

# THE COMPLETE BOOK OF BARIUR

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TALE OF THE BARIUR

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# INTRODUCTION



## SALDRIN THANΘL INTRODUCES THE BARIAUR

Bariaur are the perfect representation of the Outer Planes: Nomadic, playful, capricious and unpredictable. There is little you can say about Bariaur as a whole. We are a dynamic race, with a variety of belief systems, cultural beliefs and even language dialects. A Ysgardian Bariaur is very different from an

Outland Bariaur. And Bariaur in Sigil are even more unique. What unites us is our lifestyle, our need to wander, and our desire to experience life to its fullest.

Bariaur are not centaurs with goat torsos. That would be an ignorant prime perspective of our noble race. Bariaur have powerful lower bodies, with four legs and a bob tale. Did you ever take a moment to think that goats are really Bariaur without upper bodies? As soon as you loose the word goat from your vocabulary, you'll get along with Bariaur much better.

But while we're on the subject of comparisons with goats, let me bring up a few similarities. For example, Bariaur are ungulates, meaning they've got cloven hooves. Bariaur also eat grasses and weeds, being strict vegetarians. Most importantly, Bariaur are organized into flocks, like smaller "herd" animals. Just remember, call a Bariaur a goat, and you're likely to wake up with hoof prints on your forehead.

Among the Bariaur cultures, there are significant differences between the males and females. Males are the warriors. You can expect a buck to act first and think later, and sometimes, unfortunately, he may never get around to thinking. You see, the females are the thinkers in the flock. Does tend to become the shamans, the mystics, the priests and in liberal tribes, sometimes spellslingers and mindbenders. But keep that quiet. Magic in some flocks is forbidden, under penalty of banishment.

Bucks are fearsome creatures. Imagine 800 pounds of raw fury, pounding hooves, and unparalleled fighting prowess. Bariaur have evolved as a race in constant struggle with our environment, especially the monsters that inhabit it. I'm not talking about fighting for food against wolves and bears. Bariaur fight giants and demons on a daily basis, just for the right to migrate to greener pastures. Bariaur warriors are bred to protect the flock from the clear and ever-present danger of life on the planes.

Does are intelligent and wise, and offer Bariaur society direction. The does are the introspective ones. They play the role of healer, mystic, and channel to the powers. Unlike the humans, whose priests worship in their temples and wear fancy robes, Bariaur priests and shamans live and work among the flock. The role of shaman, priest or mystic is an extra role, in addition to normal duties and responsibilities. In fact, it's considered a privilege to serve in such a manner. Therefore, you want find Bariaur temples, holy sites, or sacred scriptures. Bariaur priests don't have time for these things – there's water to be carried and firewood to be gathered, and besides, we're nomadic.

Despite our rich culture, our fight against insurmountable odds, and our good nature, most planars don't respect or understand us. They call us goats or refer to a buck as "billy." Or the disrespectful ones make "baa, baa" sounds, like we're sheep! We are a good-natured race, but we do have limits. Most importantly, we want to be sure that we're understood. Our culture has much to offer the other races, from our innovative interaction between the religions, to our introspective language, based on concepts in nature. It is our wish that everyone learn more about the Bariaur. Hopefully this work can move us towards that objective.

## BARIAUR AS YOU KNOW THEM

Before the Planescape boxed set came onto the scene, Bariaur had already been prancing through the outer planes. Published in 1991, *Monstrous Compendium 8, The Outer Planes Appendix*, listed the Bariaur as just another "monster."

A year later the Bariaur were thrust center stage as a player character race in the Planescape box set. In fact, the Bariaur is the first race that a new Planescape player encounters. Looking gruff (no pun intended) and holding a spear, a tough looking buck graces the cover

of *A Players Guide to the Planes*. The first paragraph of the Bariaur section describes them as “centaurlike” and having the body of “a large goat.” This is where most players probably stop reading.

If the players reads on, they discover an interesting race: carefree, fussy about looks, fierce fighters, vegetarian, and capable of ramming attacks in which they occasionally knock themselves unconscious. Frankly, they don’t sound too bright.

Two years after *A Players Guide to the Planes*, the Bariaur gets a more interesting write up in *The Planewalker’s Handbook*. Here we get the usual rehash from *A Players Guide to the Planes*, but we’re also given some useful roleplaying advice. For example, “the joy of freedom, the love of laughter, and the exultation of victory” now become the Bariaur call, superseding other values, such as honor and duty and jink.

A careful reader, who notices the differences between the sexes in this book, might start wondering if the description is really that of the male Bariaur. After all, the female, more intelligent and wise by definition, must desire more than freedom and a good time from life. Their motivations are naturally more complex than the bucks, carefree weed-eating ungulates. Also, There’s got to be a responsible party behind a society that values the love of laughter, yet lives a nomadic lifestyle. My guess is that the responsible ones are the thinking leaders of a flock: the shaman, the mage, and the priest. And more often than not, does fill those jobs.

Therefore, it is in the voice of does, the flag-bearers of Bariaur culture, that you will learn about the Bariaur. Males will be included, of course. We’ll need to hear from the warriors, the occasional “knights of the cross-trade” and the paladins and priests of the Bariaur god of gaming.

## BARIAUR AS YOU WILL KNOW THEM

No longer will you be restricted to playing Bariaur as if they were elves with horns or planar centaurs. You will be able to choose various sub-cultures of Bariaur, from the mellow, cosmopolitan Outlanders to the violent, traditional Ysgardian Bariaur. You will be able to choose a kit based on the three branches of belief in Bariaur society. You will learn about language, religion, food, specialized Bariaur spells, and much more.

*Your Life as a Bariaur* will explore the four areas of belief for the average Bariaur, including alignment, class, faction, and kit and discuss how these beliefs can be reconciled and played to increase role-playing enjoyment.

Examples of how to play a Bariaur are presented in the guise of non-player characters. Each of these Bariaur demonstrate the richness of Bariaur culture and belief, while standing as examples of Bariaur who have risen through the ranks to become heroes – or at the very least, really well known for their audacity.

DM's may wish to restrict access to the NPC's, and instead, use them as adventure hooks. Or the NPC's may be used as legends of famous Bariaur long since dead or missing. It's also up to the DM's discretion in implementing all of the other optional rules presented here. And the Bariaur adventures included here, are definitely for DM eyes only.

## THE FORMATS OF THIS BOOK

This book roughly follows *The Complete Player's Handbook* series, published by TSR. Like the series, let me also recommend the complete books, based on class, such as the *Complete Priest's Handbook* and *The Complete Fighter's Handbook*. More than anything, I strongly recommend purchasing *AD&D Core Rules 2.0*



*CD-ROM*. This program will enable you to painlessly manage your Bariaur character, using many of the CR2 imports available at the *Tale of the Bariaur* web site:  
<http://www.wenet.net/~csangha/planes/>

# CHAPTER I: BARIAUR CREATION

In the beginning, before the formation of the planes and its denizens, there was a nest. In this nest were three small, blue eggs. One of these eggs, known as "**Sagonana**" (The Creator Egg), cracked open and there appeared a ball of light against the endless nothingness. The ball of light exploded into infinite energy, creating an infinite plane of green pastures and wide rolling hills. This was The Land. There was only this wide pasture, nothing more. There were no creatures, no belief or emotion, and all the elements were yet to be formed.

Then the energy created many creatures, among them were Bariaur. There was a buck named Jek and a doe named Shana. The buck and the doe were very shy and listless. They hid in a cave and refused to go out and meet the other creatures of The Land or to explore its many wonders. The other creatures were just as empty of spirit. They walked around, without emotion, laughter or joy. This went on for a very long time.

Then the second egg cracked, the one called "**Sagosemasa**" (The Spirit Egg). A huge explosion was heard. A ball of light appeared and exploded into infinite energy, giving each creature a spirit, emotion, and curiosity. The two Bariaur as well as other creatures left their caves or boroughs and pranced in the fields. They met with the other creatures of The Land and shared with them their spirit, their joy and their inquisitiveness. There was happiness, but there was uneasiness, as if something were missing. The creatures of the planes lacked a sense of purpose.

The third egg cracked, the one called "**Sagobalo**" (The Reason Egg), and a huge explosion was heard. A ball of light appeared and exploded into infinite energy,

giving each creature intellect and ideals, a sense of purpose and a way of life. Finally the beings of The Land were complete. Yet there were problems. Wars were waged over ideas, new languages emerged that others could not understand, creatures were murdered for sport or power, and belief became a way to separate oneself from others rather than grow closer. This was a terribly destructive period. The Land rejected its inhabitants and began The Sundering, to protect itself. Parts of the land began to break off and disappear, along with their inhabitants. The Land was throwing out those who would destroy it.

Those who believed in law and order found themselves separated into a land more appealing to their beliefs, a land ordered and regimented to meet their requirements. Those who believed that life was an individual struggle of power and strength found a land that fit their needs, where only the strong survived. In this way, the various planes were formed based on the beliefs of its inhabitants. Even now, The Land will reject those with strong beliefs, pushing them into other planes of existence. In the end, only a small area of The Land was available, dedicated to those who chose balance between the various beliefs, and also as a place for the other groups to one day return and reconcile their differences. To this day, The Land is called The Outlands, in reference to The Sundering, the throwing out of its creatures.

The Bariaur were scattered in this way, like the other races. However, the Bariaur, having begun in the center of The Land, near the nest of the three eggs, received the most pure and uncorrupted energy of all the creatures. Therefore, the Bariaur tended towards purity and yearned to live in environments similar to The Land before The Sundering. Because of this, most Bariaur still live in The Outlands and in similar places of the Upper Planes. The Bariaur language is believed to be that spoken before The Sundering by all creatures, and is a holy language.

Bariaur show their thanks and respect for the forces represented in each egg by respecting their language. Most importantly, Bariaur show their respect through their form of worship. The shamans, highly attuned to nature and its forces, represent the energies of The Creator Egg. The mystics, devoted to discovering the core truth of each creature's beliefs, represent the energies of The Spirit Egg. The priests, who worship the Bariaur powers -- those who give us our ideals and goals in life, represent the energies of the Reason Egg.

When any of these three aspects of Bariaur belief are weak or lacking, the flock suffers, and the Bariaur resemble creatures before the final hatching. When the shamans are weak, the land suffers and the Bariaur grow sick. When the mystics are weak, the Bariaur become insulated, and find themselves unprepared for the outside world. When the priests are weak, the Bariaur lack a sense of purpose and find themselves dispersed and unable to come together. All three groups believe that through balance, the Bariaur can find true happiness.

## THE CREATION OF THE WORLD

It is clear that the Bariaur see themselves as blessed. It's not quite the feeling of superiority that other races might have, but more a sense of being attuned to the original nature of the multiverse.

In the mainstream creation story, The Outlands, formally called "The Land" before The Sundering, is the origin of all life. Although most Bariaur are from the Upper Planes, especially Ysgard, it is Outland Bariaur culture that seems to flourish, despite their smaller numbers. There are several reasons for this.

First, Outland Bariaur tend to have a fine balance between the three belief systems, like in the creation story. Bariaur societies with an equal mix of shamans,

mystics and powers tend to excel in art, culture, language and even battle. The Beastlands may have the most powerful group of Bariaur shaman, but the priests of the powers are almost non-existent. Ysgardian Bariaur may have close ties to the powers and respect for their excellent shaman, but mystics are uncommon, thus creating an insular society. Elysium, “Zhoda” in Bariaur, is also a native word meaning “boring.” Nothing new happens here, there’s simply no motivating force. Arborea is a plane of extremes, where balance of belief is almost not a popular concept.

This is not to say that Outland Bariaur are the cultural elite, or that nothing ever happens on the Outer Planes. On the contrary, wise Outland flocks send their mystics to the Outer Planes to pick up on the latest innovations in thought and culture. Unfortunately, far fewer mystics from the Outer Planes arrive to study the Outlanders.

Language is also important in defining the Bariaur relationship to creation. Bariaur believe that their language was THE language spoken before The Sundering. It’s not a matter of pride, since it’s not really the Bariaur language at all, but the language of all people before The Sundering. Since the Bariaur language is considered sacred, Bariaur from every plane work hard to preserve it. New words are never added to the existing lexicon. Instead, two or more words are combined for the new meaning. Also, there are no dialects of Bariaur, except for the Ysgardian Bariaur, which only speak with the feminine form. Ysgardian Bariaur also use a form of shorthand, where they drop vowels. For example, “Namata” becomes “Nam’ta.” This occurs only when the second vowel is the same as the previous syllable. There’s an entire chapter on languages later.

Language is the spiritual root of Bariaur society. Bariaur are taught never to forget or abandon their language. Names are meant to be kept in the original Bariaur, rather than translating them to Planar

Common. These translations, common among Bariaur in Sigil, result in farcical names like Goldenflanks, Silverhoof, Ironshod, and many others. As there is no convention for these translations, it becomes impossible to trace a Bariaur back to her flock or family by name.

Scholars pay no credence to Bariaur claims of creation or language. Some govners, for example, have elaborate charts showing language development over the last several thousand years. These same govners have over a dozen theories about creation, ranging from great explosions to giant turtles.

Alternate Bariaur creation stories vary little from the one above. They usually focus on The Sundering as being a necessary and natural evolution, rather than nature's rejection of incompatible organisms. Some Bariaur, whose culture is weak, adopt the creation stories from their own planes or realms, such as those of Olympus in Arborea.

What you won't find in the Bariaur creation story is condemnation of particular races or groups. The prime dwarves tell of their oppression and hatred of the elves and humans. Elves have a "stewardship" view of humans, seeing them as inferior children, occasionally needing guidance. Bariaur views on other races are formed by their primary values, those of freedom, honor and independence. Those who honor these values and allow Bariaur to express them are Bariaur friends. Other than certain races of giants, who often compete with Bariaur for territory, the Bariaur tend to co-exist with most every race.

## THE BARIAUR POWERS

Bariaur powers were created from Sagobalo, The Reason Egg. Nomolos was created first. He spoke the first word of wisdom. Other powers sprang from his wisdom energy. The powers represent the highest ideals of Bariaur society: honor, fellowship, freedom

and battle. As you will discover, Bariaur powers are personally close to their flock. A Bariaur power is accessible much like a celebrity, rather than a celestial almighty being.

Priests and paladins of Bariaur powers tend to emulate the actions of their gods. A paladin of Tirag Thunderhooves, the power of fair competitions, might be found in gambling halls, wrestling rings, or overseeing a game of dice in The Hive Ward. What would normally be considered inappropriate behavior for a paladin, might be exemplary to the quirky Bariaur powers. This capriciousness is in line with the character of most Bariaur, although many does, brought up with more responsibilities than bucks, have a harder time accepting this fact. This may explain why few Bariaur priests are does.

# CHAPTER 2: THE BARIAUR RACE

## THE ECOLOGY OF THE BARIAUR: AN OUTLAND VIEW

**A letter written by Saldrin Thanol to the king of The Dwarven Mountain:**

**Your Excellency,**

**We met briefly several weeks ago when your people aided us in our fight against the beholders. At that time you expressed interest in my race. I am writing you this letter to share with you my people's wonderful culture, just as you have shown us the joys of Dwarven culture by allowing us to remain with you temporarily in your mountain stronghold. As there are many fascinating details to share, I shall be sending you these letters as I finish writing them. I apologize for not finishing the entire work before sending you this report. I hope we may remain long enough so that I may complete my work.**

**Your Humble Servant,**

**Saldrin Thanol, doe of Jek Thanol, leader of the Glorium Region Bariaur**

## GENERAL INFORMATION

Bariaur exist throughout The Outlands and the upper planes. Upper planar Bariaur exist mostly in Ysgard, and to a lesser extent Arborea, the Beastlands and Elysium. The name Bariaur is a Planar Common word imposed on the race. Bariaur have their own name describing their race, rapochi-damagami. The word Bariaur is most likely a reference to the Bezoar, the first known race of prime goats that evolved in arid regions.



## APPEARANCE AND GROOMING

This goat reference is somewhat appropriate, as Bariaur have a lower torso that in many ways resembles the goat, while their upper torso is human in appearance. While females (does) have upper torsos strongly resembling that of humans, the males (bucks) have hollow ram horns atop their heads, either in a corkscrew or scimitar configuration. These horns do not begin development in young males until the age of 10.

Young Bariaur are referred to as kids. Some males, about 5%, do not have horns, while a similar percentage of females exist with horns.

Unlike goats, who can sometimes weigh as much as two hundred pounds, Bariaur are much larger creatures. Bariaur often stand over seven feet tall and weigh as much as 800 pounds.

As stated in other works, Bariaur spend a great deal of time on personal hygiene and appearance. Where two-footers worry about the latest Sigilian fashion, Bariaur spend time worrying about the latest pelt patterns and dye colorings or traditionally, developing a series of pelt illustrations of the great accomplishments of their ancestors. Next to the shaman or druid, the flock's pelt artists are most revered and respected for their knowledge of flock history and tradition.

Bariaur females are most concerned with appearance, and spend much time creating clothing for their upper bodies, gathering garlands of flowers for their hair, and creating necklaces of beads and feathers. This decorative ritual is quite complex, as is the symbolic meaning assigned to a females appearance. For example, feathers usually signify a doe's availability in the flock while rings in the hair signify her possessing a mate.

Both male and female Bariaur are particularly concerned about their hooves. Bariaur are even-toed hoofed creatures (ungulates), like prime deer, giraffe and camels. Hooves require monthly trimming, and in Bariaur society this has become an elaborate ritual called "Sheka", requiring special ceremonial cutting tools and the blessing of the flock's shaman or priest.

Bariaur away from the flock always commemorate Sheka each month with a private ritual involving symbolic trimming of the hooves and the eating of a special meal of high nutrient weeds. Bariaur can always tell how long another Bariaur has been away from their flock by the sound of the Bariaur's untrimmed hooves hitting the ground.

Although Bariaur does are more conscientious about their appearance (spending 2.35 hours per day grooming compared to 1.25 hours for bucks, according to a recent Guvner study), the appearance of the Bariaur male is more ostentatious. Bucks often wear precious metals if they've traveled far and wide or they might wear the hair of a vanquished enemy. Males rarely wear any type of clothing, except for ceremonial garb, feeling proud to show off their sex to the does and bucks alike. Bucks take great pride in their horns, and although it's considered vain, some trim and sharpen their horns.

All Bariaur possess excellent daytime vision and infravision reaching approximately sixty yards.

## HABI+A+

Bariaur are nomadic creatures. They can move sure-footedly through a variety of terrain, able to spot edible vegetation even after damaging overgrazing by other herbivores. Bariaur possess four stomachs, like many ruminant herbivores. They often eat as many as 25 different varieties of vegetation, many of which are weeds, higher in protein and mineral content than regular grasses and disliked by cattle and other forest

vegetarians. The does often gather this vegetation and make it into a variety of tasty dishes, ranging from elaborate salads and soups to tasty ground pastes. Food is major cultural glue within Bariaur society. Many teachings, be they druidic, clerical, magical or martial are taught through Bariaur cooking. Does especially seek Bucks who show prowess over the fire.

As Bariaur are nomadic, organized agriculture is unheard of. Unlike their distant ruminant cousins, Bariaur do not chew their cud.

The Bariaur need for water is minimal, requiring as much liquids as prime camels, and sharing the camel's ability to travel long distances between watering. Bariaur care little for spirits, as their bodies quickly break down alcohol, rendering it inert. Instead, Bariaur in search of inebriation often smoke various herbs, although this is usually reserved for important religious rituals. This isn't to say that Bariaur don't know how to celebrate. Religious rituals are often performed many times each week, celebrating good weather, victories in battle, or a particularly good gartoocha salad.

There are other reasons why Bariaur do not consume alcohol. The quantity of alcohol that would be required to effect an 800-pound creature would not be amenable to the nomadic lifestyle. And given the Bariaur's natural resistance to alcohol, you can imagine the extensive agricultural system that would be needed to support such an endeavor.

## ⊕RGANIZA+I⊕NAL S+RUC+URE

Bariaur are organized into flocks. This is often confusing for many observers, who think a group of Bariaur should be referred to as a herd. Traditionally, groups of goats and sheep have been classified as "flocks" while horses, cattle and other larger animals have been classified as "herds." This classification is

based entirely on the size of the creatures. However, as Bariaur are much larger than actual goats, in fact, roughly the size of cattle and horses, it may actually make more sense to refer to a group of Bariaur as a herd.

Nevertheless, the term flock remains in use, and many Bariaur take pride in this differentiation from their cloven cousins. The leader of the flock is always male. In Bariaur society, there is an alpha male who leads the flock, maintaining the flock's safety and managing the flock's fertility by helping to match courting couples. In ancient times it was believed that the alpha buck was solely responsible for all mating. This caused much conflict among the flock's males, who obviously were biologically inclined towards reproduction, but were culturally restricted. The leader of the flock was relegated to stud rather than his proper leadership role. It's believed that flocks remained small during this period of Bariaur history and the abolition of this tradition is credited for the advancement of Bariaur culture.

However, several old-style "alpha reproduction" flocks continue to exist in The Beastlands. In both types of flocks, age, fighting prowess, and the size and shape of a buck's horns determine alpha males.

