

WAR Culture Package

Trun Elves

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Today on The Whispering Isles

The Whispering Isles is composed on one very large islands and many, smaller islands, with a natural barrier reefs hundreds of yards out to sea. The Trun have made tentative bonds of friendship with the Seiin Elvaen (Sea Elves), and more Trun have turned to the seas for guidance and sustenance. Now that the Erlunnite spirits no longer threaten the island, the Elves have closed the island for a time of healing and bonding, asking that non-Trun not step upon their shores.

The main island is full of pine forests and bubbling creeks, sturdy oak groves and darkened swamps. Secrets and mystery hide around every corner.

During the Shattering:

When The Shattering took place in Old Dyllaria and Emuria, creating The Shattered lands, the Trun Elves experienced some of the greatest upheaval of all the cultures. Originally, they lived in the Whispering Woods of Emuria and had done so for several centuries, mostly in peace save for an armed conflict against the Empire of Emuria when they encroached upon the Trun homelands. After the conflict, the Trun withdrew deeper in to the Wood and became much more hostile to outsiders that wished to enter the Wood. The name Trun comes from the traditional namesake of their homeland.

The Shattering brought about a great many changes for the Trun, most notably the destruction of The Whispering Wood. The destruction of the Ghaian Anchors released a great amount of primal, wild magic in to the land. One of the first locations to be destroyed, prior to The Shattering, was the Well of Eternity located deep within the Wood. This Well, a place of meditation that allowed the Trun to speak with their ancestors, was also a Primal Anchor. Its destruction unleashed primal magic, which infiltrated the very core of the weave within The Whispering Wood. Over the course of the year 612, the Wood slowly began to turn to stone. No one and nothing was able to halt its progress. This, coupled with a great war with the Barbarians, led by Tomakhan, forced the Trun from their ancestral home. When The Shattering took place, the transformation of the Wood was completed and all that remained – plants, animals and humanoids—were turned to stone and there it remains, now known as The Stonelands. Thanks to the heroic efforts of dozens of non-Trun adventurers, the Trun were able to break their bond with The Whispering Wood, releasing them from their magical link with the Wood.

While emotionally devastating, a resilient folk, the Trun live on. Led by the Colinadri, the Trun recognized what was happening. In searching for a new homeland before The Shattering took place, a deal was struck with the Erlunn Elves. While the Erlunn have always regarded the Trun as their less enlightened cousins, their connection with nature and their ability to restore the natural balance of their surroundings provided an appealing avenue of hope for the Forest of Shadows. The Erlunn's homeland also did not escape the wanton destruction brought about by The Shattering. The Forest of Shadows, beleaguered by a Civil War, Miydrandan Dark

Elven infiltration, the death of their Alariya and their own Primal Anchor – the Trentalai Relis—the Erlunn were forced to abandon the Forest of Shadows. The Forest of Shadows, tainted by all sorts of Primal and Arcane Magics, was dying. Faced with no other choice, Alariya Ilyanna, led her people from their home to a sanctuary previously prepared. Many Erlunn refused to leave their homes and perished in the cataclysm that followed. However, some semblance of the Forest managed to survive The Shattering, and Alariya Ilyana Lothriaan granted the homeless Trun permission to take refuge in what remained of the Forest of Shadows in the hopes they would be able to someday return the balance and tame the magics that now run wild there. In return, the Trun have accepted that the secrets and artifacts the Erlunn left behind must be protected at all costs. The glory and landmarks that once filled the Forest are now gone and all that remains of the once magnificent Wood are broken ruins and the protections that once guarded the Erlunn from the outside world have now turned against The Trun.

Society:

The Trun continue to live in Dirtas, or easily defended underground homes, which continue to offer protections against the dangers of The Whispering Isles. Dirtas are usually quite small, with a tunnel that connects all the Dirts to a main underground chamber, which serves as a communal eating and gathering place. Dirts are used mostly for sleeping; daily tasks take place in the open air.

Gardens of basic vegetables, normally only found in the outside world, have been cultivated with care on The Whispering Isles. Berries, acorns, and other necessities that the Forest can provide are not cultivated, but are gathered as necessary by the members of the Elistri. The Trun continue to live in a communal hunting and gathering based society called a Mandok. Two separate, but equally important aspects continue to comprise the Mandok: the Elistri (El-is-tree) and the Wistri (Whis-tree). A third group of Trun, the Liyari (Li-yar-ee), lives separately from the Mandok, while a fourth group, the Kindii (Kin-dee) has arisen since settling on The Whispering Isles. Since The Shattering, many Trun have become Liyari (or Kindii), choosing to live separately from the Mandoks in the hope of better connecting with and understanding their new home.

War between Mandoks, a common practice before Imperial incursions due to arguments over hunting grounds and other matters, is almost unheard of today. They are too focused on their new home.

The four largest and most commonly known Mandoks are:

Nordana- Mandok of the Bear: Brown and Green

Lindana- Mandok of the Wolf: Purple and Blue

Taylana- Mandok of the Badger: Red and Yellow

Quelana (Q lawn' a)- Mandok of the Willow: Orange and White

Learning a trade or a skill in a Mandok is through an apprentice system, and although the young Elf resides with his or her parents until a suitable age, the entire community is responsible for their upbringing. As soon as the child is introduced to Trun society, they are surrounded and immersed in the culture of the Trun Elves. They learn the secrets of their people and of the other creatures that are known to reside in the forest. A large part of their education is learning how to safely interact with the forest that surrounds them; what the properties of plants are and how to manage in the forest are only two examples of an intense education for which the entire

community is responsible. They also learn as much information as possible about the outside world and the races that reside in it, for the Trun Elves believe this to be important.

The following are the names of the groups (professions) found among all Elistri and the attributes/colors associated with each.

