# The Book of Vaettir



Relican Enclave Collection

1st Edition

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# The World of the Vaettir

#### 1. The Vaettir

Before the darkness came there was the mistake.

Before the time of the Britanan Empire, before the time of the Orcnar, even before the time of the very gods themselves there existed the Vaettir. So old was this race that it was they who taught the ancient gods the ways of the universe. They taught them of life and death, of order and chaos and of power.

Once they had been blessed with this knowledge the gods took it upon themselves to create their own race of followers for what was the point in having such power if no-one could sing your praise in worship. It didn't take long for one god to decide that he deserved to be worshipped by the other races as well as his own creations and this led to a war between the deities.

The war between the gods was a terrible thing to behold. The very earth shook constantly, mountains collapsed into the seas causing great floods which destroyed vast areas of land yet throughout it all the Vaettir sat. They protected themselves and their lands during the onslaught by using their mastery of magic; raising mystical barriers that shielded their own domain from the fall out of the war.

The heavenly hostilities lasted for a mere thirty days and once it was over the gods had vanished. Whether they had somehow simultaneously destroyed each other or decided to flee for their lives mattered little. The younger races lamented the loss of their patrons yet the Vaettir barely noticed, their remoteness from the world around them raising them above even noticing the gods had left. This aloofness, unfortunately, caused them to miss one race appearing as the gods vanished – the humans.

The isle of Unglandan was so small, so insignificant, that it didn't register on the Vaettir's consciousness. The growth of the human populace and subsequent expansion went unnoticed in the way that a regular being would ignore the forming of an insects hive in his rafters. It is only when the insects are established and become a nuisance that they are acknowledged and become a matter to be dealt with. The blink of an eye in the life of a Vaettir covered the time from the appearance of the humans to their current march of conquest across the land.

The aggressive human expansion had already forced out a number of races from their own lands before the Vaettir became aware of their colonization. Studying this new race intently the Vaettir realised that nothing could persuade these beings to cease their way of life and share the world with the others and they decided to intervene, a measure they

hadn't taken in the conflict of the gods, in order to restore some peace to the world they called home.

The plan to stop the humans and restore the natural balance was to construct a spell; the most powerful use of magic ever undertaken by any race at any time in history. Numerous assemblies of Vaettir worked continuously to craft the spell, each group concentrating on a specific part of the overall. Each group was determined to finish their particular section of the spell before the others and a sense of competition overtook the Vaettir; something that had never happened in the lifespan of their race.

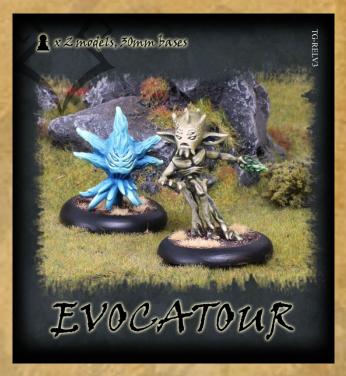
Consumed by this new found rivalry no one group thought to check that their part was compatible with the others. The spell, once cast, began to work as was intended and as a whole the Vaettir congratulated themselves on their own brilliance. As the spell reached its climax the Vaettir lost control as they changed from one section of the spell to another. The spell took on a life of its own and the Vaettir tried in vain to prevent the discharge that travelled the globe like a wave.

The power that had been put into the magic had to escape somewhere on its journey and nothing is left untouched. The human race suffers greatly with the handful of survivors who were shielded from the bulk of the magic driven to insanity. The Orcnar are sentenced to a long and drawn out death of their species as their very core is disrupted by the energy that passes through them.

The Vaettir themselves do not escape the suffering. The former masters of magic, realising that they have doomed the very world they were trying to save, attempt to absorb the uncontrolled power that washes over all corners of their world. Their bodies are saturated with the magic until their bodies no longer resemble the beings they once were. In an attempt to control the elemental forces of their planet they have turned themselves into living versions of those forces, able to gain control over earth, air, fire and water and use it to their ends. The devastation that the elements can cause is slowly twisting their minds in a similar way to their bodies. The sheer destructive force behind earthquakes, tornadoes, wild fires and floods is flowing through the very veins of the Vaettir.

The mistake was theirs; the long task of righting the wrongs they have caused is theirs as well. The Vaettir have decided on their path to restore the world and woe betide anything that tries to stop them.

# Forces of the Vaettir



#### 1.Evocatour

Even though their physical appearance has been drastically and horrifically altered since the Great Collapse, the onslaught of Maaj unleashed by their own misguided tampering failed to penetrate and corrupt their minds as easily as it did their bodies and for now their faculties remain firmly intact.

The Evocatour are nimble creatures of incredibly high intelligence and are often seen inspiring the troops onwards to death or glory at the forefront of many of the largest Vaettirean war hosts.

