

TRIUMPH LARP

**Tuatran's
Handbook
4.0**

The Tuatrans of Lantai

A Tuatran is a humanoid/reptilian being on Lantai, recognizable by their scales and lizard-like appearance. They are inquisitive in nature, but also adept huntsmen and trackers. Tuatran society is tribal in nature, with clans spread about the Gidry Mountains. The women usually lead clans, though there are some few variations. Females of the race tend to be clerics, mages, and shamans, while males tend to be rangers, warriors and shamans. (These are only tendencies, not restrictions) Necromancers and rogues are extremely rare. Tuatrans can be very long lived.

This handbook, along with the class handbook of your choice, will help you to portray a character that will help drive an epic story which we call Triumph. This game is story-driven, and the more thought given to your character, the better your game experience will be. Welcome to Lantai, welcome to Fairhame, and may you Triumph.

This handbook is not meant to replace reading the manual...in fact, if you've not read the rulebook, you should put this handbook down and go do so now. OK...so you're back. Hope you enjoyed the rulebook. Now, let's talk about Tuatrans.

Physical Representation

So, what exactly makes a Tuatran look like a Tuatran? The answer is their scaled skin. If you're going to play a Tuatran in Triumph, you are required to represent scaled flesh on all exposed skin. There are no humanly-fleshed Tuatrans. If after your 3rd event you do not wear your minimal physrep and costume, you can still play, but will receive no Triumph Points. Note that this is a minimum physical representation...you can go further! You can always improve your look via makeup, masks, prosthetics, and more...make yourself look less human and more like the lizard-like creature you intend to portray. There are many varieties of appearance in Tuatrans...facial patterns, scale types facial structure, the presence of a tail or not, etc... Costume can vary, and should give the impression of your race and class.

Racial Modifiers

By choosing to play a Tuatran, you receive some advantages and some disadvantages compared to others in the game. These racial modifiers exist to help characterize the race.

Tuatrans have a scaled hide. Their skin works as a natural armor with an elemental affinity, granting a partial immunity to a particular damage call. At creation the Tuatran chooses one of the following: fire, acid, shock, or magic. When struck with damage of that type (having that damage call), the Tuatran only takes 1 damage.

Tuatrans have clawed hands, and some are quite deadly with these natural tools. A Tuatran of any class can use safety approved claw boffers that do 2 damage in combat. If a Tuatran uses a weapon or weapons, they must choose the claw OR the weapon, the natural claws cannot be used to gain Florentine effects for free.

Tuatrans are cold blooded, and as such are susceptible to cold attacks. A Tuatran receiving frost damage must fall to the ground into a torpor for a count equal to ½ the damage amount. (a damage call of 4 frost will produce a 2 count of unconsciousness).

Racial Traits

Each race has its defining qualities, or traits. This includes typical costume, common attitudes, traditions and ways of life, and natural tendencies. By playing to these traits, you are portraying a fairly typical member of the race. If you choose to ignore these traits, your character is probably quite uncommon...and might even be frowned upon by members of your own race.

Tuatrans live in a tribal, and usually matriarchal, society. Note that tribal does not in this instance mean primitive or nomadic. A tribe lives in a village, with stonework, walls, towers, library, meeting hall, and more. Tuatrans were more numerous and prosperous before the Cataclysm, but the climate changes of the Dark Times sent many Tuatrans into torpor from which they never recovered. Only now are the tribes beginning to recover.

Most tribes have a Nestmother, the leader of the settlement, who will rule and decide the course of the tribe. Each tribe will also have a bard who is known as a Talesinger, the one responsible for the keeping of the tribe's history. Both of these roles are very important, and a high honor as well as a heavy responsibility.

Tuatrans are friendly to most other races, especially the Gre'shal. They will often distrust half-breeds, though, such as half orcs and half ogres. This is not out of prejudice, but due to their scent. There are Tuatran settlements in many towns across Lantai, as Tuatrans are sometimes subject to a wanderlust that leads them out into the world. Tuatrans are also naturally curious, sometimes letting curiosity get in the way of common sense.

Tuatran children are required to endure a rite of passage before being considered an adult. For the males, it is typically a ritual hunt of a dangerous prey. For females, it is their first nesting. The Tuatrans have no patron or matron god, and in fact Tuatran clerics tend to be priests of more than one deity.

Some tribes have a tale of a Great Nestmother in time gone by. She lived in a fantastic marble palace and sent her hatchlings far and wide, becoming the first Nestmother of the world of Lantai. Some Talesingers believe that this proves an older existence to the race, others believe it is merely a parable.

