

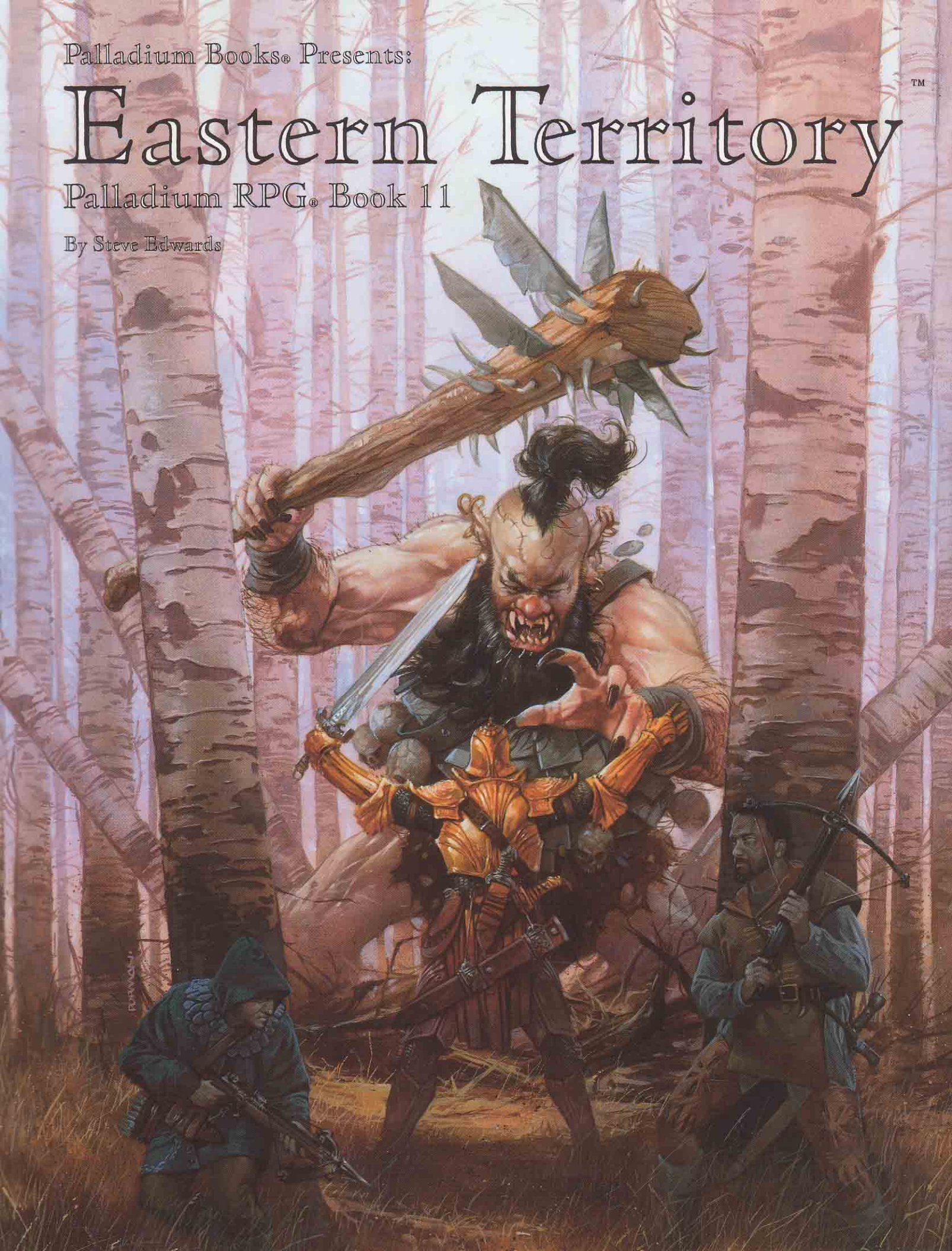
Palladium Books® Presents:

Eastern Territory

Palladium RPG® Book 11

By Steve Edwards

TM



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Dedication

This book is dedicated to Kacey, Merrith and Kelben, may your adventures never end.

I'd like to thank everyone who has made this work possible. Firstly to Kevin and Maryann for giving me this opportunity and for making such a great world!! Special thanks to Bill Coffin, Allison Coffin, Michael Hawthorne, Richard Thomassen, Chris Shields, Wesley Haymaker, all the gang at the Tavern, my parents and mostly my wife, Lynn for allowing me to hog the computer for a year. Thank you all.

— *Steve Edwards, 1999*

The cover by Dave Dorman depicts a knight and his companions ambushing an evil giant.

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Written By: **Steve Edwards**

Additional Text & Concepts: **Kevin Siembieda**

Editors: **Alex Marciniszyn**

Wayne Smith

Proof Reader: **Julius Rosenstein**

Cover Painting: **Dave Dorman**

Interior Artists: **Wayne Breaux Jr.**

Kent Buries

Tyler Walpole

Freddie Williams II

Mike Wilson

Scott Johnslon

Maps: **Steve Edwards**

Art Direction & Keylining: **Kevin Siembieda**

Typography: **Maryann Siembieda**

Based on the RPG rules, magic, characters, worlds, concepts and Megaverse® created by **Kevin Siembieda.**

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Special Thanks to my artists Kent, Wayne, Freddie, Mike, Dave, Scott and Tyler, for bringing the Domain of Man to sparkling life. To Steve Edwards for helping to define the Palladium World, and to Maryann, Steve, Alex and the other Palladium empire builders.

— *Kevin Siembieda, 2001*

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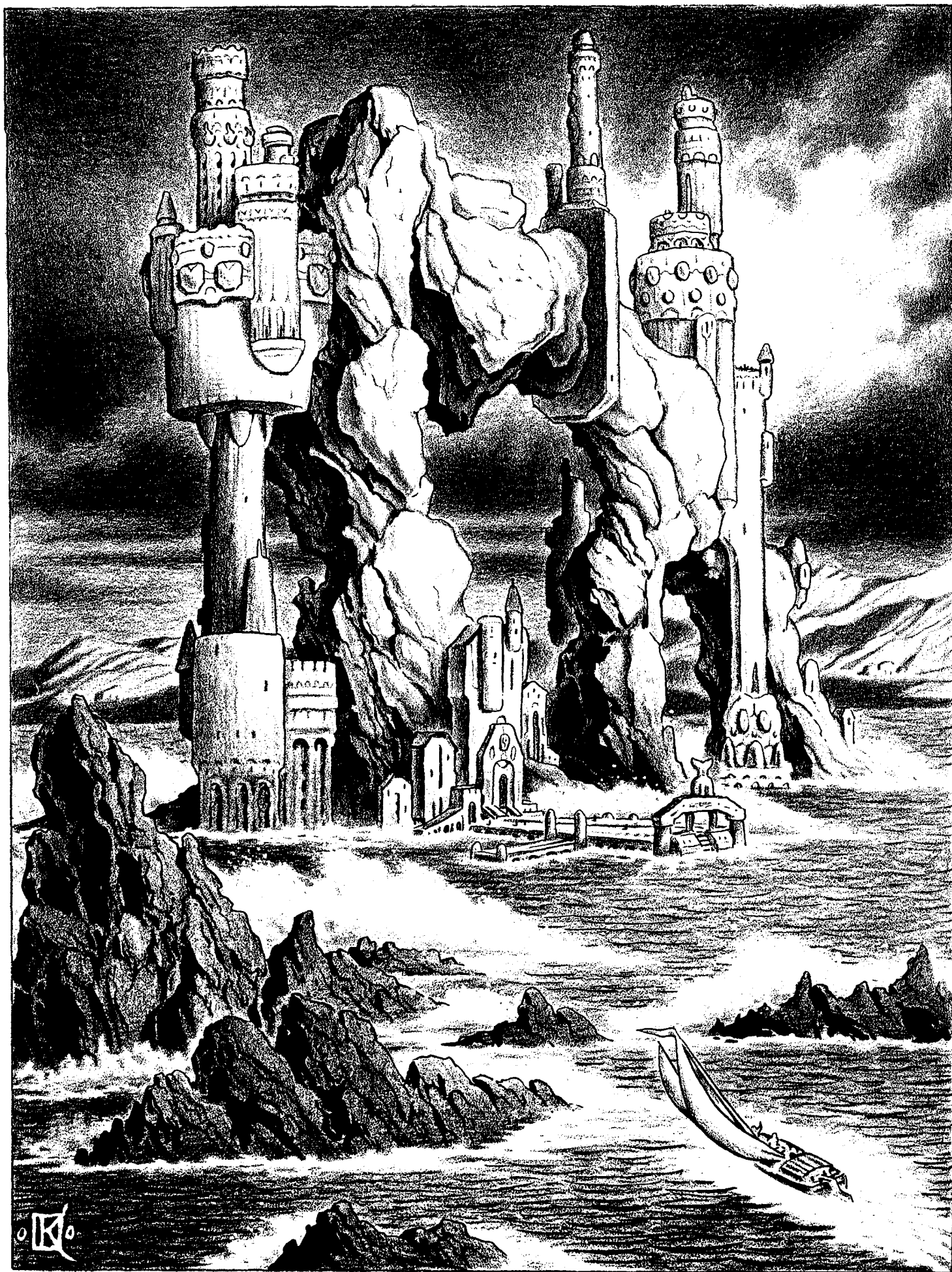
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The Eastern Territory

The Domain of Man

The Eastern Territory is a vast open wilderness also known as the *Domain of Man*. It gets the latter name, because over the centuries it has been the site of numerous "boom times" by human settlers, and also because the "human" settlements are the largest, most organized and arguably, the most civilized in the Territory.

The Eastern Territory or Domain of Man is truly unique in the Palladium World, because it is not ruled by any one king or recognized as one nation. **Instead**, it is a loose-knit conglomeration of dozens upon dozens of tiny to medium-sized villages, towns, city-states, feudal kingdoms and countless homesteads. Much of the surrounding wilderness is, as of yet, unclaimed, and represents an open and free range waiting to be conquered and settled by pioneers bold enough to accept the challenge. If the confederacy of Eastern communities have any one law or edict that they share and work together to uphold, it is that no established Kingdom — **Bizantium**, **Timiro**, The Western Empire, or Land of the South Winds — may (openly) send troops or claim land for itself as an extension of its kingdom. However, people from all these kingdoms, both high born and low, as well as refugees from the barbarous lands of the Old Kingdom, Yin-Sloth Jungles and the Great Northern Wilderness come to the Eastern Territory to build a new life.

Made up of fiercely independent people from all walks of life and diverse cultures, its civilization is built upon revolutionary (for the Palladium World) and contradictory ideas. For example, there are the homesteaders and small communities who believe in personal freedom and seek to build a home where they can live free and independent without having to serve a king or answer to any government. Others seek to build a community or kingdom where they all ascribe to one particular faith or system of beliefs without persecution (although they may persecute those who do not believe as they do), or to build their own kingdom with a government they create structured around their desires, dreams and beliefs. Others are motivated by greed or power and seek to build their own private empire, often patterned on those they have left behind, and any of a hundred other reasons. That's what makes the Eastern Territory so appealing and ripe with promise — there are no established rules, laws or power base. Anything goes. YOU are the master of your own **fate**!

Many feel this free-for-all attitude and disconcerting (even frightening) break from convention makes the Domain of Man a lawless land of chaos poised on the brink of destruction. However, those who flock to the Eastern Territory see it as a land of opportunity and freedom. Current events have placed the region in the throes of its most recent "boom" time, experiencing dramatic growth, development and colonization by a new wave of predominantly (85%) human settlers.

The Eastern Territory is, indeed, a land of optimism and diversity. A place rippling with raw human emotion, energy and explosive change. It is also a place of comparative lawlessness

— some would say absolute chaos — for without one overall governing body, each community conducts its business whatever way it deems fit. Consequently, there is little uniformity in the way of law, customs, pricing or civility. Each community has its own set of leaders, militia, laws, religions, customs and way of life. Although most share the same general attitudes, consider themselves Easterners, use the same currency, and have adopted certain trade policies, most accept the coin of every and any realm in the known world and may depart from convention in any number of ways. Moreover, any presence of the "law" or military usually ends at the border of the local town, leaving the wilderness in between and other communities outside "their law."

