



Player's Guide

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Published by GG Studio

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Acknowledgements

Thank you to all players, supports, fans, intrigued readers... to all those who come to Enascentia. You have made me a valuable gift, that of your time, and you deserve at least to be thanked for this.



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Chapter 1

Setting

"Name?"
"Arusha"
"Tribe?"
"Rok'Nar"

No sooner had he posed the question than the Kronoss felt a sudden awkwardness, a rare warm feeling of unaccustomed discomfort. In truth, the question about the Tribe was just routine, intended mainly to get confirmation from the candidate himself, which was far more diplomatic than the indelicacy of asking to see his or her Tribe symbol. Such a thing would have never been tolerated in a Ferua village and was inconceivable in the elegant parlors of Sir Ateron.

Although necessary, however, the question was redundant, given the peculiar somatic traits typical of each Tribe. A complexion as dark as a moonless night was unmistakably Oscurian, especially if they were on the short side. Similarly, the races that resembled them physically, such as Lumians, Janahs and Menoon, could also be identified in most cases by the color of their eyes, hair and clothing. To say nothing of the Rok'Nars, equal only to the Gromsh, perhaps, in terms of being easily recognizable.

Even the most creative being would have needed the wildest imagination to attribute a body made of stone to any other race. In that instance, the effort would have been even greater because the Rok'Nar in question was a female. In fact, the females of that Tribe loved to proudly flaunt the luxuriant vegetation growing in the cracks of their very hard skin, obviously a gift from Mother Earth to her beloved daughters. The vegetation was usually well cared for and arranged so that it would cover what might have been considered embarrassing—by others—such as parts of the body that were usually covered or the symbol of their Tribe.

Ivy covered those and most of the remaining parts of Arusha's body. Female Rok'Nars could exert a level of control over the growth of their flora and accelerate it until they were fully covered by it in a matter of just a few days. They used to do this when they were about to leave for one of those places others viewed as the most 'civilized' villages.

Arusha just averted her eyes, shook her head and waited for the next question, which she knew was going to be as obvious as the previous one.

"Job?"

"None."

"Community village, I suppose."

"Yes, that's correct. Each of us does what the Mother requires, every day. We are fully capable of adapting in order to take care of each other's needs."

"Do you know the conditions with regards to the path you are about to embark upon, Arusha of the Rok'Nar?"

"To tell the truth, I don't, nor do I care about them. You required the presence of a member of our Tribe, and I was chosen by the Mother to fulfill this duty. If called upon, Rok'Nars won't back down, but we will continue to comply with the laws of nature, irrespective of the conditions you impose on the others."

"I suppose this is an acceptable answer. I shall trust your word, Disciple of the Mother. Do you hereby relieve Sir Ateron of all responsibility, then?"

"Without question. He's just a temporary guest of this Earth, after all."

Following procedure was important, of course, but knowing how to adapt it to the person being questioned without altering its form or validity was the specific job of the interviewer. The usual question about how to dispose of Arusha's body in the event of her death was in this instance extremely inappropriate because in death, each member of the Tribe was reunited with the earth. He decided he would make every effort not to look ridiculous in her eyes.

While the Kronoss was putting the documents away, Arusha allowed a few branches of ivy to slide down so smoothly and naturally that it looked incidental and made direct contact with the ground. No matter how thick the walls of a building, if Mother Earth was beyond them, a Rok'Nar could always sense her and establish contact with her. She could already feel it, albeit weakly, beneath her feet, and as the vibrations ran along the branches to the roots of the plant, that feeling grew tenfold.

Contact with the Mother could relax one's nerves like nothing else. At the village, when they decided to send an Elder to represent the Tribe, as the custom required, all eyes turned to her. As an ambassador who had often traveled among the other races, Arusha knew how to interact with them. Above all, she was better able to endure being forced to live surrounded by walls and artefacts that drove people away from the very essence of their own habitat. This was because she was one of the Mother's beloved ones. Even through thick artificial layers, she could feel her distinctly and hear Her call, Her ever-sweet melody.

Sir Ateron's servant pulled out the Cube and put it down slowly on the table before him. Arusha observed it carefully. It was a dented wooden box with metal hinges. She knew it definitely was not wooden because nature's voice would have resonated through it, but it was still barely a whisper, reaching her through layers of marble. So why make it look like wood? What did its creator have in mind? She summoned her ivy back around her hands to receive—without being seen—information about the nature of the object before touching it.

Her craggy fingers never managed to reach the mysterious geometric object. The moment the first ivy leaf brushed the Cube, the whole room changed. Furniture, colors, odors...everything was different. Arusha did not notice those details immediately; she did not even look around because she was prey to an unfamiliar anguish, and anxiety was taking her breath away, while her heart throbbed in her chest like the persistent banging of a hammer. Throughout her long life, she had always felt the warmth, the familiar melodious harmony of nature that pervaded her whole being. To learn the meaning of cold and silence at the same time was devastating.

She struggled to breath, panting, as if she had forgotten how to breathe. She let herself fall to the ground on all fours and pressed her hands to the decorated floor. Nothing. She lay down, desperately trying to embrace the ground. Nothing. She extended every branch and leaf of her ivy to find that contact again without success. Her bond with the Mother had been severed; there was no longer any trace of Her anywhere.

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Just imagine a world where men and women are neither born nor grow old, a fantastic place where magic pervades everything and everyone, where life's first experiences are not learnt but are something you have never been taught and yet somehow already know. Welcome to Enascentia.

While conventional natural law here applies to both flora and fauna, people are outside them somehow. They do not reproduce as animals do, nor do their bodies grow old with time. Instead, they are generated in one of the many Gardens of Life, a conventional name to indicate the place where everything begins, no matter to what race the individual belongs or any other factor. In fact, these are not real gardens (some of them are actually devoid of any vegetation), and the origin of their name has long been lost. The only thing they have in common is a wide polished stone about three feet in diameter. It is a finely carved pedestal, engraved around its base with some inscriptions in a never-before-deciphered code. Each Newly Generated appears out of thin air, right on the stone, without an accompanying phenomenon that might signal his coming. There are no sounds, lights or anything: he simply appears, standing on that stone. His clothes and his gear—minimal—are in the style of the Tribe to which he belongs.

