

# EVERQUEST

## THE ANIMATED ADVENTURES

### SERIES BIBLE

PROGRAM CONCEPT,  
CHARACTER ARTWORK  
AND STORY  
BY JASON WAGES



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# EVERQUEST: THE ANIMATED ADVENTURES

## Premise

From the mystical lands of Norrath, a team of intrepid adventurers must discover the meaning behind a world-ending prophecy before ruin comes to their lands and beyond. As their quest grows and more are brought into the fold, be they hero or villain or those who defy category, the web of intrigue in this threat grows outside the scope of even the gods themselves, and the path of adventure takes our ever-growing team to the stars and beyond.

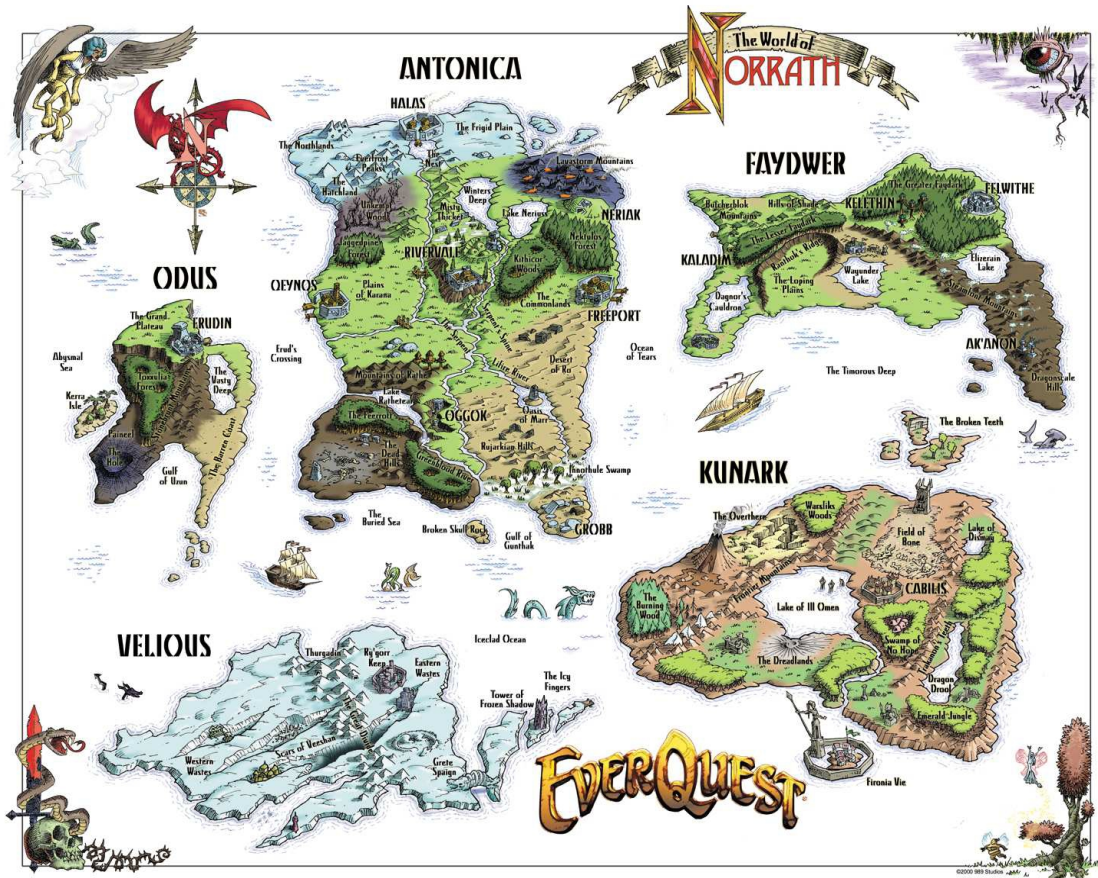
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## Series Synopsis

*EverQuest: the Animated Adventures* begins as the tale of three adventurers: Eileen Lochinvar (human paladin), Zozo Stonehealer (dwarf cleric) and Olethros et Teleute (barbarian shaman), though many more make their stories heard throughout the progression of this saga. Over the course of their adventures fighting the forces of evil that plague the magical world of Norrath, the threesome discovers a prophecy written by the ancient Combine Empire which speaks of the end of the world being heralded by fire from the sky. Indeed, as war erupts between the forces of the dark-elves and the cities of man that same year, a meteor plummets to Norrath, leading forces both good and evil to the hidden continent of Kunark. As the opposing armies try to lay claim to this new land they find that it is far from unpopulated, and as they contend with the wild and dangerous creatures they meet such as the iksar and the sarnak, they become pinched in the middle as the dragons of Norrath are drawn into the war. These events lead our heroes, growing in number and their own tales every day, to the frozen continent of Velious, where the plans of the evil god Innoruuk culminate. The Prince of Hate is the one who plans to bring the prophecy to bear, using the meteor raised from Kunark as the lynchpin of his plans: it is no meteor, but actually the egg of the dragon goddess Veeshan, and Innoruuk uses it to force the Wyrms Queen's hand. With no choice, Veeshan destroys Norrath and in doing so herself, but not before one last army of adventurers is able to escape to the moon of Luclin. It is there that the collected gathering of heroes and villains must formulate a plot to assault the Plane of Hate and defeat Innoruuk before he uses the egg for his own dark plans, all the while braving the dangers this alien world has in store for them. Finally finding their way to the Planes of Power, the army fights and quests until it is able to reach the realm of Innoruuk with enough power to challenge him, and it is there that they learn of his true plot: to imbue the egg with his very essence so that he will become the new Veeshan and become more powerful than any god there ever was. Through the power of love and hope, and with much sacrifice, our heroes are able to defeat Innoruuk. When it is all over though, a new Veeshan rises, untainted by the dark god's hate, and reforms the world of Norrath upon the body of the old Veeshan. Life is restored to the world as are those that were lost with it.

# EVERQUEST: THE ANIMATED ADVENTURES

## Settings



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**The World of Norrath** – an earth-like planet, once a desolate ball of rock before the dragon goddess Veeshan raked her claw across it and breathed life into this brave new world. Oceans and land masses formed, and her brood – the dragons – rose to populate the land. Seeing the bright potential of this world, the gods also created life and thus rose the many races of Norrath: the stout dwarves, the beautiful high-elves (koada'dal) and the nature-loving wood-elves (fier'dal); the humans with their limitless potential and their cousins the brilliant erudites and the hearty and wild barbarians; the dull but brutal ogres, the vicious trolls, and the hate-filled dark elves (tier'dal); the ever-tinkering gnomes and the peaceful, fun-loving halflings; the heroic swamp-dwelling froglok and the ruthless iksar lizardmen. And so in this world of magic and wonder, the quest for adventure is everlasting. Norrath is orbited by two moons: the lifeless Drinal and the alien Luclin.

- Continents
  - Antonica – the central and largest continent, with deserts, forests, swamps, vast planes, mountains and canyons, and volcanic wastelands
    - Freeport and Qeynos – upon the east coast and the west, the great cities of man
    - Rivervale – the secluded, peaceful home of the halflings
    - Neriak – the dark, underground city of the dark elves
    - Oggok – the unforgiving, primitive realm of the ogres
    - Halas – the harsh, cold home of the barbarians

- Grobb – the swamp-based land of the trolls, later to be taken by the frogloks
- Faydwer – eastern-most land of woods and mountains
  - Kaladim – the mountain stronghold of the dwarves
  - Kelethin – the great city of the high elves
  - Felwithe – the tree-based town of the wood elves
  - Ak'Anon – the underground realm of the gnomes
- Odus – smallest and western-most of the continents with thick, tropical forests, and a massive magically-created crater known as the Hole
  - Erudin – magical city-fortress of the erudins
  - Paineel – the deep, deadly city of the erudin dark-magic users
- Kunark – a hostile, forested continent to the south-west
  - Cabilis – great city of the iksar
  - Firiona Vie – man-made base off the coast and forefront of human pioneering into Kunark
- Velious – the southern-most continent marked with three canyons forged by Veeshan's very hand, a dangerous land of ice and snow, home of the dragons
  - Thurgadin – frozen fortress of the Coldain dwarves
  - Ry'Gorr Keep – massive city of the giants
- Taelosia – hidden on the far side of the world, a continent that was once home to unknown races, now stripped of that life with a new, demonic presence in its place

**The Moon of Luclin** – while the gods squabbled amongst each other for parts of Norrath, the night-goddess Luclin took the moon of Luclin as her own and created the deadly, aloof Ahkevans. Luclin is a mishmash of different, chaotic landscapes: of red deserts and airless voids, deep underground mazes and overgrown swamps, and wild plains dotted with mountains. Over the centuries other races have found their way here, including the reclusive vah'shir catpeople who were forcibly removed from what was once their home in Odus (now the area known as the Hole). The ancient human Combine Empire as well as their eternal enemies, the followers of Tsaph Katta, made their way here as well.

**The Planes of Power** – the higher dimensions are home to the gods themselves, and are only breached by those who prove their worth in ways beyond measure. They all have their own laws and their landscapes are chosen and molded by their patron power, though some such as the Plane of Knowledge (a hub of free-thinkers and the pursuit of knowledge) and the Plane of Tinkering (mad land of machines created by the deranged gnome genius Miragul) have been artificially created by the mightiest of mortals. Realms of the benevolent gods are reachable, such as Tranquility and Valor. The elemental planes of Fire, Water, Air and Earth can be found here, as well as the dark realms of Nightmare, Fear, Disease, War and Hate. More neutral lands that can prove just as deadly to the unprepared include the planes of Justice, Storms, Sky, Sun and the great Plane of Time, prison to the forgotten god Zebuxoruk.

# EVERQUEST: THE ANIMATED ADVENTURES

## Series Outline

### Season One

#### **001 "Stepping into the Sun, Part 1"**

Eileen, Zozo and Olethros return to Freeport from traveling the Antonican continent together, while stumbling upon a curious and potentially destructive plot against the Mithaniel Marr church.

#### **002 "Stepping into the Sun, Part 2"**

Running from the law and from the shadowy organizations of Freeport, the heroes must brave the city's streets and below to vindicate the Church of Marr before Sir Lucan has his way.

#### **003 "Churning Seas"**

While risking banishment by his own people, Zozo and the party discover a prophecy that will mean doom to all of Norrath unless stopped.

#### **004 "The Eleventh Year"**

A lifetime of slavery culminates in an explosion of rage as Olethros attempts to exact revenge on the Crushbone orcs who enslaved her and her family years before.

#### **005 "Levels of Pain, Waves of Fear"**

Traveling from the continent of Faydwer, the adventurers' ship is sunk and they must brave the perils of the Ocean of Tears to make it to safety.

#### **006 "Runnyeyed Messiah"**

A pair of young gnomes are caught in the middle when the goblins of Pickclaw and Runnyeye break into war with each other.

#### **007 "Sands of Time"**

Crossing the Desert of Ro, the adventurers must try and find the entrance to an ancient city with magic that has the power to foretell the future.

#### **008 "Old Empires"**

The remnants of the once prolific Combine Empire are discovered, as are the ancient dangers and beasts that once challenged the empire.

#### **009 "Child of Hatred"**

A plot of revenge against Eileen's father, Valetrian, culminates after two decades of planning, and Eileen and her friends are targeted for destruction.

### **010 "A Thousand Eyes"**

Officials for various cities across the continent suddenly begin acting strange, ordering executions and turning their cities into police states .

### **011 "An Empty Home"**

The Estate of Unrest, once home to a proud and wealthy family years ago, has since become a corrupted and dark version of its once grand state, but the secrets within may be the key to understanding and breaking the prophecy.

### **012 "Emerald Death"**

The frogloks of Guk are in danger of being squeezed to extinction by their undead counterparts and the trolls of Grobb, and only an unlikely team of adventurers can keep them alive.

### **013 "Fire in the Sky Part 1"**

A fireball falling from the heavens reveals to explorers the existence of the lost continent of Kunark, and heralding the grand event is the abduction of the elven princess Firiona Vie.

### **014 "Fire in the Sky Part 2"**

As the expedition across the Timorous Deep ocean makes its way, the forces of darkness challenge their every turn, hoping to plant its flag in Kunark first. And Kirwan discovers the fireball that revealed Kunark to the world is more ominous than it first seemed, for many reasons...

Special 1

– The Legend of Firiona Vie –

### **S01 "The Princess of Light"**

Recounting the history of the elven princess Firiona Vie, the tale of her youth and adventures is told. Raised by the rangers of the woods, Firiona braves the dangers of the world to cross the seas and find the dragon kings that can teach her how to bring order and peace to her people.

### **S03 "The Queen of Darkness"**

Having found her way home and her memories restored, Firiona is determined to save her people as she and a band of brave adventurers challenge the evils of Neriak and the minion of the dark god Innoruuk: Lanys T'Vyl.

Season 2

– Ruins of Kunark –

### **015 "The Untamables"**

The forces of good and evil have both set foot and established their bases of



operation upon the newly-discovered continent of Kunark, but the land's original inhabitants aren't ready to welcome interlopers upon their shores.

#### **016 "Sssecond Chances"**

Mindful of the deeds of his people, both past and present, the iksar Grandmaster Glox sends his children out into the new world in the hopes of redeeming his people and to spread the true words of Cazic Thule across the lands.

#### **017 "Chardok's Dawn"**

With the arrival of new forces to their lands, the Sarnak Empire decides to use the opportunity to strengthen their hold on Kunark by playing both sides against each other.

#### **018 "Challenges in the Mist"**

The once-famed city of Torsis now sits broken and empty of life, yet within its structures lie rewards and treasures too tempting for a group of thieves to resist.

#### **019 "The Four Steps"**

To discover deeper meaning behind the prophecy, Eileen, Zozo, Tork and Olethros brave a variety of Kunark's horrors to find the answers that may save their world.

#### **020 "Blaze"**

Hidden in the torn and shattered Burning Woods lies the falling star that led the forces of good and evil to Kunark, a star that Innoruuk's legions want very much to have for their own.

#### **021 "Swifttail, Ironclaw, Bloodtalon"**

Led by words from their father, Bensaret and Andgi are forced to bring the adventurers into the middle of the ongoing conflict between the monks of Cabilis.

#### **022 "Watery Grave"**

Once part of the lost city of Varnek, the dungeons of Veksar have become a death trap that the adventurers must brave to free Firiona Vie.

#### **023 "Civilization's Tale"**

Bensaret recalls the history of his people and the years of slavery torment that led them to become the feared force they are today.

#### **024 "Fighting Fear"**

In response to the incursion of evil forces across Antonica, the cities of Norrath form an ill-conceived pact with the world's mightiest guilds, unaware of who is truly running the show.

### **025 "The Limitless Expanses of the Universe"**

A ripple through the minds of the world's clerics points to trouble ahead for all, and the impending Age of Balance brings fear to both man and god alike.

### **026 "The Night Child"**

Voices from an unknown child's voice draws Kirwan to learn of a group of misled spellcasters determined to crack open the boundaries of the Multiverse.

### **027 "Dragon's War"**

Heroes and villains alike must defend themselves as the war between the dragon lord Nagafen and the Ring of Scale erupts across the continent and spreads over the surface of Norrath.

#### Special 2

– Legacy of Ykesha –

### **S03 "Written in Stone"**

Long ago, a heretical troll-mystic named Zraxth divided his peoples as he brought about his clan of the Broken Skull. Peering through the history of Norrath's Elder Age, the history of the troll clans and their battles against one-another and the world is seen, as is the present they have brought upon themselves.

### **S04 "Rising in the Swamps"**

Imprisoned by the minions of Innoruuk, the heroic god Mithaniel Marr grants power to the frogloks of Innothule Swamp in the hopes of freeing himself and the swamps from the tyranny of the trolls of Grobb.

### **S05 "The Prophecy of Gromzok"**

Using the chaos of the troll expulsion from Grobb, the Broken Skull clan returns to establish its hold over its wayward peoples. Using the power of the Gromzok stone, the seafaring clan plans to bring unlimited power to their prophesied ruler, and only a team of brave adventurers and the newly-empowered frogloks can prevent the trolls, and their new Teir'Dal overseers, from coming back stronger than ever.

#### Season 3

– Scars of Velious –

### **028 "Fire and Ice"**

Upon reaching the lost continent of Velious, the civilizations of Norrath must confront beasts whose power is beyond any standard they once knew, all the while holding off the dragon hordes and the very forces of nature at bay.

### **029 "The Strong Ones"**

From generations past come the dwarves of Thurgdain, a mighty race that has

challenged the forces of nature and won. But over the years they have made many enemies, and now their enemies are the heroes' foes as well!

### **030 "Scaling the Walls"**

The Tower of Frozen Shadow has been out of contact with the world beyond for years, and it's up to the magical prowess of Norrath's champions to breach its defenses and learn what has happened to those within.

### **031 "Burn in Fear, Burn in Hate"**

The gods discuss their plans for Norrath and their history with one another, revealing some ancient rivalries and potential doom for the peoples of the world.

### **032 "The Ways of War"**

The ice giants are a warrior race, tried and true, and war is all they wish to do. Their home is the only pass to the west, to venture there one must pass their test.

### **033 "The Hidden Forests"**

Nestled deep within the dense forests of the Wakening Lands is a portal to the realm of the nature goddess Tunare. The forces of Chaos know this, though, and seek to seal her off from the world.

### **034 "Siren Song"**

Luring ships to crash into the craggy rocks of the Cobalt Scar, the sirens must be stopped or more lives will be lost. At the same time, a rival tribe of iksar monks take advantage of the chaos...

### **035 "Chaos and the Flip Side"**

In a ploy to return Irontaail to sanity and learn the secrets of the gods, the party must venture through the halls of Veeshan's Temple to reach the Plane of Mischievous, and must therein challenge Bristlebane's minions to a battle of wits, or be lost to madness themselves.

### **036 "Old Wounds"**

With the help of Wuoshi, the heroes journey to Skyshrine in the hopes of confronting the dragon Lord Yelinak and learning of the history of the dragons of Norrath and the crystalline dragon Kerafym.

### **037 "Disturbing the Dead"**

The heroes discover that the prophecy of destruction's time is nearing its zenith, and they must fight to discover how much longer they have to set things right. Meanwhile, the guilds of Norrath raid the sacred burial chambers of the Dragon Necropolis to find a means of entering the hidden Sleeper's Tomb.

### **038 "War in the Snow"**

No longer able to hold their age-old hatreds in check, the dwarves of

Thurgadin and the giants of Kael Drakkel finally erupt into full-scale war with one-another.

### **039 "Sleeper Awakened Part 1"**

Spurred onward by dreams of power and glory, the mightiest guilds of Norrath join forces to challenge the greatest force of power the world has ever seen : the sleeping dragon Kerafym. But the dark god Innoruuk has other plans in store for them and the world he hates...

### **040 "Sleeper Awakened Part 2"**

Once again released into the world, the crystalline dragon has vowed to destroy all that which Veeshan has created or laid claim to, including Norrath. Only the unlimited powers of the Guardian Masters can hold him at bay, but can they truly stop the foretold destruction of the world, or are they merely pawns in a much larger scheme?

Season 4  
– Shadows of Luclin –

### **041 "Escape"**

Following the destruction of Norrath, the few remaining survivors must lick their wounds and figure out what dangers await them on the moon of Luclin.

### **042 "Empires Revisited"**

The Combine Empire shows itself to be alive and well on the surface of this new world. Whether they will greet the representatives of Norrath with glee or disdain remains to be seen...

### **043 "Taming the Beasts"**

The Vah Shir open their arms to their new guests, and share with the last survivors of Norrath what knowledge they have gained of the prophecy, and how there is still much to do to prevent its complete fulfillment. Eileen and Zozo are reunited with an old acquaintance as well...

### **044 "Savage Claws"**

As the heroes fight off a grimling assault on Shar Vahl, Olethros shares the events that changed her path and her faith, and Eileen finds that an unknown darkness in her past is catching up to her.

### **045 "Red Sun"**

Trapped on the blistering plains of the Crimson Desert, Kyrenne, Kirwan and Bensaret must make their way to the city of Katta Castelum or become a meal for the mad priests of the sun.

### **046 "Man in the Moon"**

The forces of good learn of a mad wizard named Grieg who may hold the key

to their future, but neither he nor his very home will surrender their secrets quietly.

#### **047 "The Portal Maker"**

Now under the control of the forces of light, Grieg's End is the only remaining staging ground for a venture to the outer realms. But as their journey has just begun, Zozo and the forces of good suffer a terrible loss.

#### **048 "The Shattered Minds"**

Deep within the bowels of Luclin broods a hatred stemming from millennia past, yet within its many minds lie secrets that can help the forces of good to reach the now-sealed Plane of Hate.

#### **049 "Links in the Ring"**

Wuoshi, Andgi and Kyrenne undertake a quest to remember Veeshan and the Ring of Scale and to bring awareness to the people of Luclin that dragons do truly exist.

#### **050 "The Vacuum Zone"**

Amidst the decimated remains of Norrath and the lethal environment of the Grey are pieces of a lost history that may open a glance into the future, as well reveal tragedies of the past.

#### **051 "Blood of Millions"**

War is declared as the survivors of Norrath assault the home of the Shissar snakemen, once enslavers of the iksar, in an attempt to free those within.

#### **052 "Soul's End"**

Undead from the old world and new swarm the cities of Luclin to help finalize the plans of Innoruuk, and Al'Kabor foolishly unleashes an even greater horror upon the heroes.

#### **053 "The Hand, the Eye, and the Spirit"**

Seeing the remaining survivors of Norrath as a potential source of evil and corruption, the Grand Inquisitor's forces lead a grand campaign to remove all traces of the lost world from their planet.

#### **054 "Akhevan Dawn"**

Enigmatic and powerful, the Akhevans unleash their designs to rewrite reality with their priestess Aten Ha Ra as the sole power in the Universe.

#### **055 "The Queen of Stars"**

The forces of Chaos try to do to Luclin what was done to Norrath, and the heroes must fight alongside the goddess to prevent the unthinkable.

### **056 "Stepping Stones in the Night Sky"**

As Lucilin herself takes steps to remove the Chaos from her world, the heroes make a startling discovery and a path that may lead them to victory over Innoruuk finally opens before them.

Season 5  
– Planes of Power –

### **057 "The Furthest Points"**

Setting foot in the Plane of Knowledge, the Survivors of Norrath learn the true secrets of Innoruuk's plans and set upon a final journey to breach his realm and challenge him once and for all, before the final pieces of the prophecy can be fulfilled.

### **058 "Rivers of Flame"**

Amidst the blazes of Solusek's realm, Firiona Vie leads an excursion to raid the gods' very realms and open the locked doorway to Hate.

### **059 "Where the Nobles Dwell"**

Mithaniel Marr presents his quest to the heroes and challenges them to earn the right to pass through his realm's gates.

### **060 "King of Norrath"**

A glance through the eyes of Antonius Bayle as his spirit recounts the growth of his city and Norrath's population in its rise from infancy.

### **061 "Pox"**

Hidden within the disease-ridden lands of Bertoxxulous is the passage to the next leg of their journey, but the god decides they would serve better as carriers for his dreaded sickness to spread across the Multiverse.

### **062 "The Child's Eyes"**

Kirwan learns of Quellious' plight at the hands of Chaos and the spell-casters unite to destroy the Priest of Discord. Bristlebane reveals a startling and maddening truth to all, as well.

### **063 "It's a Clockwork World"**

Meldrath the Malignant, now almost a power himself, seeks to activate his mad machine and rid the Multiverse of all gods but himself, and it's up to a handful of mortals to end his insane plan.

### **064 "Against the Darkness"**

The brood of Cazic Thule waylay his last remaining followers, and Bensaret must defend his beliefs even if it costs the lives of those he holds most dear.

#### **065 "Bottom of the Multiverse"**

Brell has vanished, and his children -- the last remaining dwarves, goblins, gnomes and gnolls -- must reluctantly join forces to find their "father" entombed beneath the temples of the earth plane ruled by the Council of Rathe.

#### **066 "The Boundless Sky"**

Placed at the very top of Xegony's realm is a magical bridge that may be able to send the heroes to wherever they wish, but to get there they must climb and climb. Wuoshi also visits Veeshan's leaderless realm to challenge whoever has ascended to the throne.

#### **067 "Secrets Written in Blood"**

Devoid of mortals to torment and desperate for entertainment, Saryrn looks to the Survivors as her last hope for an outlet to her evil needs for inflicting pain and torture.

#### **068 "The Desolate Plains"**

Wiped clean by millennia of unending war, the homeland of Rallos Zek is the final obstacle to the heroes as they slowly make their way across the blood-soaked lands.

#### **069 "The Spoils of War"**

As the heroes push their way through the forces of Fortress Drunder, they are met with an unusual and seemingly impossible challenge by the children of Zek. And Irontaail makes one last, desperate ploy for his sanity.

#### **070 "Hate Eternal, Love Forever Part 1"**

The Plane of Time lays the darkest of futures out for the Survivors as well as windows into the past that may be the key to salvation.

#### **071 "Hate Eternal, Love Forever Part 2"**

With the backing of all the gods of Norrath, the doors unlocked, and their army at full strength, the heroes plunge forward into the realm of the Prince of Hate, yet their forces face odds greater than they could ever know.

#### **072 "Hate Eternal, Love Forever Part 3"**

As the final campaign to overtake the Plane of Hate and stop Innoruuk's evil schemes reaches its climax, the dark prince unleashes all his fury, rage, and cunning in his final gambit to control the Multiverse and unleash a reality of unrelenting evil for all time.