When not engaged in fighting or acts of dominance, it is the Alpha's doe that generally holds power in the flock. The bond the Alpha female maintains with her many young, who remain close to their mothers throughout their lives, tends to consolidate power with the female. In contrast, once a kid reaches adulthood, the father tends to play a lesser role in his kid's lives.

In the ancient style flocks where the Alpha is responsible for all breeding, the dominant female is determined to be the doe with the largest number of offspring.

## PSYCH⊕LOGY

The Bariaur nomadic lifestyle greatly contributes to their psychology. Over anything else, Bariaur value freedom. Freedom to Bariaur means wide open spaces, migrating to new lands at will, not answering to authority other than the flock, the freedom to wage war on one's enemies, to choose one's mate and to generally enjoy the freedom of finding one's own course in life. Concepts like slavery, conscription, rent, and imprisonment may be familiar to Sigilians, but these words don't even exist in the language of the Bariaur. In fact, Bariaur have been known to experience severe mental illness when imprisoned or enslaved with no chance of escape. Thus many foes will opt to kill Bariaur outright rather than take them prisoner.

Those attempting to impede a Bariaur's freedom or cause the flock harm would be well warned that such actions result in an almost irrational attack response from Bariaur. Luckily for the flock, extensive training in combat and warfare backs such unthinking reactions by Bariaur fighters. An enraged 800-pound Bariaur with razor sharp horns and no fear of death has more than once been the last sight of a hill giant raiding party.

Imprisoned or trapped Bariaur are likely to knock themselves unconscious in attempts to break from their bonds. A Bariaur flock would never consider imprisoning errant flock members (and where would nomads put them?). Bariaur flock justice is handled solely by the flock leader, and almost always involves social castigation rather than imprisonment. For example, a Bariaur may be ignored by the flock for a set period of time, or in extreme cases, a Bariaur would be banished from the flock, either for a period of years or forever, such as in the case of murder or rape. For most Bariaur, banishment is a fate worse than death.

The nomadic lifestyle also contributes to the Bariaur sense of honor. For bipedal city dwellers, honor

becomes another personality trait, rather than a life or death measure of worth. Nomads lead a harsh existence in comparison, and must know whom they can count on for their survival. A Bariaur's honor is equivalent to his value to his flock, and his worth in trading with others. A Bariaur's honor also reflects on his immediate family, although individuality is still more important than the family bond.

The Bariaur sense of honor and duty can occasionally temper a male Bariaur enough to allow him to train as a Paladin, unusual for a race so free spirited. Bariaur paladins often struggle psychologically to maintain law and order within their own minds. This struggle often results in infusions of great creativity within many religious organizations utilizing Bariaur paladins. This creativity appears in works of art, new combat methodology, and innovative philosophical thinking.

Despite the handful of male Bariaur paladins, discipline is not a strong point for the race. Females are the more disciplined gender, probably because their roles are more in line with day-to-day survival of the flock. Female Bariaur can become mages and occasionally, psionicists. However, these professions are very rare among the Bariaur, since flocks often have negative views of spellcasters and mindbenders. The belief varies by flock and can range from disapproval to outright shunning! Bariaur females who choose these professions will occasionally disguise their abilities, claiming to be shamans, mystics or other spellcasting professionals whose abilities resemble their own and whose societal roles are socially acceptable (druids, priests). Those flocks, who accept spellcasters and mindbenders, celebrate their abilities and accomplishments, but they do it quietly.

## THE VIEW FROM YSGARD

By Francois-Xavier Nicolas [fxn@eurolang.fr]

*Sir,*

*This text was found on the corpse of a tiefling near the Mortuary, in Sigil. The author, Elenora the Pure, was known as a Centaur Druid from the prime world called Toril. This paper, from the bits we managed to get back, is a letter to a man so-called "King Volcano", living on the Inner Plane of fire.*

*Your Servant,  
Yselda Kee Palion, of the Fated*

[...]

I also went to this plane called Ysgard, to discover those I thought were only our planar brothers, and stayed with them a year, in a tribe called "Looreni", to study their organization.

The organization of the Bariaur society, first of all, is not centered, as most of the humanoids' society, on a gender. The Bariaurs consider that as both male and female have a role in the Tribe, they are equal. I've been therefore welcome, with no difficulty by 'my' tribe, and they had the decency (some others did not!) to consider me as equal to them. I had the name "Kil'lera", i.e. the fast.

The Loorenians are a big tribe of 52 members: 20 males, 22 females, and 10 young. Most of them are the equivalent of our rangers, or fighters and some of them, particularly the females, have some magical healing abilities, or use petty magic for common life. The only members of the tribe who are really magically capable are the Druidess Lissandra and her Apprentice Kloer the Small.

The Bariaurs most of the time wear clothes only on their human part; with quite good taste, and with a complex code showing their rank or role in the tribe, or their achievement. They sometimes wear a piece of wool or a fur on their goat part. They usually wear

quite a lot of jewelry, which shows, like their clothing or equipment, their achievement.

I won't talk here about the famous clubs they use in their epic combats with the giants, but I'd rather describe some signs that can be useful to you the next time you'll meet a Bariaur.

First of all, look at his neck. If he is wearing gold or silver, or any kind of metal, it means that the Bariaur has traveled in the planes, because in their home plane, they don't often dig mines, and they only get such wealth during a wanderlust.

Next, look at his hair, because the Bariaurs wear long hair as a sign of their strength. Each time a Bariaur loose a competition, he gives his winner some hair from his woolly head. This custom is not valid for females. Look also at the quality of the dressing of the hair, and particularly look at the colors they wear. It shows the status of the 'man'. Be extremely careful with those who wear black in their hair, because they are banned from their tribes, and give full confidence to the pure, who are wearing white or blue, 'cause they are priests or druids. The red belongs to great fighters, the green to bards. Some more complicated signs like feathers in their hair can show a certain status. For example, if a Bariaur female has got 3 rings in her hair, she is for sure married; if she is wearing a feather, her heart is free. But if she wears 2 feathers, she must be a widow.

You can, King, contemplate also the belt of a Bariaur. Around his waist are the items he brought back from his wanderlust. Some of them are common, like weapons, some of them are extremely rare, and I will never forget this Bariaur who had at on his belt a bag of pearls from the Castle of Deep Blue, in the Elemental plane of water. (I think you don't ignore the value of these pearls as spell components). Don't offend those who are wearing long hair around their waist, as a belt, because they are giants' hair.



[...]

Then, look at the weapons a Bariaur carries. His icon, his javelin, and his shield. As you know, we have seen lots of battlefields, during your career, but I've never seen fighters like a Bariaur tribe when in danger. Believe me, even the charge of the knights we've seen while on this Mission in the North for Elminster (remember, where we landed in the realm of this Vampire called Strahd?), is nothing if compared to the charge of a Bariaur tribe in front of a group of giants.

Once, in the plain of Palarir, in the 2nd layer of Ysgard, one of the Rangers the chief had sent forward came back telling there was a group of 3 giants coming ahead. The chief, a fighter called Oliphan, decided to send 30 members of the tribe, of which were 4 young and 7 females, to the fight. Lissandra blessed their weapons, and started to create enchantments and spells to protect them from death and harming. I definitely decided to help my new family. I went with them 3 miles ahead, and we met a group of giants of Ysgard.

These giants have nothing in common with those of the prime. They are tougher. The Bariaurs, not disturbed at all, charged directly, launching first their javelin, while running, and after going in melee with clubs and swords, plus shield. In 15 minutes, the combat was over, we had lost 2 members of our hunt, and the 3 giants were dead.

The party then came back to the rest of the tribe, bringing back the dead. The funeral ceremony took place during the night. We stayed in the plain, in a circle, and the bards, the elders and the chief told the virtues and achievement of the dead. We sang, we laughed, we danced, and no one was crying, or seemed to be sad. In the morning, they buried them, and we went away.

I asked Lissandra what would happened to the souls of the dead, and she told me that soon, Bariaurs would be

born, giving the souls a new place in the tribe. I was also wondering what was happening to old Bariaurs, because I had never seen in the tribe old Bariaurs, i.e. with the human part older than a 50 years old man. Lissandra told me that when a Bariaur feels that his time was over, he goes to meet his fate against the giants, in the north, for his last wanderlust. It's the most heroic way to die for a Bariaur, male or female. She told me that the legend said that those who had a good life were taken by the gods of Ysgard and brought to their infinite plain, where they were waiting for the great fight against the giants, at the end of the multiverse. (They call it Ragnear'rak, a kind of Ragnarok, legend of the Norse I've been talking about in my previous letters).

One month later, at an approximate rate of 8 hours per day of walk, we arrived in a part of Ysgard I had never heard about. Oliphan told me that I had to stay still and stay in the middle of their group, because they were going for a meeting with some of the tribes of Ysgard. We went on and arrived in one of the most wonderful valleys I had ever seen. Even your realm on Earth looks like, forgive me, like a backgarden in front of the magnificence of this place.

Cliffs thousands of miles high, of white granite surrounded me, and the reflection of the sunlight on this stone was making of this place a miracle. The valley itself was a region of woodlands and hills, and apart from the Bariaurs there was no other intelligent being. Some animals were wandering around, probably petitioners on the plane. They did not seem to be disturbed with our presence. "Some of the tribes" is a weak expression to describe more than 200 Bariaur tribes, which makes more than 9000 Bariaurs. In this place, we looked like a small army ready for a war.

I thought that they were gathering for an important and serious reason, like a war or a religious ceremony, but this meeting had nothing to do with it. I went, with Lissandra and her apprentice, to meet the druids of the

other tribes, to form the council, which chooses the druid who will take the staff and responsibility of ArchDruid of the Octaline Forest, for the next year. The one who takes the staff from the hands of his predecessor, usually a wise and powerful druid, is constantly in contact with the essence of the Layer, and has (I've been told) an incredible power.

Except for the council, nothing seemed to be serious here. While the druids were gathering, all the other Bariaurs were just having fun, meeting, (and mating), and were making exchanges of presents between tribes. They were also organizing games, races, joust, weddings, parties... Kloer, who was my guide while her master was participating to the council, told me that this annual event was an excuse to meet old friends, make new ones, meet a mate, and participate in the games, and contests.

# CHAPTER 3: BARIAUR RELIGION AND BELIEF

Bariaur religion is heavily effected by the Bariaur nomadic lifestyle. Religion in agrarian cultures is formed and determined by centers of worship. Temples or churches are built, religious orders acquire land (and thus power) and believers congregate around these centers in villages or towns, supporting the religion. Nomadic cultures are quite different.

Religion in nomadic cultures can develop in a variety of ways. In the case of nomadic Bariaur culture, three distinct religious traditions have emerged: The Cult of the Powers (believers and priests of various Bariaur Powers), Shamanism, and Mysticism. They range within the spectrum of belief, with the Cult of Powers representing True Faith on the left to The Mystics, representing Open Belief on the right. Shamanism sits in the middle, a balance of the two extremes.

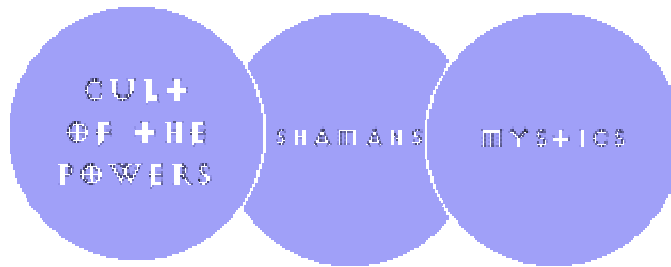
The Cult of the Powers worship Bariaur deities, such as Nomolos (Br: Nomolosa), the God of Old Wisdom and Va'sha (Br: Vaasha) "The Battle Bringer." The Cult's usually form on the planes where the powers reside or in areas of greater cross-cultural influences, since most two-legged religions fit this model and tend to cross-fertilize Bariaur culture. The Cults tend to represent the outgoing, social nature of Bariaur society.

Shamanism is the worship of nature and its manifestations. Shamanism tends to be concentrated in areas farther away from foreign influences, where Bariaur are most self-reliant. Shamanism tends to represent the independent, aloof nature of Bariaur society.

The third religious group is The Mystics. Mystics believe in the universality of all religious and philosophical traditions. For mystics, there is a heart of

intuitive truth to be discovered in every belief system. They represent the far right of the religious spectrum, Open Belief of every system. For the Mystic, the only way to discover this truth is to immerse oneself into that tradition until it is discovered.

The relationship between these three traditions is fascinating. Think of three circles from left to right: The Cult of the Powers, Shamanism and Mysticism. The Cult circle (far left) overlaps the Shamanism circle (middle) and the Mysticism circle (far right) overlaps the Shamanism circle. See below.

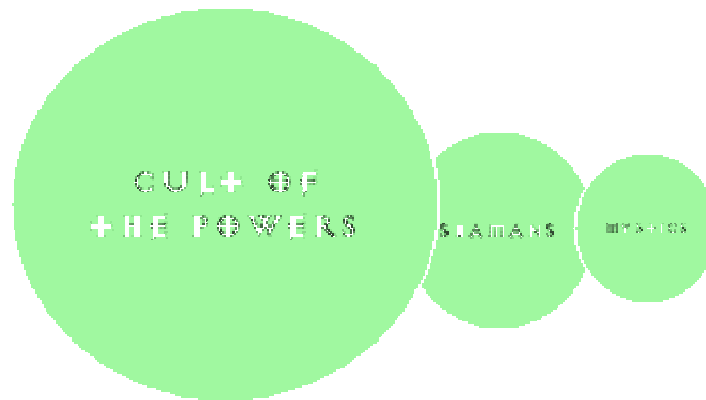


The area where the circles merge represents the overlapping responsibilities, powers and philosophical influences of the three traditions. Each overlapping tradition borrows freely from its neighbor. Thus, the Ritual of Sheka, or hoof trimming, could be performed by a priest of The Cults or a Shaman, or in unusual cases (possibly when the flock is threatened), both working together. The Mystics wouldn't be involved in such a ritual, or any ritual really.

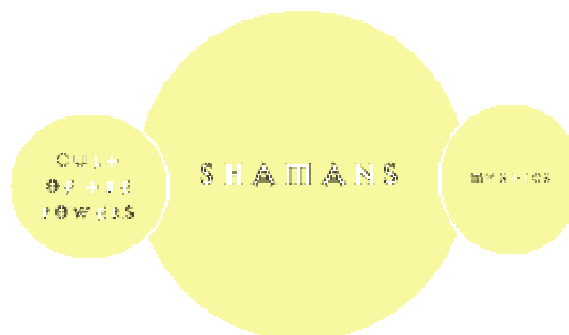
In practice, this overlap tends to be a little more complicated. The Mystics tradition, which contains almost no practical ritual, tends to borrow strongly from the Shaman philosophy of unity and openness, while incorporating every new philosophical system into their own tradition. The Shamans tend to incorporate new philosophical outlooks observed in the Mystics into their ever-changing environment to help the Bariaur flock. The Cults attempt to better serve the Bariaur by utilizing their wisdom and powers, usually

influenced by needs elucidated by the Shamans. This pastiche of belief and tradition ensures the survival of the culture as a whole and preserves important aspects of each system.

Differences in this system exist from plane to plane and in The Outlands. In The Outlands, the example above usually holds; an equal balance of power and numbers of each of the three traditions. In the Upper Planes, planar influences tend to modify the makeup of the three traditions. For example, on planes where Powers reside, the makeup is overwhelming Cult of the Powers, with the other two traditions in much smaller numbers and influences. See below.



In planes away from these planes of influence, such as Bytopia, Shamanism or Mysticism may be the predominant tradition:



In all cases, the three traditions generally get along with each other, placing the well being of the flock before their personal differences.



## THE MYSTICS

### THE MYSTIC'S MANIFESTO

**by Saldrin Thanol**  
**Bariaur Mystic**

In a world where belief is power and thought can change reality, some would say that revealing one's beliefs is as dangerous as revealing one's power.

As a mystic, however, I understand that this power was given to us to share with others. By sharing, we enrich our beliefs, enrich each other, and nourish the soul. Therefore, I now reveal my own beliefs in the hopes that others will benefit from my understanding, and that they too may reveal their beliefs so that we all may be enriched.

### ON THE FACTIONS

I align myself loosely as a Free Leaguer. At their core, Free Leaguers believe in the freedom to choose. That is as much as I believe of their philosophy. They say that all factions are deluding themselves that the truth is "out there," but that it's not available to those who shut their minds to one concept. Here I disagree. I believe that each faction holds onto one aspect of the truth. Their truth is pure and perfect.

This philosophy goes against every faction's belief system, including the so-called "free league." I choose to study each faction, gain some of their understanding without joining or converting, and integrate it within my own belief system. This is a dangerous proposition, but that is how I express my spirit of adventure.

Reality is not to be sampled, as the Sensates might say, but it is to be assimilated. It is not order or chaos, it just is. It's not the one or the many, but the whole. Life and



death are concepts, like the illusory concept of time. They hold minimal sway on our mindscapes. They exist as signposts along the path to freedom. And the mind, also, is only a mental concept. So who is this mind thinking of mind? That is my question and my quest.

## ⊕ N G⊕⊕ D A N D E V I L

My people say that when you create a thing, you also create its opposite. This is never truer than when it comes to good and evil. To create good, to discern that one thing is better than another, is to invite it's opposite. To call something evil, to forbid it, likewise is to set oneself up for disappointment. Those who are wise know better than to wear these foul-smelling hats. It is the lifelong quest for self-understanding through mystical knowledge that has value to the mystic. What allows one to follow that path is thought to be positive. What prevents one from following that path is considered negative.

True happiness comes from accepting what is, and devoting ones life to fostering this understanding in oneself and others. The method, the "fostering," is performed by the sampling of various philosophical and religious outlooks and finding their core truths.

## ⊕ N L A W A N D C H A⊕ S

Law and chaos are concepts only. For a mystic, these concepts are relative. Chaos, for example, is often understood to be the absence of law. Law, is often understood to be chaos subdued. As slippery and self-defeating as good and evil, law and chaos are concepts to be noted, assimilated, and understood. But always remember that they have no real substance to them. The only real order and disorder are internal mental functions. And even these are to be noted, experienced but never suppressed.

## ⊕N THE C⊕RE

Each person, each faction, each religion, has core beliefs. It is the mystic's mission to expose and assimilate The Core. But what is the core of the mystic? When a mystic asks this of her teacher, she will often be told to study a particular belief system or culture. The teacher refers the mystic to the belief system that that mystic needs to break down their mental conditioning. The teacher rarely, if ever, points to the student's own mind. Some teachers say that this would be too much for the student to handle. He might say, "If I pointed directly to your mind, and you were to understand, your mind would be crushed like dry leaves." Thus the mystic is always left to herself to find these answers, with the help of a teacher to point the way, if she's lucky.

## ⊕N AC+I⊕N

Our actions are determined by our minds. Our minds are conditioned by our actions. It is imperative that the two are in sync. For example, a mystic must never use a weapon. A weapon creates powerful mental scars on the mind. If a mystic is to defend herself, she should learn to use her mind, or her bare hands. The best defense is to avoid conflict. But as our goal is to seek the core of belief systems, there are often those who would oppose us, out of greed, suspicion, or ignorance. These are the people most in need of our insights. By finding like-minded individuals within an organization, we can exchange knowledge and belief and increase our power by giving it away.

## THE SHAMAN TRADI+I⊕N

In our shaman tradition, there are twelve books of wisdom. These "books" were engraved on cedar bark thousands of years ago. The shaman council consists of

the Wise One, (the head shaman) and twelve lesser shamans. The lesser shaman spend their lives memorizing one of the twelve books. They completely master the book, all its philosophies, commentaries and arguments and fully understand the books place among the twelve.

In this fashion, it is thought that the shaman council is at full strength when all twelve lesser shamans have mastered their text and the Wise One is capable of channeling the power and teachings.

Often, one or more of the lesser shamans do not have complete mastery of their text, as they are difficult to read and master and take many decades to fully comprehend. This is considered part of the natural ebb and flow of nature. Only half of the lesser shamans had obtained mastery when I left my home.

Finally, I humbly ask that you take what small crumbs of wisdom I have accumulated. This is by no means a systematic attempt to collect my peoples' wisdom, but a small taste of our understanding. Please drink from the well. I only hope you find it nourishing.

## THE SAYINGS

- The sharpest sword cannot cut itself
- The best way to help others is to lead them to the shaman's wisdom
- The simple truth is that the truth is too simple
- When one creates a thing, its opposite is also created
- Beings are sustained through the power of subtle mental energy
- Everything is perfect. But there is a lot of room for improvement
- Be less to become more. Become broken to remain whole. Bend like the trees to stand tall. Be empty to receive. Be used to become new. Have little to gain more. Those who have much will not understand

- Wise persons hold fast to the natural ways as a standard for use by all. Reclusive, yet known by all. Unassertive, yet respected by all. Modest, yet praised by all. Ambitionless, yet followed by all
- Do not argue and no one will argue with you
- The universe acts only according to the laws of nature, even though such laws may seem chaotic and elusive
- Chaotic, still there are patterns. Elusive, still there is life. Mysterious and obscure, still it contains the essential. Power that is immeasurable, still is true and active
- If others are not shown the errors of their beliefs, how will we save the world?
- If I stop working on the ignorance of others, what else is there?
- The mind's nature is pure from the beginning. It has no beginning or end, like space. To remain in this space is true meditation
- It is through faith that absolute truth is realized.