When a new person opens his (or hers) eyes for the first time, his brain is already filled with notions seeking

a match in the surrounding reality. He already knows how to walk, run and jump; he knows the grass is soft and the earth hard, but he has never trodden on either. Likewise, he knows how a rose should smell, but he never smelt one; he knows he can grab and throw a stone, but has never felt its weight in his hand.

He has all the knowledge a person between twenty and forty years of age is supposed to have, but he has no memory of past experiences, because he actually never had any. Physically, he looks between twenty and forty, and his looks will never change with time. Concepts such as 'growing old', 'son', 'mother'—just like any other connected to natural conception and birth—are known only because they exist in nature and apply to animals.

On Enascentia, a person could, theoretically, live for years, centuries, even millennia: its inhabitants are potentially immortal, at least until illness, poisons, spells, or even a commonplace blade come into play. Being ageless, he cannot prevent bleeding or choking to death.





Newly Generated Basic Knowledge

They know:

- The weight, shape, colour and smell of common objects and animals, of things that can be found in nature or that can be built —flowers, plants, weapons, tools, etc.—as well as the taste of edible and easily available foods. They will not be able to recognise an extremely rare flower, however, or the taste of some very refined dish made by a famous cook.
- Animal calls and cries, natural sounds and those produced by contact between two or more elements.
- The geography, flora and fauna of the area where they have been generated. A Newly Generated from Dejanus, for example, is aware of the presence and general characteristics of the Black Desert, the Rakar and the star videnya. Conversely, he knows nothing about Si-An, the Varnha Desert or the Silver Aredea. He knows, however, that on Enascentia there are dry and ice-covered lands, jungles and swamps, and that the snow falls on the highest mountains. He ignores the names of those places far away from where he was generated, particularly those on other continents, as well as of their cities and specific places, but he is aware there are other lands whose number and nature are unknown to him.

- All normal motor skills, even the most complex ones—such as climbing a mountain or a tree—and sometimes the use of one or more weapons.
- Two languages, the common language spoken by all Races, and the one spoken only by his Tribe. At the time of their Genesis, only the members of two Tribes do not know how to read or write: the Ferua and the Gromsh. All the others have this knowledge.
- Awareness of their character and nature, as well as of their Tribes' fundamental ideology. From the very beginning, the way they see the world will be conditioned by their affiliation to a specific Tribe. As time goes by, however, each individual may follow a markedly different path of his own.
- A general idea of Kami and their own precise vision.
- The presence of nine other Tribes besides theirs; the Newly Generated know little about them other than a brief description of their general aspects and a few notions about their nature.
- The past existence of other Tribes. A Newly Generated knows nothing about them, but he is generated with the awareness that other races trod the earth before the present ones.



THE KAMI

Among the notions a Newly Generated possesses, there is that of 'Kami'. More than an abstract idea, it is a broad term with countless meanings and interpretations, depending on who analyses them. To some, the Kami is the origin of everything: the source of life, whatever decided a specific living being should be in a determined place at a specific moment. To others, it is a creed, a set of righteous precepts to be followed devotedly in blind faith. Others still see it as a figure to be held as a model on which to shape one's lifestyle, or as an ideology, a set of feelings, a hope. There are some who believe in all this and some who maintain the Kami is something else altogether.

It is difficult, and in the end useless, to define it. What really matters is that via its view of the Kami, each Tribe finds its own answers to life's great questions—those questions that immediately require an answer because of how their life began. At times, some Newly Generated decide they are not interested in finding an answer.

MAGIC: THE VEIL

Magic permeates everything and everybody on Enascentia. Its power is everywhere, but it does not alter either the landscape or the natural

laws governing it because it is a sort of raw arcane force: it is a dormant magic potential, a supply of power there for those who can tap into it. Just imagine it as a thin, transparent veil that covers everything, always present, but never studied in detail; only some skilful tailors know how to work it and sew clothing and cloaks for themselves with that precious Veil.

Enchanters never create anything from thin air; they simply alter the magic essence surrounding them, manipulating it in a way that best suits their needs. It will be the Veil itself that will unravel its own knots and flow back down to where it was originally. Those who can emanate heat from their own hands or change their appearances draw from that natural raw power. At times, however, they also make use of their own magic potential, because everybody is, in fact, enveloped by that arcane cloth.

However, the Veil doesn't cover all Enascentia's surface evenly. Through the centuries, tailors equipped with special scissors have cut away small pieces which the original cloth was never able to replace, while others added patches that never completely blended with the whole. If, on the one hand, it is true that natural laws rule everything—from gravity pushing water down a waterfall to the instinct that makes a hare run away from a wolf—on the other hand it is equally true that there are places where water flows up rock faces or the hare hunts the wolf.

THE TEN TRIBES

Each Newly Generated who appears on Enascentia belongs to one of the following ten Tribes (a detailed description of each can be found from page 28 onwards):

Ferua: A Tribe whose members are all female, anthropomorphic, lethal, feline predators. They live according to the laws of nature and specifically the survival of the fittest, and despise any kind of technological progress. They usually fight with fangs and claws, but they aren't above using a good bow or a blowpipe.

Gromsh: The members—all male—of this Tribe can be recognised as such at a glance: they are large in size, with exposed bony protrusions and other possible anomalies such as a scaly tail and a third eye in a randomly chosen part of the body. They follow the precepts of Chaos—which, to them, is a synonym of Chance—and thus turn themselves into real time bombs that are always ready to detonate.

Janah: Typically, they have darker-than-normal skin and usually jet-black eyes and hair. A fighting race, the Janah set themselves a goal and do their utmost to achieve it, even relinquishing themselves to a tireless alter ego. They try to better themselves through direct confrontation and by overcoming ever greater self-imposed obstacles.



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Kronoss: This is the most rational among the Tribes, with a tendency to study and logically analyse any interesting subject. They see the Kami as Time and devote all their efforts to thoroughly research this subject. Not prone to fighting, they are instead very skilled enchanters.

Lumian: Loyalty, uprightness, generosity and honesty are just some of the virtues guiding a Lumian's life. They follow the light in all its—mostly symbolic—manifestations. They are easily recognisable by their extremely fair complexions and blond hair as well as by their heavy armour and their weapons of choice: all known kinds of swords.

