

## Veljin

The Calt Deity of Assassins

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Veljin represents another deity that is not all that popular among the general population (not surprising since he is an assassin). Some Calts actually recognize his worth but this is the exception, not the rule. In any case, Calt society would never allow the open worship of Veljin. For this reason, you can consider that the worshippers of Veljin belong to a very secret order. You are allowed into this order only after you have become good friends (if such is possible) with other Calts that are already members of the order. Followers of Veljin never carry any type of symbol that would identify themselves as followers. Once you are a worshipper your knowledge of other members (i.e., who they are) allows you to communicate with them. Intimate knowledge of the rituals and prayers used in ceremonies can be used to identify a person that is not known to you, but means of identifying fellow members depends a lot on circumstances and what makes sense because of the circumstances present.

Meetings and ceremonies are performed by members in out of the way places, hidden places, places where others will not, or dare not, go. Most of the Calts that worship Veljin become members of The Silent Knife (see the write up on the Silent Knife guild for more information). This is not a hard fast rule but rather a rule of thumb.

The followers of Veljin will nearly always give aid to another worshipper of Veljin (providing they can identify him or her as such). They will even extend aid to worshippers of the Elven deity Nabela.

The guild believes that Farouk was not a follower of Veljin until after he completed the task set for him by Veljin. They also believe that the reason Farouk started the guild of the Silent Knife was to encourage (but not force) others to worship Veljin. It is also the reason that assassins do not have to worship Veljin to gain entrance to the guild of the Silent Knife (see the write up on the guild for more information on this though).

Worshippers of Veljin are always expected to come to the aid of Soul Walkers. This is especially true if the Soul Walker is attempting to re-unite a soul twin. See the write up on the Calt Deity Amynta for information on Soul Twins and Soul Walkers. In addition to this, the followers of Veljin would not be willing to take a job in which one of its members had to kill or steal from a Soul Walker.

### Related Deities

The following deity stories are also related to this story in one-way or another, Amynta (Calt), Melchior (Elf), Nabela (Elf), and Vaughn (Goblin).

## The Legend

Farouk worked many years in The Brotherhood of Darkness Assassin's guild. Farouk was the best of the best, totally ruthless and evil in the extreme. More than once, he killed for the sheer pleasure of seeing the life drain from his victim's eyes. Any job given he would do and so the guild used him again and again. They used him to remove blocks and key people that fought against the guild itself. They used him to intimidate and extort, but even as they used him they knew that one day they would have to kill him themselves. They knew that in the long run, he was a liability and felt that he might even try to wrest control of the guild itself.

That day was almost upon him when he was approached one night as he ate supper. The inn was dark and not many people were there. He ate in silence, alone in the corner, in view of the door as it opened. In walked two people, both hooded, one taller than the other.

The room hushed for just a moment as those within looked at the two and the two surveyed the room, determining just what it was they had gotten themselves into.

The moment passed and both of the strangers walked to where Farouk sat. The taller of the two spoke, "may we sit with you?" he asked. He spoke low so no others would hear, but even so, his voice was deep and commanding. It piqued Farouk's interest. "By all means," he answered.

Both strangers sat and the second pulled back her hood. Beneath was a pretty Calt with milky white eyes. Very unusual to see that in a Calt, he thought. She looked him up and down and nodded. "It is as I suspected," she said. "This is the one."

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Immediately the hairs rose on Farouk's back. Danger was his first thought as he prepared to pull a weapon and kill them both.

The man pulled his hood partway back and laughed. He said, "have no fear Farouk, I am Veljin and this is Meara. I am here to protect Meara and to help you".

Farouk looked at the male and paused. At least he knew whom to kill first, he thought to himself, although he did not realize that in actual fact, it was a pause that saved his life. Never had he seen a Calt that radiated such an aura of power. His hand slipped from the hilt of his weapon although he kept it close just in case. He asked, "What do you want of me?"

Veljin spoke, "you're guild is about to move on you, and you will not survive the night. They feel you are an evil and vile creature even by their standards and to be honest, you have given all of us Assassins a bad name."

Farouk's lip curled into a tight little smile and he laughed. "Do you think I care what they do?" he said. "I will kill them if they try for me... I will kill them all."