## AN INTERVIEW WITH DAGAPA RALAGARI, BARIAUR SHAMAN

**Tale of the Bariaur:** Dagapa, why do the Bariaur need shamans? After all, why can't a priest handle the same needs of the flock that you provide? What is it that is unique about your place with the flock?

**DAGAPA RALAGARI:** That is a good question. The Bariaur are a warrior race. It has always been like this, and it always will be thus. This requires us to kill those who would destroy us. We take our enemies bodies from them; the spoils of combat. Our enemies, deprived of their bodies, are quite angry with the Bariaur. The essences are upset and confused and they threaten the well being of the flock. It is the job of the shaman to pacify the essences of these creatures and to direct them to their proper plane or power. Only the shaman knows how to do this. Only a shaman can prevent the essence of our enemies from taking their revenge against us for taking their bodies.

**T ⊕ B:** But can't a priest perform the same role?

**DAGAPA:** No. A priest may know what plane to send a creature's essence, and a priest may even know the proper spells to cast. But a priest cannot guide the essence because the priest does not understand the pain and frustration that a creature feels when it is separated from its body.

**T ⊕ B:** So you have an understanding of this separation?

**DAGAPA:** Actually, yes. A shaman becomes a shaman because of a vision she receives, sometimes as a result of almost dying. Often a shaman, as a child, will

develop a strange fever or possibly experience a terrible injury. This experience might involve the essence leaving the body, merging with the forces of nature, or some trans-planar force. A spirit animal or a teacher long since dead may visit the child and begin teaching her of The Ways. This initial experience is the center of the shaman's power. It is the separation between our world and the spirit world. It is a permanent separation, as no one else in the flock will ever understand the shaman again. It is a painful, terrible experience that no one wishes for their offspring or themselves. Some of these Bariaur never become shamans and instead lose their minds, cursed to wander The Outlands in search of it for the rest of their days. For those who can make sense of the experience, they may one day become shaman. Being a shaman is a curse, yet it is a blessing for the flock.

**T ⊕ B:** What about the powers that shamans are thought to have?

**DAGAPA:** The experience may bring visions, premonitions, special powers, but it is all just a leftover from that initial experience.

**T ⊕ B:** Is this journey the same one that the essence of a vanquished enemy takes?

**DAGAPA:** In some ways, yes. The enemy's essence is the same essence that pervades the multiverse. This essence is based in chaos – free flowing energy. It is the role of the shaman to tap into this chaos energy. Yet to tap chaos energy takes incredible discipline. And once the energy is tapped, it is used to bring order. In the case of the vanquished enemy, the order involves guidance and consolation and great compassion. Compassion for one's enemy is the greatest creator of inner strength.

**T ⊕ B:** So let me get this straight, you use order to find chaos to bring order?

**DAGAPA:** Yes, this process is called Sacred Action. Primes call this insanity.

**T ⊕ B:** Why not just use discipline and order to bring about order, and just skip the chaos?

**DAGAPA:** Ahh, I see you've been talking with the mystics (laughing). No, logic and thought have limitations. It is the energy, manifested as chaos that holds true power.

**T ⊕ B:** This all sounds terribly complicated, with energies and chaos and things everywhere. Is it really so complex?

**DAGAPA:** The Outlands, "The Payii" is the heart of polarity and conflict. It is the center of everything – good, evil, law, chaos, fire, water, everything and its opposite are at war here. This is why the Bariaur are warriors and this is why they need a shaman, to lead them to battle, to make sense of the battle, to know when it's time for peace. It makes us brave and fierce. It is the job of the shaman to make sure that war and conflict are in the right context. We must know when to fight or when to be like the Barbazu Fern and simply bend in the wind. The shaman must know when to manifest fire to fight water, law to fight chaos, evil to fight good and yet never become fire or law or evil.

**T ⊕ B:** Thank you for your time.

**DAGAPA:** Don't thank me, it's yours too.

# BARIAUR AND THE FACTIONS

## OVERVIEW

Bariaur are free to join any faction they want. Tell them otherwise and they'll likely try to join just to spite you. Nevertheless, there are some natural affinities that draw Bariaur to particular factions and repel them from others. Joining some factions, such as The Dustmen, would be unimaginable to most Bariaur. You would have a hard time finding arguments against joining other factions, such as the Indeps. Alignment with factions usually results from a Bariaur's belief system.

## FACTION AND BELIEF

Bariaur without strong beliefs tend to rely on their cultural background as their motivation in life. Having fun, fighting hard, lots of sex and mating activity, partying all night and generally being social would characterize this lot. They would be happy in a variety of factions, especially those that tend to be impulsive and independent.

Those who believe in The Powers are just as social and active as the average Bariaur without a belief system, yet they respect their Power and their faith commitments. These Bariaur would obviously avoid the Athar for their anti-power stance, and would also avoid the fated for their denial of the powers' role. In most other respects, those who believe in The Powers are attracted to the same factions as their non-believer flock-mates.

The shamans try to be just one of the bucks (usually does). When it comes to factions, they attempt to seek balance. So although they align themselves with factions that the average Bariaur would consider, there



are some exceptions. For example, The Doomguard and Fated are too depressing for the average shaman. They tend to lack the necessary balance and harmony for a Bariaur spirit.

Mystics are the most complicated of the lot. Mystics are intent on understanding EVERY faction and belief system, so they generally avoid anyone who claims that there is no truth. If you claim to actually have the truth, then a Bariaur mystic will surely pay you a visit and may even join. The mystics are attracted to a few factions that most Bariaur would avoid. These include The Guvners and The Ciphers. The Guvners philosophy of learning the laws of the universe to understand it (usually control it), is consistent with the mystic's philosophy. The cipher's also have a philosophy of universal unity with truth that appeals to the mystics.

For the mystics, the one exception to joining factions are The Sensates. Sensates represent the antithesis of mystic philosophy. Mystics believe in experiencing the spiritual core of every belief, while Sensates believe in experiencing the physical core of every experience. A Mystic and a Sensate would make a great team, both wanting to explore the new and unusual, but just don't let them get started talking philosophy.

Here's a summary of the factions that most Bariaur would consider joining based on their belief system:

FAC+IΘN /BELIEF	NΘNE	PΘWERS	SHAMAN	MYSTIC
Athar	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Godsmen	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Bleakers	No	No	No	No
Doomguard	Yes	No	No	No
Dustment	No	No	No	No
Fated	Yes	No	No	No
Guvners	No	No	No	Yes
Indeps	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes

Harmonium	No	No	No	No
Mercykillers	No	No	No	No
Anarchists	No	No	No	No
Signers	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Sensates	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Ciphers	Yes	No	No	Yes
Chaosmen	Yes	Yes	Yes	No

# CHAPTER 4: YOUR LIFE AS A BARIAUR

This chapter provides an overview of Bariaur culture that might not have been covered in the ecology section.

## LOYALTIES

With so many beliefs and philosophies, it might be difficult to figure out where a Bariaur's loyalties lie. You've got the individual, family, religion, flock, faction, and profession. With so many loyalties, it's amazing that a Bariaur can act at all! Given their love for freedom, you might think that Bariaur are selfish. However, there is nothing farther from the truth.

The Bariaur need for freedom and individuality is absolute. Attempts to enslave or deny freedom to any group the Bariaur belongs to always motivates the Bariaur to action. The thought of slavery, oppression or imprisonment is so horrendous to Bariaur sensibilities, that it is likely to invoke a strong emotional reaction. Creatures who have been enslaved such as the githzerai, are enigmas to the Bariaur. In one sense there is deep compassion for their plight. In another sense, there is distrust and confusion over how such a race could let themselves be treated in such a way.

Freedom takes priority over any personal motivations or beliefs. No belief system can teach a Bariaur a belief counter to the ideal of freedom. This belief comes from the Bariaur need and compulsion to wander.

Another virtue instilled by the nomadic lifestyle is a deep reliance on the flock. The flock includes the family and ones individual flock. Family ties in Bariaur society

are weak, as Bariaur grow up with the support of all the flocks members. The flock identity occasionally extends to parties of trusted adventurers, factions or religious groups. Flocks never leave behind or abandon one of their own. You can expect intense loyalty from a Bariaur when a member of the flock is missing or left behind. Bariaur adventurers may go so far as always being the last one through a portal. This is a kind of herding instinct that allows the Bariaur to feel at ease, knowing that her flock is protected and safe.

The love of freedom and the support of the flock take precedence over all beliefs, alignment, and factions. To the Bariaur, these last three beliefs simply provide a role for the Bariaur to play, as in the final egg of the creation story. A Bariaur mystic would never consort with a creature if there were a chance that creature would use the mystic's knowledge against the flock. A shaman would not allow starvation for the sake of preserving plants and the environment. The priest of a battle god would never lead the flock into combat, knowing they would be annihilated. Each of these rules are strictly utilitarian, in that the flock is always the focus of their belief or tradition. After all, each of these roles would not exist outside of the flock.

## WORLD VIEW

Bariaur live as guests of nature. Their nomadic lifestyle requires that they maintain respect for all creatures and races and maintain a sense of humility. The Bariaur have enemies, of course, and those are killed mercilessly, as they inhibit the Bariaur's freedom.

Life is hard moving from place to place. There is hard work and sacrifice. The Bariaur make up for this by playing hard. Bariaur love contests of strength and stamina. Running, brawling, wrestling and the like are Bariaur passions. These traditions are important enough that Bariaur powers exist to moderate and maintain them. Priests and paladins sometimes become

the equivalent of referees. Mating is also considered a sport, one which males and females aggressively participate.

Bariaur do not drink alcohol because of their physiology, but they do smoke various weeds that have similar affects.

Because of their outgoing personalities and intense play, some races don't take Bariaur seriously. These races do not understand that Bariaur play and laugh and carouse because their lives are so hard. Bariaur are always trying to break these misconceptions, usually by proving themselves as worthwhile friends and comrades. Bariaur can almost always be trusted when it comes to their friends and families. In a society where most things are property of the flock, theft is almost unheard of.

## WANDERLUS+

Bariaur are unlike to stay in one place for very long. Some say it's cultural, but Bariaur believe that they are physically unable to stay in one location. Something inside urges them to move on, to explore, and to migrate. If it weren't for their large complicated bodies, they would make excellent seaman. And if they only had wings. Bariaur hate the underground. It's claustrophobic, cold, damp, and cramped. The thought of tons of rock and earth over ones head makes a Bariaur shiver.

### Bariaur Crafts

As nomads, Bariaur only make what they can carry. They also don't have the luxury of workshops, crops, large storage areas or other accoutrements of a sedentary society. You won't find a Bariaur armorer or blacksmith. You won't find a Bariaur brewer or baker either. As vegetarians, you also won't find Bariaur hunters or leatherworkers. Bariaur often herd sheep and goats for their fur, but you won't find Bariaur

dealing in animal products other than clothing and cloth. Instead you'll find Bariaur engaged with simple crafts. Here are a list of some of the activities you might find among the Bariaur, with the percentage chance of an encounter.

**01-05 Arrowsmith**

**06-10 Artist**

**11-15 Bowyer**

**16-30 Carrier (messenger)**

**31-35 Dyer**

**35-40 Entertainer (musician, storyteller, bard, actor)**

**41-45 Lutemaker**

**46-50 Parchment maker**

**51-55 Potter**

**56-70 Shepherd**

**71-75 Tailor/Weaver**

**76-80 Tracker**

**81-95 Trader/Barterer – Food (honey, vegetables, fruits, wild grains, herbs, spices)**

**96-00 Mystic, Shaman, Priest**

Note that few of these individuals are specialists in their area. Instead, the flock works collectively on these crafts, possibly with a master within the group. To encounter a Bariaur bowyer, for example, is to encounter a trader selling bows made by up to a dozen skilled Bariaur craftsmen who create bows in addition to other tasks, such as making arrows, cooking, or weaving. Craftsmen include all members of the flock, including both male and female and often the kids.

Bariaur crafts are made to be durable, lightweight, and utilitarian. Fancy artwork or engraving, or specialty items are rarely made, unless they're shown to be profitable for outside trade.

## WEALTH

Bariaur care little for the common conception of wealth. Bariaur are attracted to items because of their function and craftsmanship. A Bariaur may spend hours

decorating his pelt with custom dyes and shaved symbols, but when it comes to a weapon or armor, the top choice is a functional piece of equipment that's expertly crafted. Because of their nomadic lifestyle, Bariaur don't have the luxury of making many of their own tools. They rely on good will and trade to obtain quality items from other races.

Gold itself has no great value to Bariaur, unless it can be traded for something useful. Like dwarves, Bariaur value gold for its beauty, and often use it for jewelry or for making ceremonial items. Items are usually small, since molds and other tools are often inconvenient to carry.

Bariaur value food more than anything else. It is often difficult to find high quality roughage in the quantity needed to support a flock. Those who can find or provide food are valued almost as much as the flocks chief and shaman. To waste food is a transgression against the gods and nature. Animal products are not considered food. They're used exclusively for clothing and equipping Bariaur. Bariaur would never sell their flocks to other races for food, nor would they eat meat themselves.

Besides trade and barter, gems and jewelry are the most convenient form of portable wealth. All Bariaur have a basic knowledge of gems and their value, as they are used widely for trade and commerce.

## ATTITUDES TOWARD OTHER RACES

Bariaur respect the rights and cultures of all peoples. As nomads, they must be able to get along with all races. Often, more "lawful" races don't appreciate the Bariaur rough housing that's often associated with a nearby flock. It is the job of the flock's priest to maintain relations with other races, ensuring that the Bariaur don't unduly bother or insult the locals. This is critical

for trade and land access. The real diplomats are the mystics, who yearn to learn new cultures and belief systems. Where the priests act to police a flock and keep them out of trouble, the mystic is the Bariaur ambassador, ensuring good relations.

Despite the great efforts that Bariaur go through to preserve tranquility, there are certain races that Bariaur naturally don't get along with. When Bariaur encounter these races, they tend to stay far away, allowing the mystics or priests to negotiate for passage or trade.

The githzerai and dwarves pose especially difficult cultural challenges. The githzerai, former slaves, confound Bariaur, who cannot believe people would allow themselves to be treated in such a way. The dwarves tend to be too stodgy and work-oriented. Dwarves don't seem to know how to play.

Aasimar, humans, half-elves, elves and halflings are well received. Gnomes are tolerated, provided their practical jokes are similar to those of the Bariaur.

Genasi and tieflings pose a variety of concerns for the Bariaur. Genasi are downright unfriendly and Bariaur tend to steer clear of them. Tieflings are curious, yet act unpredictably. Although their independent spirits are appreciated, tieflings act a little too suspiciously for the likes of most Bariaur.

Modrons are freaks of nature to be avoided. They lack a past, they have no family, they've abandoned their flock and they're minds are ordered in ways a Bariaur could never understand.

The only other creature of note are giants. Giants have harassed and killed countless Bariaur over territory. Most creatures know better than to enter a territory inhabited by giants. However, when the shaman has a vision quest and tells the flock to head west for three days to ensure its survival, the existence of giants is a



secondary concern. Therefore, some people think that Bariaur ask for trouble with the giants.

## WAR

Bariaur love to fight. They love the thrill of battle, vanquishing their enemies, glory and honor. Bariaur priests, shamans and mystics know this and make it part of their life goals to avoid too many conflicts that might irreparably damage the flock. A flock low on food and water, ill equipped and poorly armed is no less likely to engage in battle. Therefore it is very important that the leaders of the flock use common sense and internal diplomacy to avoid a disaster.

When it comes to battle, Bariaur do not surrender or take prisoners. It's a simple concept. No Bariaur would ever allow herself to be imprisoned, and no Bariaur could conceive of a reason why another creature would wish to be captured. It is better to die in battle, in a blaze of glory, than to act cowardly by surrendering.

This does not mean that Bariaur are unfamiliar with the concept of retreat. Bariaur are intelligent warriors who train incessantly to master weapons and strategy. Bariaur captured in battle are not abandoned either. Bariaur will go to extraordinary lengths to free their trapped or captured comrades. Imprisonment is equivalent to torture, and no Bariaur would willingly allow himself to be captured or allow a comrade to remain a prisoner.

## THE FAMILY

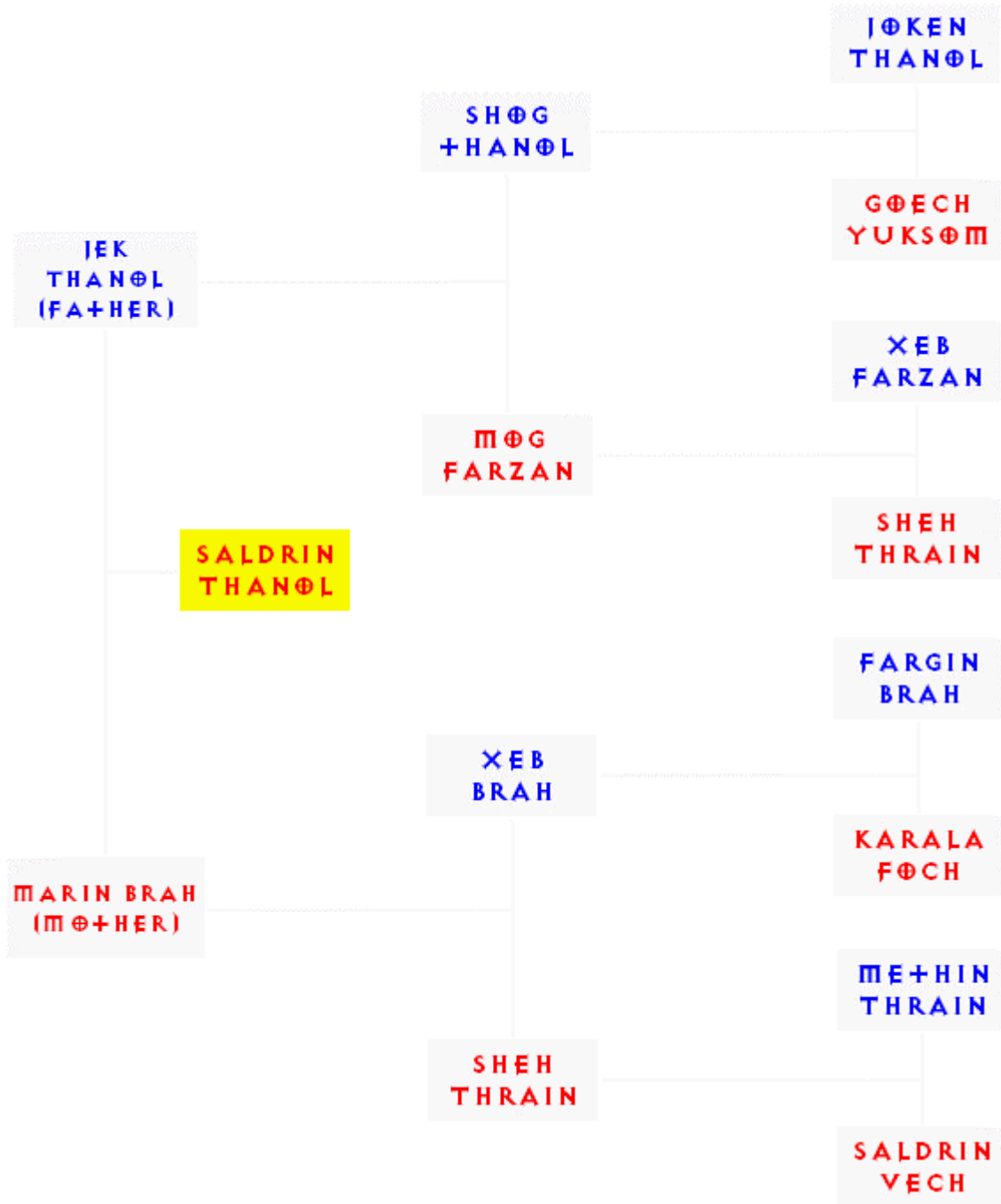
Honor, freedom, reputation. These are concepts central to the relationship a Bariaur shares with the flock. A Bariaur without the flock is likely to forsake these principles. And what makes the flock run together is the strength of the family. Bariaur are proud creatures, and when encountered they will often introduce

themselves by name, including their past relations at least three generations back on their father's side, including any notable accomplishments. Sometimes symbols or illustrations dyed on their pelts can show off a Bariaur lineage. A Bariaur may use hand gestures towards their pelts to elaborate the scenes of their ancestral lineage when introducing themselves or when telling stories (two favorite activities).

Bariaur, normally impatient, understand the value of these rituals and would never think to interrupt, except in matters of life and death. Non-Bariaur are expected to interrupt this litany of names and events, so most Bariaur, wise in the way of the worlds, skip such introductions with two-leggers. There's the feeling that most cutters don't know who their parents are anyway, so why intentionally embarrass them?

As you've probably read elsewhere, Bariaur society is patriarchal and patrilineal. Patrilineal descent follows the male line. People are only related if they can trace their ancestors through the males. Both females and males inherit the last name along the male line. Only males pass their name along to descendents. The structural unit in patrilineal societies is usually the nuclear family, but within Bariaur society everyone lives together, making such distinctions unnecessary and somewhat inaccurate.