Colinadri (nature)- Silver and Purple: knowledge, wisdom, prophecy, vision, protection

Nadri (also known as Shaman) (nature)- White and Purple- messenger, truth seeker, clear vision, heightened awareness

Kuvandri (Planar magics)- Blue and Yellow- spiritual enlightenment, clarity of vision, transcendence

Emani (Healers)- Gold and Silver- protection, longevity, healing, symbol of the bounty of Ghaia

Structure:

Elistri- Comprised of like-minded persons, they are like a large extended family within a Mandok. All persons that live within a Mandok are considered Elistri. These settlements are usually comprised of 20 to 40 Elves. Each Mandok has a patriarch and a matriarch, to oversee the everyday affairs of their settlement, and are given the title of Fuiir (Foe-ear) and Sindrir (Sin-dreer), respectively. This title is given as a sign of respect and while they make many decisions about the everyday operation of the Mandok, the ultimate power of the settlement belongs to the Colinadri.

Associated Colors of Elistri: Regular Elistri Colors of Profession or Mandok

Fuiir and Sindrir- Usually the oldest and wisest of the Elistri, and oft times members of the Colinadri are selected to hold these positions, which are reviewed each year on the Winter Solstice. One of the main responsibilities of the Fuiir and Sindrir is the retaining of knowledge and teaching of the history of their particular Mandok and of the Trun in general. They teach all matters of history, and they are seen as great sources of knowledge, and are regarded as respected Sages by all Trun Elves. It should be noted that this aspect of the Fuiir and Sindrir is particularly important, as the Trun Elves practice an oral history instead of a written one. All legends and historic accounts are told to and by the Fuiir and Sindrir, who pass the knowledge on to the young of the Mandok.

Associated Colors: Regular Elistri Colors of Profession or Mandok, with two silver/grey lines

Colinadri- a group comprised of the most powerful mages found within each Mandok, they are still considered Elistri. The number can range from 3, in the smaller Mandoks, to 5, in the larger Mandoks. The Colinadri is responsible for the overall direction the settlement takes year to year. This is done through a High Magic ritual casting called a Relitri, which is performed once a year beginning on the Winter Solstice. A Relitri lasts several days, and is a unique High Magic ritual, carried out in a Ring of Defense, that is

basically a specialized Vision of the Seasons. It reveals what the Elves should concentrate their efforts on in the coming year, where the best hunting grounds are, what quests should be undertaken, which enemies to watch, etc. The Colinadri, it should be noted, are viewed more as guides, not rulers, although it is extremely rare for a Trun to question what a member of the Colinadri has concluded. The Colinadri are also responsible for the ritual castings after the birth of each Elf within their Mandok, to discover the path the newborn will eventually grow to follow and whether they will be Elistri or Wistri, so the appropriate paintings and colors can be chosen. The Colinadri will often use a Circle placed on platforms high in the trees to gain greater access to the stars. The Trun hold the power of the stars and their ability to direct the path of the Trun in high regard. Unlike the Erlunn, the seer's powers relate directly to the Trun and can often be interpreted in different ways. Others are able to read the stars, it is not limited to the Colinadri, although the ability is never abused, taken for granted, or done lightly.

Associated Colors of Colinadri: Regular Elistri Colors of Mandok, as well as Silver and Purple: knowledge, wisdom, prophecy, vision, protection

Wistri- the outward defenders of the Mandok and to the woodlands themselves, they are considered separate from the Elistri. Since The Shattering many have become Wistri. Usually several groups of Wistri will call a particular Mandok home, and defend the Elistri found there. It is rare for them to remain in any one place for more than a few days at a time, unless injured. They feel the call of the forest within their very spirits, and they hold their duty of protection above all else, even personal safety. It is rumored that when damage is done to the forest or its creatures that the Wistri can actually feel its pain, so they can better heed the cry for help. When trade with the outside world is needed, the Wistri are responsible for these dealings. They are the primary hunters of the Mandok, providing the meat and skins that help to add variety to the diet of the Elistri. Wistri either travel alone, or in groups of 5-8. The choice is the individuals Elf's and they may change this preference at any time. They prefer the two-weapons fighting style and the bow, being the fighters and rogues of the settlements. When in battle, the Wistri are to be feared: they are savage and show no mercy to their enemies. They no longer designate themselves by separate titles, but simply view themselves as Wistri. It is not uncommon for several members of each of these groups to travel the woods together, though there is no set traveling groups. The Wistri work toward the health and safety of their Mandok, the Elistri, and the Forest at large.

Associated Colors of the Wistri: Colors Mandok, as well as Black and Yellow: defense, warriors, death, protection

Liyari (Lost Ones)- who choose to live outside of the Mandok structure. These homeless people are called Liyari because they are not content within the ways of the Mandok, or cannot adapt to the needed cultural changes. They are lost to all that they know and either live in solitude in the deepest parts of the forest or ban together with other Liyari and form group. The Liyari are not looked upon with anger, but more pity than anything else. The death of a Liyari is mourned, as is the death of a clan member. The philosophy holds that the Liyari are lost from the world of the Trun and that it is hoped that someday they will return and be found again as a member of the clan. Being called a Liyari is not

derogatory at all, and any Trun Elf that would venture into the outside world for any reason would be considered a Liyari until his or her permanent return.

Associated Colors of the Liyari: Colors of Profession with a dotted black symbol to demonstrate their status as Liyari.

Kindii (Kin-dee)- The Kindii are those naturalists and other Trun Elves that have dedicated their lives to their new homes and can be of any class or originally from any Mandok. Often considered Liyari, they spend weeks or sometimes months, alone on the island.

Associated Colors: As they are not Elistri and do not associate themselves with a particular Mandok, they simply decorate their faces with black lines or symbols: isolation, learning, connection, nature

Law:

Trun law is somewhat unusual. There are no written laws or punishments, as the Elves are raised with the morals of the generation before them. If a dispute arises and cannot be settled between the two parties themselves, the Colinadri come together to perform a Ritual of Seeking, which reveals the truth of the situation. All abide by the decision of the Colinadri in these instances, which are extremely rare and almost unheard of. The Trun Elves do not practice the death penalty, and the most feared punishment is being shunned. This is extreme, but once shunned all members of the offender's Mandok (both the Elistri and the Wistri) act as if the individual does not exist in any way.