Even those communities who have signed trade agreements (lumber, ore, furs, and other goods) with the large, established kingdoms of *Bizantium*, *Timiro*, *Land of the South Winds* and the *Western Empire* will each have negotiated their agreement from scratch, without conferring or exchanging ideas or information with others. The result is hundreds of independent, separate deals all with different terms, prices and conditions; some fair, many foolish. Rivalry and competition is so fierce among the communities of the Eastern Territory, and experience so often lacking, that they constantly make bad deals. The elder nations realize this and regularly play one against the other to get the best deals for themselves, ultimately shortchanging the Eastern communities by a huge margin. In the short-term, these agreements may be good for the towns and city-states who make them, but in the long-run they are cheating themselves out of profits that might insure their lasting survival. This makes many villages short-lived "boom towns" that dry up and blow away, or shrink to a fraction of their size when whatever resource they once profited from is used up and their one-time partner in the elder nation moves on to greener pastures. This is especially true of communities reliant on lumber and mineral resources, and is a good example of how over-exuberance and misplaced optimism create short-sightedness and destroy many settlements.

Ironically, the fact that so many eastern settlements and "new kingdoms" are willing to "sell the farm," so to speak, and make these lopsided deals, is one reason the Domain of Man is allowed to **exist**. Aggressive nations, like the Western Empire, have no reason to invade and conquer the region for themselves, because they get everything they want without any cost or effort on their part. The settlers willingly endure all the cost, take all the risks, do all the hard work, and sell way below market prices, greatly **benefitting** the cunning elder **nations**. In short, the established nations reap the greatest benefit and reward from the settlers' hard work. It's the perfect arrangement, and nobody wants to do anything to change the status quo. An invasion by any elder nation would simply ruin a good thing, and instigate immediate retaliation that could lead to what could, in effect, turn into a world war between *all* of **them**! Thus, the Eastern Territory's strange existence as a multitude of small, fragmented

and independent kingdoms and communities seems insured for at least the next several generations. The only thing that could change this, is if one kingdom in the Domain of Man rose up as a dominant power and began to absorb or conquer the smaller ones, for it is the very fragmentation and independence of the *multitude* that keeps the Eastern Territory from being perceived as a threat or competition to the large nations around them. If that should ever change, the entire dynamics of the region would be shattered.

Land of Opportunity

Immigrants from all parts of the world flock to the Eastern Territory in a mad scramble to carve a home of their own out of the virgin lands. People eager to escape the rampant racism of the Western Empire, the slavery of the **Timiro** Kingdom and the barbarism of the **northlands**, Old Kingdom and Land of the South Winds all see the Eastern Territory as the avenue to their dreams. With them come swordsmen, warriors, mercenaries, cutthroats, sorcerers and adventurers of every stripe, for nowhere is individuality, independence and the pioneer spirit more prevalent than in the Domain of Man. It is an attitude that encourages heroics and inspires adventurers, for here, a person is judged by his actions, and *how* something is done can be as important as why it was done. Thus, wannabe heroes, true champions, the disgraced, nobles and low born all start on a level playing field and people of courage and bold character can prosper, make their mark, rise to celebrity **and/or** power, or make a new home.

The Domain of Man covers the southern two-thirds of the east coast of Palladium, stretching from the sandy soil of the **Tegyn Peninsula** on the Southern Seas in the south to the densely forested shores of the **Algorian Sea** and the snow covered peaks of the **Bruu-Ga-Belimar Mountains** in the north. Between these borders, hundreds of independent settlements, each with their own laws and customs, dot the rich land. From the **Dwarven** mining fortress of **Northolme** in the north to the glittering cities of the **Great River**, to the farming communities of the **Highback Plains**, and the aristocratic estates on the **Tegyn Peninsula**. All are loosely bound economically and militarily through the **Charter of Dominion** whilst maintaining their own independence. For **now**, such a loose-knit confederacy works, but the diversity and independence makes for unreliable allies at best.

For the most part, over the last four centuries the Eastern Territory has enjoyed relative peace. That is to say, no invasion attempts or claims were made against them from any of the established world powers such as Timiro, The Western Empire or **Bizantium**, or mass insurrection by the barbarian hordes of the so-called "monster races." On the other hand, there is constant conflict with the *barbaric natives*, typically inhuman tribes of Ogres, Trolls, Giants, **Orcs**, Goblins, Wolfen, Coyles and other monster races that have made the forests of the Eastern Territory their home for eons. The arrival of a seemingly endless parade of human settlers constantly causes conflicts to erupt as they callously claim lands without regard for the monstrous non-humans who live there. Thus, each new town, village, farm or homestead pushes the monster races deeper into the wilderness, away from human civilization. Those barbarians who dare to fight back are fought, often hunted down to the last man, and slain. Such is the arrogance and **ruthlessness** of many human settlers who see only monsters in the way of their dreams.

Free-for-all! Since no one nation claims these lands, and no human king or kingdom acknowledges the ownership or rights of the monster races, the Eastern Territory is considered "open land" for human settlers bold enough to claim her. Sadly, this means that tracts of land claimed by any monster races, including farms, villages and towns (the latter a rarity), are considered "fair game," open to human conquest and settlement. All the human settlers have to do is take it! Rather than try to negotiate peaceful coexistence with these "monster settlements" (which



are usually under **1000** people, and comparatively unorganized), they are attacked, the inhabitants driven out, and their communities either taken over by the human settlers or plowed under and replaced by a new, human town.

Hopelessly **outnumbered**, the monster races, themselves fragmented into small gangs, clans and tribes, have little chance of stopping the relentless tide of humanity that continues to pour into their lands. If they are lucky or powerful enough to stop one or two takeover attempts, the tribe or village is likely to fall to another in the near future. Not only do the humans keep coming, and in ever greater numbers, but most humans, as a people, summarily consider all members of the monster races (**Orcs**, Goblins, Wolfen, Changelings, etc.) to be dangerous, savage beasts, or as evil incarnate. As a result, humans (and their **Dwarven** and **Elven** allies) often join forces to "remove" or "**eradicate**" what they see as a common enemy - a *menace* to them all. Thus, neighboring independent settlements, towns and cities, along with well-intentioned heroes, **frequently** join forces to rid themselves of the so-called "monsters" or "bandits." Other communities place bounties on their heads or hire *adventurers* and mercenaries to rid them of the menace for them. The only members of the monster races accepted are those who surrender and join one of the human settlements, almost always as second-class citizens. Enemies who fall in combat or clans captured by humans may also be sold into slavery or forced into labor as indentured servants. So it has been for centuries.

Ongoing skirmishes, raids and banditry. Perhaps needless to say, this has given the **Orcs**, Goblins, Ogres, Trolls, Giants, Coyles and other monster races in the region reason to hate **and/or** fear humans, Elves and Dwarves. This is especially true among those who have been run out of their homelands or have had their loved ones enslaved or slain by humans. This motivates many gangs, clans, and tribes, as well as true cutthroats and villains, to become raiders, bandits and **bushwhackers**, with humans as their primary targets. Some victimize humans and adventurers as patriots in a private war to stop the invasion, others strike out of revenge, but most are evil brigands or predatory monsters who victimize humans because they are easy prey. Victimizing human communities, travelers and adventurers is simply a matter of survival. Most **monster races** have regarded humans and other fair folk as their "prey" or "natural enemies" for tens of thousands of years. So while the human settlers are often cold, callous and ruthless in their dealing with these barbarians, to trust or embrace most monstrous **humanoids** is to invite death. While some, like **Orcs**, Goblins and Ogres, can be "civilized" and (for lack of a better word) "domesticated" to some extent, becoming productive members of a human society, many monster races, including **Orcs**, Goblins and Ogres, are natural born predators schooled in the ways of combat, war and treachery. The Giant races, Wolfen, **Kankoran**, Changelings and a few others are as intelligent and as capable of civilized behavior as any human, but have either been persecuted for so many millennia that they don't trust humans (they see them as an enemy and invader) **and/or** the race has a long tradition of being savage warriors and enslavers themselves. Many are truly war-like barbarians who will not accept compromise and sincerely believe that the strong should dominate the weak. Thus, they see no crime or evil in attacking humans or vice **versa**, for from their perspective, only one can dominate (or destroy) the other — may the best man (or monster) win. In fact, many don't

resent humans at all, because they'd do the same thing, or worse, if their places were **reversed**, such is the balance of life as they see it. Unfortunately, such a war-like attitude breeds conflict and makes peaceful resolutions impossible.

The largest towns and cities have the least to worry about in the way of attacks that threaten the entire community. However, specific places or businesses may be targeted for robbery (i.e. food stores, cattle pens, slave pens, etc.), and bandits and raiders may engage in deliberate acts of sabotage and wanton destruction (setting fires, etc.) for fun or revenge. However, while a neighborhood might burn or be ravaged, the town or city at large is under no serious danger. It is the small towns, settlements, farms and homesteads that have reason to worry. While such communities are likely to have a sheriff, protector(s) **and/or** volunteer militia, they may not be enough to counter a large or powerful force of brigands. While magic can be the great equalizer, their attackers are also likely to wield magic. Moreover, total death and destruction is not the worst that can befall a community. A tribe or band of Ogres, Giants, etc., or even a single powerful creature may usurp control over the community and make them serve them (it). Or the community may be regularly raided or extorted to turn over supplies and valuables, **and/or** used for the enjoyment of their tormentors. Being sold into slavery, forced into labor or being kept and eaten as livestock, or used and abused as playthings are other possible fates at the hands of the barbaric monster races. Likewise, bands and tribes on a rampage, out for bloody revenge or to prove themselves as warriors, may attack and slaughter the inhabitants of farms or an entire small village, to say nothing of any human warriors or adventurers who happen to get in the way. For the most part, however, monstrous raiders and bandits try not to kill the golden goose (i.e. their meal ticket, source of income or power) and generally kill only those who stand against them, cause them trouble or insult or annoy them in some way. Duels, battles and brawls to settle matters of honor, or to prove who is the best or who should rule or who should be set free or slain, are as common as flies, especially in the wilderness.

Travelers and transients. Be they armed warriors, wizards, adventurers, or monsters themselves, travelers and adventurers have the most to fear, particularly in the wilderness, the outskirts of large towns, along trade routes, and at lawless communities. Small groups are most vulnerable because they can be easily outnumbered and they are attractive targets because they carry their possessions on their backs. Furthermore, travelers rarely have any strong ties to the local **community(s)**, which means no one will cry over their dead bodies or miss them should they disappear. In short, little or no local retaliation. Thus, if one victimizes only travelers, one can operate with relative impunity. Heck, the locals may not even realize the adventurers were in their area when they fell victim to foul play. No harm, no foul, is the general attitude. Even if a crime is reported, the local authorities are not likely to take action against those responsible because they can not afford the trouble it might bring down on them. Furthermore, they probably don't have the resources to hunt down dangerous fugitives, large gangs or powerful brigands. Besides, the situation is often one stranger's word against another (or worse, a local). Consequently, unless a crime is committed within the town or city limits, there are local eyewitnesses, or trouble is directed at a local inhabitant, the town authority is not likely to do anything other than offer words of

condolence, sympathy and advice. This is one of the reasons *duels*, *vendettas* and *brawls* are tolerated as an acceptable way to get retribution or resolve one's differences. Vendettas are not tolerated if leveled against the town or they bring trouble to the community, but they are generally ignored if two rival groups go at each other's throats outside of town. **Note:** The word of a local will have considerably more weight with the law and judiciary than that of a visitor, stranger or adventurer.

Land Claims. Other than skirmishes with bandits, monsters, sorcerers and rivals, the only other point of contention is skirmishes by powerful individuals, businesses and communities over the same land or resource (i.e. mine, waterway, well, etc.). Typically the winner of such disputes takes all, and the loser is ruined, driven away **and/or** killed.

Local Armies. There have been no "imperial" challenges from the elder nations, so there has been little need for a standing army. Even most eastern city-states keep only a small army **and/or** volunteer militia in order to fund expanding their community, and building roads and bridges. Indeed, only the city of **Llorn** continues to maintain its military force, hiring out over half of its army to other communities and businesses who can afford their battle hardened veterans. Even the knightly orders in the Domain of Man have seen their numbers shrink to alarming levels. Only the recent threat of war with the Wolfen Empire over the Disputed Lands has given people pause to consider building armed forces, but most choose to hire or beseech the help of adventurers and heroes rather than build a military force. What armed camps that do exist are largely untried and inexperienced.

The economy in the Domain of Man is stronger than ever as new markets open every day. Fine wines and jewels from the southern portion of the Territory are found in every noble court in the world, while the mercenary soldiers of Llorn and the weapons of **Northolme** fill out the militias of most settlements north of the city of Wisdom. However, whereas the Western Empire relies on its magic and incredible wealth to prosper and the **Timiro** Kingdom has its centuries long traditions, the **Domain of Man** relies on the intervention of heroes and the strongly independent nature of its citizens. Nowhere else will a person find people of such strong **conviction**, motivation and courage; this is the East, the Dominion, and the Age of Man.