Here is an example of a family tree taken from Bariaur mystic Saldrin Thanol. Her father, Jek Thanol, is the leader of a flock of Bariaur near the Outland town of Glorium.



If Saldrin Thanol were to meet a Bariaur in The Outlands (Sigilian Bariaur seem not to care for the old ways), she might introduce herself in Planar Common or Bariaur as: Saldrin Thanol, doe of Jek Thanol, head buck of the Glorium Bariaur, buck of Shog Thanol, veteran hero of the Hill Giant Millennial War, and buck

of Joken Thanol, veteran hero of the Second Hill Giant War of Tarsis, and first Beastland buck of the Greg Flock, carrier of the sacred Farsicle of Eldren....

The encountered Bariaur would then take his turn, in the same language, with care to match accomplishments in an effort not to upstage Saldrin, but possibly to hint at greater things under the surface.

There are multiple variations on this theme. Some does, resistant to mainstream Bariaur culture, have started quoting their matrilineal lineage along with their patrilineal lineage. This, of course, has caused some consternation among more conservative Bariaur, many of whom are more offended by the extra time it takes during introductions, seeing the action as insulting. As of yet, none of these "renegade" does have gone so far as to drop the patrilineal lineage altogether.

## LIFE CYCLE ⊕ OF THE BARIAUR

Bariaur have a reproductive cycle similar to humans, except that twins and triplets never occur. There is no limit to the size of a family, except as it pertains to available natural resources. Normally, bucks play no active role in raising their sons. Instead, the bucks collectively raise the young. Does form a strong relationship with their offspring. Thus, to motivate a flock of Bariaur, it is imperative to involve the females, as offspring are loyal and obedient to the wishes of their mothers.

From several years of age until a Bariaur reaches 13, they are raised and taught collectively among the flock members. By the age of 13, a Bariaur has a pretty good idea where he or she is headed. Most Bariaur know they will stay with the flock. They learn to hone their fighting skills and often apprentice themselves in various crafts or activities. This lasts for about five years. There is no formal apprenticeship programs or rituals involved in the study. Bariaur simply start

working and learning a craft, increasing their commitment to the flock. All Bariaur are expected to make some sort of special contribution to the flock. Those that cannot find their way, often feel rejected and outcaste.

Very few Bariaur actually train for specialized careers as priests, shamans, or mystics, and an even smaller number become mages and mindbenders. These specialists are still expected to participate in flock life, including chores and other responsibilities. They are not valued any more than any other flock member.

Bariaur approaching old age have a number of options. On Ysgard, they leave the flock for a final wanderlust, usually into giant country. Bariaur in The Outlands often set up shop in a gate town, selling Bariaur produce or goods.

## MARRIAGEABLE AGE

Adulthood starts at age 18. Before the age of 18, Bariaur are busy learning crafts or trades. Only the teacher or master in a Bariaur's particular trade can give permission for early marriage. Mating is a sport in Bariaur society, one that starts at around age 13, when a Bariaur begins to learn a skill. This five-year period of flirtation and courtship usually acts as a sorting out process. By age 18, a Bariaur generally knows if she will be getting married and to whom, if she will be delaying marriage for a particular reason, such as specialized training, or if she will never be married, such as the case with shaman. The flock pities the few who leave the flock before marriage, especially those who can expect a lifetime of Bariaur questions regarding the location of their husbands.

When Bariaur who have left return, they are likely to find it difficult to mate. The usual five year mating period is a rite of passage in Bariaur life, one that involves Bariaur of the same age group, most of whom grew up together. For an older Bariaur, especially one

with more experience, it may be difficult to find a willing mate who would be an intellectual equal. Of course this is rarely a problem for returning bucks. Also, there is some suspicion about returning Bariaur. They will find it difficult to acquire a mate until they show that they are stable in their relationship with the flock. Few Bariaur wish to leave the flock to follow a husband or wife across the planes. As a group, Bariaur wander far and wide. Individually, Bariaur prefer to stay with their flock.

## ADUL+ LIFE

Bariaur don't have much structure in their lives. Days may involve migration, hard work, play, mating or whatever strikes their fancy. There's always work to do, but it can always be done tomorrow. There is no constrictive schedule to follow. Work and play are often the same thing. Bariaur don't need to schedule time with their children, as they are never away from them. Celebrations and contests are a daily occurrence. A shaman could tell you a special reason to celebrate for every day of the year. Singing, playing music, brawling and racing are all common activities in any given day with a Bariaur flock.

The end of the day is sometimes the time for Bariaur to meet with their peers. Does congregate together to discuss important issues. Bucks gather to tell stories, sing or play in contests. Teens may court each other or spend time together in groups, working on their trade. Mystics may consult with shamans. Shamans may consult with priests.

## BARIAUR DIE+

Bariaur eat a variety of food, all of it vegetarian and most of it readily available along their nomadic paths. Occasionally, Bariaur will plant vegetables or grain in the hopes of returning to the area later in the year. Since there's no guarantee of the flock's return, most of these

crops tend to be wild varieties of naturally occurring plant life.

I won't bore you with great grandma's sunflower doebread recipe -- especially because she would fight to the death before revealing it -- but I will spend some time with some of the more exotic and useful recipes.

The assumption here is that you're a Bariaur, away from home, away from those who can prepare your favorite foods. More importantly, if you're away from the flock, you're in terrible danger. It's the flock that offers us protection and support and no Bariaur can be truly happy away from it. To help you survive this dangerous situation, I'll provide you some recipes that will help you return safely to the flock. Most of these recipes will be directly applicable to your life roaming the planes. Happy foraging!

## BAR BAR {WAR BARS}

A wholesome blend of wild oats and wild yams with a touch of honey.

- **4 medium sized wild yams (colic root)**
- **3 cups crushed wild oats**
- **1 cup fiddleheads (from the Barbazu Fern)**
- **2 teaspoons dill seed**
- **2 teaspoon honey (optional)**
- **1/2 cup Bariaur milk**



**Preparation:** Mash yams in a bowl. Mix in fiddleheads, dill, honey and milk. Roll hand sized pieces in wild oats. Cook until golden brown.

**Makes 16 bars**

**Application:** The wild yams contain properties that boost the Bariaur male sex drive and aggression. These bars are used before major battles and traditionally on wedding nights. The bars increase a male's stamina by 5-25%, depending on the freshness of the yams. This effect lasts for several hours (1-3) after eating a bar, but there is no effect if taken more than once a week.

Females Bariaur know that bar bar's are also useful for nausea related to pregnancy when mixed with ginger.

## WI+CH'S PIG WEED STEW

A magical (literally) blend of pigweed, onions, and wild potatoes.

- **3 Cups Pigweed (lamb's quarters)**
- **2 Cups onions**



- **3 Tablespoons peanut oil**
- **3 large wild potatoes cut into 1/2-inch cubes**
- **1 teaspoon thyme**
- **1 cup water**
- **Salt and Ground Pepper to taste**



*Lamb's Quarters*

**Preparation:** In a large pot, sauté the onions in the peanut oil, stirring occasionally until the onions are translucent. Add the potatoes and specially prepared pigweed. Stir in the thyme and water. Cover and bring to a boil, then reduce the heat to a simmer. Simmer, covered, for 15-20 minutes, stirring occasionally, until the potatoes are tender. Add salt and pepper to taste.

**Makes 4-6 servings**

**Application:** Pigweed is known to absorb magical energy in areas where it grows. Therefore, it's important to harvest the pigweed in the gardens or vicinities of powerful mages or in the area where major magical activity has taken place.

Only a mage, shaman or other individual should prepare the stew. They should have experience in the magical arts. Eating the stew increases ones spell points by approximately 5-100%, determined by the potency of the pigweed. These effects last for an 8-hour period. Eating the stew more than once each month can result in severe headaches.

The stew is usually prepared as part of the annual lunar "Nay" feast, a time when doe mages fast for a week, preparing themselves for intense emotional and intellectual tests administered by their teachers.

The tests feature proscribed debate rituals regarding complex planar magic theories. After six days of debate and interrogation, the student is required on the seventh day to show her practical application of the theories through innovative spellcasting in artificially created planar environments. This is quite difficult, having spent six grueling days without nourishment under intense stress. Several Bariaur are lost each year, occasionally not returning from their planar test environment.

Bariaur surviving their tests are fed a special pigweed stew made from highly enriched weeds taken from the fields where the students were tested.

## CLOTHING

Bariaur are fussy about their appearances. Clothing is usually reserved for the upper torso. It consists of a variety of fabrics, wool being the most common but other fabrics are often acquired through trade. Cotton and silk are very popular alternatives to wool. There is an ancient tradition in which Bariaur did not wear clothes. Modern flocks do not actively practice this tradition, except Ysgard Bariaur who practice nudity during the sheka (hoof shaving) ceremony.

Bariaur do not tan their own leather or make animal products. However, they will often trade for these items, knowing them to be necessary yet not approving of the act of creating them.

More important than clothing is pelt designs. Bariaur shave and dye their pelts as a means of self-expression. Often pelts will show faction alliance, religious belief, or the Bariaur's flock. To not decorate one's pelt is a sign of renunciation, or anti-social behavior, depending on the circumstances. A Bariaur in grieving may leave her pelt to grow out for a period. Shamans and priests have their own customs for shaving and dyeing pelts.






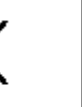




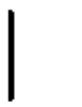













## MUSIC AND SINGING

Bariaur love to sing, play instruments and dance. These are natural activities for a Bariaur, and nearly all of them have some sort of musical talent. Bariaur instruments tend to be lightweight and portable, including flutes, lutes, small lyre, and drums.

Bariaur songs speak of the typical things that motivate Bariaur: love (lost and found), freedom, wandering the planes, and battle.

# CHAPTER 5: BARIAUR LANGUAGE

As is common with nomadic cultures, the Bariaur did not have a written language until late into their cultural development. Bariaur is a monosyllabic language, meaning that most words are one syllable. These monosyllables are written as "runes."

 KA	 TA	 PA	 ZHA	 RA	 HA	 GA	 IA
 DA	 BA	 A	 SHA	 NA	 MA	 WA	 SA
 YA	 I	 U	 E	 O	 A	 TSA	 CHA

When it comes to cultural influences, one finds that Bariaur literature is primarily devoted to combat strategy. Most Bariaur are illiterate and there are no novels or other such works. Books (collections of dried bark loosely bound together) exist to transmit complex information, and in the past, the most important information has been combat strategy. This is not to underestimate the sophistication of the Bariaur, who have an advanced oral tradition that preserves much of their heritage.

New students of the Bariaur language must understand that since the language was developed for military purposes. Students are studying the tactics and martial philosophies of the Bariaur when they study language.

For this reason, there are few non-Bariaur language scholars, since most priests and mages who would take up such an endeavor tend to become alienated, depressed or frustrated with the subject matter. For such language study is studying an entirely different reality, one based on war and combat, rather than just learning simple words and phrases.

## THE 19 CONSONANTS

Zha-tsa, or "battle-cry" is the word referring to speech and the 19 consonants. Each consonant implicitly uses the vowel "a" at the end, unless modified by another vowel, such as i, u, e, or o. Each syllable is separated by a dash.

For example:

- Ka = ka (no change)
- Ka-i = ki
- Ka-o = ko
- Ka-u = ku
- Ka-e = ke

## PRONUNCIATION

Words are pronounced differently depending on the gender of the speaker. For example, the word for Arborea, mafama, is pronounced maw-faw-maw by males and maa-faa-maa (with a as in apple). For the beginning student of Bariaur language, this can be very confusing. Often, words and phrases change entire meanings when pronounced by a female versus a male. This tends to reinforce gender stereotypes, as gender neutrality results in instant miscommunication.

Pronunciation varies on the Upper Planes. For example, the previous examples exist for the most part in The Beastlands, Arborea and The Outlands. However, in Ysgard, Bariaur males also use the female pronunciation. To a native speaker not native to Ysgard, the Ysgardian Bariaur male appears quite

effeminate. If it wasn't for the legendary fighting prowess of the Ysgardian Bariaur, someone might actually mention it.

## WORD ORDER

Verbs appear at the end of the sentence. Word order is usually subject-object-verb. Words that are not directly relevant to the phrase, such as subject pronouns, are usually left out of the phrase. The spoken version of the language often drops grammatical convention to expedite language. This is thought to be a result of battlefield shorthand language, used to quickly relay orders to troops.

Examples of word order:

<b>The arrow destroyed the adversary</b>	<b>mida paropa gemapa</b> <b>(lit: arrow adversary destroyed)</b>
<b>The Bariaur's death was courageous</b>	<b>rapochi-damagami chi-ba sabapasapa</b> <b>(lit: Bariaur's death courageous)</b>
<b>Destroy the dwarf and banish the conjurer!</b>	<b>miu gemapa pei bapo shupa baa!</b> <b>(Lit: dwarf destroy and conjurer banish exclamation!)</b>

## TIME AND TENSE

Tense, past - present -future – continuous, are implied in the context of the discussion. For example: Mida paropa gemapa, meaning the arrow destroyed the adversary can have the following meanings:

- Past Tense: The arrow destroyed the adversary (speaking about a battle after it occurred)
- Present Tense: Destroy the adversary with the arrow (speaking in the midst of combat)
- Future Tense: (You will) destroy the adversary with the arrow (speaking while planning a battle)

- Continuous Tense: The arrow is detroying the adversary (speaking about an arrow in the process of killing someone, possibly causing intense blood loss)

## N⊕UNS

Single words make up the nouns in Bariaur, without any articles are modifiers. Again, this is probably a result of combat shorthand. So, an enemy is enemy while multiple enemies is still referred to as enemy. If necessary, quantity can be specifically mentioned, as in four enemy.

## DEⓂ⊕NS+RA+IVES

In referring to "things," Bariaur uses:

**This: Zha (Zha sogama - this sword)**

**That: Zho (Zho sogama - that sword)**

**These: Zhi (Zhi sogama - these swords)**

**Those: Zhe (Zhe sogama - those swords)**

## ADJEC+IVES

Nouns precede the adjective. For example: miu nayeraka (dwarf cautious). A useful comparative word is Yaa, meaning "than."

Example:

**The conjurer is more daring than competent!**

**bapo marunaba yaa risa baa**

**(lit: conjurer daring than competent is exclamation)**

**The dwarf is more courageous than the conjurer.**

**miu bapo yaa sabapasapa**

**(lit: dwarf conjurer more courageous than)**

**Makaki is more faithful than Jaroda.**

**Makaki Jaroda yaa dadapa**

**(lit: Makaki Jaroda more belief than)**

## POSSESSIVE PRONOUNS

<b>My</b>	<b>Nai</b>
<b>Our</b>	<b>Neda</b>
<b>Your</b>	<b>Kayeda</b>
<b>His, Her, Its</b>	<b>Sha, She, Shi</b>
<b>Their</b>	<b>Kopa</b>

**Example: This is my sword! Zha nai sogama baa (lit: This my blade/sword exclamation)  
Exclamation and questions**

At the end of a sentence, a modifier for exclamation (baa) or a question (hu) may be added.

<b>The conjurer is more daring than competent!</b>	<b>bapo marunaba yaa risa baa (lit: conjurer daring than competent is exclamation)</b>
<b>The conjurer is more daring than competent?</b>	<b>bapo marunaba yaa risa hu (lit: conjurer daring than competent is question mark)</b>

## SUMMARY

Those are the basics of Bariaur! With this information, you should be able to start communicating with native speakers. Bariaur are generally quite impressed with those who can speak their language without the use of magic or other devices. They're also forgiving when you mangle the language, which you are likely to do when first learning. Try a few words of Bariaur next time you encounter one in the streets. Provided the Bariaur's in a good mood, you may actually make a friend.



Also remember to use the proper pronunciation, based on gender. You'll never live it down if you are a male and you speak to a Bariaur using female pronunciation.

## BARIAUR GLOSSARY

### A - L

Aasimar: pa-o-na-ya (ponaya)  
 Ability: ra-i-sa (risa) (also competence)  
 Abyss: ya-sa (yasa)  
 Accept: le-e-na-pa (lenapa)  
 Accuse: ga-e-ja-ba (gejaba)  
 Adversary: pa-ra-o-pa (paropa)  
 And: pa-e-i (pei) (grammatical bit)  
 Animosity: ka  
 Arborea: ma-fa-ma (mafama)  
 Armor: ga-o-ka (goka)  
 Arrow: ma-ida (mida)  
 Assassinate: ja-ba-pa-i (jabapi)  
 Attack: ra-u-ba-pa (rubapa)  
 Authority: ka-ba (kaba)  
 -----  
 Bandage: le-ba-ma (lebama)  
 Banish: sha-u-pa (shupa)  
 Bariaur (transliteration): ba-ra-i-a (baria)  
 (transliteration of Planar Common word)  
 Bariaur (Bariaur term): Ra-pa-o-cha-i-da-  
 ma-ga-me-i (rapochi-damagami)  
 Barter: sa-da-e-pe (sadeipay)  
 Beastlands: da-u-da-ga-ra-o (dudagaro)  
 Believe: da-da-pa (dadapa)  
 Beverage: ta-u-na-ba-o (tunabo)  
 Blade (sword): sa-o-ga-ma (sogama)  
 Bleed: ya-e-o-ga-pa-ra (yeoga-para)  
 Borders: ma-u (mu)  
 Buckler: pa-u-ba (puba)  
 Burn: ba-ra-ba (baraba)  
 Bytopia: ra-ta-o-la-pa (ratolapa, another  
 word for boring)

### M - Z

Mace: ga-da (gada)  
 Mage: ma-ga-o-na-pa-o (magonapo)  
 Magic: pa-e-ra-u-la (perula)  
 Man: ma-i (mi)  
 March: ra-ka-na-ga-e-ra-e-ta (rakanagereta)  
 Mate: ya-da-o (yado)  
 Meadow: sa-pa-na-e (sapane)  
 Modron: pa-e-ra-u-la-ka-o-ra (perulakora)  
 Money: ja-i-na-ka-e (jinake)  
 Mountain: ra-i (ri)  
 Mystic: ra-ga-ya-u-da-e-pa (ragayudepa)  
 -----  
 Name: ma-i-na-e (mine)  
 Native: ya-u-la-pa (yulapa)  
 Nature: na-na-e (nane)  
 Near: na-ya-e-ba (nayeba)  
 Negative: da-ga-ga-e-pa (dagagepa)  
 News: cha  
 Night: na-ma (nama)  
 North: ba-e-ya-na (beyana)  
 Nothing: cha-na-ma-i (chanami)  
 Now: da  
 Number: ga-ra-na-e-sa (garanesa)  
 -----  
 Obey: kala  
 Obscure: ma-u-na-pa (munapa)  
 Obstruct: ga-e-ga-e-sa-pa (gegesapa)  
 Occasion: ra-ka-e-ya-e-na (rakeyena)  
 Offensive: sa-i-na-tsa-u-ba (sinatsuba)  
 Offspring: ba-ra-ga-i-ya-u-da (baragiyuda)  
 Opening: ka  
 Opportunity: sa-ka-ba-sa (sakabasa)

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Calamity: ga-la-ra-i-ka-ya-e-na (galari-kayena)

Camp: sa-ga-ra (sagara)

Caution: na-ye-ra-ka (nayeraka)

Chief: ga-o-pa (gopa)

Clairvoyance: ma-na-o-ma-sa-e-na-sa (manomasenasa)

Combat: Ta-ma-o (tamo)

Command: zha-la-ya-da-ma-sa (zhalayadamas)

Concealment: pa-ga (paga)

Conjurer: ba-pa-o (bapo)

Courage: sa-ba-pa-sa-pa (sabapasapa)

-----

Damage: sa-ka-i-ya-o-na (sakiyona)

Daring: ma-ra-u-na-ba (marunaba)

Death: cha-i-ba (chi-ba), forbodings of : cha-----

i-la-ta-i-sa (chi-la-ti-sa)

Depart: ka-sa-pa (kasapa)

Destroy: ga-e-ma-pa (gemapa)

Direction: na-o (no)

Disgrace: da-ma-ba-e-pa-e-sa (damabepesa) (magayogesapa)

Duel: ka-ra-u-ga-pa (karugapa)

Dwarf: me-i-u (miu)

-----

Eager: da-o-da la-da-na (doda ladana)

Elder: ja-o-ba-a-o (jobo)

Elf: ka-sa (kasa)

Elysium: zhao-da (zhoda)

Enchanter: ga-o-na pa-o (gonapo)

Escort: tsa-ya-e-la-ma (tsayelama)

Evil: nana

Excrement: ra-ka-ya-ga-pa (rakayagapa)

Experience: sa-la-o-ba-sa (salobasa)

Eye: sa-pa-ya-ne (sapayane)

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Face: sa-ta-o-na-pa (satonapa)

Family: ba-ra-i-ga-ya-u-da (barigayuda)

Farewell: ga-la-e (gale)

Fatal: ba-ya-u-ra-ga-ya-i (bayuragayi)

Fear: ja-i-ga-sa-pa (jigasapa)

Outcast: ya-da-o-la-pa (yadolapa)

Outer: pa-ya-i-ra (payira)

