



**E**lans are a race born from another. They have transformed themselves from the humans they are born to the powerful psionic creatures they become. Each elan is different; each individual is smarter, faster, or has some trait that caused other elans to agree that individual would make a fine addition to the ranks of the elan.

Born of psionic energies in a secretive ritual known only to their own kind, each elan is the physical embodiment of psionic potential. Their minds are so powerful they can use their energy to resist harm, negate damaging effects, eat less or nothing at all, even live potentially forever. A secretive race at the core; the elan are nothing if they are not *psionic*.

*Sehara stepped into the chamber as instructed. It was large, spherical and full of small blue crystals growing directly from the walls in a pattern like a spider's web. She moved to touch one, but they hummed and her hand began to shake as it neared. She thought better of it, considering how much power the crystals must contain. The door closed, the crystals flared. She saw her life. She saw her death.*

*She woke later on the floor, small shards of the blue crystals all around her. "Goodbye, Sehara," said a voice, "hello, new fellow elan..."*

*Alina saw the cliff ahead and was sure there was no way to stop the horses in time. Knowing she had to act quickly she launched a quick ray of sonic*

*energy at the tongue of the cart, then threw herself off the front. Her plan succeeded; the horses ran off into the woods and the cart hit her body, then sailed into the air. As it contacted her, she quickly reinforced her body with her mind. A barely visible field of green energy enveloped her for just a moment, long enough to protect her from harm. The cart landed nearby, its wheels still spinning. The others in the cart were injured, that much Alina was sure of. But their chances of living were better now than had they gone off the cliff..*

*Rothric sighed for the eighth time since arriving at the party. It didn't matter how many times he attended, it was always the same. The same women trying to impress a man in order to wed well. The same men, trying to impress one another with their fortunes or their wives. Even the same clothing he'd seen a thousand times before. He wished there was something new; the others hadn't told him how boring living forever was going to be. Then he saw her...*

## **Elan Psychology**

Elans do not think as the humans from which they are created. "Born" of psionic energies and effectively immortal, their worries, aspirations and even day-to-day activities alter dramatically. They no longer have to worry about getting enough to eat as their minds can sustain their body, they can wait literally centuries for their goals to reach fruition, and without a short life span looming over them,