

Wild Elf

“This is our mistake and it is our place to protect the world from what we exposed it to. Many see us as enemies, but we are only doing what is necessary.”

Fiction Piece:

A chill suddenly overtook her body as the cold wind of the mountain seemed to pass right through Jorhla's layers of fur and armor. The coals flashed bright red when the wind hit. She moved herself closer to the flame that was clinging desperately for life. A symbiotic move to benefit herself as much as the fire, hoping her torso could block the breeze and could buy her another hour of light and warmth. For a moment her emerald eyes glanced back at the small pelt lined tent that housed her sleeping daughter and husband. This is for them... it's all for them... her brow furrowed as she allowed herself to replay the battle from last week. Her side was still tender to the touch from that unmarked bastard that had hit her with an ice dart. She needed to be more careful for the raid tomorrow. She was getting too old for this. Her movements were slower, her kill count was less and every time she came back with more scars, burns and bruises. She was no stranger to this fight against the arcane

users only now her body didn't recover as quickly.

As the clouds parted she saw the light of Lunia illuminate the snow around her. She could see the iridescent colors of the spirits swirling in the sky.

I have lived here my whole life, but it's still just as beautiful each night.

The Stardust Forest floor seemed to almost be aglow. Vibrant ribbons of greens and purple danced in the sky and reflected in the snow and treeline ...

The mages at Spirepoint refuse to understand. All they care about is power, they have no respect for the balance of things... We'll see how powerful they feel when I rip their hands from their wrists. She was so lost in fantasies of tomorrows raid that she didn't notice her husband's hand rest on her shoulder

"Jorhla, it's my turn to take watch..."

She smiled and patted the spot next to her "In a moment... I want to sit a bit longer..."

He sighed "it's going to be a long day tomorrow... everytime you go out there I worry if that is the last time I will see you.."

She bristled but then smirked "It might be, but you know what you signed up for when you married me"

With concern he caressed her face "I know the Amber Wolves look to you to lead them in battle... but your family will always look for you to come home. You have fought harder than anyone I know, maybe it's time to pass on the mantle and rest a bit". As he said that he looked knowingly at her injured side.... Or at least recover between battles".

**She ignored his plea and instead directed him to look up
“The sky is always so beautiful here...”**

**He knew she would never rest in this war, he resigned and
laughed a bit “It always is”.**

**They huddled together taking in the view of the night sky
silently as they both dreaded the next day.**

...

**Jorhla knew something was wrong when Khapo didn't
return from scouting. Retreating wasn't an option, after the
last raid more mages had been sent from Daltanica. The
college was up to something and every spell, every ward
and enchantment was weakening the veil. Together they
cautiously entered the layer between the green and Grey
to surround the western tower as planned. Curious spirits
followed them as they moved through the veil, asking
questions about their plan. A spirit of mischief attempted
to take one of Jorhla's knives at her waist and when caught
in the act chuckled and retreated out of sight. The Amber
Wolves looked to Jorhla for the signal to enter back into the
green, but without the intel from Khapo they were unsure of
what they would encounter.**

**They were waiting for them. Just as they manifested, rotting
hands of friends and foe alike reached from the ground to
clutch their feet and pulled them making them vulnerable to
attack.**

Now they are using necromancy?!

**That's when she saw Khapo... what was left of him,
lumbering before her, aiming an arrow at her chest. Behind
him she could make out the hooded figure of the Arch-
Mage, without hesitation his voice rang throughout the field**

channeling the arcane to all who could hear. She let out screams of agony, it was as if her blood was boiling inside her.

Between the cries of her dwindling squad she could hear a nearby mage declare smugly “Forest scum” before she felt the arrow lodge into her neck and everything went black.

...

They tell stories of a grey figure spirit that now haunts the space between the Stardust Forest and Spirepoint. Mages of the college warn each other not to go out at night and certainly not too close to the woods.

“If the wild elves don’t hunt you down, SHE will...”. A vengeful spirit is nothing to take lightly...

“I saw it happen! With my own eyes! She ripped the mages limb from limb leaving nothing but blood stains!”

“She looked like something from a nightmare...”

“I don’t know if her spirit will ever find rest...”

A peculiar thing has been noticed, sometimes when the veil is thinnest and the lights of the veil can be seen. You can find her at rest as she stares up at the sky.

Description:

The Wild Elves of Aularia are often viewed with caution by the rest of the world. Wild Elf attacks are common, especially in Daltanica and Sholbara. Many view the majority of Wild Elves as fervent enemies, blinded by the cause. The wild elves see both the arcane and advanced technology as the enemy. They live in tribal communities in the Wilds and rarely venture into cities. The few that do make their homes

amongst human civilization are settled in the smallest of villages. It is rare to find any Wild Elves amongst humans whom they call friends, but there is still a feeling that the populous race is omnipresent and always watching from the nearest tree line.

Although many around Aular view the Wild Elves with fear, the truth is that Wild Elves are shaped by their history as a race as well their individual experiences. Not all are quick to attack and many even seek peace. Wild Elves feel uncomfortable in bustling cities, this does not necessarily mean all of them view such pillars of civilization as an enemy that requires attacking. While there are plenty of those Wild Elves too, this race—seeming strange and almost brutal to modern humans in some of their ways—has dealt with many other races peacefully in the past. They learned secrets from the Fae in the early days after the Incursion, helped foster the Totemic's own tribal society and religion, and fought alongside humans in the Dawn Wars. Even in the modern day, Wild Elf tribes have been known to take in Vaniiri or Orcs whose interests coincide with their own.

