to make payment. To'tanaur the Thoughtful appeared before them all, bathed in a heavenly light. He took Kitanor into his arms and bore him away to Orhan, where he lives still. The faint reddish star just below the Twins in the southern sky is said to be his light.*

### Green Becomes Red

*For many generations the Nuyani enjoyed a simple life on the plains, but as the population grew there was competition for resources. The Tarns coveted each other's lands and went to war. Some sought merely to take land from their neighbors; other had grander designs: to rule all the Nuyani of Silaar. Clan against clan, the children of To'tanaur fought and killed for many turns of years. Finally the Ten Clans were united under one man – the Hûtarn – but the price is terrible, and the Nuyani would all too soon pay the price for the senseless fighting.*

### To'Tanaur Turns His Back

*The Dynasty of Tasan is only four generations old when the Nuyan Khôm face a threat from outside: The Emerian Empire. The Mataru fight bravely, but they cannot match the Imperial forces in sheer numbers. The Hûtarn's prayers to To'tanaur are not answered. The Emperor's general rides into Ashenoq in triumph. Tasan Núyin, Hûtarn of the Nuyan Khôm, takes his own life in shame of failure and a last offering to the two-faced god, hoping for a miracle. It does not come. The Nuyani are conquered.*

### The Darkest Days

*At first the people find their masters fairly benevolent, and they benefit from being part of the prosperous whole. But it does not take long for the Empire to rot from within. The Emperor is distracted by court intrigues, and ambitious provincial rulers take advantage. The rise of the Black Duchess Jysela is the darkest time for the Nuyani since the Frost King: she imprisons and executes them without reason, burns their books and tries to crush their will. But the Y'nar are strong. They resist. Finally she sends ducal legions under her command to crush the defiant Nuyani.*

### The Miracle

*The Ten Clans gather on the fateful day as the Imperial forces march down from the north. They are outnumbered four to one, but the Nuyani find a secret friend in the Duke of Reandor: he allows the Duchess' forces to pass through his land, but behind them his own troops close off retreat and follow.*

*Under the eaves of the Red Forest the Nuyani stand ready, though they know that they have little chance. Then a miracle happens. Out of the forest swarm millions of brilliant butterflies. They converge on the Corinn army and blind them and their horses with their bright orange wings. The People of the Steppe attack: the ducal troops panic and try to flee, only to be cut down by the Reandorian warriors. The Nuyani are free.*

And so is the history of your people. Hymachus upon noticing your being taken with your past recommended you not explore any more and close watch was made over your studies so not as to become mired in outside affairs, even though it burns your heart to do so.

## :: t h e s h a d o w w o r l d ::

Kulthea, the Shadow World. Intrinsic to all things, yet its politics, its wars have never been the concern of the Changramai. These things wax and wane just like the five moons that circle the world, and even of those only two hold interest for the Changramai – a duality, Orhan, home of the Lords of Orhan and Charón, rumoured home of the Dark Gods. The five cycles of the year, Winter, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Fall, each of 70 days need no more explaining than the cycle of one's body as it ages in synchronicity with the moon Orhan. Such is the way of things.

There are those that worship and receive the power of the gods much like the Essence that exists everywhere, and not just the gods of the moons, for there exists from country to country, region to region, unique beings to locale and the gods are quite real, but their importance in the ways of Changramai is none.

Of the Essence is perhaps something true to the teachings of the Changrama, just like the flows of Essence swirl across the globe of Kulthea like rivers and branches, so too does the Essence flow through the body. And just like these flows can erect barriers, so to can the Changrama erect barriers within the body. Mentalists not Changramai also use this Essence, as do the Sorcerers, yet their philosophy is divergent from the teaching of the Changrama.

Beyond Kulthea, the Shadow lies. It has breached portals and rifts, whether opened or torn apart by the powerful flow storms. One thing the Changramai teach is the acceptance of these parallel and divergent worlds, mostly full of demons and beings beyond comprehension. The Changrama is the skill to deal with such things, it is the heart of physical strength within the Shadow World against these intrusions, which grow more and more frequent. The Changramai do not disavow knowledge of the Unlife, but rather it is another force that may or may not be encountered. Though the Changramai Masters teach a neutrality when approaching the outside world, if it came to mass war the Changramai would stand against the forces of the Unlife, bent on erasing the existence of being, the existence of Changrama.