Personality:

"Civilized" people often find the Trun Elves uncultured and crude and see this as a sign of ignorance or stupidity, but this perception is misleading. It is probably brought upon by the perceived strangeness of their language, dress, and their seeming inability to grasp the concept of coin in exchange for goods, as they practice a barter system in their own society. The Trun are intelligent and able to adapt to the world of outsiders relatively quickly, though by choice they have become more and more isolated in recent years.

The Trun are a happy, yet serious people. They find pleasure in simple things, but find no humor in the plight of others or in the wrongs of the world. They have a very definite moral code, which they uphold at all times. They especially enjoy games, singing, and dancing. The arts of combat and archery intrigue and awe many of the Trun. The Trun Elves enjoy intoxicants and hallucinogens, and part-take of them often, though never when a task has not been completed or there is work to be done.

The transformation of the Trun Wood in to The Stonelands was devastating to the Trun, who were magically connected to their ancestral home. It has turned them in to a much more serious and protective people. Many spend a significant amount of time trying to understand and bond with their new home and the creatures that dwell there. They feel a deep sense of purpose to protect and care for their new home and can be ruthless in that endeavor. Many regard the Trun as the best naturalists and the most in-tune with Ghaia of anyone within the Realms.

Appearance:

Trun Elves also have a unique view of the body and of dress. Trun Elves, when born, have a ceremony called a Sotok performed on them by the Colinadri. This will determine

whether they will be of the Elistri or the Wistri, and what profession they will follow. If an Elf is to become a Fuiir or Sindrir, he or she will bear an extra marking in gray to represent their position. From then on they will use herbs, berries, and other resources to derive the colors on their faces to reflect their profession and their Mandok. The colorings can be of any shape or non-shape that the Trun Elf desires. These markings will always be visible and regarded with pride. The colors are always worn in times of battle, traveling, or when dealing with other Mandoks or those of the outside realm, but can be worn with regularity in day-to-day life. The last is the personal choice of each Elf. Because of the Sotok (reading the stars to choose a child's path at birth), Retraining does not occur within the Trun society, despite the fact that they know of its existence in the outside world. If a Trun Elf feels that a different profession is their calling, they will often become Liyari and enter into the outside world in search of Retraining. This does not occur with any regularity, with the exception of the first few months of the Trun settling into their new home. It should be noted that during those first few months when many Trun were becoming Kindii, that the Trun themselves performed the High Magic, something never known to be done before.

Dress of the Trun Elves is simplistic. Un-dyed furs and tanned hides, simple linen dresses, etc. comprise typical dress, and adornments upon clothing are extremely unusual. Seldom do the Trun Elves wear shoes and armor, but when worn these will be fashioned of flexible, yet sturdy leathers. Necklaces, bracelets, and earrings are worn by both the men and the women of the Trun Elves, and are handcrafted, usually created from a great kill or plant life from the forest.

Language:

The Old Dialect of Trun Elves was an unusual combination of Emuri and ancient Elven. Today however they mostly speak common, although they use a somewhat crude and broken form of it. Unlike other cultures, the Trun do not place a lot of stock in the spoken or written word, preferring instead to communicate via body language and facial expression. The Trun themselves feel that silence is a more powerful force than speech, and it is for this reason that most Trun are very soft-spoken in public.

Birth:

Births are still highly celebrated by the Trun, even after The Shattering, although much of the ritual ceremonies built around births have been abandoned. They are typically celebrated quietly. Recently, for reasons unknown, twin births continue at a higher rate.

Marriage:

Trun Elves will marry one time, for life, as divorce does not exist. A Trun can marry a member of his Mandok or another's. It is up to the newlyweds, with advice from Colinadri, as to which Mandok they join. There is no set tradition in which Mandok the couple joins. The ceremony is presided over by the Colinadri, and is symbolic of the joining of the 12 Planes, using the Lorinar to symbolically meld the couple together through the intermingling of the elements in each of them.

Death:

Death is also seen as part of the cycle of life and the ceremonies have changed since The

Shattering, due to the danger that surrounds them on the island. Usually, the body remains in a Dirta and is guarded throughout the night. Quiet singing until sundown is permitted. At sunrise the body is taken to a pyre and is burned. The pyre is in the center of the 12 Lorinar which are representations of the 12 Planes. The Trun Elves believe that aspects of the 12 Planes exist in each of us in some amounts. By burning the body of the dead surrounded by the Lorinar, they allow those aspects to be released from the body to return to their plane of origin.

Trun Aging:

<u>Age</u>	<u>Stage</u>	<u>Human Equivalent</u>
0-3	Infant	0-2
4-7	Toddler	3-5
8-20	Child	6-8
21-70	Youth	9-11
71-90	Adolescent	12-14
91-100	Puberty	15-20
101-200	Young Adult	21-30
201-300	Mature	31-40
301-400	Middle Aged	41-60
401-500	Old	61-90
501 +	Venerable	91 +

Interracial Relations:

The Trun are very naive when it comes to other races, however they no longer take it for granted that people are good. While they do not fear any other race, since The Shattering they have become extremely cautious of their dealings with outside races, though they continue to judge based on an individual basis, rather than a cultural one. Post-Shattering they have become even more isolationist; aided by the fact their new home is an island. They feel that the outside world cannot understand or appreciate their ways.

Family:

While the family is important to the Trun, it is not as important as the Mandok which they are part of. These large communities of families are cooperative in nature and are how the vast majority of Trun identify themselves primarily. Trun wear the colors of their Mandok, and/or profession, proudly on their faces, and it is easy for a Trun to identify which Mandok another Trun is from.

Leisure:

The Trun enjoy dancing, music, art, and family time. They enjoy practicing with weapons and magic for the sake of the sheer artistry and technique involved in these exercises. High Magic casters are highly respected, and during festivals many warriors and mages perform katas in their arts as a display of their skill and discipline. Fighting to resolve disputes within or between Mandoks seldom if ever occurs, and the violence against the other Mandoks is an alarmingly ugly contrast to the day-to-day life in Trun culture.