Outland: pa-ya-i-i (payii)

-----

Pain: tsa-e-ba (tseba)

Past: da-sa-pa (dasapa)

Perimeter: ma-ta-sha-ka-o-ra (matashakora)

Planar: pa-ga-e-tsa-e (pagetse)

Portal: sa-ga-o-ka-na-e (sagokane)

Positive: da-na-o-sa (danosa)

Power: ma-e-ne (mene) (see "god" for A Power)

Priest: ba-la-ma (balama)

Prime: ra-tsa-ba (ratsaba)

Protect: tsa-ka-o-ba-pa (tsakobapa)

Proxy: da-ga-e-ba-e-tsa-e-ka-o-sa (dakebetsekosa)

Quality: ka-o-sa-na-ya-i-da (kosanayida)

Quarrel: ka-ma-cha-u (kamachu)

Queen: ra-ga-ya-la-ma-o (ragayalamo)

Quick: ma-ga-ya-o-ga-e-sa-pa

Quicksand: ba-e-ra-u-la (berula)

Quiet: da-la-ba (dalaba)

Quill: ra-e-ka-na (rekana)

Quit: ba-o-ra-ba (boraba)

Quiver: da-ra-e-ba (dareba)

-----

Race: ma-i-sa-na-e (misane)

Radiance: ja-tsa-o-na (jatsona)

Rage: ra-na-ma-pa (ranamapa)

Range: ra-ga-ya-u-pa (ragyupa)

Ranger: ga-ra-i-ma-pa (garimapa)

Razor: sa-pa-u-ga-ra-i (sapugari)

Reality: da-na-o-sa (danosa)

Receive: la-e-na-pa (lenapa)

Religion: cha-o-sa (chosa)

Reputation: ga-ra-ga-u-sa-pa (garagusapa)

Respect: ba-ka-u-ra-ba (bakuraba)

Revenge: da-u-ga-sa (dugasa)

Reward: ra-na-na-pa (rananapa)

Ferocious: na-ra-pa-o (narapo)

Fight: ta-ba-ma-o (tabamo)

Flock: ka-ya-u (kayu)

Follow: ba-ra-na-ba (baranaba)

Free: ya-na-pa (yanapa)

-----

Gatherer: ta-u-na (tuna)

Gehena: ta-ba (taba) (Place of Fire)

Genasi: ba-ya-u-na-ba (bayunaba): literally: element

Githzerai: ba-ra-na (barana) also means slave

Glory: ra-la-o-ma-pa (ralomapa)

Goblin: da-ra-e (dare)

God: laha

Good-bye: da-ka-ya-i-na (dakayina)

Great: cha-e-ba (cheba)

Ground: zha-i-na (zhina)

Guard: sa-ka-i-na-o-na-ba (sakinoba)

-----

Hair: sa-i-ka-ra (sikara)

Halflings: ka-ra-da-pa (karadapa)

Hammer: ta-o-ka-u-na (tokuna)

Happy: ba-ra-ka-sa-i-sa-pa (barakasisapa)

Hatred: sa-da-na-sa-e-na-e-sa (sadanasesa)

Height: ma-ta-o-ka-ya-da-I (matokayadi)

Herd: ka-ya-u (kayu)

Heritage: na-o-ra-sa-ka-ya-la (norasakayala)

Hit: la-ca-o-ga (lacoga)

Home: ka-ya-I-ma-e (kayime)

Hoof: ra-ma-i-ga-pa (ramigapa)

Humans: sa-ka-e-ya-e-ba-o (sakeyebo)

-----

I: na-e-da (neda)

Illusion: ka-ra-u-la-sa-e-na-ne (karulasenane)

Immoral: ca-o-la-pa-i (colapi)

Incantation: sa-na-ga-e-sa-e (sanagese)

Independence: ra-na-e-da-e-ba-na (ranedebana)

Right: da-ra-na-e-pa-o (daranepo)

River: ka-u (ku)

Roam: ka-o-ra-ba (koraba)

Rude: ka-o-ba (koba)

Rumination: sa-ka-ya-u-ga-la-e-da-da (sakayugaledada)

-----

Sacred: da-ga-pa (dagapa)

Safe: ba-tsa-na-pa-o (batsanapo)

Salt: tsa-wa (tsawa)

Save: sa-ka-ya-ba-e-sa-ba-ya-e-da-pa (sakayabesabayedapa)

Sensate: da-o-na-na-o (donano)

Sex: ra-ta-e-na (ratena)

Shame: ka-ra-e-la (karela)

Sharp: ra-na-o-ba (ranoba)

Shield: pa-u-ba (puba)

Sigil: sa-ma-o-ba-o-ga (samoboga) (also word for insanity)

Silver: da-e-na-u-la (denula)

Smoke: da-u-da-pa (dudapa)

Society: tsa-o-ga-sa (tsogasa)

Soldier: da-ma-ga-e-ma-i (damagemi)

Son: ba-u (bu)

Speak: sa-ma-ra-ba (samaraba)

Spell: zha-u-na-sa (zhunasa)

Steam: ra-la-na-sa-pa (ralanasapa)

Spy: la-e-ta-na-ya-u-la-pa (letanayulapa)

Stone: ra-da-o (rado)

Sword: ra-la-ga-ra-i (ralagari)

-----

Talk: ga-ta-ma (gatama)

Tanar'ri: ba-ga-e-ga-e-sa (bagegesa)

Target: ba-e-na (bena)

Teacher: sa-ta-o-na-pa (satonapa)

Temple: ma-cha-o-da-ka-na (machodakana)

Thief: ra-ka-u-na-ma (rakunama)

Think: sa-e-ma-e-sa (semesa)

Threaten: ga-ma-pa (gamapa)

Throw: ra-ga-i-ya-ba-pa (ragiyabapa)

Time: da-u-sa (dusa)

Trade: ba-zha-o (bazho)

Indulge: ca-ga-sa-pa-e (cagasape)	Transmigration: ka-o-ra-ba (koraba)
Information: ma-na-na-ga (mananaga)	(shaman belief)
Injure: tsa-e-ba (tseba)	Treasure: ga-i-ta-e-ra (gitera)
Inside: ka-o-na-pa (konapa)	Trick: ba-ra-cha-da (barachada)
Intelligence: ya-ga-u-ya-u-sa (yaguyusa)	True: ba-da-e-na-pa (badenapa)
Invisible: ma-i-sa-e-na-na-ba (misenanaba)	Two-legged: ra-ka-na-ga-na-i-sa-pa
-----	(rakanaganisapa)
Jealous: ma-i-ga-sa-e-ra-e-cha-na	-----
(migaserechana)	Ugly: ma-i-sa-da-u-ga-pa (misadugapa)
Jewel: pa-ra (para)	Under: o-ga (oga)
Join: sa-ga-ra-i-ga-pa-e (sagarigape)	Universe: ja-i-ga-ra-ta-na (jigaratana)
Joke: ka-u-ra-e (kure)	Unreasonable: ma-i-ra-i-ga-pa (mirigapa)
Journey: la-ma (lama)	Up: ga-na (gana)
Joy: da-ga-e-ba (dageba)	Upper: ya-ga-i (yagi)
Judge: ka-ra-e-ma-e-sa-da-i-pa-o-na-e	Urge: na-na (nana)
(karemesadipone)	Use: sa-pa-ya-o-da-pa (sapayodapa)
Jump: ka-ra-ba-pa (karabapa)	Useful: da-ga-o-sa-pa (dagosapa)
Justice: ka-ra-i-ma-e-sa (karimesa)	Useless: ma-i-da-ga-o-sa-pa (midagosapa)
Justification: ra-na-ma-da-ga (ranamadaga)	Utter: da-o-na-pa (donapa)
-----	-----
Keep: cha-na-e-ba (chaneba)	Vacuum: sa-ta-o-na-pa-na-ya-i-de
Key: ka-u-la-i-ga-u (kuligu)	(satonapanayide)
Kick: pa-ra-sa-ga-se (parasagase)	Valley: la-u-na-pa (lunapa)
Kid: ra-i-ga-u (rigu)	Valuable: da-ka-o-na-pa (dakonapa)
Kill: ga-u-ma-pa (gumapa)	Vegetables: sa-na-o-tsa-o-da (sanotsoda)
Kind: da-ra-i-na-cha-na (darinachana)	Venture: sa-pa-o-ba-sa-pa (sapobasapa)
King: ra-ja-e-ba-o (rajebo)	Vertical: ga-ya-e-na-la (gayenala)
Knee: pa-u-sa-e-ma-o (pusemo)	Victory: ka-zha-sa (kazhasa)
Knife: ga-ra-i (gari)	View: sa-na-na-ba (sananaba)
Knowledge: ra-ga-e-ya-u-sa (rageyusa)	Village: ya-u-la-ga-ra-u (yulagaru)
-----	Violate: ya-cha-o-ga-pa (yachogapa)
Lady: ja-o-ma-o (jomo)	Virgin: ba-u-ma-o (bumo)
Land: sa-e-ka-ma-sa (sekamasa)	Vision: zha-la-zha-i-ga (zhalazhiga)
Language: sa-ka-ya-e-da (sakayeda)	Vortex: ga-tsa-u-ga (gatsuga)
Large: cha-e-na-pa-o (chenapo)	-----
Last: ra-ja-e-sa-u (rajesu)	Wand: da-ba-e-ya-u-ga-ga-u (dabeyugagu)
Law: ka-ra-e-ma-sa (karemasa)	War: ka-ra-u-ga-pa (karugapa)
Legend: sa-ga-ra-u-na-sa-u (sagarunasu)	Warrior: da-ma-ga-ma-i (damagami)
Lie: ra-da-e-zha-u-na (radezhuna)	Watch: sa-ra-u-na-ba (sarunaba)
Life: sa-ra-o-ga (saroga)	Water: cha-u (chu)
Light: o-da (oda)	Way: la-ma (lama)
Listen: na-ya-na-pa (nayanapa)	Weapon: ma-tsa-o-na (matsona)

Little: cha-u-na-ba (chunaba)  
Look: la-ta-ba (lataba)  
Lose: ra-e-la-o-ga-pa (relogapa)  
Love: cha-ga-sa-pa (chagasapa)

Welcome: o-na-sa-pa (onasapa)  
West: na-u-ba (nuba)  
Wife: cha-u-na-ma (chunama)  
Wild: ra-ga-o-da-pa (ragodapa)  
Wisdom: ya-e-sa-e (yese)  
Witchcraft: ma-tsu (matsu)  
Wound: ra-ma (rama)  
Wrong: ma-i-ra-i-ga-sa-pa (mirigasapa)

-----

Year: la-o (lo)  
Yggdrasil: ja-i-ga-ta-e-na-tsa-i-na  
(jigatenatsina)  
Yes: o  
Yesterday: ma-da-e-na (madena)  
Yield: ga-ta-o-na-ba (gatonaba)  
You: ka-ya-e-da (kayeda)  
Young: cha-u-na-ba (chunaba)  
Ysgard: sa-ka-la-ka-i-ma (sakalakima)

-----

Zeal: ra-tsa-o-na-ba (ratsonaba)  
Zealous: ba-ra-tsa-o-na-ga-ra-u-sa-da-na-e  
(baratsonagarusadane)  
Zero: ta-i-ga-la-e (tigale)

# CHAPTER 6: CHARACTER CREATION

So you want to play a Bariaur. Who can blame you. The Bariaur are one of the only truly plane-touched races in PlaneScape. Everyone else has "tainted" blood from prime worlds. The Bariaur are strong, intelligent, massively big and powerful and tend to be outgoing and friendly. They're normally Chaotic Good in alignment, what I consider the alignment of America - a way of acting that most of us can easily relate to. Bariaur fight hard, they play hard, and they have a great sense of humor.

But I'm preachin' to the choir. If you're here it means you want to play a Bariaur but need the dark on how to go about doing it. First you'll need to create your character:

- **Basic Character Information:** Decide on what class you want first. Bariaur tend to be smart and strong, but rarely in the same package. If you want to be a mage or psionist (if your DM allows it), you'll have to choose a female. If you want to be a ranger or paladin, you're definitely male. If you're set on a priest or fighter, you're options are open. Most of this information is available in the next section, taken from TSR's Planewalkers Handbook.
- **Core Rules or Player's Option?** Core rules allows for a variety of options to customize your Bariaur. Again, it's your DM's decision. Player's Option rules for Bariaur are in the section following the TSR description.
- **Core Rules 2 Imports** are available if you've got the AD&D Core Rules 2.0 CD-ROM. I highly recommend this. It's helpful with character

creation and management and essential if you're playing a Player's Option character.

- You've got your class, which probably decided your gender. You've decided whether to use the computer or make your character on paper. Now go ahead and **roll 'em up**, or assign numbers if you've already done this.
- **Religious Outlook:** You can either choose a Bariaur belief system as a role playing agenda or as a character kit, if your DM allows. The Mystic and Shaman are both kits, while the Powers belief is just loyalty to Bariaur deities. Not having a "faith commitment" obviously doesn't require anything.
- Next you'll want to pick a **faction**, based on your current beliefs. Read the article to get an idea.

If you're a priest or mage, maybe you'll choose some specialty Bariaur spells to give some flavor to your character.

## THE BARIAUR

The Bariaur - herbivorous denizens of the Upper Planes - often remind primes of centaurs, their goat-bodies topped by human torsos and arms. Their faces display somewhat more animal-like features than centaurs, and male Bariaur sport a fine pair of curling ram's horns.

Bariaur can be exceedingly fussy about their appearances, dyeing and shaving their pelts in intricate patterns. They're well known for their wanderlust, building no towns but roaming over several of the Upper Planes in a seemingly random path. Most claim Ysgard as their birthplace, though some herds are native to Elysium, the Beastlands, or Arborea.

In personality, Bariaur are usually carefree, social, outgoing and friendly. Though considered frivolous by

some, the sturdy Bariaur nevertheless are fierce fighters when their families or friends are threatened. Ysgardian Bariaur, in particular, hold a special hatred for giants, no doubt due to the predations of the enormous humanoids upon Bariaur herds.

## CHARACTER GENERATION

PC members of this race possess infravision to a 60-foot range and a movement rate of 15. While most are chaotic good, PC Bariaur may be of any nonevil alignment. They may rise to 13th level in any allowable class. Further benefits depend on the sex of the Bariaur, as their society maintains traditional roles for males and females.

On initial character creation, male Bariaur gain a +1 bonus to Strength and Constitution and suffer a -1 penalty to Wisdom and Dexterity. With their horns, they can always attempt to butt an opponent for 1d8 points of damage (plus Strength bonus), tripling this result by charging at least 30 feet in a straight line. If the hit is successful, the charging Bariaur must save versus breath weapon or suffer the same damage as the target. Charged creatures size M or smaller are knocked to the ground 50% of the time. Male Bariaur can become fighters, rangers, paladins, or priests.

Female Bariaur, generally somewhat more intellectually inclined, gain a +1 bonus to Intelligence and Wisdom but suffer a -1 penalty to Strength and Dexterity. They lack horns with which to attack opponents, but add +2 to all surprise rolls and +3 to saving throws versus spell. Females can be fighters, priests, or wizards.

## ROLE-PLAYING A BARIAUR

The joy of freedom, the love of laughter, and the exultation of victory are your meat and drink. These are things worth dying for -- nothing else is more important. These concepts supersede all others, coming even before duty, honor, or gold. Others claim them



(and you) frivolous at times, but you cannot imagine life without these treasures; the very thought of losing them chills you to your very bones.

But it's best not to dwell upon that. Enjoy life, laughing in the sun, or whatever passes for a sun in the places that you visit. Though things may turn grim, you know that you'll always have the strength of your convictions and what they represent to sustain you.

## RACIAL TABLES

ABILITY REQUIREMENTS	STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
<b>Bariaur, Male</b>	<b>10/18</b>	<b>3/18</b>	<b>11/18</b>	<b>3/18</b>	<b>3/17</b>	<b>3/18</b>
<b>Bariaur, Female</b>	<b>3/18</b>	<b>3/17</b>	<b>5/18</b>	<b>9/18</b>	<b>11/18</b>	<b>3/18</b>
ABILITY ADJUSTMENTS						
<b>Bariaur, Male</b>	<b>+1</b>	<b>-1</b>	<b>+1</b>	<b>-</b>	<b>-1</b>	<b>-</b>
<b>Bariaur, Female</b>	<b>-1</b>	<b>-1</b>	<b>-</b>	<b>+1</b>	<b>+1</b>	<b>-</b>

## RACIAL CHARACTERISTICS

HEIGHT BASE	MODIFIER	WEIGHT BASE	MODIFIER
<b>77/74</b>	<b>3d6</b>	<b>700/660</b>	<b>4d20</b>
STARTING AGE	VARIABLE	MAXIMUM	
<b>18</b>	<b>2d6</b>	<b>100+3d10</b>	
MIDDLE AGE	OLD AGE	VENERABLE	
<b>50</b>	<b>67</b>	<b>100</b>	

LEVEL LIMITS: 13 in each available class

*(SOURCE: The Planewalkers Handbook, 71, 81.)*

## BARIAUR PLAYER'S OPTION

Bariaur have 30 CPs to spend on racial abilities. No more than 5 may be saved for a later stage.

**Standard Male Abilities:** Charge, head butt, infravision, multiclass.

**Standard Female Abilities:** Infravision, multiclass, spell resistance, surprise bonus.

**Back kick (5):** The PC can kick an opponent to the rear with hind legs for 3d6 damage and no penalty to THAC0.

**Charge (10):** Male PCs may cause triple damage with a head butt by charging an opponent. The PC needs at least 30' running distance to perform this attack.

**Club bonus (5):** Any club that the PC wields in both hands has the speed factor and damage of a two-handed sword (Speed 10; dmg 1d10 / 3d6).

**Fitness bonus (10):** Male PC gains +1 to the Constitution/Fitness subability.

**Head butt (5):** Male PC may attack with his horns for 1d8 hp damage + Str bonus. Should the PC also select Hoof Attack, he receives 3 attacks per round.

**Health bonus (10):** Male PC gains +1 to the Constitution/Health subability.

**Hoof attack (10):** PC can attack with both hooves causing 1d6 damage per hoof.

**Improved movement rate (5):** The PC has a movement rate of 21 rather than 15.

**Infravision (10):** The PC possesses infravision to 60 feet.

**Intuition bonus (10):** Female PC gains +1 to Wisdom/Intuition subability.

**Knowledge bonus (10):** Female PC gains +1 to Intelligence/Knowledge subability.

**Lawbreaker (5):** The chaotic nature of the PC grants her +1 to save vs spells from the priest Sphere of Law or cast by Lawful creatures.

**Magic resistance (10):** The PC possesses 10% magic resistance.

**Multiclass (5):** The PC may become a fighter/mage (if female), fighter/priest, fighter/druid, ranger/priest (if male), or mage/priest (if female).

**Muscle bonus (10):** Male PC gains +1 to Strength/Muscle subability.

**Poison resistance (5):** Male PC gains +2 to saves vs. poison.

**Reason bonus (10):** Female PC gains +1 to Knowledge/Reason subability.

**Spell resistance (10):** Female PC gains +3 to save Vs spells.

**Spear bonus (5):** The PC gains +1 to hit with any spear.

**Stamina bonus (10):** Male PC gains +1 to Strength/Stamina subability.

**Surprise bonus (5):** The female PC gains +2 on all surprise checks.

**Tough hide (10):** The PC's thick skin and fur grant a natural AC of 8.

**Trample (10):** On a successful attack with both hooves, the PC has knocked down the opponent and automatically tramples. The opponent suffers 2d6 damage, has a -2 penalty to AC, and spends the next action getting to his feet. Only humanoids of size M or smaller are affected. The PC must also select Hoof Attack to use Trample.

**Willpower bonus (10):** Female PC gains +1 to Wisdom/Willpower subability.

# CHAPTER 7: CHARACTER KITS

In addition to the standard Planescape character kits and DM sanctioned kits from other campaign mileau, Bariaur kits are available for the shaman and the mystic.

## THE MYSTIC

The **Mystic kit** is the standard package from the Players Option books, but here's a summary:

- **Benefits:** A mystic can temporarily boost one of his 12 subability scores by +2. If the mystic is a ranger with a 16 Balance score, by meditating the score can be temporarily increased to an 18. If the mystic is a warrior trying to boost a Muscle score of 18/30, the bonus counts as 20% rather than 2 points-each point equates to 10%. The mystic warrior's Muscle is temporarily increased to 18/50. To gain this subability bonus, the mystic must meditate, building up his body and mind for this feat. The subability score remains boosted for one-third of the mystic's meditation time. If the Mystic mediated for three uninterrupted hours, he could boost a subability score for one hour.
- **Hindrances:** The process of meditation requires effort. While a mystic could meditate in the cabin of a ship, he could not do so if that ship were in the midst of a terrible storm. Attacks or very loud noises also disrupt meditation. The time spent in meditation does not alleviate the mystic's need for food and sleep. So it is unlikely that a mystic could spend three days in meditation in preparation for an adventure. Further, a mystic cannot gain multiple meditation bonuses at one time.
- **Recommended Traits:** Artistic Ability, Empathy, Obscure Knowledge, Precise Memory

- **Recommended NWP:** Ancient languages, astrology, astronomy, etiquette, gem cutting, heal, heraldry, herbalism, modern languages, musical instrument, navigation, reading/writing, religion, riding, airborne, riding, land.