### *A Brief Mention of the Lands*

The Changramai can be found on the many continents of Emer, but for the most part on the two close continents of Emer and Jaiman, the former of where the Monastery is based (although a school exists in the Gryphon Library in Jaiman). Emer is a tumultuous land, and in the Third Era of Ire has seen an Empire span its continent and beyond, only to crumble after thousands of years as corruption sowed its seed. Dark times have plagued it since and appear that they shall remain for many thousands of years to come.

Hæstra: The region of Hæstra is home to the Monastery, but it includes many of the more prominent and civilized cultures existing in Emer. From the sea-faring, peaceful Danarchis, to the simple farming dales of Bodlea. Further south along the Spine of Emer, loose city-states allied to

themselves and each other exist in the recently freed lands of Miir, while further south the deteriorating conquering land of Stroane crumbles under its weight of corruption which once led it to conquer most of Hæstra. Vornia is a land of little, while Amazon warriors rule the domain of Sarnak on the Bay of Izar where independent sea-trading cities prosper in the protected Bay. All of this centres on the island of Votania, once the seat of the Emerian Empire and the home of the Masters of Emer, who held legendary peace over the continent back in the distant era of the Second Ire, long before the establishment of the Changramai school.

Uj: South beyond the Forbidden Hills, Morbek Highlands and Scorpion Ridge lies a wasteland decimated by wars thousands of years past. From the Rhiani and Charn tribesmen, to the Warlocks of Itanis and their warrior amazons who defend them in the paradise realm. Then there is Kaitaine, the legendary city, largest in Emer, a city-state whose trade spans the Western globe.

Tai-Emer: From the ruins of Pochantos, destroyed by the bloodthirsty and expanding empire of the Lankonok whose borders press on the very people you believe you hail from, the lands of Nuyar-Khôm and their ancient allies Reandor, and north to Silaar and the Elven islands of Námár-Tol. Sel-Kai and the floating city of Eidolon are the jewel of Tai-Emer, from where the air-barges and airships spread their wings across the Shadow World.

#### *History of the Shadow World & Emer*

The concern of dates and events though recorded in the Changramai Monastery are not of prime concern to initiates or the monks. Those who, though failed the tests, remain on at the Monastery doing their part keep for the most part these records. What you know is minimal and that is how you care for it. The wars of the past do not have much effect upon you, nor should they. All you know is that you live in the Third Era of Ire, the year 6053 by Loremaster reckoning.

#### *Of Loremasters & Navigators*

Note should be made of the Loremasters and their often-seen imitators, the Navigators. The Loremasters being an elven brotherhood, which begun some say, in the Second Era of Ire by the immortal race. And it is the first history lesson to the initiate that the Changrama was a development by the Loremaster Tanris Dekdarion, the founder of the great monastery. It is said the Loremasters oppose the Unlife, yet their actions are often distant and rarely do they interfere with the Free Races of Kulthea. The Navigators, are just as well known, although they carry the same manifesto of non-interference. They are a planet-wide coalition of guilds, an alliance which has monopolized a unique transportation service and offer of guide through lands. A relatively safe transport for those who can afford their exorbitant fees.

## :: t h e c h a n g r a m a i ::

The Changramai Monastery is located upon the Great Continent, Emer, on the northern side of the Choak Gap in the Choak Forest, pressed tightly against the slopes of the Choak Mountains which form an inverted 'T' above the long range of the Spine of Emer in the lands of Hæstra. The Monastery is a large and expansive stone building sculpted from the granite of the mountains overlooking the Choak Gap where trade passes out from Hæstra from the capital of Danarchis, Artha, through the dales of Bodlea and into the realm of Tai-Emer, though the Monastery is not visible from the old Imperial Highway below.

The Changramai are bodyguards. They are not freedom fighters, that is not their place within the universe. Self-development is more important than the oppression of a culture. If there are those that wish for the Changramai to defend their causes it is offered to them at a sum of 5 gold pieces per monk a day, and sometimes more. The Changramai never go solo, but in pairs or in larger groups, hired through the many offices across the Great Continent Emer and the Northern continent of Jaiman.

The monastery does not hire out bodyguards for guard duty unless they have completed the Grey Veil and have a total of four ranks in either *Talshya* or *Renshya*. Once again, the insignia is never shown, and a Master may accompany a Third Veil monk and both are equal. This hides to possible opponents the monk's area and level of expertise. Whatever the case, a monk is sworn to death to defend the person or object employed for.