Trun Elves enjoy the nature of the woods above all else. On most nights, clear or otherwise, it is not uncommon for any Elves within an Elistri to come together to dance and sing

underneath the stars. It is a time of reconnection with nature, and a cleansing and meditative time for the Elves.

Another love of the Trun Elves is storytelling. Many evenings, before dancing and singing, times of festivities, or during meals, any who choose to stand and tell a tale are allowed. Some are imagined, fantastical stories of the outside world, creative stories to imbue the morals of the Trun Elves, or historical legends that cover various aspects of Trun Society. The Fuiir and Sindrir always take a turn at storytelling in large groups. Trun Elves particularly enjoy stories from afar, and Liyari that return from the outside world to rejoin a Mandok and wish to tell tales of their outside adventures have no problems finding a captive audience.

Since the Trun Elves enjoy games, another past time, which is quite popular, is Trintok. Trintok is a game of skill, strength, and stealth, which centers around a ball of animal pelts wound tightly with leather string, and about the size of a melon. There are two teams comprised of five players each. The object of the game is to retain the ball and set it in the designated goal of the opposite team. The playing area is designated beforehand, and is quite large, but the location of the two goals is not revealed, leaving the other team to find it. They are marked with anything that is at hand, and easily recognizable by the other team (like a large unusually colored frond leaf). There are three rounds of thirty minutes each, with ten minute breaks between each round. Any strategy is allowed, as long as there is no serious damage that result in permanent afflictions. After a goal is scored, a non-partisan Elf (someone not playing) takes the ball and returns it to the center of the playing area and drops it. The game does not stop during this time. Each goal is worth one point. Teams change often and competition is good-natured, although quite fierce at times, and general injuries are not uncommon. Teams are made up of anyone who wishes to play at that time and although it does not happen regularly, Trintok games do occur between Mandoks. Although confusing, several Trintok games could be occurring at the same time in the same general vicinity. The winning team (the one that has accrued the most points) receives various prizes, agreed upon before the beginning of the game: a particular necklace, first serve at the communal dinners, etc., but the true reward is the knowledge that one is especially fleet of foot or mind.

At the beginning of summer, all Trun Elves come together for the Hakfrin (Hack-frin) or the gathering of the Mandoks. The Hakfrin is a time for games of strength, skill, marriage, storytelling, dancing, singing, and great celebration. There is wrestling, games involving stationary targets, and games of chance. It allows for the individual Mandoks to rekindle ties, not only political, but also familial. The Hakfrin also allows for news of the past year from each Mandok to be shared with the rest. For many Mandoks it is the only time of the year that they will see each other, and it is a happy and peaceful time.

The Whispering Isles:

The Trun now live where the Erlunn once dwelled- though the ravages of The Shattering destroyed a large portion of the Forest of Shadows and the water that traveled the lands have yet to recede. Thus, the Forest became is now a series of islands, separated from the mainland by the Starlen Sea. The Trun have renamed the islands The Whispering Isles. Since the Trun knew of the destruction that was coming, they were able to bring many of the forest-dwelling creatures and flora that once grew abundantly in The Whispering Wood. However, they have failed to flourish on the island. Note that much of The Whispering Isles remained uncharted.

Geographical Interests:

Ruins of Evartay- When The Shattering took place, the Evartay (the fifty foot blue-crystal monument dedicated to the Erlunn history) fell leaving in its place a vast and twisting maze-like area.

The Falls of Kaliandre (Call-ee-ah-in-dree)- The Falls of Kaliandre live on, now a vast waterfall that cascades nearly 150 feet, beginning at the top of Mount Siolin, down and into a mighty river called The Breakstone. Rumors abound that the spirit of Kaliandre was released from her eternal guardianship of the Falls. Twisted by the magics released from The Shattering, she wanders the land at night and is avoided by the Trun at all costs.

Mount Siolin- The only mountain upon the Whispering Isles, it stands proud and majestic. The peak has not yet been reached, but strange, glittering lights can be seen at night even from great distances. It appears that the mountain is slowly disappearing, from the top down.

Cystal Fields (formerly the Cystali Cvens, or Crystal Caves)- These Caves, once the sight of the Erlunn Soliinyar Harmae (Harmonics School) were shattered. The caves, which were completely destroyed, are now a vast field of crystals. Razor sharp crystals protrude throughout the area and creatures of incredible strength and might roam the area. When the winds blow across them, discordant melodies pierce the air.

Silvered Grove- Once the Soliinyar Arcanii (Erlunn School of Healing and Arcane Magics) stood here as one of the most impressive and beautiful structures of the Forest of Shadows. Created via the combined efforts of all the Saigriim Truiiryn (masters) of the school, it has returned to its original form. No other remnants of the school remains, but a small, rune-covered block of True Silver which sits immovable in the middle of Silvered Grove. The Grove itself has unusual magical properties and no noise breaches the boundaries of the grove. Strange flora grows wild and ancient, towering tree branches crisscross to lend a ceiling-like feel to the grove.

The Grove of Liiyin (Grove of the Lost) – After the Spirits of the Whispering Isles were taken by the Curator, the Trun sought to begin to heal the Isle in earnest. Created by Elsbeth Greydawn, the large pine trees encircle a large grove, filled with moss and a bubbling brook. Thousands of flowers adorn the trees, with pegs every few steps to attend to them. Each petal of a flower represents one of the spirits that was lost, and one for each new spirit as it passes from the world. It is rumored that time moves more slowly within the Grove and that it is a Primal Anchor.

The Swamp of Beylin – This swamp is a darkened, dangerous area. One misstep can spell one's death or they can slowly sink beneath the surface. Many strange and unusual creatures reside there.