Meara spoke, "and why do you say this?" she asked. "Why is it that you have such hatred? Why do you feel such emptiness inside? Why have you always felt such loneliness?"

Farouk sat stone still and silent. The only movement was his eyes as they narrowed. Otherwise he did not move as the blood drained from his face. He was moments from killing them both.... His hand started to inch to his weapon.

Meara continued, "there is a reason for your loneliness Farouk, for your hatred. There is another that you must find and meet and when you have, the emptiness and pain will go away."

His hand was on his weapon... another second for them to live.

"Farouk!" commanded Veljin. "Look into my eyes..."

For a second Farouk paused and as he paused he looked into Veljin's eyes. And he saw a god looking back at him. His hand slid from the hilt of his weapon. "Why do you care what happens to me?" he asked Veljin.

"We look after our own," Veljin said. "Something you will learn one day to do. But the price of my help is a task. On that task you will

meet another who also has a task. You must aid each other and complete them both."

"And my task?" asked Farouk.

"You must go into the goblin lands and kill a goblin named Wiff. Wiff has a pet, an unholy aberration of a creature that must also be destroyed. You must leave tonight, now, after you have finished eating. Look for her at the base of the mountain called Vasher's Saddle."

"Who am I to meet?" asked Farouk. "What is her name?"

"Unimportant," replied Meara. "You will know her when you see her."

With that Meara and Veljin arose, pulling their hoods back up to cover their features. Shortly after they had left the Inn, Farouk also rose and left.

The journey he made was long. He traveled inland for many weeks until he came close to the inner mountains. Traveling up the chain he finally got close to his destination, Vasher's Saddle.

The closer he got to the mountain the more he felt that he was going in the right direction, that this was correct and that it was right that he be here. He continued on until he came upon her camp. When he saw her, he could not speak, he could say nothing but stare in disbelief as the pain and emptiness inside drained away. He understood. Meara was a Soul Walker and she had truly known his emptiness. As the other turned around and saw him, she too understood. That one was a Calt and the other an Elf did not matter to either. The souls that had been separated had finally found each other. They were complete. The elf was called Linnea and followed the God Nabela. She had been waiting for Farouk to arrive.

They spent one day being together, alone in the wilderness with no other within a hundred miles. Over their lives of separation, Farouk's soul had suffered the most and would take the longest to heal, but at least the healing had begun. They set off the next day on their journey into the mountains, into goblin territory.

Both of their sets of skills were sorely needed. Linnea was a master thief and many times they needed to bypass someone or something. On those occasions that they could not, Farouk's skills at killing made short work of the creatures and things in their way. After months of travel

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they finally reached the heart of the Goblin Empire. They reached the Caves of Xyl.

The Caves of Xyl held thousands of Goblins. Even without the goblins that could be found around the area, the caves held enough to populate a large city. Many Goblin Deities were worshiped within the area. The caves were among the most sacred of all the goblin places and the best defended. To get within was difficult, to get back out considered impossible. To get within and find what they must find and do what they must do were tasks only heroes would attempt.

And attempt them they did. Linnea's task was to find the hundred arrows fired by the bow of Melchior. Of those arrows she was to return 25 to her Elven lands and the rest she was to hide.

They crept into the caves and lived there for a month. It was a month of sneaking and hiding, of creeping from room to room and killing and stealing food. It was a month of hearing things that should not be heard, of seeing things that should not be seen. But after a month, they knew where their targets were and knew how to get to them.

Wiff was the easiest and hardest to kill. A single blow was all it took. But the blow brought the beast, a creature both touched and cursed by a god. It was a huge brute that was half wolf, half apparition. Killing it took all of Farouk's skill for he was used to attacking that which was not expecting him, not that which was looking for him. Looking down on the creature's prone body, he cut the head from its body. "They will hate this," he told Linnea. He would have taken Wiff's head to, but it was too late, others were coming and they had to leave. In his haste, all Farouk could do was to pick up Wiff's body and fling it over the edge of what he hoped would be a bottomless chasm. With that action and Linnea's skill, the two then melted into shadow.