## THE SHAMAN KIT

Forced to learn the ways of nature as a matter of survival, the shaman takes many shortcuts in her quest for the power to protect her flock.

**Role:** The shaman usually learns with no formal study. She is a blessing to her flock and a terror to their enemies, using her strength to defeat all rivals. Considered a savage by the people of the cities and towns, the shaman is a complex character with grave responsibilities to live up to. Her entire flock may perish if she fails to protect them.

As an adventurer, the shaman may be a mage, cleric or psionicist. If she is the second shaman of a tribe, she may be free to wander. If there is a powerful mage or cleric who acts as the flock's shaman, her skills are not desperately needed. However, if she is the only source of paranormal powers for her people, the shaman will be hard-pressed to find even a few days to go off on an adventure.

**Special Benefits:** The character is a Wild Talent.

**Special Hindrances:** Shamans are intense, and NPCs tend to have very strong reactions to them. People either are drawn by the shaman's animal magnetism or repulsed by her primitive qualities. This effect comes into play when NPCs meet shamans for the first time. If the NPC's reaction roll result is 8 or less, an additional -2 bonus is applied to the result. For example, if the character is acting indifferently toward a shopkeeper and the shopkeeper's reaction result is a 7, the

shopkeeper is indifferent. However, since the character is a shaman, the -2 bonus applies, lowering the shopkeeper's result to a 5-a friendly response.

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Required-Choice of axe (any), short bow, club, dagger, dart, javelin, knife, sling, or spear.

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Bonus: Weather sense. Extra +2 added if shaman selects direction sense or cooking. Planar Sense and/or Planar Survival.

**Recommended:** Astronomy, Bowyer/fletcher, Cooking, Fasting, Fire Building, Heal, Herbalism, Orienteering, Survival, Vision Quest.

# CHAPTER 8: CUS†⊕Ⅲ BARIAUR SPELLS

## ⅢAGE SPELLS

Bariaur mages are all female in a society dominated by males. As such, their custom magic reflects their social situation. For example, some spells are designed specifically to attract a buck. Other spells work on the females appearance. The remaining spells fall into two categories: 1) "porting over" priest spells related to nature and the environment, and 2) accommodating for the special needs of Bariaur in general.

For example, Gretta's Got Your Goat and Shawna's Transmute Flesh to Vegetation are designed to assist Bariaur living in two-legger cities. Shengo's Locate Flock and Belany's Giant Killer are both designed to assist Bariaur flocks. Bariaur mages normally don't learn spells over sixth level, and rarely develop original spells over the third, since most Bariaur mages would never get to that level.

Some flocks explicitly or implicitly forbid magic. The penalty for using magic in a more conservative flock can be banishment. Most flocks understand the great benefit of having mages in the flock. However, traditionally, magic was viewed as a means for the females to usurp power within the flock by enchanting and controlling the males. Although there were isolated cases of groups of mages taking over flocks, and there are plenty of cantrips related to assistance in mating, the anti-magic viewpoint is considered to be sexist by mainstream Bariaur.

Because of the lack of an organized system of schools and teachers, Bariaur magic is an intensely personal affair. Often, teachers and students meet one-on-one. A

teacher may actually have a dozen or more students, but to maintain the safety of the group, they never meet together. Even within more liberal flocks, this tradition persists. On the positive side, individualized training produces a rich tapestry of magic, defined by personalized spells, creative variations, and a blending of magical, priestly and psionic-inspired powers.

Because of the individualized nature of Bariaur magic, you will occasionally notice duplication of existing spells, spells named after their creators, and spells that seem quite idiosyncratic or unduly specialized. Remember that spells were created to solve a specific problem, not to solve the quandaries of an entire school of mages or to impress others. Also note that most spells are designed to avoid needing material components for the sake of preserving the secret identity of the mage.

In addition to the following spells, Bariaur mages have created mage equivalents of the following priest spells:

- Detect Poison
- Pass Without Trace
- Locate Animals or Plants
- Negative Plane Protection
- Spike Growth
- Commune with Nature

Each priest spell is cast as if the mage were two levels beneath their actual level.

## FIRST-LEVEL SPELLS

Gretta's Got Your Goat

1st Level Wizard Spell - (Alteration)

Range: 5 yards/level

Duration: 2 rounds/level

Area of Effect: 60' + 10'/level

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 1

Saving Throw: Neg.

Gretta, tired of all the goat jokes about Bariaur, created this spell to combat a



particularly rude bunch of bashers she continued to encounter in her favorite pub. When cast, anyone within the radius of effect who uses the offending word (usually goat or baaa), will immediately pass gas in a loud and odiferous manner. Although this spell may seem innocuous, its social ramifications can be extreme, especially considering how crowded a place like Sigil can be. The caster need not concentrate on an intended victim or even be within hearing range of the offender for the spell to take effect.

#### Betham's Bariaur Friends

1st Level Wizard Spell - (Enchantment/Charm)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1d4 rnds + 1rnd/level

Casting Time: 1

Area of Effect: 60-foot radius

Saving Throw: Special

This spell acts like the first level "Friends" spell, except that it only effects male Bariaur and the increase in Charisma is 2d8 points. The components of the spell are pelt dye and pigweed.

#### Friends:

A friends spell causes the wizard to temporarily gain 2d4 points of Charisma. Intelligent creatures within the area of effect at the time the spell is cast must make immediate reaction checks based on the character's new Charisma. Those with favorable reactions tend to be very impressed with the spellcaster and make an effort to be his friends and help him, as appropriate to the situation. Officious bureaucrats might decide to become helpful; surly gate guards might wax informative; attacking orcs might spare the caster's life, taking him captive instead. When the spell wears off, the creatures realize that they have been influenced, and their reactions are determined by the DM.

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## SECOND-LEVEL SPELLS

#### Marigold's Heinous Envy

2nd Level Wizard Spell - (Alteration, Reversible)

Range: Touch

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 2

Area of Effect: 1 creature/5 levels

Saving Throw: None

Designed by Marigold Quickfoot, a female Bariaur wizard (what other kind are there?), this spell creates a pair of magical horns on the head of female

Bariaur. The horns, razor sharp and able to hit enchanted creatures (as a +1 weapon), can be used by the female Bariaur wizard or her female companions for normal ramming attacks. Damage on such attacks gain +1 (rounded down) for each 2 levels of the mage. This spell cannot be used on males, except for the small population (5%) without horns.

The reverse of this spell causes a male Bariaur's horns to shrink to small nubs for the duration of the spell.

#### Shawna's Transmute Flesh to Vegetation

2nd Level Wizard Spell - (Alteration)

Range: Touch

Components: V, S

Duration: Permanent

Casting Time: 2 rounds

Area of Effect: ¼ pound per level

Saving Throw: None

Disgusted at the lack of fresh plant life in Sigil, a Bariaur wizard created this spell to transmute meat meals to a vegetarian equivalent. When cast, an appropriate amount of meat will be transformed into an equal weight of the original animal's food source. This spell is only effective when used on dead animal flesh that was originally herbivorous. Also note, the amount of plant life transformed is the same weight, meaning that it may take up significant volume as compared to the density of flesh. Also, there's no guarantee that the animal's food source is any more edible to the Bariaur than the animal itself.

#### Marjorie's Immaculate Grooming

2nd Level Wizard Spell - (Alteration, Reversible)

Range: 0

Components: V, S

Duration: 2d6 hours, +1hour/level

Casting Time: 2 turns

Area of Effect: The caster

Saving Throw: None

Similar to the mage spell, "Change Self," this spell allows the mage to appear immaculately groomed. No more bad Bariaur hair days or consternation over what pelt design to shave. This spell allows the mage to instantly transform her appearance to appear perfectly groomed, including pelt designs and appearance of clothing. Like the "Change Self" spell, it may be possible to disbelieve or discover the ruse, such as if the Bariaur's pelt were touched where it was supposed to be shaven.

The reverse of this spell causes the effected Bariaur to appear disheveled for the duration of the spell, regardless of the recipients actions.

## THIRD-LEVEL SPELLS

### Shengo's Locate Flock

3rd Level Wizard Spell - (Divination, Reversible)

Range: 50 miles/level

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 turn/level

Casting Time: 3 turns

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell helps in locating a Bariaur's own flock. As in the "Locate Object" spell, the wizard casts the spell, turns around and senses the direction of the flock if within range. The range is 50 miles for each level of the mage. A foreign flock may be detected, but the range is much smaller, only 5 miles for each level of the mage. Locating a foreign flock requires that the Bariaur have at least encountered the flock previously. The spell is not helpful in locating flocks on other planes, individuals in flocks, or the condition or number of the flock. A flock is determined to be the majority of Bariaur who identify themselves as a particular inter-familial social unit.

Obscure Flock is the reverse of this spell. It's often used during wars or when a flock is reluctant to deal with outsiders, such as during festivals or important religious events.

### Belany's Giant Killer

3rd Level Wizard Spell - (Alteration)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 3

Area of Effect: Creature Touched

Saving Throw: None

The recipient of this spell can pick up boulders and rocks recently thrown by a giant (within 1 round/level of caster) and throw them back. This spell taps into the residual kinetic energy left by the giant and magnifies it for the spell's recipient. The range and damage inflicted by thrown boulders is the same as the attacking giant's.

Material components of this spell are the boulder to be thrown.

### Henrietta's Hold Giant

3rd Level Wizard Spell - (Enchantment/Charm)

Range: 120 yards

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 2 round/level

Casting Time: 3

Area of Effect: 1 Giant

Saving Throw: Neg.

This spell holds one giant for five or more rounds, as per the "Hold Person" spell. The spellcaster may choose the giant to be affected. The giant receives a saving throw to avoid the spell. The spell resembles Hold Person in all other respects.

#### Marigold's Pelt Design

3rd Level Wizard Spell - (Alteration)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: Permanent

Casting Time: 3 turns

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell enables the spellcaster to create a pelt design of a weapon on a Bariaur. The object pictured can be used by the Bariaur by tapping the dyed area twice. At that point, the object appears in the Bariaur's right hand. A 5th level mage can transform non-magical and +1 weapons into dye patterns, a 7th level +2 weapons, 9th level +3, 11th level +4 and a 13th level mage can enchant any weapon to become a dye pattern.

If the Bariaur dies or is separated from the weapon for more than 3 hours, the weapon and pelt design both disappear. This spell is useful for sneaking in weapons where a search would normally reveal them. The pelt design is detectable by detect magic and will be removed permanently by a dispel magic specifically focused on the design.

Material components of this spell is the weapon to be transformed.  
Based on the custom spell "Magical Tattoo."

## FOURTH-LEVEL SPELLS

#### Titania's Total Perspective

4th Level Wizard Spell - (Alteration)

Range: Touch

Components: V, S

Duration: 1d4+1 hours + 1 hour/level

Casting Time: 4

Area of Effect: 1 Creature

Saving Throw: Neg.

This spell, known to cause powerful creatures to break down and cry, only works on intelligent (8+) beings. The effected being immediately has a glimpse into "ultimate reality," at least from their own philosophical perspective (including racial ideals, alignment, faction, religion, philosophy). With this glimpse is a vision of how far they have progressed within that ideal, usually not very far for most. For example, a paladin would glimpse his god along

with the gods surroundings. He would be judged by his god (based on his own perspective) on how far he had progressed towards the belief systems ideals - sainthood for example. A fiend may have similar shortcomings in his commitment to evil or chaos.

Affected creatures who fail to save fall to the ground sobbing, unable to attack or defend for the duration of the spell. Attacking the creature breaks the spell, although they retain the painful memories of what they witnessed. The entire spell takes effect instantaneously within the mind of the affected being. Avatars and other emanations of a power are unaffected by this spell, as are unintelligent creatures or creatures with an intelligence of 7 or lower. Bleakers are also unaffected.

One of the pre-requisites for learning and understanding this spell is having it cast on the mage.

## PRIEST+ SPELLS

Bariaur priests, unlike mages, enjoy the full support of the flock. Both males and females may become priests, although they tend to be predominantly male. "The Cult of the Powers," as the third branch of Bariaur spirituality is known, relies on a broad range of deities. Please see the "Religion" section for more information.

What makes Bariaur priests distinct from priests of other traditions is their overlap into the realm of the shaman. Often a priest is requested to perform various cultural rites, such as Sheka, the monthly trimming of hooves. They may also be requested to bless newborns, call upon the Gods' favor for battle, chase away spirits who haunt hunting grounds, predict weather, and generally perform duties that non-Bariaur priests would turn their nose up at, claiming them to be superstitious or "beneath their station."

Bariaur priests are expected to be just like one of the bucks. In fact, the priest, like the flock's shaman, should excel at activities such as combat, mating rituals, games and competitions. No matter how strong a Bariaur's relationship with his god, if he can't be respected in normal Bariaur pursuits, than he's not useful to the flock.

## FIRS+-LEVEL SPELLS

### **Create Love Potion**

1st Level Priest Spell - (Enchantment/Charm)

Range: Special

Duration: 1 turn + 1 turn/level

Area of Effect: Special

**Components: V, S, M**

**Casting Time: 1 turn**

**Saving Throw: None**

This spell, when cast on a vial of holy water, creates a glowing, swirling mass of rainbow colors. Besides the colors, the vial of holy water remains unchanged. However, when cast by the priest in front of its intended user, the participant (when open to the idea) will believe that vial contains a powerful love potion usable by one whose intentions are pure. The boost in confidence

will provide the user with a +2 reaction adjustment with their intended suitor.

### **Create vegetation**

1st Level Priest Spell - (Alteration)

Range: 10 yards

Duration: Special

Area of Effect: 1 cubic foot/level

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 1 turn

Saving Throw: None

Similar to the third level "Create Food and Water," this spell creates a cubic foot per level of vegetation suitable for Bariaur sustenance. This vegetation can be rooted into the ground, in appropriate areas, in which case it may be kept for later as normal plant life. Vegetation may also be made to appear out of the ground, as in the form of a large salad. One cubic foot is enough nourishment for one Bariaur for one day. As in the "Create Food and Water" spell, food not rooted in the ground becomes inedible in 24 hours.

### **Detect Law**

1st Level Priest Spell - (Divination)

Range: 120 yards

Duration: 1 turn + 5 rounds/level

Area of Effect: 10-foot path

Components: V, S, M

Casting Time: 1 round

Saving Throw: None

Nobody likes a party pooper, and nobody likes to party like the Bariaur. This spell, like the first level priest spell "detect evil," discovers emanations of law from any creature, object or area. The spell is generally used by a priest to keep other Bariaur out of trouble. In every other respect it works as the detect evil spell:

This spell discovers emanations of evil, or of good in the case of the reverse spell, from any creature, object, or area. Character alignment, however, is revealed only under unusual circumstances: characters who are strongly aligned, who do not stray from their faith, and who are of at least 9th level might radiate good or evil if intent upon appropriate actions. Powerful monsters, such as rakshasas or ki-rin, send forth emanations of evil or good, even if polymorphed. Aligned undead radiate evil, for it is this power and negative force that enable them to continue existing. An evilly cursed object or unholy water radiates evil, but a hidden trap or an unintelligent viper does not.

The degree of evil (dim, faint, moderate, strong, or overwhelming) and possibly its general nature (expectant, malignant, gloating, etc.) can be noted. If the evil is overwhelming, the priest has a 10% chance per level of detecting its general bent (lawful, neutral, or chaotic). The duration of

a detect evil (or detect good) spell is one turn plus five rounds per level of the priest. Thus, a 1st-level priest can cast a spell with a 15-round duration, a 2nd-level priest can cast a spell with a 20-round duration, etc. The spell has a path of detection 10 feet wide in the direction the priest is facing. The priest must concentrate--stop, have quiet, and intently seek to detect the aura--for at least one round to receive a reading.

The spell requires the use of the priest's holy symbol as its material component, with the priest holding it before him.

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### **Sheka**

1st Level Priest Spell - (Conjuration/Summoning)

Range: 60 yards

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 6 hours

Casting Time: 10 turns

Area of Effect: 5 Bariaur/+ 5/level

Saving Throw: None

Upon performing the sacred "sheka" hoof trimming ritual while utilizing this spell, the priest raises the morale of effected Bariaur so that saving throws are made at +2 and attack die rolls get a +2 modifier. Multiple Sheka spells may be cast by more than one priest to cover a larger number of Bariaur, although the effects are not cumulative.

This recipient of this spell actually has their hooves trimmed upon completion. Because of this, this spell will only work on a Bariaur once every two weeks. The material component of this spell are special Bariaur hoof trimmers.

## **SECOND-LEVEL SPELLS**

### **Remove Vile Evil Spirits of Dread and Despair**

2nd Level Priest Spell - (Conjuration/Summoning)

Range: 0

Components: V, S

Duration: Time of Spell Casting

Casting Time: 2

Area of Effect: 30-foot radius

Saving Throw: None

Despite the imposing name of this spell, it's mostly used for show. This spell is used when a group of Bariaur believe that a particular place is haunted by evil spirits. After the priest is assured himself that the said evil spirits are not there (that would require something serious!), this spell is cast to reassure the flock that everything is back in order.



When cast, the priest shouts at the top of his lungs, insults the spirits, calls them forth, and banishes them from the area. The wind will roar, small bits of leaves and debris will fly at the priest, and general groaning and stomping of hooves where no one is standing (a Bariaur sign of ghosts) will take place. In the end, the banished spirits will wail and become quiet.

Although this spell has a frightening presentation, those in the area of effect of this spell will have their morale boosted upon completion, feeling that any evil spirits have been banished.

### **Flock Marking**

2nd Level Priest Spell - (Evocation)

Range: 0

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 hour + 1 hour/level

Casting Time: 1 segment per Bariaur

Area of Effect: 10 Bariaur + 2

Saving Throw: None

Bariaur/level

This spell dyes the flock's symbol into the pelt of the affected Bariaur. The symbol can be as ornate and detailed as the priest desires, but it must be uniform among the Bariaur affected. Bariaur affected receive a +1 bonus on saving throws and attack rolls, while their enemies suffer a -1 bonus on attacks and saves.

This spell is not effective with any other evocation spell except for Sheka.

## THIRD-LEVEL SPELLS

### **Locate Flock**

3rd Level Priest Spell - (Divination, Reversible)

Range: 50 miles/level

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 turn/level

Casting Time: 3 turns

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This is the same as the 3rd level mage spell "Shengo's locate flock."

This spell helps in locating a Bariaur's own flock. As in the "Locate Object" spell, the priest casts the spell, turns around and senses the direction of the flock if within range. The range is 50 miles for each level of the mage. A foreign flock may be detected, but the range is much smaller, only 5 miles for each level of the priest. Locating a foreign flock requires that the Bariaur have at least encountered the flock previously. The spell is not helpful in locating

flocks on other planes, individuals in flocks, or the condition or number of the flock. A flock is determined to be the majority of Bariaur who identify themselves as a particular inter-familial social unit.

Obscure Flock is the reverse of this spell. It's often used during wars or when a flock is reluctant to deal with outsiders, such as during festivals or important religious events.

### **Forest Homeland**

3rd Level Priest Spell - (Abjuration)

Range: Special

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 hour/level

Casting Time: 6

Area of Effect: 10' Radius

Saving Throw: None

This spell creates a protected area in a 10' area around the priest in the form of a idyllic forest glen. The ground, provided it's solid, takes on the consistency of earth. Trees appear, creating shade and a buffer against the wind. Chirping of birds drowns out the sound from the outside area.

Excessive noise, uncomfortable temperatures, and brightness of the surrounding area is reduced by 35%. Those in the area, although protected from discomfort, are aware of what is happening around them. This spell does not protect the recipients beyond the level of moderate discomfort.

Note: creatures near the area of effect may be repelled or attracted to this refuge.

### **Giant Ward**

3rd Level Priest Spell - (Abjuration)

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 day/level of the caster

Casting Time: 8

Area of Effect: 10 square feet/level of  
caster

Saving Throw: Special

Normally used on battlefields against Ysgardian Giants, this spell creates an invisible barrier against giants. Giants entering this area must save versus spell or become violently ill, falling to the ground and unable to move. Each round within the spell area, the giant may attempt another save to crawl back out of the area of effect. Giants saving upon entering the area have the option of going back to safer ground or attempting to move ahead, where the spell may or may not be in effect. In such cases, the giant must save each round within the effected area.

The area to be effected is lightly dusted with ashes when the spell is cast.

# CHAPTER 9: BARIAUR NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS

What better incentive to use Bariaur in your campaign than some ready-made NPC's, complete with background and CR2 import files. These folks also make great Bariaur role-models for your Bariaur PC's. After all, the Bariaur is really kind of a joke to the TSR folks. For example, the first paragraph of the most important book, *A DM's Guide to the Planes*, reads: "...some of the multiverse is so simple that even a bariaur basher'd understand..." So take a look at these hoofed heroes and see where you can fit 'em in. We'll start this section with a Bariaur Basher...