## :: o f t i m e a n d m o n e y ::

The importance of coin in Emer depends upon what nation you live in. In lesser developed civilizations a coin is worth its weight in metal, whilst in successful trading countries that mint their own the metal is less of concern than the value of money as a means beyond barter to transfer goods. Silver is the most common currency in Emer and most countries mint their own, gold is rare unless in the hands of nobles and lords. As a rule of thumb exchange rates are as values;

10 tin pieces = worth 1 copper  
 10 copper pieces = worth one bronze  
 10 bronze pieces = worth one silver  
 10 silver pieces = worth one gold

Transfer of minted coins between realms is of negligible cost due to trade.

While large mechanical clocks exist in the major cities, the telling of time is by means of the sun. Twenty-five hours mark the Kulthean day divided into five (known as Quintars) divisions commonly known as predawn, morning, midday, evening, and night these relating to the five realms (fire, water, earth, air, essence) with each dualistic in nature. While there is a science to this, it is less known beyond the major cities.

Five months/seasons mark the Kulthean year based on the cycle of the Great Moon, each seventy days long, beginning the year with the Winter solstice; Winter, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Fall. Seventy days is a cumbersome way to track time to most people and a second calendar based on Varin, the second moon organizes most lives;

Moon-day - Varin is full (market day)  
 Fire-day  
 Water-day  
 Earth-day  
 Air-day - Holy day in most civilizations  
 Dark-day - Varin is new (bad luck)  
 Star-day  
 Cloud-day - Bad luck  
 Sun-day  
 Wind-day - Holy day in most civilizations

Loresmasters pay no heed to the cycle of Varin when recording time and use Orhan exclusively for recording the year. Dates are recorded as "TE (third era/ire) 6052, Orhan 3 (the month), day 32", and is even briefly used as 6052•3•32.

## :: s t a t i s t i c s ::

*Race:* Y'nar (Nuyani)

*Appearance:* Short and hardy, with light tan skin, little body hair, but thick black, short hair. Deep brown eyes with an epicanthic fold (giving an 'oriental' look), with flattened nose, and wide cheekbones and forehead. The last six years you have taken to growing a braid above your left ear, tightly woven of perhaps a foot in length, the rest of your head you keep shaved.

*Strength:* Impressive Strength (D10)

*Agility:* Natural Athlete (D8)

*Health:* Strong Health (D10)

*Knowledge:* Below Average Knowledge of the World (D20)

*Perception:* Decent Perception (D12)

*Luck:* Not Bad Luck (D12)

### Skills

*Melee:* Elegant Warrior (D8)

*Missile:* Talented Archer (D10)

*Climbing:* Competent Climber (D12)

*Adrenal Moves:* Mediocre Channeler of Adrenaline (D12)

*Notes:* The use of this advanced Changrama technique allows you to manage the impossible which gives the Changramai their reputation. By channeling your Essence you can achieve great things; falling from great heights, leaping far, increase of speed in combat and movement, quick drawing of weapons, and enhanced strength.

*Adrenal Defense:* Skilled Channeler of Adrenaline (D10)

*Notes:* The use of this advanced Changrama technique allows you to manage the impossible realms of defense, the ability to channel your Essence; to pluck arrows and other objects thrown at you and others, catch blades between the palms of your hand, evade others by running up walls, create a whirlwind of defense with hands and feet, and many other techniques.

*Talshya:* Highly Skilled Martial Artist (D8)

*Notes:* Talshya is the art of striking or kicking another in unarmed combat.

*Renshya:* Highly Skilled Martial Artist (D8)

*Notes:* Renshya is the art of sweeps and throws.

*Body Development:* Impressive Body Control (D10)

*Contortions:* Good Contortionist (D12)

*Meditation:* Average Ability to Meditate (D12)

*Tumbling:* Commonplace Tumbler (D12)

*Defense Bonus:* Decent Defense (D12)

*Notes:* The Defense Bonus acts like warriors armour and it your ability to evade blows through sidestepping, wrapping in cloth.

*Scribe:* Average Scriptor (D12)

Possessions

Black Robe

White Robe (with veils & pips kept at Monastery)

Sandals

Shangkana (two wood rods about eighteen inches long, attached by a short chain from which the rods can be slung about and whirled in dizzying circles at incredible speeds)

Jata (circular, three-bladed weapon which is hurled within a 120° arc at either multiple foes or to return to the wielder's hand)