Menoosh: They are free spirits, aesthetes devoted to any form of artistic expression. Theirs is also a race that more than any other explores and expresses its own sexuality. Their major physical characteristics are their flaming-red hair and an aversion to wearing clothes. Skilled scribes, they are usually chosen as ambassadors because they maintain good relationships with all the other Tribes.

Oscurian: If you need something—any kind of object or service—the odds are that you will end up turning to an Oscurian. For the most part mercenaries and merchants, Obscurians always meet people with a ready smile and a dagger to plunge in their backs as soon as they turn them. They have a very dark—from

purple to black—complexion and are small; their specialty is selling information, be it true or false.

Rok'Nar: These rock-skinned beings are considered the defenders of the earth, which they simply call the Mother. Being in contact with the ground is of utmost importance to them, just as it is to care for and respect normal natural cycles. The women also grow a plant on their bodies—a different one on each—which is a sign of the Mother's favour.

Senduar: Tireless travellers, they believe that life's purpose is to accumulate sensorial experiences, and that to do it, it is necessary to be always on the move and visit as many places as possible. Experiences need to be first-hand and to be assimilated, which is why Senduars are not very open to dialogue; they are good listeners, but hate to speak. Their skin is the same texture as wet sand.

Whispling: Disciples of the Wind, which is what they call their Fathers, they are free creatures who cherish their ability to improvise. Blue-skinned, with hair that blends with the air, they are the only race that can fly. They prefer ranged weapons and prefer closed, restricted places.

The Lost Tribes

The above-listed Tribes are not the first ones ever to appear on Enascentia, and they might not be the last. It is common knowledge that ten Tribes

are always generated at the same time, but little is known about the dynamics of the Genesis.

The only known fact is that other races existed in the past and that their numbers dwindled drastically, also because of the lack of any Newly Generated. The few surviving individuals go under the common name of Lost Tribes. They are quite rare and usually held in very high esteem because they are the keepers of mostly unknown information.

The First Generated

If a Newly Generated does not belong to any existing tribe, he is then considered as the First Generated of his race, which will be named after him. His coming is never an isolated event, but it opens the door to the coming of his people to Enascentia. Such event occurred in the past, but they happened so long ago—and so seldom—that their very memory got buried over time, and they are now unknown to the majority of the people.

Usually, the adventurers impersonated by the players have no detailed knowledge about each existing First Generated, but the members of a specific Tribe might know something about their progenitor, particularly if they have long been on Enascentia and even more if they live around the capital city of their Tribe.

The Capital Cities

It is said that the First Generated of the existing Tribes also founded each tribe's capital city, so called because they were the very first example of their civilisation, which shaped the structure of most mono-Tribe existing villages. There are no proper geographic borders dividing Enascentia's peoples from each other. Instead, the different races mix more or less uniformly on the different continents. Therefore, when we speak of 'capital cities', they must not be thought of in terms of homelands or 'nations', because they are just a representative symbol.

Those First Generated still alive are usually busy running the capital city they built or watching over it in the case of more complex political structures.

THE WAYS

Enascentia's peoples are not divided by Tribe or village. They also follow lifestyles or ideologies promoted by wider organisations, whose members belong to different Tribes and villages. These organisations are called the Ways.

Choosing a Way is totally at the character's discretion and will lead him along a very precise path. Some Ways build whole villages where their members lead a communitarian life

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under the same banner, others build real military headquarters, while some wander from place to place and their members, when they gather, always form small groups.

Below, you will find a list of the existing Ways (you can find a detailed description from page 101 onwards):

Guild of Free Trade: These are merchants, united by their hunger for material assets and the benefits derived from joining the Guild. Many who are not interested in other causes, or have their own well-being very much at heart, join this Way.

Defenders of Free Will: They maintain it is wrong to be bound to a vision of the Kami as soon as one is generated. They take time to ponder over which point of view among

those of all the Tribes is best suited to them, and once they make a choice, they start on a new path, devoting themselves to their new Kami.

Inquisition of the Blazing Arrow:

The members of this Way devote their whole existence to just one goal: erase the threat posed by the Faceless Ones. As it often happens, fear generates violence. A group of Inquisitors can be found in many densely populated mixed villages to watch over their inhabitants.

Followers of the Mosaic: They maintain that the perception of the Kami is, by definition, incomplete, but that it can be part of a bigger view if put together with the other existing points of view. It is only by collecting and harmonising them all that it is



possible to reach the right perspective and understand the meaning of it all. From this perspective, finding the Lost Tribes is of utmost importance.

Warlords: All the tribes and some of the other Ways look for answers about the beginning, the origins of it all and the truths that the past may hide, and in doing so, they lose sight of the real important perspective: a view of the end. If times were always peaceful, people wouldn't die, and overpopulation would quickly consume all available resources, dooming everybody to starve to death. This is why war is necessary and the Warlords are its fierce heralds.

THE SYMBOL

The Newly Generated do not arrive with just the basic knowledge and gear they are generated with when they appear on Enascetia. Each wears a brand on his body: the symbol of the Tribe to which he belongs. It is not just a tattoo but a clear black mark that seems to be embedded in the skin itself. This brand can be anywhere on the body; some wear it on the napes of their necks, some on their torsos or on the palms of their hands.

The true nature of this symbol is unknown. It is not magic, since it does not react if tested for magical properties, but it also has unique characteristics. In fact, it is not possible to remove, alter or disguise it in any way; it can only be covered.

The body area it occupies rejects any kind of ink or pigment, and not even magic can alter it, nor can shape-changing spells; it will remain on the new shape as well, possibly in the same position as before. Should the new shape be quite different, the symbol will appear on an equivalent body part—on a wing, for example, if the person bore his symbol on his arm and has now turned into a bird. Even wounds tend to heal faster than usual on the symbol's specific area. *(This implies no variations from the point of view of the game; the scar will disappear gradually, but the wound will remain the same.)*

All the races share a strong sense of modesty where the symbol is concerned, far stronger than going around naked—a feeling so strong, it might seem irrational to an observer. Showing one's symbol is seen as reprehensible behavior by anybody, even the Gromsh, and nobody would ever ask to see someone else's symbol. Violating this taboo means—at the very least—incurring the wrath of the person involved.