## RI JALU (PL/B♂/FI0/S2/CG)

**BACKGROUND:** Ri Jalu was born and raised in The Outlands, just outside of Tradegate long before the incursions with the various tribes of hill giants. At an early age, Ri excelled at two things: swordsmanship and making the does blush. His father took an unusual role in his life, when he became actively involved in raising Ri and keeping him out of trouble. Normally fathers take little interest in their offspring, and young bucks are raised by the males, collectively.

Through strong discipline imposed by his father, Ri Jalu became a master swordsman and a hero among his flock as a killer of giants. Ri's sword, which he named "Tseba" was forged in The Outlands specifically to kill hill giants and, besides partying, carousing, womanizing, imbibing, smoking, and wandering, fighting giants is Ri Jalu's favorite pursuit.

When Ri was old enough to go out on his own, he wandered for over five years, making a name for

himself and learning the ways of the world, before returning to the flock. Ri spend several years in Ysgard, training and adventuring. Ysgard is noted as a Bariaur friendly plane where the local four-leggers speak a different dialect of the language. The Ysgardian Bariaur dialect sounds a bit effeminate in comparison to Outland Bariaur. However, all Bariaur know the prowess of the Ysgardian Bariaur warriors, despite their speech patterns. Sometimes Ri will try to use a Ysgardian accent when trying to impress females, especially other Bariaur. It's best not to make fun of the lisp, or else look the fool to the Bariaur female and risk incurring Ri Jalu's wrath.

**DESCRIPTION:** Jalu is a huge, muscular Bariaur who carries himself effortlessly even with his heavy chain armor and shield. There's a trot to his gait; a general happiness and carefree temperament that can be spotted from across a busy Sigil street. Many a foolish sod has interpreted this as a weakness and has ended up in the dead-book, or simply head-butted to unconsciousness. Jalu's pelt (seen when he's unarmored) is a swirl of multi-colored designs, shaved and dyed in a multitude of geometric patterns; the eye, ear and face of The Sensates symbol clear among them. Each week he visits a salon in Sigil that's popular with the Bariaur (mostly with the does), where he's shaved and dyed. Ri Jalu is quite handsome (charisma: 16). Even non-Bariaur females may notice an attraction to his rugged good looks and his innocent gait. And Ri Jalu never misses an attempt to pay his respect to the ladies.

When anticipating adventure or a walk-about, Ri Jalu can be seen wearing his custom fitted Bariaur chain mail. It's worn, but meticulously clean and well maintained. On his left flank is "Tseba": a broad sword with a pommel made from what appears to be a carved thigh-bone, but much larger than that of any humanoid. On his head sits a silver horned helm, dented in several places but meshing well in coloration and style with his chain mail.

**MOTIVATION:** Jalu has spent the last year trying to experience the more "carnal" pleasures. His goal is to have kissed a female of every race represented in Sigil and The Outlands. Although Jalu is well on his way to succeeding, he's not averse to repeating some past experiences (especially with female player characters). Ri Jalu is paid 50gps for each of these experiences by the Sensates, but that's just to pay the rent. Ri is quite afraid of the possibility of encountering a succubi, and will go out of his way to avoid one, or to befriend a priest or other cutter who can spot one. His real fear, and it's a secret one, is that he's not sure he would NOT kiss a succubi, just for the experience, even if he knew her true identity. He rarely discloses this, and even then, only to trusted lovers.

**STATS:** THACO 11, Dmg 1d8+7 (Strength bonus + Bastard sword +2), AC 2, Hp 70, MV 15, SZ L: Int 12)

**NWPs:** Blind Fighting, Running, Ancient History, Planar Survival, Planar Direction Sense

**WP's:** Dagger, Long Bow, Sickle, Sword, bastard (specialist)

**Magic Items:**

- Sword, +2 Giant Slayer
- +3 Dagger
- +2 Shield, small
- Amulet of the Planes
- Bag of Holding
- Horseshoes of the Zephyr (which he wears)
- Oil of Elemental Invulnerability (Water)
- Oil of Elemental Plane Invulnerability (Earth)

## JIK KALA (PL/B♂/PI3/FL/LG)

**BACKGROUND:** Jik Kala was born in The Plains of Thunder realm in The Homeland region. From an early age, Jik was more serious than the other bucks. Although he enjoyed fighting and brawling with his peers, he often wandered off when it came to playing games of chance or general hell raising. Don't get Jik wrong, he loves games like the next Bariaur. But Jik needed some substance in his life.

Several of the priests of Tirag Thunderhooves took an interest in the young buck, seeing his potential as a warrior but also noticing his uncommon wisdom. What Jik didn't know then, was that the priests also felt a little alienated from those they served. The general populace didn't have a clue about what was necessary to maintain their lives, or to serve their god. There were sacrifices to be made, and Jik Kala understood these sacrifices, unlike his much older brethren.

Soon Jik began dividing his time between learning combat and tactics, and spending time with the priests of Tirag Thunderhooves. Although Jik quickly lost interest in games of chance or contests of skill, his presence was always desired as an arbitrator of disputes and a force of justice against cheaters. One day this attracted the attention of a certain white-woolen, golden-eyed Bariaur. During a contest, a much larger Bariaur, known to be a bully, used tree resin during a rope-pulling contest. Only Jik Kala was willing to stand up to the bully and declare the giant buck a cheater. Jik took quite a beating for his decision but, even while bleeding on the ground, he would not reverse his decision.

That golden-eyed Bariaur was none other than Tirag Thunderhooves himself. Tirag personally healed Jik of his wounds and they became fast friends. Yes, a power and a mortal, friends. Jik became a hoof-brother within

Tirag's order, and vowed to be a force for justice and preserver of life.

**DESCRIPTION:** Jik Kala is an average looking Bariaur, standing about seven feet tall and looking like the average Bariaur cutter on the street -- that is, if he were alone. It seems the soft-spoken Jik is always surrounded by three or four friends or acquaintances. He's popular among a wide range of people, despite faction, race, alignment or religion.

After meeting Jik Kala, a cutter may start to notice a few things about him that might not have been so obvious because of the crowd around him. The most obvious are the markings on his pelt, a pair of praying hands with the symbol of The Free League between them. Jik also carries a K'ton ([G'wrn-k'ton](#)). A K'ton is a Bariaur weapon consisting of a long steel staff with a mace on one end and a hammer on the other. Jik carries it at his side like it were a light-weight bamboo stick, yet the thing weighs over fifteen pounds, and those unfamiliar with its strange balance might have trouble even picking it up! As for using the K'ton, the noted scholar T. Fireheel reports:

...bariaur using this weapon make a stand and begin whipping the K'ton into a murderous pitch, (which they can do fairly quickly and with little effort on their parts) and then use the weapon's greater striking distance to keep foes away from their flanks. Once the weapon is set into motion, it takes little to maintain the momentum, and thus the bariaur does not tire as easily. Bariaur have been known, however, to use the K'ton for other 'inventive maneuvers, and most of the race are at least familiar, if not deadly, with the weapon.

A friend once asked Jik about his choice in weapons: "Hey cutter, it's not as romantic as a long sword, but the K'ton is the perfect weapon for a paladin, especially a



hoof brother." Jik said "Standing for righteousness and good often means standing alone. And for a Bariaur, that means someone's gotta watch your back."

It's unlikely that Jik would ever get into an altercation without his numerous friends jumping into the fray. In fact, there's a story about Jik and what happened late one night when none of his followers were around. Jik called a Baatezu on his use of marked cards while playing Jimbolay. The fiend and several of his buddies attacked Jik, while Jik simply whirled that K'ton around, bashing anyone stupid enough to come in for some blood. While that K'ton twirled, Jik cajoled and joked with the Baatezu, and eventually they all had a great laugh and a wonderful evening of cards. Of course, the Baatezu lost big that evening to Jik. But charity money has to come from somewhere, right?

**MOTIVATION:** Jik is valued as an honest, diplomatic defender of righteousness and justice. This doesn't mean Jik goes around like some Harmonium thug. No, instead you might find Jik in a back alley, watching over a game of dice. Or you might find him in a marketplace, making sure the butcher doesn't have his thumb on the scale. Jik is a defender of the small people. He has no quarrel with fiends, unless their dice are loaded. He doesn't care about the blood war, only that the armies not harm the environments of their planar battlefields. These small battles that Jik chooses may not be the meat and drink of most paladins, but it's good work for a hoof-brother of Tirag, and it's genuinely reflected in Jik Kala's humble nature and charismatic personality.

**STATS:** THACO 6, Dmg 1d8+3, AC 3, Hp 83, MV 15, SZ L: Cha 19

**NWPs:** Blind fighting, Running, Throwing, Engineering, Planar Sense, Planar Survival

**WP's:** Battle Axe, G'wrn-K'ton, Spear, Long Sword

**Magic Items:**

- Full Armor, Spiked Leather, +4
- Oil of Elemental Plane Invulnerability (Fire)
- Pouch of Accessibility

## HARGIN "THE BRAWLER" SILVERH⊕⊕F (PL/B♂/B9/FA/LN)

(Note his infamy from *In The Cage: A Guide to Sigil* page 31.)

The following summary is culled from that well-known Bariaur knight of the cross trade, Rank Magdural.

**BACKGROUND:** The only thing more disgraceful than a doe with horns is a buck that can't fight. And Hargin Silverhoof (born Hargin Denularami) couldn't even lift a broad sword, let alone wield one in mortal combat. His mother was embarrassed over her son's shortcomings, his father ignored him, pretending he didn't exist. However, in Bariaur society, there are remedies to such situations. Hargin would be a priest.

That would have been a good idea, except for the fact that Hargin, even at an early age, was a cynical loud mouth skeptic who felt more at home playing his flute or in a game of dice, bobbin' some clueless Bariaur basher than with sacred rituals. The priests wanted nothing to do with the young buck, even those of Tirag Thunderhooves (because he continually beat them at dice, according to Hargin).

This was fine with Hargin, since he considered the priests' cony-catchers of the highest order, bobbin' the flock by promising battle prowess or healthy births. These bucks made him sick, especially because Hargin hadn't thought ahead – otherwise he would have figured out a way into their scam. Instead he was an outsider in his own home. The flock paid no attention to Hargin, not knowing what to do with him. But this got young Hargin Silverhoof thinking.

There was obviously no place in the flock for the likes of him. He needed to scrag this life of wandering and hard work and make it to where the jink was, the big city, yeah, Sigil. Hargin joined up with a caravan of

merchants, bound for Sigil with a load of weapons from the Dwarven Mountains.

Next thing he knew, Hargin was in The Hive, learning from the cutpurses, scrag artists, and no cross traders. It was hopeless though. With Harbin's huge body and noisy hooves, he was nearly beaten to death a couple of times with his clumsy attempts at petty thievery. After several years of barely getting by, hungry and depressed, Hargin wandered Sigil one day, by pure chance ending up in The Lady's Ward. He watched the nicely dressed nobles, the free flowing jink and the clean streets and wide courtyards. He also watched as this cross trading cager he knew, dressed in fine silk garb, wined and dined some rich gully.

The cross trader and the berk parted company, the cross-trader sitting with his feet up on the table. Hargin made his way over to the smiling sod. "So whad'ya get? He's still got his purse, I see his jewelry's around his neck, and he's still breathing."

"Pike it goat-boy," the thief said. "Only a clueless berk with an empty brainbox risks his skin scraggin' bloaks in the street. The real money is behind those walls and through them empty courtyards, and you ain't gonna get it by thievery or force."

This got Hargin thinking. He cleaned himself up, got himself a job at a pub in The Lady's Ward, and started observing the higher-ups: how they talked, how they dressed, how they handled money. He even found himself a girlfriend, a rich Bariaur looker whose father was a priest of Odin. She was slumming, probably to annoy her father, and he was intent on moving up in the world. It was a good combination while it lasted. And right before his meal tickets angry father let loose lightning and thunderbolts across the bar, Hargin though maybe he had found what he was looking for.

Hargin may have been greedy, but he wasn't stupid. He knew how to take a hint. This was going to be more

difficult than he thought. He decided he would make his way to the top of Sigil, either through charm or guile, but definitely on the arm of a wealthy doe.

Hargin supported himself in the Lady's Ward by singing and playing his flute at fancy pubs. He also had some ingenious ideas for trapping cranium rats. It seems that his flute playing charmed the rats, allowing him to scoop them up and sell them to the city for 50gps each! Still, it barely covered his kip.

Hargin's taste in well-lanned women provided other accoutrements to his fancy lifestyle, notably nice clothes and important contacts. In what little time he had left in a day, Hargin spent time with The Fated, doing favors for the higher ups, learning who was who; who was strong, and who was weak. He wig-wagged it with the powers that be. It was a tough life, but some might have thought that Hargin had made it. This was all just preparation. Hargin wanted more. In fact, Hargin wanted it all. He just wasn't sure how to get it, or more accurately, which young thing would get it for him.

Meanwhile, Hargin was gaining respect in other circles, most notably the con artists and cony catchers of the Lady's Ward. Some were impressed, others were jealous. Either way, these aren't the bloods you want paying attention to you. These are top shelf bloods!

One night a pair of tieflings ambushed Hargin. He was walking home after visiting a tailor where he picked up his clothes for a fancy ball scheduled the next evening. Hargin tried to talk his way out of trouble, but the tieflings obviously had murder on their minds. One grabbed him and by the arm. He watched in terror as his arm grew numb and he felt himself grow faint. The eyes of the tiefling grew in intensity as Hargin's life force was drained from his body. He awoke the next day in the decadent house of Fazel Al Harabi, a gem merchant he met once at The Fated Headquarters.

Al Harabi had an offer for Hargin, an offer he couldn't refuse. Fazel knew of Hargin's past, and he also knew of his recent acceptance with the high-ups of Sigil. That evening at the ball, Hargin was to go upstairs to use the privy of the host, a wealthy graybeard. A mage accomplice would passwall into the study through the wall of the privy. Hargin was to retrieve a golden chest, hidden in a secret room behind the fireplace in the study. This chest was to be given to the mage, who would then bring it to Al Harabi.

Hargin knew this would be the end of him. Rumors of Fazel Al Harabi's turning stag on his own people were legendary. The theft would be blamed on him and he would be scragged and left to hang from the leafless tree. Any legitimate plans for making it in Sigil would have to be abandoned.

Hargin went home, changed for the ball, and tried to think up something smart to do. Leaving Sigil would mean the end of his plans, and he had nowhere else to go.

That evening at the ball, Hargin did what he was told. He excused himself to use the privy upstairs. An older human, an obvious spellslinger followed him up the stairs, catching up with him as they both entered the privy. The man mumbled off a spell, forming a square with his bony fingers and sure enough, the wall of the privy disappeared in front of them, exposing a large dusty room filled with books. Light streamed in through the wide, barred windows and bits of dust floated in the air. Hargin quietly made his way inside, tilted the proper series of books and stepped back as the fireplace wall slowly opened; the granite grating against the ground. Hargin entered the secret room and grabbed the golden chest.

With the chest under his arm, Hargin opened one of the barred windows and took out his flute. He stuck his head out and started playing a wild tune. The Lady's Ward may look clean and tidy, but what most folks

don't know is that it's infested with rats as much as any other ward. It didn't take long before cranium rats were making their way to the open window, crawling around in bewilderment on the floor of that dusty study. The sound of Hargin's playing was muted by the music of the party downstairs; so luckily, the mage couldn't hear what was going on. Nevertheless, forty or fifty rats milled about the study when the impatient mage entered the room, wondering what was taking so long.

Upon seeing the mage, Hargin stopped his flute playing. The bewildered cranium rats awoke from their charm and attacked the closest target, the old spellslinger. A hastily cast fireball fried half the rats and set the study ablaze, scorching Hargin in the process, but the cranium rats continued their onslaught, some of them no more than puffs of angry flame! The mage fled in panic out the open wall, through the privy and down the stairs, flaming rats close behind. The nobles panicked as the house caught fire and the mage fell to the ground, rats converging on his body. The panic was multiplied as other cranium rats in the neighborhood emerged from doors, windows, holes in walls, and every orifice imaginable. Aoskian hounds lounging in the courtyard went wild, chasing the rats through the house, around the courtyard and down the streets as partygoers fled in panic.

No one seemed to notice the Bariaur with the golden chest under his arm as he calmly walked out the front door, never to be seen again.

So you may ask "What about the Silver Scimitar of Power? What about the magic chariot? What about the rooftop brawling contests?" Don't believe all the screed you hear berk. You wanted the dark on Hargin "The Brawler" Silverhoof, and this is it. What was in the golden chest? Now that's a good question. The answer to that has been debated in Sigil's pubs for nearly five years now. Now pay the piper.

**DESCRIPTION:** Hargin Silverhoof is small for a Bariaur, standing about six feet tall and weighing about 500 pounds. At least that's what the "wanted" sign says. He's not muscular, although that doesn't seem to bother the does. They seem to think he's quite attractive, with his big brown eyes, unusually soft pelt, and sweet-talking manner. He's always well dressed in the finest of clothes. He generally doesn't carry anything more than a simple chiv, although if you read that wanted sign, it will claim he's heavily armed and dangerous. I don't know why I waste my time describing him, since he hasn't been seen in years.

Rumor has it that Fazel Al Harabi had him killed and buried under the street two years ago during The Lady's Ward Renovation Project. The rumor goes that Hargin was so chopped up, that even the Dabus couldn't recognize the body as they laid the groundwork, right over the corpse. Others have claimed seeing him in Ysgard, The Outlands, Arborea and The Abyss. Some reports claim seeing him on these planes simultaneously or within days of each sighting!

**MOTIVATION:** If Hargin Silverhoof is alive, and I'm not saying he is, chances are, he would be intent on living the good life. Some say he may already be in Sigil, in disguise. They say that he probably can't keep away from the city he loves. I say that the only thing Hargin Silverhoof ever loved was himself. Who knows where he's at, or what was in that chest.

**STATS:** THACO 16, Dmg 1d4+1, AC 2, Hp 28, MV 15, SZ L: Cha 16

**NWPs:** Tightrope walking (no, really!), Heraldry, Gaming, Ventriloquism, Appraising, Disguise, Fast Talking, Musical Instrument

**Languages:** Bariaur, Planar Common, Dwarf (mountain)

**WP's:** Dagger, Dart



**Magic Items:**

- Hornblade, +1
- Bracers of Defense, AC2
- Horn of Valhalla (silver)
- Spellbook
- Possibly the contents of the golden chest

## MIREL DANΘSA (PL/ B♀/WII/TΘ/CG)

**BACKGROUND:** Mirel, or Mirella as her flock calls her, is a mystic from the rolling green hills of Glorium. She comes from a conservative flock, one that would not approve of her real occupation as a spellslinger. At an early age Mirel became ill and almost died. During this time, she saw visions of her flock's future, including the death of its leader. Several years later, completely restored to health and on the path of becoming the flock's shaman, the flock's leader died in a freak accident. Mirel, having witnessed the event years before in her feverish visions, felt responsible for the death, and in fact, believed that she had caused it. Despite the protestations of her flock's elders and council of shaman, Mirel quit her shaman training.

Mirel later met with a mystic sage who convinced her of the logic of finding the core of spiritual teachings, rather than relying on one path. She was impressed by this sermon, and quickly found multiple explanations that described the origin of her visions as a child. With her spiritual questions answered, Mirel felt free to investigate other mysteries of life. Occasionally, Mirel still has visions of the future, usually involving someone she cares about.

Such mysteries mostly consisted of learning magic, a practice forbidden with her conservative flock, but practiced secretly among several of its influential council members. Mirel is intelligent, and she quickly picked up the craft. Her training included ancient Outland history, how to sense portals, and a special trip to Limbo where she practiced chaos shaping. Mirel also learned Dwarvish, which she used to communicate and trade weapons with the flock's neighbors in the nearby Dwarven Mountain.

While on a trip to the Dwarven Mountain to deliver a message, her flock was attacked by beholders. They

fled the Glorium region and Mirel was unable to find them. She vowed to one-day return to her family and flock. Through several adventures Mirel eventually wound up in Sigil, where she found a home with The Sign of One faction.

Mirel combined her mystic philosophy with that of The Signers, forming a belief that not only does every belief system have a complete and valid core, but every individual does as well. Her membership in the faction became cemented when, with the help of the factol, she came to the tearful realization that she did in fact kill the leader of her flock with her mind all those years ago, but that it was unintentional. The faction accepted her for her inner core self and welcomed her into the family. Her desire to return to the flock diminished, and now she cannot imagine a return to The Outlands.

**DESCRIPTION:** Mirel is an attractive Bariaur with long blonde hair and green eyes. She wears a simple white cotton shirt with a small flute in the front pocket. She carries a gnarled oak staff. Mirel moves cautiously and slow, fully aware of her surroundings. Her pelt is unmarked and natural, without any shavings or signs of dye or faction markings. Her hooves are shod, a sign of sophistication among Sigil Bariaur, and quite uncommon for an Outlander. She is attractive to male Bariaur and non-Bariaur alike, although she has a sense of not quite fitting her body, a kind of awkwardness that might repel the more athletic males but attract the more introspective types.