Soliinyar Mistrien (called Forgotten Halls by the Trun)- (School of Misteries) The only Erlunn Soliinyar to survive The Shattering, Forgotten Halls was sealed by powerful magic before The Shattering and the Erlunn abandonment of the area. When the Erlunn were forced to leave the Forest of Shadows, they turned the Soliinyar Mistrien in to a

massive vault. Since many of its secrets were considered too dangerous to remove from the Forest of Shadows, the Erlunn instead built layer upon layer of protections on the Soliinyar and moved whatever artifacts, books, items, treasures, etc...they were unable to take with them in to the school. Several of the masters of the school remained within during The Sealing and have not been heard from since. The school was still affected by The Shattering, and it no longer moves from place to place, though it still remains shrouded in a disorienting fog. The Trun protect this place above all else, as the secrets contained within are considered particularly dangerous. (See Jenn Tobin before running anything with it).

Legends and Heroes:

Daminis Greenleaf- Hero of the Shining Grove. This Mandok Fuiir led his people against Rengek in the Battle of the Shining Grove. Daminis battled Rengek himself and wounded him viciously causing the loss of one of the Karani Warlord's eyes. Daminis later led some of his fellow Trun against the forces of Lord Cornelius, but was captured. He was enslaved and forced to work in the Corlissian Salt Mines where he died in 589.

Sivith Oakdale- This Colinadri member of the Lidana Mandok led the counter-attack that killed Rengek at The Battle of the Dead. He has since become Liyari, at one time hunting down Imperials, and at later times helping the Free City of Vargus in their fight against Undead.

Elsbeth Greydawn (Jenn Tobin): Member of the Wolf Mandok and part of the Colinadri, she was the first to successfully bond with The Whispering Isles in 615. She is the most powerful of the bonded, and has ascended to something like an Aspect of the Isles.

Virrin Fernnin (Ben Mathis)- This renowned Nadri created a sacred grove in the Trun Forest that may only be visited by Elves. This place was the last resort and defense of the Trun. This place was known as the Haven Grove, and was located deep within the forest. Virrin returned shortly before the Shattering, and helped guide the adventurers in severing the bond that the Trun shared with their old homeland, the Trun Wood. He has not been seen since.

Silvinis Willowsong- A Katandri of the Fretrim Mandok that was annihilated by the Imperials, this Trun dedicated her life to finding a way to heal the woods of the damage inflicted upon it by the Imperials. Through long study and hardship, this Liyari discovered a way in which to use songs to heal the plants and animals found within the Trun Forest. Many have offered her a home within their Mandok, but she has chosen to extend her song to the Forest at large and in times of great distress, to the forests of the outside world.

Yesperil Greydawn- A hero of all Trun, this Wistri avenged the death of the small Wendarin Mandok, mercilessly murdered by Imperialists when they refused to surrender. Yesperil, returning several days after the slaughter tracked, and in a battle-frenzy, destroyed all thirty of the Imperial group responsible. When found by the

Taylana Mandok she was unconscious, surrounded by the bodies of her enemies, and grievously wounded. The Taylana Mandok cared for her throughout her recovery, and after having been Liyari for a short period, she has returned to the Taylana Mandok. Many Trun stand in awe of her.

The Legend of Virrin Fernnin as told by Sindrir Terilthil Maybrook of the Quelana Mandok in the year 600 and recorded by Scribe Relithia Dandridge of Stonegate Keep

The winter of that year was extremely cold and long lasting. The trees were covered with ice that hung as long as a man's arm and death and sickness visited many on the back of a chill wind. The winter that year was harder in other ways as well. The men of the blue and gold (side note: Imperialists) had killed many of our brothers and sisters that year. The white snow in many places was covered with the blood spilled in the many battles, both that of Trun Elves and of our enemies. The tears shed by the Quelana Mandok froze on our faces as they flowed down our cheeks. Never had we seen such pleasure in killing as seen by our enemies. Many other Mandoks had fallen, their names and memories gone like the leaves on the wind in autumn. It was a sad time. The Colinadri did much magic in their circle to try and discover what to do to stop an enemy, which covered the fields and glens like flies on a long dead animal. They knew no answers. Hope was fading more with each setting of the sun.

One night all members of the Quelana Mandok gathered in the Dirtra where we meet for such talks. There were men and women from all the large Mandok's that were left and many from the smaller ones. It was time to choose a path for the Elves. Looking around I saw many heads bowed with the weight of sadness and of sites to evil to speak of. My heart mourned for my people. This should have been a time for gathering near the fire and speaking of tales of heroic deeds and fond memories, with children laughing and playing. Instead the children were silent, many now without parents to guide them in the trials to come. I felt a fire begin within my heart, closing off the sadness, and hatred clouded my mind for the men that had brought my people to such a state of despair.

Many questions were asked and few answers were given. Some said we should leave these lands and travel many miles to the South, away from the war. This shows the true hopelessness that my people felt, for never would they leave the Forest unprotected, for the forest is within us at all times. The pain the forest feels, we feel, and it had become a constant dull ache of the Forest in anguish and dying. Many suggestions were rejected. After several hours of speaking, nothing had been decided on what path to follow.

Then a young Trun Elf that had been sitting quietly in the back of the room stood up. I recognized him as Virrin Fernnin, a Nadri of remarkable powers. He had not joined the Colinadri yet, though many questioned why, despite his young age. He knew many things about the Forest that he should not know, many things that no other Elf of the forest knew. He was a quiet lad and naive in many matters, but when it came to the forest and the creatures that dwelled there, he was an old man, both wise and full of knowledge. His bond with the woodland was strange and mystical; many believed that he could speak to the woods as I am speaking to you. Still others believed that he was a creation of the forest, sent to us to speak for it. I noticed that his eyes were still lit with the fire of youth, eager and curious. It was a large difference from the dull, lifeless eyes the surrounded me. Perhaps his connection with the forest protected him from the despairs of mortal men. Or perhaps it was simply the firelight reflected in his eyes. No one will know now.