Brief history of the Domain of Man

100,000 years ago: The Age of Chaos ends and the Old Ones are placed in an enchanted slumber to last the ages. One of the few surviving races, the **Danzy**, inhabit the Eastern Territory as their homeland, the Elves eventually build the New Kingdom in the south.

8,700 years ago: The fighting of the Elf-Dwarf War spills into the Eastern Territory on the coast of the Inland Sea, the Great River and **Bruu-Ga-Belimar** mountains. The warring factions clash with the Danzy, a race of tattooed **humanoids** believed to have been extinct for at least 30,000 years.

6,000 years ago: The Elves and Dwarves arrive on the shores of the Inland Sea as they retreat from the declining New Kingdom. Others migrate down the Old Kingdom River and arrive in Timiro. A few Elven colonists reinhabit the island of Phi after three centuries of neglect.

2,800 years ago: Elsewhere in Palladium, the *Timiro Kingdom* rises to power.

2,354 years ago: The first human explorers from the Western Empire travel deep into the heart of the Eastern Territory and what will later become the Disputed Lands; Wolfen and **Bearmen** are discovered by humans.

1,200 years ago: A small settlement is established at the mouth of the Great River by followers of the *Church of Light and Dark* led by Father Antes of the Cult of the Great One who is seeking to convert the denizens of the wild Eastern Territory. The followers claim to carry one of the fourteen parts of Osiris and begin construction of a shrine.

1,175 years ago: The city of Haven is constructed around the site of the shrine and is open only to followers of the Church of Light and Dark. The building project is spearheaded by Father **Mezim**. It takes a full two decades to complete.

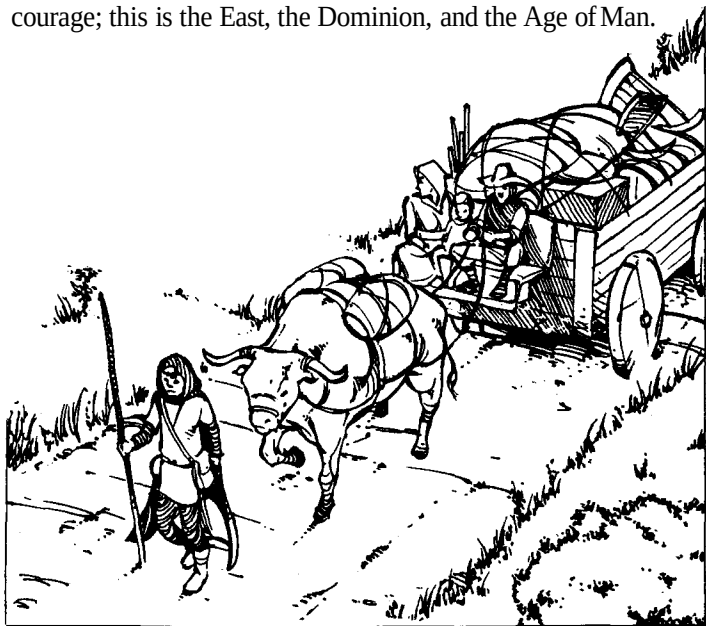
1,155 years ago: The construction of Haven is completed and the Antes temple is born, housing the shrine of Osiris. The temple gains its namesake from Father Antes who died a year before its completion. Work on the Tower of Light is begun.

995 years ago: A mining colony is established at the base of the *White Rock Mountains on the Tegyn Peninsula*. The miners find rich deposits of rubies and diamonds and the entire colony enjoys a brief span of prosperity.

994 years ago: The White Rock colony is destroyed by **Orcs** of the Blood Eye Horde. Emboldened by their success, the **Orcs** drive west and invade the eastern border of the **Timiro Kingdom**. The Royal Timiro Army soundly defeats the Blood Eye Horde and the ravaged **Orc** army retreats back onto the Tegyn peninsula. Border raids continue for the next four decades.

955 years ago: The Tower of Light is completed and is the tallest structure in the known world.

950 years ago: Sir Aaron **Penington** leads an army of 35,000 to root out and destroy the Blood Eye Horde. After 3 months of skirmishing, a titanic battle is fought in the *Mound Hills*. 80,000 **Orcs** die to the last man in what becomes known as the *Penington Campaign*. With the destruction of the Blood Eye Horde, the Tegyn Peninsula is opened for colonization. Sir Penington creates the *Ivory Throne* from the bones of the Orcish war chiefs and declares dominion of the entire region. The Timiro Kingdom formally recognizes Sir **Penington's** claim.



Though King **Penington** lays claim to the entire **peninsula**, only the lands bordering the **Timiro** Kingdom are actively colonized. **Penington's** second in command during the campaign, Sir **Joran Anken**, is given the hereditary title of Count by Penington and is granted lordship of the lands bordering the mountains and the marshes. Count Anken immediately reopens the mines closed nearly half a century earlier.

905 years ago: King Penington dies at the age of 70 years. He leaves two sons who both claim the throne. The Anken family sides with the youngest of the claimants while the rest of the nobility that grew up under the rule of Joran side with the eldest. A brief war is fought and the kingdom quickly splinters. From then on, the region is dubbed "The Kingdoms."

900 years ago: Immigrants from the crumbling Western Empire and Old Kingdom begin arriving on **Lopan** and the east shores of the Inland Sea.

880 years ago: Population levels in the Timiro Kingdom reach a critical level and a flood of Timiro immigrants finally begin settling the interior of the **Tegyn** Peninsula.

Elsewhere, the shores of the Inland Sea are settled and scores of villages appear almost overnight. The native **Danzi** avoid them. Western settlers discover the ruins of several ancient cities but avoid them after several treasure hunters disappear and rumors of demons and ghosts abound.

870 years ago: An army of Ogres, Trolls, **Algor** Giants, **Orcs**, Coyles and Goblins descend upon the settlements on the Inland Sea and push them to the **Dwarven** town of **Kadaskome**. The Danzi join the battle and together destroy the invaders' army, but not before half of the settlers and their villages are destroyed. The Danzi are now recognized as elusive inhabitants of the region, but most avoid contact with the settlers and retreat into the wilderness.

850 years ago: Count Edger Anken grants the lands bordering the marshlands to the Wyndglades family. The marsh soon takes on the Wyndglade namesake. Initial forays into the waterlogged marshlands show little promise for expansive colonization. Cattle and their handlers begin disappearing on the edges of the marsh, giving rise to rumors of swamp monsters.

700 years ago: The Tegyn Peninsula is washed in a tide of humanity as settlers begin exploring the region. They encounter scores of monolithic stones and other ruins as well as the occasional nomadic Danzi.

In the north, the city-state of Haven is well established and opens relations with Timiro and neighboring outposts. Immigrants from the south, denied citizenship in Haven, travel west and begin carving settlements along the Old Kingdom River. Immigrants from the Inland Sea reach the Great River in the northeast, while the first humans arrive on Phi.

650 years ago: Tension and discord brews among the nobility of the Penington Kingdom, rumors abound that the Anken family is seeking to claim the Ivory Throne. The Circle of the Scroll is established and settlers erect the foundation of what will become the city of Wisdom.

620 years ago: The Great River cities are firmly established. The Tower of Light is formally declared the seat of power for the Church of Light and Dark in the east. Logging begins in earnest along the river and great swaths of land are completely deforested to fuel the growing settlements.

600 years ago: The Island Kingdom of **Bizantium** openly declares its sovereignty. The Wolfen and **Coyle** barbarian tribes war among themselves and raid all non-canine people. The Danzi are a prime target of the tribes' aggression in the east.

580 years ago: The first canine invasion begins. Three-hundred thousand strong (two thirds Coyles), the barbarian horde lays waste to the human settlements along the Inland Sea and the north. At the same time, the Kingdoms to the south hotly disagree on whether to send military aid to the embattled north. Old feuds amongst the nobles and regional powers erupt into open bloodshed and the ensuing conflict is dubbed the War of Houses. Any question of sending troops to fight the Wolfen is forgotten.

576 years ago: The canine invasion reaches the northern tip of the Old Kingdom. Refugees from the fighting assemble in an unoccupied ruin on the present spot of **Llorn** overlooking the Inland Sea where they are able to hold off the Wolfen horde for three days. Losing patience, the barbarians finally leave and turn east towards the Great River cities after destroying the Dwarven city of Kadaskome, ending its 3,500 years of continual habitation.

572 years ago: The Wolfen horde arrives at the walls of Haven. The fighting continues for another six months. The people of Haven claim victory, but they win only because the canines start to fight among themselves and disappear back into the Great Northern Wilderness. Still, thousands of Wolfen and Coyles are killed. Of the original 300,000 canines who began the invasion, only **50,000**, mostly Wolfen, make it back. Wolfen and Coyle raids continue for centuries, but no force numbers more than 40,000 and most are well under 5,000.

The Fortress of *South Watch* is established on the shores of the **Algorian** Sea where they can keep an eye on the canine barbarians.

500 years ago: A shaky peace finally returns to the Eastern Territory with the fall of the Anken family, ending the second oldest noble line in the East. The **Peningtons** take control of the Anken diamond mines.

The Great River cities are rebuilt and thrive. Logging on a vast scale begins again and large swatches of the **Highback** Plains are recultivated. Llorn is formally declared an independent city with the arrival of General **Mistoan** and the young Duke VasPaseon from the Western Empire. Coyle attacks begin on logging camps in the Disputed Lands. South Watch retaliates by attacking Wolfen along the **Algorian** Sea.

450 years ago: The Great River cities open talks to establish **fair** and equal taxation policies and to **officialize** currency weights. Initial discussion begins on military cooperation. Coyles raze a Borderland settlement on the Eastern Ocean coast killing 200 men, women and children. Despite Wolfen claims of innocence, South Watch destroys a long house 50 miles (80 km) inside Wolfen lands. Meanwhile, a combined force of **Llornian** mercenaries and Danzi hunters destroy the band of Coyle marauders responsible.

Away from the eyes of humans, the Wolfen (and Coyles serving under them) defeat the last of the Danzi armies on the shores of the **Algorian** sea. The battle is so fierce and the Danzi so courageous, that the Wolfen declare them noble warriors to be honored and respected.

Elsewhere, the Highback Plains are cultivated and the Great River city populations begin to rise as food becomes more plentiful. The region enjoys a boom time that lasts 30 years.

411 years ago: The Western Empire prepares to launch the greatest human offensive in history against the Eastern Territory to claim it for themselves. The **Timiro** Kingdom, the Land of the South Winds, and Kingdom of **Bizantium** join forces and take diplomatic action to stop the invasion while each prepares its own army. If the West forces the issue, they will wage a united war against the Empire of Sin. If the Eastern Territory should fall into the hands of the Western Empire (or any one nation) it will greatly unbalance the world powers.

409 years ago: The (very) temporary union of the Land of the **South-Winds**, Timiro Kingdom and Bizantium, joined by the strongest cities and kingdoms of the Eastern Territory, finally persuades the Western Empire to withdraw its armies and declare a truce. A condition of the surrender is the signing of the *White Paper* by which the Empire promises to never again build or use the Demon Black Ships. Though they are not invited to sign it, all of the major city-states in the Eastern Territory welcome and support the treaty.

These events make it clear that no existing nation owns the Territory and spark a boom time for homesteaders and settlers from the lands of the three allies, particularly Timiro and Bizantium. The Emperor in the west declares that any citizen of the Western Empire found leaving the kingdom to settle in the "wild east" will lose their citizenship forever, and they and their descendants will be executed as traitors if they dare to return for any reason. Despite that, at least ten thousand Westerners venture to the east to make new lives. The Western Empire slips into centuries of decline.

340 years ago: The Eastern Territory is declared the "**Dominion of Man**" and the region experiences one of many intermittent booms in human colonization. The final draft of the *Charter of Dominion* is penned and presented to the eastern kingdoms. In the north, the Charter is greeted with enthusiasm and all but a few of the River Cities sign. The attitude towards the Charter is mixed as several of the more powerful nobles stall. **Lopan** and Bizantium refuse to sign, though Bizantium does agree to a more limited series of economic treaties.

200 years ago: Finally succumbing to pressure from **Llorn**, Lopan signs the Charter of Dominion and it is formally recognized as an independent kingdom.

100 years ago: The Silver Coin **Coyle** horde destroys the fortified town of **Malroon** on the Great River, killing 2,000 people. The Wolfen are implicated and the Dominion Army is mobilized to beat back a supposed invasion. During the next year, no less than 16,000 Wolfen, already weakened due to an ongoing civil war of their own, are killed as the east invades Wolfen lands in retribution.