The fact of the matter is, Wild Elves are fighting against a strong tide of public opinion about them, their religion, and their ideas about how to keep the world safe. The Wild Elves learned early in their history that it was one of their own that introduced magic into Aularia, and with guidance of the fledgling spirits that grew in the Incursion's wake, mandated that no Wild Elf ever use magic with an arcane root ever again. Feeling responsible for destroying the old world and their own culture, Wild Elves preach against the use of arcane magic through their Two Worlds religion. This religion promotes the idea that Aularia has a finite amount of energy and that to protect itself from extraplanar attack, as much of that energy must remain on Aularia as possible. It points to Lunia as an example of what can happen to a plane that does not have the energy to defend itself. The world

defends itself through the Veil, which is also the core source of all nature magic. Depending on the tribe that a Wild Elf comes from, defending these ideals could simply mean staying away from arcane magic, or it could mean engaging in generations of guerrilla warfare against the humans that flagrantly use arcane magic and send spirits away to Morgaleer instead of keeping them in this realm.

Wild Elves mark their children with magical tattoos at birth that grow and stay with them through life. If a Wild Elf ever engages in the use of arcane magic, these tattoos fade shortly after, revealing their sin to their brethren. Such sinners are often hunted down and killed, but a few escape to human cities where they live uncomfortable but generally safe lives. Similar to this, the Curse of Ash has spoiled a few Wild Elf bloodlines, causing some children to be born with ashen skin. This skin foretells of a child that will grow to hate the wilds and will use the arcane with great efficiency.

Other Elves:

City Elves

Despite being born of Wild Elf mothers, more than just their ashy skin is different. For one, they have an aptitude with arcane magic rather than nature magic. Second, the same feeling of discomfort that a Wild Elf feels when they step foot in a city is how a City Elf feels when they head out into the uncivilized wilds. When a baby with ashen skin is born to a Wild Elf mother, the tribe immediately takes action. The practice was once to simply destroy these children, until a few hundred years ago, when chieftains began changing their mind about the affair rather abruptly. Now,

these children are dropped off at the doorsteps of human settlements, often before they can fend for themselves, and if the spirits deem that they live, they shall live. This has of course bred negative sentiments between adults of both of the races, and it is very rare for Wild and City Elf to play nicely with one another. Luckily, they rarely encounter one another due to each of their own preferences.

Iron Elves

While rarely seen or heard from, there have been reports in the modern day about a few elves appearing on Aularian shores that are distinctly different from the Wild and City Elves. Not much is known about them, but they do call themselves Elves, and preach about the value of technology. There have been conflicting reports about their appearance, but enough rumors have spread to at least know that the Wild Elves may in fact have cousins that share a common ancestor and survived the Incursion. For now, the Wild Elves refer to the Elves in these reports as Iron Elves. Many among them carry the symbol of the Tech Ascendancy.

The Unmarked

Also not a true subrace, these are simply Wild Elves that have ignored tradition by dipping into the art of arcane magic. Their tattoos have disappeared and the spirits have abandoned them, revealing their sins to all other Wild Elves. There are some cloisters of Unmarked that have managed to survive being hunted down by their former brethren, but they are few and far between. They end up living their lives in a best case scenario as a stranger in human lands that is rarely given fair treatment, or in a worst case scenario as witches of the woods who constantly have to hide and cover their tracks so that the tribes do not find them. The unmarked are marked in only one way: for death.

History:

Before the Wilds

The true beginning of Wild Elf history begins shortly before the close of the Ancient Age. In this time the Elves were a decadent and arrogant people, reliant on conveniences and the labor of lesser races. They occupied grand estates as the generationally wealthy, with few paying mind to the labor classes. Old religions were practically abandoned in favor of “enlightened rationalism,” and the race kept reaching ever higher. The sister plane to Aularia known as Lunia, a world in its own right, was settled with its own sprawling mansion-towns alongside philosophers, artists, and writers. The worlds became soulless as what had made them great was forgotten to time, and the greedy Elves looked higher and higher without an ounce of humility.

Eventually, some of the Elves on Aularia began having strange visions. What these visions were are long forgotten with many of the details of the Ancient Age. What is known came to the Wild Elves through the visions of the prophet Kiva as she watched the tale of Versad unfold before her eyes in the spirit realm. Versad was a researcher who had been having these strange visions, and often wrote about them. For whatever reason, Versad’s research around Aularia and his visions led him to a series of caves that he traveled to via ship. With him he brought a band of mercenaries of various skills, chief among them a brilliant human known as Kakaros who had owed Versad a gambling debt.

The two spent weeks in the caves alongside the team they had assembled, searching and experimenting until at last they had some kind of breakthrough. A ritual ensued, led by Versad. As the ritual came to a close, the cave was

torn asunder, the sky becoming so vivid and clear that it was illuminated by distant planes and the Astral Sea itself. Soon after, a sky-shattering thunder rocked the world in a dozen nations, and Lunia's verdant surface turned black as pitch in the night sky. Something had struck Lunia, and the remnants of it hurtled towards the surface of Aularia, targeting the very spot where Versad stood.

The object struck the land, instantly slaying Versad, Kakaros, and their crew. The mountain continent where the cave had been torn as quickly as paper. Magic poured forth from this spot, essentially destroying and remaking all of Aularia, killing millions. This event came to be known as "The Incursion."

