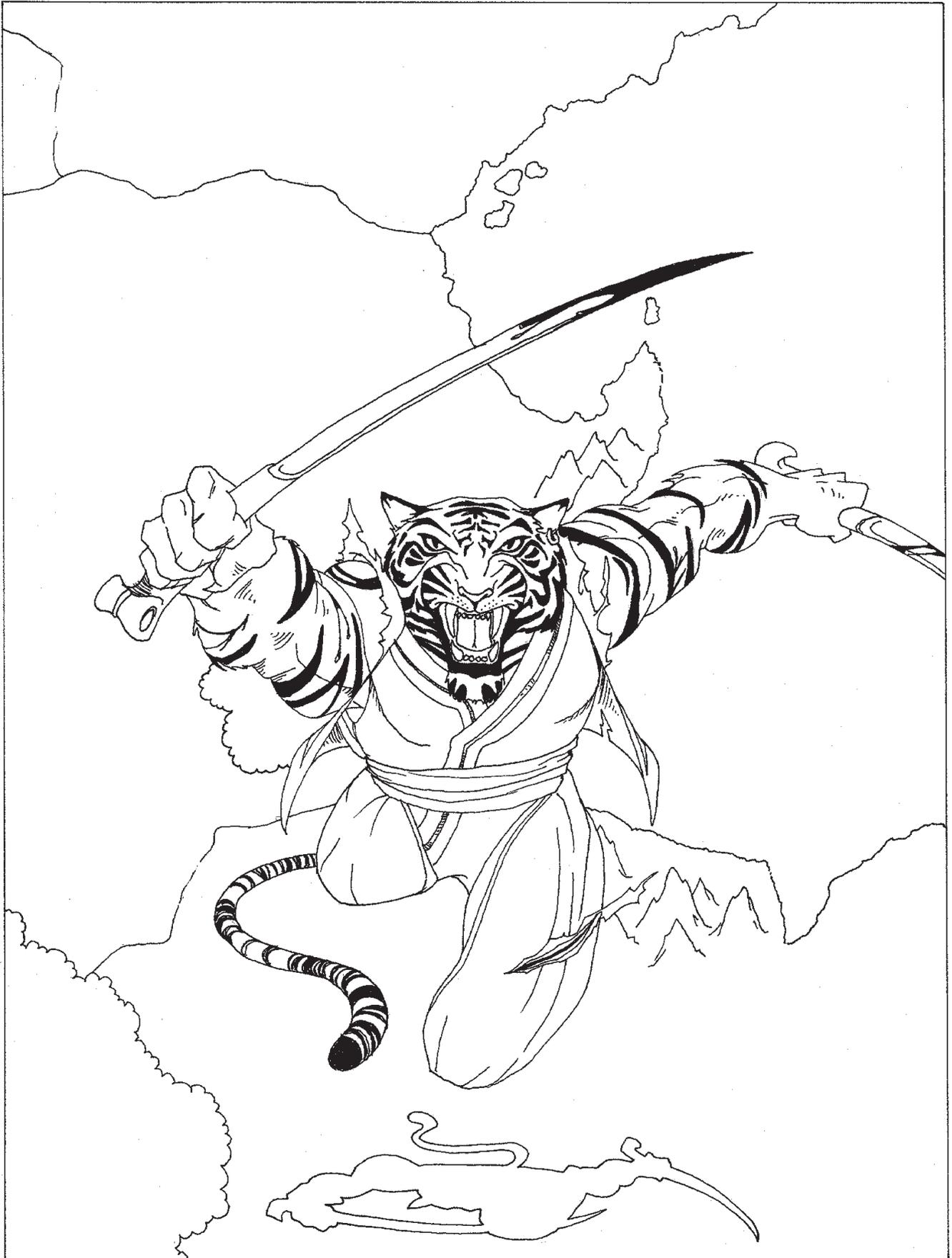


# SARR



A lone figure stalked the jungle. He knew his prey- he had hunted their kind all his life. He lifted his nostrils to the air, picking the scent of his prey out of it. He knew the Gorbe was here...somewhere. This was two hunters, deciding who would be prey.

