

Kezmarin Tiny Fey

Hit Dice: 2d6 (6 hp)
Initiative: +8
 (+4 Dex, +4 Imp. Initiative)
Speed: 20 ft, fly 60 ft (good)
AC: 15 (+1 size, +4 Dex)
Attacks: by weapon +6
Damage: by weapon -2
Face/Reach: 5 ft by 5 ft/ 5 ft
Special Attacks: Spell-like abilities
Special Qualities:
 Eye Beacon, Light Aversion, SR 17, Spell-like abilities, Stone Shatter
Saves:
Fort:+1 **Ref:**+7 **Will:**+5
Abilities:
Str: 7 **Dex:** 18 **Con:** 14
Int: 16 **Wis:** 14 **Cha:** 15
Skills: Escape Artist +10, Heal +8, Hide +16, Listen +8, Move Silently +12, Search +9, Sense Motive +6, Spot +10
Feats: Dodge, Flyby Attack, Improved Initiative

Climate / Terrain: Fungi forest, crystal caverns
Organization: Scrumpt (2-8), band (9-20)
Challenge Rating: 4
Treasure: gems
Alignment: usually chaotic good
Advancement: 3-4 HD (small)



By Jon Pollom
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Kezmarin

The Mirk Midge

Oh what a great idiot I am! I am the king of the winter fools! Not only was I stone headed enough to lose my lantern but my damned pack straps fell loose and all I had rolled off into an underground river. As I lay in the dark awaiting my death, the tinkling of bells greeted me. I had thought I had gone mad, but then the sparks of several eyes appeared in the darkness before me. Their voices rang like handfuls of crystals dropping to a stone floor, and in my thickly accented dwarven it was established that we were mutually friendly and they offered to help me find my way home.

The band of them, about twelve in all, guided me back to the glow moss cavern that had been the starting point of so many of my explorations. They fed me, kept me safe from a pack of Vorago and tended to my various scrapes and scratches. All the while the only thing I could see were the dancing eyes that glinted in the pitch with their own light."

- From the Journal of Bessimus Camfor

To this day my description of the kezmarin is feeble at best, for I never truly saw them save from a distance in the dim glow of fungus light. I had asked them to accompany me so that I might see them in detail and record them for posterity. They politely declined telling me that light of any kind diminished them and they sought to avoid it as much as possible. Despite my disappointment I told them that I understood and bid my farewell. I felt their light touches as they returned my good byes in their fashion. As I walked across the cavern floor looking for a good Blue beam mushroom to serve as my lantern I couldn't help but turn back. I am to this day not quite sure of what I saw but what I perceived were several small black humanoid shapes, stick thin, waving to me from the tunnel mouth. The sparks of their eyes bobbed and floated in the air and I thought I could make out the blur of rapidly beating wings. I hurriedly sketched down what I saw to the best of my ability: the only image I have ever gotten of the mysterious Kezmarin.

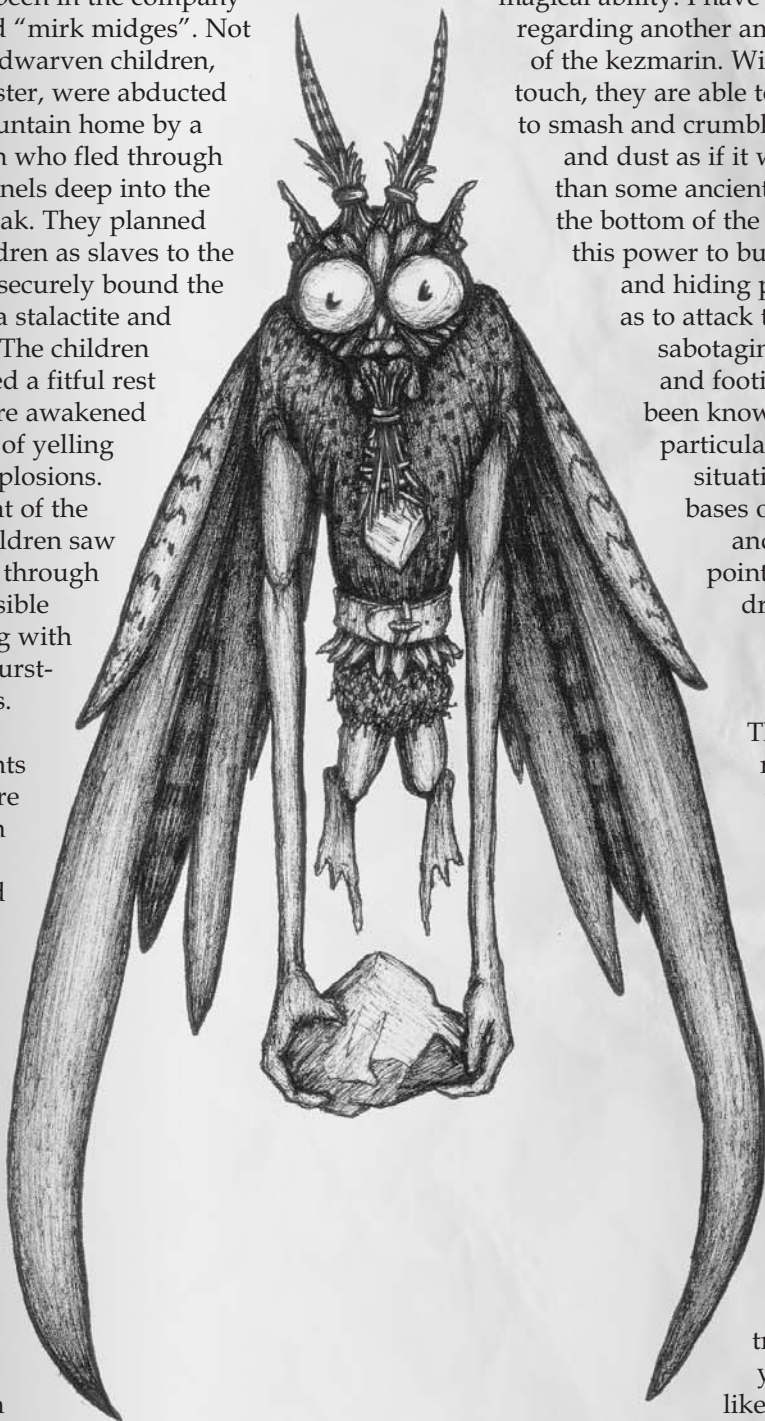
Honestly, my knowledge of the kezmarin is limited, for try as I might I have been unable to reestablish the intimate contact that in my younger years I foolishly neglected to take advantage of. Occasionally, while on my journeys, I