New Beginnings

As the world crumbled around them, the remaining Elves retreated from their decaying sprawls. Few remained, many having been ripped apart by the waves of destructive magical energy that had flooded the surface, while others perished in the ensuing disastrous weather, beneath burning structures, or malnourished in the wastelands. Many survived on Ballare, the "Dancing Isle," or on the eastern shore of what is present-day Sholbara and Gethanar. Confusion abounded for nearly an entire generation, as wastelands created by the Incursion seemed to become fertile again overnight. The Elves feared the horrors of the cities and resolved to stay amongst the woodlands. They formed into archaic tribal structures, stripped of the conveniences and laborers that had made their lives so blessed before. Communication was completed by couriers on foot. Little was understood about what exactly had happened, only that the remains of the Elven race had been reduced to the hundreds.

The first Elven child born post-Incursion was seen as a great boon, despite her mother dying in childbirth. Her name was Kiva Zel. Kiva did not make it into the world until nearly eight years after the retreat into the wilderness, as all previous pregnancies had failed. Kiva's birth was celebrated, tribes gathering as word spread of this miraculous new hope for the race's propagation. It was at this gathering that the Elves began discussing their role in the new world for the first time, agreeing to continue in the tribal system away from the cities.

The world of the past was forgotten, with various Elves bringing relics of the Ancient times to burn in the bonfire symbolizing their release from their old lives. Unbeknownst to the Elves, as they abandoned the ways of the previous world for good, they were appealing to higher forces that took great interest in their new lifestyle.

As Kiva grew, other children began being born into the new world as well, as if her birth had heralded some sort of great change for the race. Kiva herself reached the healthy age of twelve and was playing in a forest grove away from the younger children. She soon encountered a friendly ethereal creature which she felt no reason to fear. The creature played games with her throughout the day: catch, hide and seek, tag. It too had the demeanor of a child. The creature had befriended her, calling itself Nokari, and offered Kiva the chance to visit his own world, where he could tell her all of his stories. Kiva agreed without hesitation and Nokari brought her to a place called the Veil, a side realm that had begun spreading across Aularia like a protective shell of spirit energy. The Veil was small and thin, but a part of its great secrets were echoes of the past.

Nokari showed Kiva what Versad had done in the past. Kiva learned from Nokari that the Elves had greatly sinned against the world of Aularia, their home, and in this new age

they could only pay penance for it by becoming Aularia's greatest protectors. Nokari himself revealed that he was the spirit of Aularia itself, rebuilding and growing. Kiva, horrified by what her race had been before the Incursion, offered her assistance to Nokari. She worked in the spirit nursery, a forge of spirit energy where new spirits were being created, while also studying under Nokari's tutelage. The world spirit grew stronger and wiser every day, and Kiva had much to learn.

Kiva's return was celebrated after she spent seven years in the Veil. She became a teacher, founding the Two Worlds religion, which forever changed the Wild Elf outlook and world-view. Kiva's teachings are what eventually led to the traditions of the Pilgrimage, the Marking, and the Veiling. Additionally, she carried the word of Nokari that no Wild Elf should cast magic until he returned to tell them it was safe; doing so would both strengthen their race for the task at hand and ensure that none of them became corrupted.

The Wild Elves, now in a full tribal system and spreading out from their eastern shores, began to practice the non-magical, early aspects of Druidism, Shamanism, and Mysticism. When Nokari at last returned, he brought with him the teachings of Divine and Nature magic, warning the Wild Elves to stay away from the Arcane or face corruption and dire consequences in the future.

Encounters with Other Races

As the Wild Elves grew accustomed to their new lifestyle they also became accustomed to the wilderness and the spirits of the Veil. Their entire society began forming in similar ways despite belonging to distant tribes. The continent of Aular was very much a big open wild lands in

those early days, and the Wild Elves were free to expand outward from the eastern seaboard towards the north, south, and west. As they encroached on human lands, they stayed wary; humans flagrantly used magic from their city center of Aular City, where gods not of this world were said to be worshiped. Early on Wild Elves were not treated so horribly; more like savages that the humans of Aular City thought they could civilize and bring under the banner of the Church of En. As attempts to do this failed, the humans would get more forceful and tension would rise, but the encounters did not happen often enough for the conflict to ever boil over. As a result, Wild Elves saw the humans of Aular City as misguided and being led by false prophets, while the humans saw the Wild Elves as savages that could not be tamed.

Not all humans were as difficult to deal with. The Humans of the Old Kingdom, where present day Daltanica, Grinleymarn, Kordland, and Isselheim once joined, followed a simpler, nomadic lifestyle. Although they were not necessarily considered allies, these humans were far more willing to listen to the stories about the spirits and trade freely. They still followed the Church of En in the end.

In the northeast, the mountains were insurmountable due to the presence of the giants. Wild Elves that reached too far often didn't make it, and no tribe was ever able to establish itself beyond the Winter Forest.