The impulse to keep one's symbol covered is not just an obsession or a way to hide to which Tribe one belongs since that association is revealed not so much by the symbol as by the different physical traits of each Tribe. A Rok'Nar hiding his symbol in an effort to pose as an Obscurian would be quite naive, to say the least. No, this is mostly a self-preservation instinct because the symbol is what connects an individual to his Kami:

losing it would mean losing one's roots and sense of belonging. It is then a primeval instinct, somewhat tempered by the awareness of the symbol's eternity and rejection of any permanent alteration. Any, but one.

THE FACELESS ONES

A cross between a Tribe and a Way, but being neither, the Faceless Ones are outcasts who fight against the concept of Kami itself and what they believe to be its direct effect on all living beings: subconscious and unavoidable slavery.

They have discovered an infallible method to deface their symbols permanently. This act results in the individual being automatically banned from his own Tribe, a practice the Faceless Ones call 'Liberation'. Its first direct consequence is the loss of any power or peculiarity acquired through the Genesis: the Whisplings will not be able to fly anymore, the Gromsh will lose access to their visions, enchanter will no longer be able to cast spells and so on. Moreover, whoever realizes an individual has disgraced himself by defacing his symbol will persecute him as a Faceless One and an enemy of his people.

As the name itself implies, such a 'Liberation' is not seen as cruelty by those who grant it. On the contrary, they see it as an act of mercy, which generously gives a new beginning

to the enslaved victims of the Kami. Those who suffer this practice are often unable to come to terms with it, however; instead of joining the Faceless Ones, they become wandering outcasts unable to fit in anywhere and often end up making some rash and, at times, ultimate gesture.

Prejudice against such individuals has not always been this deeply rooted in the Tribes. At first, those who openly admitted their misfortune, claiming themselves to be innocent victims of violence at the hands of the Faceless Ones, were allowed back into their Tribe. Most times, however, this was just a technique devised by the Faceless Ones. According to well-informed sources, in fact, the first 'Liberations' were made by the Faceless Ones with the precise intent of infiltrating the villages and inducing the inhabitants to lower their guard. By lying about their situation—which, contrary to what they said, was the result of free choice on their part—they could deface symbols undetected, knocking out their victims before striking. Of course, they counted on their victims never to denounce another Tribesman who had suffered the same fate.

This trick was discovered soon enough, but by then it was already too late. The ranks of the Faceless Ones had been swollen by hundreds of unwilling new recruits, and the situation had become unmanageable. Nobody trusted a Faceless One anymore or lent a sympathetic ear to his heartbreaking story, and fear

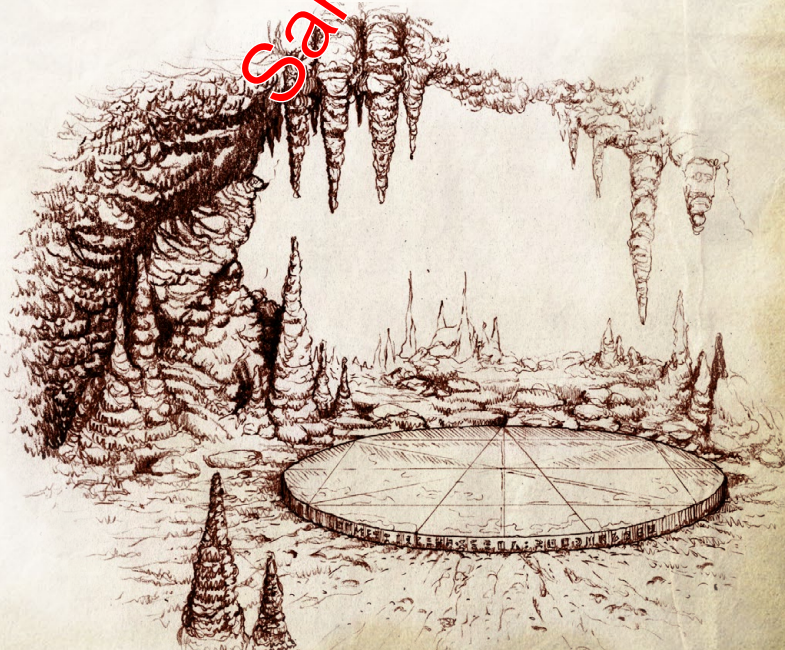
prevailed. So, the Liberated saw their choices dwindle exponentially: they could either embrace the Faceless Ones' cause or surrender themselves to a life of subterfuges as outcasts.

It is not known what the Faceless Ones are planning or why. The only obvious assumption to be drawn from their actions is a total lack of devotion to any Kami; on the contrary, they seem intent on waging war against the concept of Kami itself.

THE GENESIS

Since they do not age and die—like animals do—people on Enascentia can live to be hundreds or even thousands of years old. As years go by, these extremely long-living

individuals become a reference point for their Tribes and their villages, not only because of their vast experience and knowledge, but also because of another specific factor. Each community has its own Elders, that is, not just people who have reached a particular age, but people who—within a group—have lived longer than the others. The reason for this is simple: those individuals whose Genesis took place in the past receive visions from the Kami. Such 'visions' are not clear images, but a sort of trance, a multi-sensory experience that leaves the chosen vessel with a set of sensations, information and instincts that will guide him to a new Genesis. In fact, each vision is bound to the appearance of a Newly Generated in the immediate vicinities.



Player's Guide

It is allowed, according to parameters chosen by the Kami, and never fully understood by Enascentia's peoples, but it will certainly involve the new individual's Elders and the proximity to the place of the event. The Elders are often given many consecutive visions that will gradually guide them to the right place. At times, the chosen vessel may already know that specific Garden of Life, and at other times, he will have to find his way there, guided only by his mystic experience, waiting for another vision to help him. Each Tribe has its own customs and traditions regarding the Genesis and the reception given to the newcomer. Most Tribes—there are a few exceptions—however, usually put together a group that will escort the Elder to that specific Garden of Life, both to protect him when he has a 'vision' during the journey and to ensure he will keep gathering information without which it will be impossible to find the Newly Generated. Of course, there are Elders who prefer to rely on Chance, which is why Gromsh Elders always undertake this journey alone. Upon reaching the designated place, the delegation will instruct the newcomer and escort him back to their village or wherever the members of higher rank within the group will decide to take him.