80 years ago: The "Sun Bridge" over the Great River is completed and New Haven, on the northern shores of the river, is born. The **Dwarven** engineers sell the blueprints to the city and leave for home.

72 years ago: Phi officially declares itself The Kingdom of Phi and joins The Dominion of Man as the Western Empire rebuilds.

68 years ago: News of yet another Wolfen civil war spurs Governor General **Wesmark** of South Watch and commander of

the Borderland Army to make a thrust into Wolfen lands. Initial resistance by the embattled Wolfen is weak and uncoordinated.

67 years ago: The Borderland Army is caught by surprise as the newly created Wolfen Empire drives the human invaders back to South Watch. Governor General Wesmark is killed in the botched invasion attempt and his title is posthumously revoked. Only a quarter of the Borderland Army makes it home alive with stories about an organized Wolfen Empire and skilled military force. Their tales are met with a mix of disbelief, terror, and uncertainty. Many refuse to believe the Wolfen are capable of such things, and mistakenly point to the brazen clans of disorganized and barbaric Coyles as proof. Despite this, reports of an organized and skilled Wolfen military presence in the Disputed Lands persist. The Coyles are emboldened to launch more raids against human settlements and adventurers in the northeast.

30 years ago: The Dominion Army sweeps across the Old Kingdom River and destroys several Orcish strongholds, reducing the constant fighting along the river, sparking the most recent boom time of settlement.

20 years ago: Elsewhere on **Palladium**, Lord Itomas ascends to the Imperial Throne, marking the rebirth of the Western Empire. Westerners going east slows to a trickle a short time after.

5 years ago: Scouts and locals in the Dominion of Man report signs of large numbers of Ogres congregating in the mountains north of Timiro. The Timiro Kingdom politely ignores the warning.

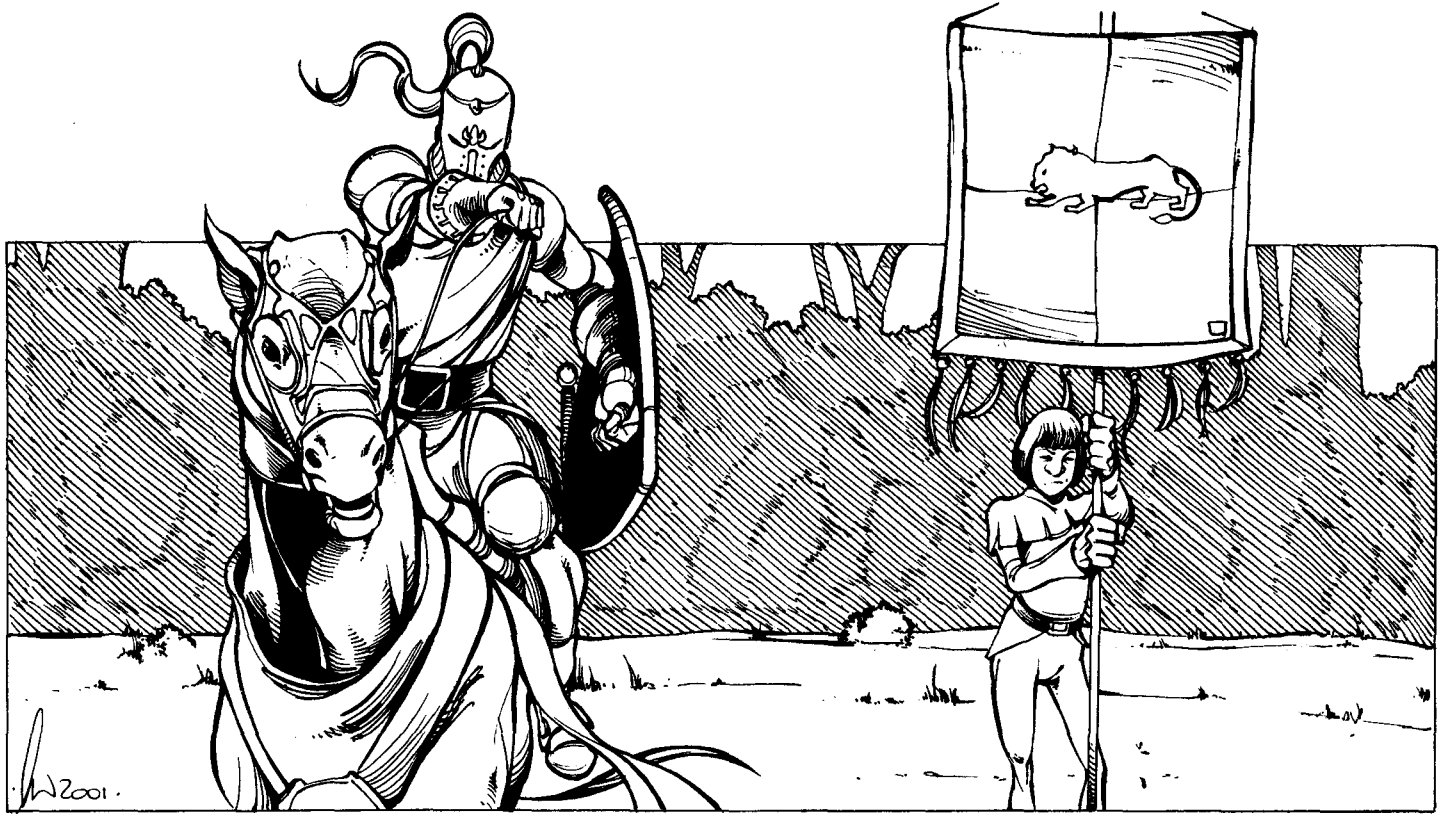
3 years ago: The Wolfen Empire brings many of the barbarian Coyle tribes into the Empire, but discord strains the young kingdom and the Wolfen Empire begins to splinter along old tribal lines.

2 years ago: The Wolfen expand their claim to include all the lands north of the Great River. The Disputed Lands, they insist, are theirs.

Elsewhere **Llorn** opens the *Grand Canal* and Western Empire glassware, spices and gold flood the northeast communities, along with a new rush of Western settlers.

Today: Hostilities in the Disputed Lands and areas bordering them have reached the breaking point, and war seems imminent. Emissaries from the Dominion of Man and the Wolfen Empire are meeting at the Tower of Light to find some way to avert a full scale war, but the Dominion fears the Wolfen are only stalling. The Silver Coin Coyles and other clans continue to attack settlements and travelers in the Disputed Lands and the Dominion blames the Wolfen Empire. To make matters worse, pressure from the rejuvenated Western Empire has pushed the seemingly limitless tribes of **Orcs**, Ogres and Goblins along their borders and in the Old Kingdom east. Raids and conflicts all along the Old Kingdom River have steadily and dramatically risen. Dominion scouts report the Orcish strongholds cleared three decades ago have been reoccupied and are more heavily populated and aggressive than ever before.

Meanwhile, rumors of a Wolfen General vowing to wash humans out of the Disputed Lands in a sea of their own blood, combined with the rising Ogre and **Orc** population in the south-east, have caused the most recent boom time to come to a screeching halt.



The Charter of Dominion

In the years following the canine invasion, the cities of the Great River created the core of what would later be known as the *Charter of Dominion*. The Charter was originally intended as a political treaty uniting the governments of the cities along the Great River, but many of the more powerful cities, including *Llorn* and *Haven*, refused to sign the completed work and the project was scrapped. A decade later, High Priestess Mariana of Haven and Duke VasPaseon of Llorn called a council to resume work on the Charter, this time involving representatives of every major city along the Great River and many of the smaller communities further inland. It took nearly three years to hammer out a new document, but this time the major city-states and scores of small and medium settlements signed it, and the region was dubbed the *Domain of Man*. Within a century, 83% of the communities in the Eastern Territory, new and old, had signed the Charter of Dominion.

Provisions of the Charter of Dominion

The Charter of Dominion is a **lengthy** and somewhat clumsy document (1200 pages and growing!) that promises to recognize all who sign it as independent, sovereign entities, while forging a fundamental trade/economic and military alliance. In short, an alliance of communities, large and small, as a loose-knit confederacy that acknowledges each other's right to exist and exercise political freedom, with a (theoretically) uniform set of guidelines for commerce, trade and defense. Conspicuously absent from the charter is any attempt to form "one central government" or a political league of nations. An important stipulation

by the creators of the Charter was that it would in no way dictate the governing policies, taxation, laws, ethics, religion or personal freedoms of the charter members - a revolutionary idea for the people of the Palladium World. Creating a constitution that would detail the legal rights of every member government and independent **in** the Dominion of Man was impossible, and the reason the first version was so vehemently rejected by the free and independent majority. The final version, however, has met with overwhelming support and approval, although the level of participation and adherence to the precepts can vary dramatically from place to place.

Dominion Council: The Dominion Council is composed of representatives from every major population center and member of the Charter. The representation is dependent upon population so a large city such as Llorn or Haven will have its own representative while the entire **Highback** Plains region has only two representatives. The council meets daily during the summer months every year in the *City of Wisdom* to discuss support for the Dominion Army, military quotas, border disputes and any other issues that affect trade or regional defense. Only a three quarter majority vote by the Dominion Council can dispatch Dominion troops to war, recognize new members (and in so doing, new member states/cities/communities), adjust the trade agreement or add further measures to the Charter. In addition to addressing political issues, half the summer is spent on numerous extravagant parties where members wine and dine one another to charm, impress and make political allies.

Economic Provisions

A uniform gold standard. The Charter of Dominion's first role is to form a base for the Dominion's economy. Prior to the Charter, each city minted its own coin while the rural communities depended more on barter than gold. Although this system

worked adequately so long as there was little trade between communities, once merchants began traveling between settlements on a regular basis conflicts began to arise when the gold of one city was worth less in a neighboring community. The Great River Merchants' Guild in the north first proposed the current gold weight as the standard that should be used in all of its member cities. Today, there is truly a single gold standard that is recognized everywhere in the Dominion, including the scattered communities who have not signed the Charter of Dominion. So while most cities still mint their own coins, the value of these coins is based upon a common standard, so one coin of the realm is the same as another; i.e. the **Llornian** Mark (1 gold piece) is worth the same as the Kingdom's Crown (1 gold piece). **Furthermore**, the Charter specifically prevents the practice of requiring merchants to use only the "host city's" coin for business as a way to circumvent the common gold standard, meaning a coin minted anywhere in the Domain of Man follows the same standards and is acceptable anywhere in the Eastern Territory.

The following coinage, the Merchants' Guild standard, is provided by the Charter and is accepted throughout the Eastern Territory.

- ½ silver crown
- silver crown (valued as 1 gold piece)
- 1 gold crown
- 5 gold crown
- 10 gold crown
- 50 gold crown

Due to varying gold weights amongst the major nations of Palladium, the exact value of coins is different in the East than it is in the West. See below for a brief comparison of the world's currency. Note, the below figures are only valid within the Eastern Territory. It is unlikely that a Western Empire merchant would accept an Eastern one gold piece as more valuable than a Western one gold piece.

- Western Empire currency is worth 75% of its face value (100 Western gold is only worth 75 Eastern gold).
- **South-Winds** currency is worth 50% of its face value
- **Timiro** Kingdom currency is worth 125% of its face value
- Wolfen Empire currency is not accepted as legal tender.

Barter remains. The Dominion coin standard is widely supported and has worked reasonably well, especially in the older kingdoms and large cities and towns. However, most places will still take virtually any and all types of gold and silver from dust, nuggets and slugs to coins from anywhere in the world; the exact exchange rate varying at each community. Many communities, especially small ones and wilderness villages, will also take Wolfen coin (most quickly melt them down to **unrecognizable** slugs), as well as barter (trade) goods and services in exchange for other goods or services. This means one can easily **"trade"** gems, jewelry, furs, magic items, ancient artifacts, weapons, and just about anything without difficulty for just about anything, from a plate of beans or suit of armor to a room at a hotel or the service of a healer - usually with no questions asked. The trouble with barter is that the best haggler gets the best deal, and the established shop seldom pays more than 30% of what the item is worth. Only pure silver, gold and gems will actually get 50-75%

of their true value, and magic items 40-60%. The Coalition of Merchants tries to discourage barter, but the practice is so ingrained (and profitable) that there is little that can be done about it.

Coalition of Merchants Guild. In addition to the standardized gold weights, the Charter of Dominion established the national Merchants' Guild that took the existing Great River Merchants' Guild and expanded it as guidelines for inter-city commerce in the Dominion. It is a hefty task overseeing the thousands of merchant operations both small and large that keep the Domain of Man economically strong. If the trade between cities breaks down it can lead to fierce rivalry, unfair trade practices, price gouging, exploitation, hot emotions, vendetta, and even war. It is the Coalition of Merchants Guild's job to try to prevent this from happening in the first place and settling disputes as fairly and peacefully as they can when they occur.