As Wild Elves spread across the land, they would occasionally encounter the Fae. The Fae knew all about the Veil, having had a similar presence on their home world of Faeholme. The Oath of Oenamaus seemed like an alien religion despite most other dealings between the two races being good. Unfortunately, while both races understood the importance of tending to the Veil and the spirits, no accord could ever be reached on the subject of arcane magic. The

Fae saw themselves as students of all magic, and the Wild Elves saw this as a dangerous and naïve way of thinking. What seemed like an alliance that could have lasted through the ages crumbled into a bitter verbal debacle as the years went on. Still, Fae and Wild Elf were able to compromise enough that the Fae offered the Wild Elves information on how to utilize the Fae Gates. These gates allowed the Wild Elves to traverse great distances in the wilderness, causing them to reach many places in the world that the humans had not yet laid eyes on. To this day, Fae and Wild Elves are excellent friends, except when the topic and philosophy behind arcane magic comes up.

The Fae gates eventually led the Wild Elves to Tone'pep Lo, a large island west of the main continent of Aular. At first, the Wild Elves assumed that the band of beastmen that they encountered were Grobs or some other form of monster and prepared to attack. Luckily, the tribe had with them a Mystic named Sando, who looked upon the grove filled with Broca and immediately stopped the attack. He claimed that the creatures had an attachment to spirits that he didn't quite understand. Instead, the Wild Elves were able to establish contact with the Totemic and trade information about their spiritual lives. The Wild Elves introduced the Totemic to the idea of the Veil and the Two Worlds, and quickly the ideas spread across the tribes and became the status quo. At last, Wild Elves had found true allies in another race. The Wild Elves became a sort of parent to the burgeoning Totemic society, helping to foster its growth and direction.

Tending to the Veil

Eventually, the Veil became large enough that it was practically its own world. The number of spirits making up this side realm reached an uncountable number as spirits

began appearing not just in the form of those connected to living things, but those connected to inanimate objects, concepts, ideas. Occasionally, a spirit would get out of control. A spirit of fire might attempt to create a raging inferno in a forest, a spirit of murder might leave the mind it was formed in and attach itself to another, or a trickster spirit might start playing with things that simply should not be toyed with.

Shaman across the world began to see themselves as the police of the spirits, coming together to find a way to keep the Veil under control. Since it was against the religion of the Two Worlds to destroy spirits for fear that it would ultimately weaken the Veil; Totemic, Wild Elves, and shamans of other races came together to create the Spirit Prison. This prison travels high in the sky of the Veil, forever guarded by the most loyal of spirits. The criminal spirits within remain there until they are either reformed or their energy dissipates back into the Veil.

War and Tragedy

As human civilization moved south, the Wild Elves adjusted by taking up different parts of the wilds. Always mindful of the possibility of humans over civilizing the continent of Aular, little conflict came about for many hundreds of years between the two races. Trade even began to open up to those humans willing to greet the Wild Elves in their own land. It was in the midst of this peace that the Orcs arrived from the south and the first true war of the post-Incursion age began. At the beginning of the war against these savage invaders the wild elves allied alongside the humans working together effectively against the orc hordes. This alliance lasted until the incident that occurred in the southern regions that led to the creation of the Bara'kaa who became the new target of Wild Elf aggression. This was

due to the Bara'kaa beliefs around the use of arcane magic. With the creation of the Bara'kaa came the creation of the Sholbara Desert which wiped out thousands of Wild Elves. Cooperation between humans and Wild Elves dwindled after this, perhaps some minor trade happened when humans showed proper respect.

After the formation of the Sholbara desert, the few surviving Wild Elves formed the Red Coyote tribe. This tribe became extremely violent against the Bara'kaa and humans that made their way into the desert. This became apparent to both sides during the first crusade as the tribe performed multiple hit and run attacks to both the Bara'kaa and the Humans. The Bara'kaa are kept from expanding too far east or west due to the Red Coyote Tribes occupation. The Wild Elves have the western and eastern parts of the Sholbara desert completely under their control, this region is known as the Dekk. Around the Age of Glory on the shores of the Olive Sea the Totemic arrived settling the village of Landa 'Trifa. While the Totemics were welcome, a group of Bara'kaa made their home in Fort Llodar dangerously close to the self-made borders the wild elves drew up in the Dekk. These Bara'Kaa wished to ease aggression with the wild elves and mimic their style of life focusing on learning natural magic. However they were not well received by the Wild Elves and are ignored unless they venture into the Dekk.

The Curse

Within wild elf society it had always been common practice to purge any City Elves. This is because they have a natural affinity for the arcane and are deemed a curse upon the tribe. Before the Age of Heresy, City Elves were almost never seen throughout Aularia but during this age many ashen skin elven infants were found on doorsteps of homes or churches. The lucky ones would be taken in and raised

till they could make it on their own or perhaps be accepted as a family member. This began when the chieftains came together after a grand communing with the spirits, they enforced a new rule among all members of their tribes banning the purging of City Elves. They were not accepted within Wild Elf Society still but were spared their lives and left in human villages bordering their territory. This led to a rise in their presence in Aularia. While City Elves were spared the unmarked were not spared for going against the natural ways of the Wild Elves and practicing the arcane. These traitors if caught were dealt a swift death sentence. Shortly after this new rule was being enforced Wild Elves realized just how many city elves were being born. Before if your neighbor gave birth to a City Elf you would never know as it was dealt with upon birth. Now neighbors would aid one another by getting these ashen skin abominations out of their lands as soon as possible.

