

The Riverwalkers

I was once like you, bright and full of wonder, always looking for what was beyond the next horizon. Ah i can still remember the sunset on my first night as I set out on my own, I had only been traveling for a few hours before I made camp north of Welss. The cool breeze carrying the crisp mountain air down into the lowlands. I had taken up a nice spot just stay of a clearing I had done my research, you never camp out in the open to easy for random passersby to see and make prey of you while you sleep. I was relaxing by the fire watching the embers glow as they floated into the air, when I heard a sound. I turned to look into the woods but I could see nothing, well other than the firelight dancing and making shadows which was far worse than not seeing anything, it kind of felt like monsters everywhere. You never really notice all the creepy sounds of the night until you are far beyond the reaches of a building with walls, and a city guard to come running should you cry out for help. I doused the fire, grabbed my spear, and lied still in the dark. What were they? I could hear footsteps and odd voices, high pitched and foreign. I remember hearing rumors a few weeks back about gnoll packs in the hills toward the mountains but I never thought I would run into anything this soon. Out of nowhere they came from the darkness, damn they were sneaky and fast, there were three of them. I jabbed at one of them with my spear, and it must have been a good hit because he ran yelping; but my victory was short. There was a sharp pain in the middle of my back but it only lasted for a second. I think I remember falling to the ground, it is all kind of fuzzy; i do remember getting very cold as i lied in the on the ground. I was had gotten so dark, the sounds of the forest began to fade as though I was moving away from them. My last few breaths were shallow, I could feel it all slipping away; and then i saw it. At first it was a pale light in the distance coming toward me, I knew what this meant, I had heard the stories tons of times growing up about going into the light. Really was this it, 6 hours as an adventure and I should meet my fate, go figure. As the light got closer, it began to take an odd shape, I must truly be done, I think the light turned into a person. And with that, as i slipped away I felt a hand grab me and pull.

My next memory was waking up, startled from a slumber, I was in the forest and beside me a weathered old man holding my hand and chanting, and stopped and spoke,

"I was pretty sure you were a goner for sure at first, the fates must have shined on you that I might find you. It was not easy but I made sure you got back safely."

All I could stutter out was the obvious, "But, but I died."

"That you did boy, that you did. Again fate must have a plan for you. You are still young and unhardened and your spirit is weak. Like I said it was not easy but I managed to guide you back."

"I owe you my life. Perhaps I should have never left home. I don't know what i had hoped to prove by setting out seeking adventure." I took to my feet and it was strange dying and yet feeling better than ever.

He smirked, "Perhaps you left because you needed to find the moment where you found yourself. I see in you the spark, the gift for life, and now that you have felt the river, I think you too know where you belong. If you are willing, I would teach you to guide those that die back to this plane just as I have done for you. My time is short but I wish to bring one last gifted soul into our flock before I rest."

I never even questioned him. Tharst or at least that is the name he went by would teach

me the ways of the river and its power. He was a wise teacher though as the months moved on he would be more like a father than just a mentor. We would spend the first few months traveling, from small town to large city, everywhere we went he found the sick and gave them comfort. We would find those that mourned the loss of a loved one and give the peace by having a few last moments to say the farewells they had not the time to in life. We spent 6 months traveling and helping who we could; along the way I meet many of the order and we shared stories, it would seem that many of us had a similar introduction to the Walkers. We had all died and drifted into the river, only to be pulled back to life. In the time of our travels I had learned much and I had begin to develop the gifts as the order called them. Tharst told me one day, we had to travel to a small town on the far side of the shield mountains in the north of Tesh. He never said why only have we had to go, little did i know this would be our last journey. In our last few days before we arrived I could sense his vitality was fading, he was growing weak fast. We arrived late in the day and we went to a small house on the edge of town, it looked as though it had been abandoned for years.

“Ah, this old place has not changed at all in the 10 years since the last time I was here.” Tharst rasped as he stumbled into the home.

It was small and modest just a single room with an old stove in the center. He made his way to the bed and asked me come sit by his side.

“You have come far in our time together, but you have grown in ways you have not even realized. This will be our last journey together, in the morning I want you do as i have shown you and give me my farwell.”

By dawn Tharst had passed, and I gave him the burial he deserved. He did as he had asked and gave his spirit its final farewell. It was Tharst last lesson.

“You are ready now to take up where I have left off, walk the rivers, be the light, and bring purity to this land.”

It was once spoken that if you want to go in peace find one that walks along the banks of the river. I never knew what that meant til one day I found one...

It was once spoken that if you needed to speak to one that has passed go to those that walk the banks of the dark river. I never understood that until I needed one...

The Riverwalkers are those that you never hope that you need but will be glad they are there once you do need them. The Walkers, as some call them, are the guardians of the path one walks once your spirit leaves your body. They are called to guide the fallen to the banks of the river. If their spirit is strong enough they will latch on to the walker and follow them back into the living world. If your spirit is not strong enough the walker will lay you peacefully down into your final home.

You may also call on a Novice Walker when you wish to speak to a fallen spirit. The Order has been given the gift of calling upon the fallen and speaking with them. They reach into the river and call upon the fallen spirits... I have watched this ... and this was one thing that you will never forget seeing. The Walkers eyes take on an onyx hue and if the spirit wishes to speak it will use the Walker to carry its voice. It is also said that those of higher ranks within the

Walkers may contact spirits much older than you and I.