# EVERQUEST: THE ANIMATED ADVENTURES

## Plot-chart and subplots

- I. **Primary plot** – central focus of the entire series
  - A. Innoruuk's Prophecy
    - i. the meteor that lands in Kunark's Burning Woods is the egg of Veeshan. Innoruuk steals the egg with the intent of forcing Veeshan to destroy Norrath and thus herself, then plans on infusing himself into the unborn dragon and emerging more powerful than any other god in existence. The entire base of heroes and villains are involved in stopping or promoting this course of events. This storyline is initially prophesized by relics from the Combine Empire and the Ruins of Takish.
- II. **Subplots** – can have whole episodes devoted to themselves
  - A. Forces of Chaos (all seasons)
    - i. The Priest of Discord is gathering powerful magic-users to his side with the intent of shattering the unknown forces that hold all reality together. His plans for the most-part are ambiguous and even seemingly random, but are taken seriously following the disappearance of the child-goddess Quellious (ruler of the Plane of Tranquility). Eventually this storyline leads to Taelosia. Involves the Priest of Discord and Kaichul, and is opposed by Kirwan, Kyrenne, Bensaret and Andgi.
      - 1. Note: unknown to everyone, including the Priest's followers, this entire storyline is an intricate practical joke by Bristlebane, the Halfling god of Mischief. Many of the threats are real, but the primary issue is that this situation severely distracts the heroes involved in the primary plotline. However, the kidnapping does provide the heroes with one glimmer of hope: Quellious was *not* abducted by Innoruuk, meaning there is still hope to breach the portal into Hate (see Section N below).
  - B. The Dark Elf War (seasons 1-3)
    - i. As a result of Ambassador Dvinn's assassination, the already-tenuous truce between the dark-elves and the rest of the good races quickly disintegrates and eventually collapses into total war.
      - 1. Note: this war is, despite its horrors, only a distraction – the good races are meant to have their resources and attentions directed such that no one is looking into Innoruuk's ploys. Also, unbeknownst to the good races, Sir Lucan is one of the progenitors of this war, being promised power by Innoruuk.
  - C. The Prophecy of The End (all seasons)
    - i. Discovered through clues found in the Ruins of Takish-Hiz, tablets foretelling a dire calamity are found. Studying of these tablets along with other clues like the Gromzok Stone, and reading the stars and runes and ancient texts, come together to reveal that should the torrent of hate not be stopped, all life on Norrath will end in three years. No one is specifically sure what to make of the prophecy since it's an amalgamation of so many different cultural references, but whatever it truly is will be terrible, so many heroes follow their own paths to investigate and stop it. Many believe the torrent of hate could be the new Dark Elf War, or that the crystal wings they learn of later could be the Sleeper dragon Kerafyrn. In the end, there's so much confusion behind it as well as the numerous turmoils the world is going through that no one discovers until it is too late that the prophecy refers to Innoruuk forcing Veeshan to destroy Norrath. There is later discovered a reversal to the prophecy that is actually even worse than Norrath's death: the torrent of Hate will continue even after the End, and evil must be destroyed or all



reality will be awash in darkness – it refers to Innoruuk's plan to turn himself into the new Veeshan, allowing himself to spread his evil across the entire universe.

D. The Kidnapping of Firiona Vie (seasons 1-2)

- i. Princess Firiona is kidnapped by unknown forces, prior to the fall of the meteor to Norrath, leaving many to think it is the Tier'Dal until the real culprit is discovered: the iksar lich-lord Venril Sathir. Many adventures are taken up to find her, searching the new lands of Kunark and investigating the prophecy along the way.

E. The Rise of the Guilds (seasons 1-3)

- i. The guilds represent the epitome of Norrath's adventurer power, and as the series progresses it is obvious that they hold the real reins of power in Norrath. Often consisting of all races and classes, these organizations (primarily noted are Triton, Township Rebellion, and Fires of Heaven) are often lured to greater challenges, rewards, and promises of power, which makes them an easy target for Innoruuk's deceptions: he uses them to release Kerafym, which tricks the followers of the prophecy to believe the Sleeper is the bringer of the end, as well as to keep the GMs distracted while he confronts Veeshan. Upon his awakening, the Sleeper easily tears all the guilds that did him this favor to pieces.

- 1. Note: in the final battle against Innoruuk, the guild formed of heroes and allegiances to storm Hate takes the name Afterlife.

F. Vengeance against Valetrian (a.k.a. the Eileen clone conspiracy – seasons 1-4)

- i. Eileen discovers a shadowknight copy of herself working alongside the dark-elves. This copy, also called Eileen, was created as a tool of revenge against the high-elf Valetrian Lochinvar, Eileen's father, who was instrumental in helping unite various good races through diplomacy against the Tier'Dal. However, when Valetrian seemingly vanished, the plot was abandoned and the dark Eileen was just left to live as best she could with the dark elves.

- 1. Note: unknown to our heroes, including good-Eileen, the paladin is actually the copy, and the shadowknight is the original. The intent was to use Valetrian's own blood to kill him. Shadowknight Eileen still wishes to see her copy destroyed.

G. Search for Metzger (seasons 1-3)

- i. Schatz and Zippou are searching for their long-lost brother Metzger, a paladin who wandered off from Ak'Anon and was never seen again. Their own adventures are various and often involve the humanoid sub-races of Norrath, but represent the humorous episodes of the series.

- 1. Note: Metzger is fine, he's apparently been drinking in either Qeynos or Highpass this whole time.

H. Nagafen vs. The Claws of Veeshan (seasons 2-3)

- i. What directs the heroes to find Velious is when out of nowhere the dragons of Norrath take to the skies and fight each other no matter where they happen to intersect. The direction of the conflict leads them to Velious, where they find the majority of dragons in the world live and breed, discovering the long-lost Coldain dwarves at the same time. Mere mortals really have little to do with the war, it is actually the exiled red dragon Nagafen, his mate Vox, and their followers trying to gain control of the Claws of Veeshan from their draconic rivals.

I. Irontaail's Madness (seasons 2-5)

- i. After exploring the Plane of Mischief, Irontaail went mad from the experience and now wanders the world searching for Bristlebane, who he will personally force to return him to sanity. In the meantime, he tends to be a very dangerous wild card in any adventure he intersects – Bensaret feels sympathy for him and tries to get his mind back, and the

others eventually decide it would be in the world's best interests to help him too.

- J. Kromzek vs. Coldain (season 3)
  - i. An old rivalry between the giants and the ice-dwarves, the two factions have been battling for supremacy over Velious for years. It's gotten to the point where both cultures simply despise each other for what they are, the motives are irrelevant in the end (though the giants are much more inclined to warmonger)
    - 1. Note: ironically, the only survivor of this war in the end is Dain Frostreaver, who is stricken with grief at the end result of the war.
- K. Wuoshi and the Dragons (seasons 3-5)
  - i. Following the destruction of Norrath, Wuoshi is apparently the last of dragon-kind; she quests to find out if any are left in the Multiverse. Also, due to the nature of Luclin (the dragon goddess Veeshan had no part in bringing life to that world), Wuoshi cannot interact with or be seen by anyone "native" to the world, meaning she has to find a way to help the adventurers during their own trials while on Luclin
- L. Rage against the Shissar (season 4)
  - i. Deciding that their own plight should not overshadow the need to do good in the world, the heroes lead an expedition to free the iksar from the yoke of slavery held by Emperor Ssraeshza and the snake-men.
- M. The Akhevan Upheaval (season 4)
  - i. Due to all the chaos occurring upon the arrival of Norrath's survivors, the Akhevan race rises up to scour the moon of all life not put there by Luclin herself. It is a slow process but one that is absolute, forcing everyone not of Luclin to unite.
- N. To Breach Hate (season 4-5)
  - i. Once Norrath has been destroyed, Innoruuk seals off the Plane of Hate from all attempts to breach it so that no one can interfere with his transference to Veeshan's egg; the heroes must find a way in to stop the process before it completes. Also, with Quellious gone, they have no way of actually passing through the Plane of Tranquility's primary portal, and must search the planes for an alternate passage to Innoruuk's realm.

III. **Personal quests/issues** – are inter-sprinkled throughout a variety of episodes

- A. Zozo's family
  - i. Zozo's marriage to Eileen has ostracized him from the majority of Kaladim's dwarven population, not because she is human but because his mother requested they not marry as her dying wish. As such, most dwarves aren't as friendly to him as they could be.
- B. Olethros' revenge
  - i. Olethros has a personal quest to destroy the orcs and their supporters at every turn. She often crosses the line in her battle against them, though inside she truly wishes she wasn't so hate-filled.
    - 1. Note: following being inducted into the Shar'Vahl beastlords, Olethros begins to find her road to recovery from her life of suffering. She is using her powers for the betterment of those around her instead of out of a need for vengeance.
- C. Eileen's search for her father
  - i. While not a specifically urgent quest considering how capable Valetrian is, Eileen will still be keeping a watchful eye out for his movements since she knows whatever he's involved in must be dangerous
    - 1. Note: Valetrian is actually dead. He watches over her as a ghost, helping to guide her when he can [*think Obi-Wan Kenobi*].
- D. Preachings of Glox

- i. Bensaret is determined to spread his order's views about Cazic Thule's true vision to the non-iksar races. Unfortunately, most of the races out there aren't very receptive to him (*including* the iksar). His sister Andgi travels with him, though only to be with him: she's not mature enough to care about religious convictions.
- E. Kaichul's hunt for knowledge
  - i. The necromancer's thirst for information sets him over and over again against heroes and villains alike throughout the series. Eventually he meets the Priest of Discord and becomes a disciple at the promise of getting even more knowledge through him.
    - 1. Note: Both the Priest and Kaichul know where the erudite's allegiances lie, and neither cares. But it's through the Priest's power that Kaichul gains his knowledge-sapping powers.

**IV. Key points in the series** – listing some of the more notable events in the life of EQ:TAA

- A. Assassination of Ambassador Dvinn (eps 001-002) – begins the Dark Elf War, which adds danger to travel and a major distraction for all the good and evil races
- B. Comet from the sky (ep 013) – discovered by many sages and gnome astronomers at the same time. Shows everyone the location of the lost continent of Kunark. Later discovered to be the egg of Veeshan.
- C. The kidnapping of Firiona Vie (ep 013) – provides the primary focus for the good races to journey to Kunark, plus allows a strong plot focus on EQ's mascot character. Represents the turning-point where the heroes begin associating with EQ's power-hitter NPCs.
- D. The loss of Olethros (ep 037) – apparently falls to her death in the Crystal Caverns during a rescue operation for the Coldain, found later in Shar'Vahl with the Vah Shir; Olethros finds the book to Plane of Knowledge which is how she escaped Norrath's doom and how the adventurers later journey to the Plane of Tranquility. While living with the felinoids, she puts aside her shamanic background, something she was never comfortable with anyway, and takes up the role of a beastlord.
- E. The Sleeper awakens (eps 039-040) – the three most powerful of Norrath's guilds will assault the Sleeper's Tomb, tempted into the adventure by Innoruuk to awaken Kerafyrn and further distract everyone by making those aware of the prophecy think the *Sleeper* is the "end of the world". Kerafyrn will easily destroy what remains of the guilds present, then proceed to kill as many dragons as he can before the GMs arrive to battle him (yet another intended distraction). Most of the GMs will be destroyed or displaced in the battle.
- F. The Rapture of the Tier'Dal (ep 039) – prior to Veeshan's assault on Norrath, Innoruuk summons all his followers to the Plane of Hate. Gives some of the good heroes enough of a heads up to escape. Lanys T'Vyl will be among these, though Lucan D'Lere will be betrayed and will not, stuck on Norrath in his undead form.
- G. The Destruction of Norrath (ep 040) – when Innoruuk steals Veeshan's egg, the Wyrn Queen tears through the Plane of Hate to confront him, but has no choice other than to obey him when the god threatens to destroy the egg. Veeshan rakes her claw across the plains of Karana, tearing a huge hole in the world and thus one across herself as well. The hole doesn't do the damage, but Veeshan has essentially ripped the life-force from the world, which causes it to quickly decay and die along with everything on it. The death toll will reach into the millions, and many druids that escape will either be driven mad or left extremely weak from such devastation.
  - i. Note: those that die on Norrath at this time do not move on to their respective afterlives because they were bound to Norrath. Innoruuk is aware of this and plans to use the life-forces later for future projects.

- ii. Note: the undead that were on Norrath at this time are for the most-part spared the death of the world, though there's little left to rule over.
- H. The Escape from Norrath (eps 040-041) – prior to its death, a variety of heroes will find their way off-world and spare themselves the fate of Norrath. Innoruuk will have taken precautions to keep the other gods from summoning their followers off-plane, but the more innovative heroes and villains will find a way around this. Approximately 300 adventurers will have escaped initially, but over time more will be found, including:
  - i. Most of the main heroes – Kirwan will have found a means of teleporting to the Nexus using the Combine spires. He will bring about 12 heroes, the Dain and Wuoshi back with him.
  - ii. Firiona's army – when the Rapture of the Tier'Dal takes place, Al'Kabor will realize what is happening and teleport about 150 soldiers and adventurers, including Firiona's core party members, to the Nexus.
  - iii. Small teams of adventurers that found their own way to Luclin beforehand will have made it off-world
  - iv. Olethros will have found her way to the Plane of Knowledge via a lost PoK book under the Crystal Caverns. She will have been living with the Vah Shir for about two months before the death of Norrath.
  - v. Ak'Anon (ep 063) – the gnome city, still on Norrath as it dies, will be shrunk and teleported in stasis into a pendant carried by Schatz, who escapes with Kirwan's group. When he learns what the pendant carries, he unlocks the city which fuses into the Plane of Innovation. The city's entire population is saved this way.
    - 1. Note: the city actually transforms into a giant clockwork robot [*use Gnomework model from in-game as a reference*] which aids in the final battle.
  - vi. Claws of Veeshan – a number of dragons will escape to the Plane of Air before the destruction. Kerafyrn's awakening will signal to them what's already happening, so as many as possible will leave the world. The Sleeper, however, will still kill hundreds in the Western Wastes before the GMs intervene.
- I. The Death of Eileen (ep 047) – after capturing Grieg's End, the forces of good attempt to use it as a teleporter to Hate, but end up in Fear instead. SK-Eileen is there, where she confronts Paladin-Eileen and reveals the truth about who is the real one. In the ensuing fight, Paladin-Eileen is mortally wounded (the copy cannot kill the original, it seems) and then devoured by the natives of the plane as Zozo is reluctantly dragged away by Olethros and the retreating heroes.
  - i. This death will leave Zozo despondent for much of the remaining series. He will lose his clerical powers until the very end following the battle in Hate.
  - ii. The inability to enter Hate is discovered and the forces of good learn they must find another way there.
- J. Awakening the Akhevans (eps 052-054) – Al'Kabor, still on his quest to conquer death despite everything that has happened, inadvertently stumbles upon the entrance to Vex Thal, an affront that is the last straw for its inhabitants. Aten Ha Ra determines that they have let enough go on upon the surface of their native world and set forth to cleanse the planet. It takes the combined might of the heroes, the people of Katta Castelum, the Combine Empire, and the Vah Shir to hold them back, but even so it seems the Akhevans are limitless in number and all are endlessly powerful. Dain Frostreaver holds off a large force by himself before falling in battle, and Wuoshi aids the battle as well, but it is Teliesin and Seru that assault Vex Thal on their own, dying in battle with Aten Ha Ra but destroying her realm and thus all her forces in the process.
- K. Assault on Knowledge (eps 055-056) – upon finally finding a way to the planes, the heroes enter the fabled Plane of Knowledge, only to discover the realm is

under assault from the Priest of Discord's forces. Kaichul himself is involved in the battle, and the heroes must challenge the forces of darkness and villains from the alien lands of Taelosia. Once the forces are pushed back, the heroes will use the Plane of Knowledge (and later the Plane of Tranquility) as their base of operations in their excursions to the dangerous realms of the gods.

- L. Rescuing Quellious (ep 061-062) – once Kirwan's team find their way to New Taelosia, they confront the Priest of Discord. At one point in the battle, reality is warped around Kirwan as he suddenly finds himself as someone in the real world playing EverQuest: it seems his whole life has just been a game and the whole series wasn't real. He deals with his own attempts to discern what is real and what is not, until he comes across Quellious in this fantasy world, where she has been trapped. Together they leave this fantasy, which is when Kirwan acknowledges that none of the Priest's ploys have been real, that he knows it's Bristlebane's attempt at a joke.
  - i. Note: Quellious is keeper of the Plane of Tranquility, the realm which allows access to all the outer planes. With her gone, there is no way to really enter the Plane of Hate, though the adventurers do try to find an alternate route. Were it not for Bristlebane's prank, Innoruuk would have most-likely seen to it the goddess would have been locked away or killed; whether or not this was actually Bristlebane's intent is unknown.
- M. Passage through Time (eps 069-071) – even when rescued, Quellious informs the heroes that to enter Innoruuk's realm they will require a Soulstone: it is the only key to the gate. However, Innoruuk destroyed them all before sealing his realm; the only way to acquire one is to get a Soulstone *before* the god of Hate can ever get his hands on it. The heroes must pass into the Plane of Time and find a point in history prior to all the stones being wiped out
  - i. Traveling through different segmented parts of the past reveals a lot of historical snippets of Norrath and even personal trials the heroes have gone through. Yet even so, they cannot find a Soulstone, until they come across a lone prison cell housing the forgotten god Zebuxoruk. This god, whose mission is to actually destroy all gods (hence his incarceration), has a Soulstone which he happily gives the adventurers upon learning their mission; they must leave him where they find him, though, for they won't have the power to fend off Quarm, his guardian (and Zebuxoruk is a little unstable to risk releasing either).
- N. Irontaail vs. Rallos Zek (ep 069) – Firiona Vie has been traveling the planes, trying to assemble an army to challenge what the heroes will encounter once they *do* breach Hate's gates. During the process, her own exploratory force gets stuck between warring factions on the Plane of War, and if they are to escape they must do so by exiting through the Fortress of Drunder, the very heart of Rallos Zek's base. The God of War confronts the heroes and all seems lost, until Irontaail steps in and challenges Rallos, demanding his sanity be returned. To everyone's amazement, Irontaail actually overpowers the god on his own, until Bristlebane intervenes and restores the iksar's mind. Without his skewed perception of reality, Irontaail is killed by Rallos Zek in a single blow, though Firiona uses the god's rush from the experience and actually convinces him to join their crusade, promising an incredible battle if his troops assault Hate alongside them.
- O. Assault on Hate (eps 071-072) – after acquiring a Fuligan Soulstone (the component needed to access Innoruuk's realm) through the Plane of Time, the portal to Hate is opened and all the gathered forces can invade the plane, an infinite city filled with undead and the summoned Tier'Dal from the Rapture. The army consists of:
  - i. All the remaining original survivors of Norrath
  - ii. Rallos Zek's army from the Plane of War

1. Note: partway through the battle, Zek's army will turn on *both* warring factions.
  - iii. Ak'Anon City – this will be brought into the fray when Miragul's creation, the Manaetic Behemoth, is set against the heroes. The city acts as a giant robot, allowing the two massive machines to tear through the plane.
  - iv. The forces of Mithaniel Marr – Marr will send his own armies in to offset the betrayal of Rallos Zek's forces
  - v. The Tribunal – not an actual force, but they oversee the battle. They do not intervene on the basis that the strong replacing the weak is one of the oldest laws of the universe. They do judge Innoruuk once the battle is over and he is defeated.
    1. Note: the Tribunal are the only gods able to enter Hate, none of the others can pass inside.
- P. The Final Battle (ep 072) – Shadowknight-Eileen is confronted by Olethros and Zozo, but despite overpowering her, Zozo cannot bring himself to kill her: not because she looks like the woman he knew, but because he understands what she went through and how her life was devoid of love. Sparing her for this reason makes Eileen begin to fathom what her life could have been like, and when given the opportunity to kill Zozo (a priest of the "hated" Erollisi) she falters, bringing the wrath of Innoruuk upon her as she is killed. With the battle slowly inching in the heroes' favor, Innoruuk takes a personal hand in the struggle and begins tearing through the armies, finally blanketing the plane in an all-encompassing life-draining darkness. Zozo, feeling all the love he felt for his wife overwhelming him, is able to use his powers once more and resurrects Eileen, whose spirit is bonded with the light-Eileen's he once knew, bringing her back from the dead. This act of pure compassion and love rips through the darkness and saves the forces of good, who unite in force against Innoruuk; their own love for their world and their fellow being ripping against the god of Hate, who is overwhelmed.
- Q. Hatching the Egg (ep 072) – the egg is almost completely imbued with the hatred of Innoruuk by now, leaving the victory rather hollow. Olethros, once a force of rage and hatred herself, throws herself into the torrent of hatred filling the egg and with all her strength frees the dragon within it, her own love for her friends and her own experiences in overcoming her hatred awakening the hatchling. Olethros is killed by the torrent's forces, but the dragon is awakened, free of what Innoruuk is. It leaves Hate immediately, clawing across Veeshan's body floating in space, which turns Veeshan into a planet and then resurrects the lives that were linked to Her spirit. Norrath is brought back as the heroes find themselves back on their homeworld, the Plane of Hate collapsing around them as they vanish. What is left of Innoruuk appears within the halls of the Plane of Justice where he is judged and locked away for all time.

## Eileen Lochinvar

Human Paladin (Erollisi Marr)

The paladin of Erollisi Marr known to the world as Eileen Lochinvar has represented her goddess as best she can wherever she has walked, spreading the message of love to all those who she has encountered. Skilled with both sword and strength of heart, Eileen has always believed in kindness and honor, lessons charged to her from her years of study under the Paladins of Marr. Born to Valetrian and Ellen Lochinvar, Eileen's young world was a short-lived innocence, her mother dying in childbirth when she was five and her father lost at sea when she was ten. Eileen was raised by the paladins in the city of Freeport, until one day when she witnessed a young paladin killing a dark elf on the steps of the Marr temple. Not only was she upset that the dark elf's execution took place right on the grounds of her temple, one dedicated to love and compassion, but Eileen believed it was wrong to outright kill any race, even if it was a Teir'Dal. The young paladin left the temple that day, setting out into the Desert of Ro intent upon doing Erollisi's work.

It was during these travels that she met the dwarf Zozo Stonehealer, and the two became fast friends, continuing their travels together across the world for next few years. Zozo's mother, however, didn't approve of him accompanying this woman, and as she passed away on her deathbed she relayed to him her final, dying wish : that he cease his travels with her. Zozo found that he had fallen in love with the young paladin, though, and despite her last wish he admitted his feelings to Eileen and the two continued their adventures side by side.

During their journeys, Eileen would occasionally branch out on her own to join one cause or another that would further the forces of goodness; one of these such causes was the liberation of Camp Crushbone, an orc fortress deep in the forests of Greater Faydark. It was during this raid that Eileen freed the barbarian woman Olethros from slavery. Her wounds and ailments healed, Olethros spoke to the paladins of Eileen's bravery and courage in the rescue, and the paladins honored Eileen by granting her the use of her family name of Lochinvar. With this newfound honor bestowed upon her, Eileen used the opportunity to share her feelings for Zozo, affirming the love she felt for him as well, and the two continued together, stronger than before, with their newfound companion Olethros by their side. Now wedded to one another, Eileen and Zozo Lochinvar travel the world, protecting the innocent and spreading the word of Erollisi's love to all.



Personality: very caring and good-natured; almost pure of heart to a fault; a little naïve about the world, but wise in other ways; empathic to those around her

Abilities: skilled swordswoman; limited healing and defensive spells; can *lay on hands* and heal near-lethal levels of damage to herself or others in moments of desperation (takes a lot out of her to do so)

## Zozo Stonehealer Lochinvar

Dwarf cleric (Erollisi Marr)

Despite objections from his family worried about the danger, as a young man Zozo Stonehealer became a sailor, short after becoming first mate on a sailing vessel that frequented the Ocean of Tears. Unfortunately, not long after his promotion the ship was sunk with all hands lost, including the diplomat Valetrian Lochinvar. Wracked with grief and guilt in the belief that the incident was his own fault, Zozo ran from his home of Kaladim to the city of Freeport, and for a while stayed with a grunt in the Freeport militia who took him in and Zozo called "stepfather" as their relationship was almost like family. But the other members of the militia were not particularly pleased to share their bunk with a dwarf, and Zozo decided instead to join the clerics of Erollisi and dedicate his life to peace and love. He would often travel into the desert, using his clerical gifts to heal those who battled evil in the wilderness; it was on one of these journeys that he encountered Eileen, the daughter of Valetrian, and that she had joined the paladins of the same temple he was a member of. Zozo vowed to keep watch over her and protect her, not only because both her parents were gone, but because he also felt responsible for the loss of one of them.

Over time, Zozo felt his feelings for the young paladin grow, the strength of his feelings amplified by his dedication to the goddess of love, and Zozo's protection for her slowly became more for her than for the feelings of guilt he had. Sadly though, one day Zozo returned to his home to discover his mother was dying and that she had learned of his journeys with the human paladin. Her last wish as she passed away was that he cease his travels with her, and a dying request must be followed under dwarven law, but Zozo could not deny his feelings for Eileen and despite the law he continued alongside her, ready to face the law should he ever have to. He let her know of his love for her, but expected little to come of it... As time passed, though, Eileen revealed that she loved him as well, and the two wed.

Upon the day of their wedding, the man Zozo thought dead revealed himself to indeed be alive: Valetrian came to them both, revealing little except that he was alive and conducting important business abroad. Zozo, now sharing Eileen's last name, decided it would be prudent to learn what Valetrian was working on, as well as whether or not the sinking of his ship had truly been his fault or perhaps that of someone else. Seeking answers to this mystery, as well as spreading the word of their goddess, Eileen and Zozo travel the world of Norrath, their companion Olethros et Teleute always at their side.



(without his "lass-giggin'" hat)

Personality: boisterous (though low-key by dwarven standards); charmingly humorous; good natured; very strongly attached to his personal convictions, even if it means he'll have to suffer for them; will internalize pain to protect those he cares about; tends to get fussy about the state of his clothes

Abilities: as a cleric, can heal injuries of varying levels, even return someone from recent death (though doing so takes all his power); can cast powerful defensive spells and shields



## Olethros et Teleute

Barbarian shaman (Tribunal)

The woman who would one day become Olethros was once just a teenage girl who, with her mother, father, sister, and fiancé, set out from Halas to join a barbarian settlement near the city of Freeport. No more than an hour out of the city, though, and their caravan was attacked by orcs, both the men dying in combat while the women were rooted to the ground with magic, unable to do anything but watch. When the battle was over, a dark elf wizard teleported the three to Camp Crushbone, where the mother and sister, fighting tooth and claw, were separated from the girl and never seen again. An orc oracle took a liking to the girl and took her as his slave, forcing her to cook and labor for him as well as succumb to other, much more horrible roles. If she refused, he punished her brutally, though he often did so without provocation as well. The girl in the end did as she was told, though only because she knew she didn't have the raw power to kill; she had learned from watching him cast his spells though, and took it to herself to learn to use his own weapons against him. When he slept or left the camp or even just left the room to deal with the many attacks that befell Camp Crushbone, the girl would study his books and shamanic writings, determined to one day slay him and escape. And so it continued for ten years...

One fateful day, though, the oracle decided he had enough of her : she had grown tall, and perhaps her towering stature worried him, so he set her to much more menial tasks away from his presence, tossing her into the slave pits beneath the castle and forcing her to live out the rest of her what-was-to-be a short life mining rocks at the crack of a taskmaster's whip. For a year she mined and labored and continued to endure torture, until in one raid by the forces of goodness a young paladin named Eileen Lochinvar broke into the slave pits, freeing those she could, including the girl. Barely able to escape the camp, the girl and other slaves had their wounds tended to in the nearby dwarven city of Kaladim. Her old life gone forever, the girl made a vow and renamed herself Olethros et Teleute: *Death and Destruction*. She made an oath that one day she would wipe every orc off the face of Norrath, pledging to start with Camp Crushbone and her once-masters, using the very tools that they provided her : strength from the years of toil as a slave, and shamanic magic stolen from the very books of the orc oracle.