Nation-Building and Grob Wars

As the years progressed, the Wild-Elves often found themselves at odds not only with the colonizers around them but with themselves. Each tribe was becoming its own echo chamber where beliefs were being cemented strongly. Tired of all the warring and fighting, some Wild Elves were hopeful that they could find a way to live in peace with the people around them and possibly even work with them. Others found even the thought of this to be treacherous to their ancestors. Power struggles between tribal leaders were also taking place throughout the Wilds. Though they viewed each other as brothers and sisters... siblings often fight. Some tribes began talk of unification in the Gethanar Wilds, but ultimately this attempt was unsuccessful. There were too many clashing ideas about how to deal with the threats around them, how to lead and the future of the tribes themselves. It was decided that each tribe would govern themselves and uphold the values that aligned with their

people.

After the failed attempt to create a unified Wild Elf nation a new threat made itself known. From underground monsters began appearing, they would later become known as Grobs. As the Grobs began to emerge from underground and make their presence known the Wild Elves felt their home was under attack from these mysterious creatures. Who were these creatures? Where did they come from? It did not matter. These foul beasts had no regard for the land and resources around them, taking as they see fit. Fearing for their livelihood, The Wild Elves and Totemics banded together during this time to rid their homes of these vermin. To make matters worse, some grobs were magic users bringing Arcane close to the Wild Elves. The only good Grob was a dead Grob.

The Wild Elves used guerrilla tactics to take down any Grobs that dared to make themselves known. But much like cockroaches they kept appearing and it seemed as though for every one that was killed more would simply appear. This began the era of the Shadow Wars. There is no mention of these wars in the history of other races as the battles occurred out of site of most others. The Wild-Elves would send groups into the Grob tunnels to root out the Grobs. Once the Grobs realized what was happening, some of the Ogres who got mad that their servants kept vanishing began counter strikes. Deep within the forests of Aular they would come at night setting Wild-Elf encampments aflame. Other races might see a fight here or there, but with no strong relations with either Wild-Elves or the Grob, they were oblivious to the ongoing conflict that existed all around them. Eventually the fighting died down as both sides became war weary and began staying further away from each other. The animosity still remains on both sides and skirmishes and tensions continue to run high between the two races.

Wild Elves in the Modern World

In the Modern Era the Wild Elves are fighting against a sea of change. The spread of imperialism has been encroaching more and more on their territory. Technology and magic advancements have made fighting against these invaders harder and harder. Daltanica continues to capture Wild Elves as slaves. Even in places slavery has been outlawed many Wild Elves have gone missing and been seen being taken on passing slave ships. There is a lot of anger against this threat to their way of life and an even greater threat to the Veil with all the rampant use of arcane. Forest justice has become a common term to describe the mana hunts in woods, and the raids that take place against the non Wild Elves that make the mistake of wandering into the Wild Elves diminishing territory.

Palefoot discovered Lucania about 100 years before humans via Fae Gates, allowing Wild Elves to settle there. Wild Elves settled early (settled Casoria about 150 years ago and Lucania about 75 years ago).

In Luciana the Wild Elves have been at odds with each other. With the influx of colonizers and the creeping influence of the Mainland, some Wild Elves have been entertaining the idea of joining the Sacred Grounds Pact. Ahote from Banner Rest has emerged as a leader in the unification effort, with mixed reception. Conflict between tribes have become commonplace as the Wild Elves of the island reconcile with the reality of the situation they are currently in. The colonizers are not leaving anytime soon and what they are to do with them has yet to be seen. There is an electric feeling in the air, things are going to change one way or another, whether this results in a large scale revolt or a shaky alliance is unknown at this point.

Important Figures:

Palefoot

Palefoot is well-known as the oldest living Wild Elf. His time on Aularia is said to have lasted in the range of 650-700 cycles. Currently, he is the reigning elder and former chieftain of the Red Coyote Tribe of northern Sholbara. White-haired and wrinkled, Palefoot's untarnished facial tattoos line the leathery crags around a mouth that rarely smiles and eyes that have seen as far back into history as the early Age of Heresy. The elder has had many children by many different wives over the years, and nearly 1/3 of the Red Coyotes are in some way his descendants.

Rarely speaking, Palefoot appears as a lingering observer while hunched over on his gnarled cane. When grayed eyes blink, they never seem to make it all the way closed. More often than not, Palefoot uses his Mystic training to leave his frail body and go for a walk through the Veil. He uses this spirit form to travel across Aularia, speak with the elders or chieftains of other tribes, seek out and map the locations of Gray Gates, or commune with spirits and ask for their guidance on how to handle future events.

Palefoot is responsible for finding the way to the Sacred Grounds before most other races, allowing Wild Elves to settle on their hidden shores a full century or more before the cloak was pulled back for the other races to see it. His leadership, while coming at inconsistent intervals, has led to a great deal of trouble for those Bara'kaa that wander into the Dekk. Additionally, he is believed by the Daltanic to be the closest thing the Wild Elves have to a centralized leader, and thus is seen as responsible for attacks on Daltanic national interests throughout the world, despite his physical location. Such feats being attributed to the wise

old man have made Palefoot a near-mythical figure to both Wild Elves and non-Wild Elves. Many question whether he exists, or if his age and genius are something of Red Coyote propaganda to bring greatness to the tribes of the Dekk, and fear to those around it.

Kiva

Kiva was a transformative figure for the Wild Elves history. In her prime, Kiva was a lean-bodied and brown-haired Wild Elf of unexceptional height. She has been depicted at various stages of her life often being remembered as a child full of fearless energy and wonder. As a child she often looked a bit disheveled as she ran about the woods, crouching in bushes or climbing in trees. A youthful depiction of her is a common one for Wild Elf parents to carve out of oak for their children to play with, urging them to reflect on the fact that she herself was only a child when she first entered the Veil. When depicted as an adult she is seen as a wise maternal figure guiding her people.