With Wiff's lair behind them, Linnea led them from shrine to shrine within the great mountain caves. The arrows of Melchior had been split up by the Goblins, different groups keeping a number as trophies of the power of the Goblin Deities that they worshipped. Some were guarded well, some not so well. Linnea did not leave any behind. In his wake, Farouk left a trail of bodies for the goblins to follow. But with Linnea's skill the Goblins would only ever know where they had been and not where they were

going, at least not until it was too late to stop them from retrieving all the arrows.

As Linnea gathered them up, she would place the arrows in bundles of 25 and hide them. The last bundle she hid was placed with the head of the beast Farouk had killed. Yes, the arrows of Melchior were hidden in the goblin caves of Xyl, right beneath the noses of those that wanted them so badly, of those that knew the caves so well.

Linnea kept the last bundle of arrows as they made their way from the caves. By now, the caves were alive with goblins looking for them, searching, seeking. It was Farouk's skill that helped here for the Goblins looked for a large force. They could not believe that one was so good as to have killed so many of their kind. They wanted to believe it was a group and that is what they looked for. That is what they longed to find. They hungered for the chance to teach its members a lesson in pain and suffering and to offer them to their gods as payment for the sacrilege of having entered their caves.

But with Farouk's job done, it was now Linnea's turn and she led the two silently past the searching Goblins. It took them almost a solid day of creeping. A day of crawling and hiding, of darting from one hole or shadow to the next but finally she did it. Linnea was the first to emerge to the light of day, Farouk right behind her. Once on the surface, they continued on in silence putting distance between them and the searchers. After months of travel they left the mountains and were again in their homelands.

Once united, the two never again separated. They formed the guild of the Silent Knife and lived out their lives training and teaching others. Just before the end, Meara returned and performed the ritual that would rejoin their souls. They died together, in each others arms and the soul that had been apart for so long was finally joined and made whole again.

## Worship

Each deity in the world of Panjere is treated as a separate independent entity. As such, each deity has its own special background and worship requirements. Some deities require vast amounts of affinity if you want to worship them; others require vast sums of money. It all depends on the deity.

Like all skills, worship is a skill. You have a base value in it, plus a bonus. When a Calt starts his worship of Veljin he must pay 400 affinity

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points. Once the Calt has started to worship Veljin he must put 60% of all earned affinity towards the worship of Veljin. The Calt that wants to worship Veljin must also have the following skills: Assassination, Awareness and Combat to at least 18+5 and Concealment and Move Un-noticed to at least 15+0.

When these worship requirements are met, the Calt will get to roll once on the favors table each time he / she gains one level in bonus synergy in his / her worship skill to Veljin.

#### Getting a roll on the Favors table

Each time the character's synergy bonus in worship (to Veljin) goes up by one point, roll 1d5 on Veljin's Favor Table (see below).

#### Veljin's Favors Table

1. The worshipper may add +1 to their React stat. If their base level in React is 18 then the one is added to their bonus figure in the React stat.
2. +1 to damage when attacking from behind. This only applies if the worshipper is not trying to assassinate, or fails to make, his or her assassination attempt.
3. +1 to the dice roll of anyone trying to detect an assassination attempt (this is negated through a high bonus in the appropriate (detection) skill (i.e., Awareness, Combat or Sixth Sense).
4. The character may cast a Killing blow spell. The spell must be cast upon a dagger. The dagger will do bonus damage if the character's next blow is successfully delivered to the back of the target. The damage bonus is 1d6. The spell stays on the dagger until used. The spell may be cast one additional time each day (i.e., recast on the dagger once the spells magic has been used) OR, the bonus damage dice is increased by a factor of one. For example, the d4 goes to a d6, then a d8, etc. Once the first dice is d12, a second dice is added, then a third, then forth and so on. Each dice added must be worked up to a d12 before the next dice is added.
5. The character has a limited teleport spell. The spell is self only and is useable once per day for each time rolled. The spell will not teleport the worshipper through walls or doors but will take the character through people and objects within an area. The cast

time is 2d12. The character can take action on the round following the cast. The spells range (i.e., range of the teleport) 10 feet but each time this is rolled you can cast it one time per day OR increase the teleport range by 5 feet when you do cast it.

6. The worshipper receives a Move silent spell. The recipient of the spell can move up to 10 feet without making a sound. For each additional roll, add 5 feet to the distance you can move or be able to cast the spell once more per day.