As I saw him stand I raised my hand to silence the quiet murmurings of the room. I bade him to speak and with a nod of his head he began. Not a sound could be heard as he spoke. I will repeat to you now what I recall, but I cannot repeat the magic that filled his voice, of the lilting words that sounded as if they carried a harmonious tune. It was the sound of hope, and unless you have heard it before, it cannot be described.

He told of speaking with the mystical creatures in the Forest, creatures that would not allow Elves to glimpse them, let alone speak with them. He said that they were afraid, for their lives and their homes and that something had to be done. He said that we were their guardians, and we could not leave them to die at the hands of our enemies. He spoke of the elusive Salareen (side note: rumors have had it that there is a strange and magical race of Elves that retain the power to transform into wolves and protect the forests of Ghaia. The few reports of sightings that are mentioned in the Stonegate archives are vague and the existence of the Salareen has never been proven or disproven.). The Elves of the Forest knew the stories of their existence, but more as a legend of our people. Many looked at this young Elf in disbelief. He said that he had studied magic with the Salareen and they had taught him a deep and ancient magic- a powerful one that should not be cast lightly or without thought.

He would not discuss the details behind this magic when questioned, but said that he would cast this magic for the good of the people. He explained that it would create a haven for the Trun Elves, a place where only Elves could enter. A place where arrows could not reach to find the heart of its target. A place that no magic could breach. A place that would be a last resort to the Elves should the army of the man full of hatred defeat us. I began to see the light of hope rekindled in the eyes of many, like the stoking of a dying fire.

Though many of my people did not realize this, I knew that what young Virrin offered was the continuation of the war, but one without despair. Should we fall, our children would have a place of safety in which to go. We would not have to fear for our way of life leaving the land forever. This would be a haven in which we could make a stand, if need be, or a place to regain our balance. The very idea that it would be there would be enough for many of the Elves to continue the fight. I regret to say that no one asked what it would cost of young Virrin to cast this magic. He agreed to do it and said that he would begin immediately. That was enough.

He entered into the circle of our Mandok and began to cast a great spell. It was strange. He sang a haunting melody to which I cannot remember the words, but not because of my age. He sang for many days. The entire Mandok guarded the circle for these days, fearing an attack and the disruption of the spell. Toward the end of the fifth day, what happened is still difficult to believe when one remembers.

A golden light filled the circle. It shone off the snow with a radiance that caused many to turn away from the sight. The bottom of the circle looked to have been turned to golden water. Virrin stood within this water that reached to his knees and calmly waited. Soon a figure began to arise out of the water. It was a woman, but only in form. It was an easy task to tell this. Her hair was straight and flowed almost to the ground and looked to be composed of gold and sunlight. She was Elven, but her skin was as white as the snow. Her eyes were the color of the leaves at full summer, that elusive green that can be seen from the corner of your eye, but when you turn to take in its beauty it is gone from sight. She was clothed in a white shift and there was two swords strapped to her back. The swords glowed silver and the casings in which they were sheathed had many magical runes flowing on them, much like water in a brook. She sat atop of the largest unicorn I had ever seen- a magnificently white creature, proud and defiant. Motes of light appeared to surround them as they rose from the water of gold. A feeling of calm swept

over the Elves as we watched. A feeling of happiness and hope flowed through me and tears, not of sadness, found their way down my face. It was a feeling of coming home after a particularly long and wearying journey.

In the women's hands was a silver pitcher that had blue runes, which sparkled in the moonlight. Virrin fell to his knees, and then stood. The woman held the pitcher forward and spoke in a voice composed of happiness. She said only a few sentences, but our hearts were filled. She said, "Virrin Fernnin of the Elves, you have called me forth. Your heart and your intentions are both noble and true. Take the Pitcher of Emerilion and help your people. You do not have much time. You understand what is required of you?" when Virrin nodded she continued, "Your sacrifice shall be remembered for all time. Your protection of the people and many creatures of this forest is known, and shall also be remembered by those not of your kind." She then looked to us and spoke, "Never doubt your path. Your hearts are true and your course is righteous. Continue on. Although I cannot tell if your path shall succeed, it is one which must be followed". Turning back to Virrin she said, "With steady hand and wisdom fulfill the path which you have chosen." With that Virrin stepped forward and claimed the pitcher. The woman and the Unicorn faded. Virrin then bent to the golden water and filled the pitcher. The light suddenly faded and all appeared as it had always been.

Without a word Virrin stepped from the circle and walked into the woods carrying the pitcher before him. He walked for many hours, to the very center of the forest. As we followed I saw many creatures following beside us, hidden by the trees. There were Satyrs, Deer, Pixies, Unicorns, and several others that were hidden in the shadow of the trees.

When we reached the center of the wood Virrin turned and spoke to the Elves gathered there. He said, "This place is to be known as Haven Grove. Use it carefully and only as a last resort. It is a sacred and special place that will protect you in times of great need." With that he knelt and began to pour the golden water onto the ground. It spread very far very quickly. It spread past us and into the woods beyond. The light in the Grove grew greater and greater until I could not see my hands when I held them to my face. The light then faded, and both Virrin and the pitcher were gone. All could feel the magic of Haven Grove, and although there was sadness for the loss of Virrin, many smiled with renewed vigor.

We left Haven Grove after a short while. There were many plans to be made for the continuation of the war. The men and women of the other Mandoks left to tell their people of the wonders they had witnessed and to each prepare their Mandok for the trials before them.

In the years to come, our people fought fiercely and bravely against the threat of the men of the one who wished us harm. Many fell, and they were mourned. Haven Grove was never used, although there were times in the moons to follow that it was considered. The very existence of Haven Grove and the sacrifice of Virrin drove the Trun Elves to new heights, fighting and defending their forest and the creatures within with ferocity unmatched at any other time and with a renewed hope that held throughout the many battles and deaths of loved ones.

Many Elves fought in the war and many of them died. Other heroes and heroines arose since the creation of Haven Grove and their sacrifices were great as well: Nami Heatherfew, Galindro Weithelm, Yesperil Greydawn, the Wistri of the Relais, Sholonar Treetorn, and many, many more. Their sacrifices, along with Virrin's, were great and shall always be remembered. But I believe that these are tales for a different day. The fire burns low and I am tired and filled with a sadness from remembering these days of hardship and happiness.