Kiva's importance historically to Wild Elf culture lies in her role as the founder of the Two Worlds religion. Although she never cast a spell of any type in her life, her frequenting of the Veil and friendship with the fledgling spirits of the post-Incursion world have given her the moniker of "First Shaman" amongst the tribes. She is known as the first mortal to ever cross the threshold into Aularia's Veil, resulting in years of service in the spirit realm in work that many shaman and mystics work on today via use of spells. Her early work is the basis of modern Wild Elf shamanism.

Kiva is believed to have been targeted by the spirits of the Veil because she was the first Elf to be born after the Incursion after several years of Elf infertility. A spirit encountered her in the woods at the age of eleven, played with her for a time, and finally invited her into the Veil where

she stayed for six years. While the elves had already taken to living quietly in the woods, the term “Wild Elf” did not really come about until Kiva’s encounter with the spirits began turning their culture on its head. After spending nearly all her teenage years in the Veil, Kiva returned wiser and with much to share, the result being the Two Worlds religion. Her people forbade magic for many years based on her words and experiences, and only began using nature and divine magic when the same spirits that first encountered her claimed that it was safe. Through Kiva’s visions, the Wild Elves learned of Versad’s great sin against the world by casting magic and revealing its presence to the other planes.

Kiva lived and died a life of normal length, but six years in the Veil had an irreversible effect on her worldview that sent ripples through a culture that was trying to define itself in the wake of a disaster. Kiva’s teachings remain the most influential on Wild Elf culture in their entire history.

Jhorla

Berserker who led raids against the mages college, Jhorla was a woman of fierce dedication and strictest adherence to the two worlds faith. She was a matriarchal leader of the Amber Wolf Tribe of the Stardust forest. She was not the daughter of a tribal elder, nor did her parents hold any position of prominence within her tribe. While she did not inherit leadership, she simply earned it through sacrifice and battle. Time and time again she was able to accomplish what was thought impossible, through brutal combat. Her instinctual understanding of battlefield tactics was second to none, she always seemed to be exactly where she needed to be, when she needed to be there. For this, the Daltanic soldiers gave her the nickname “Specter of Death”, for she was the last thing many of them saw.

Jhorla, while a fierce warrior, was also a loving mother and wife who cared very deeply for her family as they cared for her. Her daughter adored her and aspired to be just like her and her husband was a medicine man and spent most of his time tending to the wounds of the warriors under her command. What time she didn't spend fighting or planning raids on spire point was spent with her family. Never knowing if she would make it back each time she ventured out, she made sure to treat every moment with her family as if it was her last. Jhorla had led the warriors of her tribe for over 30 years and the Amber Wolves had been fighting Daltanica for as long as anyone could remember, leaving them as one of the last free tribes on the continent. The Daltanic army was mighty but with her leadership on the battlefield and the other matriarchs' wisdom they managed to evade the humans with the aid of the Veil.

However their luck wouldn't last forever as she hit her fifties and while still a fierce warrior she was getting slower and it was taking longer to heal from her wounds. Yet despite her advancing age, her sense of duty and honor would not allow her to do anything else. Then one day the Daltanic army caught her raiding party and slaughtered them all. In her final moments, succumbing to her rage and embracing the Gray, she became the specter of death they always assumed her to be. Now she stalks the Stardust Forest slaughtering any human she can find, but gaining no solace in the bloodshed. Sometimes the forest goes quiet as the night's sky calms her rage and reminds her of the life she once had.

Versad

Versad was an ancient Elf, many today would mistake him for an Unmarked, however he was from a time before

such a thing existed. Versad was an affluent man from an aristocratic family, with the wealth to afford himself a lifestyle of luxury and privilege. He was a man of technology and invention, one which the Iron Elves of today would surely have admired, being awestruck by his research and knowledge of technology.

A few brilliant researchers of his time started having visions of something they didn't quite understand. Many dismissed the visions as nonsense as they didn't make sense to the technological methods used at the time and likely was just their overactive imaginations. Though many brilliant minds who were not privy to the visions thought it was madness slowly taking hold, it wasn't completely uncommon for brilliant minds to occasionally go mad. Versad was convinced that it was not madness and that he could see the patterns within the visions. Though he couldn't explain it using the technological methods that he had come to master, his mind was sharp enough to notice that there was more to the visions than others seemed to understand. What he failed to realize at the time, was that the visions were actually ritual magic.

Eventually others who had these visions started to converse and came to the consensus that this couldn't be ignored. They felt a pull towards an island to the west of the mainland, one whose name has been lost to time. Little did they know they were about to change Aularia and Lunia forever. They cast the first spell on Aularia, thus causing the Incursion and costing them and millions of others their lives, while also connecting Aularia to other worlds.

Theories have run rampant through the ages about how this happened and where these visions came from. Some claim Abduen whispered into their minds so that he could conquer yet another world, while others claim that the Void itself is responsible and consumed them for doing

so. Some claim it was pure chance and chaos and that they simply stumbled upon something that was here all along. While being impossible to know for certain, it leaves all the outlandish claims as viable as the next creating an air of uncertainty around the event that has lingered since. One thing however is certain for sure, Versad is responsible for the Elves greatest sin; forever changing the world and we are all worse off for it.