The Gnoll warrior smiled to himself, taking a second to enjoy the sounds of screams and fires in the distance. The entire Sarr village had been captured by the Goreclaw pack ... his pack. Those that were young and able to work would be carried off as slaves. The rest would have their hearts ripped out, the still beating organ to be eaten by the Gnoll that took it. The village itself would be looted for weapons, armor, and anything of value, then burned to the ground. All that remained was capturing the few that had run off during the fight, which the warriors of Goreclaw were very, very good at doing.

That's it. The scent. The Gnoll warrior had it again. With the stealth of an assassin, he stalked the jungle, certain he would find and destroy his prey. Just ahead, he found a trail of blood- fresh blood, recently fallen from the body to the soft earth below. Bloodlust filling his eyes, he stalked forward. Slowly he sped up, to assure his prey would not escape. Deftly he glided through the jungle, invisible and silent to all.

As his leg came down, he felt the braced up branch a second before it snapped. It was too high—surely had it been laying on the jungle floor it would have been a fraction of an inch lower... too late he reacted, a split second too far into his stride he tried to shift his weight away. The trap fired off, a springloaded axe snapping up catching him midstride. He tumbled forward as he howled in pain. Even as he began to roll up to his feet, from the corner of his field of vision he saw the figure swoop down from the treeline, swinging from one of the vines that grow as strong as mainsail riggings in the dense jungle. The shadowy figure slashed only twice as it swung past—once knocking the Gnoll's weapon from his hand, the other severing the hamstring of his uninjured leg. Two strikes as swift as lightning, and the figure was gone again.

Cursing himself for letting his prey back into the fight, the Gnoll braced himself on his less injured leg. No sign of the attacker could be found—no movement on the ground, nothing in the trees, even the wind seemed to fall motionless as if by this Gorbe's will alone. Snarling, he forced himself to a mostly standing position. Listening ... staring ... sniffing ... nothing could be found of the prey. The Gnoll knew better than to assume the Gorbe had left—it was just waiting for its next opportunity.

With a deep breath to prepare himself, the Gnoll rolled forward, snatching at his weapon on the ground and steeling himself for the duel to the death. With the speed of a predatory animal, the Gorbe was on him before the weapon was even to his hands. Two more swift cuts—one to the other hamstring, one to the bicep of the weapon arm. Both limbs hung uselessly as the Gnoll once again fell to the ground.

The monster cursed aloud again, rolling himself over with his only good limb left. In the glimpse of moonlight which pierced through the jungle canopy, he saw the claw of the Gorbe. Saw the dripping, self inflicted wound it had used to trick him. As that claw swung and tore his throat from his body, with his last few seconds of life, the Gnoll wondered if he had ever truly been the predator

this night, or if he had been prey from the moment he walked out into the jungle.

## RACIAL BASICS

The Sarr are anthropomorphized hunting cats. When roleplaying a Sarr, you should try to think like one of the hunting cats. Tigers, leopards, and pumas hunt alone, while lions often act as a group.

A Sarr should not be played as an ordinary domesticated house cat; to do so would debase oneself. Sarr will rarely purr and they do not meow. Growling before a kill, or letting out a blood curdling roar to terrorize the enemy is looked upon as the spirit of the hunter.

Sarr are deeply conscientious about their image as a capable warrior. One must be able to voice his/her anger or joy in the hunt. A weaponless, clawless Sarr is looked upon as a lesser; how can you feel the thrill of the fight if you do not get involved in combat, or rely solely upon magics to kill a foe?