Tips for roleplaying a Tuatran: Remember to play up the curiosity angle...if a scholarly character, be driven by the thirst for new knowledge...but if a warrior character, remember that curiosity has been tempered by discipline. Give deference to females of power, if from a matriarchal tribe. Costume tends to be something that enhances the scales and patterns, although rangers and shamans will choose more utilitarian clothing. Tuatrans will attempt to protect young of any goodly race without thought, it is the way of their race. Will not trust half-orcs and half-ogres at first meeting, their scent is distasteful. Gear will tend toward utilitarian, not a lot of overly pretty gear unless already moved out from tribe.

Key Points in Tuatran History

Many millennia ago, the Dream reshaped the world of Lantai. It created the Gods, who lived upon and discovered Lantai's secrets. The Gods, in turn, Ascended, seeking a further enlightenment. Some of the Gods gave birth to Children of their own.

None know the origin of the Tuatran race, but the Talesingers of some tribes tell of a pilgrimage to their current homeland of the Gidry mountains long, long ago. The tribes were formed, and over time some left the Gidry mountains to reside in the desert in the East (now Cho-Hi), and others roamed even farther. These times were hard for the Tuatrans, and they remained hidden from the rest of the world.

The younger races came to Lantai some 6,000 years ago, and the Gre'shal came to reside in the Gidry mountains. At this time, the Tuatrans made themselves known, approaching the Gre'shal and sharing their methods of survival. They also gained ties to the elves and dwarves in the area, and began to prosper. Tribes built villages and small towns in this time, gaining steps toward civilization that were previously unlikely.

Some 2,000 years ago, the Gidry mountains were beset by war, as a canny Giant chieftain united several bands of orcs and goblins to raid the goodly races. The Tuatrans, Gre'shal, and the Dwarves of Sundabal combined force and strategy to eradicate the deadly foe.

Then came the Cataclysm. As the Flow raged and the world changed, the Gidry mountains were hit by a years-long winter. The Tuatrans went into a torpor, and whole tribes were lost and towns left in ruin as many of them failed to awaken, frozen to death in the Dark Times.

As the Dark Times passed, and the Gre'shal were able to finally give aid to their long standing friends, the Tuatrans slowly began to recover. Tribes were combined, and some Tuatrans left the tribal societies to live in Unc'ial or Myth Celtor, while still more moved further away still.

Now the Tuatrans are finally beginning to prosper again, and have begun diverse marriages and breedings amongst different tribes. Thus is their hope for the future. Now, in the present, elves strive as we all do. The Savage Lands have become more dangerous, if that were possible. Orcs, goblins, trolls, and worse have become more and more common. Monsters long thought to be extinct, or mere fairy tales, have been sighted. The Oracles speak of dark days ahead. May we all triumph.

Tuatran Tales

Sel-teth paused at the top of the rise, tasting the air for a scent. The sun glinted off of his powder blue scales as he scanned the rocky soil for the trail of his prey. He adjusted the leather pouch at his side and strung his bow, noting the marks of the cloven hoof, and the depth of those marks. This prey would be worthy, a mountain goat of large size.

Sel-teth had been prime hunter for his tribe for five years, and enjoyed the trail. His greatest joy was tracking prey, be it prey-beast, as this goat, or one of the goblinoid foes of the Gidry mountains.

This goat was wily, and had eluded him most of the day. But he could taste the scent in the air, and knew it was not far off, perhaps over the next rise. Sel-teth trotted off, his tail counterbalancing his weight perfectly as he glided over the stone and dirt.

Sel-teth pictured the beast, a mental image of his prey guiding him on as he noted the recent signs of passage. His family would eat well this night. Here a print, there a bit of scat, still steaming...the prey could not be far off. Shii'rrill would massage his shoulders after setting the low table in their cottage, he was sure of it. His wife was always appreciative of his talents as prime hunter, even though she held high station as a priestess of Flydias.

As Sel-teth approached the next rise, he slowed, taking each step with painstaking slowness. He tasted the air again, scenting the goat. It was close, he knew. He pushed thoughts of his home out of his mind, focusing only on the prey. One more step, and he was high enough to see the mountain goat...and indeed, it was large! He realized he would share this kill with neighbors, such was the size.

The Tuatran ranger sighted his bow, drawing steadily and slowly. He tasted the air once more, then let fly the shaft. The goat fell to the ground, its heart pierced by the arrow. Sel-teth sissed in satisfaction, and gave thanks to Flydias, god of nature, for another successful hunt.