

Xandrius was born as Elsingdar's Shadow and reflection. One day Elsingdar realized that even though it brought light and fire to the world it still cast its own shadows. Elsingdar severed its own shadow and reflection then cast them aside. Without thinking Elsingdar cast the shadow into the world of Galendar where it absorbed life and experience from the world. It grew on the chaos and unpredictability of life and it came to embody it all.

When Xandrius finally rose from the world again it was a thousand faces, a thousand shadows, and a thousand reflections. The keeper of secrets, chaos and a life full of experience. The patron of thieves, prostitutes, beggars, conman, hackers, sellswords and those who know what it is to live life. Elsingdar saw this and at once tried to shine its light upon Xandrius but he slipped away. Everyday when the sun rises we see it repeated again as shadows recede from the light.

Xandrius churches can be found in places where strange faces and weary travelers can sleep in safety for the night and move on the next day. Never knowing the stories of those who slept under the same roof.

Xandrius clerics are a very different breed. They are the wanderers, the wayless, the homeless and the lost. They are people who have given up ever having a home to walk the road endlessly, never staying for long and seldom remembered

Xandrius has another sect of Clerics known as The Heralds of Change. They are diviners whose card decks bring fair and foul luck and the means to enact sudden and unexpected change. Xandrius has no avatar due to its avatar being broken up into thirty decks that have been scattered across Galendar for the purpose of causing upheaval in stagnant places.

A word to the wise.

Many have tried and none have succeeded in bringing all of the chaos decks together but scholars speculate that if it ever happened an Avatar of Xandrius would be born.