The Sarr are a bloodthirsty people who prefer claws, swords and other edged weapons to all others. This may be tied to the Sarr's acute sense of smell- the release of their prey's blood fills the air and confirms the valiant kill of the warrior. They are primarily carnivorous and will often eat what they have killed in battle, but many Sarr also supplement their diets with fruits, vegetables, and bread.

Though the Sarr have excellent vision, they are handicapped by the fact that they are colorblind. They see the world in a myriad of grey shades. The entire concept of color is lost on them, since they rely more strongly on their sense of smell.

Sarr scenting abilities are about four times more intense than most humanoid races. When asked to "smell for poisons" one must go through the motions of smelling the object. The Sarr have also developed a resistance to



poisons.

They cannot, however, use their scenting abilities to detect the presence of undead. They have the same chance of detecting such creatures as any other race.

Their superior scenting ability also plays upon the olfactory senses when the natural ingredients of the mint family (such as catnip and peppermint) are smelled. Catnip causes the senses of a Sarr to intensify. Everything looks more vivid and small topics seem to be groundbreaking. The Sarr becomes more relaxed through its use. The effects of catnip last for about 15 minutes before wearing off completely. However, constant users of this "drug" are seen as insane by other Sarr and not to be trusted. Note that these are roleplaying effects only and can never be used as a game advantage or to get around any rule.

### Roleplaying examples of Catnip:

*Jokahn, a young Sarr of the Cheetah Clan has found himself addicted to taking catnip in the late afternoon. Lying on the field in the center of town, he witnesses a great battle taking place. Instead of rising to take part in the fray, he finds himself fascinated by the play of light upon the swords and armor of the combatants.*

*He neither rises to take part in the battle, nor flees when it comes his way. Only the pain of a sword blade as it pierces his flesh awakens him from his stupor long enough to seek a better vantage point from which to watch the battle. Thankfully, Cheetahs are known for their speed.*

Onko, a middle-aged Sarr of the Tiger Clan, has recently partaken of catnip. She stumbles upon a field full of weeds and begins to make a connection between the weeds, and each race's struggle to survive in such a harsh world as Fortannis. She explains this to her sister who has also just imbibed the plant.

While her sister stretches out on the cold ground telling Onko how the night sky would make a lovely cloak for their mother, Onko goes on to explain the meaning of life and how the forced breeding of goblins is the only true answer to starvation.

Peppermint is a completely different substance. It will make the Sarr intensely hyper and physical. They will forcibly attempt to take the peppermint from any who carry it, demanding it at first, before attacking outright. Sarr are angered when other races attempt to get them to smell peppermint because it lowers their self esteem. It takes away much of the self-control they possess, filling them with battle lust. Some Sarr have become addicted to the leaf, as it gives them a rush of adrenaline and supposedly increases their fighting prowess. Once again, the Sarr society tends to frown greatly upon this as a whole. The effects of peppermint wear off after several minutes.

#### **Roleplaying examples of Peppermint:**

*Doredhil, an elven trader in alchemical substances, encounters three Sarr of the Lion clan. Fearful at first, he relaxes in their presence when they strike up a friendly conversation in his own elven tongue. After several minutes of speaking, one of the Sarr shakes his head back and forth vigorously before inhaling deeply. He looks to Doredhil, and begins speaking to him in curt, violent tones. Stranger still, he begins speaking to him in the Sarr's native tongue, which Doredhil only vaguely understands. The Sarr's brothers attempt to restrain him, before they too begin acting strangely. Doredhil steps down from his cart and flees into the surrounding woods as they begin to tear through his wares at a frantic pace. He returns several hours later to find his horses torn to shreds, and the only thing missing from his cart is a small bushel of peppermint. He finds a small note of apology affixed to the dead animals, and enough gold to purchase new ones.*

Sares, a Sarr of the Panther Clan, is about to enter into battle with gnolls—her race's most vile enemy. She partakes of peppermint leaf shortly before entering into battle, and her vision blurs. Upon "awakening" from its effects, she discovers she single-handedly killed five gnolls, and she is told that she can cease from tearing the fifth to unrecognizable scraps, as the battle is over.

