

Fionn

Sailors were ever the superstitious lot, and the growing storm did nothing to quiet their grumbling. First Mate Arnolf was all too aware of the increasingly mutinous talk amongst the men but had singularly failed to convince the captain it was serious. The source of all his trouble, but not he hoped the source of the darkening weather, was currently standing on the prow of the ship looking out at the coming thunderhead as if to greet it.

Wrapped up in a thick cloak, concealed under a deep cowl, her determined anonymity did her few favours amongst the crew. He had half a mind to go over to her now and pull that damned hood off her himself. Reveal to the crew that she was just some wanted criminal or runaway noble's daughter and not the Khyber witch they thought. A large black tern landed on her shoulder just then, and let out a plaintive cry. She reached up a slim pale hand to stroke its dark head. As one, around him, the sailors made the sign of Dol Arrah. 'Damn how much she had paid the captain,' thought Arnolf, 'this was enough!'

Just as Arnolf took his first step towards her however, the lookout called that he'd seen a sail approaching. Picked for his keen eyesight, the halfling called out an identification a minute later. "It's Bryant!"

Bryant was a rising pirate captain with reputations for both ferocity and mercy in equal measure. He also owned an elemental ship meaning flight was not an option. Taken all together, the captain would have little choice but to let the crew surrender whatever cargo his ship carried in hope of their lives.

When the pirate vessel arrived, Captain Mathis, fat and be-ribboned, had come out on deck ready to negotiate; though his cabin boy was still stuffing the gold and any smaller valuables into the ship's various concealed cabinets. A boarding plank was placed between the vessels and Captain Bryant, broader shouldered, narrower waisted and altogether more dashing strode across to meet him. Two score men with crossbows guarded him from across the water.

"We carry mainly grains, your lordship," began Mathis.

"On the contrary," Bryant stopped him, "you carry a treasure beyond reckoning." He was looking at their passenger who still stood at the prow, but had now turned to face them. To the astonishment of everyone, the captain produced a glittering broach of mithral and gold and knelt before the cloaked figure. "Come away with me, sweet maid, and be my pirate princess."

So absorbed by this extraordinary performance was everyone present, that it was without any warning that the elves landed gracefully on the deck of the two joined ships. Dropping out of the sky like hawks, they unfurled their cloaks and drew an assortment of double-ended scimitars and golden wands.

"And what would you do," said an elf in golden-red robes to the kneeling human? "Subject her to your crude passions for a decade or so, and then wither before her eyes," he sneered. Before the captain could reply, the elf too turned to the cloaked figure and said, "Our love would last for a thousand years, my ancestors would bless us and the bards sing of us centuries from now. Only we..."

"Nooooo!" Both the elf who was speaking, and the pirate captain who had drawn his sword and was advancing upon him, froze at the bestial cry. Turning in yet another direction, Arnolf saw that one of his own sailors, what was his name, was positively foaming at the mouth. When had they picked him up? Arnolf recalled only a large, quiet, older man who didn't mix well with the rest of the crew. Yet now, this man was actually enlarging, broadening in the shoulders and growing a thick mane of shaggy brown hair at a most uncanny rate. "I have not followed you all the way from the Eldeen Reaches, to let you be taken from me by these civilized (he spat the word) men. Do not be lulled by their jewels or their wizardry. Return with me to unspoilt nature and our pure druid ways."

The last words were all but lost as the man completed his transformation into a huge bear. A collective gasp from the crew drew Arnolf's attention back from the hideous transformation however. The passenger had finally drawn back her hood to reveal her face. Her lips were red, her locks were free and

her hair was yellow as gold. Her eyes were dark as sloe and wide as a tiger's. And yet she was young, about fourteen or fifteen, as far as Arnolf could judge the age of a fey. She pouted perfect lips at them all and, "I have had it up to HERE, with you," she screamed, holding one hand palm down at the height of her delicately pointed ears. "You deserve this!" She raised both hands high and threw her head back, eyes flashing. There was a... something. Arnolf blinked. He had spots in front of his eyes.

"My love," said captain Bryant squinting, "I wish you'd stop doing that."

"Oooh!" snapped the frustrated Nymph and stamped her foot on the planking.

"How dare you call her your love," said the elf raising his scimitars. A cross-bow bolt from the other ship whirred across the bows and ricocheted off the elf's shield spell. The dire druid bear roared. One of the elves dropped a fireball. Suddenly everything was flames and quarrels and noise and the next thing First Mate Arnolf knew was that he was diving overboard into the choppy brine.

His mouth was full of sea water, salt stung his eyes and there were large blue bodies swimming all around him. A few yards away he saw the young nymph clinging to a dorsal fin and riding away from the chaos. He grabbed onto one of the dolphins himself and it barreled through the water after her. He didn't know if it was annoyed to have a human stuck on its back or not. With dolphins it was hard to tell.

As he caught up with her, he looked across at the wet but still thoroughly lovely face, the golden tangle of hair plastered over the smooth delicate cheek bones and the large deep eyes. Her lips were slightly blue from the cold but still full and perfectly shaped. There was something fascinating and... well, fey about her.