Their crucial role is pivotal in co-ordinating an effective attack and their plans are usually executed with terrifyingly accurate precision, due in part to their uncanny earth shifting abilities that allow them to easily guide their troops back into alignment should the chaotic swarm of battle cause them to stray from the original paths previously laid out for them by their superior masters.

#### 2. Vaelad

Whenever a Vaettirean war host is preparing for battle, ritual sacrifices will be conducted throughout their sinister ranks in tribute to the Vaelad, they willingly absorb the essence of these offerings and use their energies to elevate their own powers to immeasurable heights. The Vaelad are a distorted mockery of their ancestors and their absorption of elemental magic has left them twisted and insane, hell bent on restoring the world and writing the wrongs they have inflicted upon it, their destructive tendencies are more likely to



destroy it in the process.

The Vaelad are cruel to all of Relicias free peoples though and their ultimate goal is to rid the world of every perceived taint they encounter on their un-holy crusades across its surface.



# 3. Huntawalu

Before the Collapse the Huntawalu were an elite sect of mighty sorcerers, powerful even by the exceptionally high standards of the Vaettir. They were gifted in all aspects of the Maaj and they travelled the kingdoms of the Vaettir freely offering their guidance to anyone who would care to hear it.

After the Collapse they emerged from the shadows as tainted, horrific reflections of their former selves. The Huntawalu have discovered that alongside their physical deformities they can now also see the world in a wide array of different

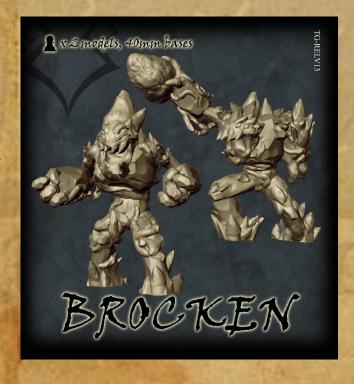
spectrums and their understanding of the Maaj has grown greater than ever before.

They stalk the land seeking their vengeance on the peoples of Relicia who they hold responsible for their demise, blinded by their own arrogance they are unable to realise that it was their own meddling which brought about their doom. Quick to unleash their furious anger upon their enemies, they have become natural leaders amongst the shattered Vaettir and they lead them forth into battle with unrivalled passion.

# 4. Brocken

The earth twists and cracks wherever they pass as the primal energies of the Maaj creep to the surface and seep upwards from beneath the crust of Relicia, yearning to reconnect with the same raw energy that pulses through the grotesque bodies of the Brocken.

The enemies of the Vaettir have learnt that



the Brocken are not an element to be overlooked when designating targets and many Britanan and Nuem commanders make their elimination the highest priority. All too often their feeble attempts at shooting them down from afar do little more than annoy the earthy Brocken and they are still able to reach their destination and administer their justice upon their foes, shaking off wounds along the way that would stop less hardy Vaettir dead in their



# 5. Hunta

It is strange to think that a society as intolerant and elitist as that of the Vaettir would tolerate the existence of creatures as impure as the deathly Hunta yet surprisingly they can be found dwelling in great numbers throughout all the regions of Xanawang and even sometimes beyond the borders in the realms of Eard and Encartria. This is not to suggest that they Hunta are easily found, quite the opposite in fact.

The Hunta are notoriously good at avoiding detection due to the fact that

for the majority of their cursed lives they exist only in the dream realm of the ether space and are completely invisible to the untrained eyes of outsiders. It is only the sweet lure of death that brings them forth into reality and empowers them physically so that they might feast openly upon the succulent souls of their enemies.

#### 6. Vicario

The Vicario share many of the physical qualities of ice and it is the principle source of their power, they are able to draw its components from deep within themselves and can manipulate its structure into whatever form they desire. This flexibility gives the Vicario infinite possibilities so that they can quickly adapt to any given situation, its limits only established by the twisted imaginations of their own contaminated minds.

In battle, the Vicario form up into small groups and stalk the land, deviously hunting their enemies, often they will gang TG-RELVI

Wicario

up on a significant threat and co-ordinate their attacks to maximise the damage caused but they are also sufficiently threatening when operating alone.



# 7.Cylod

The Cylod themselves have been corrupted and distorted far beyond recognition by the taint of the Maaj and are merely shadows of their former glorious selves. Even as the first wave of Maaj surged across the surface of the planet the Cylod saw what would become of them in its fallout and they instantly chose to embrace the metamorphosis wholeheartedly.

In return for their meddling, the force of the ancient primal power has frozen their hearts forever and left them as bitter, spiteful creatures possessed with pure

hatred and malice, the window of their souls has been frosted over ever since and the very essence of their being is nothing but a dark loneliness, whimpering pitifully in the vast coldness of emptiness.

