

The Valarian Champions: Dragon Storm Guide Book 1

Table of Contents

<u>TITLE</u>	<u>Page Number</u>
The Book of Valarians	2
Introduction.....	3
History of the Valarians	2
What is Valarian Training Anyway?	4
The Valarian Code	6
Valarian Spirit Ancestors.....	8
Valarian Goals	10
Valarian Missions.....	11
So, you want to be a Mentor	13
Tips, Tricks and Tactics for Valarian Cards	14

The Test Cards:

On the back cover of our book and on the inserted sheet you will find a series of “Test” cards. They are numbered T29 through T34. These cards are drawn from the cards that may be appearing in later expansions.

We are looking forward to your comments on these cards. We will be using your input to modify and edit the cards. Please write us with your comments.

Written By: Susan Van Camp

Art Director: Mark Harmon

Illustrations: Susan Van Camp (Pages 1, 2, 5, 9 10, 11, 15) and Glen Cooley (Pages 6, 13)

Editor: Mark Harmon

Cover Illustration: Susan Van Camp

Cartoon Strips: Susan Van Camp

Cut Out Cards: Mark Poole and Susan Van Camp

Dragon Storm Guide Book 1: Valarian Champions, Copyright 1998 by Susan Van Camp. Illustrations Copyright by each individual artist. All rights reserved. No text of this book may be reprinted by any electronic or mechanical means including information storage and retrieval systems without permission in writing from the publisher, except by a reviewer, who may quote brief passages in a review.

Published by Black Dragon Press, G-3117 Corunna Rd., Suite 178, Flint, MI. 48532

The Valarian Champions: Dragon Storm Guide Book 1



The Book of Valarians

Introduction

Hope is hard to come by in the Age of Storms. Centuries of tox plagues and warpspawn wars have disheartened people, leaving them prey to tyrannical necromancers. Battered by famine and pestilence, baffled by lies and half truths, most folks have given up. They keep their heads down, their backs bowed, their eyes fixed on wasted soil that provides a dwindling harvest. When it's hard to stay alive, few waste their time looking for salvation that never comes.

At least that's what they say aloud. In the silence of their own thoughts, these enslaved, frightened, starving people nurse secret longings. They want enough to eat, they want an end to war, they want decent lives. They want freedom. Sometimes, when they're sure they're among friends, these people give their hopes a name. They speak of Valarian Champions, hunters of necromancers, legendary saviors of the Stormlands; and they continue to hope.

Who are these champions, who can inspire hope in the hopeless? The following book gives the history and organization of these mysterious freedom fighters: Who they are, how they train, what they believe. Those who follow the Valarians' path must take these secrets into their hearts and hold them there. This knowledge is their best weapon in their war against death mages.



History of the Valarians

You want to be champions? You tail-chasing whelps with the smell of your mother's milk on your breath? You're all paws and no brains. Do any of you even know WHY you want to be a champion?

To kill necromancers. What kind of taur dung have you been rolling in, pup? And don't call me master. You sound like a sniveling apprentice trying to butter up a necro. My name is Kanara.

Killing necromancers isn't enough. If it was, that old wurm Heliot Greatflame would have won this war with one wing tied behind his back. He burned a death mage just last month, and flamed half a town besides. Next day, the necro's apprentice stood on the smoking ruins and called for the death of all shape shifters. Those villagers cheered, even the ones who'd been on our side the day before. Greatflame destroyed years of our work in one blazing night, because he just HAD to kill that necro.

Kill one necro, two more take his place. You need to know when to kill the necro, and when to leave him be. You need to fight smart, whelps, and you learn to fight smart by listening to your elders. Elders like me.

You there--are you trying to make give me the lizard eye?! Are you?

Think you can pull it off? Go on then, try. I said TRY!

Of course it didn't work, you sorry excuse for a tadpole. I'm SMARTER than you are. Most necros are SMARTER than you are. You depend on dragon's eye, you die!

The same goes for all the rest of you: Unicorns, pegasai, orcs, dragons, gargoyles, werewolves, and even you werewolves. Expect your special abilities to save you, and you'll end up on a spit in a necro's tower. The enemy is smart. He's fought your kind before. He's got death magic to beat you, and he knows how to use it. You can't win that way.

How do you win. That's the first intelligent question I've heard from you pups. You watch. You listen. You learn. When you know enough, when you've made a plan and recruited allies, then you strike. Then you tear the necro limb from limb, and boil his bones in a pot until his spirit falls screaming into the void.

I'm going to give you what you need to win. You're going to learn to be smart, and you're going to learn never give up, you're going to be like Valaria, the first champion.

Heard of her, pups? She was a werewolf like me. Way back, three hundred years before the Deathday bloodbath, in the days when ancient dragons ruled every bit of land every where, that's when Valaria was whelped. She was born to a tribe of Manilac taur herders, a rowdy bunch known for short tempers and long memories. Valaria fit right in. She had a reputation as a berserker among berserkers, a fighter who wouldn't quit when surrounded or outnumbered. Wolf Sister made Valaria a stubborn cuss, so that she'd stick with it when her real testing came.

The test was a vision that hit Valaria during a spirit dance. While her tribe jumped and yelled, and a shaman

for a town under siege by warpspawn; rescuing a bloodkin from a necromancer who has captured her.

The spirit judge also searches a candidate's memories to find out what mistakes the champion has made. Ancestors don't expect a would-be mentor to be perfect; however, they do want to know if the candidate understands that they've made mistakes, and if they've learned anything from them.

In game terms, when a player wants her character to become a mentor, the gamemaster should review how she has played the character. Are the character's actions in line with what a Valarian spirit ancestor expects from a mentor? If not, the character should not get the boon. The spirit will point out why it thinks the character isn't yet ready to be a mentor, and suggest that the champion try to overcome her weaknesses before trying again. As an alternative to outright refusal, a spirit might require candidate to complete a quest before she can become a mentor. The quest is a specialized mission designed challenge a character in her weakest area; for instance, a character who is too quick to fight might be asked to defeat a powerful necromancer without killing or hurting anyone. Other characters may accompany a candidate on a quest, but all of them must obey whatever rules are imposed on the candidate, and the central job of the quest must be completed by the champion trying to become a mentor.

The gamemaster and player both must understand that becoming a mentor is serious business. Characters don't become mentors to get a HP bonus--they do it because they're ready to guide and protect younger champions. A gamemaster needs to think carefully about which characters become mentors, and why they are doing it. Don't be afraid to withhold this boon from characters who try to become mentors for the wrong reasons. A character's failures can be as fun to role-play as her victories.