History:

604 (as recorded by the Scribes of Stonegate)

The disappearance of Ghaian magic ripped a savage gash in the fabric of Trun society. Many of the sacred places and items created with that power failed, and the ability of the Colinadri to guide the Elves was questioned. Widespread panic was only narrowly avoided by the stoic nature of the Fuiir and Sindrir who lead each Mandok, and by the Colinadri themselves. Wisely, they quickly moved to patch the holes left by the loss of magic, focusing on what could be done instead of what was lost. Although the connection to the forest and the land seemed weaker, the Trun Elves still sport a nearly supernatural understanding and rapport with their homeland. Healing and Bardic magics have been used to create the same ritual effects, and the Colinadri have embraced a mix of the two in the breach of their lost abilities. Though, perhaps, weaker, the Trun Elves are struggling valiantly to reaffirm their place. For now, the most noticeable change is the disbanding of one of the Elistri, as the Nadri are absorbed into other occupations. The Colinadri continue their role as guides and holders of wisdom, but there are rumblings of doubt that have not yet been subdued. Still unsteady and a bit unsure, they are more closed off than before and very little contact with the outside world has occurred. The increase in travelers across the plains has been ignored as the Trun tend once more to the hurts to be healed within the forest.

595

A new threat to the Trun way of life makes itself known. A self-proclaimed Emperor named Cornelius attacks the Trun allied city of Prinith, on the North East of the Forest. The siege is quick, brutal, and bloody. The Trun send Wistri to help their allies, and manage to rescue a fair number of the humans from that town. One of the survivors is David Loaman, the 15 year old son of Johann Loaman, Lord of Prinith. Lord Loaman, unable to be rescued, is captured, and sent to the Corliss Salt Mines as a slave. All of the rescued humans are given asylum in the Trun Wood, several of whom adapt to life amongst their new brethren.

598

The Trun Elves, having lived with the threat of the Imperial army looming over them, begin to look towards focusing on their craft and culture. The Dirts are expanded and large, underground Mandoks are established. Large, cave-like rooms and areas are hollowed out and extended families make their homes within them. Many of the trees above them are hollowed out magically by the Nadri, leaving the life of the tree intact, but allowing sun to infiltrate the darkened corridors and homes below. During this time, which has come to be known as the Bado, meaning “The Building (in reference to craft, people, and homes)”, three new Mandoks are built. Craftsmen also begin to work on new, more elaborate weapons and some have even chosen to travel abroad and study with the other races, something not heard of in past years. Whispers abound, however, of a darkness coming. The Colinadri continually seek answers from the stars and the whispers of the wood itself. The Nadri continue to study the ways of natural magic and some are even able to walk with the trees.

601

The Trun Elves are thrust in to a period of confusion for several days. As attuned as they are to the ways of nature and life, a firm disruption was felt, but its’ source was not discovered for nearly a month. Alipostos Erlunn, once thought dead, was returned to the world of life. The Trun are horrified by this violation of Alipostos’ spirit and the violation of nature it represents,

and the Trun slowly begin to withdraw from their more open affairs with the Erlunn. Later in the year, five young Wilremig disappear while training in the distant corners of the Wood. Their bodies are later found, shredded and partially eaten. No prints or bite marks reveal the nature of their attacker/s. The wood mourns for the loss of its children.

With the fall of the Empire after the death of Emperor Cornelius, prisoners and slaves taken during its reign are released and return home. One of these is Johann Loaman, former Lord of Prinith. He quickly re-establishes ties with the Trun and is amazed to learn that his son has been living amongst them, along with a small, but thriving community of humans who were rescued by the Trun. The humans return home to Prinith, ever thankful to the Trun for helping them survive the last few years. During those years, David Loaman, even though human, was accepted into the Trun society, joining the Salarin Wistri and becoming a fierce warrior. Even after returning to Prinith with his father and being Knighted, he is often found with his Wistri brethren, whom he often takes with him on various missions.

605

The Trun have progressed in the studies of magic significantly, since they are more able to devote time to it. The Nadri especially have taken great strides in their understanding of Ghaian Magic and the woods around them. The Nadri, during a ritual known simply as “Reven” or “The Revealing”, led all the Mandoks of the Trun Wood in a complicated ritual to “awaken” the forest. Mandok Quelana contributed heavily to the necessary components and communications with the trees during the ceremony. Even Liyari are present for the ceremony. The forest is granted a sort of sentience from their past ancestors, and those who are willing, become one with the trees, to act as guardians and keepers. These ancestral spirits, Kin-tok, are not able to communicate or take physical shape, but they grant the trees a sentience not formerly known. The Kin-tok allow for less open entrances in to the Dirts, ensuring an even greater level of protection for the Trun. While open accesses still exist, the Trun often use the trees to travel from place to place in the Wood.

607

Another period of sadness mars the Trun Wood when several more hunters and children go missing. Again, their bodies are found, mutilated and apparently gnawed upon. Despite all the efforts of the Nadri, and the Mandoks, the culprits continue to elude the Trun.

A fourth new Mandok is named. Though it had been formed years ago by its members, it had never been formally recognized as a Mandok until now. All of the Trun of this Mandok are Lycanthropes, and up until now had considered themselves Liyari, and not a Mandok. However, due to the numbers that were drawn together in their commonalities, they began to think of themselves as a community and therefore as a Mandok. Their request to be recognized as such was granted at the yearly Hakfrin. They became known as Chingook, the Mandok of the Changelings.

608

The Trun hero Sivith Oakdale returns to the Trun Wood. He brings with him tales of a free city which he has been living near, populated by humans, dark elves, elves, gypsies and other races. This free city is called Vargus, and he has been aiding them in their endeavors, even serving on its Council, though he has taken several new names while among them. He tells of a great army of Undead which plagues Vargus and asks for aid with these possible new allies.