Olethros often comes across as a strong, overwhelming presence when not in a combat capacity, laughing loudly and enjoying the presence of her friends and constant companions, Eileen and Zozo. Even when in combat Olethros is hearty and an enjoyable accompaniment, but when she is pitted against orcs or their allies, her true hatred and pain come to light... Olethros becomes a machine of rage, releasing all the pent up pain she has experienced in a ferocious force. Though she is a shaman and worships the Tribunal, the gods of Justice, she treads a fine line, often fighting more for the sake of hatred and revenge than for justice.

Note: upon reaching Luclin, will forsake the Tribunal and follow the path of a beastlord under the guidance of the god of Valor, Mithaniel Marr. Though this role will be more suited to a positive life, she will still be no stranger to the rage and hatred that has consumed so much of her existence.



(as a shaman)



(as a beastlord)

Personality: good natured; loud, boisterous, maybe even a little obnoxious; very attached to Eileen and Zozo; vehemently despises orcs and those that associate with them; no qualms about killing her foes

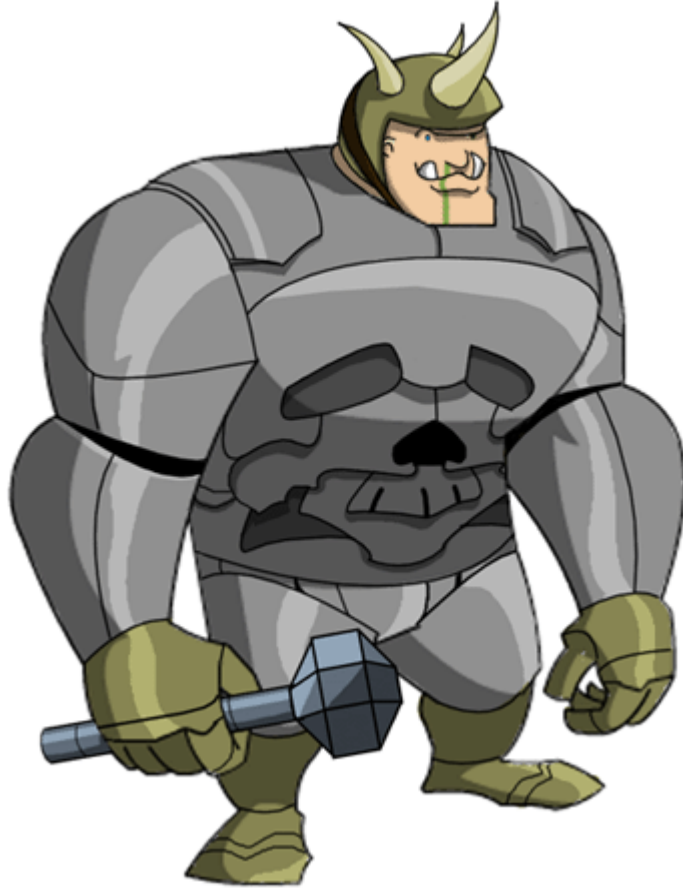
Abilities: shaman, able to cast some healing spells; can cast a variety of ice, disease and poison-related offensive magics; can call on various animal spirits to empower herself and allies, or de-power her foes; like all barbarians is naturally strong. Stands at 7 ft tall.

## Tork B'Drunk

Ogre shaman (Cazic Thule)

Tork was born on the outskirts of the town of Oggok. However, his own birth was seen as a sacrilege amongst his own kin. Tork's father, Rejek, was a legendary warlord having fought many battles defending the ogre town. His mother Lilith, on the other hand, was a human from the town of Freeport. They met on one of Rejek's campaigns, and kept a secret relationship for years. Sadly, the secret was discovered when Tork was nothing more than a child. Disapproving of this unnatural union, the ogres hired an assassin to put an end to Lilith's existence. Deeply saddened by her death, Rejek wandered into the temple of Cazic Thule never to be seen again. Not knowing what to do, Tork ran from his homelands. Drowning his sorrows with the flask of tadpole ale he brought with him, he was soon discovered by a traveling barbarian. Taken under his wing, he raised Tork like his own for many years. Even renaming him Tork B'Drunk from the condition he was first found in. He taught him many things, including how to keep neutral opinion of other races. Time past and Tork grew into a powerful shaman. Before leaving his new home, his trainer gave him a mystical hammer, which he got from an encounter with Innoruuk a long time ago. Hammer at hand, Tork wanders the land of Norrath in search of his mother's assassin.

Though physically completely ogre (like all offspring from at least one ogre parent), Tork shows signs of both his parents in his personality. He is caring and humorous with travelers. However, he angers easily when provoked and possesses more than enough strength to deal with his adversaries. Moreover, he enjoys company and drinks avidly (even in the heat of battle). Tork also has a tendency to get hungry very easily due to his immense size, and often has to be reminded his hunting partners, particularly the smaller ones like dwarves and gnomes, are not finger foods...



(without helmet)

Personality: loves a good fight and adventure; gets really attached and protective of friends; not particularly bright, but not stupid either; loves food; has no problem associating with either good or evil alignments

Abilities: shaman with a variety of healing, empowering, and de-powering spells; can cause disease or poisonous damage with magics; is extremely strong and durable, like all ogres

## Bensaret

Iksar monk (Cazic-Thule)

Son of Grandmaster Glox, leader of the Iksar Swifttail monks, Bensaret trained in the fighting arts with his family for his entire life, learning both the philosophies of combat, meditation, and the teachings of the mighty Cazic Thule, the god of Fear. The Swifttails, unlike the other divisions of the Iksar Empire, took a more unusual approach to Cazic Thule's lessons, deciding that he did not wish for fear to be used in a necessarily evil capacity against others but rather as a force to master and control against themselves, fighting and training so that they would one day fear nothing, and those that opposed them would be forced back in fear before an Iksar would even have to raise a finger -- Glox based much of this philosophy on the fact that Cazic would continue to grant clerical and magical powers to his servants even when they fought against him, deeming that he wanted them to strive to conquer him, and thus conquer Fear embodied, if they could. This philosophy was quite unpopular with the other Iksar factions, who merely saw Fear as a tool to use to torment those who challenged them and little else. Deciding that his philosophy needed to be shared with the world and to demonstrate that the Iksar were not all a lost people, he sent his son Bensaret out into the world as an ambassador, knowing Bensaret's unusually good and yet courageous nature would serve as a buffer with the many "good" races that viewed Iksar along the same lines as the vicious dark elves, ogres, and trolls (especially following the kidnapping of the elf-princess Firiona Vie).

Bensaret, while somewhat naive, is in fact quite personable and friendly for an Iksar. He believes in his father's philosophy entirely, and wishes to let the world know what he believes to be the true lessons of Cazic Thule, as well as to pave a road of better understanding of the Iksar and their culture in a world that would rather wipe them off the map. Bensaret is fiercely protective of the friends he has developed in his travels, as he knows how hard it was to make them in the first place, as well as of his family, including his young sister Andgi, who often follows him about on his journeys. While he still fears many things in the world, for he has not yet mastered himself and his abilities, he does what he can to confront his fears and make himself a stronger person; unfortunately, he has yet to be able to defeat his fear of the dark elf Envie, who he's not quite sure if she's a friend or not since while she is somewhat affectionate to him, she calls him "Pet" all the time and often cuts off parts of his tail when rations are short (or when she's just hungry).



Personality: enthusiastic about conveying his beliefs and representing his father; protective of his little sister Andgi; "a nice guy," for an Iksar; rather courageous, though Envie's occasional presence sends shivers down his spine

Abilities: trained in Swifttail hand-to-hand martial arts by the monks of Cabilis; very fast; can regenerate injuries of a variety of sorts over time; can stay underwater for extensive periods

## Kirwan Starcaller

High-elf wizard (Tunare)

Son to elven nobility, Kirwan's father was a paladin and diplomat. Though the young boy was quiet and preferred his privacy, he did what he could to maintain his dignity and uphold his family's honor. One day a misunderstanding between him and a group of rowdy human children resulted in a public reprimanding by his father, and Kirwan was required to apologize in human tongue. But the boy had never been very adept at communicating with others, especially not in the Common language, and his apologies came across incorrectly, sounding more like a threat or insult, and his father struck him for the first and only time in his life. Kirwan vowed to never speak in any language but his native Koda'Dal language again, and developed a deep dislike of humans.

In an attempt to please his father, Kirwan joined the paladins of Felwithe, but his lack of physical prowess relegated him to the position of bookkeeper, which suited him just fine since he loved the library. Unfortunately, while on a diplomatic journey with his father his mother contracted a human disease, an ailment which the elven clerics could not cure. His mother, who always understood him, and knowing his heart was not in his role as a paladin, convinced his father to let Kirwan join the wizardry guild, a line of work he enjoyed much more and was much more adept at. Shortly after this though, she passed away, and Kirwan's hatred of humans was solidified.

While not a bad person, Kirwan has always had a problem communicating his intentions with others resulting in many misunderstandings over time, and resulting in him spending most of his time in the libraries. His handsome features, however, have often drawn the eyes of many young ladies, none of whom he has ever been able to really talk to since he doesn't understand women at all. He's just happy with his books and studies, the best friends he feels he has in this world. However, while he seems oblivious to it, Kyrenne is truly the closest thing to a real friend he has, and seems to understand his lack of communicative abilities more than anyone else.



Personality: brilliant, but keeps to himself; very introverted; prefers the company of books to people; ignorant of his attractiveness to women; has no particular affection for non-high-elves, but *severely* dislikes humans, and *hates* evil races; extremely stern personality

Abilities: very talented wizard, can utilize a variety of powerful offensive magics; can teleport himself and others over great distances; incredibly intelligent, very learned and cultured; retains very little of his original paladin training

## Kyrenne l'Arafayette

Wood-elf druid (Tunare)

Druid of the nature goddess Tunare, Kyrenne is very much like all the Fier'Dal wood-elves, a free spirit that revels in freedom and the beauty of the world around her. She's extremely good-natured, almost to a fault; her traveling companion Kirwan, who has little tolerance for anyone not of high-elf blood, has no idea why he lets this wild-child accompany him, but there's something about her personality that makes it hard for anyone to really push her away. While the young elf has no idea who her father is, her mother is a "member" of the Freeport Militia (though the services she provides them are not what one would call combat-oriented). Unlike the stigma most elves place on such activity, Kyrenne doesn't seem embarrassed at all that her mother "gets around"; unfortunately though, her mother's reputation has occasionally led others to believe she's into the free-love thing, which she is not. Kyrenne, while a happy druid and worshipper of nature, has a little problem with aim of her spells, and is just as likely to cook her companions with her spells as she is the monsters she may be fighting.



Personality: carefree; a little reckless but still fun-loving; believes everyone has a little free spirit within them; doesn't particularly like urban areas, but tries to put on a good face; lacks focus

Abilities: druid with a strong connection to nature; can call upon the forces of nature to either blast foes or heal allies; can teleport long distances along with others; animals won't harm her



## Andgi Tynn'Glox

Iksar monk

In her own words...

"Andgi come very quick and soon from out egg. Egg was little and Andgi ready to grow big. Andgi come from out the egg strong monk. Tell heirophant so. Monk! Andgi say. Kick him in nose. Monk! He very smart. Tell eveebody Andgi monk.

Big brother Bensaret take care of Andgi egg. Andgi want be big monk like. Yes. Drinkee drink much white drink. Grow up bigger than big brother very quick. Learn many words of soft shell. Still not know all. Learn dwerf. Learn ganome. Learn big pretty face no scale (want to be pretty like Andgi to have pretty colour face). Learn elvees with pretty smell grass on head. Learn little elvees what have roundee ear and smell like dog. Stinke they are. Andgi still learn their words. Hard sometimes. But Andgi babee still. Andgi learn many thing. Be very smart. Andgi PUNCH! KICK! Be very strong. Andgi love eveebody.

Andgi so cute she can't help! Andgi have friend Clik too. Him not famous like Andgi, but is okee. Andgi like still. Andgi make friend with eveebody. You will be Andgi friend too.

Eveebody love except mean elvees with loud banging sound. Andgi make friends with someday. Andgi not make friends with gobblings. No. Andgi eat gobblings and frogglings. Them make yumme. Andgi eat them many time. Pop! Hop! Right into Andgi mouth. Andgi love, but only in tummy. Andgi love squishee feel and sound when PUNCH! KICK! too. Andgi sometime PUNCH! KICK! so hard they flip in air. Is funny to look with eye. Gleehee!"



(in her skivvies)

Personality: extremely energetic and playful; childlike; absolutely admires her brother; loves getting into fights, sees them as a game; likes to play pranks (whether or not the receiver thinks it's amusing); likes to say she's not evil, she's "funny"; thinks Cazic Thule is scary

Abilities: trained in Swifttail hand-to-hand martial arts by the monks of Cabilis; very fast; can regenerate injuries of a variety of sorts over time; can stay underwater for extensive periods

## Bubulino

Froglok warrior (Mithaniel Marr)

Once just a small, hopping tad of Innothule Swamp hunting for stray insects and small scraps of food, Bubulino was one of the many frogloks blessed and empowered by the god of valor Mithaniel Marr during the uprising and overtaking of the troll city of Grobb. The young froglok found the himself granted great skills with a blade and joined his bretheren in ousting the trolls from the swamplands.

Bubulino represents the some of the best of his god's virtues : he is courageous and good of heart, throwing himself into battle with an excited fervor when the forces of evil threaten the lands, especially those of the froglok race. His biggest fault, if it can be called that, is that he is a little *too* fervent in his beliefs, so much so that he doesn't always assess what kind of a threat he's up against and may bite off more than he can chew in a fight. But his heart's always in the right place, and the brave froglok will always do his level best protect those who cannot protect themselves.



Personality: relishes leaping into a good fight and battling evil; rather brash, but extremely heroic; doesn't always look before he leaps (literally or figuratively)

Abilities: skilled warrior with a variety of weapons; extremely fast and agile; can stay underwater indefinitely

## Schatz and Zippou Darling

Gnome enchanter (Schatz, on left) and Mage (Zippou, on right)  
Elemental pet (Gobaner)

It's the gnome-brothers-extraordinaire! While still young by gnomish standards (Schatz is 129 and Zippou is 127), the spell-casting twosome set upon a journey to find their lost brother who had disappeared while on a trip to the city of Erudin, his last letter coming from the city of Qeynos. Schatz was the one sent to originally check on the brother (who he suspects may have just become absent-minded again and forgotten what he was doing in the city, wandering off elsewhere), but Zippou insisted he join in the adventure and tagged along with the brother he loves and admires unconditionally, much to the nerve-rattling of their very protective mother. Schatz, always one to keep his word to a lady, has assured his mother that he will keep little Zippopolous (Zippou loathes his full name...) safe from harm. Zippou, a spell-slinging magician, is a slightly impulsive and immature little gnome, just like all gnomish teenagers. And like a teenager, his thoughts always tend to be focused on one subject: girls. Donning his trademark *stylin'-shades* (which he is proud to have tinkered together himself), Zippou will flash his toothy smile and do his best to overwhelm the ladies with his charm and suave, debonair style, which often results in him getting a drink on his head. Schatz, on the other hand, has a natural charm and sophistication and respect for women that draws them to him with no effort whatsoever -- it's this skill with both the opposite sex and people in general that led Schatz to the profession of enchanter. Like all gnomes, the brothers also have secondary jobs : Schatz, like many enchanters, is a jeweler and Zippou is a professional tinkerer, a maker of mechanical doodads and oddities.

Zippou's pet is Gobaner, who always retains his shape despite transforming into whatever element his gnome owner summons him as. Gobaner is not especially bright, but extremely loyal. Zippou adores him as a pet.



### Personality:

Schatz – smart, cultured, and extremely respectful of anyone he encounters, especially women (of any alignment); very supportive of his younger brother

Zippou – cocky and a little overly-confident; admires his brother, especially his skill wooing women, but comes across like someone in a leisure suit; despite this, he is exceptionally brilliant when it comes to mechanics

### Abilities:

Schatz – enchanter, can use magic to mesmerize or enchant foes, or to animate objects like swords and shields to fight for him; experienced in making jewelry, which he can then enchant

Zippou – mage, can summon a variety of objects, from supplies to elements, even elemental forces as powerful offensive spells; can make various mechanical devices quickly with surprising inspiration

Gobaner – uses whatever elements he's constructed out of (air, water, fire or earth) as an offensive force

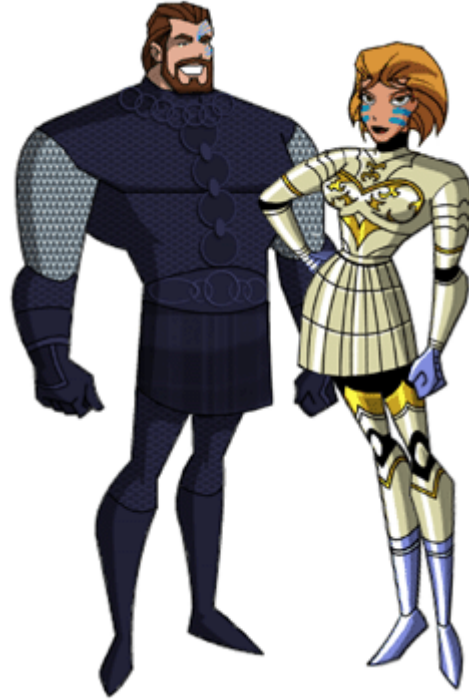


## Catchi Twentytwo and Oishii D'Telie

Barbarian rogue (Catchi, left) and shaman (Oishii, right)

Rogue-supreme and master-shamaness, Catchi and Oishii have had a lifetime of adventure challenging the unknown and dangerous, dragon and monster and even god alike. Both having been inducted into the elite guild known as Triton, one of many guilds that holds power both physical and political on Norrath, the barbarian duo acting as a link between their organization and the so-called average population.

The two, despite being of the heroic disposition, represent what many feel is a growing disparity between Norrath's general populace, a distinct split of power as the guilds step beyond the people they once came from, an upper-class treading over the backs of the lower echelons all for the sake of wealth and power, sometimes even for the sake of hubris. Guilds such as Triton, Fires of Heaven, and Legacy of Steel represent the pinnacle of organization and might that a grouping of Norrath's best can accomplish, but at the same time their being above all others may separate them so far that they lose more than they can hope to gain.



Personality: both are proud of their status; good-natured and they *do* mean well, but a bit conceited and condescending (especially Catchi); the pair doesn't see this, however, swept up in the power they and their guild have obtained

Abilities:

Catchi – extremely adept rogue, can steal almost anything or hide anywhere without detection despite his size; can stab an opponent in the back for practically lethal damage in one strike

Oishii – powerful shaman, can call on the animal spirits to grant extreme physical power or to utterly incapacitate foes; can heal injuries or deal them with impressive offensive magics tied to poisons and disease

## Kaichul Grach'Latak

Erudite Necromancer

Kaichul, like many Erudite necromancers, learned his trade in the hidden city of Paineel under the tutelage of the most powerful spellcasters on Norrath. From the moment he opened his eyes to the second he closed them before going to sleep, and even in the dreaming states in between, he lived and worked along death. Kaichul displayed an excellent knack for spellcasting and memorization, as well as an amazing drive and ambition to learn, making the Heretics proud: often his instructors would boast of him and his abilities as when they spoke in delegation with their hated foes, the Erud High Council. However, there was always a coldness to his passions that everyone seemed to note and, while it hastened his training and his rise through the ranks of Paineel's casting elite, somewhat ostracized him from social contact with his bretheren. In honesty, Kaichul couldn't care less about the Heretics, Paineel, or even the isle of Erud for that matter; to him, all that was important was filling his mind with as much information as possible, to become a repository of all the necromatic information in the world. After he learned all he felt he could from his instructors (which, he was aware, was not all that they knew -- they feared him too much to share all their secrets with him), he set out on his own into the world beyond, absorbing every piece of knowledge he could come across.

Being in the presence of Kaichul is like standing in a stone room that, while well-lit and windless, has been in the cold so long that one cannot help but shiver as the warmth is drained out of their body slowly and in all directions by some unknown force. He could care less about the Heretics, Paineel, Erud, and all of Norrath for that matter, as long as he has gotten all he can out of it. It is one reason many of the stronger necromancers in Paineel avoid Kaichul when they can, for they know they have secrets he wants, and know that should he decide to one day tear their minds right out of their skulls to read the information within like a book that he will do so without batting an eye. He is not a gale of evil, for he does not waste his time with those that cannot provide him information and does not actively hunt the forces of good for any cause, he merely wishes to gain information and will do all he can to gain it as fast and efficiently as possible. If he has to slaughter an entire city to get it, though, he will not give any atrocity a second thought... It's all numbers to him.



Personality: extremely smug and conceited; utterly merciless when his own needs are at stake; otherwise, practically emotionless

Abilities: brilliant, a spell caster without equal; specializes in necromancy, but can use spells from any school; can extract knowledge from an individual's mind through physical contact, leaving the victim a mindless shell

## Eileen Lochinvar

Human Shadowknight (Innoruuk)

Long ago, the four-year-old child Eileen Lochinvar was whisked away one day, hidden deep in Neriak for a month where she was forced to hear the harsh, disparaging words of her Tier'Dal captors every day. They told her everything she knew was a lie, that her family never loved her or needed her, that the only truth in the world was the word of Innoruuk and the hatred he represented and the dark-elves embraced.

Then, one day she was taken from her cell and shown the world she had been taken from: Valetrian Lochinvar, diplomat of the high-elves of Kelethin, was playing with another little girl who looked just like her. This man, her father, was giving her all the love and affection that he had once given his true daughter. Eileen was shocked and hurt: her father couldn't tell the imposter from the real thing, and inside her she could feel the pain it caused. The dark-elves with her told her to hold onto that pain, to let it grow and fester, and to use it to make herself stronger. At first the child didn't want to, for the anger made her unhappy, but as she was taken back to Neriak she was suddenly welcomed among the dark-elves: they all seemed to understand pain and sorrow, and indeed had used it to make themselves strong. With nowhere else to go, Eileen began to embrace the darkness, over the years letting it seethe in her chest as the Tier'Dal took her deeper into their fold. They trained her with the sword and taught her how to channel her dark heart into power that she could wield against her foes. Years passed in the darkness of Neriak, and Eileen grew into a shadowknight, always reminded of how her father abandoned her for another child, a copycat imposter that stole the life she should have had. Eileen felt she had a purpose, and in Neriak, she felt she had a home and a family of her own.

And then one day she was ignored. Her trainers stopped communicating with her, the city dwellers stopped treating her as an equal... Indeed, she could still walk the streets of Neriak, but had suddenly found herself an outcast among the dark-elves. After pressing her masters for an answer, she finally found out why: Valetrian was thought to be dead. In truth, Eileen had never been anything more than a tool of revenge against the ambassador, a means at striking at him through his own blood. Now that he was gone, the human girl served no purpose. She could still be a soldier in their wars, but to serve no greater role than that of cannonfodder.

And so Eileen continues to live now, betrayed by everyone, hurt and alone and bristling with rage. Her hatred has festered in her heart for years, now growing even sharper and deadlier: there's only one being who she can direct that hatred towards now, the one person who is most embodies all the misfortunes that have befallen her: her double, Eileen Lochinvar, paladin of Erollisi Marr.

Personality: bitter and angry about the life she could have had; has been raised to loathe her father Valetrian and all cultures not under the yoke of Innoruuk; despises her paladin alter-ego with an unbridled passion; deep inside, she's a sad, hurt girl who feels betrayed by everyone, even her adoptive dark-elf mentors  
Abilities: skilled swordswoman; limited offensive dark-magics; can *harm touch*, channeling a concentrated shock of her dark energies into a foe to inflict terrible amounts of damage and pain (though doing so takes a lot out of her)

Note: the magics used to duplicate Eileen are such that the copy cannot actually kill the original; a lethal blow to the original Eileen will only kill the copy.



## Envie

Dark-elf Rogue (Agnostic)

Years before her birth, the unapproved marriage of Envie's parents forced them into exile. Her mother talked her father into going back to his family when Envie was born, to beg them to take them all back. As he was pleading for their forgiveness, she then proceeded to stab him in the back in front of his two brothers, her own form of mending bridges. Due to his exile there had been a power play going on between the brothers: had he come back, he would have been second in power. Envie's mother had been sleeping with both the other brothers as well and was figuring out which would be to her advantage to ally with. She chose to ally with the youngest, and let him know what she was playing the older one. After she killed her husband for his weakness, saving them the trouble, she gave Envie to the older brother's family to do with as they pleased. Being born to an unapproved match, Envie could never be more than a slave, eventually being given to Eolorn J'Axx of Ebon Mask rogues guild.

Envie's current owner is trying to sell her. One of the good races tried to buy her and set her free, but by law she had to return to her previous master. She is extremely resentful of whoever owns her and will carry out instructions as she's given, but is only really looking out for herself. If she had a master that she didn't like, she would leave him/her to die if the opportunity arose and return to her previous master to be resold. Probably why J'Axx keeps trying to sell her to the light races... Once a slave, always a slave, but Envie is set with her lot in life; however, she'd prefer a master that isn't very watchful and doesn't notice how she accumulates certain things.

Envie is a bit of a sado-masochist, though she feels she treats her "pet" Bensaret relatively well, an opinion he doesn't particularly share...



Personality: has perfected self-serving to an art form; absolutely mercenary; pleasant enough under the right circumstances, although not trustworthy in the least; affectionate of Bensaret as one would be of a pet, though does kick him around a little not thinking anything of it

Abilities: sneaky and stealthy; can pick a variety of locks and enter locations undetected; can become invisible in shadows; can see perfectly in pitch blackness; talented in assassination and backstabbing

## Sir Lucan D'Lere

Human Shadowknight (Innoruuk)

Valeron Dushire, paladin of Marr, talking to a prospective paladin :

"I am Sir Valeron Dushire, leader of the order of the Knights of Truth. If your soul shines with purity and strength, I urge you to join our order. The might of Mithaniel Marr stands behind all who join. Soon that might will help us free this city from the tyranny of the Freeport Militia.

"But what is the Freeport Militia, you ask? Those fiends took control of this city long ago. They are nothing more than a group of thugs not worthy of respect. They follow the words of Sir Lucan D'Lere. He has been a thorn in this city's side for too long.

