

THE SIF CHRONICLES: ELOSIAN MONSTERS, VOLUME I

Dearest readers, it is my pleasure to release to you the first of several volumes in an up and coming series about my discoveries of the monsters within Elos that I have encountered. I must warn you, readers, this is not a guide on how to kill monsters, with some being harmless or even beneficial to our living on this plane - though there may be ways mentioned of doing so. I must ask that this be used for educational purposes only, and should you encounter any of these monsters, that the knowledge within this tome give you some chance of survival. As always readers, venture far. -Sif Selaine

DOPPLER

I would like to clear the air of this immediately, reader: Dopplers pose no more a threat to our well-being than any other race that lives amongst us. With the true form of a Doppler being that of a faceless humanoid, something you certainly do not want to wake up to in the morning, dearest reader, no, certainly not - but also something completely harmless. More often than not, a Doppler will take on the form of someone they have seen and will live their life with that form.

A lot of Dopplers I have met in my time have taken on those of people they know to be dead, moving far away from the family and living under the face of that person in relative peace. However, it is not uncommon to see a Doppler using this for wrongdoing, reader. Be wary, for your closest friend could not be who you think they are. From those I have interacted with, one offered to let me watch the transformation process. I must say, reader, it was not a pleasant sight, albeit short. The skin shedding into a vile gloop onto the floor before seeing my own self standing before me. It was truly quite impressive, except there were some flaws. The Doppler, it seemed, had a scar across his nose which seemed to pertain across all his transformations. So I must say, reader, if you are in need of catching a Doppler, look for that which stays the same on their form - that is the key.

STRIGA

Most monsters within this volume are not creatures to be taken lightly, with a Striga being no exception. This creature is one of vile, twisted malice within that of a female. Twisted so much that the hatred and fear itself forms a curse binding her. Other rumours I have heard state that the curse might be placed upon the fetus whilst inside the womb, causing the death of both mother and babe in childbirth. They would be laid to rest, and somewhere between 7 and 10 years later, the Striga would rise from the crypt to cause mayhem.

Strigas take on the form of a female lycanthrope, and as such are often mistaken for one. The identifying feature that distinguishes them is the eyes, reader. The eyes of a striga are thrice the size of a lycanthrope, swollen red, and often bleeding profusely. Regardless, the Striga carries the same danger one would face against a lycanthrope, her claws razor sharp and her teeth several inches long like miniature rapiers.

I have known only a handful of cases of Strigas in my time on this plane, many ending with the Striga being killed by a mob, overwhelmed by the numbers or by a professional group of Mercers. There was one case I learnt of whilst travelling through Old Rymin, before the country was split. It is said that the daughter of a nobleman, having died in childbirth was raised as a Striga not 8 years later, with the creature prowling every few weeks to find new prey which it would drag back to the tomb to feast upon. A man was said to have come along, answering the call to kill the Striga. Let me tell you what he did, reader, for it was quite interesting to me. He injured the Striga in a fight and whilst it was distracted, he closed himself within its tomb where he slept. How amusing is that, reader? Whilst this bloodthirsty beast prowled outside, trying to find a way back in, he slept in its tomb, right inside the coffin. How bold of him. But that is only half the story, dear reader. Once dawn came, the man awake, pushing aside the lid to find the form of a naked, wounded, but still alive, 8 year old girl. The noble rewarded the man with a title and land for saving his daughter and such we have learned of the first case of a Striga's curse being reverted, reader. I've not known anyone to attempt it since, but as with most curses, there are always multiple ways around them.

RUSALKA

Woe betide anyone that fall for the charm of a Rusalka. These Fey creatures, undead in nature (though you wouldn't know it at first glance), are quite precarious to deal with. Taking the form of a beautiful naked female, with long flowing hair, these creatures reside in underground pools and lakes or within small outcrops of water within deep forests. They are known to come out of their territory to lure unwitting and lustful men back to their lair so that they may feast.

The Rusalka, once the man has been lured to the water, most likely by Fey magic, reveals her true form. It is quite a horrific image when you think about it, reader, but I shall tell you anyway. As she descends into the pool, her skin and flesh peels away revealing that of a skeleton beneath. Whilst in the water, they are skeletons, though whilst outside they are females of extraordinary beauty. It would seem that they must return to water each dawn, for staying outside for longer than a few hours causes them to die. Their hair has been known to entangle and drown anyone who would go near the pools, with the skeletons of those lured in time before littering the basin of the pool.

