

Halfling

Excerpt from the Rulebook

Mischievous and playful humanoids. These hardy people can be found sharing extravagant tales of wonder that often lead to others looking for truth in these stories. When things get boring, they tend to walk away and find something new to do.

Quirks

Halfling are playful and curious. They are true adventurers with big hearts and an inclination towards mischief.

Origins and culture

With their bright-colored hair and bold sense of adventure, Halflings are the epitome of childlike wonder. Their origin could also be considered one of the saddest of all the races. Many see them as nothing more than derelict children, but those that know them best see the kind nature in their immature and often ill-timed pranks. If it were not for their curiosity and bravery, many valuable resources would have been lost centuries ago. Their adventurous nature has made them some of the most renowned collectors in the world despite their lack of interest spending their fortunes.

Their tragic beginning started innocently. A group of thirty-nine Gnomes and Dwarves, both male and female, had started their day like any other when they entered the mine they had worked for months. That season had been a rich harvest due to the rains eroding a lot of the most stubborn rock that had previously slowed their pace. The rain may have been helpful in revealing new veins but it had also weakened the structure and supports that kept them safe. The cave was more dangerous than they could have ever imagined, but no dwarf or gnome landed the blow that destroyed them.

At this time, the realm was still being formed and molded by many, both mortal and those with greater power. A spirit of mischief awoke in the cave. Many of Kokopelli's brethren left the land and gave their power to the people. Kokopelli's intention wasn't to stay behind. It simply overslept. In its hazy moments of awakening, it saw the miners as its brethren. Kokopelli did as it always had done, it pulled a prank. Kokopelli saw the weakness of the cave and dropped it on them. It was only after they were gone that Kokopelli noticed what it had done. It took pity on their fragile bodies, so it gathered their essences and remade them. Kokopelli had never created before, and its curiosity took over. It recreated them all in its own image and with its own spirit. Kokopelli poured all of itself into them.

When the transfer of its spirit was complete they awoke. The Dwarves were missing their magnificent beards; the Gnomes no longer had their signature yellow hued skin. Their original racial features changed and were now replaced with colorful streaks in their hair so others could see them. Their tool belts became pouches to hold food, water skins, and anything that could grab someone's attention. A few common items they carried were marbles, bells, whistles, and mirrors. Their inclinations for building and tinkering were gone and in their place an appetite for mischief, fun, but also an inclination to help others.

The group stayed there in the cave, unsure of what their purpose should be now that they were brought back. Kokopelli's spirit dwelled within them and with it the need for mischief. These new beings felt so many new things, but they were unsure of their purpose until they were reunited with the outside world. A small group of them heard others signs of life in the cave. All of them had gathered to check out the area and lay in wait. As if in slow motion, they all saw a pickaxe rise and, aimed for a spot to break a support structure. Bells, whistles, and shouts sounded out; marbles began to roll; mirrors began to cast beams on light into the eyes of anyone with a tool in their hands. The miners became confused, and some

were even enraged by the disturbance. As one, all of the Halflings bolted for the exit of the cave with the miners hot on their heels.

With mere steps left before they left the cave, the Halfling stopped in their tracks, unsure if they could leave. The miners came to a halt with confusion on their faces upon seeing these never before witnessed creatures. When asked what they were, they told their tale. Once their story had been spoken, a feeling of satisfaction washed over the whole group. Hand in hand, the Halflings left the cave and ventured to a local gully to start their new society. They found meaning in their actions, and that same good hearted mischief guides them today.