"Lucan is a bad seed. You see, I trained Sir Lucan. He was nothing more than a street rat who was taken in by the Temple of Marr. The priests taught him and found him to be very agile and strong. They requested either the Priests of Marr or the Knights of Truth take him on as a squire. Gygyus could not spare the trainers at the time and so we took the boy. The boy became a man, and a very formidable knight. Then something went awry.

"During one of our crusades across the seas to challenge the undead the plague this world, the Crusade of Tears, we left Sir Lucan in charge of the remaining knights. He did much good and the people respected him. He was overtaken by power. He soon began to hire mercenaries to guard the city, calling them the Freeport Militia. And then his true downfall began when he killed Sentry Dillius, a paladin of the Priests of Marr. His divine powers were stripped from his soul. He was a paladin no longer. Yet he and his militia now control the city. They treat it as their playground and bully the populace. Someone must stop Sir Lucan..."



Personality: extremely ambitious; clever and very forward-thinking; interested only in gaining power and control; willing to make personal sacrifices if it improves the bigger picture of his plans

Abilities: brilliant tactician; master of a variety of combat arts, especially swordplay; can utilize limited dark magics for offense attacks (hides his skills in this unless absolute emergency); gave his soul to Innoruuk so that his body is completely immortal and will eventually regenerate all damage

## Emperor Crush

Orc Warrior

Little more than three months after their betrayal of Dagnor and their march to the east, the newly freed orcan slaves were left stranded with no place to call home. None of the orcs had ever lived without the watchful eye of an ogre master looking over their shoulder, so now they were like children: wandering without knowing exactly what they were to do. The dwarves had made it clear in their pact that, while the kingdom of Kaladim was responsible for freeing the orcs, they were still very much enemies. It was not an option for any of the orcs to return west, so they each began plotting for a new place to live.

The decision was split three ways and the orcs began to revert back to the methods of their ancestors: splitting into three differing clans. One clan marched north, taking residence in the familiar northern peaks of Rakhok's ridge and away from the careful eyes of the dwarves. The second clan decided to make the grassy fields of the Loping Plains their home. Even today this clan remains there, looting and plundering any caravans who happen to pass by. The third, and the largest clan, was lead by a young orc named Gharol. He convinced the majority of the orcs that true riches lied to the fertile lands of the east. There, he said, the orcs would find their new home and the Crushbone clan, as he called his followers, would grow strong.

Gharol, renaming himself Emperor Crush, set forth with his orcs into the forests of Faydark, and have since then made their home in the hidden parts of the forest, safely away from the arrows of elven archers and plundering all they come across...



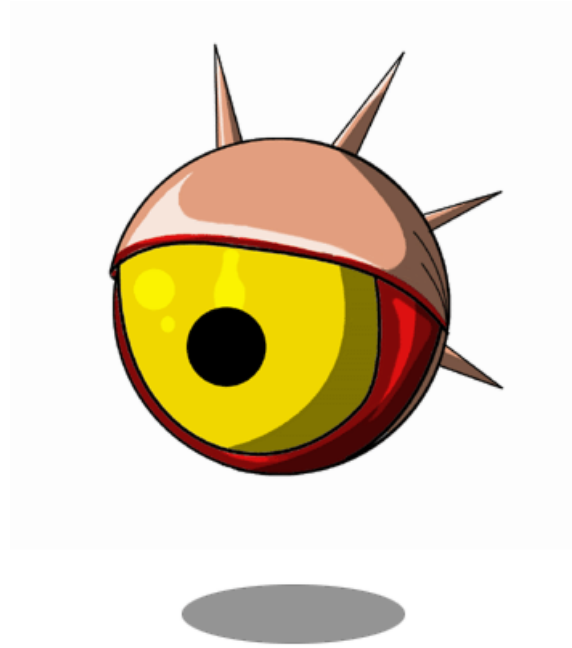
Personality: cruel, vicious, and devoted to improving his power base by killing anyone who gets in his way; not particularly intelligent, but still sharper than the average orc; overestimates his level of importance outside the orc community; loathes good-aligned elves

Abilities: very strong; skilled, ruthless warrior

## King Xorbb

Evil Eye enchanter

Few beings are as strange and insidious as the floating beholders, masters of the enchanting arts and thoroughly evil. The eye tyrants plague the surface of Norrath and its deeper trenches, though despite their power they constantly war with one another, vying for their tiny spots of control. One such area, a gorge known as the Beholder Maze, has been taken over by one of these tyrants who has named himself king, and as such has also named the gorge after himself. Xorbb's history is as unknown as that of any of the beholders, save that his evil and cruelty are enough to ensure those traveling through his home run as fast as they can to reach the other side.



Personality: cruel and conniving; prefers enslaving races to tend to their chores or toil away in their mines rather than kill them outright, but has no restrictions on killing whatever his whims dictate he do; considers all non-eye-tyrants to be hideous, worthless creatures, though he considers other evil eyes to just be weak versions of himself and shares no love for them either

Abilities: an enchanter, can mesmerize foes by looking at them or directing a powerful energy wave from his eye as well



## Venril Sathir

Iksar-lich Necromancer

The greatest lizard to walk upon the land was Venril Sathir of the Kunzar tribe. All that is known of his youth was that he was a member of this ancient tribe, during the time of division among the tribes of the Iksar. Said to have never been a mere broodling, he was forever a master of combat. He would soon slay his father and take his rightful place as chief of the Kunzar Tribe. He led the Kunzar on many expeditions into the ruins and wilds of Kunark, seeking knowledge and weapons.

In his late youth, he found the hidden library of the necromancer, Kotiz. He would come to open a large book which opened into a small room, and upon climbing into the room he found a floating book : The Unholy Writ of War was its title, made of Iksar skins and containing great knowledge of combat. Venril became the book's master.

Venril soon showed signs of dark knowledge. He began to wield the forces of the dark circle and his knowledge of combat tactics became supreme. He trained his army new strategies and even raised the bones of the fallen to fight yet again for their master. His army grew and marched to all corners of Kunark, eventually uniting the five tribes into one mighty empire.

Their rising power eventually attracted the attention of the Lords of the Ring of Scale. It was the mighty Trakanon who took it upon himself to wreak war upon the Iksar Empire, casting down this Necromancer Leader. But through corruption, death, and rebirth, Venril has returned, his plans for conquest still ripe within his dead mind.



**Personality:** is a strong leader, though the years of undeath have taken their toll on him and driven him to hate all that can experience the joy of life; is vicious and extremely dangerous, but also vastly intelligent and knows when to fight and when to barter; hates the Sarnaks for controlling him following his resurrection, which is why he keeps Xalgoz as a slave to torment occasionally; is still quite power hungry and believes the world would truly be a better place under his iron hand

**Abilities:** an incredibly powerful necromancer, can raise whole armies of undead at will; his dead body also has incredible strength and takes incredible punishment; should he die, his soul will return to its phylactery where it can reanimate the nearest corpse to be his new host form; despite being dead, many Iksar still revere him and hope to serve him upon their deaths



## Xalgoz

Sarnak Vampire

Years ago a fiery cataclysm struck what is now known as the Field of Bone, laying waste to the land and reducing most of it to dust, including the city of Kaesora, once the home of the ruthless Venril Sathir. Now nothing remains of its once-opulent churches and passageways save spiders of enormous size, armies of the roaming dead and Venril's servant, the vampire sarnak Xalgoz. In undeath, Xalgoz continues his master's plans for domination of the iksar race and the continent of Kunark, performing wicked experiments and adding to the numbers of his armies.



**Personality:** incredibly sadistic; enjoys tormenting fallen foes; puts up a brave face when odds are in his favor, but is truly a coward at heart; follows Venril out of fear and lack of any real ambition save his experimentation and research

**Abilities:** has vampiric powers including immortality, gaseous form, super-strength and speed, and ability to control undead; genius at cross-species mutation and creating monsters out of both the living and the dead

## Phinigel Autropos

Kedge wizard

Centuries ago in the glorious days of the undersea Kedge Empire, the Autropos family grew to great levels of power. But for Phinigel the growth was not enough, his family and his people would only go so far before they seemed to reach an unpassable barrier in their abilities. A master of the arcane arts himself, Phinigel journeyed beyond his homeland in an attempt to grow and succeed in fields of magic and power that his people would never even dream possible, and after years of research the kedge sorcerer had finally made his wish come true.

Utilizing magics and the very powers of the ocean god Prexus, Phinigel unleashed a magical vortex that he had hoped would expand his abilities to match or even exceed those of the Ocean Lord, but the power was too great for the young sorcerer to control. In a massive wave of ethereal energy, Kedge Keep was washed over in unbridled magical power, and when the light of the energy had subsided Phinigel found that he had unwittingly killed every living being in the city. Terrified and haunted by the horror he had unleashed, Phinigel retreated deep into the city.

Over the years, Phinigel Autropos has been driven to near-madness by the pain of what he had done in the name of glory and power, and he doesn't restrain himself in projecting that pain on those who investigate the nearly-deserted remains of his city...



Personality: wracked with guilt over his actions; utterly xenophobic; happy to unleash the rage of his own mistakes on those around him

Abilities: wizard of incredible power; can command animals of the sea to do his bidding; completely at home in the water; can swim at astounding speeds

## Tserrina Syl'Tor

Dark-elf Vampire Necromancer

When the Erudites and the Heretics broke into war, there were those from both sides who wanted to escape the conflict and fled to the continent of Velious. Using their combined magical might, they created the Tower of Frozen Shadow, a dark structure of monolithic proportions standing alone in the endless snow of the Iceclad Ocean. In their retreat they felt they were safe to pursue their hunt for arcane knowledge and continued their lives in a society all their own.

Until a Tier'Dal master of magic and war named Tserrina found her way inside.

That was centuries ago...

What became of the Tower's once-thriving population is unknown; those who have entered to investigate have never returned, and those who stayed outside hear little but howling and the rustling of robes coming from its only entrance. Magical attempts to see through its surface have all failed, save one, revealing a very different dark elf from the one that first entered...



**Personality:** vicious; delights in suffering and the abuse of others; is something of a masochist; likes to think of herself as “exquisitely evil”; completely self-centered and power-hungry

**Abilities:** commands an entire tower of undead spell-casters and summoned monsters; possesses numerous vampiric powers such as super-speed, super-strength, and the ability to fly; can use necromancy to raise the dead or wound her foes, but prefers a more personal approach if possible by use of her whip and hands

## Overlord Ngrub

Troll Pirate

For years, the Broken Skull clan sat and waited and plotted, trusting that their lord and master Innoruuk would provide them an opportunity to reclaim the race of trolls for their own and to snatch control back from the hated Grobb clan. That opportunity came when the God of Justice, Mithaniel Marr, empowered the froglok race with strength and set them loose upon the city of Grobb. And with the fall of the troll city, Clan Broken Skull was there to pick up the fallen pieces.

Deep beneath the surface of Broken Skull Rock lie the Torgiran Mines, a harsh environment of slavery and toil as prisoners of the Broken Skull Clan mine ore for the pirate ships and weaponry. And overseeing them all is the mighty troll pirate Ngrub, a ruthless and hate-filled individual with his only loves being of battle, conquest, and death; the loss of his hand and eye to a giant shark has only inspired him to invent new ways of making life difficult for the slaves that suffer under his reign as well as those trolls that serve beneath him.



Personality: brash, brazen, and famously bad-tempered; loves a good fight, even if he gets terribly injured in the process; fearless and greedy; does not tolerate any insubordination from his crew, rules with an iron fist  
Abilities: commands a mighty ship, the *Hate's Fury*, along with a crew of both living and dead pirates of varying classes and abilities; incredibly strong, wields a solid-steel mace grafted onto where his right hand once was; experienced in siege warfare and ship-to-ship combat

## Thought Horror Overfiend

There are points so unfathomably far beneath the surface of the moon of Luclin that they can only be referred to as The Deep. Under such pressures and so far from the nourishing warmth and light of the sun breed beings so incredible and alien that they defy all logic and comprehension, and yet even those beasts are more understandable than the hideous thought horrors that infest the core of the moon. No one is sure if they are native to Luclin or not, for these beasts are not entirely corporeal, existing between reality and thought, but one thing is quite well known : they are ferocious, paragons of physical and mental power, and utterly evil. And at their core is the Overfiend, who unifies all their minds in a network hive of thought and animosity. What their end motivations are none can say, and those who have encountered them hide their thoughts on the matter as well, for they know the horrors of The Deep may be listening...



**Personality:** there is no real individual in their society, meaning all thought horrors are in one sense or another actually a single entity, centralized in the form of the overfiend; is the king of his domain and demands it remain that way; absolute xenophobe, despises anyone who trespasses in his perfect world; cruel, evil, and more than happy to devour anyone foolish to trespass in his world; not comfortable anyone beyond the oppressive landscape of Luclin's core

**Abilities:** ferociously strong; has razor-sharp claws and a vicious temperament; incredibly powerful psionic abilities, including the power to dominate minds and confuse his opponents; can become intangible at will, allowing him to pass through solid matter

**Notes:** stands at 12 ft. tall; the thought horrors are in actuality not real – they were the results of the nightmare by a powerful wizard, so vivid was the dream that they actually burst forth from his mind and came to life

## Aten Ha Ra

The Akhevan Priestess

*She sits on her throne.*

*Vex Thal is one land she rules.*

*The one rules them all.*

No being has truly laid eyes on the ruler of the Akhevan race, save her minions. Only statues hidden in the deepest ruins, only frescoes in the most dangerous and horrible of crypts share her physical beauty with the rest of the world. But her true power, her true origins, her true motivations... These are truths that even the gods may tremble at, for hers is a race shrouded in mystery, and if the guardians of her home's gates are any indication of power, then the Priestess may very well be the most powerful being to have ever walked the surface of Luclin.

And if she is but a priestess, then who or what does she worship...?



Personality: enigmatic; sees anyone not created by the goddess Luclin as trash to be destroyed; has a royal dignity to her, and expects to be treated as royalty; prefers not to get her hands dirty with confrontations, but is not at all afraid to put down anything that challenges her

Abilities: controls the entire Akhevan race, which will blindly follow her every whim; nearly divine in power; can utilize magics that destroy mountains or shape the landscape around her into minions to do her bidding; immortal and almost limitlessly strong

Notes: stands at 30 ft. tall

## The Final Arbiter

Velium golem



Last bastion of defense for the prison of the mighty and unstoppable crystalline dragon Kerafym, the Final Arbiter is nearly a power unto itself, designed by Veeshan herself to keep any foolhardy beings, god or not, from awakening the most lethal threat to all of Norrath.

Personality: the Arbiter is single-minded, only giving foes one warning before utterly eradicating them; it is sentient, but its only purpose in the Universe is to keep its quarry free of any disturbance

Abilities: empowered by Veeshan herself, there is no physical force on Norrath that can match the Arbiter for brute strength; only an army of the most powerful Norrath has to offer can fell this godlike creature, and to do so would take everything they have

## Firiona Vie

High-elf Enchanter/Paladin (Tunare)

For years, the elven city of Felwithe had sunk into the depths of placidity and apathy towards the world around them, burying themselves in their creature comforts and ownership. The goddess Tunare could see the balance in the world between good and evil was tipping in darkness' favor, and needed a champion to restore balance to the world. As her charge, she chose the daughter of the king and queen, both of whom had succumbed to the apathy that had engulfed the Koadad'Dal race, and had her taken away to be raised by her faithful servant Galeth Veredeth, amongst the forests and creatures of the woods, learning honor, honesty, and the value of hard work. This child was Firiona Vie.

When she came of age, Firiona set out into the world, traveling from Faydwer to Antonica and Odus and even the hidden continent of Kunark. It was there that she met the conclave of dragons, the Ring of Scale, and bade them to help her restore balance to the world. They did so, but at the price of all her memories. Over time, her memories slowly came back in bits and pieces, brought back in whole when she found and restored the horn to the unicorn Equestrielle. Firiona returned to her home city of Felwithe, and reintroduced herself to her father, her mother having died shortly after her birth. Her father recognized his daughter and accepted her back by his side, together vowing to bring balance to the world around them.



**Personality:** a natural leader; fearless in all capacities, especially when it comes to protecting her people; can be rather hardcore when it comes to making sure the job gets done; speaks her mind; adamant follower of the tenets set forth by Tunare

**Abilities:** very charismatic with strong leadership skills; ample spellcaster of enchanter-school magic and a skilled swordswoman with paladin training and powers; strong connection with nature that grants her respect by its more influential and powerful denizens; can command the armies of Felwithe if she deems it necessary



## Lanys T'Vyl

### *Daughter of Innoruuk*

Dark-elf Shadowknight (Innoruuk)

Lanys T'Vyl is the Child of Hate, the embodiment of Hate upon Norrath, and carries herself with a deadly grace. Any who oppose her will be submitted to her unforgiving wrath and those that follow her are said to eventually be led to glory. She is very loyal to those that follow her, as she cherishes her father's creations and looks upon them as her own, but mercy be felt for those Teir'Dal who would betray her for their torments would be everlasting within her grasp.

Through the past year she has risen and taken a name for herself amongst the mortal history of Norrath, her heart scorched with a great hatred for the new 'grace' that has fallen upon the earth. The Koadal known as Firiona Vie, claimed to be the Champion of Tunare, has sparked an extreme hatred within Lanys's already darkened heart, a hatred so cold that it has numbed the rest of her senses. One year ago a battle was fought within Kithicor Wood, a battle between Lanys T'Vyl and her army, granted to her personally by King Naythox Thex, and Firiona Vie. There Lanys was defeated by the might of good, but so absolute was the faith of her followers that they sacrificed themselves to save her life, allowing her to escape and be cradled within the realm of Hate; her mortal form was forever sealed away by the powers of Tunare.

For many a moon Lanys remained locked away within her father's realm, patiently basking within her torments as she awaited her return. With the assistance of a powerful necromancer, whose name she has since forgotten within her chaotic thoughts, Lanys's soul was transported safely into the material realm of Norrath, her soul replaced into a Teir'Dal female's body. Having defeated Tunare's bind upon her, Lanys returned to Neriak to only be met by disdain and intense disgust from many of the people within Neriak - her recent failure reflecting furiously within their eyes. Lanys has since sought to bring revenge to the 'bastard wench' who had caused her turmoil, vowing that she will be the death of Firiona Vie and eventually, the of Tunare herself.



**Personality:** nearly as pure a mortal force of evil as can be found on Norrath; exceptionally intelligent, often planning schemes within schemes within schemes; despises any creation of Tunare, especially Firiona Vie, with an almost maddening passion; ruthless, cruel, merciless, but very self-controlled (unless confronted by Firiona, in which case she boils over with rage)

**Abilities:** one of the most powerful shadowknights in history; nearly unmatched as a swordswoman and a practitioner of dark magics; commands the forces of Innoruuk

## Al’Kabor

Erudite Wizard

Little is known of the history of Norrath's greatest wizard, save that Al’Kabor is often known as a cold, passionless, power-hungry Erudite with one goal in life: achieving immortality. Al’Kabor believes that if he gains this, he would gain power over even death itself, and thus have ultimate power. The spell-caster has few friends, including Firiona Vie with whom he has shared many adventures, but it remains to be seen if the wizard would choose his companions over his quest for power; few believe he would. In general, he is perceived as most Erudites are, elitist and overconfident in their own abilities, rarely learning from the mistakes of the past despite their vast intellect.

Rarely stepping out of his sanctuary and away from his studies, Al’Kabor often sends adventurers to gather components for him. He has also been known to perform rituals that any good being would stay away from, but Al’Kabor merely attributes these to his dedication to his craft and his willingness to do whatever it takes to achieve his goals in his battle against death.



Personality: haughty and self-absorbed to a fault; makes no effort to restrain touting his own brilliance to those around him or to talk down to them; absolutely impersonal to everyone except Firiona Vie, who he actually treats with respect; cares little for the world beyond his studies of magic; despite his intellect and power, rarely thinks far down the line unless his own needs are at stake; does not like sharing his discoveries with anyone unless absolutely necessary

Abilities: the most powerful spellcaster in the world; understands the principles of every spell ever written by mortal hand, as well as every magical device ever constructed; speaks and reads every language known on Norrath (and many beyond)

## Brother Quinn

Human Monk

Only one of two remaining members of an ancient order, Brother Qwinn is a member of the Monks of the Whistling Fists. Wandering the plains, he hopes to restore his order back to its former glory before it faded from the memory of the planet, seeking both new members for his order and missing artifacts that have been lost to time across the surface of Norrath. Qwinn is a master of his craft, immensely fast and powerful, strength tempered by the patience and control of years of study and meditation.



Personality: quiet and subdued, only becoming forceful when absolutely necessary and then coming down on his foes with the force of a hurricane; does not care about race or alignment, just the drive of his student to learn

Abilities: one of the strongest monks in the world; utilizes a lost form of martial arts that very few people have defensive training against; can fire off extremely precise movements and feats of unbelievable speed when he wishes to

## Tundra Jack

Barbarian Warrior

Self-proclaimed Prospector Supreme, Tundra Jack has been trained by the finest miners of the dwarven city of Kaladim, returning to his homeland of Everfrost in search of treasures and glory, as well as patrolling the wastes for any dangers that may be heading towards his home city of Halas. Shortly after his return he tamed a massive polar bear he later named Iceberg to be his companion and the two have been inseparable since, each watching the other's back and challenging whatever may come their way, from the vicious Blackburrow gnolls to the monstrous ice giants of Permafrost Keep.



Personality: rough and tumble type; always happy to help good-aligned adventurers who get lost in the wilderness of Everfrost

Abilities: experienced miner with extensive training from the dwarves; very strong, can go toe-to-toe with an ice giant; pet polar bear Iceberg is three times the size of a normal polar bear and also amazingly strong and fierce

## Valetrian Lochinvar

High-elf Paladin (Tunare)

For years, the Lochinvar family line was one of the diplomatic path, and the parents of Valetrian Lochinvar were no exception to this rule. Though his mother was of full-elven blood and his father was a half-elf, they continued on the line, despite the occasional complaint of his mother making union with someone who was not pure. Valetrian was born of this union, but it was a short-lived family life that he was destined for: on a diplomatic mission to Neriak for the humans of Freeport, his parents were assassinated, leaving the fifteen-year-old boy on his own in the world. He was taken in by his own people for a short period of time, but their intolerance of the little human blood that flowed through his veins forced him to find a home elsewhere, and so the young elf joined the Paladins of Marr in Freeport and trained in the arts of a paladin.

Years passed, and Valetrian met Ellen, a human woman who he fell deeply in love with, both wishing to be married. Unfortunately, her family would not have her marry a high elf, and prejudice forced the two to elope. Despite having dishonored her family's wishes, Valetrian and Ellen lived happily amongst the paladins and clerics of Marr, and Eileen was born into the world. Sadly though, five years later Ellen died in childbirth along with her newborn son, Valetrian being unable to save her with his healing magic, and the paladin sunk into a deep depression that few thought he would ever return from.

Five years passed, and the paladins of Marr had decided to send Valetrian on an unknown mission across the seas. Being old enough, Eileen was left in the care of the paladins to study with them as he traveled, but during the voyage an unknown assassin struck and sunk the ship, almost all hands being lost and Valetrian feared dead at the bottom of the ocean. And so the world believed, until years later upon the day of his daughter's wedding he returned. His ability to speak was seemingly gone, and while he could not stay long, he was able to convey that he was alright to those that cared for him. He left once more, though he left the suspicion that his mission never ended, that he was still engaged in whatever he was first sent for all those years before. Some suspect he was opening trade routes to the unknown continents, others think he may have been opening dialogues with long-lost races, continuing the tradition of diplomacy his heritage was so well known for. Unanswered as the questions may be, his future and that of Norrath are suspected to be intertwined, and only the future may show what will be...



Personality: very mysterious and ethereal; cares deeply for his daughter and the good races of Norrath; never speaks, guides through motions; extremely patient

Abilities: a seasoned paladin with supposedly great sword-skills

Notes: Valetrian died on his mission to Kunark, and is in actuality a spirit that helps guide his daughter (i.e. Obi Wan); this factor is not revealed until ep. 026

## The Priest of Discord

Human Wizard

"I do this not out of a Sense of charity or compassion, but because it is what has been ordained that I must do. I write because as a Child of Order, you must know."

-- The Seventh Hammer, from *The Tome of Discord*

Across the face of Norrath and into the Age of Turmoil were born the Children of Order. A force known as "Order" had made itself manifest. These chosen few have been set apart for the rest of the creatures of Norrath. While they can recognize another of their kind, regardless of race, they seem oblivious of their gift. They swear loyalty to or disavow known gods. They murder, steal, love and champion the causes of the Unchosen, those who were not born of Order. But to each other they are always civil for each Child of Order is under the "protection" of this benevolent power. While tempers may flare, they seem unable to harm each other except by mutual consent. While it seems that such "protection" would be a boon, as with anything freely given, this gift is not appreciated until it is gone. An agent of another being known only as "Discord" has arisen. This Priest of Discord seeks to disrupt the mysterious experiment of Order. He teaches that true power can only be gained by embracing Discord. Some are listening to these seductive words. By rejecting Order, they have lost their protection and prey upon each other with ruthless abandon. It seems that Order can never be expunged from them completely. Even those who have embraced Discord can only harm those who have also abandoned Order and are of nearly equal power.

Having walked across Norrath for many years, the Priest has broken seals across the world, hoping to release chaos into its very heart and drive Norrath to madness. Without Order, the peoples of the world would go insane and tear each other apart like wild animals. Yet that is the Priest's crazed dream and mission, and the promise of nearly unlimited power in chaos has won him many followers, who are either unaware or simply do not care what the repercussions of his actions would be.

Only one knows of his true origins and desires, and that is the Priest of Order. Where this powerful being is, though, no one knows...