Though the peace can be felt through the Walker, Do not mistake this peace for weakness. They may guide you to the river... but the Order has also been tasked with keeping the waters of the river pure and unpolluted. Things that prevent a spirit from reaching its final resting place set the Walkers into a non peaceful state; you never want to see what happens when the Walkers reach the state of purification that leads ultimately to another's demise. The state of purification is a ritual war for the the Walkers and this ritual is not taken lightly by the Walker that must carry out the task.

I have seen the ritual of purification....it was for me, my body and soul that entered the River....as I became a Riverwalker.

As I was purified, the waves crashed over my body, leaving the marks of the river across my skin. Now I am one of them, one that walks the banks of the River.

I now understand the calling of the Walkers. I know that my calling is to walk with the spirits. I know that my calling is to help bring peace to those spirits that are leaving the world. I am also charged with guiding those spirits that are not ready to rest. The waters have given me the ability to place those spirits back into the shell that is there body. As I work harder, as my steps take me farther into my calling, I find it easier to bring those spirits home.

I have also heard stories of groups of Walkers joining together to ensure some return from the engulfing sleep. They bind together... They reach out... and give their all to ensure the spirit is returned to its body. No matter how weak it may be. They are able to bring the spirit home.

I know that I am here to stop those that wish to take power from the fallen. I am here to stop those that wish to raise the dead to do their bidding. I have given my word, my very essence, to ensure all those that walk the world are allowed to journey to my banks. For that I will give my last breath to bring peace to those that are shackled by undeath.

For now... I walk... I walk along the banks of the river... waiting... watching... protecting... those that can not...

History

Walker Isaac Shey

A human paladin that is believed to have died in 258 of the 2nd season, through his life had he became known well in the lands of Trice as a healer and a wise man. While during his time he had become somewhat of a folk hero, as the savior of the dying. As far as any knew he had no family of his own, he took the people of the land to be his family. He was a man that had come from humble beginnings, his family were farmers and smiths. At a young age he had been conscripted to aid in a war to repel the invasion of savage orcs; however, his experience here brought him face to face with death and hardship. After his service he would return home to find his family had grown smaller due to disease, he had no desire to see their suffering continue and began to study medicine. In time he would ease his own pain and wounds, but the work overtook him and he became driven; he would leave his family, home, and life behind him for a new path.

The events that surround his presumed death and disappearance are still somewhat a mystery. It is said that in the small town of Fair Fields, a town on Trice just northwest of Meadow Cairn, a coven of mages had been working to expand a rift there and open it to allow travel to the other side; however they failed in their attempts and the energy backlashed outward and consumed the city. Isaac by chance was not far from the city when the nightmare began, now it can not be said for sure what drew him there; but, it is believed that his bond with the river had grown so strong that when all those lives perished he actually felt the pull on his own spirit. Without second thought he rushed headlong to the city, when he arrived he found a warzone, the raw energy of the planes had devastated and warped the area around the rift; worse still the bodies. It is said that the bodies of some 2500 lay scattered across the city, all lifeless and with a look of horror upon their faces. He could feel their spirits drifting but not to the river, as the pull of the planes made the river unreachable and in moments their spirits would be lost to the void forever. Devotion and Love are powerful tools, even more so when they are in the hands of one who would sacrifice oneself. Legend holds that on that day Isaac went beyond the cusp of the mastery of all Walkers, it is said he reached beyond himself and became the river and in that moment he pulled all lost fading souls to him and resurrected them all in that moment. When the people awoke amongst the destroyed city there was no sign of Isaac; but all on that day knew it was him, they all remember a calming voice calling to them to return.

Order Abilities

Rank 1	Improved Resurrection (2)
Rank 2	Carrier Spirit
Rank 3	Speak with Spirits x 1/day
Rank 4	Field Resurrection
Rank 5	Untaintable
Rank 6	Magic Life x 2/day
Rank 7	Resist Shadow x 3/day
Rank 8	Contact Ancient Dead x 1/day
Rank 9	Improved Resurrection (4)
Rank 10	Group Resurrection

Improved Resurrection (X)

This power will take your current level of the resurrection skill and multiply it by the number. If your level in resurrection is 0 then your base is 1.

Spirit damage carrier

This power allows the Riverwalker swing the "Spirit" damage carrier at will with any weapon they are proficient with.

Speak with Spirits

This ability allows the character to contact a person that has been permanently dead for up to 50 years. For this power to work the character must know the target's name. This requires a marshal and 10 minutes of concentration.

Contact Ancient Dead

This ability works much like Speak with Spirits; however, the Walker can reach much further into the waters, they can awaken a spirit that has been permanently dead for up to 100 years per character level times their rank in Knowledge Cycle.

Group Resurrection

This power allows a group of Riverwalkers to join together and combine their levels of resurrection in the use of the skill.

Field Resurrection

This ability allows the character to act as a life well for the purposes of resurrection. Dead characters can sense the player just like a Life Well.

Resist Shadow

This ability allows the character to *Resist* shadow effects and spells.

Ritual of Purification

This ritual is only available to characters with 25 favor or more. This is a prerequisite to

earning the ability to Open Gate to The River for advanced members of the River Walkers. This renders the character immune to the Thrall of the River and allows the character to survive in The River itself without becoming a spirit for up to 5 minutes per 24 hour period.