I urge you, reader, should any female come up to you and propose you to follow them, you should decline and seek the nearest whorehouse for at least there you risk only your coin rather than your life.

LESHEN

Leshen are vastly powerful Fey creatures which live deep within dense forests and jungles. Created through the intense Fey energy and the darkness of the canopy, these creatures know no mind but to protect the land they walk. From a distance, they can be mistaken for a Druid leader, but up close you can see the deer skull head and the vibrant blue energy within its eye sockets, baring long, bark-like clawed arms and withered, elongated legs. Truly the wrath of nature embodied into humanoid form, reader.



Our party has the misfortune of encounter a Leshen whilst travelling through western Jykstrav into Fyndar. The creature appeared within the treeline, watching us as we travelled through for several hours. All we could see were these two, glowing blue eyes that followed us throughout the forest. I urged us to take another path, but by then it was too late for we had trodden on it's land and it was not pleased with our presence there. The animals and trees turned against our party. Some were sucked into the trees, absorbed into the bark whilst others were mauled by bears. Those that got away, myself included, just saw the Leshen watching us as we fled. Reader, do not stray deep within forests nor stray from the path should you wish to do so dare you befall the same fate our party befall that day.

DOMOVOI

As I have said before, not all monsters are dangerous, with some even being helpful to our way of living. Should you live towards the Eastern side of the continent, you might encounter a Domovoi living within your house. These creatures resemble tiny, hunched humanoids with matted gray hair and a warm smile, only standing about a foot tall. Do not fear of these things, reader, for they are guardians of the house. You will find your hearth lit for you upon returning, with the wood you meant to cut having already been cut and the dinner you wished prepared already made to perfection. Should a Domovoi come to your house, reader, asking for a place to stay, it would be unwise to send him away for the service he gives is unwavering and loyal to the end of your life.

There was indeed a roadside tavern just east of Dane named The Clattering Hooves which had not one but five Domovoi living within it. How they quite managed this, I do not know for Domovoi are rare in and of themselves - and they must ask invitation themselves into your home, not the other way around. I must say, reader, should you find yourself on that side of Dane it is something you must certainly visit for you are waited on hand and foot. The prices are quite steep but it is worth the gold, reader, I assure you, even if it is just to see a Domovoi in person.

ASSAKU

More often than not, when a disease is brought upon a town, some kind of creature or deity is blamed for it rather than simple lack of hygiene of the countryfolk. However, the suspicions of these folk are not always misplaced. Assaku are daemons which originate from Kildar, often seen as hunched over elderly women and described to be carrying a covered basket full of rat skulls. Should an Assaku walk through your town, a disease is sure to follow, sometimes even a plague. These ashen haired daemons thrive on the suffering of others, and walk paths of mayhem through small rural communities.

It is said, reader, that should one wish to stop the wake of an Assaku that they must first invite her in for dinner. Following this, she must be fed with the finest food the town has to offer until she can eat no more. She must then be given the comfiest bed to sleep for the night, which she must accept and shall sleep until dawn. At dawn the following day, the Assaku will have transformed into the form of a beautiful female with the basket of rat skulls having turned into a basket full of gold coins. She will then leave the town, leaving the gold behind as a thank you for freeing her of the curse. Now, reader, I do not suggest you actively go hunting an Assaku so that you might save her and take her gold for the diseases and plagues they cause are most definitely not worth the trouble.

WEREWOLVES

Lycanthropes, or simply Lycans, are certainly a mysterious form of creature, dearest reader. I myself have encountered a few in my time, and spoken kind words with some of those. You see, reader, it is a curse that befalls the blood of the Lycan that causes it to be as such. One bitten by such a Lycan, taken upon the curse into their own blood and hence becomes a Lycan themselves. This also means, and reader some might disagree with me on this but simply as some of the Lykthraal clan to confirm this, that Lycanthropy is inherited also. It would see that should one wish to become such a creature, they must make a sacrifice of a dire wolf under the full moon of Adrios or Aethana before consuming it's blood. This is the process with which the Lykthraal clan is said to impart on those wishing to join the higher ranks, and of course for anyone else wishing to tread the path of Lycanthropy.

