Ilvari Faelmoor – Scholar of Realms End

Ilvari Faelmoor, a Veridyan elf scholar, keeps a lamp lit at Realms End's small library, where caravan sages and visiting wizards trade knowledge and expeditions into the desert's ruins and stranger phenomena take shape.



Introduction

Past the last awning of The Sprawl, where the caravan roads finally run out of land and the harbor takes over, one window in Realms End stays lit long after the haggling has gone quiet. Inside a small library, caravan sages and visiting wizards leave their best guesses on the same long table, and at the far end of it sits a Veridyan elf in dust-colored robes, touching a brass fork to a bowl of sand and listening to what it says back. Ilvari Faelmoor has made a life of asking the desert questions politely and writing down every answer, however strange. If your expedition needs a plan, or your mystery needs a name, his is the lamp to find.

Profile

"The desert keeps everything. It just files it badly."

- **Name:** Ilvari Faelmoor
- **Race:** Elf
- **Gender:** Male
- **Alignment:** Neutral Good
- **Role/Class:** Scholar of Realms End and Expedition Advisor
- **Challenge Rating:** 1/4

Appearance

Ilvari is tall and lean, with the narrow shoulders and slight forward stoop of someone who has spent a long life leaning over tables. His skin is the deep, warm brown of a man raised under a jungle sun who never quite let it go, and his dark hair, streaked with silver at the temples, is tied back with a plain leather cord. His eyes are a pale, attentive green, usually half hidden behind a pair of folding brass-rimmed spectacles that spend as much time pushed up on his forehead as on his nose. He dresses for the desert and the dock at once, in waxed-linen travelling robes the color of dry sand, a sea-grey sash, and a broad hat that has clearly been rained on once and never forgiven. A brass tuning fork hangs from a cord at his chest like a pendant, a satchel of rolled maps rides at his hip, and the first two fingers of his right hand are permanently stained with ink. He moves slowly, tilts his head toward odd sounds, and smiles a half-second after he means to.

Backstory

Ilvari was born in Veridya, to a family of elves who treated curiosity as a household duty. His first decades were spent doing what Veridyan elves have long done best: walking jungle and savanna with a notebook, setting down what grew where and why. He cataloged flora in the Bamboo Lushlands for years, and he was good at it, but he noticed something about himself in all that green. Every answer the Lushlands gave him arrived too easily. He wanted a country that made him work for the question.

He found one from the rail of a ship. Crossing from Veridya's northern coast, he saw the Endless Expanse as a long pale line beyond the water, and when the vessel put in at Realms End, he stepped onto a pier where camel riders and sailors were arguing over the same crates. He planned to stay one season. That was a long time ago, and he has stopped mentioning the plan.

A small library had opened in town by then, and it was the sort of place he had never known he was missing: a few shelves, a long table, and a steady traffic of caravan sages and visiting wizards leaving margin notes in one another's books and sketching routes on the backs of receipts. Ilvari offered to put the donated volumes in order and never really stopped. These days he is the scholar most often found at the long table by the window, with a lamp, a map weighted down at each corner, and someone's argument half settled in front of him.

Scholars from Brightcrown and elsewhere have begun using Realms End as the place to stage their expeditions, and Ilvari has become the person they find first. He cannot lead a party into the dunes and does not pretend to, but he knows what the dune-route maps sold in The Sprawl are worth and what they are not, how many waterskins a plan needs before it deserves to be called a plan, and which ruins are worth the trip and which are only worth the story. Visiting wizards arrive certain of their route. Most leave with a better one.

His own study is the desert's stranger habits. Nomads say the Whispering Sands carry the voices of desert spirits and the echoes of ancient battles. Other scholars blame the silica in the grain. Ilvari writes both explanations in the same column of his notebook and lets the evidence argue with itself. He has spent more nights than he can count on the central dunes with a brass tuning fork, a bronze rod, and a pencil, recording how the note changes when the wind does.