A Genesis usually involves a single individual, but it may be that more than one subject is involved. The vessel has no specific information about the nature of the Genesis he is seeking, either the gender or the physical appearance of the newcomer, or the

exact number of Newly Generated or anything else. In fact, in the latter case, the Elder in question cannot even determine for certain if the newcomers will all belong to the same Tribe. Usually, only one Elder in each Tribe receives visions about the forthcoming Genesis, so it is almost certain no other delegations will be sent from the same Tribe. A 'mixed' Genesis—that is, a Genesis involving more than one race—is an extremely rare event which generates all sorts of rumors. Some see it as a message of peace among the Tribes, some as a dangerous anomaly, and there are even those who swear that the coming of new Tribes was always heralded by mixed Geneses and that it is a sign the present Tribes' time is coming to an end.

Whatever the truth, when delegations belonging to different tribes meet in a Garden of Life, they agree on sending a number of people from each Tribe equal to the number of members of the smaller delegation to greet the Newly Generated.

In the past, there have been attempts at different ways of welcoming the Newly Generated. Whole armies have been deployed around the gardens of Life, either to preserve the members of their Tribe and kill all the others or to prevent such a thing from happening. Inexplicably, however, those Gardens of Life thus surrounded always remained empty for days and even months until the different groups surrounding them would give up and leave the area. Then, in a matter of a few days, the Geneses would resume.

An attempt was then made to build villages, inhabited by only one Tribe, either in the immediate vicinity of the Garden or even all around it as if it were the village's main square. The immediate result was the same, but in time, things changed. The first of these villages was Erelidia, a Janah outpost. Its inhabitants finished building it, but then most of them left after months went by without the advent of any Genesis. Semi-abandoned, Erelidia became a sort of waystation for travelers, and eventually, a mixed population resettled there, with people belonging to different Tribes sometimes opting for a prolonged stay there. When that ethnic blending reached its peak, the Garden of Life started working again; at present, Newly Generated belonging to each and all Tribes appear on that stone slate on a regular basis.

Later on, Legis was built on the same principle around another Garden of Life. It serves as headquarters and a meeting point for the five existing and officially recognized Ways.

Although it is now a rare thing to find a village or garrison around a Garden of Life, the number of mixed cities built by a Garden has recently grown. Both this phenomenon and many other measures stem from the same intent: to counteract the increasingly widespread presence of the Faceless Ones.

If possible, they try to strike at the moment of Genesis itself, when their target is overwhelmed by a large amount of muddled input and the

guide who has come to welcome him can rely only on few, fragmented and vague pieces of information. But, it is also far from easy for the Faceless Ones to pinpoint the right moment and place to strike because they have no vision or information to rely on. Their usual technique consists of lying in wait by some village, following a delegation from there and ambushing its members before reaching their destination. The Faceless Ones then welcome the newcomer themselves in their own way. In the past, the Faceless Ones also tried to ambush the delegations in the immediate vicinities of the Gardens of Life, but the only result was that they waited in vain for days until they gave up and went away.

In the past, the Faceless Ones and the more radical Tribes tried to circumvent that problem with an even more drastic solution: by destroying the Gardens of Life. These attempts only taught them a very hard lesson, one that is still handed down orally as a warning to whomever might want to try to do the same. The stone of each Garden of Life is bound to a being made of pure energy: a yak'maat, more commonly known as the Guardian of the Garden. The presence of such Guardians makes the Gardens impregnable and indestructible. Up to now, each attack always awakened the Guardian, who slaughtered most of the assailants. Since a yak'maat is closely bound to a specific place and cannot leave it, some of them could escape its blind fury, but those who

can boast of accomplishing such a feat are few indeed (for a full description of a yak'maat see Chapter 7: Bestiary on *Game Master's Guide*).

FLORA AND FAUNA

It is possible to find the same animal and vegetable species on Enascentia, familiar to us, but there are others as well. The main difference between our world and Enascentia, the Magic Veil, changed, developed and evolved for centuries without any outside interference, thus generating totally new species and surreal landscapes, often as a consequence of its use by the Tribes.

Toward the end of this manual, in the Bestiary, it is possible to find a detailed description of most of the unusual creatures you may encounter wandering through these lands, together with game statistics and notes on their natural habitat.

As far as flora is concerned, you will find listed below a few examples of Enascentia's unusual plants.

Citrweet: A peculiar kind of citrus fruit, divided into two halves: half the peel and pulp are among the sweetest substances existing in nature, while the other is one of the sourest. True connoisseurs eat this fruit two slices at a time, one sweet and one sour.

Elinia Nipadia: This flower looks like a fuchsia and yellow-striped black lily, and it has a unique characteristic: it stays open, showing off all its beauty,

from dawn to sunset, then it closes on itself. This is not just a reaction to heat or sunlight, however, but a real state of deep slumber. In fact, the flower can be seen rocking gently and regularly, just like a breathing mammal. This flower protects itself from the many people—mostly Menoosh—who try to pick it by releasing a cloud of soporific spores whenever a living being gets within a range of ten feet from it: whoever finds himself within a Medium Burst Template must make a roll in Spirits to avoid falling asleep for 1d6 rounds. Upon waking up, the victim of the spores will feel confused and will not remember why he is there, just wanting to get back home and rest.

Artic Strawberry: This strawberry has an unusual blue color. Those who might think the color is the only difference are sorely mistaken, for artic strawberries grow by the sea in an environment where the soil is rich in sulphur. This gives them their peculiar taste, partially similar to that of some kind of fish. Some northern Tribes use artic strawberries to make a sauce used as a dressing to many dishes.

Fool's Lemon: It looks vaguely like a fool's cap in shape. Menoosh like it very much and use it at their parties because its sour, peculiar pulp causes those who eat it to feel giggly. It is just like being a little tipsy, but without any side effects. Unfortunately, this fruit does not blend well with alcohol, which nullifies the fruit's effects, so it cannot be used at banquets.

Setting

Snake Apple: This fruit has the same shape and dimensions as an apple, but it has purplish peel and greenish pulp. It is called snake apple because eating it causes a rash similar to that caused by a snake bite.