Now, reader, I must say that some fear Lycanthropy and are widely afraid of it. To those, I say do not understand the forms Lycanthropy can take. Of course, many have heard tales of Lycans massacring innocents under the full moon of Aethana, and that is of course because the curse manifests different for Aethanan Lycans compared to Adriosan Lycans. Those born under the moon of Aethana take on feral instincts, become more wolf than man. They are known to go blind with blood lust and rage, succumbing to the feral instincts of the curse. These Lycans are to be feared and most likely killed by Mercers on contracts to do as such. The Lycans born under Adrios, however, retain a majority of their cognitive thought whilst transformed and are known to form clans or packs that work together under their combined strength and intellect. I believe it is widely known that the Lykthraal clan all pertain to the Ariosan side of Lycanthropy, as do some of The White Wolves in recent years, or so I have heard. So I tell you, reader, when you encounter a Lycan in the midst of the night, attempt a chat with it first for it may indeed have a lot to say.

HIGHER VAMPIRES

I am sure we have all been told tales of vampires in our youth, those that suck out the blood of victims as they sleep, are repelled by garlic and killed by running water. I must say, reader, the harsh reality is much less fantastical and more complicated. In my travels, I have met but one Higher Vampire, who wished to remain unnamed for this book. She did, however, impart to me knowledge of vampires which I am thankful of, for I would too have been thinking the tales to be true in my ignorance.

There are indeed two types of vampires, or at least, general categories within which they fall. Those of Higher and Lesser vampires, with the prior showing great disdain in sharing a name with the latter. Higher Vampires look like yourself, or myself, or any of our own kind. They walk amongst us, though most choose to live secluded lives, and they live their lives like us, despite being immortal. This last fact is only partially true. She did indeed confer with me that Higher Vampires cannot die from old age, only visibly pertaining to the age they were turned at, however she did have it known that they can be killed by the hands of another Higher Vampire. She relayed to me a story which, my dear reader, still gives me slight chills to this day. In short, a compatriot of hers saw misalignment with his clan and sought to leave. The clan leader, another Higher Vampire, did not like this. Not one bit, reader. So what did he do? He had him chained to the floor of a cell. A large rock would be rolled over the creature every day, flattening him to a pulp. The next dawn, the bloodsmear on the floor would begin to reform before being crushed again by the rock. She did not say how long this went on for, but I wished not to know more.

We travelled for a small while and, for the most part, she seemed relatively normal, devoting herself to the Goddess Mornfel and wearing a hood during the day as we rode along. She had been alive just over 600 years, though she knew some that had been alive over 10,000, including the one which turned her. I probed as to the process of being turned but she did not wish to impart this to me, which I respected, reader. My desire for knowledge delves deep but I shall always uphold personal privacy to the best of my ability, as I suggest you also do.

Only a few days later did I see the true power of a Higher Vampire, reader. We were beset by bandits, wishing to take our money, our horses and to have their way with my travel companion whilst beating me to a pulp. Never before have I seen such vast quantities of blood shed within such a short period of time. You misunderstand, reader, for it was not the bandits who shed the blood but my travel companion. She smiled sweetly at them, as he form grew twisted. Her arms elongated, with her hands turning into foot long claws. Her teeth sharper and more deadly than any sword, her eyes filled with pure fury. Before I could shout in surprise, it was over, reader. The twelve bandits, all of them lay cleaved to pieces in piles on the floor and she was sitting back on her horse, back in her human form. Only then, reader, did I realise how lucky I was not to have stepped on the wrong side of this creature and I suggest should you ever meet one, you dare not either. We have remained friends, her and I, for the loyalty and friendship of a Higher Vampire is something almost bound in blood and I assure you, reader, I would never wish to break that bond.

BRUXA

As I have said above, my dear reader, there are indeed two categories of vampire. Well, I must admit that is not entirely all true and I apologise for having lied slightly. Some tread the path between Lesser and Higher vampire, being able to take on the form of a human and live amongst us, but underneath pertaining to the feral, base instincts of the Lesser vampires. Of these, the Bruxae are the most deadly, often assuming the forms of beautiful females and coercing themselves into the roles of nobles and advisors to royalties. With their charm, and the magic behind it, they select victims which seem desirable to them, as only the purest of blood seems to sate their hunger.