Valarian War Master: As with the mentor boon, this powerful card isn't for everyone. I recommend a character have at least 100 card points before attempting to gain this boon. Valarian ancestor spirits judge who may become a war masters, but in this case they are looking for a three specific traits: Leadership, courage and sacrifice. Does the character use smart battle tactics? Does she work with other members of her group? Does she put her life at risk to save others? Do other members of her group willingly follow her orders in battle, out of respect for her abilities, and the knowledge that she will look out for them? A character may not be awarded this boon until she can honestly answer yes to these questions.

Channel Healing: This is a channel card, which means that at least one character in a group must have the channel link boon before this card may be purchased. If your characters have not yet formed a channel link, I strongly recommend that they do so. There are three major benefits: The boon grants its user +1 WIS, characters joined a link may communicate telepathically while they are relatively near each other, and anyone in the link may buy channel cards, even if they don't have the channel link boon for their character.

Channel cards allow characters to pool their strengths for a shared purpose. In the case of this card, that purpose is healing. All the characters in the link may play cards that enhance STR; the combined STR is then added to a D6+2 roll which can be used to heal one member of the link. Best of all, channel healing is an independent card, which means that it can be used at any time, without spending any movement or actions. It's quick and powerful healing on demand.

Meditative Rest: The great part of running an experienced character is that she has lots of cards to play. The frustrating part of running an experienced character is that it takes a lot of rest for her to recharge all of those cards once they're drained. Meditative rest speeds up the recharge rate to 1 card per hour, making it a lot less frustrating to play a character who has been around for a while. Put all of your character's ace cards in a stack. If the stack is more than half an inch tall, your character could benefit from this card.

Heal Temple Stone: Want to really irritate a Jikadell priestess? Steal her warped temple stone and turn it into a pristine one. Every Elethay temple needs a pristine temple stone. These holy objects were carved from clanhold monoliths by gargoyle stone wardens. Both monoliths and stone wardens are hard to come by these days, and most clanholds have been poisoned with warp. So the best source of new temple stones are purified warped ones. Of course, the Elethay stones will need to be protected from Jikadell worshippers trying to steal and warp them...

Sense Shape Shifter: Necromancers can detect shape shifters within fifty feet. Valarians can detect shape shifters within two hundred feet. When your character is trying to find a young shifter before a death mage can capture him, it's good to have a head start.



Previously published cards:

Valarian Champion: It's the first boon a character is likely to receive, and it's also one of the best. The wisdom granted by this boon increases a champion's chance of success with many cards, ranging from Find Safe Campsite to Draconic Lore. The added health points help a young champion survive the challenges she's likely to face as a Valarian; people who hunt necromancers need all the help they can get. I prefer to award this boon early in my campaigns. Being a Valarian Champion also allows the character to use the special Valarian cards. It makes characters more survivable, and gives me a chance to help new players understand the history and politics of the Stormlands.

Deflection: This independent card deflects magic damage. It can save a character's life when a madspawn breathes fire or a necromancer throws a warp blast. When magic damage comes from a spell, deflection is a better counter than dispel magic. Dispel requires a roll to succeed, and can be overcome by a powerful spell. Deflection always works. As an added bonus, this ability becomes more effective when characters gain wisdom from boons like Valarian champion and channel link.

If a Valarian is targeted by a massive blast of magic, several of these independent cards may be stacked together to provide additional protection. Since this card can be used to protect someone other than the user, several characters can band together to shield a comrade being targeted by a spell caster. This will really hack off an evil genius necro trying to down a dragon with dual action and stun blasts.

Purify Body: This deceptively simple card can be used with devastating results. When played, the card removes a warp feature. The caster must win a +WIS roll, but the target doesn't get to add WIS to its roll, which can be a real life saver when a Valarian uses this ability against an evil genius. Although purify body only removes one feature, the results can be pretty serious for the target. A warp elf archer who uses bat wings to stay out of reach is not going to be happy if her wings suddenly vanish. This ability also counters the tox. It's also a must have when characters develop a couple of warp features and turn into madspawn.

Mind over Magic: This ability grants the user a +2 bonus when resisting magic. It's useful when a necromancer throws fatigue at a character. Because this is an independent card, it's possible to stack several of them at one time; just the thing when a high WIS death mage throws poison shot.

Sense Lies: This is a must for any Valarian who expects to encounter hidden enemies intent on deception and backstabbing; which means that all Valarians ought to carry this card. Necromancers hire spies, or disguise themselves as harmless folk then attempt to bushwhack shifters. A Valarian with sense lies has a better chance of trusting the right people. This card is especially useful when a character is trying to find reliable allies in warp villages, and other dangerous places.

Cards on the back cover of this book:

Valarian Mentor: Valarians are guided and trained by mentors. This card allows a champion to help others the way her mentor aided her. +1 WIS and +8 HP make this a desirable card; a mentor's training ability is also a neat feature. If a group of Valarians includes a mentor, there will always be someone around to award boons. A group with multiple mentors can trade boons--after one mentor gains a boon, she can grant it to everyone else in the group.

It is important, however, that a gamemaster hold a character to high standards when awarding this boon. It should only be given to experienced characters. I recommend that a Valarian have at least 100 card points before she's allowed to gain this boon. A mentor candidate must also prove that she's up to the job. This judgement is usually made by a Valarian spirit ancestor, who temporarily possesses the candidate to sift through her memories. If the character's deeds and actions measure up, the ancestor will recommend the champion be made a mentor. If judged unworthy, the candidate may try again in a year. In a pinch, a mentor may award the mentor boon without having a Valarian ancestor judge the candidate, but this is allowed only in extreme circumstances; for instance, the mentor is in a dangerous warp village, and the candidate asking for the boon cannot leave to find an ancestor. Valarians developed this system to prevent favoritism from corrupting the champions. Spirit judges don't care if they're dealing with a friend or someone they have just met for the first time. They are only concerned with choosing the very best champions to be mentors.

When Valarian ancestors scan the memories of a mentor candidate, they're looking for a combination of qualities. The saying they use is "leaders, teachers, builders, defenders" Meaning that they're looking for champions who have led, taught, built and defended. The following are examples of the kind of memories that would impress a ancestor judging a candidate.