Fourteen Tree-Walkers agree to leave the Wood for a time and travel with him to Vargus. There, they form into smaller 3-man strike teams, waging a war of hit and run tactics against the Undead. Over the next 2 years, they discover several Spirit Vessels of the Undead, and lead the townspeople to them, who then have them destroyed.

609

The Trun Wood is thrown in to chaos when over thirty Trun Elves, believed to be permanently dead, again walk among their kin. The Colinadri see a shift in the alignment of the stars and a breach in the very nature of the wood, an unbalancing. Those who have returned are confused and upset at the disruption to their rest with the wood and their guardianship of their people. Over the weeks while the situation is debated and studied, the depression of the, “See-in Tok Mar” (Those That Sleep No More) deepens. The See-in Tok Mar ask to be released to return to their eternal, rightful sleep and reluctantly the Colinadri agree. On the Day of Mourning, the thirty-three Trun who returned from permanent rest are laid to rest again by their kin. It is finally decided to send representatives from each of the Mandoks to the other races to see if they know anything of the See-in Tok Mar. They return with news that it is not an isolated event, but that all the races have had loved ones returned from death. However, those races have chosen to allow the See-in Tok Mar to walk among them again. Horrified by the continued breach, the Trun refuse to have anything to do with the Krisi See-in (Cursed Sleepers) and vow to return them their sleep whenever possible.

610

At the very end of October, Sivith Oakdale and the 14 Tree-Walkers that went with him to Vargus return. They do not return alone, however. Vargus could not be saved from the vast amount of Undead that was present there, so it was sacrificed with an ancient magic device which destroys Life, and all things Magical throughout all of Vargus and the surrounding area. Living near Vargus was a group of Goat Ferun, the Gimmonites, whom Sivith had befriended. As the exact area of effect of the ancient device was unknown, the Tree-Walkers evacuated the entire Gimmonite village to the Trun Wood to keep them safe. Later in the year, they are invited to stay in the Trun Wood, an offer which the Gimmonites graciously accept.

611

The Colinadri are visited in the night by three spirits that warn them of a coming storm. The next night, when they read the stars, they see that the forest where the Erlunn dwell has been removed from the Line of Reading. Despite their uneasiness in their dealings with the Erlunn and their refusal to speak with Alipostos, representatives are sent. They discover that they are unable to enter the wood, that they are somehow magically blocked. Before further investigations can be done, more attacks by the “Cre-I U’Darkinii” (Creature of Unknown Darkness) take place. The attacks over the next month increase in frequency and no knowledge is forthcoming. The Trun prepare for the storm they know to be coming.

612

At the beginning of the year, certain parts of the Trun Wood had been observed as turning to stone. The cause is unknown, but it has caused significant concern among the Trun. War drums have also been heard at night, drifting across the plains to infiltrate the Wood. As the year carried on, the stone sickness continued to spread throughout the Trun Wood and more and

more turned to stone. In the early start of the summer, a large group of adventurers traveled to the Wood to partake of the festivities associated with the Summer Solstice and for the Alariya and her companions to speak with the Trun about moving their homeland to the Forest of Shadows after The Shattering. Shortly after the adventurers arrived, strange spiders and Barbarians attacked the outpost where the adventurers were staying. It was revealed that Tomakhan was working with the undead Daranak in order to destroy the Ghaian Anchors and harness the Wild Magic contained within them. However, Tomakhan betrayed Daranak and sought to control the magic for himself. The adventurers, organized by Yona and Ralisaire, worked tirelessly throughout the day and night to gather the necessary ingredients to create a sword that could be used to sever the anchor before Tomakhan. They were successful and in destroying the anchor also freed the link the Trun shared with their ancestral homeland. In response, Tomakhan sent a large force of spiders and two of his fiercest Barbarian warriors against the adventurer's outpost. As wild magic floated through the air, several adventurers took the magic in to themselves. Some had beneficial effects that helped the beleaguered group defend the outpost successfully.

Also during the summer solstice, Yona, a Trun Elf who resided outside the Wood, was chosen – for reasons unknown – to bear the spirits of the Trun Ancestors to the new Trun homeland. Many have sought these spirits and continue to do so in order to use them for nefarious purposes.

As the year comes to a close, the Trun continue to prepare for The Shattering and to move to their new home. As the time draws closer, the Trun spend hours walking through the Wood saying Good-Bye.

613 The Shattering struck the Trun Elves perhaps the hardest of anyone. Their entire homeland was destroyed, but they have since moved to The Whispering Isle. Survival has been difficult and the clans rarely venture out at night. Nearly all have taken to living below ground once again. While beleaguered they still seek to find their connection to the former Forest of Shadows (of the Erlunn) and begin the healing process of the wood. Some have managed connections, tenuous and weak, some a bit stronger. Many have died in the process and the magic that once belonged to the Erlunn runs free. The one shining moment for the Trun was their introduction to the Seein Elvaen – The Sea Elves – that lived in the waters around the island. Not seen by the Trun before, they take great joy in learning the water arts from their distant cousins, though the water closest to the isle is in as much disarray as the island itself.

614 The Trun continue the cleansing and bonding rituals necessary to return the Isle to a state of healing and calm. It is a slow process. Thanks to the diligent work of many, the primary silent predators that stalk the island were identified as *Elvaen Faein (Fay-ee-in)*, The Elves of the Fallen. The Elvaen Faein are those Erlunn Elves that were bonded with the Forest of Shadows and died there, their spirits becoming part of the landscape and protectors/fueling the magic of the Forest, before The Shattering took place. Those spirits become twisted and freed during The Shattering, and are now protecting what remains of their Forest with little to no control.

615 Midway through the year, the being known as The Curator began a spell of Harvesting, that Reaped spirits from across the known lands, including The Whispering Isles. Nearly all of the Elvaen Faeiin were taken from the Isles, leaving it both safer and in greater

danger. Now, with the Spirits gone, the healing and bonding with the Island can begin in earnest.