The Merchants' Guild is headquartered in the City of Wisdom between the Old Kingdom River and the Eastern Ocean. It is a safe distance from the Wolfen in the north, and the Ogres in the west, and is a central location. Within Wisdom are the Guild treasury, arbitration league, recruiting center, and the massive administrative complex tasked with the seemingly impossible job of keeping tabs on every current member of the Guild while recruiting new members. Any town with a population of 2,000 or more has its own CMG Ambassador responsible for both representing the businesses of that community and trying to get regional businesses (including non-members) to follow the trade guidelines of the Charter and conform to Guild standards and practices. Cities with populations of 12,000 or more will have a full-fledged Guild House (also referred to as the CMG Guild Office) complete with Guild Ambassador, administrative staff, accountants, legal staff, guards both to protect the Guild House and to serve as bodyguards for visiting merchants (if deemed necessary by the Guild Ambassador), and Collectors, the investigative/law enforcement branch of the Merchants' Guild.

The Guild is an administrative and, to some degree, a legal institution that is comprised of over one million merchants, all of whom pay **10%** of their annual income in the form of dues to the guild. The Guild uses these funds to pay its many employees and to maintain operations. This is not to say that every merchant in the Eastern Territory is a member of the Guild, far from it, but they have a strong presence and influence over the commerce in the Domain of Man. Those merchants who choose not to join the Coalition of Merchants Guild quickly find that the costs of doing business are higher. Non-member merchants who engage in inter-city trade or operate traveling merchant caravans are frequently boycotted by CMG members and are sometimes charged a **10-20%** tax on all goods sold at a town or city where the CMG has a strong influence and majority membership. They can also be charged a fee to enter the city and are likely to be given a poor location to set up shop. Likewise, CMG merchants may organize to demand a particular price or discount for goods sold to them at wholesale. If the non-member merchant refuses, all CMG members refuse to buy (and they warn non-members not to buy too, or there may be trouble). Foreign and independent merchants who are not CMG members are also charged to use the Trade Road, a highway of stone that runs from **Llorn** in the west all the way to Haven in the east, and construction has recently started to build a branch of the road south towards Wisdom. The Trade Road is constructed, maintained and managed



by the Coalition of Merchants Guild. Non-members must pay a toll to get on the road as well as at every town they encounter along the way, forcing these traders to pick their stops with care and then to make a wide detour around those towns they do not stop at. Not only is it more dangerous to wander from the road due to bandits, but the land tends to be heavily forested along the Great River, making wagon travel very difficult if not impossible in places. Of course, one can always use the river for free, but the CMG strikes again with dock tolls that are three or four times higher for non-guild members. Guild merchant vessels are supposed to be a brotherhood that will assist fellow guild members who appear to be in trouble on land, river, or sea, but this courtesy is not extended to independent traders or foreign merchants who refuse to join the CMG. So controlling and vindictive is the Coalition of Merchants Guild, that many will cheer while an independent's ship sinks or is being boarded by pirates.

The annual dues for membership in the Coalition of Merchants Guild are steep but the rewards are obvious and substantial. Firstly, members are exempt from all entrance taxes and tolls anywhere in the Eastern Territory, with the exception of fees charged by communities that do not follow the recommended guidelines of the Dominion Charter or don't have a majority of businesses who belong to the CMG (this is common among the smaller communities and wilderness villages). Each city and town in the Domain of Man has its own laws and customs, sometimes obscure and easily broken. The Guild maintains its own staff of lawyers, clerks and advisors in each town

who know the ins and outs of the local laws. These lawyers are on hand to both advise visiting merchants and to represent them in the event they break a law. If the crime is committed purposefully, the Guild will usually pay whatever fines are required and then take their own administrative action against the offending merchant. This action can take the form of higher dues, perhaps 15% of total income rather than 10%, a one time fine to reimburse the guild for both the fine it paid and for the wages of the legal team, to confiscation of property including wagons, animals, boats, warehouses, and homes, and as a last resort, expulsion from the CMG (a rarity). It is important to remember that the Coalition of Merchants Guild only acts when the member is not operating in his/her home city. While doing business in their home, such as a Llorin based merchant operating in Llorin, the member does not enjoy the legal services or tax exemption.

As the quantity of goods and money has increased, the Coalition of Merchants Guild has introduced **Scripts of Credit**, redeemable in any city or community with a Guild Office and usable by both members and non-members alike. These scripts are basically cashier-checks for a prepaid sum, though they can be issued as part of a loan as well. Scripts can only be issued by a Guild Ambassador and must be signed by both the issuer and the recipient. Once both parties have signed, the note is sealed with a button of red wax bearing the seal of the Coalition of Merchants Guild and the name of the issuing city. If the seal is broken by anyone except the Guild Ambassador of the city in which the script is to be used, or the script is damaged or altered, it is rendered **null-and-void!** In this circumstance, the

money is gone and will not be refunded, nor will a new script be issued. As a final security measure, and to dissuade criminals from stealing scripts, the holder must sign his or her signature to a log prior to the script being opened. The signature in the log is compared to that on the Script. If they match, the holder is either given gold or jewels in the amount shown on the voucher. If the sum is too outrageous, or if the Guild Office does not have the required gold, a second script can be issued so that the holder can go to a larger Office in another city or a guild representative can accompany the script holder while they conduct business within the city to write promissory notes.

To protect these scripts of credit, watertight scroll tubes can be purchased at the time the script is issued for a mere 5 gold. The tubes are free for Guild members but the tube must be returned to the office that countersigns the note. Script service is free for Guild members, while non-members are required to pay a 2% transaction fee or 50 gold, whichever is greater. Despite the risk of loss, scripts have several advantages over carrying large sums of coinage: they are much lighter than coins, they can be concealed easily, do not make noise and can be used as a convenient method of prepaying couriers and ensuring they deliver their cargo safely.

One of the most popular, but controversial, CMG services is that of The Collectors, an investigation and recovery division available for hire to investigate robbery and murder. These hard-bitten operatives are a cross between a *bounty hunter*, *police detective* and recovery team. Any experienced (typically 6th to 10th level) Men at Arms O.C.C. may be hired as a Collector, with the most common O.C.C.s being *Mercenary Warrior*, *Soldier*, *Ranger*, *Bounty Hunter* (see the Yin-Sloth Jungles sourcebook), *Psi-Mystic*, *Psychic Sensitive*, and presumably retired or "reformed" Assassins, and *Thieves*. Only 12% are practitioners of magic, typically *Wizard* or *Warlock*, but there is the occasional *Diabolist*, *Mind Mage* and other O.C.C. such as *Scholar*. Mind Mages and Psychic Sensitives are in the highest demand and highly paid (cost 50% more than normal), but least available.

Collectors are typically hired in pairs or a small team of 4-7 agents, usually a mixed group of men of arms, with a Wizard and/or psychic as part of the group, not unlike a typical adventurer's group. Their job: To investigate a crime, typically robbery and/or murder at the hands of bandits, raiders or bushwhackers, track down those responsible, bring them to justice, and most importantly, recover as much of the stolen property as possible, or failing that, get restitution (i.e. seize the property of the brigands for resale to compensate for the merchant's losses). Collectors are most often hired by merchants in the export and import business (mass quantities of goods), shippers, merchant caravans and wealthy nobles and alchemists. Smaller businessmen may hire one or more Collectors too, but these **thugish** investigators and recovery specialists are usually brought in to recover rare, super-valuable items stolen by brigands or large shipments of expensive goods. Although this is expressly prohibited, they may also be brought in to exact revenge, using "investigation, recovery and restitution" as an excuse and cover for revenge and murder. The wealthiest, most powerful and most desperate clients hire themselves Collectors.

Cost: A-List Collectors, agents 9th to 11th level and higher, and include Master Collectors (6th level and up; see the optional



O.C.C. elsewhere in this section), practitioners of magic and Mind Mages, psychics and the best of the best, cost 600 gold per man, per week, plus reasonable expenses, plus they get **12%** of the fair market, wholesale value of goods recovered and the Guild gets 20%. The percentage is taken from the retail value for rare, exotic treasures, powerful magic items and similar things, such as an ancient rune sword or the hand of Osiris.

B-List Collectors, agents 5th to 8th level (sometimes 4th), including Master Collectors, Psychics and Mind Mages under sixth level, cost 300 gold per man, per week, plus reasonable expenses, plus they get 6% of the fair market, wholesale value of goods recovered and the Guild gets 20%. The percentage is taken from the retail value for rare, exotic treasures.

Although Collectors are primarily concerned with those crimes targeted against Guild members, they can also be hired by non-members through the Merchants' Guild Office at the rates above plus an additional 800 gold per month and an additional finder's fee of 10% of the total value of any merchandise recovered. Due to their expense, few outside of the guild will hire them unless the cargo is unusually valuable. Note that the monthly fee is paid to the Guild. The finder's fee is paid directly to the Collector.

Field operations. When on the hunt, Collectors tend to be suspicious, pushy and all too willing to resort to violence to get answers. This is especially true when the **perpetrator(s)** is caught in the wilderness away from the protection of local authorities. In these cases, the brigand is usually condemned on the spot, and unless he can provide valuable information (like where they can recover the loot, where others responsible for the crime can be found, etc.), is typically beaten within an inch of his life or tortured or maimed (i.e. hand or foot chopped off or crushed) and left for dead, or executed on the spot! A fitting punishment? For some, perhaps, but for many, it is much too harsh, and at least 10% of the Collectors' suspects are completely innocent. Prejudice plays a roll too, with members of the monster races (especially Wolfen, Coyles, Ogres, Trolls and Giants) more likely to be maimed or slain than humans, Elves or Dwarves. Since "recovery of loss" by **reacquiring** the stolen goods or equivalent restitution is usually the most important aspect of their assignment, many Collectors engage in threats and extortion, threaten a suspect (including innocent ones) to turn over the goods or make restitution, "or else" — and we have already seen what "or else" means. If the suspected perpetrator or an accomplice, like a fence or corrupt government official or business person, is obviously unable to protect himself, the Collectors *may* "make him pay" by roughing him up, destroying property, and threatening his family (or position) unless he pays a large sum of money as restitution. Failing that, they will simply "take" whatever personal property (cash, gems, jewelry, valuable works of art, magic items, cattle or other livestock, etc.) they deem suitable to help make restitution. If the **perp** is non-human or gives them trouble, they may beat, torture or kill him or one or more members of his family or staff, **and/or** burn his home or business down. As reprehensible and extreme as the actions of Collectors can be, most communities allow them to exist, because the regional law is usually limited and understaffed, plus judicial and prison resources are minimal and overcrowded. Besides, 70% of their "victims" are of the monster races, and when it comes to Wolfen, Coyles, **Bearmen**, Trolls, and Giants, any excuse to hang one is often seen as a good one.

When operating within a village, town or city, the Collectors are expected to obey local laws and work with the authorities. In fact, the local lawmen are supposed to accompany them to make any arrest of a local citizen, or a desperado currently staying in town. However, Collectors often consider themselves to be a law unto themselves and do as they please. This can lead to clashes between the Collectors and local lawmen, militias, and civic leaders, all of whom often resent their arrogant presence and heavy-handed tactics in the first place. Conflict is most likely when the "suspect" is a respected member of the community, has political clout or is a member of the CMG. In these cases, the Collector must gather enough genuine evidence to **actually prove** the suspect's guilt or secretly capture or assassinate the criminal, recover the stolen property (or equivalent restitution), and then slip out of town undetected. On the other hand, some authorities welcome Collectors and are glad to let them contend with known thieves, gangs and troublemakers, rather than have to do it themselves. When murder is involved, especially cold-blooded murder or acts of violence directed at innocent women, children, or the slaughter of unarmed merchants and porters, the Collectors are even more cold-blooded and lethal.

Note: Not all Collectors are brutal thugs, half are well-intentioned and law-abiding agents who try to work with local authorities, so they show mercy and try not to kill anybody who doesn't need killing. Still they tend to be rough and hard, and even the brutes see themselves as "lawmen," if not outright heroes. Those of good alignment and intentions *may* stop to help fellow lawmen and innocent people along the way, but most are pretty focused on the task at hand.