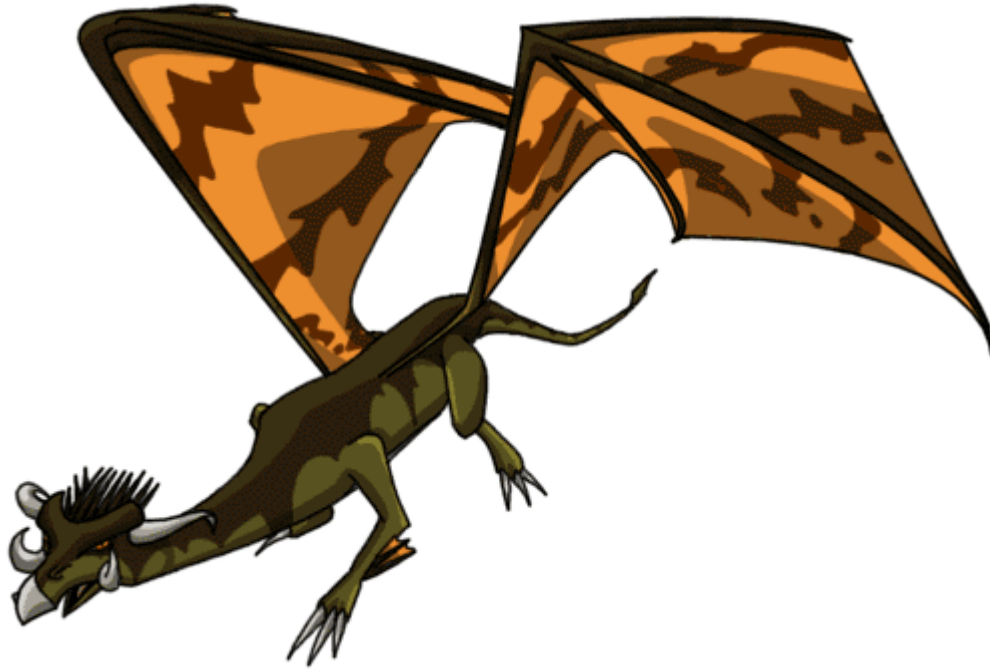
(Priest of Order)

Personality: an absolute zealot on a crusade proclaiming the promises that Discord can bring; treats those that join him with respect, but deals with those that challenge him swiftly and forcefully; will never force his beliefs on others, but demonstrations of his own might can be exceptionally convincing to those who question him

Abilities: an incredibly powerful wizard that seems to command some priestly defensive powers as well; is utterly immortal and cannot be defeated by anyone who hasn't embraced Discord

## Wuoshi

Dragon druid (Veeshan)



The first line of defense against the giants of Kael Drakkel stands the mighty dragon Wuoshi. She and her kin, the Claws of Veeshan (thus named for their mother and creator, Veeshan the Wurm Queen) laid claim to the continent of Velious uncountable millenia ago when the Dragon Goddess first raked Her claws across the empty rock now known as Norrath, and the war-mongering giants have yet to muster the strength to make it past her, much less to the lands to the west where her kind live and breed.

Powerful as she is, Wuoshi can be quite personable to those who prove themselves to be allies of the dragons (or enemies of the giants). Those who earn the wrath of Veeshan, however, are in for the fight of their soon-to-be short lives should they cross paths with her...

**Personality:** Wuoshi is a dedicated protector of the Wakening Lands, bound to keep out any potential threats to her people; she is careful of who she trusts, but her instincts are sharp and she can see who is truthful and who is not; once you get to know her and win her trust she can be quite friendly, though she will continue to remain steadfast in her responsibilities

**Abilities:** as a dragon, Wuoshi is extremely powerful – she has incredible speed, durability and strength, and can take on entire teams of giants if need be; she has a natural dragon roar that can incite terror in anything within earshot, and can breathe an acidic stream that can melt stone or clouds of poison that can kill anything that inhales it; on top of all that, she is a druid and can use any number of nature-related spells

**Notes:** Wuoshi is 60 ft. long from nose to tail and can extend her wings out to 80 ft.



## Irontaail

Iksar monk

Once a humble monk, student to the mighty Tpau and Kung, Irontaail's travels took him through the lethal halls of the dragon-infested Temple of Veeshan to the mindboggling chaos of the Plane of Mischief . Trying to make sense of the warped reality of the dimension, he instead went mad dealing with its ruler Bristlebane. Now he wanders the realms in search of peace and an end to his mental torment ...



Personality: constantly tormented by chaotic thoughts and images swirling about in his head; almost never has a moment of clarity, except for his driving need to free himself of his madness; wanders alone, both because his madness is very disconcerting, plus he can become extremely dangerous if agitated; trusts no one except other iksar

Abilities: his dementia gives him a superhuman level of combat skill and power – if he fixates on something he cannot be defeated, not even by the gods themselves; getting him to focus on this and not just mutter to himself is a chore, though



## Dain Frostreaver IV

Coldain warrior

During the ancient days of the dwarves, when they first began to set across the seas to explore the world around them, an expedition to seek materials for the construction of their first city went awry, the seas going mad and stranding 200 dwarves at the whims of the oceans and their winds. Lost in a land so unknown to them that even the stars could not be followed, the leader of the expedition, Colin Dain, picked a direction and sent his fleet southward in the hopes they would eventually find land. Unfortunately, all they found was intense cold and icebergs the size of mountains at every turn. When they finally found land, over half the dwarves had frozen to death, and the harshness of the land made future survival almost impossible.

Yet Colin Dain, in typical dwarven fashion, would not give up, and through his leadership and strength the dwarves continued on, making their home amidst the ice of the continent of Velious.

The continent, however, was far from unpopulated, and the ice giants who had left the snowy tundra of the Everfrost Peaks centuries before were not pleased to find newcomers to their home. The result was years of war as the dwarves defended themselves against an almost limitless giant threat.

They eventually created a city of their own in the depths of crystal-laden caverns, and on the day of their greatest battle as the dwarves made their stand against the invading giant armies, Colin Dain sacrificed his own life to eliminate the giant forces and protect his people. In honor of his deeds, all leaders of the dwarves would be entitled as Dain and their people would be known as the Coldain.

Much time has passed, and the Coldain have since moved to a newer and much stronger fortress city known as Thurgadin. Frostreaver now leads the ice-dwarves, granting strength to his people and waging a never-ending war against the giants.



Personality: an extremely forceful and driven leader; has had to keep his people alive in incredibly harsh circumstances, and as a result is very defensive about them and rough with outsiders; absolutely hates the Kromzek giants with an almost manic passion

Abilities: the strongest of the Coldain dwarves, wields an axe like an unholy force of nature; never tires in battle; commands the formidable armies of the Coldain

## Lord Inquisitor Seru

Human Paladin

Centuries ago, the Combine Empire stretched across every inch of the surface of Norrath. It was a mighty and powerful society, full of wonder and prosperity, but it was also a divided empire. Fracturing spread throughout the Combine as over time there were differences in opinion regarding its policies, such as whether or not to allow dark elves into its ranks. Those who followed Seru were most vocal as they challenged the followers of Tsaph Katta, until it all came to a head when Seru himself attempted to assassinate Katta. The empire was shattered as war broke out, and the followers of Katta escaped to the moon of Luclin, the forces of Seru chasing them in an attempt to finish them. When all was finished though, both sides were trapped on the moon as the portals closed and would not open again.

Time has passed, and while their original leaders and settlers have since passed on the descendants of these two factions continue their war. The followers of Seru live in a magnificent and pristine city of light, though it is a hard rule that watches over them as the Lord Inquisitor makes sure no chaos, crime or darkness, imagined or real, steps into its borders.



**Personality:** a strong and forceful military leader; is absolute in his beliefs of what is right and wrong; primary goal is the protection of his people and his society, and is willing to kill anyone who represents an even *possible* threat to this

**Abilities:** awesomely powerful paladin with nearly godlike strength and endurance, granted to him by the devotion of his people and followers; his left hand channels the power of all those who believe in him into a forceful blast that can destroy a mountainside (doing so drains the strength of his followers however, so he only uses it as a last resort); commands the armies of Sanctus Seru, who are utterly devoted to him; the faith given to him grants Seru extended lifespan

## Innoruuk

### *The Prince of Hate*

Followers of Innoruuk, the Prince of Hate, include nearly the entire dark elven race which regards him as their "Father." They believe that hate is a creative force, or rather "THE" creative force in the universe - creativity born of destruction. Love and kindness are tools for those too ignorant to know what they want or too cowardly to do what is necessary to obtain it. They believe that it is only through the total disdain of your enemies that you can gain true power over them. Pity and mercy have no power when confronted with contempt and viciousness. It is the honest belief of the followers of Innoruuk that if they were to hate strongly enough, they could destroy all of Norrath.

When Norrath was first populated with life, Innoruuk was the only god forbidden to spawn any lifeforms upon it. His hatred and rage for his fellow gods reaching unimaginable levels, he kidnapped the king and queen of Tunare's prized creations: the high elves. Subjecting them to indescribable tortures for five-hundred years – both mental, physical, and magical – he shattered their purity and spirit and the result was his own contribution to Norrath: the dark elves. Ever since, these twisted, evil creatures do his bidding and pervert the will of all gods save their own.



Personality: devious, scheming, and utterly without pity or remorse for anything other than himself; truly the epitome of evil; extremely intelligent and forward planning; despises everything in creation, even his own creations the Tier'Dal; would rather see the Universe torn asunder than see his own dreams go unfulfilled

Abilities: one of the most powerful forces in reality, equaled in power to almost any of the other gods of Norrath; wields an infinite variety of dark spells and abilities; commands all dark-elves everywhere

Notes: stands at 40 ft. tall

## Erollisi Marr

### *The Queen of Love*

This is the sister of Mithaniel and daughter of Tarew Marr. Followers of Erollisi Marr, the Queen Of Love, cling to the belief that love conquers all. It should be pointed out that while love is a generally peaceful concept, Erollisi worshippers are not pacifists. They would like to live in a world where everyone loves everyone else and violence does not exist but they are not naïve enough to think that Norrath is that world. They are passionately devoted to people, places and ideas and are more than willing to fight and die to preserve those things. The dream of every follower of Erollisi is to die in the selfless defense of someone or something they love. Many paladins hear the true calling of their hearts and follow Erollisi Marr.



Personality: there is no force in the universe more compassionate and caring than Erollisi; despite this, she is not weak in any sense, and understands how the world works; believes that if there is still love in the world then there is still hope, no matter how futile it might seem; infinitely wise and patient

Abilities: as powerful as any of the other gods of Norrath, though despite this many of them tend to underestimate her; gains strength through love and the sacrifices endured to preserve it, and thus empowers those who love, creating a cycle of power that surprises many; is the founding power of healing and life-giving abilities to all who worship her

Notes: stands at 40 ft. tall

## Rallos Zek

### *The Warlord*

The followers of Rallos Zek, the Warlord, believe in survival of the strong and death to the weak. The heart of a true follower of Zek yearns for strength, courage, but above all, victory. They believe that the heat of battle is the only place and time where enlightenment can be gained, that the universe was formed by conflict and in conflict it will end, with the victors feasting upon the remains of their fallen enemy. No respect or regard is given to the dead, for if they were worthy their hearts would still pump blood through their veins and not upon the soil of Norrath. The followers of Zek are almost exclusively warriors.

Rallos Zek is the creator of the ogres of Norrath; their intellect had at one point matched their physical prowess, but the gods deemed them too much a threat as such and reduced them to the dull-witted brutes they are to this day.



Personality: relishes the heat of battle and the mayhem and ferocity of war and combat more than anything else; respects strength and courage, though does not give nor ask for any quarter in battle; fearsome and merciless to his opponents

Abilities: a terrifying force to be reckoned with; master strategist, though prefers the chaos of a good battle; master of all weapons and fighting styles ever created; impossibly strong and resistant to damage

Notes: stands at 45 ft. tall

## Tunare

### *The Mother of All*

This goddess of nature rules the Plane of Growth. Tunare appears as a very attractive elven female wearing flowing robes and a crown of vines and leaves. Tunare is very protective of what she considers to be one of Her finest achievements, the good elf races of Norrath. As part of an agreement with Brell Serilis and Prexus and in response to the arrogance of Veeshan in claiming Norrath for her own, Tunare created the high elves (known as the Koda'Dal) and the wood elves (known as the Feir'Dal) of Norrath.



Personality: Tunare varies between a nature-girl who relishes spending time amongst the beauty of her creations and forceful protector of the world around her; she can be somewhat proud and conceited, but does mean the best for those with the interests of nature at heart; viciously loathes anyone who destroys the land for their own needs

Abilities: has absolute mastery over nature, especially plant life and wild animals

Notes: stands at 25 ft. tall

## Luclin

### *The Maiden of Shadows*

Luclin, the Maiden of Shadows, rules the Plane of Shadow. Uncountable years ago, she watched from those shadows while the other gods went about making order out of chaos in their own twisted way, planting life on the world of Norrath following Veeshan's depositing of her brood. She saw the meeting, the petty bickering, and the various power plays that the gods have always been known for. Abandoning the planet of Norrath, Luclin claimed the barren and forgotten ringed rock orbiting the planet for her own. Through sheer will and magic she gave life to the moon that now bears her name, and now she again watches from the shadows as her world grows and fights its own wars.



Personality: despite her association with the darkness, Luclin is not an evil goddess, just extremely private; she might even be considered “goth” to some extent; can be a little immature, and is particularly selfish when it comes to her moon, and is rather angry when the worshippers of other deities set foot upon it: the last thing she wants is anyone adding life to her perfect world

Abilities: has power over shadows and darkness, using them to bring about intense cold or to even draw the life out of her opponents; as the sole god of Luclin, she has incredible power over the land and her own creations the Akhevans

Note: stands at 20 ft. tall

## **Terris-Thule**

### ***The Dream Scorchers***

Terris-Thule is known as the Dream Scorchers or the Nightmare, for her effect on the sleep of dreamers. She rules the Demi-plane of Nightmares and delights in torturing the innocent as they rest. Daughter of the mighty Cazic-Thule, god of Fear, and Quelliou, the Tranquil, Terris can observe all happenings in the world through the minds of her victims and playthings. While an incredible power in her own right, Terris will still meekly bow to the will of her harsh and overbearing father should he have plans of his own.



**Personality:** Terris is a tormented being, both loving and hating her father; she constantly strives to earn his respect, but at the same time knows she will never have it; this leads her to take out her frustrations on everyone around her and has produced a very cruel, angry individual

**Abilities:** while she has a gamut of dark-magics she can utilize in the waking world, Terris' true power lies in the minds of the sleeping, whose worlds she can bend and twist with absolute control; like her father she has an intimate knowledge of what terrifies the mortal mind, and often utilizes this to maximum effect

**Note:** stands at 25 ft. tall



## Saryrn

### *The Mistress of Torment and Pain*

Born a woman of striking beauty, she now rules the Demi-Plane of Torment, a hot, damp and uncomfortable place with few flat surfaces on which to walk, behind a mask of iron some say has been welded onto her face. There is no ground, just endless oceans formed by blood that rains constantly from the sky, with obsidian buildings hanging mysteriously from chains that vanish into the red clouds above serving as the only terrain upon which to travel. Saryrn busies herself by spending personal time with those cursed enough to live in her realm. She captures and torments her subjects mentally and physically and completely at random. The length of their torment before she releases them again, is also completely random - based mainly upon her whims. Those who fall into her hands may suffer but a few moments or for months at a time. All live with the fear that at any time, she may choose them as a partner.



**Personality:** Saryrn became what she is because of a scorned love; as a result, she hates anyone lucky enough to experience love and does whatever she can to make their lives hell when in her realm; Saryrn is completely devoted to self-gratification; she is manipulative, cruel, and enjoys inflicting both physical and mental torments on her victims, even using magic to amplify their guilt or sadness so as to shatter their spirits more thoroughly

**Abilities:** a demi-god, so not as strong as the more fully-powered deities; still is amazingly strong and resilient; can read the thoughts of others and utilize incredible magics against her foes; commands an array of monstrous soldiers that were once mortal beings warped by her and her realm

**Note:** stands at 30 ft. tall

## Zebuxoruk

### *The Forgotten*

Zebuxoruk is neither evil nor good. Legends place him as evil and other legends untold place him on the side of light. To the other deities, they ALL dislike him or simply couldn't care less. Zebuxoruk was at some time in the form of mortal man and trod upon the surface of Norrath after escaping the Plane of Justice or the Void. Mortality was either something forced upon him or something he may have wished for. Zebuxoruk is known as the Forsaken One, The Disgraced and other such names among the pantheon of deities and heroes of the Outer Planes of Influence.

There is said to be a hidden city on Norrath that honor, not worship, the 'Ungod', Zebuxoruk. Something not even he truly cares for. This city has knowledge of his history both true and false and the community is mostly comprised of fallen priests, shadowknights, paladins, any who have been forsaken by their deities and either seek a pathway back or seek true neutrality among the planes and understanding that the deities are more mortal than they think.



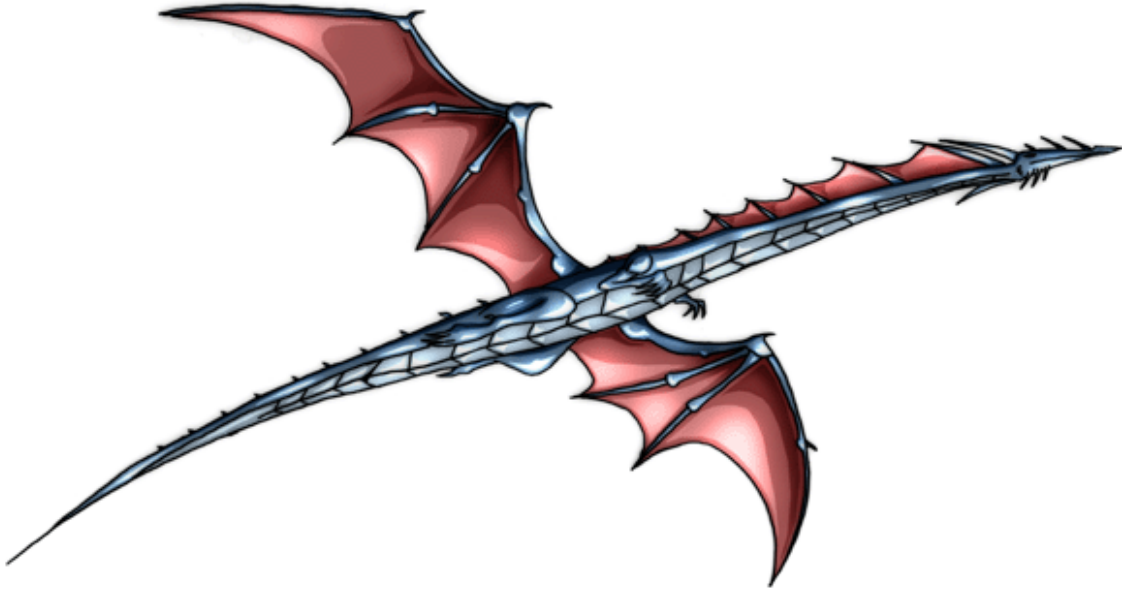
**Personality:** Zebuxoruk is a conundrum, a god who despises gods, no matter who they are or what their motives might be; he wants the beings of Norrath to empower themselves and to cut their ties to the divine, feeling the gods only use mortals as their playthings and prevent them from growing to reach their full potential; he is a quiet, brooding being who gives information to any who would strike down the gods; he is also thought to be quite mad

**Abilities:** the full powers of this being are unknown, save that he was considered enough of a threat to be sealed away for all time; it is rumored that he actually has the power to kill any god he faces with but one word

**Note:** stands at 45 ft. tall, is currently locked away in a cell at the center of the Plane of Time

## **Veeshan**

***The Mother of All Wurms***



Veeshan is the great crystalline dragon who rules the Plane of Sky. Veeshan is known as the Mother of All Wurms and this title includes all of dragonkind such as the drakes and wyverns. When the universe was young, Veeshan traveled throughout the cosmos depositing Her children on worlds She deemed worthy. She would then strike the planet with Her massive claws so that the other deities would know She had laid claim to that world. The continent of Velious on Norrath bears Her mark, known as the Scars of Veeshan.

Personality: Only the dragons can truly understand Veeshan's persona or motives; she is truly a mystery; the only thing that is certain is that she is extremely protective of her brood and her creations, the dragons; she will do *anything* to protect her offspring, no matter how terrible the sacrifice might be

Abilities: Veeshan is the second most powerful god in the entire EQ pantheon, second only to the Nameless; it is doubtful there is anything that is beyond her capabilities to do

Notes: Veeshan is the size of a medium-width planet; her wingspan can reach thousands of miles across

## Brenlo Bixiebopper

Halfling cleric (Guardian Master)

Brenlo was young when he first encountered a Bixie, the fae bee-people of the forest. He trapped it in a clay pot and set it loose upon his sister. He laughed for hours at his prank knowing that he could learn to love bringing that same joy to others. It was then that he came to the notice of Bristlebane. Bristlebane watched as Brenlo grew to a young man and savored the inventiveness of each new prank and joke he subjected his fellow Halflings to. It was no surprise to the townsfolk when Brenlo joined the priesthood and worked his way up within the church and Brenlo, he was more that happy to follow the Tenets of Bristlebane. It was not that he delighted in the suffering of others, but rather that he loved the look of surprise, the shouted yelp and even the thrill of the chase when the victim set after him, usually with stick in hand. He wandered the town of Rivervale, during the hours between prayers and studies, setting fire to toes, putting spiders in unexpected places and most of all tormenting Bixies. He delighted in their buzzing sound and savored the texture of their innards as it squished through his toes.

He had found his calling. Brenlo would travel the world over, spreading the truth of Bristlebane. No matter if the person he was preaching to be injured by the onslaught of pranks that were Brenlo's main tool of his Priesthood and slaying Bixies. Brenlo occasionally returns to Rivervale, most folk there chuckle as he passes remembering the days of Brenlo's youth. Some clutch at arms once broken or wounds long healed, momentos from Brenlo's younger indiscretion. And the Bixies? They run to their Hives and do not show their faces until Brenlo is gone, long gone once again.



**Personality:** Brenlo is probably the most prestigious prankster in the history of Norrath; no matter a person's station, no matter what race or alignment they are, no matter if they are gods, Brenlo will target them for a devious prank of some sort; gets an incomprehensible joy out of making life miserable for bixies; is actually loved dearly by other halflings and Bristlebane, despite all being the butt of his jokes on numerous occasions; people are surprised he can take a prank just as well as he dishes them out

**Abilities:** like all Guardian Masters, Brenlo has a certain degree of control over reality; his preferred use of his abilities is to pop in and out of sight, appearing out of nowhere to give someone a scare or place a freshly baked pie on a chair just as someone was sitting down

## Kriggan the Panther Lord

Vah Shir beastlord (Guardian Master)

Kriggan, once a simple Vah Shir explorer that walked across the surface of Norrath in the magical guise of a dark elf, an honorary member of the Othmir tribe of Velious, an adventurous soul that relished every new sight that he could relay to his superiors in the moon-based city of Shar Vhal, has since been enlisted into the services of the Nameless as one of the leaders of the Guardian Masters, the enigmatic forces that keep reality in balance and fend off the unknown powers of Chaos...

While loved and hated by the population of Norrath for varying reasons, the GMs are unbelievably powerful servants of the Nameless, who saw the encroaching Chaos and Discord seep into the fabric of reality over the course of millenia of neglect by the gods. Kriggan is merely a large cog in a network that spans all facets of the multiverse, for the Nameless has servants spanning across a myriad of realities, dimensions and worlds, all trying to hold off the creep of Discord, which has summoned and empowered allies of its own. The GMs encompass a wide range of beings, all who have great powers and abilities for one reason or another, but all who have taken it upon themselves to keep the Chaos at bay.



(with honorary Othmir fez)

**Personality:** Kriggan could easily be ruler of the world if he so decided; it is his character though that has given him the temperament to only guide, never to rule; he is wise and intelligent in the ways of the world, and patiently imparts this wisdom to those around him, even those that refuse to listen

**Abilities:** one of the most able Guardian Masters, contorting reality about himself to give himself god-like strength and resilience; by decree of the Nameless, Kriggan is the defacto leader of all Guardian Masters

## Teliesin the Lifebringer

Human cleric (Guardian Master)

Little is known of the enigmatic Teliesin, save that he was once a dark and hardened soldier, and is now a guardian of reality wielding nearly unlimited powers. What changed him from a once-dangerous tyrant into a man who devoted himself to protecting his world and the people in it is unknown, and it is not a secret he shares with others, not even those closest to him...



**Personality:** Teliesin is a private individual who does not speak of his past or how he came to change his ways; it is suspected that he discovered something of his origins, but no one knows for sure; Teliesin just quietly does what he is guided to do by Kriggan; what personality he does show is stern and directed  
**Abilities:** is utterly unbeatable with a mace in his hand; uses the ambient power of Norrath to grant himself immortality, by which he can survive any injury no matter how severe (note: if removed from Norrath, his power will slowly ebb away over time); has immense strength and a strangely uncanny knowledge of world history

**Notes:** Teliesin is the son of Seru and the goddess Luclin; when on the world of his mother, he slowly becomes mortal; like his father's left hand, his own right hand can focus incredible power into an utterly destructive blast

## Zhien the Dreamer

Dark-elf shadowknight (Guardian Master)

What would one day become Zhien was at first nothing but a figment of the imagination, a short-lived and absentminded afterthought by one of Innouruuk's most powerful minions : Lanys T'Vyl. When she was still young, not having fully mastered her abilities, Lanys saw a Tier'Dal man of impressive beauty and immediately, if only for a second, felt the pangs of a romantic crush on him. Her natural self-discipline quickly kicked in reworking the love into hatred, but not before Erollisi Marr, goddess of Love, detected her feelings and hoped to nurture them into a potential force of good. Before the thoughts dissipated, Erollisi grabbed what remained of them, which was actually the dream-child of a union between Lanys and the man. Thus, if only in an abstract sense, Zhien came into being existing in a make-shift dreamworld of Erollisi's making, where she was raised and grew into adulthood by the goddess and her family. Mithaniel taught her honor and valor, Erollisi taught her compassion and the tenets of goodness, and Tarrew channelled power into her, making her a righteous and powerful force. All this time, Zhien was raised in the dreamworld, a warped psuedo-reality of Erollisi's dreams where there was no hatred in the world, where all races had always worked hand-in-hand with one-another; it was for this reason that Zhien had become a shadowknight, for in this false world while dark elves could still not become paladins, they could use their dark arts for good.

Twenty-five years after she had first been created, Zhien was discovered by the Nameless, who disapproved of what it felt was the Marr's "pet" and expunged Zhien into the real world, where she found a much harsher reality than she had ever been exposed to before. Thinking to rewrite the world into a vision like that she had been raised in, Zhien was shortly-after contacted by other guardians of reality, including Kriggan, who taught her that a balance was necessary for the world to work properly and that she would have to limit her efforts to convincing through example and not through force. So Zhien, begrudgingly, took it upon herself to police the world in a mediator capacity, only using her incredible powers when all other venues failed or were not viable.



Personality: adventurous, heroic, and good natured; can be impatient with those who do not see she is a force of good; thirsts to do more than just guide people along the right path, which can make her very frustrated, and sometimes needs to be talked down by Kirggan; somewhat overconfident; often misses the paradise world she came from

Abilities: Zhien is a dream given physical form, and as such can ignore many of the rules imparted on mortals; she can fly, move at super speeds, and has incredible strength; often likes to employ an exponentially stronger version of Harm Touch on foes called "Cazic Touch"



## Extras







ZOZO  
LOCHINVAR  
ELFEZ

ORCS OF NORRATH BEWARE.