Leading--Guiding a group of refugees out of a blighted swamp; creating a clever plan to rescue a bloodkin from a Jikadell temple; designing a set of battle tactics for a group of champions, and practicing them before the Valarians get into a fight; stealing a warped temple stone from a Jikadell shrine, purifying the stone and using it to create a new Elethay temple.

Teaching--Speaking out when the character hears a rabble rouser trying to spread lies about Valarians; persuading a group of farmers that worshiping Elethay will make their crops grow better; finding and preserving old scrolls, books and bone texts from an ancient ruins.

Building--Restoring a ruined tower so that it can be used as a Valarian safe house; establishing a safe house in a warp village; helping a farmer to rebuild her barn after it has been leveled by a dragon storm.

Defending--Saving a young shape shifter from a wakana bounty hunter who is pursuing him; Finding a new village

called on ancestors for visions, Valaria sat still and quiet as death. Then, just before dawn, a cloud covered the moon, and she jumped up with a howl loud as stormwind. She danced into a bonfire, standing in flames higher than her head while she screamed out the doom of dragons. She saw their holds empty, she saw their naked bones bleaching, she saw their blood. When the spirits left her she stepped out of the flames, wearing the mark of her ancestors' warning. Her brown coat had turned blood red.

What's that whelp? Valaria wasn't the only one to have the vision? Do you think I'm a soft-brained pup? YES, I know that. Sit down and listen.

Other shape shifters had the vision, but they weren't Valaria. Some didn't have the guts to spread the word about what they'd seen; and, among those who did talk, only a few dared take their story straight to the ancient dragons, who were known to get testy when pestered. Valaria, she was a born pest. She also got good at dodging the odd tail strike, and learned to see firebreath coming by the smoke rolling out of an ancient's ears. They chased her away time and again. She kept coming back to repeat her tale. Backstabbers stalked her--for there were enemies among us even then, servants of evil who didn't want dragons warned--Valaria bushwhacked them, hunting her hunters. She was the only one smart enough to survive the telling of her vision and stubborn enough to keep telling it until someone listened. By that time Valaria, grown old, bent and cunning, spent most of her days wandering the wilds. Playing a mad prophet, she convinced her enemies that she was harmless; at the same time, she used spirits to send messages to her followers. She lived like a hermit, plotting and planning for the future, until she died alone in the wilds with only the dead for company. In honor of her sacrifice, her followers called themselves Valarian Champions from that time on.

You there, dwarf boy. Quit messing with that rock. You think it's got something more interesting to say than me?

Oh, it does now. And what might that be?

Why should you care about a crazy she-wolf and some dead dragons.

Give me that rock, dwarf boy.

Listen up, stone! I've known mud clots with more sense than you! You're obviously dumber than dirt, so I'll explain this in simple words you can understand.

Before Valaria, we were all separate. That made it easy for our enemies to gang up on us and kill us, one by one.

Valaria taught us to band together. We're stronger when we fight as one.

Now get out of my sight!

Well, look there, dwarf boy. That rock just jumped up and smacked you. Guess it wasn't your friend, hey?

You there, elf with the Elethay runes. Lay some healing on dwarf boy, and tell him to be careful of what rock he listens to.

Now, seeing as I think the rest of you got more brains than a stone, I'll explain this in bigger words for you. Before Valaria, everyone had a place, and everyone kept to it. Gargoyles tended clan monoliths. Unicorns and pegasai were

priests in elven temples. Werewolves and tigreans ran with nomad tribes. Orcs stuck to their own kind, because most decent folks avoided them. Dragons holed up in their clanholds and lorded over everyone from a distance. No one much cared about anyone else, and no one questioned the way things were done. It had always been that way. Then here comes Valaria, howling about the death of the clans, predicting that all shape shifters would follow dragons to an early grave. Deathday was coming, and the reaper was going to cut down every shape shifter alive, unless they did something they'd never done before. Unless they unified. They had to join together with other shifters, with mortal people, with the land itself, or storms would eat the world. This was heresy. Most folks ignored Valaria, or drove her away. But a few of our ancestors listened to Valaria, and they started getting ready for the war that was coming. If they hadn't pulled together, none of you welps would ever have been born. Think of those Valarians as your parents.

I heard that! Who was it?!

You! Horse face. What kind of sound was that? You eat warp squirrel with bean sauce for breakfast?

No? then what was that sound I heard escaping from one of your bodily orifices?

A laugh.

All right, horsey girl, tell us all what's so funny.

Out with it!

You say it's funny to think of those ancestors as your parents.

Horsey girl, those ancestors ARE your parents, just as much as the woman who pushed your worthless carcass from her loins. They suffered as much as her, they sacrificed MORE than her, to make sure hay-for-brains jokers like you would be alive today to mock them. You think it was easy to see the storms? A lot of Valarians died to make it happen.

Do you know what they called the first Valarians? Heretics. And in those days, the punishment for heresy was a rending. Ever hear of it? They tie you down on a great big rock, then they tear your astral essence from your body. It's not destroyed, mind you, but made to float above your tied down carcass to watch what happens next. Then they do the same thing to your spirit. Finally, while your mind and soul are forced to look on, your body is torn limb from limb. Then they burn your astral essence and hurl your spirit into the void.

Yes, it HURTS. Compared to a rending, a necro's drain is a toe stub!

That's what your ancestors risked, pups. Some of them died that way, and held their silence despite the pain, keeping their most important secret from the enemy. Pylos agents never found out about the council of heretics, a band of Valarian mages who created the storm seeding. If the enemy had discovered them during the years it took to craft that seeding spell, none of you would be alive to hear this story.

How many of you here first changed during a dragon storm? Come on, out with it!

Surprised? Don't be. Almost every shifter gets the change

during a storm. That's what the seeding did.

Before Valaria, a few mortals gave birth to shifters. My old gram used to say, "dragons will be dragons." Well, they were dragons back then too. No matter what those ancients said about "living apart from impurity", once and a while a kid born to one of the "mortal rabble" turned out to be a dragon. This kind of thing has been going on ever since mortals and dragons first met.

Don't be looking so smug, horsey girl. Plenty of your kind married into mortal families. The same goes for every other kind of shifter. My gram figured just about every mortal alive had some sort of shifter's blood. You whelps are living proof that my gram was one smart old bird. Back then, though, few mortals changed. They had the blood, but it wasn't strong enough to start them shifting.