Military Provisions

The Charter of Dominion **also** makes provisions for the creation and maintenance of a Coalition Army. Every signed member of the Charter must provide a certain amount of tax money or a set quantity of military equipment, whether that is weapons or just raw materials. Additionally, each Charter member is expected to recruit volunteers for the army as well as maintain a militia for its own local defense. The Charter of Dominion calls this an "army of equals," unfortunately, the required quotas are often not met, or filled with either the very poor or those with a criminal record wishing to avoid a prison sentence — criminals and troublemakers are often given the option of joining the Army.

The Dominion Army is an exercise in contradictions. It has a core of volunteer professional soldiers who, although lacking combat experience, are highly motivated and dedicated to the defense of their homeland. These troops make up the majority of the archers, cavalry, scouts and the siege corps. The rest tend to be poorly motivated and not always loyal to the Dominion or its army; few among these lowlifes are willing to lay down their lives for it. With the increased hostility of the Wolfen, the Dominion Council has authorized the formation of four new army groups, but they are slow to be filled with volunteers. Moreover, many of the smaller communities have inadequate militias. As a result, the Commander of the Dominion Army, Lord General **Norvald**, has requested additional funds to hire mercenaries to fill the slots. A proposal that has met with widespread resistance.

Though squads and companies of military forces can be found in all of the larger cities and many of the smaller ones, the Dominion Army is primarily responsible for *border defense* along the Old Kingdom River, the Disputed Lands, and the Trade Road between Haven and the Shattered Mounts. They also respond to large-scale banditry and raiders victimizing towns and villages, but often leave as soon as they appear to have routed the brigands, which means all the bad guys have to do is lay low for a while and the soldiers will go away. This army is adequate in routing bandits, quelling civil unrest, battling bands of **Orcs** or Goblins, and generally keeping the peace, but they are **ill** equipped to deal with the Imperial Wolfen Army. These top-shelf warriors will chew up and spit out the Dominion Army without working up a sweat. Note: The real military powers in the Eastern Territory are the many independent navies and the **Llorn** Mercenary Army.

The Dominion Army

Military Rank

The Army of Dominion has only 7 ranks: private, corporal, sergeant, captain, major, general and lord general. The highest rank that any common soldier may hope to attain is sergeant. The officer ranks, captain and beyond, are reserved for the knightly orders and members of the nobility and merchant elite. The heavy cavalry, being comprised entirely of Knights and **Palladins** uses its own ranking system with the lowest rank being the equivalent of a sergeant. Promotion is received when a higher rank conies open whether as the result of casualties or retirement. Who is promoted is largely left up to the next higher officer in the chain of command, thus a Major can only be promoted by a General or the Lord General of the Dominion Army.

Enlisted: Pay is in addition to basic needs, such as food, clothing and military gear.

Private (1st to 3rd level), base pay is **160** gold per month.

Corporal (2nd to 4th level), base pay is 200 gold per month.

Sergeant (3rd to 6th level or higher), base pay is 300 gold per month.

Officers:

Captain (3rd to 6th level Knight, Palladin or Noble), base pay is 500 gold per month

Major (4th-8th level Knight, Palladin or Noble), base pay is 1,000 gold per month.

General (7th-12th level, Knight, Palladin or Noble), base pay is 2,000 gold per month.

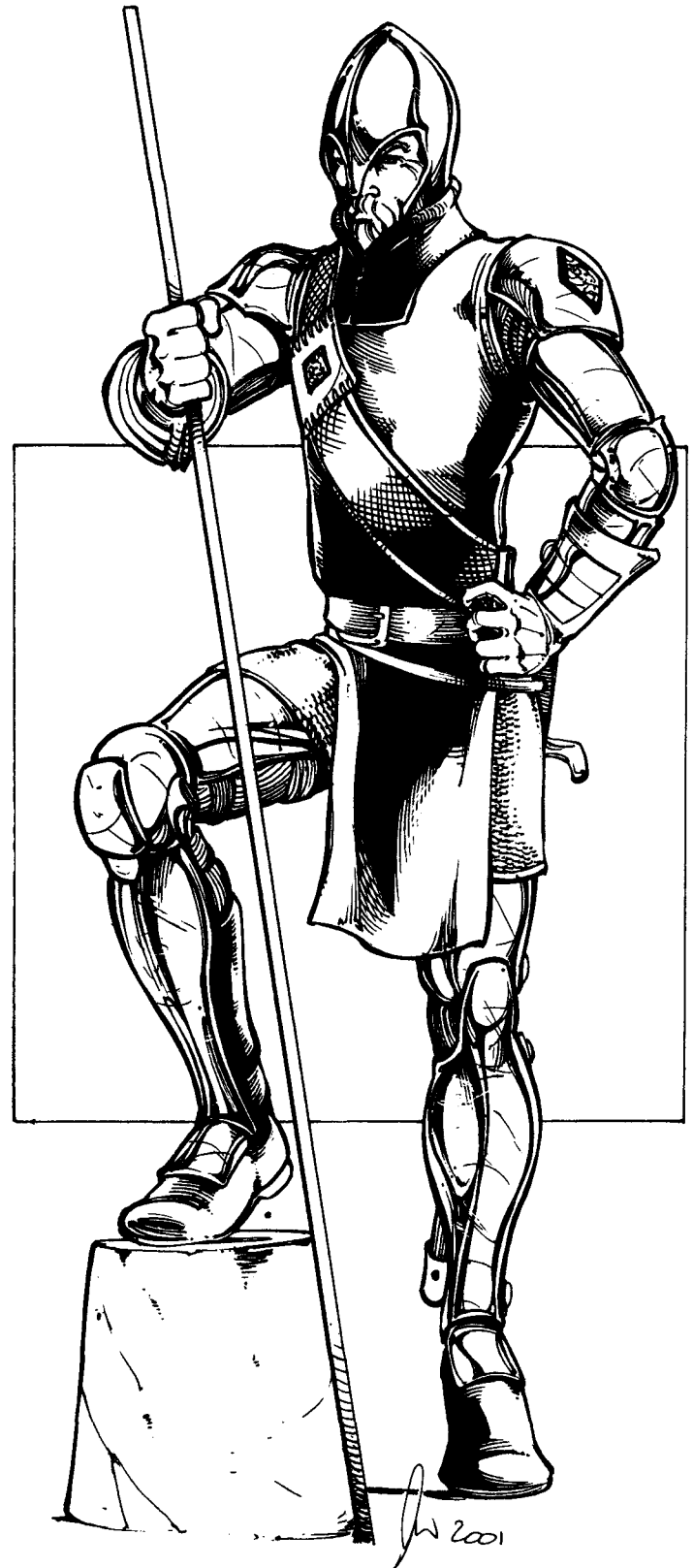
Lord General (10th + level, Knight, Palladin or Noble), base pay is 5,000 gold per month. Currently this position is held by **Khristian Norvald**, a 13th level Palladin.

The levels given above are for the *average* soldier. A "green" soldier, or a new recruit is typically one level lower (minimum of first level), a hardened veteran (5+ years of experience) is one level higher and gets 50 gold more per month. Long Bowmen get an additional **150** gold per month.

Military Organization

The smallest unit of organization is **the hand**, which consists of 5 men. The hand is usually composed entirely of **privates**, though occasionally a corporal or even a sergeant may be part of it. Each member of the hand has a number indicating where he

or she is in the chain of command in that hand, so the leader of the hand would be private 1st and so on till private 5th. There is no classification lower than private 5th. The private designation system allows the entire hand to know who is in charge at any one time and in most cases, eliminates command dissension within the hand entirely. This system was first introduced by the **Llornian** Mercenary Corps and proved so successful that the Dominion Army adopted it. Command is automatically deferred to the highest-ranking soldier in the hand. A hand has no support personnel.



A line is comprised of 25 fighting men broken down into 5 hands and is led by a corporal assisted by the private Ists. As with the hands, each of the private Ists are aware of their ranking within the line as a whole. The junior to the corporal is usually the private 1st with the most time in service. A line typically has no support personnel but may be temporarily assigned one or more as the situation warrants. Typically, a line is used for long-range patrols, escorts and garrison work.

A cohort is comprised of 100 fighting men broken down into 4 lines and is commanded by a captain. Each cohort also has a second captain as the second-in-command and a sergeant. Each cohort is accompanied by 2 engineers (field armorer, blacksmith and carpenter) and typically has one or more Wizards and physicians.

A company is comprised of 400 fighting men broken down into 4 cohorts. A company may be commanded by a major but more commonly by a captain. A company is the most common organization sent into combat. In addition to its soldiers, a fully supplied medical unit, engineers and Wizards are also a part of the permanent members of each company. This is the largest organization for the cavalry.

A regiment is comprised of 1600 fighting men and is broken down into 4 companies. A regiment is always commanded by a major and is usually the largest body of men deployed to any one battle (this depends upon the strength of the enemy, naturally). Each regiment is accompanied by its own men-of-magic, physicians, administrative staff and engineers.

An army is the largest organization in the Dominion military and boasts no less than 6,400 fighting men. An army is always commanded by a General and has a host of lesser officers serving beneath him. In addition, every army is permanently assigned a full medical staff of no fewer than 25 physicians as well as engineers, cooks and administrative staff. Currently there are 10 armies permanently stationed on or north of the Great River. Another army is stationed near the city of Wisdom on the shores of the Old Kingdom River and 3 more are scattered about the south along the seacoast and the Old Kingdom River.

Table of Organization:

Hand — 5 men

Line — 25 men (5 hands - 1 corporal)

Cohort — 100 men (4 lines - 2 captains, sergeant, 4 corporals)

Company — 400 men (4 cohorts - 10 captains, 4 sergeants, 16 corporals)

Regiment — 1600 men (4 companies - 1 major, 40 captains, 16 sergeants, 64 corporals)

Army — 6400 men (4 regiments - 1 general, 4 majors, 160 captains, 64 sergeants, 256 corporals)

Note: The above numbers do not take into account the support staff.

Dominion Army Units

The Dominion, like armies all over Palladium, are primarily composed of infantry and cavalry with distinctions within each being the type of weapons carried and armor worn. In addition, there are archers who are typically attached units to the infantry and sometimes cavalry, scouts, siege engineers and a number of practitioners of magic. Typical stats are given for each unit type. These stats can also be used for the militia of Dominion cities.

Infantry

The infantry is divided into two categories, light and heavy. Due to the mixed terrain in the east, the infantry comprises over 75% of the Dominion Army. It is the most flexible and able to fight equally well in forests, on hills and on the plains. The officers are always mounted (see heavy cavalry for typical stats.)

Average Attributes: I.Q. 9, P.S. 14, P.P. 10, P.E. 10, Spd: 12, all others average. (Elves add 4 to P.P., +1 parry, strike, dodge; Dwarves add 6 to P.S. and 4 to P.E., +5 damage). Note: Because of the height difference, Dwarves are usually not mixed with humans and Elves. They are organized into their own squads. There are no fully Dwarven cohorts in the Dominion Army. There are no Goblins, Hobgoblins, Ogres or Gnomes in the army. Several hundred Ores are scattered amongst the human infantry units but are viewed as second-rate soldiers and are always given the worst duty assignments (average level is 2nd to 4th).

Private: Level: 1-3. Hit Points: 21-30, S.D.C.: 25. Attacks: 4. Typical Bonuses: +2 to parry and dodge, +2 to roll with impact, +2 to pull punch and +3 to strike with sword.

Corporal: Level: 2-4. Hit Points: 25-35, S.D.C.: 25. Attacks: 4-5. Bonuses: Same as above.

Sergeant: Level: 3-6. Hit Points: 30-45, S.D.C.: 25. Attacks: 5-6. Typical Bonuses: +2 to strike, +2 to parry and dodge, +1 to save vs Horror Factor and +5 to strike and parry with sword.

All use the Soldier O.C.C., and have *Hand to Hand: Basic* (elite soldiers have *Hand to Hand: Expert*). The bonuses above do not include weapon proficiencies and are just an average sampling for Non-Player Characters (NPCs).

Standard Issue Weapons: Light infantry is armed with a short sword, dagger and shield, and have studded leather armor (AR: 13, S.D.C.: 38).

Heavy Infantry are armed with a spear or pike, short sword or broadsword, dagger and small shield, and have chain mail armor (AR: 14, S.D.C.: 48).