OGRETHROS  
DESTRUCTION  
AND  
TELEUTE  
DEATH

FRED PERRY  
JASON WAGES 2012





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JASON WAGES  
2012



# CAZIK THULE: LORD OF FEAR



EVERQUEST: THE ANIMATED ADVENTURES  
"STEPPING INTO THE SUN, PART ONE"

Written by  
Jason Wages

Based on the video game EverQuest  
By Sony Online Entertainment



## TEASER

*[The following introduction emulates the original game opening of EverQuest, establishing the creation of the world and the mythos within]*

FADE IN:

VAST EMPTINESS OF SPACE

ESTABLISHING SHOT of a dead, barren world floating across the darkness of space, its only companions a pair of moons equally devoid of life.

FIRIONA VIE (V.O.)

It is rumored amongst the most intelligent races of Norrath that first came the dragons.

In the distance is a sun, and the CAMERA ZOOMS PAST the dead world to the surface of the fiery orb. CAMERA HOLDS on the sun for a moment, and over its curvature a crystalline dragon crests along its surface: it is VEESHAN, gliding majestically across the solar thermals; she is massive, larger than a planet. She flaps her wings and breaks orbit, crossing the emptiness of space to the dead world. She circles it once, her wingspan twice its size.

FIRIONA VIE (V.O.)

Veeshan, the great crystalline dragon, ruler over the Plane of Sky, departed her life on a lifeless planet, and with one swipe of her mighty claw, laid claim to the promise of a new world.

On her second pass she rakes her talon across the planet, huge rocky chunks tearing out of its surface, leaving the canyons known as the Scars of Velious behind her. As she does so a ripple of energy engulfs the planet, and she makes one more round before flying off into space. Mountains begin to form and water flows forth over the surface of the world, and the CAMERA ZOOMS INTO the now-forming clouds.

DISSOLVE TO:

ERUD'S CROSSING - DAY

As the clouds fade away, time has passed to the point where man now lives upon the world - a grand ship is sailing across the oceans.

FIRIONA VIE (V.O.)  
Norrath quickly developed from  
infancy, as brave explorers  
journeyed forth in search of  
fertile lands on which to build.

As the BRIDGE CREW calls out "LAND HO!", the grand towers of  
the city of Erudin break through the fog in the distance.

FIRIONA VIE (V.O.)  
Villages became towns. Towns became  
cities. Cities became kingdoms.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CITY OF ERUDIN

Within the magnificent, brightly-lit kingdom, human and  
erudite scholars and sorcerers wander the many halls.

FIRIONA VIE (V.O.)  
Guilds and alliances formed, bound  
together through common goals and  
the sharing of ideas. The desires  
to grow beyond the common abilities  
of mere mortals introduced powerful  
trades, skills and crafts.

POV pans up through great, guarded doors lined with arcane  
symbols and shapes. DISSOLVE to the interior of a wizard's  
sanctum with astrological equipment circling about and star  
patterns on every wall. There is a female caster swirling her  
arms about in a variety of patterns, spheres of different  
elements orbiting her.

FIRIONA VIE (V.O.)  
Wizards, mages and enchanter  
mastered powerful magic and  
mystical arts.

As the caster's movements come to a close and she reaches out  
her hand, the elements coalesce and form a crystal ball  
floating above her palm. The CAMERA ZOOMS INTO the ball to  
see a scene form: an enclave of trolls chanting to a flaming  
pyre within a druid's circle.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RATHE MOUNTAINS DRUIDS' CIRCLE - NIGHT

FIRIONA VIE (V.O.)  
But alas, ignorance and innocence  
go hand-in-hand.

Dark elves sneak in the shadows to watch the trolls in action. Their CHANTING reaches a great crescendo, until the pyre flares up and a giant fiery serpent explodes outward. The serpent looks down upon the trolls and then snaps down upon its creators, swallowing one whole and then swiping at another, chomping it down as the others bolt away in all directions.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OLD DUNGEON

A sneaking female halfling is carefully unlocking a large wooden dungeon door, opening it just a hair. Within the room is a hanging cage imprisoning a pair of dejected-looking gnomes, while across the room a huge ogre guard sleeps in a chair. The halfling spots keys to the cage on the ogre's belt and slinks her way into the room, taking the keys carefully off the slumbering giant and unlocking the cage. The LOCK springs open with a loud CLANK, and when she looks back she sees the awakened ogre lumbering at her.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TREE-CITY OF KELETHIN - DAY

Through the deep green mists and canopies of the forest the CAMERA PANS ACROSS to show us the tree-city of the wood-elves. A gathering of elves applauds a show as an archer readies his bow and arrow to fire. The ogre from before is now tied to a post and is struggling as the gnomes from the previous scene place an apple on his head, the halfling keeping him tied up. The archer fires, and we see from the arrow's perspective as it FLIES FORWARD at the face of the struggling ogre. The CAMERA ZOOMS INTO the blackness of the ogre's open mouth...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MINES OF KALADIM

... and ZOOMS OUT of a mining shaft. We see the deep, ore-filled mines of the dwarven city, the hustle-and-bustle of many dwarves joyfully working away at the rock around them.



MINING CARTS are CLATTERING along tracks carrying all manner of minerals within. One dwarf lifts a huge gemstone from rubble and triumphantly holds it up in the air. The facets shimmer and shine until one shine catches the camera lens and the scene flashes white.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SNOWY MOUNTAIN GROVE

A thin-white mist shrouds a thinly-forested grove. Deep, white snow covers the ground, and within the grove sits a collection of thatched, wooden huts. CHEERING and FIGHTING are heard within, and sneaking through the snow to investigate are a trio of dark elves. They witness a pair of armed barbarians challenging each other within a circle of many other barbarians.

One charges the other, who dodges out of the way and throws an axe, planting it in his opponent's back. As the impaled challenger falls dead to the ground, the CROWD CHEERS. The winner raises his arms in victory, the CAMERA FOLLOWS the MOTION UPWARD and INTO the SKY, which transitions through the clouds and once again into space.

DISSOLVE TO:

NORRATH FROM SPACE

ZOOMING and ROTATING BACK, we now see a fully-formed and developed Norrath, complete with oceans, green, mountains and clouds. The moons are both visible now, one rocky like our own (Drinal), the other with a purplish atmosphere and small ring (Luclin).

FIRIONA VIE (V.O.)

It is the adventure and experience  
that awaits the bold and the  
daring.

The CAMERA PANS UP, passing Norrath and showing the stars of space beyond. We hear the SCREECH of VEESHAN as the dragon arcs past the camera, flapping her grand wings and sailing into the distance. The EVERQUEST logo fades onto the screen.

FIRIONA VIE (V.O.)

It is the land... of EverQuest.

FADE TO BLACK.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

ZOZO (V.O.)

It took five years for the end to truly come.

As ZOZO speaks, the CLAMOR of a GREAT BATTLE grows from the blackness.

HARD CUT TO:

FLASHFORWARD - EXT. PLANE OF HATE

The BATTLE SOUNDS jump to full volume as we are thrown into a war, given short, sporadic glimpses of heroes engaged in a climactic battle against overwhelming odds in the Plane of Hate [we are seeing a flash-forward of the middle of the final episode of the series]; CAMERA MOVEMENT is SHAKY, like watching archived combat footage. Prominent in the fight are many of the remaining cast members battling in both the foreground and in back; among them is FIRIONA VIE holding her own against a horde of evil forces, all of whom are tearing through each other to reach her. There is no music, only the SOUNDS of BATTLE.

The scene is confusing and chaotic, only hinting at things to come: masses of undead and evil beasts, and buildings with the design of Hate's architecture, and as the shots move around we finally settle on Zozo. The view is a WORM'S EYE VIEW of him seated on the ground, looking around as the fighting reduces to slow motion, sound effects becoming subdued while a SAD, CHORAL TUNE begins to play. In his lap is a prone EILEEN, hidden mostly by shadows and silhouette. Whether she is dead or alive the viewer cannot tell.

Zozo looks down and gently runs his fingers through her hair. Eileen's eyes are closed, blood caked across her face.

ZOZO (V.O.)

(solemnly)

So much hardship and challenge. So much loss and pain. So much unbridled hate.

Seen out-of-focus in the sky above Zozo is an engulfing, ominous darkness: it grows to flow over everything within the surrounding battle, SCREAMS OF AGONY from anyone it spreads over being the only sounds other than the musical dirge, as they stop battling their opponents and begin to writhe in agony. Within the supernatural shadows flutter shapes of skulls or tormented faces. The CAMERA RETURNS TO Zozo, his face deeply saddened but bravely holding in tears, then BACK TO Eileen's motionless face.

Zozo cups his hand against her cheek gently as the scene grows darker. The color leeches from the scene until it becomes grayscale.

In the growing darkness we see a giant silhouette walking up behind Zozo, about 40 feet tall. The silhouette is INNORUUK, looking down upon the dwarven cleric; though his features are indistinct, his glowing yellow eyes are squinting in delight at the scene before him. He slowly reaches his hand down, fingers extended, as though to crush Zozo and Eileen in his palm. The growing darkness coincides with Innoruuk's hand filling the scene, and everything goes black.

FADE TO BLACK.

ZOZO (V.O.)

It took five years for the darkness  
to engulf us all, and leave us  
trapped in the shadows.

The music ends, the sounds cease, and there is nothing but utter blackness for a moment, then the narration continues.

ZOZO (V.O.)

Was it worth it? Did all the  
deaths and sacrifices matter in the  
end?

(beat)

Was my love for her all for  
nothing?

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT OF RO - DAY

Blackness gives way to a clear blue sky lit by a blazing sun. The DIN of WEAPONS CLANGING, SPELLS FIRING, and the LOUD ROAR of a HUGE BEAST can be heard. We cut to a fight scene in the sands of the Northern Ro desert, where a team of three adventurers are fighting a large foe: a sand giant. As the view CLOSES IN we can see the combatants - Eileen, Zozo and OLETHROS. Eileen is dodging the large blows by the lumbering giant who ends up pounding sand with his mighty fists, slashing at him as she moves, while Olethros swats at his legs with her spear. The blow doesn't do much more than make the giant flinch, and he turns to swat Olethros back with his hand; Zozo quickly casts a prayer and the giant's hand hits a magical shield, protecting Olethros. Olethros quickly casts a spell of her own and a greenish cloud of poisonous vapors engulfs the giant's head; the giant stumbles back a little, hacking and coughing.

Eileen swipes at his legs with her sword bringing him crashing backward to the ground, and before the dazed giant can get up Zozo is over him, hammer in hand. We see FROM the GIANT'S POV as the hammer comes swinging down full-force, and the scene ends in SOLID BLACK.

EXT. CAMP IN DESERT - DAY

The party is helping a partly smashed-up gypsy encampment with repairs following what must have been the giant's attack. Olethros is lifting a heavy cart for some gypsies to affix a wheel to, while Zozo and Eileen aid the injured. A gypsy noblewoman addresses them while they help.

GYPSY

Thank you for coming to our aid, the giant Husam has been harassing our caravan for weeks. We ran out of livestock two days ago, we would no doubt have been his next meal.

ZOZO

(chuckles)

Just be happy we were in the neighborhood when he showed up, lass.

(double-takes)

Wait, for weeks? We're only a couple days from Freeport, where was the city militia all this time?

This elicits a GRUNT of annoyance from the GYPSY.

GYPSY

(frowning)

It seems the Freeport militia has more important matters to attend to than sending troops to help some gypsies...

EILEEN

(sighs in disappointment)

Doesn't sound like much has changed since I left.

Eileen completes healing one of the gypsies, giving the man a smile as he checks his arm to see it's okay.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

There we go, all done!

OLETHROS  
(struggling with the  
weight of the cart)  
Wonderful. Then if you're not too  
busy, Eileen, maybe you can help me  
hold this damn thing up!

EILEEN  
Oops!

Eileen throws the barbarian an embarrassed smile, quickly jumping up and running to help her hold up the cart. With the extra lift-support, the gypsies are able to get the wheel onto the axle. Olethros catches her breath when it's done and throws Zozo a cockeyed look.

OLETHROS  
I thought you dwarves were the  
sturdy types. Instead you get me to  
do all the manual labor.

Eileen wipes her brow as she walks over to Zozo and leans in to give him a quick peck on the cheek.

EILEEN  
(jokingly)  
Now, now, be nice, Olethros. Zozo  
is a delicate flower, isn't that  
right?

ZOZO  
(smiling back at Eileen)  
Oh, you know me so well, lass.

The gypsy woman smirks at the playful banter, while Olethros just rolls her eyes at the blatant affection and blows a strand of hair from her own face.

FADE TO:

DESERT OF RO - SAND DUNES - NOON

The trio is hiking over the dunes, the heat of the sun beating down on them. Zozo and Eileen are coping adequately with the intense temperature, but Olethros is panting loudly and sweating profusely.

OLETHROS  
Remind me again why we're hiking  
through this wasteland...

ZOZO  
 (smirking)  
 You sure complain a lot.

OLETHROS  
 We barbarians are Wolves of the North. The North. If this was snow instead of sand I'd be getting an earful of chattering teeth from you two.

Olethros wraps her arms around herself and clenches her teeth in mockery.

OLETHROS (CONT'D)  
 "O-O-O-Olethros, it's f-f-f-freeeezing!"

ZOZO  
 (laughing)  
 HAR! You wish it was freezing.

OLETHROS  
 (eyes still closed)  
 Maybe if I keep imagining...  
 (tries to look like she's cold for a moment, then just gives up)  
 Damn, still in a desert...

EILEEN  
 Just a few more hours, then we can stock up on supplies and rest before catching the ship to Faydwer.

OLETHROS  
 We couldn't have gotten there any other way?

EILEEN  
 Freeport's not a terrible city to stop in. Zozo and I lived there for years before we even met.

As she continues to talk, the team begins to crest over the dune.

EILEEN (CONT'D)  
 Besides, traveling by ship from the Freeport docks is the only way to get to the eastern continent, unless you'd rather swim across the-

OLETHROS  
(interrupting her)  
OCEAN!

The team has completely crossed over the dune and before them lies a beach replete with palm trees, a few fishing huts, and an endless expanse of beach. Before Eileen and Zozo can say anything, Olethros drops her gear and bolts down the dune, throwing off her armor as she goes. By the time she reaches the shore she has nothing on but her kilt and leather bustier, and cannonballs into the water with a splash. Eileen and Zozo, still at the top of the dune, look at her bewildered. Olethros pops her head out of the water and shakes it back and forth, refreshed by the chill of the ocean.

OLETHROS (CONT'D)  
Come on in! It's-  
(jokingly)  
-f-f-f-freeeezing!

Eileen and Zozo look at each other for a moment, then smile and bolt down the side of the dune with the same excited abandon as Olethros.

FADE TO:

EXT. EAST FREEPORT GATES - SUNSET

The trio reach the tall city gates as the sun has begun to hide behind the horizon, leaving a brilliantly colored sky. The city entrance is imposing, the huge towers and formidable walls extending all the way into the mountains on both sides. Throngs of people are passing in both directions through the gates, from caravans to citizens to other adventurers, as well as the occasional marching militia troop. The threesome stand outside of the crowd for a moment and look at the city gates in awe.

EILEEN  
Looks about the same as when we  
left...

A large rat scurries past Zozo's feet, eliciting a look of disgust from him.

ZOZO  
Nope, hasn't changed a bit.

The group enters the city, passing the militia's gate guards who either stand at attention or check passing carts for their contents.

Inside, the city is crowded with people - shopkeepers hawking wares, bards singing to crowds, the charged atmosphere reminiscent of an Arabian bazaar. Eileen and Zozo stroll through the crowd like it's nothing new, but Olethros gawks at everything like a tourist. At one point, as she turns a giant hand thrusts a jar with a floating brain in it at her, causing her to recoil. Standing there is a massive ogre with a shop of his own behind him, brains in jars along the shelves.

BOOMBA THE BIG  
 (aggressively trying to  
 make a sale)  
 You want pickled brain? Me sell you  
 pickled brain!

OLETHROS  
 (visibly disgusted)  
 No thanks.

Boomba just tosses the jar behind him pulls out another, this one with what looks like a mandrake root with dried wings stuck to it floating inside.

BOOMBA THE BIG  
 No like pickled brain? Me have  
 pickled pixie, you buy pickled  
 pixie!

OLETHROS  
 (escaping back into the  
 crowd)  
 Maybe another time...

Olethros quickly catches back up with her friends, and the tour of Freeport continues. Sights of the city are seen as they go, including the Freeport theater with actors engaged in a play, a small building with a trio of monks performing sequenced Tai-Chi-like moves outside (the Ashen Order), and the awe-inspiring floating mage tower: the Academy of Arcane Sciences.

OLETHROS (CONT'D)  
 Wow.

EILEEN  
 There's an inn we can stay at  
 tonight just down the street. We  
 can pick up some goods in the  
 morning and then catch the next  
 ship out of-



Eileen is cut off as the group runs into an especially large crowd lining the road. There are onlookers watching something, but the crowd is too heavy to see past.

EILEEN (CONT'D)  
What in the--?

Eileen tries to peer past the people, but can't see anything. Olethros, standing at seven-feet-tall, squints over the crowd. The details are hard to make out, but there seems to be a procession of group of soldiers marching down the road.

EILEEN (CONT'D)  
See anything?

OLETHROS  
Some kind of parade or something.  
Can't really tell.

Without looking back, a man in the crowd closest to the group answers them.

MAN IN CROWD  
(disgustedly)  
Dark elves.

ZOZO  
What?

MAN IN CROWD  
Some kinda diplomatic hoopla. No  
idea. Whatever it is, those  
Tier'Dal scum shouldn't be setting  
foot in this town.

Several PEOPLE near the man MUTTER their AGREEMENTS. Our heroes look at each other dubiously, then Olethros bends down as Eileen and Zozo move to both of her shoulders. CAMERA JUMPS to facing the crowd from the POV of the street they are watching, as we see Eileen and Zozo in the back of the crowd hoisted up so that they can get a clear view of the procession. Traveling down the street is a contingent of both Freeport militia guardsmen and Neriak dragoon troopers flanking a grouping of men on horses: most are human, wearing either expensive garments or full armor, but among them are four dark-elves donning expensive fineries. While most of the humans in the group look uncomfortable at the glares being thrown by the crowd, the dark-elves just smile wryly, ignoring the mob of onlookers. At the front of the procession is the head of the city council, an older grey-haired man named SIRUS BANKOPF, and to his side is a red-eyed dark elf in chain mail, AMBASSADOR DVINN.

SIRUS  
 (eyeing the crowd  
 nervously)  
 I do wish you hadn't insisted on  
 this procession being so... public,  
 ambassador.

DVINN  
 Nonsense, my good Sirus. The people  
 of Freeport are going to have to  
 get used to seeing Tier'Dal walking  
 their streets sooner or later. I  
 would rather it be sooner

SIRUS  
 I appreciate your civic-mindedness  
 towards your people, Dvinn, but  
 it's your immediate safety I'm more  
 concerned with.

DVINN  
 I'm touched by your concern,  
 Councilman. But we have nothing to  
 fear: both my guards and your own  
 are quite capable of keeping your  
 citizens in check.

Dvinn motions to the militia soldiers marching alongside the  
 delegation, notably the particularly-large soldier walking  
 ahead of the troupe; it is SIR LUCAN D'LERE.

DVINN (CONT'D)  
 The head of your very own militia  
 has assured me these are his best  
 troops. And even without Sir  
 Lucan's protection, I have my own  
 defenses-

As he speaks, one citizen hurls a rock at Ambassador Dvinn.  
 The rock flies through the air, but hits an invisible barrier  
 en route. The rock shatters against the barrier, but Dvinn  
 pays it no heed and smiles.

DVINN (CONT'D)  
 - as you can see.

As the entourage continues to march, a couple of militia  
 soldiers break formation and violently accost the stone-  
 thrower. The rest of the crowd backs away from the scene,  
 though some look like they're considering coming to the aid  
 of the man. Before they can act, though, Sir Lucan walks up  
 to the crowd and stares them down; the rabble quickly cowers  
 back a couple of steps and drops its heads submissively while  
 the guards continue to beat the man.

DVINN (CONT'D)

As you can see, the sooner we get this non-aggression pact formalized the better. People need to understand that the Tier'Dal are not the monsters we have been canonized as.

The two riders behind Dvinn, men in plate armor, are the heads of the Church of Marr: Tholius Quey, cleric guildmaster, and THURION DESIUS, paladin guildmaster. Both do not look pleased at Dvinn's comments; Thurion especially is scowling, and snorts his disapproval at Dvinn's words. Dvinn ignores him and continues.

DVINN (CONT'D)

Or we can always go back to hacking each other to bits like we've done for years...

THURION

(sotto voce to Tholius)  
I know which option I'd prefer, personally.

DVINN

(glancing casually over his shoulder)  
Yes, yes, we all know where the Church of Marr stands on this issue, my dear Master Thurion.

Thurion and Tholius both look at Dvinn in surprise, not expecting to be overheard. Dvinn just gestures at his own pointed ear.

DVINN (CONT'D)

(smirking)  
They're for more than just good looks.

Thurion just slumps back on his horse and simmers while Dvinn returns his attentions ahead of himself.

DVINN (CONT'D)

This treaty has the approval of both the Freeport militia and the City Council, my good sir paladin. Your approval is not required, merely your obedience.

This comment receives a vicious glare from both the paladin and the cleric, though they have no choice but to sit back and take it.

The delegation finally arrives at the end of the street where a platform awaits them in front of the city hall. The horse-riders dismount onto the platform while the troops make formations in front of it. The crowd gathers, but stays clear of the soldiers. Sirus stands at the front of the platform and addresses the crowd with Dvinn standing behind him.

SIRUS

Citizens of Freeport, we are witness to a historic day, for today we shall begin to pave the road to peace in our time. As you know, we have been at odds with the empire of the Tier'Dal for many, many years, either through isolated skirmishes or outright warfare. Today, we put those conflicts behind us. It is time to move forward and end this bloodshed between our peoples!

As Sirus speaks, the CAMERA PANS ACROSS the crowd: there is not a single smile or positive expression on any face. Most people appear neutral or dubious about this development, but there are more than a few angry faces. The CAMERA then PANS ACROSS the grouping of soldiers, all of whom are imposing and at perfect attention; only Sir Lucan is visibly scanning the crowd. Eileen, Olethros and Zozo move through the crowd to get a better look, though the barbarian isn't small enough to move through as easily. As Eileen and Zozo get close enough to see the platform clearly they abruptly stop and look with shock at Dvinn, then at each other.

ZOZO

(quietly)

Eileen! The dark elf!

EILEEN

(suddenly panicked)

Dear gods, if Olethros sees him...

OLETHROS

(catching up)

Sees who?

Olethros looks over the crowd and at the delegates in confusion. At that moment, Sirus completes his speech and motions for Dvinn to the front of the platform.

SIRUS

And now, I present to you, the ambassador of the Tier'Dal: Dvinn of Neriak.

Olethros' eyes flash open widely and her pupils completely dilate. A sudden series of images flash by the screen for only a couple of seconds, images of a young barbarian girl, orcs wielding weapons, Camp Crushbone, and Dvinn hobnobbing with Emperor Crush [note: these are scenes of Olethros' history and enslavement at Crushbone, shown fully in ep.004]. The scene ends almost as soon as they begin, and Olethros' face warps into the most vicious scowl imaginable.

OLETHROS  
(growling deeply through  
clenched teeth)  
Dvinnnnnn...

The scene suddenly moves in slow motion. Olethros' hand immediately reaches for the spear she's wearing strapped to her back - she is planning on charging the stage and killing him, and Eileen and Zozo know it. Dvinn walks forward to address the crowd, still smiling confidently. Eileen and Zozo both turn to stop Olethros, ready to tackle her if they have to. Olethros' fingers wrap around her weapon shaft.

DVINN  
(moving at normal speed  
now)  
Greetings, good people of Freeport-

Before he can utter another word and without the camera shifting at all, an arrow spears itself through the middle of Dvinn's head. There is a gasp from the crowd, and Olethros, Eileen and Zozo stop in their motions, looking at the same scene as everyone else. Everyone on the platform gawks in total surprise at what has just happened before them, though no one is more surprised than Dvinn himself, whose mouth is still hanging open in mid-sentence. He reaches up to his forehead with trepidation and feels the sudden trickle of blood running down his face and over his nose. He looks at his bloodstained fingers for a moment, before looking back at the crowd.

DVINN (CONT'D)  
(stunned)  
Wh... what?

That is the last thing Dvinn says as he collapses in a heap, dead.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

HARD CUT IN:

Dvinn lies dead on the platform. The crowd remains completely silent, not sure if what they saw was real, until suddenly Sir Lucan begins barking orders.

SIR LUCAN  
(shouting)  
Seal off the area!

The Freeport militia immediately moves into the crowd with weapons drawn, blocking off exit routes in the area and surrounding the crowd. SCREAMS OF PANIC resound through the area as people run in every direction, though they can't get anywhere with all the soldiers around. The Neriak guards leap onto the stage and surround their remaining delegates in a defensive formation in case of other attacks. The scene is chaotic, and our heroes are stuck in the crowd as the militia closes in around everyone. The chaos is quelled as the people realize they have nowhere else to go. Sir Lucan strides up to the crowd.

SIR LUCAN (CONT'D)  
You are all hereby under arrest, by  
order of the Freeport militia!

Sir Lucan walks towards the camera, the direction of the crowd, and all fades to black as he completely fills the view.

FADE FROM BLACK:

INT. CITY HALL - NIGHT

The entire city council, ten affluent-looking men in their later years, as well the higher members of the Freeport militia and the Church of Marr, are assembled around a large table, MUTTERING to each other. Also present are the remaining dark elves and their guards, all looking especially agitated. The clamor of the room is suddenly hushed as Sir Lucan marches in holding a bloodstained arrow in his hand, which he casually tosses to the table. The arrow twists in mid-air and actually spears itself into the table top.

SIR LUCAN  
An enchanted arrow.

The entire room looks at the weapon with intense curiosity as Sir Lucan continues.

SIR LUCAN (CONT'D)  
 Specifically designed to kill the  
 ambassador.  
 (yanks the arrow out of  
 the wood)  
 Always hits its mark. Enchanted so  
 as to bypass all magical defenses.  
 (looks at the crowd and  
 growls his final sentence  
 for emphasis)  
 Empowered as a bane weapon to kill  
 dark elves, no matter how minimally  
 they are injured by it.

The CROWD GASPS at this. One of the remaining dark elves  
 slams his hands on the table in fury.