Those first Valarians knew they couldn't stop Deathday from coming; clan dragons would ignore their warnings just like they did Valaria's. So they took a thing they already had--the shifter blood of mortals--and combined it with something else Valaria predicted: Dragon storms. That's the beauty part of storm seeding. Once the heretics completed their seeding spell, the storms would awaken shifter blood in some mortals. Storms meant to destroy the world would create an army of shape shifters to fight the makers of storms.

But making shifters wasn't enough. You pups remember what it was like first time you changed? Did any of you feel like necro hunters? Ready to chew up a madspawn and spit out the tentacles?

You did, pup?

Save that dung for the farm fields. When you changed, you spent the first day trying to decide if you should run on four legs or two. Second day you were learning how to sit down without sticking your tail where the sun don't shine. I bet it was a month before you figured out that dragons don't make dragon storms.

Raw young shifters don't have a clue what's going on when they first change. You're all just fodder for necros until you're trained to be Valarians, and that happens only because some Valarians survived Deathday to see you pups born. And if you think living through Deathday was easy, then you don't understand what Deathday was. Imagine every ancient dragon in the world fallen into a trance. The dragons' spirits are out on the spirit plane, chatting with old grandpa and grandma deadbones, because an ancient dragon doesn't so much as pass wind without telling its ancestors and apologizing in advance. Clanholds are stuffed to bursting with these tranced ancient dragons, who can't lift a claw to protect their physical bodies; they're so far out in the spirit plane, it takes days to get back. A few gargoyle stone masons and werewolf warriors guard the holds on Deathday, but they've got no chance against what's coming: An army of warpspawn, led by necros, guided into the holds by vengeful dwarves. The Pylos have been planning this slaughter for centuries, and now the sword is about to fall.

Those necros killed the guards, captured the dragons then drained every ancient until it was a dried out husk. They

produced more warp in a single month than has been created in the two centuries since, and spawned storms so big that some of them are still going strong today. Then they took the raw, world-splitting magic they'd torn from ancient dragons, and used it to hunt down every shape shifter they could find. It was a bloodbath.

Valarians survived. Some of them convinced a few clans to find those old dwarf built passages and seal them up. Others got together to make new Valarian clans, then holed up in secret fortresses the necros never found. The rest just hid, blending in with friendly mortals or passing themselves off as hermits in backwoods villages. They kept their heads low and waited, while war burnt empires to ruins, and necros built their kingdoms on the ashes. Valarians waited for the storm seeding to spawn you whelps, you're the ones we'd train to fight back.

So here you are. You know the past. Do you still want the future? Do you have the BRAINS, the BLOOD, the HEART to be a Valarian?

Say it like you mean it!

Louder!

All right. Go bed down, whelps. The easy part is over. Your training starts tomorrow.

What is Valarian Training Anyway?

In game terms, Valarian training is a session of intense physical, mental and spiritual challenge that takes place over a period of two to six weeks. Recruits are brought to a training ground, ideally a hidden Valarian refuge deep in pristine terrain. In this place, mentors lead trainees in rigorous exercise, meditative chants and history lessons. After some weeks of this, the recruit's bodies are strong and their minds are ready for most important part of their training: Learning the philosophy and tactics of Valarian Champions.

The training described in this book takes place over the course of a month. The teachers are a combination of living mentors and Valarian ancestor spirits, and they are doing their work in a hidden, secure refuge. These are the best conditions for Valarian training; however, a single mentor hiding in a safe house on the edge of a warp village could complete a recruit's training in a week. Mentors don't always have the luxury of ideal training conditions, so they make do with what they have at hand.

Where and how Valarian training takes place is up to the gamemaster. It's perfectly all right to allow players to meet a mentor, then gloss over the training by giving a general description of what follows. Just be certain that players understand the philosophy of Valarians and what is expected of them as champions. That information can be found in this book. On the other hand, a gamemaster can run the training as one or more adventures, describing in detail Valarian teachers and the lessons they provide for characters. Use the information in this book as a guideline for creating 'Valarian boot camp' adventures.

So, you want to be a Mentor

No, that wasn't the wind. That was me. Laughing.

How can I not laugh? It's all so funny. I've been laughing since you showed up.

Oh, yes. Pull that face again. Whee, hee, hee, hee, hee! You look like a well dressed dandy who just stepped in a taur pie.

Not what you expected? I'll bet. Here you come, pious as a priestess on Deathday, looking for a Valarian spirit to make you a mentor, and what do you get? Me! Hyvinia, the less than sane! Kinda bakes your biscuits, don't it?

Hey, take a whiff of this. Don't it bring tears to your eyes?

Well, you'd smell too if you hadn't had a bath in three hundred years! Whee, hee, hee!

Where are you going, bloodkin? By Elethay's udders, you give up easy. Guess you're too delicate to be a mentor. One bad smell and--ooh! run away, run away!

Yes, I'm the spirit they sent you to see. Who did you think would come--some high and mighty ancient dragon, eager to lay the honor on you? Think again, fancy pants. This is supposed to be hard. Becoming a mentor is a trial by ordeal; and I, you over-dressed salamander, am the ordeal they picked for you. Now, are you still interested, or are you going to run away?

All right then. Come here and sit down.

Not there. Here. Right next to me.

Now, tell me why we should make you a mentor.

Uh-huh.

Right.

You know, you'll be able to talk more clearly if you breathe.

That's right. Take a few deep breaths. You'll stop coughing in a second.

Keep breathing. It'll get better shortly. Your nose will plug up and you won't be able to smell anything.

Now, you were talking about how many necros you killed? I don't care.

You heard me.

Because it doesn't matter. You rattle off the names of the spawn and the death mages you've killed, and I'm gonna disembody out of sheer boredom. We're in a war, fancy pants. People die. It's not something we're proud of. We fight to survive, and to build something better.

Now, not counting the folks you've offed, tell me why we should make you a mentor.

Nothing else? You've spent your time as a Valarian killing non-stop? How did you manage that without getting a single blood stain on that lovely outfit?

Let me give you a hint, bloodkin. We're looking for certain types of folks to be Mentors: Leaders, teachers, builders, defenders. I want to know if you've done any of those things.

No, don't tell me. There's a better way to do this. Think about all the good things that you've done as a Valarian.

Are you concentrating? Good. Now I'll just disembody and--

I didn't go anywhere, fancy pants. I'm still here. In fact, I'm closer than I was a moment ago.

I've taken possession of your body.

Don't get your spirit in an uproar. We always do it this way. I can have a real close look at your memories. I can also be sure you're not exaggerating your good deeds. Now, concentrate on the good things you've done as a Valarian: Leading, teaching, building, defending.....

