

MOR'HOR



Her long crescent horns from time to time scrubbed the ceiling of her study, but Mak'a was too excited to care. She threw down the newfound curiosity on the table, and it really looked like something from the Spiral this time. She prayed that this was not another fake. Or she would, the Light Wind forgive her, snap the little zugwars neck for cheating her.

Mak'a slowly sat down among her bright cushions and kilims. Fixed her eye crystal and started to inspect the unbelievably complex object. How many secrets do the Spirals hide? How much did her ancestors know that the surfacures never found? Times have really changed. The Spiral born are now scattered across the continent. But time, they still have time to fix what has been done.

ANCIENT MIND

Quite sound of creaking metal fills the dusty room, another great day to create perfection. Slow and confident movements - that is the way of a mor'hor. They lost everything, but they know that Purush shall bless them with more. The incredible mechanism of the burning wheel still moves, and that is what matters. Their time will come. Until then, strict discipline and the aim for perfection drive the ancient mor'hor mind to fulfillment.

THE CRESCENT

Their crescent horns tower over the busy bazaars of Daskar. Mor'hor's are humanoid creatures with a head of an ox, and their menacing appearance can wither the heart of even the bold. But those who have met a mor'hor already know of their timid nature and are keen to keep close relations with these ancient beings.

Mor'hors come in different sizes, complexions, colors of fur, and horn types. They are so rare on the continent that no one knows if any similar mor'hors exist.





CIRCULATION OF MHUR

Every family holds their legend of the mor'hors genesis, but all agree that they were here long before the Four Lights started creating their children in Daskhar. Ages ago, the mor'hors lived in underground cities in the continent's southern regions called the Spirals. The isolated lifestyle of the community has led them to a unique understanding of the circulation of life. It stated that all mor'hors are reincarnations of one ancestor and hold their predecessors' knowledge deep in their consciousness. It was called the mhur. There can never be more than the already existing number of mor'hors since mhur was limited. Death of a mor'hor always meant a new life to be born soon.

Oracles of the ancient Spirals could see whose reincarnation the newborn was, and this way could lead them on the right path.

After the destruction of the Spirals, the divine knowledge of the oracles was lost. Many mor'hors of Daskar never find out whose incarnation they are anymore. Still, old wise follow the traditions of life and death experience to talk to their ancestors.

THE SPIRALS

Tales sing about the mor'hor civilization's majestic mechanisms that could even challenge the gods. Many heed these legends to obtain the lost riches in the Spirals. The Spirals to this day remain the most sought treasures of the continent. Thousands of seekers start on a journey through the endless underground caves of Daskar and dream of one day stumbling upon a lost Spiral. Numerous great inventors were inspired by excavated mor'hor technologies. For example, the north's great leviathans were built on the base of broken mor'hor junk found in the Bronze Peaks.

THE LOST

The last Spiral, Brazan, fell in the 65th year of the Maroon Bull due to a natural cataclysm. After this, the mor'hors have become refugees of Daskhar, not having a place called home. Many of them live in small communities in lands of the Flame Tongue or live in isolation, frowning upon the life of the surfacers. Some hermits let loose their inner beast while the oasis city dwellers find peace in handicraft work and knott weaving, forgetting about the beast that lives within.

THE BEAST

A powerful essence, the Anzu, sleeps in every mor'hor. Many seek the answer to what the Anzu is. Is it a blessing or a curse? Some have faith in the story of the Fallen Guardian, while others follow the path of the Sleeping God, which presents it as a divine spark.

The Anzu transforms mor'hors into a blood-thirsty beast. Hundreds of tales across Daskar are told of these monsters, calling them demons of the underworld and spirits of fury. The Anzu is an uncontrollable flame of wrath which sits in every mor'hor like a condensed tempest. Many hold it in a cage, separating themselves from the mighty beast. At the same time, others learn to control the force and use it for their benefit. One or another, showing your Anzu in mor'hor society is considered taboo to this day.

Thanks to this, most mor'hors are calm, tranquil, and always in self-control.

FATE OF THE FALLEN

The believers of the Fallen Guardians tell of a legend that the demon Anzu is a curse that the creator of mor'hors Purush unleashed upon them. In the times forgotten, the mor'hors guarded the Anvil of Fate. But on the day of the Gray Eye, the Sly Wind seduced them to enter the Anvil. There they saw the threads of fate. And they yearned them. And thus, they spilled blood in the sacred place as each wanted in for themselves. Seeing this, in rath, Purush exiled them from the holy lands and gave life to their inner demon, which wanted only one thing - violence.

Contrary to the order of the Fallen Guardian, the group calling themselves the Eye of the Sleeping God believes that the demon Anzu is a spark of Purush, a holy calling. They think that Purush sacrificed itself to give life to the circulation of energy «mhur.» The inner spark Anzu is not a thing of shame, and it should be honed and used as a blessing, not a curse. They prove their dogmas by saying that as a mor'hor dies, it sees all its past selves, which demonstrates that all mor'hors are the flesh and mind of Purush, as they were one being from the beginning. This group awaits the day when the burning wheel stops, and the Sleeping God will awaken once again in all the mor'hors.

THE BREAK

Not many know of what happened in the last days of the Spirals. Tales are told of challenges thrown to the gods, horrible experiments, attempts to create more mhur, and a struggle of a dying race to prolong their lives. Whatever challenges the last mor'hors of the Spirals faced, it destroyed their homes from the inside forever, hiding the secrets of the Spirals under the vast deserts of Daskar.



MOR'HOR TRAITS:

Your mor'hor character has gained its traits due to extended plays of the mind and discipline.

Increase in characteristics: Your Strength, Constitution, and Wisdom is increased by 1.

Age: Mor'hor are considered adults at the age of 80; they can live up to 400 to 500 years.

Alignment: The mor'hor usually hold a natural alignment.

Speed: Your movement speed is 35 feet.

Size: The size of a mor'hor differs from 8 to 9 feet, and you are considered medium size.

Language: You speak, read and weave in Daskarian and one language of your choice.

Imposing look. You may choose proficiency in one of the following skills - Intimidation or Persuasion.

Stong hand. If you hold any one-handed weapon in your main hand, it automatically gains the property of throwing and light.

Successors of the Ancients. Every time you make an Intellect check (Investigation) connected to understanding ancient mechanisms, you are considered proficient in Investigations and add double your proficiency bonus to it.

Horns of Menace. If you use your action to attack with your horns and successfully hit the opponent, whose size is not one size bigger than yours, you may frighten it with a bonus action. The target must make a Wisdom saving throw equal to 8 + your proficiency modifier + half your level or be frightened of you will the end of its next turn.

Sleeping Anzu. Starting from level 3, you may use your bonus action to turn into your beast form. Your eyes begin to glow like two black suns, and you grow to size large. This transformation lasts 1 minute or until you choose to end it with a bonus action. To return to your base form, you must succeed in a Wisdom Saving throw equal to 14 - your proficiency modifier.

Until you are in the form of your Anzu, you may once per a turn add force damage to your attacks or spells equal to your level + your proficiency modifier. When you start your turn in this form, you must consult the «Rage of Anzu» table. You may use this ability after a long rest again.



RAGE OF ANZU	
1	You give out a war cry heard at a distance of 100 ft; you can't move or do any actions.
2	You fall into a mindless rage and attack the closest standing target.
3	You use your action to make a melee attack against a random target within reach. If there are no targets close, use your movement and action to move to one.
4-10	You act normal.
11-16	