Cavalry

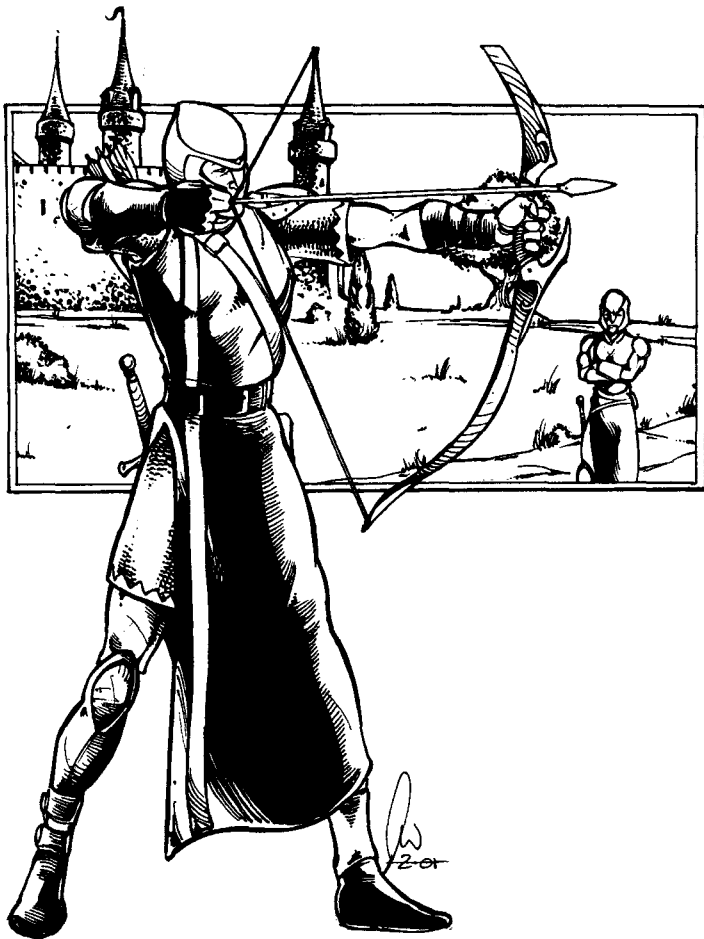
Like the infantry, the cavalry also is divided into two categories, light and heavy. Unlike the infantry, the difference is not so much the equipment (although the heavy infantry do wear heavier armor and use pikes) but the quality of the soldier. The light cavalry is comprised essentially of infantrymen who are skilled horsemen. This can be thought of as similar to the mounted infantry of the United States civil war. The heavy cavalry is reminiscent of the Timiro Sentinels and is composed entirely of Knights and Palladins, making it the most effective and deadly segment in the Dominion Army. The heavy cavalry has no enlisted rankings so the rank of lancer and commander were added solely for this unit type. The lancer is equivalent in responsibility to the private while the commander holds the responsibilities of the corporal and sergeant combined.

Average Attributes: I.Q.: 10, P.S.: 16 (+1 damage), P.P.: 14, P.E.: 15, Spd: 10, all others average. (Elves add 4 to P.P.) There are no Dwarves or Ores in the cavalry. Note: All the officers are Knights or Palladins; see heavy infantry for typical stats.

Level per Rank is fundamentally the same as the Infantry soldier with the typical Knight being 2nd-6th level in way of experience. All have the skills Horsemanship: Knight or Palladin, Hand to Hand: Expert or Martial Arts, W.P. Lance, W.P. Sword and W.P. Shield.

Standard Issue Weapons for Light Cavalry: Short sword, large sword of choice or mace or ball and chain, spear, dagger, shield and double mail armor (AR: 15, S.D.C.: 55).

Standard Issue Weapons for Heavy Cavalry. Lance, short sword or axe, large sword of choice, dagger, shield, and any other weapon they may desire. Plate and chain armor (AR: 15, S.D.C.: 100) or better.



Archers

The Dominion archers are never organized in units larger than a cohort and are always attached to other infantry or cavalry units. Often, an infantry company will consist of three infantry cohorts and one archery cohort for support. They are always present in at least line strength, usually more, at all garrisons. Dominion archers are all Long Bowmen. Elves make up roughly 30% of all archer units. Archer units use the same rank and organization structure as the infantry. Officers are always mounted.

Average Attributes: I.Q. 9, P.S. 14, P.E. 14, P.P. 16, Spd 14, all others average. (Elves +4 P.P., and +2 strike with arrows).

Level per rank is fundamentally the same as the Infantry soldier with the typical Long Bowmen being 2nd-6th level in way of experience. All have the skills Hand to Hand: Basic, W.P. Archery, W.P. Targeting, and W.P. Shield.

Standard Issue Weapons: Long bow, 32 arrows, short sword or mace, dagger and studded leather armor (AR: 13, S.D.C.: 35).

Scouts

The Scouts are the eyes of the army in the field during wartime, and during peace they patrol the depths of the Borderlands and the shores of the Old Kingdom River. They are a dedicated group of human and Elven *Rangers* dedicated to the defense of the Dominion. Like the archers, the scouts are small units within the armed forces never exceeding line strength. Instead, they are attached to infantry and cavalry units, or act independently on long-range reconnaissance. They are a hardy lot who enjoy the rigors of the outdoors and the thrill of the hunt.

Average Attributes: I.Q. 10, P.S. 15, P.P. 12, P.E. 14, Spd: 21 (Elves are +4 to P.P., Dwarves are +6 to P.S. and +4 to P.E.)

All have the skills Hand to Hand: Basic, Running, Swimming, Climbing, Land Navigation, and Tracking (humanoids and animals).

Private: Level: 2-4. Hit Points: 22-35, S.D.C.: 25. Attacks: 4. Typical Bonuses: +2 to parry and dodge, +2 to roll with impact, +2 to pull punch and +3 to strike with sword.

Corporal: Level: 3-4. Hit Points: 25-35, S.D.C.: 25. Attacks: 4-5. Bonuses: Same as above.

Sergeant: Level: 5-8. Hit Points: 30-45, S.D.C.: 25. Attacks: 5-6. Typical Bonuses: +2 to strike, +2 to parry and dodge, +2 to damage, +1 to save vs Horror Factor and +5 to strike and parry with sword.

All use the Ranger O.C.C., and have *Hand to Hand: Basic* (elite scouts have *Hand to Hand: Expert*). The bonuses above do not include weapon proficiencies and are just an average sampling for Non-Player Characters (NPCs).

Standard Issue Weapons: Short sword or battle axe, spear or staff, dagger and small shield, and have studded leather armor (AR: 13, S.D.C.: 38).

Siege Corps

The Siege Corps is a small unit of only company size (400 soldiers). Unlike the rest of the army, the Siege Corps rarely participates in combat directly. Rather, they are responsible for the construction of siege towers, catapults, ballista and the rest of the specialized equipment necessary for assaulting fortifications. The commanding officer of the Corps, Major Salyer, was a Captain in the Imperial Army of the Western Empire but lost faith in the Empire's objectives and escaped to the East. For the past 10 years he has worked tirelessly to form the Siege Corps, a small force of dedicated Dwarves and humans, expert at the siege warfare techniques of the West. In the past year, Major Salyer has begun the formation of a new cohort of sappers, soldiers skilled at tunneling under and destroying fortifications. The training of the new sapper cohort is overseen by a junior officer from the Western Empire whom the Major enticed to defect, bringing his trade secrets with him. Note: Average soldier in the Corp is 1-4 level and roughly the same as the light infantry.

Navy

The Dominion Army has minimal naval capabilities of its own other than a ragtag collection of vessels that are Bizantium and Western Empire castoffs. These ships are used primarily for troop transport to trouble spots. The Dominion Army relies on the volunteer militia of the seaport cities many of which represent some of the best seafarers in the world. For more informa-

tion on the navies of the world see *Palladium RPG® Book III: Adventures On The High Seas™*.

New Q.C.C.s

Master Collector

An optional O.C.C.

The Master Collector is a cut above the typical investigator and recovery agent of the Coalition Merchants Guild. The ordinary Collector is capable and some have psionics or a knack for the job, which is why they were hired as Collectors in the first place, but the Master Collector is more like the Pinkerton detectives of the United States' Wild West. They are especially skilled at undercover work, investigation/intelligence gathering, surveillance and subtlety. They can be as brutal as any other collector and are often masters of intimidation, but then- elite status makes them even more likely to act as judge, jury and executioner, although they are much more likely to do so based on hard evidence and the law. For this reason, many small towns and villages ask the Masters to sit as a judge in the trial of suspected criminals, issue a sentence, and if condemned to death, do the deed. As elite agents of the Merchants' Guild, they are beyond many of the laws under which most normal citizens must comply, so long as their actions do not threaten the sovereignty of the community they are visiting.

In addition to their investigative and combat skills, most Master Collectors are recruited from those who have some degree of psionic talent. The schools where Master Collectors are trained develop and hone existing psychic skills that would be of aid in accomplishing the agent's mission. Consequently, unlike other O.C.C.s that allow the player to choose a number of psionic powers depending upon whether they have a minor or a major talent, Collectors must choose from the following. Note: roll for psionics as detailed below rather than the standard way.

01-60% minor psionic: Choose two of the following: Astral Projection, Clairvoyance, Empathy, Mind Block, Object Read, Presence Sense, See Aura, See Invisible, or Sixth Sense. The base I.S.P. for a minor psionic is determined by taking the character's M.E. and adding 2D6. Add 1D6 per level beyond first. Also gets to pick two extra O.C.C. Related Skills.

61-90% major psionic: Gains Meditation and chooses a total of six abilities, four from Sensitive and two from Physical. The base I.S.P. for a major psionic is determined by taking the character's M.E. and adding 4D6. Add 1D6+1 per level beyond first. Note: Mind Mages are in a class of their own.

91-100% non-psychic: However, the agent has a high intelligence and mental stability (+1D4 to I.Q. and M.E.) and a natural talent for investigation (+5% to Tracking, Surveillance, Intelligence, Interrogation and Streetwise skills, plus selects three extra O.C.C. Related Skills).

Alignments: Any

Attribute Minimum Requirements: I.Q., M.E., and P.P. 9 or higher.

O.C.C. Skills:

Language: Native at 98% plus Eastern and one of choice (+20%)

Math: Basic (+20%)

Prowl (+5%)

Streetwise (+20%)

Surveillance (+15%)

Track Humanoids (+10%)

Intelligence (+12%)

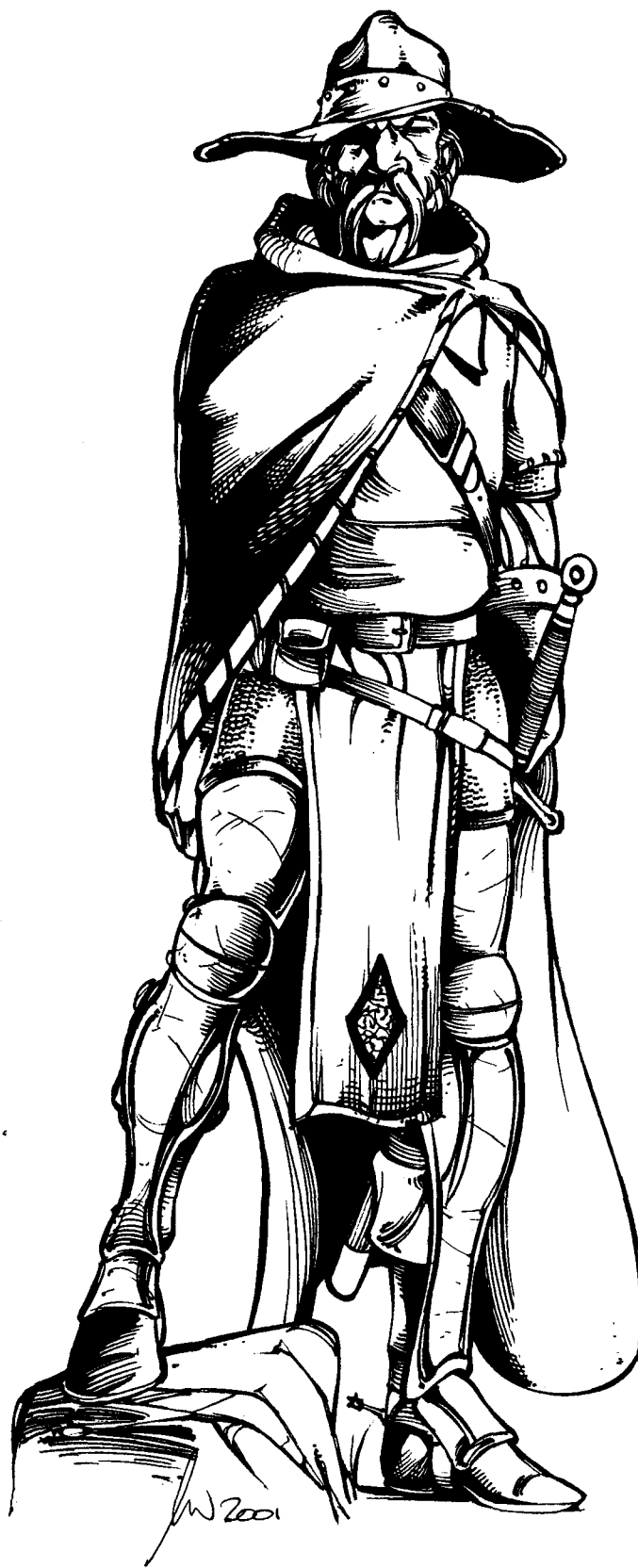
Interrogation (+15%)

Land Navigation (+10%)

Literacy: Eastern (+10%)

W.P.: Two of choice.