Sula

Sula is a Wild Elf captain that is well known for her efforts to patrol the ports in order to free captured slaves from passing Daltanic and Jorhaul ships. Despite the Pact and the threat of legal action, many are still in danger of being captured when they venture towards the shore. Sula was previously the feared first mate under another captain, but after the last pirate king trials he decided to step down and gave his ship and crew for her to command. Some say she took control of the ship by force because no one can confirm or deny what really happened, and at this point everyone is too afraid to ask. Sula is a feared warrior and one who will sooner cut down a Daltanic than look at them. Knowing that she and her crew are watching the waters puts many at ease, but there is still much work to be done. The Daltanic stand firm that there is no slave trading taking place and the Jorhaul continue to gather allies and weapons. For now her ship signifies the Wild Elves resistance to the spread of colonization and the domination of their home in Lucania.

Important Locations:

The Vanishing Fort

A fort that appears in the wilds whenever the Wild Elves launch a campaign. The Fort disappears when they are done, being replaced with the greenery that once stood in its place. No one remembers how it came to be, or how old it is, but in great times of need, when the Green or the Veil are truly at jeopardy that's when it appears. Looking like it was created by the forest itself, it's composed of tangled trees and roots and soars 30 feet tall, granting many places to rain death down upon any who would try and siege it. It moves through the Veil as easy as any spirit. It has come to the defense of many tribes over the millenia and has been a staging point for many pivotal fights throughout history. In all its uses throughout history it has never fallen and those who stay within have never seen defeat.

Spirepoint

“The depravity of the Arcane users knows no boundaries. They respect nothing sacred. In our most sacred forest they build giant monuments dedicated to the study of arcane, it must be destroyed at all costs.” The Wild Elves see Spirepoint as an abomination, a perversion of their land and resources. Daltanica managed to erect Spirepoint and keep it functional despite the years of raids led against them in this magical place. Spirepoint is considered one of the most potent Arcane hubs for magic users. Daltanica often uses the tower to perform new ritual and magical experiments, pushing the limits to what is possible. Due to the thinness of the Veil, magic is heightened here... and more dangerous.

The Stardust Forest

It's as if the night sky was being painted by the spirits themselves with an otherworldly glow of brilliant colors dancing above and a feeling that is sentient, alive, and enticing you to dance with them. This forest is among the most sacred places to the Wild Elves. The barriers between the Green and the Veil are so thin here, that in some places the two merge into one. This is also a very volatile place being so close to Daltanica's greatest arcane College at Spire Point. The forest, due to its fluidity with the Veil, is the last haven for Wild Elves in Daltanica. It's believed by Daltanica that the forest's last tribe was enslaved over 30 years ago, however there are whispers that small groups of rebellious Wild Elves still live free in this Holy land.

Spirit Prison

To kill a spirit is to weaken the Veil so it's an option rarely used and when it is, only as a last resort. This is why the Spirit Prison was formed. Whereas the Spirit Forge is a place of hope, the Spirit Prison is a place of madness and despair. It's cages are filled with spirits who have lost their way. Sometimes a spirit will stray too far from its intended purpose and it must be stopped. Instead of killing them and thus weakening the veil, they are brought here until they either disperse back into the Veil and are reborn or they stay locked away forever. Said to exist somewhere within the Veil and towering high into the sky, the location of this prison is a closely guarded secret. If it were to ever fail and the spirits within released, it is believed Aularia would suffer destruction unlike anything seen since the Incursion.

The Spirit Forge/Spirit Nursery

It is impossible to describe the birth of a spirit unless you have been there to witness and feel it yourself, especially when they come to embody such concepts as imagination or apprehension. Aponi watched as her surroundings started to shift and her senses melded together overwhelming her, everything faded to black leaving her surrounded by darkness. Floating for what seemed hours, surrounded by distant lights all converging on her. Then as the light grew closer, with a flash she saw it, the spirit; it was small like a newborn. She reached for it, embracing it as she did her many grandchildren. Aponi had witnessed the birth of many spirits, but it had been a while since she witnessed the birth of one so powerful. All spirits slightly alter the world around them within the Veil, but only the most powerful spirits alter the Veil to such extremes. As they floated directionless in what she now realized was the night sky she spoke to the spirit, "Hello I'm Aponi, I'm pleased to meet you." The Spirit at first just repeated her words back to her in what sounded like a chorus of curious voices. Aponi asked, "Do you know your name?" The spirit this time with the same chorus of voices said, "No I do not know my name, but I know you do not belong here." Then just as quick, things returned to normal. As Aponi moved to place the spirit on the ground, the spirit grew to the size of a child of 6 or 7 years of age. Aponi said, "You're very special, I haven't seen a spirit such as yourself for a long time". The spirit with a puzzled expression said, "Neither have I." Aponi laughed, "It's my duty and joy to guide you and others like you towards their purpose." The Spirit smiles and says, "That sounds like fun."