## 8. Sol

The Sol are wild, unpredictable creatures and care little for the schemes of their superiors, they seek only to consume and devour all living things but the source of their motivation is unknown and is a subject of much debate. They are adored and despised equally among the ruling elite classes of the Vaettir and although there are many who whisper that the Sol are nothing but foul abominations that should be purged from existence, there are equally as many who will argue their effectiveness in battle and the usefulness of the abilities they possess. It is



indeed an undeniable truth that the Sol are incredibly dangerous predators and have earned a fierce reputation throughout Relicia, their mere presence alone is often enough to make the enemies of the Vaettir desperately flee in terror for their lives.



# 9.Cwalu

The Cwalu are formidable opponents at any time of day and are masters at exploiting the shadows to their full advantage, they will use any given opportunity to swing the fight in their favour by manipulating the hidden sickly strands of its dark energies.

The Cwalu are an impressive sight on the battlefields of Relicia, cloaked in shadows that flutter on the wind, they race towards their enemies wreaking their vengeance and terrifying all who gaze upon them.

In battle, the favoured weapon of the Cwalu

is the scythe. Not only is it a fittingly appropriate tool for their grim purpose but it is also a symbolic token of their passionate desire to reap the souls of all who would dare to challenge the supremacy of the Vaettir

#### 10. Vstonin

The Vstonin are compassionless creatures who exist only to wreak vengeance upon their foes, their physical durability and instinct for survival leaves them standing strong long after those around them have succumbed to the eternal death.

In battle, they fight alone or in small, close knit groups, cleaving through the ranks of their enemies with breathtaking ease. When threatened they can manipulate their physical forms to absorb and deflect damage at the cost of their own mobility, through this method a Vstonin is capable of making itself impervious to most damage and at times can be near invincible.



# R & b models, 30mm bases VARBRES

## 11. Varbres

Like twisted tornados of relentless destruction the Varbres are a swirling mass of fury, their natural adeptness in cruelty and wickedness leaves them hungrily relishing the opportunity to administer death as a way of torturously punishing all the creatures that they hold responsible for the downfall of their race.

While the overload of raw magic clearly affected their physical appearance, corrupting them and infusing them with elemental properties, the irreparable damage that they suffered mentally is at first glance less apparent.

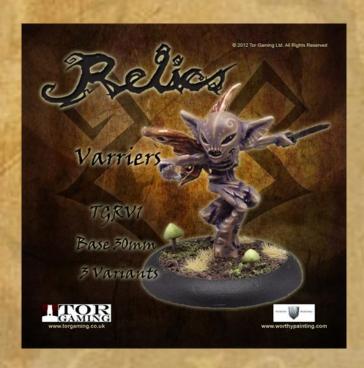
All Varbres are undoubtedly insane and are constantly consumed by a passionate hatred for all living things.

They are unpredictable in battle and are able to flit in and out of danger as and where it is necessary, they adopt many different forms and are masters in concealment, their skills are finely honed to perfection and in a fitting tribute to the wind element that their powers are derived from they able to change their will in an instant.

#### 12. Varriers

The foot soldiers of the Vaettir are ancient warriors whose nobility was corrupted by their own foul meddling, their hearts are filled with hatred and vengeance and they exhibit a great mastery of bloodthirsty violence upon the field of battle. The Varrier scurry across the plains with such terrifying swiftness they are capable of catching even the most alert enemies completely unawares.

Their physical form is the first clue in unravelling their deceptive nature, they may appear fragile and harmless upon first sight but they are sly and devious and quite capable of toppling foes much larger than themselves. They fight in such a



frenzied manner that it would appear they are hacking away at random but again this is not the case, each stab of their blade is a perfectly executed attack designed to disable and kill their opponents with deadly accuracy.

The very essence of the Varrier has been tainted beyond redemption and raw magic leaks from their souls, pray to your gods that you might never have to look into the many eyes of these vengeful abominations and hear their sickening chattering, it will likely be the last thing you ever see or hear again.



# 13. Eluspon

For the ancient race of the Vaettir, death is not as definite a destiny as it is for the other fading races of Relicia, by some strange twist of fate they are able to cheat it and can be reborn again as Elvspon, the Vaettir life force, in the realm of Maaj.

All castes of Vaettir will be reborn in this way when fatally wounded, but it is the larger Vaettir that immediaetly manifest on Relica as their Elvpsoon form. In battle the higher castes will consume these Elvspon as they see fit to fuel their magic and gain advantage over their enemies

There are those among the learned elders of the Vaettir who are able to draw the Elvspon back from the shadowy realm of the Maaj that they occupy when not on Relica and they are often able to manipulate them into taking the more familiar Vaettir form in order to replenish their legions.

# Vaettir sketchbook

Art, sketches and sculpture drafts