Bruxae lure their victims back to their establishments, where they charm the unwitting victim into a trance before feeding on them. This can go on for days, or so I was told by my companion, who had witnessed a Bruxa in action. They are allegedly sometimes accepted into the clans of Higher Vampires for their similar nature, used to assassinate or otherwise disrupt nobility and politics within regions to better sway things for the vampires in the area. Do not be fooled by their appearance, reader, for these creatures are almost as fast as the Higher Vampires and are known to be able to go invisible. Thankfully, they do not seem to have the same immortality gifted to the Higher Vampires, as one was reported killed by a Mercer guild not two weeks before writing this, so I know that it is indeed possible for them to be slain.

EKIMMA

As we are on the topic of vampires, dear reader, I might continue along that tangent and talk about the Lesser vampires, and more specifically one of the most deadly of those. The Ekimma has no human form, taking only the form of what would appear to be a giant bat with legs, showing a long beard-line weave of fur from its chest within which is often the bones of its victims which gets tangled within the mess. With long razor-like claws, sharp pincer teeth and giant ears atop their head, these creatures truly are feralistic hunters to the core. And my dear reader, should you think these things but mere glorified bats, you should reconsider your position in this world for they could easily disembowel you in a matter of seconds. Certainly, there was a story I heard involving an Ekimma in Zygarde. One of the guards was heard saying "Ekimmas? They ain't nothin' to fear, why, they're just oversized bats on legs.". Apparently those were his last words, reader, for moments later he was torn apart by the creature. By the time the rest of his squad managed to kill the thing, it was too late to save him. What a way to go, isn't it, reader?



These creatures are feral, pure destructive hunters lacking much semblance of intelligence, though just enough to be able to ambush unwitting prey from rooftops, swooping down with their elongated winged arms. They have also been said to inherit traits of invisibility and lightning speed from their Bruxa cousins, which makes them just that much more deadly. But do not be fooled, reader, for should a Higher Vampire wish to control these creatures it is quite easy for them to take control over lower life forms, or so I have been told. Should an Ekimma come after you, it might be that you have rubbed a Higher Vampire up the wrong way and they had deemed you not worth their time with dealing personally.

KAUKAS

Straying away from the topic of vampires, and into the forests of Fyndar. It is said that should one stray too far from the path within those forests they might become lost, and in doing so encounter an elderly gnome who is overjoyed that they have found someone within the woods to help. If you are suspicious, reader, then I have taught you well because you have all the right to be. This man is a Kaukas, one who promises one lost within the woods a way back to the path, or sometimes even the location of treasure which he wishes to share. Indeed, this is not the case, for the Kaukas would lead them further into the woods around and around until they died of starvation, thirst or exhaustion, with the perpetual promise of it “being just over the next treeline”.

I have never encountered one of these myself, but I have heard many stories, reader, enough for me to not consider them false. I certainly trust The Walkers, who state they have seen them on many an occasion and are wise enough to stay away, naturally wary of the Fey magic these creatures undoubtedly hold. So should you find yourself in the unfortunate situation of being lost within the dense forests of Fyndar, hope that The Walkers find you before a Kaukas does.

FUNA

I do not much enjoy sailing, dear reader, and certainly these beings make me even less enthused to step upon a ship to ride the high seas. You must certainly know of the tales of ghost ships, which I touched on in my Myths, Prophecies and Legends Part I volume, and if you are not I urge you to go and read about them as they are, I must say, at least interesting to think about. It must be said that I have learnt of late that the sailors of these ghost ships indeed have a name, which is that of Funa, stemming from Gnomish for “drowned”. I’m sure that is indeed accurate, for these ghostly creatures must have met such a fate, often covered in seaweed and barnacles, sometimes even sea life living on them.

Funa are allegedly created from the vengeful spirits of sailors who were sunk at sea, most notably those in war, whose hatred of being left to drown by their enemy in the middle of the ocean coalesced into a deep seeded, burning desire to live. So as their bodies drowned, their spirits remained alive, commanding the abandoned wrecks of the ships they once served upon. It should be noted, reader, that these creatures are vengeful towards any that set near them, jealous of their life and freedom whilst they are now bound here forever to float the seas. These shades, however, are like most others and can be cleansed through divine magic however the difficulty comes with them usually being found in crews and often very unwilling to be made to pass on.