



## ❖ *Ifins* ❖

As “The Revenant” focuses on the unknown race of Ifins, I thought it would be best to introduce the reader to these provokingly curious people and tell a little of their history, so as to establish a better understanding of the subject...

Ifins are slender framed, narrow shouldered and slight of hip. Their skin is a rich, oaken brown. These things combined with their stature, being only somewhat shorter than man, lend to their physicality a reed-like appearance. This is appropriate considering their deep, almost spiritual, connection to nature and the world

around them. Their character and personality is as varied as our own, with some being overly haughty and others kind and generous. At heart, even the most serious of Ifins can be playful and have been known to enjoy a good practical joke; especially if it is at the expense of someone else.

Ifins bear physical attributes that can be closely likened to cats. Their ears, for example, are molded in the same shape but normally remain folded lazily upon their heads. Only when alarmed or the need to pay the greatest of attention arises do they perk up and stand straight.

Soulful round eyes, luminous in the correct lighting, bejewel their face and gift them with sharpened sight. They can see detail at distances far greater than man. At night, however, their vision is only slightly better than our own. As such, they can fall prey to the same night terrors as man.

They are blessed with amazingly agility; able to perform gymnastic feats with astounding dexterity. This is partly due to their lean frames and muscular legs, which allow Ifins to leap great distances away from their enemies. This is fortunate for them as Ifins are not physically very strong.

Ifins are openhanded and kind, great students of equity and evenhandedness. Though a class structure exists in their community, no Ifin goes without a meal and good shelter. It is this willingness to embrace all members of their race as brethren that is perhaps their greatest virtue.

Given their deeply rooted affinity for nature, it is not surprising that Ifins are masters of horticulture. The greatest example of this can be seen in the Ifin city of Halin, which exists deep within Anwar Forest.

There they have crafted homes out of the very trees of the land. This is done not with hammer and saw but through the tender work of skilled hands. They guide and fashion the tree from the moment it first sprouts from the ground. This continues through their sapling months, when the Ifins shape the interior and exterior as an artist might mold clay. Great cavities are cultivated within the tree's heartwood, fashioning rooms, hallways and windows.

In less than two year's time the tree has grown so enormous, easily reaching hundreds of feet in height and width, that it can comfortably accommodate its family. Occasionally, it has been known to happen that a family will become too numerous. It is then that family and home will come together to grow the necessary additions.

## In the Beginning...

The Ifin genesis has its roots in the lake pocketed land of [Merrows](#), deep in the unforgiving wilds of the enormous region of Northlond. Amongst those crystal pools of nature's clear brew, the Ifins slept under the open sky without care; the land tended to their every need.

But, an unending winter came across the great sea, settling upon Northlond and changing Merrows from a verdant paradise to a waste of ice and snow. Dangers, both cruel and hungry, came on the back of the chilling winds that raked across the region, forcing the Ifins to abandon their home and find warmer, safer lands.

This marked the first time that the Ifins had journeyed into the wider world. In their travels they befriended peoples of different regions and from them learned of lands in the far south where the arm of winter felt impotently short. Warmed by a golden sun, fatted animals grazed there on fields of abundance.

Emboldened by these tales the Ifins turned southward, eyes fixed firmly on the horizon and the promise that lay beyond, but winter's malice hounded their every step. Over the jagged peaks of Euichluin it pursued them. Through the high forests of Rheinhome it followed, freezing the trees into glacial columns.

Grey storms whittled down the sunlit hours and made the nights bitter cold. Many Ifins did not survive the merciless weather and yielded unwillingly to the deadly squall that had already claimed so many in Northlond.

Desperate to escape the ravages of winter, the Ifin's took to the Stonemen's Road. A winding causeway crafted long ago in the blissful days of Enduilun's youth. From the mountain towers of Euichluin, where the Stonemen raised their halls high above the world, it sprang from hidden heights and, as a dusky ribbon, coursed its way down to the surrounding terrain.

It led them around countries too treacherous to cross on foot, providing the quickest route to the south. Winter's sport, however, was not so easily spoiled. Snow and ice it hurled at them. Biting winds it loosed upon them to slow their march.

When the weather grew too deadly they sought shelter in a deep dell or cave. But always they returned to the road, for winter's stamina is not without limit and its storms could not rage indefinitely.

Finally, after toiling endlessly in the wilds, the Ifins came to a day when the white blanket of winter frayed and melted away. In its

place was a lush region of brilliant gold, stretching out before them. There, in the warm bosom of the south, they had finally escaped from winter's pursuit. They had come to plains of Adinas and found there the new home they had long sought.

Amidst that grassland of spun gold and rich promise, nature granted the Ifins a wide country in which to settle. Its sheer bounty made the dream of Merrows fade into the gossamer of neglectful memory.

In Adinas the Ifins prospered and multiplied over the long years. They settled first in the knuckled hills of [Dubghall](#), near the hoary curtain of Anwar Forest.

From there they quickly spread outward until their influence could be found throughout the plains. At first these settlements were naught but hunting-gathering social structures, but over the long years they evolved into a system of agrarian management; each governed by a tribe of tightly knit families.

Though each of these tribes acted according to its own traditions, they maintained fellowships with their neighbors so that they might call on one another in times of need.

Not all were satisfied with life on the plains. Many, seized by wanderlust, looked beyond the Adinas to new lands that they might

call home. They abandoned the golden succor of the familiar and scattered out into the world as leaves before the wind.

Of those some still yearned for the Lakeland, as they had come to memorialize the Merrows. Yet winter still held dominion there, even after all the long years since the Ifins had left. So, they dwelled as close to its snowy curtain as they dared. The twilight of Burridun served as their home and from there those Ifins fell out of history.

Others came to Fareindel, situated beyond the eastern rim of the Moonhollows. In the centuries before Fareindel swallowed itself in ruin and became known as the Burrydown, Ifins made their home there in the flourishing crescent betwixt the Wither Hills and the glittering ribbon of the Fey River.

Anwar Forest welcomed those others whom did not wish to stray too far from their tribesmen. In the forest's sleepy greenery these Ifins sought their fortune and found it when the hidden powers of leaf and wood gifted to them a haven deep amongst the trees- the [Treeburgh of Halin](#).

Though at the time of "The Revenant" Ifins can be found throughout the wide world of Enduilun, the story itself centers on both the peoples of the Adinas and Anwar Forest.