Personality

- **Courteous to a Fault:** He thanks doors for opening and chairs for holding, and he has been seen apologizing to a teacup he knocked over. Rudeness genuinely confuses him.
- **Precise About What He Knows:** He sorts every claim aloud into three kinds: things he has seen, things he has been told, and things he would like to be true. He will not let the lines blur for anyone, himself included.
- **Dry, Gentle Humor:** He teases ideas rather than people, and he is usually the last to notice he has said something funny.
- **Teaches by Mess:** He explains with sand poured across the table, ink on his cuffs, and whatever is within reach. Questions delight him, and the simpler the question, the longer and happier the answer.
- **Restless in Comfort:** He forgets meals, lets tea go cold, and cannot leave an open question alone overnight. The harbor watch has learned to nod at the elf pacing the pier at two in the morning, arguing with himself.
- **At Home on Both Edges:** He loves the sand and the sea in equal measure, and he believes a person who has watched both humble their certainties is better company than one who has not.

Secrets

- **The Coin That Matches Nothing:** A small coin of an unfamiliar dull-gold metal sits in a sealed tin on his desk. He bought it from a caravan driver in The Sprawl for the price of a meal, and in all the years since, he has found no mint, no reign, and no language that claims it. He has not shown it to the visiting wizards, because he is quietly afraid they will tell him it is worthless, or worth far too much.
- **The Hum After Dark:** Since his last long stay in the Whispering Sands, Ilvari has heard a low, steady tone in quiet rooms, loudest late at night in the library when no wind is blowing. He logs every occurrence in a second notebook, with the hour, the weather, and which ear heard it first. He has told no one, because the other scholars would take him out of the field, and the field is the only place he is sure he is thinking clearly.
- **The Unfinished Line:** On his master chart of the central dunes, one survey line stops in the middle of empty sand. It belongs to a colleague from his Lushlands years who came north after him, walked into the singing dunes alone to test a theory about the tone, and did not return. Ilvari has never drawn the line's end because he will not admit that it is one.

Gear and Loot

- **Brass Tuning Fork:** Hand-tuned and hung on a cord at his chest. When struck against stone or a bronze rod driven into the ground, its note changes subtly over hollow or unstable sand. A creature using it has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks to notice hollow ground or a slope about to slide within 30 feet.
- **Sealed Tin and Unknown Coin:** A palm-sized tin padded with felt, holding a coin no one has identified. A creature that examines it can attempt a DC 17 Intelligence (History) check to recall where such a piece might come from; on a failure, it learns only that the metal is not any alloy it knows.
- **Dune-Route Ledger:** A water-stained ledger of rolled maps and margin notes tracking how caravan routes shift season to season. Plotting a route across the dunes with it grants advantage on Wisdom (Survival) checks made for that journey.
- **Sample Jars:** Six stoppered glass jars of dune sand, each labeled by date, location, and wind. Studying them for an hour reveals whether sand from a given site matches any of the six.
- A survey knife, three waterskins, spare spectacles, a roll of waxed paper, a pencil case, and a belt pouch of coin and a few strings of veridi shell beads.

Non-Combat Abilities

- **Field Scholarship:** Ilvari reads ruined inscriptions, worn carvings, and half-buried masonry for age, origin, and likely purpose. He is expert in Arcana and History and fluent in Elvish, Draconic, and Dwarvish scripts.
- **Expedition Planning:** He can turn a vague ambition into a provisioned plan, naming how much water, what hour of departure, and which turnaround point will keep a party alive.
- **Reading the Dunes:** He knows how dune routes shift, what a dune about to slide sounds like, and how the Skystorm rearranges the ground.

- **Teaching:** He can explain nearly any desert mystery in terms a party can act on, and he is happy to do so for anyone who asks politely.

Roleplaying Tips

- Pause before answering a hard question, as if choosing the exact word from a drawer of similar ones.
- Label your claims aloud: “I have seen,” “I was told,” “I would like to believe.” Players will start doing it back.
- Draw in whatever is handy: sand on the table, a fingertip of ink, the dust on a book. Let the lesson be a little messy.
- Tilt your head toward any unexplained sound and go quiet for a breath before returning to the conversation.
- Thank everything: doors, chairs, the person who brought the water. It is not an act.

Conclusion

Ilvari Faelmoor is the patient mind at the center of Realms End’s questions: the scholar who turns a caravan sage’s rumor and a wizard’s sketch into a plan a party can actually follow. He gives adventurers context before they walk into the sand, gives expeditions firmer footing, and gives the desert’s strangest habits a careful, honest record. Bring him a strange coin, an odd sound, or a half-buried tower, and he will help you ask the right next question.