"Has this ever happened before," he asked her?

There was quite a pause before she replied.

"Might have done," she said.

Fionn, Juvenile Nymph.

CR: 7; HD 4d6+4; hp 18; Init: +3; Spd 30 ft., Swim 20ft.; AC 17, touch 17, flat-footed 14; Base Atk / Grapple: +2/+2; Atk: Dagger +2 melee (1d4/19-20); SA Stunning Glance, Spells, Dimension Door (1/day); SQ DR 10/Cold-iron, low-light vision, unearthly grace, wild empathy; AL CG; SV Fort +6, Ref +11, Will +9; Str 10 Dex 16 Con 12 Int 16 Wis 15 Cha 17 Skills and Feats: Concentration +6, Diplomacy +4, Escape Artist +8 Handle Animal +13 Heal +9 Hide +12 Listen +11 Move Silently +9 Ride +5 Sense Motive +7 Spot +8 Swim +8 Use Rope +1 (+3 with bindings) Combat Casting, Dodge Languages Common, Sylvan

Druid Spells: 0 â– cure minor wounds, detect magic, guidance, lght, resistance; 1st â– calm animal, cure light wounds, entangle, longstrider, speak with animals;; 2nd â– barkskin, heat metal, lesser restoration, tree shape;; 3rd â– call lightning, cure moderate wounds, protection from energy;

Note, as an immature Nymph, Fionn's HD, ability scores, skills and feats have been reduced.

Additionally, she is not yet capable of making people go blind, though she can make them blink.

Image: Fionn looks like a stunningly pretty young girl in her mid-teens, but there is something not quite earthly about her. It may be the too fluid way in which she moves, or the flawlessness of her complexion, incomparably without freckle, mole, or flush, or the light harmonious voice. It could be the ears that sweep back from her head like a deer's and the big liquid eyes all pupil and irises the colour of leaves in spring. When she smiles it's like the sun breaking through the clouds. When she's unhappy, she has an expression that looks like thunder sounds. Quite simply, there's little in the lands of Eberron or the planes around it that is as fun or as utterly nerve-fraying as a teenage fey.

Role-playing: Don't maintain focus on anything for more than two minutes. Fionn is both highly intelligent and easily bored. She also lacks any of the things that normally restrain most human's

behaviour - such as fear of disapproval, worry about the future or, to a quite disturbing extent, concern for personal safety.

Whilst possessed of the inherent natural wisdom of the fey, Fionn has not developed much tact in delivering it. She's almost inevitably right, but is no respecter of age or rank. Just occasionally, she throws a full-blown fey-tantrum. Dol Arrah protect any party that tries to rely on stealth if that happens. Everything in a two mile radius will be subjected to a detailed fault-finding of whoever she's annoyed with.

Background: Fionn is a native of Thelanis, the child of a Nymph and a Satyr. She has grown restless enough to move on from her mother's homeland, but has yet to find a suitably unspoilt part of nature to call her home. She is still deeply connected to nature however, and wherever she goes wild animals will flock to her, foxes will lay down next to rabbits and generally everything is lovely. Assuming she's in a good mood. When she's in a foul mood there is a suspicious tendency for the environment to follow suit, with every sulk accompanied by a downpour, undergrowth to tangle and birds to do that thing all down a PC's robes.

Adventure ideas:

The PCs are hired to kidnap Fionn, on behalf of a wealthy suitor so that he can convince her how much he is in love with her. If the PCs accept the job and succeed in capturing her, they will no doubt enjoy the journey back. However, it is perfectly possible that they should then be hired by one of her other suitors to rescue her. Of course, rescuing her may mean rescuing her to the home of the second suitor. This could go on for some time. Of course there is always the risk of a suitor interrupting the PCs in the process of the rescue, one who didn't feel the need to hire anyone on his behalf to do his rescuing.

A group of shifters approach the PCs begging for help. A local military commander has burnt down a small section of the local woodlands in which they live and is threatening to reduce the whole forest to a cinder unless Fionn marries him. He's vowed to poison the lakes in his domain with salt and string up every wild animal from one border to the other. Certainly he's mad, but his mercenary forces don't care and he could certainly do it. Unless the PCs can find a way to stop him, she will be forced to wed him to save the land.

A young nobleman is besotted with Fionn and has walked away from his engagement to a much more suitable girl from another family with huge tracts of land. His mother is furious and will pay the PCs well for anything that gets rid of the Nymph. Of course, this could be the least of the woman's worries when some of Fionn's other admirers turn up on her doorstep, spoiling for a fight.

PCs searching for a magic item are stumped at the last step when they find that the current possessor they searched for / defeated / burgled, has actually given that item as a gift to Fionn, a token of his affections. Now the PCs must try and retrieve it from her. Naturally with someone as elusive as a Fey, this won't be easy and if they can't steal it from her by force or trickery, they'll have to bargain for it. What tasks a bored fey will dream up for the PCs is left to the DM's devious imagination.