Done. Wasn't that easy?

Yeah, well it was no treat taking procession of you either, kid. However, I can see why your thinking is so messed up. You have got to get looser underwear!

Oh, by the way, your clothes are gonna retain my scent.

No, I don't care how much they cost you.

Then burn them. Listen, bloodkin, you're not thinking clearly. You came up here ready to recite a list of everyone you'd killed. I had to dig through your memories to find the stuff you did that really matters. Like those peasants you smuggled out of the Haskalad Empire. Or the time you almost died rescuing your bloodkin from a necro. And what about that chunk of bone text you turned over to the Ebony elves?

Yes, that's the stuff that matters.

Whee, hee, hee, ha, ha, ho! You should see your face! You look like drakkel with a toothache.

Don't you get it, kid? I'm giving you good news. You may have what it takes to be a mentor, just not for the reasons that you thought. While you were killing necros and hunting madspawn, you found the time to do a few really important things.

I'm considering it. I'll think it over, and give you my decision tomorrow.

Well, if I say no, you can always try again in a year. Or, I might say yes, but require you to complete a quest of some kind--something to prove you're really ready. Then again, I could just let you in, no questions asked.

Hey, where are you going?

Did I say this was finished? There's something else we've got to do before you're through.

Sit down here. Snuggle up close. That's right, you're learning.

Now, think about every mistake you made as a Valarian.

Hey, that's quite a laugh you got there, kid. You know, I think there might be hope for you yet.

Tips, Tricks and Tactics for Valarian Cards



ASANI

Meet Asani Welmore, Human Dragon and young Valarian, she bought fine new traveling clothes to celebrate becoming a champion...

...Then trashed the outfit while rescuing a Bloodkin from a necro.

OH, MY POOR CLOAK!

UH, A LITTLE HELP?

Some time later Asani met a mentor.

ANY CLOTHES?

I ONLY DO BOONS.

The Mentor taught her Kijon's Health. Asani went on to hunt many Necros, slay countless madspawn, and buy a new, finer set of clothes...

...which were ruined when she smuggled a family of elves out of the Haskalad Empire. A few days later, she met another Mentor.

TURN INTO A DRAGON AGAIN! I WANT A RIDE!

CLOTHES? WELL, YOU CAN HAVE THIS-

UH--

Asani learned another Boon, then left to continue the fight.

More than a year later, she heard about an ancient bone text that lay hidden in a 'spawn infested ruins. Asani risked life and limb to find it, and sacrificed another set of clothes.

THIS BETTER BE WORTH IT.

NO CLOTHES?

NOPE, BUT I CAN TEACH YOU A BOON, AND THERE'S A SPIRIT I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET.

WHY?

She turned the text over to a Mentor.

'CAUSE SHE MIGHT ASK YOU TO BE A MENTOR!

ME? A MENTOR?

I'LL NEED NEW CLOTHES!

BREAKING IN RECRUITS

Young recruits come to the Valarians in every sort of state of mind, none of them good. They are either blood hungry...

... or traumatized...

... or confused.

I BECAME A NECROS APPRENTICE SO I COULD LEARN TO DRAIN SHIFTERS. TURNS OUT I'M A SHIFTER. IF I DRAIN MYSELF DO I DIE, GAIN POWER, OR GET AN INSROWN TOENAIL?

EVERYONE WANTS TO KILL ME! I'M GONNA CRAWL IN THAT HOLE AND PRETEND THAT I'M AN IGNEOUS ROCK!

WANNA KILL NECROS, AN THEIR CRONIES AN THEIR COUSINS, AN THEIR HAIRDRESSERS

To deal with these young, green misfits, Valarians use a technique perfected by ancient dragons.

THEY DID WHAT!?

They turn them over to their dead.

OH DEAR, YOUNG PYRO TORCHED THE TAVERN AGAIN.

SHIT! ADOLESCENCE! IT'S TIME PYRO STARTED HER LESSONS WITH DEAD UNCLE HELLBRAND!

Spirit ancestors make ideal teachers, they are strong willed and wise. Weak, stupid spirits rarely linger as ancestors.

TH' VOID LOOKS GOOD TA' ME!

YES YES YES.

Valarian spirits are tough trainers, brave enough to face down the wildest young shape shifter.

NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY!

GRR!

It also helps to be able to disembody at will.

Under the guidance of spirits, Valarian recruits gain health and wisdom.

KEEP RUNNING, NECROBAT! SLACKERS END UP AS THROWN RUGS IN DEATH MAGES' OUTHOUSES!

Spirits also teach new recruits the Valarian Code.

The Valarian Code

Wake up children.

Yes, I am bright, aren't I? It's a little trick I picked up on the spirit plane. Do you like it? I can make my form shine even brighter. Like this.

I know it's still dark. Pretend the dawn has come early.

You're a nightfighter? Well then dear, you need special attention. Let me just snuggle up next to you....there now, doesn't that just make you feel like a sun worshipper?

What smell? I'm sorry child, my sense of smell hasn't been the same since I died. I can't tell if you're talking about the coffee that's brewing over the fire, or the fresh bread I've set out to cool, or the taur ham I've had roasting since midnight.

You want to eat? I thought you wanted to sleep. To eat, you'll have to wake up.

Yes, completely awake.

No, no, no, stumbling around won't do. You're still half asleep. You might choke on your ham. To get breakfast, you'll have to prove to me that you're entirely awake. It's for your own safety, child.

How do you prove you're awake? It's easy. Just memorize the Valarian Code. Oh, and understand its meaning. Then I can be sure you're awake.

Well?

All right, you can have coffee.

Just coffee, dear. No food yet.

Why not? Well, because I said so. And because I can manifest in a much larger form.

LIKE THIS.

But you don't really want me to take draconic form, do you dear? It's hard to have an intimate conversation with people who stand shorter than your kneecaps. Stay away from the food, and I'll stay in human form.

You do like this form, don't you? The long white hair and the bright blue eyes and the--

Well, I wouldn't have put it quite that way, but yes, those too. I'll stay in this form, we'll have a pleasant chat, and then you can eat. Agreed?

Good. Gather around children. My name is Aneshka Skyrider. I'm going to teach you the most important thing you'll learn during your training here. This is the Valarian Code.

Listen carefully.

We believe in the Blood,
Born of ancient dragons,
Purified by vision,
Sanctified by rending,
Exalted by storms.