Spout Eggplant: It is a kind of eggplant which has a sort of sealed side spout and a peculiar liquid pulp which contains the seeds. The texture of the peel allows it to be heated on the fire; at that point, it is possible to cut the spout and taste the liquid inside: an eggplant-flavored drink. This is one of the Senduars' favorite plants because of its practicality.

Mutorange: This fruit, whose peel is very similar to that of an orange, is seen by the Gromsh as a blessing of the Kami because while the peel is still the same, the pulp inside may be that of any kind of fruit, such as a kiwi or an apple. Because of this peculiarity, mutoranges are not used in recipes but are considered an amusing way to finish a meal.

Cidered Pear: This fruit bears a vague resemblance to a pear, but its peel is as hard and rough as that of a walnut. Its pulp tends to ferment because the seeds germinate in alcohol, which produces a taste similar to pear cider.

Plenulia: It is a long-stemmed flower with intertwined, very thin, ice-blue petals which smell like morning breeze.

Purplepome: These fruits look exactly like a tomato, but they are a vivid purple color and taste quite sour. They often make an unusual side dish or are distilled to make powerful digestive liquors.



Masters, the World is
yours!

In these pages you'll find ideas and suggestions about recurring common elements in the ruleset and the novels based on this setting. On the other hand, this world is so wide and the effects of the Veil and its alterations are so unpredictable, they leave ample room for your creativity. Therefore, Masters, feel free to see Enascentia as the ideal container for your more bizarre creations.



Screaming Tomato: This big tomato has folds that look a little like a humanoid face, complete with eyes, even. It is extremely tasty and nourishing, but it has a singular defense mechanism: it has some gas-filled internal pouches. If touched, the tomato releases the gas through the folds, generating a piercing whistle that frightens most herbivores.

Victis: This fruit has a thick, yellow-striped red peel and grainy pulp. It helps blood production and coagulation, so it has some medical uses. If a patient ingests the juice of a whole fruit, he can add +1 to a Healing roll made within ten minutes of drinking it.

Player's Guide

Videnya: This is a small white-flowered plant that flourishes in mild climates, mostly in Dejama and Artanty. It is used to make a sweetish cream used for cooking. Its rarest specimen is the “star” videnya, so called because of its large, blue, five-pointed flowers. Star videnyas grow in places with harsher climates, such as the highlands of Artanty or the Rellenok Mountains. If dried and then burned, their flowers release a thin purple hallucinogenic smoke. Any character within a Medium Burst Template from it must make a roll in Spirits with a -4 penalty to avoid suffering from hallucinations for 10 minutes, then he has to make another roll. The effect will not last more than an hour. Some say that, at

times, videnya’s smoke mixes with the Veil and that the visions it gives are just past, present or future events.

Airborne Pumpkin: This is an elongated, snow-white kind of pumpkin. Its name comes from the plant on which it grows, a parasitical creeper that grows only on the highest treetops. This fruit is poisonous and, if ingested, will cause nausea and headache for twenty-four hours.

COOKING AND NUTRITION

Food, nutritional habits and cooking traditions, as well as the recipes themselves, differ a lot from Tribe to Tribe. There are, however, some elements common to every



inhabitant of Enascentia and some peculiarities that must at least be mentioned to understand some key aspects of everyday life.

Breakfast, lunch and supper—the three main meals—are seen as an important part of the day. This is reasonable in a world where life, supposedly eternal, can end due to starvation or any illness caused by poor eating habits, and food therefore acquires a sort of symbolic value. Furthermore, such a prolonged lifespan tends to generate two different schools of thought: on the one hand, the Newly Generated—but for the Menoosh—tend to be frugal in their habits and to eat in the healthiest and most balanced way, while on the other hand, longer-living subjects are always in search of new tastes and recipes with which to break the dullness of their long lives. The most typical dish, which can be found at any inn, is made of an abundant portion of rice and spiced meat—usually fowl—and some sugarless tea or a low-alcohol drink, usually beer. Everyday meals do not have a first or second course; banquets are a different matter and are dealt with according to the customs of each Tribe as far as the arrangement of plates, cutlery, and careful choice of dishes is concerned. Most renowned are Menoosh banquets, in which the sequence of courses begins with the lightest (raw vegetables, soups, fowl or fish), followed by richer dishes such as red

meat or fried food, ending with an abundance of desserts and, finally, some fruits.

There are different kinds of culinary art, from the typically scientific one of the Kronoss, who mix the different flavors carefully so that they blend properly with each other to the Senduars' practical one, ruled by their need for non-perishable food that can be eaten while traveling, and the decadent customs of the Menoosh, who love to take the concept of flavor—whether sweet, sour or spicy—to the extreme. Something that is always present on the Menoosh or Kronoss table is tea, unsweetened and hot, of which there are scores of blends, enough to satisfy everyone's tastes. There are schools of thought even with regard to drinks: the midday meal is usually accompanied by low-grade alcoholic drinks such as beer, brewed from any kind of cereals, from millet to corn. At supper, however, people favor higher-grade alcoholic drinks such as wine, pulque brewed from agave or different kinds of cider: apple, pear, medlar or quince cider. The latter is quite rare and much appreciated. The evening may then end with a nightcap that varies according to the kind of spirit more common to the area, such as brandy or grappa in areas rich in vineyards or cider spirit where apples and pears abound.

An interesting fact that may shock a Newly Generated is the origin of spirits and brewing, which is typically a Kronoss art. Drinks are, after all,

one of the few culinary components that grow better with time, which validates their in-depth analysis of the subject and their enjoyment of a good drink at the same time. The Kronoss' approach to the production of alcoholic beverages reached its peak with the learned Antonius, who created the so-called blending technique, the scientific art of mixing different kinds of spirits with other substances to create palatable drinks. In some circles there are those who say there is also an "arcane" version of this science, which can create potions powerful beyond compare.

Of course, more nuances must be added to all this, depending on the Tribe one chooses to study in detail, which holds true for all Tribes but the Gromsh, who by nature answer any questions about their eating habits with a simple: "Is it edible? Then I'll eat it!"

TECHNOLOGICAL PROGRESS

The term "technology" immediately evokes images of machinery, mechanisms and firearms, objects we tend to associate with progress. In doing so, however, we simply think back to our past and to the steps we took to become what we are today. From this point of view, Enascentia's technological progress is just dawning. The Kronoss are undoubtedly the most advanced Tribe.