DARK ELF  
 (spitting in rage)  
 Assassination? Betrayal! This was  
 planned thoroughly! You blasted  
 humans have deceived us!

SIRUS  
 (trying to calm him down)  
 Sir, I promise you, this was not  
 our doing! We would never-

SIR LUCAN  
 (interrupting him)  
 I'm sorry, Councilman, but he is  
 correct. This was our doing.

The entire room looks at Sir Lucan in shock.

SIR LUCAN (CONT'D)  
 Or rather, the doing of some of us  
 present.

Sir Lucan turns towards the paladin and cleric guildmasters,  
 who are looking at him in utter confusion. Lucan walks up to  
 them and thrusts the arrow at them, only stopping it inches  
 from actual contact with Thurion's nose. Thurion is shocked  
 at Lucan's brazen display and scowls at the Militia leader.

SIR LUCAN (CONT'D)  
 Does the arrow look familiar, sir  
 paladin?  
 (looks at Tholius)  
 Or to you, sir cleric?

THURION

(angrily)

Are you implying that the Knights of Truth had something to do with this debacle, Lucan??

SIR LUCAN

This arrow has been enchanted by a member of the Church of Marr, Thurion! It comes from the weapons storerooms beneath your very temple!

(moves face-to-face with Thurion)

Tell us, "Knights of Truth", who has access to those storerooms? Who can bypass the enchantments and spells defending it?

Thurion goes wide-eyed with anger at the accusation, but after a moment the fire vanishes from him as he cannot argue with the facts before him.

THURION

(under his breath)

Only members of our order...

DARK ELF

(pointing at Thurion)

You worshippers of Erollisi and Mithaniel Marr! Gods of love and truth, bah! You have despised us Tier'Dal for centuries, simply due to our origins! We come to this city to forge a peace, and this is how you treat us? Betrayal??

THURION

Peace? Feh, you dark elves would take the olive branch and fashion it into a spear if you could.

(turning to the council members)

Good sirs, I promise you, we had nothing to do with this atrocity. We will cooperate with any investigation which will vilify us of this misdeed.

SIR LUCAN

(unimpressed)

I'm glad we have your approval, Thurion.

(MORE)



SIR LUCAN (CONT'D)

You and every member of your order  
is hereby ordered to assemble in  
the Temple of Marr where you will  
be placed under house arrest until  
we can determine which of you-

(turns and nods to the  
council)

-if any-

(turns back to Thurion)

-is responsible for this crime.

The council members look with trepidation to Sirius, who looks across the table at the dark elf delegation. They scowl back, so Sirius temples his hands and sighs deeply before nodding to Sir Lucan.

INT. HALL OF TRUTH - JAIL CELL

Olethros, Eileen and Zozo are sitting in a jail cell along with a grouping of other people. The sound of CELL DOORS CLANKING OPEN begins to resonate throughout the prison, as well as the MUTTERING OF RELIEVED PEOPLE. A militia soldier opens their own jail door which prompts everyone to look up, then gestures for those inside to get out with his thumb.

SOLDIER

By order of Sir Lucan D'Lere and  
paladin guildmaster Thurion Desius,  
all members of the Order of Marr  
must immediately submit to police  
escort to the church, where you  
will be placed in quarantine until  
this is all sorted out.

(looks at Eileen)

That means you, missy.

Behind him against the wall can be seen Eileen's sword, still in its scabbard.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

And your friends: we have witnesses  
stating all three of you were  
acting suspicious at the time of  
the murder. The rest of you are  
free to go.

The civilians in the cell quickly rush out, happy to be free. Eileen and her friends look at each other with concern.

## INT. TEMPLE OF MARR

A gathering of paladins and clerics fills the main entry hall of the Temple of Marr, probably a few dozen people in all. Also in the room are the various paladin and cleric guild leaders. Everyone is confused or visibly agitated by the developing situation. Sir Lucan is also present with a large contingent of militia soldiers spread throughout the temple; he is standing next to Thurion. The guild master glowers at the troops and at Sir Lucan. Sir Lucan ignores him and looks over the crowd.

SIR LUCAN

Is this all there is?

THURION

You said all in Freeport. Most of our congregation is out on various missions.

SIR LUCAN

I want their locations. All of them. Someone took that arrow from here, I want to find out who.

Thurion gives no response to this command other than an annoyed huff. Sir Lucan stands before the paladins and clerics and proceeds to address them.

SIR LUCAN (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, you have been briefed about the situation Freeport is facing. Now is your time to do your duty and face up to your responsibilities, both as her protectors and as representatives of your order.

Despite Sir Lucan's attempts to address the members present in a diplomatic tongue, all he gets in return are glowers and crossed arms during his speech.

SIR LUCAN (CONT'D)

If you are guilty of this crime of assassination or know who the guilty party is, now is the time to come forward. Spare your colleagues the indignity of being interrogated by my men and admit to your wrongdoing now, and we shall do all in our power to see to it that justice is swift and fair.

The militia leader waits for a moment to see if anyone comes forward, but he is still greeted by the same icy glare from those assembled.

SIR LUCAN (CONT'D)  
 (growing annoyed)  
 This is your last chance. We will  
 find the party responsible, this I  
 promise.

Still no reaction comes. Sir Lucan finally glowers in return.

SIR LUCAN (CONT'D)  
 "Knights of Truth", indeed... Fine,  
 you are all considered under arrest  
 until this is dealt with. Should  
 any of you even set foot from this  
 temple, you will be killed on  
 sight.

Sir Lucan leaves the temple, though his guards remain, making sure no one leaves. As he does so, the crowd begins to disperse, paladins talking amongst each other with concern about their predicament. Eileen, Zozo and Olethros gather, though none are saying anything about what has happened. Coming up to them is Thurion, who looks pleased to see Eileen.

THURION  
 Eileen Lochinvar, is that you?

Eileen smiles pleasantly at the approach of the guildmaster, though there is an air of uncomfot as she does so: there's some kind of history here we don't know of yet. Thurion takes Eileen's hand, not noticing her discomfort.

EILEEN  
 Master Thurion, hello.

THURION  
 It's been so long! Four years, in  
 fact.  
 (looks at Zozo)  
 And Zozo Stonehealer! Is that you?

Zozo nods and smiles at the guildmaster, though there is some curtness in his look; whatever history Eileen has here, Zozo is aware of it.

ZOZO  
 (trying to be amusing)  
 Hard to forget the only dwarf  
 that's a member of your clerical  
 order, I'd think.  
 (MORE)

ZOZO (CONT'D)  
(shakes Thurion's  
outstretched hand)  
And it's Zozo Lochinvar now, sir.

Thurion raises an eyebrow at this, but smiles pleasantly.

THURION  
Outstanding! Two of our prodigal  
children, returning as one family.  
I am very happy for you...  
(becomes somber)  
Though I wish it had been under  
better circumstances.

ZOZO  
An assassination. With one of our  
arrows?

THURION  
(nodding solemnly)  
Mm. We're being set up by someone,  
probably the militia. They've never  
been comfortable sharing the city  
with us, I wouldn't be surprised if  
Sir Lucan himself is behind this.

EILEEN  
(bluntly)  
That's a pretty bold accusation,  
sir.

The guildmaster's disposition towards Eileen grows annoyed  
for a moment.

THURION  
Would you prefer the alternative,  
Eileen? That one of our order  
actually did commit this crime?

EILEEN  
(pauses a moment, then  
speaks straightforwardly)  
It's not beyond the scope of what  
some of us are capable of.

Thurion looks surprised that Eileen would be so curt, but he  
takes in a breath and gives her an honest look.

THURION  
We all know why you left the church  
to venture into the wilderness,  
child. You made your point quite  
clear the first time.  
(MORE)

THURION (CONT'D)

But that was the past, and all we can do is move forward with what is happening now. Someone has falsely pinned a crime on us all, and we have to vindicate ourselves or the Church of Marr will be thrown to Lucan's wolves.

(turns to leave)

I'm not the villain here, Eileen.  
Put your anger at us behind you.  
Focus on what's at stake today.

Thurion heads into the crowd while Eileen frowns at the ground, her hands clenched loosely. Zozo and Olethros look at her with concern.

EILEEN

(quietly and sadly)

It's not anger. It's  
disappointment.

FADE TO BLACK.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

Eileen stands there, a dejected gloom upon her. Zozo gently takes her hand, and her expression softens a bit. The dwarf gives her a comforting smile, and pats her hand.

ZOZO

(trying to lighten the  
mood)

Don't worry lass, we can all be  
disappointed together.

(getting serious)

In the meantime, we do have a  
serious problem.

OLETHROS

(scowling)

Dvinn...

(the corner of her mouth  
perking up in a crooked  
smile)

I'm only sorry someone else beat me  
to it.

ZOZO

That "someone" has put every member  
of this order in jeopardy.

Whoever's responsible for this  
framing, Sir Lucan will hunt us all  
down and take this church apart  
brick by brick. Thurion is right,  
the militia would like nothing  
better than to see themselves as  
the sole rulers of Freeport.

EILEEN

Then I suppose we should  
investigate this matter ourselves  
before that can happen.

FADE TO:

INT. TEMPLE OF MARR - LOWER ESCHELONS - NIGHT

An ESTABLISHING SHOT of the temple exterior at night, the moon of Drinal bathing the tower in light. There are militia guards on watch on the premises. The POV changes to within the temple, paladins sitting in their rooms restlessly; at this late hour they should probably be asleep, but no one is feeling particularly tired.

The hallways are deserted other than the occasional militia guard, and as the scenes change we finally come upon a large room with a huge gated door leading in; surrounding the entrance are runes and mystical symbols. There are guards standing watch at the gate, and within we can see a monumental supply of weapons lining the walls - this is the Order's weapons locker. For a moment, nothing seems to be happening, just guards standing watch. From around the corner, three small black runestones are silently slid across the floor, coming to a stop in front of the guards. They glance down curiously at them, before the runestones pulse a weak yellow glow. Suddenly the guards begin to yawn profusely, followed by them passing out and collapsing upon the ground. As soon as they are down, Olethros steps out of the shadows, Eileen and Zozo following behind her - all are in their platemail and ready for business.

OLETHROS

That'll give us a few minutes, but they won't be asleep for long.

ZOZO

We'll try to be quick.

Zozo and Eileen open the gate and step right inside without any problem. Olethros begins to follow them in.

OLETHROS

Just what are we looking f-?

Before she finishes her sentence, Olethros steps into the entryway to the storeroom. The runes along the doorway suddenly glow bright red and a barrier of mystical patterns appears before her. The barrier flexes violently and Olethros is thrown rudely back out of the doorway, stumbling against the hallway wall behind her.

ZOZO

How someone got past that.  
(shrugging apologetically)  
Sorry, forgot it wouldn't like you.

EILEEN

Only members of the Church of Marr can enter this room. Anyone else gets shoved out.

ZOZO

(proceeding to look around)

Probably why the militia hasn't stripped these rooms clean for their own use.

Olethros nods while looking at the door from outside.

OLETHROS

Right. I guess I'll just be the  
lookout, then.

The scene cross-fades into itself, indicating that a little time has passed. Eileen and Zozo are still investigating the room, but have found nothing. Outside in the hall, Olethros has clumsily propped the guards against the wall to look less conspicuous. BOTH ARE LIGHTLY SNORING, though ONE GRUNTS a little as though he's waking up. Olethros holds up the black runestone, it gives a weak glow, and the guard's head slumps back down unconsciously. Back in the storeroom, Eileen and Zozo are beginning to look dejected.

ZOZO

This is getting us nowhere. Whoever  
came in didn't leave any clues.

Eileen is looking intensely at a glass case with arrows lined up throughout it. The arrows are the same design as the one Sir Lucan showed earlier. One of the arrow slots is empty, but the case itself is shut tight and not visibly tampered with in any way.

EILEEN

All the lockers are secure, nothing  
here has been tampered with... If  
someone took something from here,  
they did it like they knew what  
they were taking and how to get it.

OLETHROS

(from out in the hallway)  
Are you two almost done in there?  
Someone's bound to come and check  
on these guys sooner or later.

ZOZO

(to himself)  
What are we missing?  
(to Eileen)  
I don't know. Something about  
this... It just...  
(curious look on his face)  
... stinks?

Eileen says nothing, then SNIFFS the air. Both look at each other for a moment, then open their eyes in realization. Eileen drops to the ground and begins inspecting the flagstones.



EILEEN

Check the floor! Look for any  
discoloration in the seals.

Zozo is already ahead of her, studying the ground, and quickly comes upon an area in the corner of the room: the cement sealing the marble floor tiles to the ground is lighter than the rest of the cement around the floor.

ZOZO

Here!

Eileen rushes over and produces a dagger which she uses to scrape away some of the newer cement and then props it under the tile. Using the short blade, she pries up the tile slightly and then the both of them lift the heavy tile together, until in one heavy motion it finally comes loose. As soon as it does, green fumes pour into the room from the hole they produce. Without dropping the stone, the TWOSOME begin to COUGH AND GAG.

OLETHROS (O.S.)

(gagging from the hallway)

Blech! Dear gods, Zozo, was that  
you??

Zozo and Eileen, squinting and eyes watering, shove the stone out of the way as the mist dissipates. The POV CHANGES so that we are seeing them from within the hole hidden beneath the stone; the SOUND OF STREAMING WATER can be heard along with the DRIPS and ECHO associated with a sewer. VIEW SHIFTS to behind the duo, who look at each other with realization. From the hallway, Olethros can see what the two have discovered as well.

ZOZO

I think we found our clue.

EILEEN

The sewers...

(standing up)

We're going to have to get our feet  
wet if we want to go any further.

(pausing, then looking at  
Olethros)

Olethros-

OLETHROS

(putting her hand up)

You both head on in. I'll...

(looks around at the  
doorway runes, then back  
to Eileen)

(MORE)

OLETHROS (CONT'D)

... find another way down there and  
try to catch up.

Olethros pulls out a celtic rune, then clenches her fist over it; a short blue light comes forth, and Olethros begins to fade out of sight, so that only the highlights of her body are barely visible.

OLETHROS (CONT'D)

(as she fades away)

Just be careful, the sewers are not  
a nice place.

The barbarian completely fades out of view, followed by the CLOMPING OF HER FEET as she runs down the hallway. Eileen and Zozo redirect their attentions to the hole they've discovered. Both quickly grab a weapon from the wall - a sword for Eileen and a hammer for Zozo - before looking at each other one more time.

EILEEN

Okay, wait for my signal, then  
follow me down.

ZOZO

(gesturing politely at the  
hole)

Ladies first.

EILEEN

(chuckling as she begins  
to climb into the hole)

Such a gentleman.

The view returns to a couple of feet within the hole looking up.

ZOZO

Thank you, my mum always said so.

Eileen hops down past the camera's view and we hear a LIGHT SPLASH of her landing in shallow water. Zozo then proceeds to climb into the hole and leaps down at the camera, filling the image with his black silhouette.

BLACK OUT.

TITLE CARD

TO BE CONTINUED...

END OF EPISODE 1.01

EVERQUEST: THE ANIMATED ADVENTURES  
"STEPPING INTO THE SUN, PART TWO"

Written by

Jason Wages

Based on the video game EverQuest

By Sony Online Entertainment



TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. FREEPORT SEWERS - NIGHT

It's pitch black. We can hear the SOUND OF DRIPPING WATER and the SLUSH OF FEET WADING through ankle-deep water.

ZOZO

Ok, a little to the left. You don't want to step in that stuff in front of you, believe me.

EILEEN

(repulsed)

Ah! I wish we could have brought a torch.

ZOZO

Open flame and noxious fumes don't mix well. Trust me, lass.

EILEEN

At least we're lucky enough that you can see down here.

ZOZO

I'd be politely asking you to carry me through here if I couldn't - this place is disgusting, my nice boots are going to be ruined!

Slowly a small pinpoint of light can be seen coming into view, growing larger: it is some kind of weak light source seen from the POV of Eileen and Zozo.

EILEEN

I see something up ahead.

ZOZO

Aye, me too.

CUT TO a shaft of moonlight shining down through a sewer grate above, lighting the immediate sewer through the blackness: brick tunnels covered in sweat and mildew, an ankle-deep stream of filthy water meandering along. Eileen and Zozo fade into visibility as they step into the light-shaft. The two look up at the grate and see the bright night sky, Drinal shining down on them through rusted metal bars.

ZOZO (CONT'D)

Any idea where we are?

EILEEN  
 (stepping on her tiptoes  
 and craning her neck)  
 Not sure... I can see the Arcane  
 Tower in the distance. Maybe East  
 Freeport?  
 (Zozo chuckles)  
 What's so funny?

ZOZO  
 You realize we're lost trying to  
 find something with no idea what  
 that something we're looking for  
 is.

EILEEN  
 And when has that ever stopped us  
 before?

ZOZO  
 Aye.  
 (solemnly)  
 It's just that we're up against  
 more than giants tonight.

EILEEN  
 Mm.

Eileen looks down both directions of the tunnel - both lead  
 into absolute darkness.

EILEEN (CONT'D)  
 Well, let's get going. Time to find  
 our stalk of hay in a haystack.

Zozo squints down the length of the tunnel. From his POV, we  
 see a weak infrared view ahead.

ZOZO  
 This way.

The couple returns to their trek, Eileen's hand on Zozo's  
 shoulder as he guides them into the darkness ahead. The duo  
 steps out of the shaft of light, the SLOSHING of their STEPS  
 carrying down the tunnel and FADING AWAY. After a moment, the  
 SOUNDS START AGAIN from the other direction, accompanied by a  
 low GUTTERAL MOANING, and shambling humanoid forms slowly  
 take shape in the shadows. A hand reaches out into the shaft  
 of light, rotted and decaying: the hand of a zombie.

CUT TO BLACK

END TEASER

ACT ONE

PAN UP FROM  
BLACK

INT. ROGUES' GUILD - NIGHT

POV PANS UP from behind the dark bars of a wall-mounted sewer grate, looking into an expansive, shadowy chamber hidden beneath the streets of Freeport: three rogues sit here, two shadowy and dangerous plus a younger one who clearly isn't as high up on the ladder. The chamber is old, wet rock, boxes and supplies of all manner are sorted about; a makeshift staircase hewn into the rock leads up to a door built into the opposite wall: it is the home of the Rogues' Guild.

INEXPERIENCED THIEF  
(sniffing the air)  
Does it always smell like that in here?

DANGEROUS THIEF #1  
(not looking up as he  
sharpens his knives)  
You get used to it.

INEXPERIENCED THIEF  
How long did it take you?

DANGEROUS THIEF #1  
(eyeing him, still  
sharpening away)  
Take me what?

INEXPERIENCED THIEF  
To get used to it.

The dangerous thief stops sharpening, contemplating for a moment, then goes back to his work without looking at the inexperienced thief.

DANGEROUS THIEF #1  
Sorry, I lied. Still stinks.

INEXPERIENCED THIEF  
Well then how--

DANGEROUS THIEF #2  
Hold your breath if it bothers you so much.

The inexperienced thief knows when it's time to shut up. As he does so, the stairway door opens.

MAN AT DOOR (O.S.)  
Meeting's started, come on.

All three get up, but Dangerous Thief #2 halts the inexperienced thief.

INEXPERIENCED THIEF  
But he said the meeting started.

DANGEROUS THIEF #2  
We'll take notes.  
(points to the boxes  
around him)  
You get guard duty.

INEXPERIENCED THIEF  
But--

DANGEROUS THIEF #1  
You earn your bones, you get to  
come to the big meetings. Until  
then: guard duty.

The two dangerous thieves disappear upstairs while the inexperienced one looks up disappointedly. As soon as the door closes he turns and kicks a box which spills open. Jewels and gold finery spill out all over the floor, but he just grumbles to himself about his lot in life.

INEXPERIENCED THIEF  
(muttering)  
Pfft, "guard duty", yeah, something  
stinks here alright...

He quickly realizes he's made a mess of a lot of expensive items, and quickly begins to pick things up before anyone comes down and sees. As he's picking up trinkets, he sees a golden coin lying in a puddle next to the wall-mounted sewer grate. He goes to it and bends down to pick it up, when Zozo's hand thrusts between the bars and grabs him by the scruff of the neck.

ZOZO  
(smiling through the bars)  
Hello, lad. Let's talk.

Zozo yanks him into the bars with a LOUD CLANG, disorienting the thief and causing him to pass out for a moment. When he comes to, he's lying inside the sewer tunnel with Eileen and Zozo standing over him; Eileen has her sword out trained on him. Terrified at the sight of them, he pats down his tunic desperately. Zozo produces a belt full of throwing daggers for the thief to see.

ZOZO (CONT'D)  
Looking for these?

INEXPERIENCED THIEF  
Wh-what do you want?

ZOZO  
You ever been down this tunnel?  
It's long, and cold, and it stinks  
to high heaven. We've been walking  
through this disgusting thing long  
enough.

EILEEN  
So cut to the chase. You know who  
we are and what we're doing here.

The thief eyes their armor and Eileen's sword.

INEXPERIENCED THIEF  
You're not militia.

ZOZO  
Clearly we're not.

INEXPERIENCED THIEF  
You're from the temple.

ZOZO  
Clearly we are.

INEXPERIENCED THIEF  
Look, they... they don't tell me  
anything, ok? I'm new here, I've  
only been with the guild for a few  
weeks.

ZOZO  
The guild, see, that's good. Now  
you're telling us things. Tell us  
some more things.

EILEEN  
Like why there's a hidden passage  
leading from the temple to this  
very spot.

INEXPERIENCED THIEF  
You're... you're a paladin of  
Erollisi Marr. You're not going to  
hurt me.

ZOZO  
She's a paladin. I'm not.



All three look down the tunnel as the sounds of DISTANT SCUFFLING suddenly become clear, accompanied by the MOANS OF THE DEAD. The thief looks even more terrified.

ZOZO (CONT'D)

And neither is that. So unless you'd like to stay in here and talk to them instead, I'd suggest you tell us more.

INEXPERIENCED THIEF

Look, all I know is that they're having a meeting about the whole thing right now! Something about the assassination!

ZOZO

Who's "they"?

INEXPERIENCED THIEF

The Coalition of Tradesfolk!

EILEEN

(to Zozo)

The Coalition... Also known as the Rogues' Guild.

The DEAD SOUNDS down the tunnel are getting louder and closer. Shambling shapes can be made out less than a hundred feet away. The thief gets more and more panicky.

INEXPERIENCED THIEF

Please, we've got to get back inside!

ZOZO

More details or we're going to lock you in here with them.

INEXPERIENCED THIEF

I don't know anything else, I swear!

Zozo holds up the golden coin from earlier to the thief's face; it bears the crest of Freeport.

ZOZO

(growing more intense)

This is from the city coffers! No one gets their hands on this gold except city officials!

The SOUNDS OF UNDEAD get closer and closer. The thief is sweating profusely at this point, but Eileen and Zozo remain cool and stay focused on him.

ZOZO (CONT'D)

So unless you robbed the most secure bank in the city recently, I'm going to guess it's a payoff. Am I right??

INEXPERIENCED THIEF

Please, I--!

(growing more wild eyed)

They paid us! I don't know why, but before the ambassador was killed they gave it all to us!

Only ten feet away now and clearly visible in the weak light, a large gaggle of zombies has shambled its way to the trio and hungrily reaches out at them. The thief is white with terror at the sight.

INEXPERIENCED THIEF (CONT'D)

Please let me go!!! You're not supposed to just let me die, you're paladins!!!

ZOZO

I told you, I'm not a paladin--!

Zozo swiftly rises up and holds his hammer out before the horde of undead only inches away. The hammer glows white and a runed circle displaying the symbol of Erollisi Marr appears in the tunnel between the living and dead, shining with the brightness of the sun. The zombies smolder and recoil at its holy power, staggering away in pain. The thief recoils as well at the light, and as it fades he looks up at Zozo who turns his attention back to him with a smile.

ZOZO (CONT'D)

I'm a cleric.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

## EXT. STREETS OF FREEPORT - NIGHT

The Temple of Marr can be seen in the distance down the city streets, lit by moonlight. Footprints are seen marking themselves into the path, and then slow and turn towards the temple. Fading back into visibility within the footprints is Olethros, contemplating the temple before turning her attention back to the streets, devoid of anyone but her.

As she walks the street, she sees faces looking back at her from the windows of the buildings, shutters being closed as she passes. Olethros prepares to turn a corner when a troupe of soldiers marches down the street, forcing her to turn back and hide against the wall. She's about to try another path, when soldiers pass that street in high numbers as well. No direction is safe. Olethros frowns at the daunting numbers, then looks back at the temple.

OLETHROS

Oh to hell with this.

She turns back and retreats to the Temple of Marr.

## INT. SEAFARER'S ROOST BAR - FIRST FLOOR

On the other side of town, a dark, candlelit tavern is populated by all manner of criminal scum and shady characters. The gruff BARTENDER/MAN AT DOOR is inspecting some empty bottles, while a WAITRESS with an eyepatch cleans glasses alongside him.

BARTENDER

We're down to our last bottle of stout, get me another three from the storage room.

The waitress rounds the bar to a storage room in the back and begins to collect bottles, when a pair of large boxes against the wall begin to move. She watches as the boxes slowly swing outward, attached to a hidden door and concealed passage behind them. Carefully stepping out are Eileen and Zozo, their armor hidden by tied cloaks; Zozo is wearing the inexperienced thief's belt of daggers for added effect. As they attempt to sneak out, they make eye contact with the waitress and stop in their tracks. It's an awkward moment...

WAITRESS

(whispering)

What are you doing here? I thought everyone was upstairs already.

EILEEN  
 (not sure what else to  
 say)  
 Zombies.

WAITRESS  
 (groans)  
 Did somebody forget to close that  
 grate again?

ZOZO  
 Don't worry your head over it,  
 sweet-cheeks, we took care of them.

Zozo pats the belt of daggers to emphasize the point.

WAITRESS  
 Well, you better get up there quick  
 before you're missed.

Zozo and Eileen nod and make their way out of the storage room. The bartender raises an eyebrow at them as they pass, and the twosome catch the attention of other patrons as they head to the stairs. Noticing the looks, they redouble their attempts to appear nonchalant, until finally they make it to the staircase and out of sight of the others. On their way to the second floor, Eileen gives Zozo a dirty look.

EILEEN  
 "Sweet-cheeks"?

ZOZO  
 Rogues don't call lasses "sweet-  
 cheeks"?

EILEEN  
 (smirking)  
You don't call lasses "sweet-  
 cheeks," mister.

ZOZO  
 Can't hear you, too busy being a  
 dashing rogue right now.

EILEEN  
 So which room are we looking for,  
 handsome?

INT. SEAFARER'S ROOST BAR - SECOND FLOOR

Still in the stairwell, the pair peer over the second floor rail where multiple hallways awaits them: one to the left, another to the right, and one straight ahead.