**MOTIVATION:** Mirel has no interest in any type of mating or even flirting. Instead Mirel focuses on her current faction quest and her spellcraft. Mirel believes that she can delve into a person's spirit to find their inner core. She has found inner peace herself by discovering this truth. Mirel's goal is to find others open to the idea of inner exploration so that she may guide and teach them, saving them from a common life, devoid of spiritual truth. She will bring her new students, who the faction higher-ups secretly refer to as

"strays," to faction headquarters for a bit of meditation and training. Several of these individuals have ended up joining the faction, although only a couple have continued with Mirel's strenuous spiritual practices. Mirel accepts this, knowing that they one day may find their way with the help of the Signers.

Mirel is a homebody of sorts. She does not spend much time socializing. As a Signer, there are few social events, as each faction member is eager to get back to their individual work or study. Besides, most signers think their compatriots are a little barmy to begin with.

**STATS:** THACO 15, Dmg 1d6+2 (Staff of Power), AC 5 (Staff of Power, Ring of Protection, +3), Hp 26, MV 15, SZ L: Int 17, Wis 15, Cha 15

**NWPs:** Spellcraft, Reading/Writing, Languages: Dwarvish, Deep Dwarvish, Ancient History, Gaming, Musical Instrument, Portal Feel, Planar Direction Sense, Chaos Shaping.

**WP's:** Staff

**Magic Items:**

- Staff of Power
- Ring of Protection, +3
- Scroll of Comprehend Languages
- Oil of Elemental Invulnerability (Fire)
- Air Spores
- Warp Marble
- Thought Bottle

## FEG DALABA (PL/ B♀/P(SP)IØ/⊕S/N)

**BACKGROUND:** Born in The Outland realm of The Plains of Thunder, in The Birthing, Feg Dalaba grew to be a Shaman of great reputation. It started when Feg was six years old. While walking through the forest near her camp, a single wolf attacked her. This was entirely unheard of in The Birthing, a region where no animal goes without food. Was it desperation that led the wolf to attack of something else?

Feg's small body, torn and bloody, was discovered several days later by her flock. Feg lost an eye in the attack and it took everything the local shaman knew, just to keep her alive. After three more days of fever, Feg began to recover.

As she regained her strength, Feg noticed some changes, mostly in her vision. Although she now had only one eye, she could see things that no one else could. For example, she would stare out into space, fascinated for hours. She claimed to be able to see the sounds of the woodlands. Her mother thought she must have lost her mind in the attack, as well as her eye. But Feg seemed to be attuned to the forest in ways that even the local shaman couldn't understand. Often she could hear things with her one eye that were many miles away. Feg was also able to read people's motivations and intentions by the colors that she claimed swirled around their heads. She became adept at uncovering lies and deceit.

The wolf returned as well. Not during the day though, but in her sleep. Occasionally, in her dreams, the wolf provided clues that helped her in her understanding of the forest and the spirit world. The wolf may have almost killed her and he certainly stole her eye, but now they were a spiritual pair, inseparable.

Normally a shaman would have taken Feg in for training. However, her flock's shaman was afraid of her, fearing that she would reveal her own motivations, to simply be left alone. A shaman never has a choice as to their profession, and many, such as the one in Feg's flock, were reluctantly chosen, often against their will by events in their lives. So without guidance, Feg spent most of her time in the forest or wandering the fields, learning about nature and the ebb and flow of natural energy. About once a month Feg would return to her flock, often by tracking their movements since she was familiar with their nomadic trail.

Even in her own flock, Feg was viewed with suspicious because of her ability to see into an individual. She knew this, and tended to avoid people as much as possible, spending time in the woods with her animal friends. Still, she offered her skills as a healer and herbalist and her flock reluctantly accepted her.

**DESCRIPTION:** Feg Dalaba is no beauty. She has a missing left eye and wears ragged leather armor. But her attractiveness ends there. Feg smells of the woodlands where she spends her time, and those who aren't accustomed to the outdoors will likely find her odor offensive. Feg also doesn't care for people, meaning anyone who is not an animal. She is unaware of most social conventions, often talks in strange language about auras and energies, and generally has difficulty communicating with people. She doesn't dye or shave her pelt, in fact it's often in terrible shape, matted and tangled. She wears no insignia showing her association with a faction or a philosophy, she thinks they're all ridiculous and will tell you so. (If Feg spent time in Sigil, she may end up with The Signers).

It is unlikely that you would find Feg Dalaba in a city, especially Sigil. However, if you did, she would most likely be spending her time studying razorvine or investigating rumors she heard about Cranium Rats or Sigilian Pigeons. You might also check the various stables, where she would be making friends with the

strange beasts of burden that make their ways to The City of Doors.

When in natural settings, Feg takes on the form of a wolf. Her charisma is effectively doubled in the wild, especially if you need her abilities to keep you alive.

**MOTIVATION:** Unlike other Bariaur NPC's, Feg has a strong anti-social bent to her personality that would likely prevent her from normally being encountered. However, she is a recognized expert in several areas, including the Barbazu Fern, Lycanthropy (Ever see a Were-Bariaur?), and Outland navigation. Feg has no great desire to share any of this information. She simply wants to be alone with nature. If pursued for this knowledge, Feg will usually strike up a deal if not given the option to flee. Chances are that the task she requires will be ludicrously dangerous, such as transporting a rare Baladorian Bear back to its home in The Beastlands.

While in the forest, Feg mostly assumes the shape of a wolf. She generally won't change her shape back to that of a Bariaur unless she feels the need to communicate, which is rare.

**STATS:** THACO 12, Dmg 1d6+3 (Spear +3), AC 4 (Shield +3, Leather armor), Hp 52, MV 15, SZ L: Wis 17, Cha 7 (with additional negative reaction adjustments because she's a shaman).

**Wild Talents:** Aura Sight, See Sound.

**NWPs:** Religion, Spellcraft, Herbalism, Weaving, Navigation, Planology, Vision Quest, Heal

**WP's:** Throwing Knife, Spear

**Magic Items:**

- +3 Shield, buckler
- +3 Spear
- Potion of Vitality

## SHEULA RALOM'PA (PX/ B♀/FI5/DG/CN)

**BACKGROUND:** Scorn, anger, battle lust, and fierce independence define the very essence of Sheula Ralom'pa, Bariaur proxy of Va'sha Battlefleece. However, these are just half the values held by Sheula's deity, values usually tempered by the calming influences of honor, courage and truth. This imbalance may be why Sheula was banished from BattleGrim. BattleGrim is Va'sha's realm, managed by Klorn "Foehammer" Warhorns, Va'sha's only recognized proxy and Sheula's sworn enemy.

Sheula seethes with anger when she thinks about her banishment. It was because she's a doe. It's because the bucks, especially Klorn, cannot accept that females can wield power and fight and destroy enemies. It is their rigidity to outdated values that keep the Bariaur from having a real homeland. It is the rigidity that makes them wander aimlessly. It is through battle and battle alone that the fate of the Bariaur will be decided. And if necessary, Sheula Ralom'pa will bring that battle to all who oppose her, be they two-legged or four. At least this is what she tells folks.

It's Ysgard thirty years earlier. The shaman is assisting Jer'la Ralom'pa in the birthing of her first kid. The flock gathers around the small birthing tent. The father, Chief Jeluka Ralom'pa, the flocks proud leader, waits patiently, praying to the holy power Nor'bah that his wife and unborn kid make it through the evening. Jeluka has waited many years for this moment. His first wife died in battle, childless, after five years. His second wife, Jer'la, has not given birth in the seven years he has been her mate. His prestige and his family line will be decided tonight in this narrow little tent. Because of the importance of this birth, Jer'la's pregnancy has become the event of the year.



After seventeen hours of intense labor, a small head appears from within Jer'la, tiny horns can be plainly seen as the little one emerges. "It's a buck!" Jeluka Ralom'pa yells. "Wait!" yells the shaman. Jeluka gallops through the camp, yelling to his friends and flock, tears streaming down his face, "It's a buck! Come see the new Ralom'pa; my little one!"

The shaman assists in pulling the kid from his mother. It seems intent on staying inside. Finally, out slides the lithe little body. The doe in the birthing tent let out an audible gasp. The little one, the hopes and dreams of Jeluka Ralom'pa, is a doe! It's a disgrace. A doe with horns, although not entirely rare, occurs even less in the rough plane of Ysgard. What many cutters don't know is that when a horned doe is born, usually the little one is quietly drowned in a river or lake. Thus birthing is almost always a private affair, involving only the mother and the shaman.

It's 30 years later. Dying in a pool of blood, surrounded by dozens of dead hill giants, Sheula Ralom'pa realizes she never knew anything about her mother or father. No one was willing to speak of the horrible things that her father did to her mother that night, thirty years ago, or the terrible things that he did to himself when he was finished with her. Instead her grandparents on her mothers side raised her. They openly blamed her for the death of their daughter, the destruction of their family, and worst of all, the theft of the flock's chief. Sheula Ralom'pa had an unhappy childhood to say the least. But that's not so unusual on the planes. Sheula spent her time training as a warrior, fighting the insults, destroying the prejudices, obliterating her opposition, until she was the undisputed warrior of her flock. They still did not accept her and they asked her to leave. But that was the night before. Nobody expected the giants to attack that night, and in such large numbers.

After her death, Sheula Ralom'pa arrived in BattleGrim, the War Mother realm of Va'sha Battlefleece, a place for warrior does, especially those scorned for their horns.

Here she learned of "The Blessed Fury," not only the name given to Va'sha, but the blind battle rage where she found peace. The Fury became Sheula's form of meditation, where she was most happy, where she excelled, where the taunts and insults faded away. Then she did the unspeakable. Sheula insulted the holy G'wrn-k'ton, the symbol of Va'sha, by commenting on how blunt and unbalanced it was, "like the brainbox of a buck" she said. Sheula created a new weapon, the Sog'ma-k'ton, a brutal weapon based on the G'wrn-k'ton, but with razor sharp axe blades on both ends.

Among the bucks, the weapon was spurned for its "sissy" name. The does had a difficult time wielding the heavy weapon, which weighed nearly 30 pounds! Then it was banned in BattleGrim after several accidents by other wielders, unable to control its intense twirling motion. The name "Sog'ma-k'ton" literally fits Sheula's personality. Ma means mother or the feminine in Bariaur. Tsoga is the root for the word society, or group. The Sog'ma-k'ton is literally the women's weapon, which fit well with Sheula's anti-male bent and great distrust of bucks.

Soon Sheula rose in her power and stature and found that, as with her own flock, there was no room for her here. In the end, even BattleGrim could not contain Sheula's rage and fury, built up from a lifetime of scorn, ridicule and hatred. Sheula left to roam the planes, to find her way among outsiders. Unlike the many warrior bucks, which fought half as strong as her and had their destinies determined on the battlefields of Ysgard, it seemed Sheula's destiny was to live out eternity as an outcaste.

**DESCRIPTION:** Sheula cares little for her appearance, save that her weapon be sharp and shiny. She goes topless; an ancient Bariaur tradition among warrior women, one that's rarely practiced nowadays. It's a practice that embarrasses and annoys bucks and does alike, who find it crude and unsophisticated. Even more unusual, Sheula has horns. But not spiral horns,

like most Bariaur males possess, but scimitar horns. The two long horns sprout from the top of her head and extend nearly three feet above her. Often she will use these in a battle charge to impale her enemies.

Sheula wears no armor, like her goddess, yet she is far from defenseless. In battle she twirls the Sog'ma-k'ton as she wades headlong into battle. The axe blades slice and maim anyone foolish enough to approach her. Once she's cleared an area, Sheula screams her war cry and heads in another direction, destroying everything in her path in a whirling maelstrom of blood and gore. Bariaur, Ysgardian's especially, find this a sickening display of carnage and mayhem. Worse still, such an attack is counter to their values of single combat.

**MOTIVATION:** "The Blessed Fury" is all Sheula cares about. She yearns to embrace The Fury, both her goddess Va'sha and her mistress, sweet battle. Sheula can usually be found on a battlefield, usually on the side of good, preferably on the side of Bariaur. Secretly, Sheula doesn't care who wins these battles, she only wishes to embrace The Fury and to be welcomed back by her goddess. On the battlefield Sheula often thinks of her goddess: Maybe She will watch this next battle. Maybe She saw that move where I severed that Tanaari's arm. Maybe I can go home again someday. Are you watching me mother?

**STATS:** THACO 5, Dmg 1d12+7 (Sog'ma-k'ton, +4: Ysgard), AC 0 (+6 Ring of Protection, Dexterity), Hp 63, MV 18, SZ L: Str 18/47, Dex 19.

**Wild Talent:** Danger Sense

**NWPs:** Blind Fighting, Endurance, Animal Lore, Artistic Proficiency (at -5), Portal Feel, Running, Contact, Modern Languages: Goblin, Survival.

**WP's:** Sog'ma-k'ton (Expert, Chosen Weapon, Specialist, Master), Composite Long Bow (specialist),

Composite Short Bow, Punching (Specialist), Short Bow.

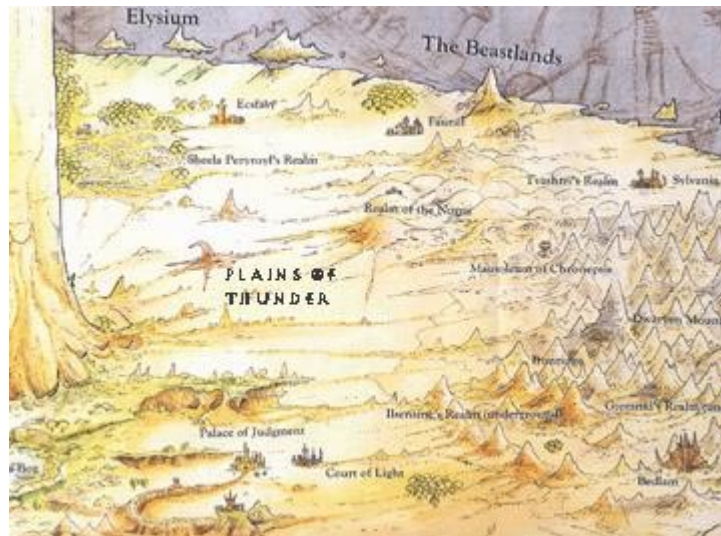
**Special:** Can head butt for 1d6x2 damage, doubled again if charging. Critical hit on a 19 or 20.

**Magic Items:**

- +4 Sog'ma-k'ton (made in Ysgard)
- +6 Ring of Protection, +1 to Strength

## CHAPTER 10: THE PLAINS OF THUNDER (REALM)

**CHARACTER:** Bright and sunny, The Plains of Thunder are named after the sound created by many thousands of Bariaur hooves. The grass is always green, plant life is plentiful, and the weeds grow high, so a four-legged can bend down for a quick snack. Although it's mostly plains, The Plains of Thunder also consist of woodlands, hills, and several mountain ranges. The realm is located near The Spire, somewhere on the map of The Outlands between The Palace of Judgement and Sheela Peryroyl's Realm.



The Plains of Thunder consist of three regions: The Outer Fringe (Saroga), The Birthing (Yese) and The Homeland (Sakayugaledada).

### THE OUTER FRINGE (SAROGA)

**Description:** As one approaches The Plains of Thunder, one finds that Bariaur will happily emerge to greet visitors, be they human, Bariaur, fiend or foe. The Bariaur along the Outer Fringe are always curious and willing to learn about the outside world, especially

beliefs and cultures. A Bariaur from the Plains may spend days, weeks or even months discussing philosophy or religion with a cutter, even extreme beliefs that a Bariaur would never consider holding, like number theory with a modron or fiend theories of power with a Baatezu. This area is the realm of the mystics, the Bariaur element in every tribe that forms the link with the outside world.

Although this area is Bariaur country, like the rest of this realm, there are no actual Bariaur settlements anywhere. Instead, various Bariaur flocks camp for a while until they exhaust the local food supply and then move on to another part of the Plains, always keeping within the same "demi-realm." The food supply grows back at an amazing rate, often within a day or two, but the Bariaur feel instinctively compelled to wander. Visitors are welcome to set up camp next to the Bariaur and join in with the festivities.

The Outer Fringe Bariaur are low-key, gentle, and generally aren't as active or combative as their cousins in say, Glorium or even deeper into the realm. These Bariaur are usually refugees, settlers from other planes, or Outland petitioners who always wanted to visit The Homeland, but don't feel comfortable yet with traditional Bariaur values. Outer Fringe Bariaur learn the ancient ways and explore deeper into The Plains of Thunder as their comfort levels increase. Some Outer Fringe Bariaur are happy right where they are, embracing outside values and culture while enjoying the companionship of their people.

**SERVICES:** Bariaur mystics of this area are incredibly knowledgeable about philosophy and religion. They are likely to know detailed information about a wide range of beliefs, including faction philosophy, religions, and details about the powers. Such detailed information is free, but the questioner generally must divulge an equal amount of information about his own belief system before the mystic will share her knowledge.

## THE BIR+HING (YESE)

**Description:** As one progresses through The Outer Fringe and deeper into The Plains of Thunder, the forces of nature intensify. Trees are larger, weather changes frequently and dramatically, and the wildlife is more active than normal. The animals are large and have deeper instincts than those found throughout The Outlands. For example, a hunter could never capture or kill an animal in this realm. The animals are simply too fast, too cunning and too smart for that. Of course, animal predators are just as fast and cunning. Luckily, vegetation is robust and full of life. No one could ever go hungry in The Birthing, as there are plenty of fruit trees, berry bushes and tasty herbs and weeds.

Bariaur in The Birthing are not likely to approach a traveler, although they don't try to avoid them either. The Bariaur here are only concerned with raising their families in harmony with nature. Nothing else matters to them. They seek to grow up, mate, reproduce and die, merging with the forces of nature. Bariaur petitioners here would never leave The Birthing, even to explore other realms of The Plains of Thunder. This is the realm of the shamans, the Bariaur link with nature and primal elements.

The shaman are in contact with the mystics of The Outer Fringe. Expect a shaman to know everything about an individual that was discovered by a mystic. A shaman will generally not get involved with individuals problems unless asked or unless it affects the flock. The Bariaur of this realm know nothing of the outside world, as it is the shaman's duty to be their intermediary. It is the role of the shaman to assist the tribe in any way possible with information gained from the mystics.

**SERVICES:** Visitors here are welcome to sojourn to Bariaur encampments, but they are expected to leave

after two days. The shaman are thought to be able to contact spirits or locate individuals on any plane of existence. The price for such a service is a month's worth of labor, planting saplings, clearing underbrush, and taking inventory of various animal species.

## THE HΘMELAND (SAKAYUGALEDADA)

**Description:** As one moves past the dense vegetation of The Birthing, travelers will begin to hear the carousing of Bariaur at play. The Homeland is the realm of freedom, merry making, and traditional Bariaur values.

If there is a threat to The Plains of Thunder, the armed response will eventually come from The Homeland. Thousands of petitioner warriors here are well organized, disciplined, and brutal in putting down any sort of invasion or armed incursion within the realm. To use a common phrase, they're just looking for a fight. They are led and organized by the Bariaur powers themselves (when they're around), who often involve themselves directly in battle. For these warriors, there is nothing more satisfying or rewarding than defending their homeland and winning in battle. Two words do not exist in Bariaur combat, defined over millennium by battles with giants and other brutal enemies: 1) surrender and 2) prisoner. While The Outer Fringe represents Bariaur curiosity and good nature and The Birthing is a Bariaur ideal of family and honor, The Homeland stands as the domain of Bariaur battle and carousing.

**POWERS:** This realm has no leader, except for the Bariaur powers that occasionally visit to relax and have fun. These powers include Tirag Thunderhooves, and occasionally Va'sha Battlefleece. There's a 50% chance that one of these powers is present in any given week. The powers themselves act as one of the flock; fighting, carousing and partying. In times of crisis they may be called to play a more hierarchical leadership role. This



is probably the only time a party of cutters will ever have the chance to meet a power up close and personal.

**SERVICES:** The Bariaur powers care little about problems any smaller than an invading army of fiends. Instead, their priests take care of more mundane matters, such as setting up the fighting rings, overseeing Bariaur rituals (performed jointly with shamans from The Birthing), punishing cheaters and resolving matters of personal honor. A priest is likely to intervene if a poor sod shows up and tries to interfere with the general merrymaking of the place. The priest will know everything that the shamans know and will try to help in their own way, although it often involves the advice of not taking life too seriously, the recreational smoking of "special" weeds and good-natured wrestling in the dirt.

The Homeland is also the place to learn the G'wrn-K'ton, the ancient Bariaur weapon known as the War Maker. A month of training in The Homeland is all it takes for ANY Bariaur to become proficient with this weapon. With luck, Tirag Thunderhooves himself may even teach a few moves

There is a rumor that a branch of Yggdrasil, The World Ash, can be found at the top of a great oak near a fighting ring. A clueless berk might notice that a nearby ring has just such a tree by it. But this is true of countless fighting rings that exist along the hundreds of miles of this realm.

Bariaur who feel their spirits have fallen, or those who have taken on too many of the burdens of life, often crave to visit The Homeland. Even those who have never been here are told of it as kids, so as to have it in the back of their minds as a Bariaur ideal of behavior and society. Bariaur who visit this area of the realm for a month or more find themselves healed in every way: physically, mentally, and spiritually. Lost memories are recovered. Severed limbs re-grow. But once a Bariaur

comes Home, it's hard to think of a good reason to leave.

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