They build small mechanical devices to measure the flow of time and have created special lenses that compensate sight problems that surface after decades and centuries of life, most of all within their Tribes and in those among them who spent most of those decades in a library. Discoveries in the Archipelago also seem to prove that one of the Lost Tribes once built complex contraptions. Some even describe creatures made of iron and lead that could move and walk by themselves without creating any distortion in the Veil. As far as the other Tribes are concerned, the most complex tools they can handle are, at most, musical instruments and ranged weapons such as bows, crossbows, and perhaps catapults.

If we include magic—and the use the Tribes make of it daily—in the picture, however, we obtain dramatically different results: traveling on flying ships that can cover long distances and living in airborne fortresses are just some of the feats of which those who use the Veil and the Elders of each Tribe are capable. Magic is used in everyday life, both in the most common and most delicate situations. It can be used to treat wounds, to move across otherwise unthinkable distances and, of course, as heavy artillery in those warlike situations a mere cannon could never deal with.

INTIMACY

Sexual lives and relationships are totally different in a world where sexual reproduction does not exist. As often happens, each Tribe has its own customs and traditions, but most of them—with a few exceptions—have some common habits.

In the Tribes whose members belong to both genders, males and females are physically attracted to each other just as in species which develop such attraction as a natural drive toward reproduction. On the other hand, here, the sexual act is an end in itself, seen by some as the climax of a relationship, while for others it is just a pleasant pastime. Couples usually come into being within the same Tribe, most times because of alliances, enmities and very detailed, not always compatible, customs.

Homosexuality is not a cause of surprise or even less of scandal within most Tribes, with the exception of the Lumians, who see the man-woman couple and relationship as something sacred, established by the Kami.

This is in fact the most conservative and traditional among the Tribes as far as sexual relationships are concerned. The celebration of a union is of the utmost importance to them, and they see the sexual act as the most important expression of love between two people, but at the same time they consider it taboo

in conversations and in its physical expression. The Menoosh, however, have a diametrically opposed view and advocate the utmost freedom and sexual exuberance toward anyone in whom they happen to be interested. Always forthright, they never harass anyone, however; on the contrary, they always ensure that by expressing their own freedom, they do not end up denying someone else's, and they always know very well when to stop, thanks to their innate ability to act as ambassadors and mediators between Tribes.

On the other hand, there are other Tribes which show no interest whatsoever in all this, considering the whole matter inconsequential or even a fruitless waste of time. First among these are, of course, the Senduars: sexless and taking no interest in the matter. Then there are the Rok'Nars: much more interested in spiritual than physical matters. A sex life is not a matter of great importance to the Gromsh and Feruas. The first are, of course, at the mercy of what Chance tells them to do in any given situation, which means they are quite fickle in their tastes. The feline hunters, though, do not really care about a sex life, and in any case, they always prefer the company of one of their own to mingling with some furless alternative choice.

Chapter 2

Characters

Just look how many recruits we have to assign positions to today.” The First among the Four of Luminia was walking back and forth in front of the orderly row of Newly Generated who had reached the capital the week before.

He was a sturdy Lumian, his angular strong face framed by an unusually unkempt beard; his bushy blond eyebrows almost hid his small blue eyes, and his ruffled hair was too short to soften that strange bristly face.

“This time, the Kami surpassed himself with his generosity, didn’t he?”

Demien, who had arrived in Luminia the previous day, had never seen anyone behave in a more informal way than Vegard (the Genesis name of the city’s official). In spite of the merciless summer sun beating down on them, everyone wore regulation full-plate armor, and the choice of the city’s main central square wasn’t making things any easier, as the first shadow was at least fifty yards away. The recruits’ foreheads had been beading with sweat from the very beginning of the official’s trivial chatter, while neither Vegard nor the other high city officials seemed to mind the heat—perhaps because they were accustomed to it.

“The light is beautiful, just like everything else, but right now, I’m envying the Oscurians.”

Eskil whispered those words to the man standing to his right, but the official’s hearing was clearly better than he thought. His steps ominously slow and his face grim, Vegard walked toward the slender Newly Generated, who, by now, was feeling a growing impulse to change Kami and become invisible, as he had heard the enemy Tribe’s members could do.

As he came face to face with the slender recruit, the official let his eyes linger on his neat long hair and his pronounced aquiline nose; he then took two breaths before speaking again...just a few syllables entrusted to the wind with obvious effort.

“Name, recruit.”

“Eskil, sir.” The young man replied in the same whispering voice, realizing belatedly how low it was.

“Louder, recruit.”

“ESKIL, SIR!” This time he yelled the two words so loudly everyone in the square turned to stare.

“Say it again, recruit.”

“Sir, I didn’t mean—”

"Say. It. Again. Recruit." The order came out in a distinct, extremely slow whisper, each word a dagger piercing the naïve youngster's chest.

"Right now, I'm envying the Oscurians."

"Louder, recruit."

"Sir, please, it was—"

"LOUDER, I SAID!" Sweat was not the only thing beading Eskil's face now; it had been sprayed by the official's spittle.

"I ENVY THE OSCURIANS!" Such a sentence, shouted in front of everyone in the middle of Luminia's main square, was going to be the cause of unforgettable shame for the Newly Generated as well as an exemplary punishment, but Vegard didn't deem it to be enough.

"Very well, recruits. It would seem we have someone among us who feels out of place. We don't like secrets and deception, do we? Of course we don't! So, this is what you'll do, Eskil. You will walk slowly around the headquarters' perimeter, continually repeating your brilliant remark. How's that for you?"

The young Lumian's face was now a frightened mask. His wide, unbelieving eyes couldn't hold his superior's gaze, and his hopes seemed to be escaping through his half-parted lips.

"The Kami of Light and Compassion doesn't tolerate those who humiliate their fellow beings, sir!"

As he spoke those words, a tall, handsome recruit, who was frowning constantly, stepped forward so that the official could identify him easily; in spite of his determined, ringing voice, his uncertain step belied the self-confidence of his brave gesture.

Vegard swung around, his expression changing as he asked in an amused tone, "And what would be the name behind such a brave statement?"

"TRYM, SIR."

"Well, at least you aren't lacking a voice." The official moved back a few steps so that he could see all the recruits and give Eskil some breathing space.