Lastly, with respects to their physiology regarding outside substances, alcohol has no effect on a Sarr. This does not mean that Sarr are automatically resistant to *Intoxicant* poisons however—for these the Sarr must use a Resist Poison to resist the effects.

The Gorbe believe only the strong will survive. Races which do not hunt are looked upon as inferior. In combat, to surrender is considered very dishonorable. On the flip side, offering a worthy opponent a chance to surrender is looked upon as dishonoring the opponent. The most insulting thing a Sarr can do in combat is offer a chance to surrender. Even those taken as slaves are often killed, then given a *gift of life*, demonstrating they only live at the generosity of their new master. To allow someone to surrender and walk away from them is to say they are not even worthy to be taken as a slave.

If victorious in combat, a Sarr will often eat choice parts of his or her opponent (the heart being the most favored). In this way,

the Sarr pays honor to the recently departed. Should a Sarr choose to eat such a lowly creature as a goblin, they would seldom partake of its heart, instead eating other choice organs. A Sarr would be more likely to offer such a creature a chance to surrender.

The Sarr, as a race, can live for as long as eighty years. Due to their society, however, very few live past the age of forty. For this reason the elderly are revered, as they have mastered the arts of survivor to outlive their children and sometimes grandchildren. They reach physical maturity however at the tender age of six—meaning at this point, a Sarr is "completely grown" and to reproduce. The Sarr are considered by their own kind to be mentally mature by the age of sixteen. The gestation period for a Sarr is generally between a low of 87 and a high of 108 days. Mating season is in the spring, and a female usually has between one to three "cubs".

When a female goes into "heat" in the spring, they suffer severe emotional mood swings, with stress setting them off. Females roleplaying this should wear very strong musk of perfume to let other players know that it is mating season. The males find this intoxicating and are obsessed with being near a female in heat. Note that this is for roleplaying purposes only and is not an excuse to forgive sexual harassment which is a violation of the Alliance Code of Conduct. Any female wishing to avoid this unwanted attention should make sure that her character's annual spring "heat" occurs between events. When long commitments and marriages occur, they are often for financial reasons.

## **MAKEUP REQUIREMENTS**

Your makeup and prosthetics are what will let everyone know what race you're playing, so please take this into consideration when making a Sarr character. You will need to be either in makeup or in mask during in-game play, so if either of these situations bother you, this might not be the right race for you.

The later sections of this race packet goes into greater detail about specific colorings, for now we will just address the basic (and not-so-basic) things you can do to look like a Sarr.

First is full face makeup. Many companies offer quality theatrical makeup, as well as "Halloween makeup." Any of these should be acceptable, so long as you can get good coverage and maintain it all day. Mehron is a superior makeup for theatrical purposes, and they make a special blend called "Paradise" that comes off with just water. (Be warned, if you sweat a lot, it comes off with sweat too.)

Another option is using a spray-on makeup. It gives you a better coating with less on your face, and allows for some "airbrush shading." It is however a little more expensive in regards to supplies needed.

A third option is a full-face mask, such as those made by Lyonshel ([www.lyonshel.com](http://www.lyonshel.com)) These masks hold up over several seasons, and allow your face to look the same every day.

Also a consideration is if you want to have ear extensions. Woochie and many other companies make latex and foam ear tips which can help you get that feline look. They are easily to paint with latex paint or your face makeup. For some cat types, the small "elf ears" work best, for others, larger "werewolf style" ears make more sense. Again, consider the cat type you wish to play. And ears are not a *requirement*, merely another device you can use to assist your roleplay.

Finally, and most rare, are fangs. The reason they are most rare is they can be difficult to wear all day at best. However, should you wish to finish that feline denture look, any set of stage fangs that have both an upper and lower set will add a lot to your finished look. Again, these are far from required, and just listed here to give the new Sarr player more ideas.