Blood of the shifter,
Blood of the mortal,
Blood of the earth,

Blood unifies all.

We defy the warp,
And those who embrace it,
Tox bringers,
Land killers,
The ones who poison magic.

Upon their bones,
We remake the world,
We rejoin the circle,
We purify the land.

That's our creed, children. It's short, it's simple and it's what we believe.

Now, do any of you know what it means?

Here, have some more coffee. Think about the first verse. What did Kanara teach you about Valarian history?

I know you'd rather forget about Kanara. He does have that affect, doesn't he? We keep him on because he's so very memorable. You all remember him, and you all remember what he taught you. How does his lesson tie in with the first verse of the code?

You're right. That's what 'blood of the ancients' means. Our bloodlines run back to the oldest most powerful dragons. That goes for all of us, whether we're dragons, unicorns, pegasai, werocats, gargoyles, werewolves or orcs.

'Purified by vision?' The vision was Valaria's. Her prophecy gave us purpose and showed us the way.

'Sanctified by rending' refers to the heretics, and the torture they suffered to keep our cause alive. Who knows what 'exalted by storms' means?

Yes. The storm seeding. I see the coffee is working. Now, tell me about the second verse. Which line is most important?

'Blood of the shifter'? Oh dear. Do you really think



to cover your tracks or starving peasants lining up to collect the price on your head?

There are other friends a Valarian needs: The bloodkin he runs with. Most of you kids showed up here in groups. You met other shifters on the road, or a bunch of you from the same town all changed at once. That's not unusual, you know. The spirits think people with strong blood seek each other out, even before they know they're shifters. No matter how you met them, the bloodkin you run with are the most important folks you'll ever know. Why? Because, if you treat 'em right, they'll save your life a dozen times or more. Treat 'em wrong and you're all dead meat.

You want to live? Then become a family.

You say your group is a dysfunctional family? Kids, if you enjoy a good quarrel, have at it. It doesn't matter if you converse like courtesans or swear like sailors, so long as you stick together when it counts. Learn each other's strengths, then come up with tactics that make the most of them. Got a berserking werewolf who takes on more than she can chew, and a cowardly pegasus who avoids combat like the tox? Teach the pegasus to take winged elf form, and fly behind the werewolf. When old howling frenzy gets herself mobbed by madspawn, featherbrain can fill the enemies with arrows from a safe distance. That way, your berserker provides a target rich environment for your archer.

Fighting as a unit is good, but it's only a start. Bloodkin work together in lots of ways. Say you're searching a ruins for old knowledge. I've know some Valarians who split up in one of these places, each trying to cover as much ground as possible. The idea was to search out a lot of ancient secrets in a short time. At least that's what the survivors told me. Most of their group was wiped out, one member at a time, by a tribe of wakana who lived in the ruins. Smart Valarians stick together. Let a witch or scholar look for old writing, while the scouts and nightfighters watch for ambushes. You'll live longer that way.

You don't care about ancient knowledge? Kid, do you want the necros to win? Then start caring. Here's a tip all of you better remember; those old secrets are our best weapons, maybe the only weapons that can win this war. And don't think our enemies don't know that. Necros used to destroy ancient scrolls and bone texts, trying to wipe out all memory of dragons. Nowadays, the really smart death mages are digging up old secrets, so they can use them against us. We have to find that knowledge first.

Well, that's what I've got to say, kids. There's lots more to learn, but it's the world that will teach you. That and other mentors.

You want to be a mentor? Heh. Go let the world pound on you for a few years, kid. Then, if you live, and if you're still that crazy, we can talk.

Valarian Missions or, Now What do I do?

Once characters become Valarian Champions, they will want to serve the cause. There are lots of ways to do this; the scenes that follow give an idea of the kinds of things mentors and Valarian spirit ancestors might ask characters to do. Players may not want to read these descriptions.

A crafty necromancer has been drawing dragon storms to trade villages. He hides in or near the village when he calls a storm. When it hits, teams of fighters he has posted around the village look for young shape shifters, newly changed by the maelstrom. When they spot a shifter, the fighters run off to report their find to the apprentice, who then tracks down and captures his victim. The Valarians are to stop this death mage, without alienating the town he's using as his current base of operations.

A death mage has set up shop in a trade village. This guy is a politician; he has managed to gather a lot of support from the townspeople by providing food during famines and healing farmers hurt by marauding drakkels. These tactics have made him very popular, and people are starting to listen when he talks about 'evil shape shifters'. Valarians must destroy this necromancer's popularity, without killing him and creating a martyr.

A group of wandering nomads (they could be humans, vorns or tigreans) have found a huge draconic bone text. They have strapped the giant shoulder bone to a taur and are toting it around with them. The nomads believe the text is the bone of a god, and they're using it as a make shift alter. Valarians must convince the nomads to give up the holy bone, and transport the text back to a refuge in a pristine region. Keep in mind that this old bone is fragile, and it will take some doing to get it back to the refuge undamaged.

A small neutral village on an important trade route is strategically important to Valarians. Champions need to convince this village to ally itself to the Valarian cause. Death mages, warpspawn or agents from growing empires may also be in this village, trying to do the same thing.

A necromancer who controls a warp village has been under attack by a rival. These attacks have weakened the village's death mage. It's the perfect time for Valarians to infiltrate this place, recruit allies and establish safe houses. However, it's important that neither the village necromancer or his rival be killed by Valarians. That would attract unwanted attention. However, if characters could arrange for this pair to do each other in, that would be ideal.

A large tribe of wakana have been attacking villages with well organized strikes directed at specific farms, which is quite unlike the usual slash and grab wakana raid. Mentors suspect some villagers have been providing information to the raiders, perhaps to get rid of people they don't like, or make land available at a bargain price. Valarians are to find out what's happening. Mentors will warn characters not to directly take on the wakana tribe. It includes more than a hundred warriors, and many of them are berserkers.

Valarian Goals

--or--

Practical Advice from a Valarian Who's Still Alive

Hey there, bloodkin. Mind if I rest my bones here for a bit?

Thanks kindly. You all look whipped. Where'd they run you today?

Ouch. Redthorn road is rough territory, especially that big old briar patch near the end.

Oh yeah, that's going to leave an impressive scar. Of course, seeing where it's located, I wouldn't be in a hurry to show it off--unless its to someone you know really well. Or want to know real well. Then you can say that a madspawn did it.

I've got some good news for you kids. Your training is almost finished. At sundown tomorrow they'll have a little ceremony, make you recite the Valarian Code, then declare you all champions. After that we break out the grub and the grog and we party until dawn.