"Eskil. One step forward," he ordered. Eskil hastened to obey, not wanting to exacerbate an already critical situation.

Player's Guide

In this chapter, we will equip you with all the necessary instruments to bring your characters to life in Enascentia, along with the necessary devices and new ways of personalizing them, making them unique.

The way a character is created is still the same as in *Savage World's* core rules, but in each specific section, you will find solutions to help you take the most advantage of that material, adding new game options and discarding those that agree less with the setting of your choice.

In the Races section, we describe Enascentia's different Tribes; that is, all the races you can use in the game. The concept of 'human' does not exist here, just as the other, well-known fantasy races are all non-existent. In their places, you will find Feruas, Gromsh, Janahs and all the other races described in the following pages.

In the 'Game Features' paragraph for each Tribe, you could find the term, 'bonus' Edge/Hindrance. It simply means an Edge gained without spending any power points or a Hindrance that will not matter in the usual count (one Major and up to two Minor Hindrances) and will not give you any additional power points. Of course, already having the bonus Hindrance Illiterate, a Ferua cannot pick Illiterate as her Minor Hindrance to get a power point. Similarly, a Menoosh with the bonus Edge Attractive cannot choose it again to cumulate its effects.

The Ways section is about your hero entering a certain organization and thus choosing a specific lifestyle or ideology. There are no supplementary game rules for this option, the aim of which is to provide personal information and contribute to the personalization of your Character and make it look more 'real'.

Skills, Edges, Hindrances, Gear and Powers follow the traditional *Savage World's* pattern; the eventual changes from the core rules are listed at the beginning of each new subject, followed by their new characteristics.

Some of them are described in detail, such as the introduction and use of magic objects.



FERUA

Felids - Predators

View of the Kami

In nature, the survival of the fittest is the rule. The Kami is merely the strongest among us, who can make decisions on behalf of the others, but only until they get the upper hand.

"I remember well the moment of her Genesis: it was the beginning of terror. A dread that was unfounded when you consider I always keep a safe distance when I observe. And yet, the maelstrom of fangs and claws that destroyed the perennial quiet of the Rijia jungle that day still haunts and upsets me, yet with curiosity and fear, pulls my mind into a distasteful threesome. I beheld it all, because I wasn't allowed to do otherwise. I saw every truncated limb, each body torn to shreds, each lifeless face disfigured by the violence with which it had met its end. I pitied them, helped them in hating the injustice of their fate. I did it for them because they had no time to do so, as everything happened at an unnatural speed. I lost her image and then found it again so many times that I wouldn't have known if she had remained in the same place for longer. The speed of what I glimpsed was such that I couldn't even be sure of her shape. What I knew for sure was that the luxuriant jungle landscape had soon turned into a far more barren place and that she had moved to the inhospitable desert. There, she experienced her first moments of rest. But it took much longer for my limbs to stop shaking"

From the journals of Oricros, the Beholder

Player's Guide

The Genesis of Ferua in the northernmost Garden of Life in Si-An marked the end of all the Tribes in the northern part of the continent, swept away by her merciless killing spree. A rampant predator, she hunted as if her very life depended on it, as if what actually nourished her was killing her prey, not devouring it. Her unnatural 'hunger' targeted any living person in the vicinity, but she never attacked an animal. Just like the Tribesmen could not save themselves from her lightning-quick claws, so the whole fauna had to obey her. Charmed by her dominating presence, each beast in the Rijia jungle followed her in her fast march toward the south, becoming part of her personal Pack that gathered without any order from her. They traveled at different speeds because she was faster than any specimen in her Pack, but each of them followed her relentlessly, destroying any life form that was not part of their Pack.

There was only one place where they did not follow her: the desert. When the Pack reached the dividing line between vegetation and the desert, she was already far away, and the bond between her and her Pack weakened until it was broken by the instinct to survive. After days of unusual silence as its inhabitants disappeared, the jungle gradually came back to life. The destruction the Pack had left in its wake had swept away any form of civilization, buildings included, which had been literally trampled beneath the paws

of wild beasts under the control of their temporary pack leader. This was not the case with those civilizations settled near the Varnha Desert, however, whose members were killed only until the insatiable trance of the First Generated ended and whose buildings were spared from her hunger only for sentient beings.

Upon regaining consciousness, Ferua found herself surrounded by vast expanses of sand as far as she could see. She started wandering through the desert, exhausted by her previous frenzy and from lack of proper food, and she soon had her first vision of a new Genesis. She did not know if it was induced by her present state or something else. She only knew it finally gave her direction and she did not care where it might lead her. Mustering whatever strength she had left, she tried to follow her instincts, but the more she walked, the less her body seemed to comply. Unusually, it was the Newly Generated who found her Elder. Although barely holding onto life, she did not beg for help: she required it and was obeyed. For three days and three nights, Maylea—the name of the lynx newly emerged from the Garden of Life—looked after her First Generated with great dedication, nursing her wounds and seeing to her every need. Once she recovered her strength, Ferua did not thank her Tribeswoman but forced her to her knees and, looking down on her, scolded Mayela for not overpowering her when she was too weak to react. As her punishment for serving her,

Characters

she would have made her continue as the healer of her Pack, since she had at least proved her talent as a shaman and enchantress. But she was never going to leave her side, nor have a Pack of her own until she proved to be stronger than her. Maylea did not take exception to the decision because it had been made by the strongest among them, and by her side, she was would be ruling over everyone else.

Together, they gathered the first group of their kin, following the visions that led them to the Gardens of Life of Si-An. Then they moved north, where the geneses were becoming more frequent. The first real Ferua Pack settled in the Rijia jungle where everything had begun. They were bubbling with excitement in anticipation of new conquests and their nature made them restless and eager to assert their superiority. However, first, they had to live with those feelings while the Pack grew in number and strength. Meanwhile, they built Felinea as their foothold: just a few huts and wood bridges hanging among the dense vegetation of the jungle, all rigorously built using natural materials and without altering the natural balance.

Ferua spent her initial years hunting, exploring and reasserting her superiority as pack leader with each Newly Generated brought to Felinea by the Elders. With each new moon, she could be found at the encampment, where she proved her strength in a hunting expedition in which she triumphed. The