think I catch a glimpse of glittering eyes off in the dark but I've never confirmed whether they are kezmarin or flights of fancy. What I do know is relegated to what little I managed to learn from my brief conversations with them, and from legends and tales of the dwarves and deep gnomes with whom I often speak.

The Kezmarin are nomads, wandering the depths, staying in the darkest parts, avoiding even the low glow of the moss caverns. It is said that light is poison to them and with their own insistence that it "diminishes" them I am willing to accept its truth. They prefer to dwell, albeit briefly, in the many crystalline caves and grottos, living off the abundant fungi and small cave creatures that share their home. They are a race steeped in magic lore, able to heal, hide and defend themselves with little or no physical action. This ability to defend themselves was made quite apparent to me by the horrified shrieking of a pack of retreating vorago that had been stalking me and reiterated by the stories told by the gritted old deprunners with whom I've passed my time. They have their own tongue but those I encountered could speak dwarven with some fluency. Kezmarin voices sound like the tinkling of tiny crystals, or the jingling of small silver bells. Once heard they are not easily forgotten.

Despite the abundance of Kezmarin tales repeated endlessly over ale cups, I have only run across two other individuals who have actually been in the company of the so called "mirk midges". Not long ago, two dwarven children, brother and sister, were abducted from their mountain home by a band of jungen who fled through a group of tunnels deep into the heart of the peak. They planned to sell the children as slaves to the Ilkroun. They securely bound the dwarflings to a stalactite and went to sleep. The children barely managed a fitful rest when they were awakened by the sounds of yelling and violent explosions. In the half-light of the lantern the children saw jungen hurled through the air by invisible hands, rippling with lightning, or bursting into flames.

Within moments the jungen were all dead or run off and the children found themselves being untied and led home by a band of kezmarin. What would possess anyone to engage the benevolent kezmarin in combat is beyond me. They seek to avoid other races and even when an encounter is unavoidable they are helpful and pleasant. However, don't go thinking that they are easy as porridge to roll over on. They are, as I stated before, quite accomplished users of magic.



Whether it is innate or learned I do not know, but all of those in the party I encountered had some measure of magical ability. I have heard stories regarding another amazing ability of the kezmarin. With the merest touch, they are able to cause stone to smash and crumble into shards and dust as if it were no more than some ancient biscuit from the bottom of the tin. They use this power to burrow tunnels and hiding places as well as to attack their enemies, sabotaging handholds and footing, and have been known, when in a particularly desperate situation, to rot the bases of stalagmites and other sharp pointy formations, dropping them onto the skulls of the belligerent. This process is referred to by the kezmarin as tuning the stone. It is used to deadly effect when needed.

The kezmarin are largely elusive and prefer to avoid conflict. However, if you are a trouble-maker you will most likely get exactly what's coming to you.

Look for more intriguing monsters in: *Monsters of the Endless Dark*.
www.wanderersguild.com

Combat

Kezmarin prefer to attack from ambush, utilizing their magical abilities and hurling sharpened stones.

Eye Beacon: The eyes of a kezmarin are dimly luminous. Many learn to use their glowing eyes as a means of silent communication, forming secret codes of blinks and flashes. All kezmarins have darkvision to 120'.

Light Aversion: Kezmarin have a severe aversion to bright light. In any light brighter than that of a torch, a kezmarin will suffer a -2 circumstance penalty to all attack rolls and saves, as well as a -3 penalty to AC.

Spell-Like Abilities: 3/ day -darkness, invisibility (self only), fireball, lighting bolt, shatter, telekinesis, and tongues. These abilities are as the spells cast by a 9th-level sorcerer (save DC 12 + spell level).

Stone Shatter: At will, a kezmarin can shatter rock and split stone simply by touching the target material. This touch inflicts 2d6 hit points of damage to any natural stone, mineral based creature, or stone construct.

Skills: Kezmarin receive a +2 racial bonus to Search, Spot, and Listen checks. They also receive a +5 racial bonus to Hide checks.