Here's something else you'll be glad to hear. I'm not a spirit.

That's right. Flesh and blood and breathing, just like you.

Now, understand this. The dead are wise, and you should listen to them. They see things we miss, they know things we've forgotten. But they are dead, and that has a way of affecting their thinking. Spirits forget the flesh, and this makes them kind of impractical, as far as us living folks are concerned. Things important to us can seem trivial to them--like eating regularly. Which is something I expect you all have figured out by now.

Spirits told you our history, spirits taught you our code, but spirits can't tell you taur dung about the real world. That's my job. My name is Monxa Monthali, and I've been a Valarian mentor longer than you kids have been alive. Listen to me, and you might live long enough to use some of the ancient wisdom these spirits have been spouting.

After tomorrow, you'll be a Valarian. That means you'll be able to go right out and kick some necro butt, and that every peasant you see is going to bow, and smile, and thank you for risking your lives.

I take it, by the way you are rolling on the ground and laughing, that some of you have learned a bit during your time here. I can't tell you how happy that makes me feel. I hate wasting my cooking on an idiot who's going to run out and get himself killed.

For any of you who didn't get the joke, I'm going to state this plain. A lot of folks believe the lies necros tell about Valarians. Even in a friendly village, there's always one or two who thinks dragon storms are our fault. Your typical farmer hates necros, but he's got no use for us either: We're all as unwelcome as a spring blizzard. Forced to choose between us, most peasants will side with a death mage; the



local necro may be a stinking spawn-lover, but at least he's a familiar stinking spawn-lover. If you start killing every necro in sight, you'll have a price on your head and every farmer for miles around will be hungry to collect the bounty.

We've got a hard lot, kids, but there are ways to win this game. Here are a few tricks that have worked for me.

Find a town that's friendly to Valarians, and make it your base. You'll want safe houses in this town, places where you can hole up to rest. Three safe houses are good, more are better. Protect this town any way you can. If spawn attack, drive them off. If a storm blows up, have a witch handy with a storm shield, or get into your channel link and blast the storm's nexus. Do whatever it takes. When you're hurt and tired and on the run, you'll be happy you took the trouble.

If you can't find a friendly town, make a friendly town. Track down some small farming villages. You know the ones I'm talking about: They have ten buildings in the whole village, the market's only open one day a week, and when a stranger comes by they declare a holiday so everyone can come gawk at him. You'll find most of these towns neutral, because the locals are too busy farming to waste time on politics. Look for friends in these towns. Lend a hand during harvest. Help protect the village if bandits attack. Do this for a few months, and you're sure to find a farmer who will let you use her barn for a safe house. Do this for a few years, and you may convert the whole village to our side.

You say there are only hostile towns around? There are still plenty of friends to be made. Just because a necro rules a town doesn't mean that he controls the people. Most necros have more in common with their zombies than their farmers, and the farmers know it. Over-taxed, half-starved peasants don't have much love for necros. Find the malcontents. Offer your sympathy, then your help. If you're smart and you're careful, you'll find allies. You may even be able to set up a network of spies to report on our enemies.

You kids seeing a pattern here? Yes, that's it. Wherever you go, make friends. No matter what you're doing, it'll go smoother if you've got allies. Besides, when you do have to rid the world of a necro, would you rather have friends ready

anything so obvious could have any importance at all? Even a myopic madspawn knows that most Valarians are shape shifters. That line just repeats something everyone knows.

'Blood of the mortal.' Now you're on to something. Most mortals don't realize that they share the same blood as us. If they did, I doubt they'd be so eager to hunt us down.

Mortals got dragon's blood the same way we did; through intermarriage and, well, the usual ways. You're all familiar with those, aren't you? Here's another little bit of gossip some of you may not know. Dragon's aren't the only ones who do this. Any shape shifter who mates with a mortal will produce children with the blood. Our ancestors did this so often, and so well, that every mortal alive today can trace her line back to a shifter.

If all mortals have the blood, why isn't everyone a shifter? Darling, that one confuses even us dead folks. Our best guess is that it's something like watering down wine; the more you stretch it, the less it kicks. The blood has to be strong in a mortal before she becomes a shifter. Even with the storm seeding, mortal born shifters are still rare as virgins in a Jikadell temple. Fewer than one in a hundred mortals exposed to a storm will change.

Juicy as this all is, it's not the most important line of this verse. Who knows what the line is?

'Blood of the Earth'. You're guessing now, dear. Do you even know what that line means?

Yes?

Uh-huh.

Certainly.

Um-hum.

What a creative, insightful, detailed, answer.

You're completely wrong, child.

The truth is simple, which is why most scholars can't figure it out. All magic in the world comes from od that is bound to the land. The magic in dragons' blood, the magic in the blood of all shape shifters, comes from od bound in the land. We are bound to the land. When warp wounds the world, warp wounds us. We have to understand this if we're going to heal the damage done by storms and necromancers.

This is important, but it's not the most important line in the verse.

Which leaves...

Right. 'Blood unifies all.' Why?

No answer?

Come here. You, the brown haired child. Take my hand.

My, what a big, strong hand you have. So rough. So hairy.

Can you make it hairier?

Don't be shy, dear. It's nothing I haven't seen before. Change for me.

Ah. Prime form. Very fine. Now, I need someone else.

You, the dwarven child. Don't give me that look. I'm not going to eat you. I don't get hungry for that kind of thing anymore. Come up here and change for me.

Now, my furry friend, who do you see standing next to me?

A gargoyle.

And you, craggy one, who do you see standing next to me?

A werewolf.

How strange. I don't see a werewolf or a gargoyle here. All I see is the blood.

Did all of you hear me? Say it with me.

All I see is the blood.

Yes, child, I know they look different, but I'm not looking with my eyes. I'm seeing with my heart. This is what it means to be a Valarian. When a Valarian sees a shifter, or a mortal, or the land, she sees only the blood. All three wear different appearances, but all three are a single thing. This is the truth and the strength of our cause.

There is a name we call ourselves that reflects this truth. We are the bloodkin. We have this name because because the blood makes us one, no matter what our race. All Valarians, even the ones who are mortal, are bloodkin.

Necromancers don't understand this. Each death mage is separate from the rest, and each fights all others for his own selfish reasons. This is the enemy's greatest weakness. They quarrel over petty differences; we work as a single being. They are many. We are one. Unity makes us strong.

