

Mystic Wood Elves

In a time on the edge of memory--which for a Mystic is a very long time--passion was born. In those days, the Satyrs were the bound servants of both the Winter and Summer Fae. For each Satyr child born to the Summer court, a twin was born to the Winter as well; and at the moment of birth the lives of these twins would be inextricably linked, until the moment of their death. As in Nature, where the warmth of Summer balances the cold of Winter and the light of day balances the dark of night, the Light child would always balance the Dark. In this way, balance could be maintained in birth, in life, and in death; and one twin could live only as long as the other survived.

Even as this link maintained the harmony between the Light and the Dark, the divide between the two served to control the Satyrs, who like all Fae could not act but as their true inner nature allowed, and could not exert their will to freedom as the other races knew it. One day an Elder dragon took notice, and took pity on those without the power to choose their own fate. He was about to return to his home in the stars - to another world, some say - and wished one final legacy. He weaved his magics and altered the way of things: subtle, but sufficient. The Royals of the Satyrs - the first families who were most closely tied to the land, who were as Kings and Queens for these servants of the Fae - were each about to have their first child, linked to each other, as was the way. Instead, the Dark Royals had a child who was neither Light nor Dark, but was small and frail compared to the Satyrs; she also had pointed ears and thus was named Ear in the old tongue. The Light Royals had a child who also was not Light nor Dark, but instead a union of the two, combining elements of each; and in honor of the celestial dragon who had freed him from the dictates of his nature the child was made its namesake.

Beginning with these two births, all children born to the Dark Satyrs would be the first generation of Mystic Wood Elves, and all children born to the Light Satyrs would know a blend of the two halves, becoming the Satyrs as we know them now. In time the Satyrs of old, divided between Light and Dark, would die off, leaving behind the two new races. The Satyrs who rose from the child of Light chose to remain in service to Summer, but the Mystics rejected the control of their Fae nature, yearning for freedom. Within the first generation of their race, they rebelled against the Winter court. In their anger, the Winter Fae bestowed their curse upon the Mystics: that their passion would overwhelm them, and that they would forever wander, never calling one place their home. Or at least so goes the legend.

Despite their small population, Mystic Wood Elves are the most widespread of all the races across Terna. They are spread across the entire continent, and are citizens or accepted wanderers in every kingdom and clan. Mystics generally have good relations with the other races, due to their open-mindedness and inviting demeanor. Many travel with Romani caravans, which welcome them as Mystics and Gypsies share the same attitudes about many things. Mystics also typically have at least one skill set that is honed to a razor's edge; this may be martial, craftsman, academic, or magical in nature, and due to their long lifespans and driving passions, most mystics are masters of one or of many fields.

Of Age

Mystics may well be immortal. It is unknown, as no Mystic has ever died of old age on Terna. This is in part due to the extremely large number of adventurers amongst the race. The reality is they are killed by blade, spell, or misfortune on adventures while wandering in pursuit of their passions. Although the oldest recorded members of the race reached ages of one thousand years or more, eventually all of these elders left Terna, sailing to the East when they tired of all the continent had to offer. Many think they simply sail to their deaths, some say they go to a new land full of magic, and others say they simply go to adventure in lands across the Mists. Those who believe they sailed to a nearby land full of magic say that they have formed a council which can solve any problem with the collected knowledge of its members.

Of Birth

Nearly every Ternian Mystic is born on the Crescent Island, a small island to the south of the mainland. It is a steep cliff that slopes into a rich forest, and then a narrow white sand beach. Mystics return here to have their children, and then leave to pursue their dreams once more; sometimes with their child, sometimes leaving the child behind with one of the caretakers--Mystics whose great drive in life is to tend to children. The chief caretaker is named Simone Auris; she is present for most if not all births on the Island. When a child is born she will wrap it in swaddling clothes and then kiss its forehead as she grants the child its true name. When a Mystic is born elsewhere, it too is given a true name by the eldest female Mystic around; in some cases this may be the mother herself, but in most cases will be the grandmother or a caretaker. Once given, a child's true name is kept a closely guarded secret, as Mystics believe that knowledge of a person's true name grants power over the person. For this reason, most Mystics are known by a "traveler's name," which protects the secret of their true name.

Notable Mystics

Yarra is the grandmother to many adventuring Mystics and is the oldest known female member of the race currently around. She lives in Wayside and is considered very wise. She has never turned down someone who has asked for her to share this wisdom.

Milandros is the oldest known male Mystic and is rumored to be building a ship so that he may head to the East to join the other elders. He is wise and powerful, as someone who witnessed the end of the Time of Dragons should be.

Simone Auris is the chief caretaker who lives on the Crescent Island. She is a recluse when not attending a birth, and few know anything of her beyond her name.