At the end of the hallway straight ahead are the two dangerous thieves from earlier, milling about and unaware of their presence; behind them is a door.

ZOZO  
(whispering)  
I'm going to say that one.

The thieves relax against the walls as they guard the door behind them. Dangerous Thief #1 looks down the hall and suddenly notices the glint of the gold coin lying on the floor by the stairs. He nudges the second thief, and, hands on their weapons, they carefully approach it. As they get to the coin, the first thief reaches to carefully pick it up...

... when Eileen and Zozo strike from around each corner! Both have removed their cloaks and each swiftly wraps one around the heads of a rogue, MUFFLING any YELLS they make while blinding them. Eileen has pulled her rogue (Dangerous #1) back without issue, but the one Zozo has (Dangerous #2) stomps his foot and shoves him back, causing Zozo to stumble. Without letting go of Dangerous #1, Eileen turns around and roundhouses Dangerous #2 in the chest, forcing him down. The struggle allows Dangerous #1 to grab the cloak and pull it down slightly so he can see her -- he pulls out a wicked dagger and with a MUFFLED YELL thrusts it at Eileen, who dodges the strike without letting go of the wrapped cloak, disarms him swiftly, and then pulls the cloak and subsequently his face into her knee, knocking him cold. As Dangerous #2 gets his bearings, Eileen flips Dangerous #1 over her shoulder at him...

INT. SEAFARER'S ROOST BAR - FIRST FLOOR

Below, the bartender looks up at the ceiling following a LIGHT THUD sound, then frowns at it curiously.

INT. SEAFARER'S ROOST BAR - SECOND FLOOR

With both rogues unconscious in a pile, Eileen and Zozo rush to the door and listen intently. Behind it they can hear a heated debate between the guild and an unknown party...

CAPED MAN (O.S.)  
--don't care what you do with it,  
just dispose of it! We didn't pay  
you to keep it!

Zozo peers through the keyhole to get a look at what's going on inside.

Within the small, candle-lit room stand four rogues, a man in a body-wrapping cape, and a wizard wielding a long magical staff. A LEAD ROGUE is holding a wooden longbow, and the CAPED MAN don't seem happy about it.

LEAD ROGUE

See, that's just it: you didn't pay us to get rid of it either. We need to address that.

He paces the room with a smile, and his cohorts smile too.

LEAD ROGUE (CONT'D)

Now I have to wonder, just how badly do you want this little loose end disposed of, hmm?

The Caped Man scowls and angrily approaches the rogue, but doesn't get far before the others draw their weapons and train them on him. He stops and backs off, still furious.

CAPED MAN

You are just as culpable as we are if anyone gets their hands on that thing!

LEAD ROGUE

Now see that's where you're wrong. We are rogues, escape from the law is our specialty, and nothing I myself will lose any sleep over.

The other ROGUES CHUCKLE at this. The Lead Rogue moves in closer to the Caped Man and gives him a deadly grin.

LEAD ROGUE (CONT'D)

You, on the other hand, well... There are deeper implications for you and your associates if you're discovered, clearly. You stand to lose a lot more.

On the other side of the door, Eileen and Zozo look at each other at this discovery.

INT. SEAFARER'S ROOST BAR - FIRST FLOOR

As the waitress makes her way back to the bar, the bartender leans in.

BARTENDER

Hey, those two that walked through here a minute ago...

WAITRESS

The dwarf and the lady?

BARTENDER

Yeah. They came from the back room,  
right?

The waitress nods, and the bartender looks concerned for a moment, then steps out from behind the bar to the storage room.

INT. SEAFARER'S ROOST BAR - SECOND FLOOR

The Lead Rogue returns to his pacing.

LEAD ROGUE

What I'm asking for is not  
unreasonable. A little extra coin  
for proper disposal, is all.

CAPED MAN

Or what? The bow mysteriously finds  
its way in front of the city  
council?

LEAD ROGUE

Something like that.

CAPED MAN

(shaking his head)

Why am I not surprised by the self-  
serving nature of you worthless  
rabble?

LEAD ROGUE

I beg your pardon?

INT. SEAFARER'S ROOST BAR - FIRST FLOOR

As this is all going on upstairs, the bartender below is in the storage room and making his way directly to the secret passage behind the crates; clearly he knows it's there and what lies beyond it.

CAPED MAN (V.O.)

A ragtag band of cutpurses and  
gutter trash, betraying our  
arrangement and risking greater  
chaos in this city, all in the high  
and mighty name of some extra  
profit...

As the conversation continues, the bartender makes his way through a short rocky passageway and opens another door at the other end, revealing the rogues' guild.

LEAD ROGUE (V.O.)  
First of all, let me say that  
there's nothing more high and  
mighty than extra profit.

INT. ROGUES' GUILD

LEAD ROGUE (V.O.)  
Secondly, we are not common thieves  
or trash. We are the people of this  
city. We survive however we must.

Events begin to roll faster and more desperately as the bartender looks around the rogues' guild; something's amiss and he can't put his finger on it. As he walks the room for a moment, he starts hearing a strange SCRAPING sound. He looks for the source of the noise.

LEAD ROGUE (CONT'D)  
That means we will squeeze every  
copper piece we can from your hands  
and those who hold your leash.

The bartender continues to search, and finally finds the source: one of the sealed crates in the room is shifting about, as though something is inside it.

INT. SEAFARER'S ROOST BAR - SECOND FLOOR

Zozo continues to peer in through the keyhole as the conversation grows heated, Eileen next to him with her ear to the door.

LEAD ROGUE (O.S.)  
And if you thought of that  
displeases you...

The POV SHIFTS to within the room as the Lead Rogue advances on the Caped Man, who grips his weapon defensively.

LEAD ROGUE (CONT'D)  
... Then get over it.

The rogues, their weapons already primed, also get into defensive stances.



## INT. ROGUE'S GUILD

The bartender pulls out the crate and pries the lid off of it...

LEAD ROGUE (V.O.)  
Or the wrong people will find out  
just who it was that arranged--

Within is the inexperienced rogue, tied and gagged inside and making MUFFLED YELLS for help. The bartender's eyes open widely at the sight.

## INT. SEAFARER'S ROOST BAR - SECOND FLOOR

LEAD ROGUE  
(thrusts the bow in the  
face of the Caped Man)  
The assassination of the dark elf  
Ambassador Dvinn.

Eileen and Zozo don't have time to react to this admission, as a ROARING CHARGE commands their sudden attention: they look back in time to see the bartender bearing down on them with a huge sword. Eileen quickly draws her own sword and braces the impact, rolling back with the bartender over her, and with a heavy thrust launches him back-first through the door which shatters into splinters. In mid-flight, the bartender collides with the Caped Man and Lead Rogue, sending them all into a heap. Everyone in the room looks at the bartender, then at Eileen and Zozo standing in the doorway.

ZOZO  
Sorry, was that door expensive?

He looks at the pile of men, and the Caped Man's cloak has been pushed open for all to see: beneath it is the crest and armor of...

EILEEN  
The Freeport Militia...

CAPED MAN  
KILL THEM!

The three remaining rogues charge Eileen and Zozo with daggers drawn. A battle ensues as Eileen engages two of the rogues, deflecting the blades with her own while deftly dodging and parrying multiple attacks with great speed.

Zozo knocks one of the rogues out of the way with a mighty blow of his hammer, and as the Caped Man leaps at him he raises his hand and makes a quick prayer: a red pulse engulfs his hand and with an audible MAGICAL IMPACT the militia soldier is slammed back and smashed out through the drapes and rear window to the street below. At that time Eileen spots the bow, lying on the ground besides the prone Lead Rogue.

EILEEN

Zozo! The bow!

Zozo sees it, as does the wizard with the magic staff, plus the prone Lead Rogue who is coming to. Zozo tries to grab it, but with his free arm the rogue swats the bow across the room and away from the dwarf's grab. The bow settles near the doorway, and the wizard raises his staff: an arc of lightning channels across its surface, and when Eileen makes an attempt for the bow a bolt fires out and knocks her into the wall with a resounding IMPACT. The wizard then turns his attention to the bow and aims his staff for it, ready to destroy the evidence personally.

Zozo sees this but can't reach the bow in time, so he prays into his hammer and magical symbols cascade around it. As the wizard is about to unleash his attack, Zozo swings his hammer up and drives it into the floor at full force, and a white halo of energy blasts out from the impact point. All at once, the entire room's floor shatters and collapses down into the first floor of the bar! Everyone within the room goes down with it before the wizard can make his shot.

Patrons of the bar run back as fast as they can when wood and rubble pour down upon them. When the destruction concludes, there is just silence and dust, witnessed by dirty and confused customers. Rising out of the debris, though, is a dirty Eileen, the bow triumphantly in her hand. Zozo also pulls himself out of the disaster, covered head to toe in dust, and his wife offers a hand to help him to his feet.

ZOZO

(taking her hand and  
chuckling)

We're a mess.

Eileen smiles back, but the amusement doesn't last long: also rising from the debris are the four rogues and the wizard, plus many of the bar patrons are armed and eyeing the couple dangerously; our heroes are completely outnumbered.

FADE TO BLACK.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SEAFARER'S ROOST BAR - NIGHT

Sitting on the edge of the city's old, wooden docks is perched the Seafarer's Roost, flickering light from within visible through the windows; one of the top windows is smashed out. Bathed in moonlight, it is dead quiet outside save the RHYTHMIC WASH OF WAVES and the occasional DING OF A BUOY. There is also the MOANING of the CAPED MAN covered in the drapes and glass from when he was blasted out of the window. Still lying on the ground, he groggily lifts the cloth off his head and tries to get his bearings.

The silence is broken as a pair of silhouettes appear against a WINDOW and SMASH their way out to the street beyond: Eileen and Zozo are making a break for it from the bar, bow in hand. They land near the man, who looks up at them stunned.

ZOZO

'Scuse us.

They hit the ground running and sprint down the docks as the rabble from within the bar wildly pour out from the door and shattered window in an attempt to apprehend them. Eileen and Zozo turn onto the long streets of Freeport, but the Lead Rogue holds up his hand and halts the chase.

LEAD ROGUE

Wait!

He looks to Caped Man who is slowly pulling himself up and smirks.

LEAD ROGUE (CONT'D)

This is a militia matter. We gutter trash wouldn't want to get in your way, after all.

He laughs, as do the other rogues who turn and casually head back to the Roost. The wizard joins the Caped Man.

LEAD ROGUE (CONT'D)

(mockingly as he leaves)

Good hunting.

CAPED MAN

(calmly to the Wizard)

Alert Sir Lucan, there's been a slight alteration to the plan.

The wizard nods and grips his staff; in the blink of an eye he teleports away.

EXT. STREETS OF FREEPORT

The streets are mostly empty Eileen and Zozo run as fast as they can, dodging through narrow alleys and past closed shops.

ZOZO

Ok, we have the bow. Now what?

EILEEN

The temple will have diviners who can summon its history. They'll be able to prove who fired the bow and killed Ambassador D'vinn. We just have to--

Eileen and Zozo come to a halt as they run into a militia patrol.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

--get there in one piece.

PATROL GUARD

Halt!

The couple duck down another alley, the patrol now in pursuit. As they run they turn the corner into more soldiers who swing swords at them; Eileen deftly deflects the occasional attack as the couple retreats in another direction. More and more soldiers begin to swarm their area, and as they run the POV ANGLES UP from the ground-level chase to show the city as a whole: Freeport is huge, and in the distance far from their current location is the Temple of Marr. The two will have a long way to go through the winding streets to reach it.

INT. MILITIA HEADQUARTERS

Sir Lucan is overlooking the militia HQ as his troops pour out into the street, his arms crossed with an intent gaze. Next to him is the wizard, having alerted him to events.

EXT. STREETS OF FREEPORT

The view shows a wide open street with homes and shops along it.

A small alley can be seen between a couple of the buildings, and with a BLAST OF MAGIC and the CLANGING OF WEAPONS a pair of troops are thrown out of the alley like rag dolls. Leaping from the alley at full speed are Eileen and Zozo, Eileen's knee lifting another soldier out into the street in mid-air. The couple land while the soldier continues to be hurled across the street into a wall.

They look down the length of the dirt road and can see the distant towers of the Temple, a lucky break. But as they turn to continue their journey they are forced to stop: now in force, the Freeport Militia has marched in and blockaded their path, swords drawn.

ZOZO  
(exasperated)  
Seriously??

The militia raises their swords and charges them. With no other option, Eileen and Zozo bolt back at the alley they came from, troops in chase.

EILEEN  
Down here!

Eileen directs Zozo down another alley, but they stop again: four militiamen block the end, spears pointed towards them. There is no escape...

... until a large wooden pole wraps over them from behind and pulls all four of them back, forcing them to the ground. Olethros has shown up, using her spear and barbarian strength to ground the troops.

OLETHROS  
Miss me?

ZOZO  
It's about time!

Olethros swings her spear about like a staff and slams a couple of militia soldiers that have appeared behind her to the wall. Three more come behind them, and Olethros produces a handful of small bone trinkets. She throws them at the troops, and in mid-air a swarm of insects pours outward from them, attacking the militia and causing them to swat about wildly in defense. The trio use the opportunity to escape.

OLETHROS  
This way!

The streets flood with soldiers, and our heroes twist and turn from corner to corner to stay one step ahead.

An OVERHEAD SHOT shows dozens of militia soldiers converging on the heroes as they approach a large, open lot with an old wooden stage on one side: they are being boxed in, and in moments have nowhere left to run.

Eileen, Olethros and Zozo move back-to-back as they are surrounded by the Freeport Militia on three sides, the stage behind them. Everyone has their weapons up, but against numbers like this they'll have no chance.

EILEEN

You would've been better off  
staying at the Temple.

OLETHROS

And miss out on a good fight?  
Where's the fun in that?

ZOZO

You have an odd definition of fun.

SIR LUCAN (O.S.)

That she does.

Stepping out of the crowd is Sir Lucan D'Lere. He approaches the trio fearlessly. The trio backs up slightly closer to the stage.

SIR LUCAN (CONT'D)

You've disrupted my city enough.  
(eyeing the bow in  
Eileen's possession)  
Pathetically attempting to smuggle  
your incriminating evidence out of  
the city, no less. Thank you for  
delivering the final nail in your  
order's coffin to me.

EILEEN

You know exactly who this weapon  
points to, Sir Lucan.

SIR LUCAN

Hand it over, and you'll just spend  
the rest of your life rotting in my  
dungeons. There are far worse fates  
for someone as pretty as you,  
believe me.

Zozo and Olethros both scowl at this threat to Eileen. Olethros looks like she's going to charge him but Eileen raises a hand to keep her at bay.

EILEEN

What not step into the light  
together? Shall we all head over to  
the city council right now and  
place this evidence in their care?

SIR LUCAN

You're trying my patience, girl.  
Give me the bow or we'll just pluck  
it off your ruined corpse.

OLETHROS

You overestimate your chances,  
scum.

SIR LUCAN

(to Olethros)

You barbarians have a reputation  
for dim-wittedness, but not to this  
extent. Perhaps you would like to  
recount your numbers.

The trio back up closer to the stage, and the POV shows the ground behind them: imprinted in the dirt alongside the stage are numerous footprints. Olethros produces a handful of celtic runes, the same as she used when becoming invisible earlier. She throws Sir Lucan a devious smile.

OLETHROS

I can count just fine.

She closes her fist upon them and the runes pulse a weak blue light. Suddenly appearing into view are dozens of paladins and clerics from the Temple of Marr! The footprints are now filled with visible holy warriors, as are the stage and walls surrounding the lot. Olethros has lured the Freeport Militia into a trap and now both forces match each other in number.

OLETHROS (CONT'D)

Can you?

Everyone present readies their weapons, knowing that a bloody confrontation is imminent.

SIR LUCAN

(agitated)

Do you think my men won't die for  
me and my cause?

THURION (O.S.)

And what cause would that be,  
Lucan?

THURION steps forward upon the stage.

SIR LUCAN

To see justice done! To hold you  
and your ilk accountable for murder  
in the name of holy glory!

THURION

We are justice, D'Lere! For years  
you have chafed, sharing control of  
this city alongside the Temple of  
Marr! Are you willing to send these  
men into death, just to satisfy  
your lust for power?

SIR LUCAN

Whatever it takes to maintain  
order, Thurion.

The situation is explosive, every soldier and paladin looking from one to another, weapons at the ready, sweat rolling down foreheads. All it'll take is one person to set it all off...

But before the first drop of blood can be spilled, a bright spotlight glares down on the fighting. All present look up at its source: the POV SHIFTS UPWARD and we see the light is being shone down from one of the highest towers of the nearby Academy of Arcane Science, guildhall of the city's wizards. Back down at ground-level, a circular pattern magically forms on the ground between the Militia and Marr forces, and the troops back off; a portal opens up within it, and a regal high-elf in exquisite lavender robes steps forth, a holier-than-thou expression upon her face: it is OPAL DARKBRIAR, the guild-mistress, followed by two high-elf spellcasters of lesser rank.

SIR LUCAN (CONT'D)

(surprised at the  
interruption)

Mistress Darkbriar...

OPAL DARKBRIAR

What's going on here?

No one speaks as the high-elf strides towards them, eyeing the combatants. Sir Lucan turns to the enchantress and quickly regains his composure.

SIR LUCAN

These are brazen criminals,  
mistress, wanted in connection with  
the slaying of Ambassador Dvinn.  
Leave this to us.

Opal eyes Sir Lucan dubiously, then turns her attention to the heroes.



OPAL DARKBRIAR  
Who are you people?

EILEEN  
I am Eileen Lochinvar, paladin of  
Erollisi Marr.  
(holds out the bow)  
I present evidence-

SIR LUCAN  
Be silent!

EILEEN  
(raising her voice)  
I present evidence vindicating the  
Knights of Truth!

OPAL DARKBRIAR  
Lochinvar? Are you any relation to  
Valetrian Lochinvar? The paladin?

EILEEN  
He is my father, ma'am. He served  
with the order of Felwithe many  
years.

SIR LUCAN  
Mistress, this girl is guilty of  
assaulting my troops and violating  
the lockdown I have imposed on the  
members of her order! Now she tries  
to weasel her way out of her crimes  
with this so-called evidence she  
conveniently found!  
(points at Eileen)  
She is a criminal and as such will  
be dealt with by the authority of  
the Freeport militia.

Opal Darkbriar eyes both Eileen and Sir Lucan for moment,  
then walks towards the paladin.

OPAL DARKBRIAR  
I wish to see this evidence.

Sir Lucan promptly steps in her way. He is imposingly large  
compared to the high-elf, though he does nothing more than  
stand tall. She eyes him dubiously once more.

SIR LUCAN  
(in a low growl)  
Mistress Darkbriar, this is a  
military matter.  
(MORE)

SIR LUCAN (CONT'D)

Return to your tower with the rest of the magicians. I don't want to have to arrest you for impeding this investigation.

Sir Lucan's threat only brings a scowl to Darkbriar's face. Her restrained demeanor quickly changes.

OPAL DARKBRIAR

Me? You dare threaten a guild-mistress?? You and your pathetic band of tin soldiers??

The air around Darkbriar begins to wave and ripple along with her anger. A halo of swirling energy begins to form around her body as she speaks.

OPAL DARKBRIAR (CONT'D)

Challenge me if you dare. But know that you will have more than just myself to contend with.

Suddenly, numerous portals open up around the engagement. Stepping from these portals are a dozen human, gnome, erudite and high-elf spellcasters.

Lucan clenches his fists, but he doesn't move against them as Opal walks up to Eileen and opens her hand. The paladin places the bow in her grip, and Darkbriar closes her eyes as she concentrates on the bow. All is silent as the militia and paladins watch the scene intently, waiting for her divination. The POV MOVES IN on Opal, and above her forms a rapid succession of images flashing for all to see as she reveals the bow's past.

Scenes include the chase from earlier, Eileen and Zozo obtaining the bow, the debate between the rogues and the Caped Man, and the assassination itself as a hired rogue fires the arrow at Dvinn. It comes to a halt when the scene shows Sir Lucan present, his militia soldiers delivering crates with the gold payoff to the rogues' guild as well as the infamous bow and arrow.

All eyes turn to Sir Lucan as the scene fades. Finally, Thurion steps forward and points his sword to him.

THURION

Sir Lucan, in the name of Mithaniel Marr and the Knights of Truth, I hereby place you under arrest for the murder of Ambassador Dvinn!

The paladins stand tall, weapons drawn as well, though the militia still stands unsure, their weapons lowered.

Finally, one of the militia soldiers steps to Sir Lucan and holds his sword to him as well.

MILITIAMAN

(humbly)

I am sorry, sir. You are under  
arrest, please come peacefully.

Sir Lucan looks at his soldier and says nothing, then looks at Thurion. After a sigh, he drops his sword to the ground and raises his hands.

SIR LUCAN

(venomously)

I will not let the blood of my men  
be spilled wantonly. You have your  
victory, Thurion.

As the CAMERA PULLS AWAY, Sir Lucan is taken into custody by his own troops. The day is won.

FADE TO:

INT. TEMPLE OF MARR - DAY

An ESTABLISHING SHOT of the Temple, no longer under Militia control, before showing Eileen, Olethros and Zozo within. They are packing up supplies for the next leg of their journey, and the occasional paladin passes them by with a thankful wave.

ZOZO

Ah, Freeport. All the fun of an  
arrow to the knee.

OLETHROS

And people wonder why I don't like  
big cities...

Thurion approaches the group as they pack.

THURION

Leaving so soon?

EILEEN

(not looking up)

You'll excuse us if we don't stay.  
This little adventure didn't help  
to endear me to this city.

THURION

If it hadn't been for your bravery and steadfastness, this temple would have been pulled to the ground by now. I wanted to thank you...

Eileen looks up at Thurion, but without her customary warmth.

THURION (CONT'D)

... and to ask you to stay. This city and this order still needs you.

She gets to her feet, and there is a disappointment in her eyes as she responds to his request.

EILEEN

This order does still need me, as does this city and the world beyond. But I can't stay, not when the name of this church has been dishonored as it has.

Thurion looks at her alarmedly, then looks around the room to confirm it is empty. As he does so, Eileen and her companions take their satchels in preparation to go.

THURION

Eileen, what are you saying?

EILEEN

The rogues' guild had already broken into the weapons room, Thurion.

Eileen looks at him intently, heartbroken.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

Yet in Darkbriar's vision of the payoff, the militia was seen giving the arrow to the rogue assassins. That divination was staged for everyone's benefit.

THURION

And if your suspicions are true? Why not bring this to the attention of the city council? Why let things play out as they did?

EILEEN

And condemn every member of this  
church to imprisonment and death?  
No.

She and the others begin to head out.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

I'll keep your secret, I love this  
church and its people far too much  
to ever let them suffer for your  
ambitions. Goodbye, Thurion.

Zozo gives Thurion an intense look as he passes. They are  
almost out the door when Thurion speaks up.

THURION

The dark elves are a curse upon  
this world, Eileen! They are the  
creation of evil incarnate, we all  
know it! The Knights of Truth must  
be the ones to protect Freeport  
from their plans, no one else!  
Eileen!

His protestations fall on deaf ears, as the trio leave the  
temple and onward with their journey.

FADE TO:

INT. JAIL CELL

Sir Lucan sits upon the dirty stone floor of his cell,  
defeated but every bit as intent and directed. There is a  
KNOCK on the DOOR, barely gaining his attention.

GUARD

(respectfully)  
Someone to see you, sir.

SIR LUCAN

Thank you, Altan. Send her in.

The door opens and Opal Darkbriar steps in. She looks at the  
accommodations with disgust, then turns her attention to Sir  
Lucan.

OPAL DARKBRIAR

Sir Lucan.

SIR LUCAN

Mistress.

OPAL DARKBRIAR

An tragic way for your command of the militia to end.

SIR LUCAN

A temporary career setback at worst. The men still respect and follow me, that is what matters. Have you come to tell me the fallout of this little debacle?

OPAL DARKBRIAR

The city's protection has been assumed by the Knights of Marr, of course.

SIR LUCAN

Of course.

OPAL DARKBRIAR

They'll have their work cut out for them: the dark elves have severed all political ties with Freeport and secured their borders.

SIR LUCAN

Not pleased that the militia had a hand in the murder of their ambassador, no doubt.

OPAL DARKBRIAR

Actually, despite desperate attempts by the city council to vilify you for this crime, the dark elves claim all humans are responsible for the outrage. Their retaliation for this will be... epic.

SIR LUCAN

Thanks in no small part to the deception of the paladins and your own false testimony.

Opal steps into the shadows of the cell as she talks.

OPAL DARKBRIAR

As I warned you of when they first proposed this foolish scheme to me.

Opal steps out of the shadows: though she still wears the same ornate raiment as before, she has transformed from a high-elf into a dark elf!

OPAL DARKBRIAR (CONT'D)  
Well done, Sir Lucan. All is moving  
ahead as planned.

SIR LUCAN  
I serve at our lord's pleasure,  
Darkbriar.

OPAL DARKBRIAR  
(approaching Lucan)  
And our lord is very pleased. You  
will have your command of the city  
back, and with it more power than  
you ever dared to dream of. Simply  
continue to serve us as you have,  
and life and death will be your  
playthings.

Opal reaches Lucan, and puts her hand on his head.

OPAL DARKBRIAR (CONT'D)  
What burns within your breast and  
gives you the strength to slaughter  
your enemies, Lucan?

SIR LUCAN  
Hatred.

OPAL DARKBRIAR  
And who do you hate?

SIR LUCAN  
Everyone. Everything.

OPAL DARKBRIAR  
Even me?

SIR LUCAN  
Even you.

Opal smiles at him, a long grin of satisfaction and dark  
pleasure.

OPAL DARKBRIAR  
(intensely)  
And who fills your veins with that  
hatred, that power? Who is hatred  
incarnate, and your lord and master  
in all things??

There is a pause as LUCAN BREATHES OUT, his fists clenched as  
he growls the name out loud.

SIR LUCAN

Innoruuk.

Opal smiles and removes her hand from Lucan, then turns back to the cell door, pausing before exiting.

OPAL DARKBRIAR

You will have that power, Sir  
Lucan. Once the prophecy is  
fulfilled and the gods of this  
world lie dead at our lord's feet,  
we will all bask in his eternal  
hatred.

The cell door opens, and as she steps out of the room and into the view of the guards, Opal is once again a high-elf. Sir Lucan, still seated, watches as she leaves, then back at the wall again, an intense look upon his face. The CAMERA PULLS BACK as Sir Lucan mutters to himself...

SIR LUCAN

I hate. I hate. I hate. I hate...

FADE TO BLACK.

END EPISODE 1.02