The Spirit Forge is considered by many to be the heart of the Veil, the birthplace of the Veil, and the source of its power. The Forge is where all new spirits are born and with the birth of each new spirit the Veil gets stronger. It

is difficult to describe the Spirit Forge because it is unlike anything in the Green, it doesn't follow the same rules. Reality shifts with the whims of each spirit making it is difficult for mortals because they are not made for such places. To serve here is a privilege and an honor for those of the Two Worlds religion. This place is unknown to most and carefully guarded by those who know it's location. It's also one of the few places Nokari can regularly be found, although still not seen often. In short, it may be the most important place in Aularia. This is not hyperbole, without the Forge the Veil would slowly die, and Aularia would eventually suffer the same fate as Lunia

The Dekk

The Dekk is their sin. In the human's hubris they caused this, they are responsible for the Dekk. Whatever they did birthed a new race, the Bara'kaa. That it's their fault is true, but they were simply pursuing the remnants of our greatest sin, that's why this wound cuts so deeply. That's why we must assure it does not get any worse. This desert was once a lush forest teeming with life. It all vanished so fast, there were almost no survivors. Those that did survive eventually came together to form the Red Coyote Tribe. Now this desert is our home. Life always returns, life always finds a way. We will do what we can to fix it, or at the very least we will keep it from getting worse.

Role-Playing a Wild Elf:

Opinions of other races:

Bara'kaa: Their society clings too closely to the arcane and things that they do not understand. One day their swords will attract the attention of tainted things from other worlds.

Fae: We can agree on many things. Perhaps when they free themselves from their obsession over their foreign dead god and stop utilizing the arcane they will find solace in the world spirit.

Human: The spirits warn us that our own boldness brought ruin upon the world. We hope that is not the path that humans are on. Some embrace our religion, but most follow foreigners over the whispers of their own world.

Jorhaul'duar: Many among them hear the spirits, but we wonder how many actually listen.

Mag'duar: They may use arcane magic and occasionally dabble in technology that we are not fond of, but they do not move beyond their land and they are neither violent nor unwilling to listen to us when we provide warning.

Seraphim: Children of a foreign god reminding us every day of the constant marks they leave on Aularia.

Totemic: True allies, they have come into their own. While a few may practice the arcane arts, their numbers are small. They follow the same religion as us and are the first that we can call on should we need aid outside of our own tribes.

Vaniiri: Some carry traits that show they have elf in their blood. Despite their apparent unnatural behavior they seem oddly connected to the natural world in the form of the Pure.

Sideshow: A disgusting perversion of life, I truly pity them and hope they are put out of their misery.

Iron Elves: Long lost siblings obsessed with things that should have been lost to time. At least they still hold true to our hatred of arcane.

Amthari: Worse than humans, their very blood is tainted with the arcane.

Orcs: Ugly conquerors that learned their place when we stopped their invasion, we commend their battle ability but will not tolerate their crimes

Common Dwarves: They put too much emphasis on what they can take from the land instead of how to maintain it for future generations.

Grob: The only good Grob is a dead Grob.

Lexicon:

Tribe: Wild Elves and Totemic organize into tribal nations that range in size based on the amount of territory that they inhabit. When referring to a tribe, a Wild Elf is likely talking about hundreds or thousands of other Wild Elves (or possibly Totemic). Some tribes are smaller than this, but usually require sponsorship of a larger tribe to be taken seriously. These smaller tribes are called packs.

Old Tongue: Wild Elves believe that when Jaejal cast the communication spell that created the trade language she

used much of the Elven language as the base. The Old Tongue represents what the Elven language was before this spell was cast, and few words of it are remembered. Wild Elves believe that “Aularia” was their ancient name for the world, and that the humans adopted it for their own.

Lunia: The Wild Elf name for the moon. The Wild Elves believe this was once a flourishing, twin world to Aularia.

Mana Hunt: An ancient Wild Elf tradition, usually completed once a month where Wild Elves would seek out Unmarked and kill them. The scheduling of a Mana Hunt originally began as the only time an Unmarked would be killed, but later on being Unmarked became a crime that often results in public execution. Since that time, not every tribe performs a Mana Hunt, while more extreme tribes have used the tradition to hunt down not just Unmarked but City Elves and magic users of all races.

The Killing: This is the name Wild Elves give to the process of the world slowly being consumed by arcane magic. It is noticeable in the Veil, and often results in damage to the Veil being more and more difficult to repair.

Fae Gate: Long ago, the Fae and Wild Elves formed a tenuous peace, part of which had the Fae teaching the Wild Elves how to use the Fae Gates. These gates are nature-based portals that allow transportation across Aularia.

Crow: An insulting slur used to describe City Elves.

Mate: A term used to describe a life partner interchangeable with husband/wife/partner. The use of this is based on the individual.

Forest Justice: The belief that the woods are the territory of the Wild Elves and therefore the laws of man do not apply

here. Many stand that any acts violence committed outside of town cannot be tried by the government as it does not concern them. For example when a mage has gone missing after entering the woods during a mana hunt many will say "They shouldn't have gone there" instead of attempting to investigate further.

The Green: This is the term used for the forests and natural world, the part of Aularia where mortals live, it's counterpart is the Veil.

The Grey: The realm of the dead this is where all things living and conceived will eventually come to rest.

The Veil: The realm of spirits. The veil overlaps and mirrors the green as well as protects it from the Grey.

Pop-Culture / Inspirations:

The Silvan Elves of the Lord of the Rings represent an elven race that inhabits the woods, and serve as an excellent model for the fiercely protective race that is not always trusting of outsiders.

Wild Elf religion is largely based on real-world animism with some differences.

Dalish Elves from Dragon Age Elves that once held power and now focused on balancing magic and spirits of the world. Use facial tattoos to set themselves apart

Mushi-Shi is an anime that is a good example for spirits and the veil within SG.

The Stormlight Archive Series - The spren and all the different things that they represent is a good example of spirits within SG.