You two may sit down.

Oh by the way, craggy? I can take dwarven form. I get short, and round and--well, we'll talk about it later.

Back to the code. I believe the meaning of the third verse is pretty obvious.

Yes, you think so?

Ah, children. It's hard for me to remember a time when I was so young, so innocent, or so easily duped.

The third verse is the Valarian enemies list. I'm sure, by now, that all of you know we have lots of enemies, but this verse names only three, and their meaning is very vague: 'Tox bringers, land killers, the ones who poison magic.' That could mean just about anyone, from Black Bane to a peasant who composts too close town. Why isn't this verse more specific? It doesn't even mention necromancers by name, and we all know necromancers are the enemy.

Don't we, child.

Why are you looking away?

Meet my eyes, child. Tell me what's in your heart.

You were training to be a necromancer, yes? Then you changed. Now you want to become a Valarian, and oppose everything you once believed in.

Don't be afraid, child. The third verse was written for you.

A thousand years from now, when some sage records our deeds for the ages, he will write that we were all pure of heart and faultless in action, and that our foes were black souled fiends who ate babies for dinner. This sage will be a fool. However, because he has a rich patron and the backing of learned scholars, his story will be widely read and believed. This is how heroes are made.

We don't call ourselves heroes. We are Valarian champions. Champions fight for their cause, but champions may also fail. Sometimes they have to run from a fight. Sometimes they make mistakes. Sometimes they make deals

with people who are supposed to be their enemies. This is why the third verse is vague. It leaves us room to be people, not heroes, and to save our world, not make pretty stories. Leave the legends to the sages.

So far, the code has told us where we came from, who we are and who we fight. It ends by telling us what we do. Those two lines--'Upon their bones/ We remake the world'-- what do they mean?

Ah, yes. I'm sure we'd all enjoy breaking a necromancer's skull and making a drinking flagon with the pieces. However, I suspect those lines have a bit more meaning than that.

The key word here is 'bones'. The writer of the code gave this line a double meaning. The obvious interpretation you've already grasped (clever children that you are). For the deeper meaning, you have to know that ancient dragons engraved their most sacred and valuable texts on the shoulder bones of giant taurs.

Well, of course you haven't heard of giant taurs. The breed was hunted to extinction for their shoulder bones.

Because the ancients wrote on bones, the word bone came to mean 'ancient knowledge'. So, when the verse says 'Upon their bones--'

Very good, child. It means 'Upon their ancient knowledge.'

Yes, It's another riddle inside a riddle.

No, I don't know who wrote the code. No one knows who wrote the code.

Now dear, that's just the coffee talking. I'm sure the writer of the code was no more a sadist than I am.

Back to the verse, children. Answer the riddle. 'Upon their ancient knowledge--'

Brilliant! Did all of you hear that? She said 'the world will be remade with ancient knowledge.' That's the second meaning of those lines.

Valarians have two jobs. One is to fight necromancers. The other is to repair the damage that necromancers have done. The last two lines--'we will rejoin the circle / We will purify the land'-- refer to restoring the cycle of nature and cleansing the land of warp. Wonderful goals. But how do we do these things?

With ancient knowledge. With old spells, histories and legends written in the ages before Deathday. These secrets still exist, children. Necromancers destroyed many old records, but a lot of ancient knowledge survived, hidden by Valarians, or lost during the Age of Storms. Valarians hunt down these old texts, study them and use the ancient knowledge to heal the world. It's quite possibly the most important thing any Valarian can do.

There. You understand the Valarian code. Now all you have to do is memorize it.

Breakfast first? You are such slaves to your stomachs. It makes me glad I don't get hungry anymore.

Yes, yes, go eat. You can memorize the code after breakfast.

I'll speak to mistress Fleetfoot. She's planning a three hour run for you this morning. You can learn the code by

chanting it as you go. I think I'll fly along behind you, in draconic form, to make sure you get all the words right.

Oh, now you're going to make me blush. No one has talked about me with that much feeling quite a while.

Come to think of it, the last time anyone spoke to me that way, I was having a chat with another group of new recruits. They found me very invigorating.

That's an entirely different kind of exercise, Craggy. We'll talk about it later.

Valarian Spirit Ancestors:

Who they are, and Why They Love Their Jobs.

Valarian champions and spirits go together, and they always have; it's an association that dates back to the night of Valaria's first vision, when the dead sent her howling into a bonfire, and showed her the doom of the clans. There are many reasons why the relationship between spirits and Valarians has thrived, but the most important cause can be traced back to Valaria herself. She listened to spirits and took their warnings seriously, then taught her followers to do the same.

This is not as simple as it might seem. In fact, in Valaria's time, most mortals believed that taking a spirit at its word was a sign of insanity. Shamans knew that spirits lost touch with the physical world the longer they were dead, until they finally forgot their former lives and slipped into the void. The dead gradually lost concepts of time, distance and space, until they were reduced to speaking in cryptic phrases that few living people could understand. Worse, a spirit might engage in increasingly irrational acts as it lost its ability to make itself understood. Although many people worshiped ancestors, few folks understood their dead, or took them seriously. Many considered spirits a nuisance, sometimes dangerous, best ignored if possible.

Valaria believed the dead held wisdom that could benefit the living, if the living would bother to listen to their ancestors. She treated spirits with respect, then spent time talking to them; that in itself was enough to keep many spirits interested and active on the physical plane. She also copied the traditions of dragons, whose primary religion was the worship and respect of ancestors. Like dragons, Valaria believed the dead were the best possible teachers for the young, and this is practiced by the champions today.

Valarian ancestors are the spirits of dead champions who linger to pass on their wisdom. Death has only fired their devotion to their cause; though it's hard for them to affect the physical world directly, they can continue to serve by teaching new champions. These ancestors are highly motivated and eager to share what they know; any champion willful enough to hang around after death makes a determined teacher, eager to turn green recruits into new Valarians. Characters who pay close attention to their spirit teachers might gain an extra benefit for their trouble; at the gamemaster's discretion, attentive, respectful characters may gain one use history, draconic lore, or ancient lore cards.

In theory, all Valarians work together to save Grandilar. In practice, it's a lot more complicated than that. With so many different kinds of people working together, racial tension is inevitable... And matters are made worse by widely believed racial stereotypes.

RACE RELATIONS



Some folks still spread the old stereotypes, particularly Necromancers!



Strangely, Necros actually believe in "equality of the races".



Mentors teach Valarians to join together against their common foe.