Hand to Hand: Expert, but may be increased to Martial Arts or Assassin (if evil) for two skills.



O.C.C. Related Skills: Select two skills from Espionage or Rogue Categories and five others at level one, plus select one additional skill at levels 3, 6, 9 and 12.

Communications: Any (+10%)

Domestic: Any

Espionage: Any (+10%)

Horsemanship: General or Exotic only.

Medical: First Aid only.

Military: Camouflage, Heraldry, Military Etiquette, and Recognize Weapon Quality only (+5%).

Physical: Any

Rogue: Any (+2%)

Science: Advanced Math (+5%) only.

Scholar: Any (+5%)

W.P.: Any

Wilderness: Any

Secondary Skills: Select three at level one plus two more at levels 2, 5, 8, 11 and 15.

Starting Equipment: Two sets of clothing, cloak with the Collector's badge embroidered on the front, boots, soft leather gloves, belt, bedroll, purse, backpack, saddlebags, one large sack, one medium sack, two small sacks, waterskin, hand manacles, 40 feet (12.2 m) of rope, and a good quality riding horse.

Armor: Starts with studded leather (ideal for prowling and ease of movement).

Weapons: Dagger, blackjack and two weapons of choice.

Money: Character starts with 300 gold. From 1st to 5th level is on the "B-List", must prove oneself before considered a true master. See pay in the early section on the Collectors.

Note: A Master Collector may work alone, in pairs, or lead a team of A- or B-list Collectors.

Master Collector

I 0,000 - 2,050

22,051-4,100

34,101-8,200

4 8,201 - 14,400

5 14,401 - 22,800

6 22,801 - 33,000

7 33,001-48,400

8 48,401-68,800

9 68,801 - 93,000

10 93,001-122,000

II 122,001-154,000

12 154,001-204,000

13 204,001 - 268,000

14 268,001 - 325,000

15 325,001-378,000

Holy Palladin of Rurga

An optional O.C.C.

Note: The following is a "special" Palladin following the warrior goddess Rurga, making him something of a "holy warrior" or "crusader" inspired and blessed by his warrior god.

The Palladins of the *Order of the Scale* are, in truth, Knights who act as the martial servants of their goddess. Unlike the secular knight who has sworn fealty to a king or church, the Order of the Scale answers directly to the goddess Rurga. Candidates for the Order of the Scale are chosen from the knightly order dedicated to Rurga and the small, but growing knightly order dedicated to Cirga. Either a priest of Rurga or another Palladin in the Order of the Scale must sponsor a candidate for the Order of the Scale. The sponsor is responsible for the cost of the Palladin-candidate's training (though sponsoring a successful candidate brings prestige and in the case of temples, more followers). Once accepted by the Order, the candidate is placed under the care of a Palladin who acts as tutor and mentor. This Palladin is never the candidate's sponsor. Not only is the candidate further trained in the arts of war and horsemanship, they are also tutored in the laws and customs of every major land, kingdom and religion. Special attention is paid to churches that are antagonistic to the tenets of Rurga, and to the Wolfen Empire (though not necessarily viewed as evil). If the candidate is successful with their studies, which are designed to push the candidate to the edges of their strength both physically and mentally, they are presented to the pantheon during a week-long festival for admission to the Order of the Scale.

In a typical year, there are 5-10 Palladin candidates in training. The training regime is arduous and takes a minimum of three years to complete. Of these candidates, half will wash out in the first year. Those who fail during the training are returned to their original knightly order, or are admitted to the Order of the Tree. This order, entirely composed of standard Palladium Fantasy RPG Palladins, are under the marginal authority of the high-priests of Rurga. Currently, this order has 120 members, 100 of whom are currently on quests. It is considered a high honor to be in the Order of the Tree, thus most who are invited usually accept.

Once the pantheon accepts the new Palladin, they begin a life of travel, rarely spending more than 6 months in any one place. Palladins of Rurga are free to travel where they will so long as they are fighting the enemies of the pantheon and obey the tenets of Rurga (the code of chivalry). The gifts granted to the Order are to be used solely in fighting the forces of evil and never for the comfort or ease of the Palladin.

Palladins of Rurga tend to be action oriented and are quick to attack the forces of evil. Creatures of supernatural evil, including but not limited to demons, Deevils and vampires are attacked on sight as are then⁴ henchmen. Other enemies of Rurga, including the priesthood of the Pantheon of Taut and, currently, the Wolfen, are likewise engaged though the latter can ask for mercy. In towns where Priests of Darkness or Witches are accepted by the populace, Palladins of Rurga stay their hand, but if the evil one is caught outside the town the character will be attacked. Not surprisingly, Palladins of Rurga are unwelcome in Haven, the seat of power for the Church of Light and Dark.



Twice yearly, once in the winter and once in summer, there is a gathering of the Order of the Scale. If the Palladin is within a couple hundred miles (320 km) he is expected to attend. During the winter gathering, candidates are presented for acceptance to the Order. During the summer gathering, new candidates are sponsored. These week-long gatherings are full of feasting, story telling, friendly gatherings and tests of arms.

A Palladin of Rurga may choose to "resign" at any time, immediately losing all special powers from Rurga, and is subsequently accepted into the Order of the Tree. Rurga may choose to take any or all of the gifts given as part of The Way of Truth and War (detailed below) from the Palladin at any time, especially if the individual has been using the powers frivolously or has displeased her in some other way. A Palladin of Rurga who commits an evil act, even unknowingly, immediately loses all gifts. Note: A lie may also result in losing her gifts, with a 01-75% chance of Rurga taking notice and acting on it.

Special Holy Palladin Gifts, Training and Mastery

1. The Way of the Horse: Same as Palladin, page 88, *Palladium Fantasy RPG 2nd Ed.*

2. The Way of the Lance: Same as Palladin, page 88, *Palladium Fantasy RPG 2nd Ed.*

3. The Palladia's Demon Death Blow: Same as Palladin, page 89, *Palladium Fantasy RPG 2nd Ed.*

4. Rurga's Gifts in the Way of Truth and War: In addition to the unique skills and abilities of a Palladin, the Palladins of Rurga are granted a few magical abilities with which to help them hunt and slay the enemies of Rurga.

Truth is absolute: Rurga believes her holy warriors must be absolutely truthful. Little lies in polite conversation, such saying an ugly hat or dress is "very nice," or "truly unique," or "looks good on you," are acceptable, as is refusing to comment or speak. However, out and out deception and lies, especially for one's own benefit, are frowned upon. Even lying to one's enemies can be deemed inappropriate unless it is to protect the innocent (i.e. saying, "I'm the only one here" or "I don't know," to the question of where are the others, when the Palladin knows they are in the next room or hiding nearby). If a Palladin lies, he or she may be stripped of one, two or all of the gifts Rurga provides; with a 01-75% chance of Rurga noticing and acting on it.

Globe of Daylight: Same as spell description on page 189, *Palladium Fantasy RPG 2nd Ed.*, except as noted below. Restriction: The Palladin must concentrate in order to maintain the Globe of Daylight. If he chooses not to concentrate the globe of light lasts for one minute and then disappears. If the Palladin concentrates on the light, it can be maintained for up to an hour, so long as the Palladin does nothing else. He may call upon a Globe of Daylight as often as needed but it may only be used in war or to fight or defend against evil, never as a substitute for a torch or lantern.

Sense supernatural evil: Same as spell description on page 190, *Palladium Fantasy RPG 2nd Ed.*, except that the Palladin of Rurga can automatically sense supernatural evil without having to activate a spell or think about it.

Words of Truth: Same as spell description on page 200, *Palladium Fantasy RPG 2nd Ed.*, Restriction: Can use this magic once per day for every 2 levels of the Palladin (round down but never less than one).

Immune to mind affecting magic: Impervious to possession of any kind, +4 to save versus *magic* that controls or confuses the mind (but not psionics), and +4 to save vs magical fear and Horror Factor.

Palladin of Rurga O.C.C.

Alignments: A Palladin of Rurga must be absolutely truthful at all times and is therefore restricted to Principled, Scrupulous and Aberrant alignments.

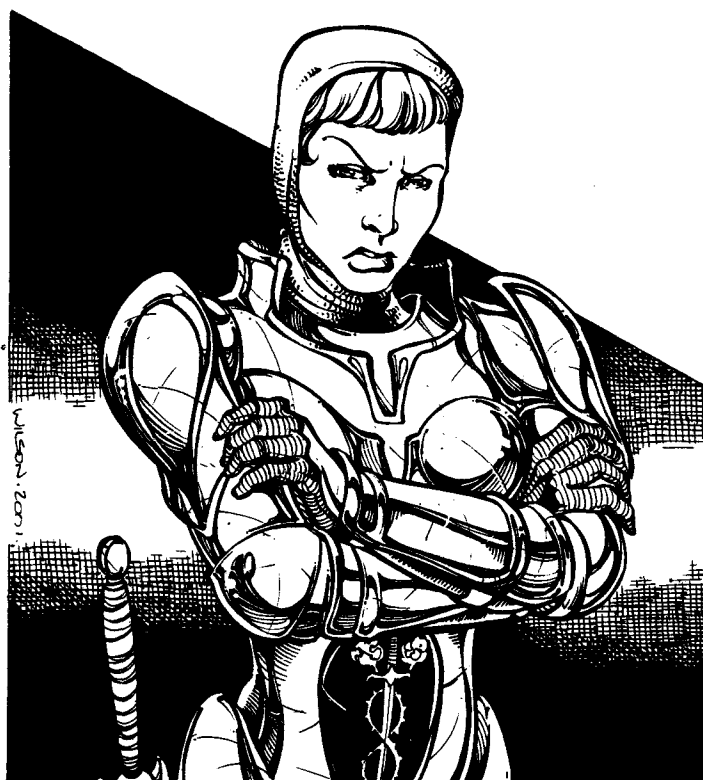
Minimum Attributes Required: I.Q. 10, M.A. 12, P.S. 12, P.P. 12, P.E. 10

O.C.C. Skills:

Dance (+10%)
Heraldry (+10%)
History (+15%)
Horsemanship: Palladin
Land Navigation (+5%)
Languages: Native Tongue at 98% plus two of choice (+15% each, +20% if Wolfen)
Literacy: One language of choice (usually native or Elf; +20%)
Lore: Culture & Customs: General Domain of Man (+10%)
Mathematics: Basic (+10%)
W.P. Lance
W.P. Shield
W.P. Two of choice
Hand to Hand: Martial Arts/ Palladin (Note: this may not be changed).

O.C.C. Related Skills: Select two other skills from the Communication Skill Category and three other skills at level one, plus select one additional skill at levels three, six, nine and twelve. All new skills start at level one proficiency.

Communications: Any (+10%)
Domestic: None
Espionage: Any (+5%)



Horsemanship: Exotic only (+5%)
 Medical: First Aid only.
 Military: Any (+10%)
 Physical: Any, except Acrobatics.
 Rogue: None
 Science: Math; Advanced only (+10%)
 Scholar/Technical: Any (+10%)
 Weapon Proficiencies: Any
 Wilderness: Wilderness Survival and Track/Trap Animals only.

Secondary Skills: Same as Palladin page 89, *Palladium Fantasy RPG 2nd Ed.*

Starting Equipment: Same as Palladin page 89, *Palladium Fantasy RPG 2nd Ed.*, except the horse is a warhorse of good to excellent quality.

Armor: Same as Palladin page 89, *Palladium Fantasy RPG 2nd Ed.*

Weapons: Same as Palladin page 89, *Palladium Fantasy RPG 2nd Ed.*

Money: Same as Palladin page 89, *Palladium Fantasy RPG 2nd Ed.*, except the Holy Palladin is welcome in any temple of Rurga and may reside in the temple for as long as their quest requires. Also, 80% of all money the holy paladin earns must be donated to the Sect unless it is used to upgrade their equipment.

Experience:

1 - 0-2400
 2-2,401-5,000
 3 - 5,001-10,000
 4-10,001-21,000
 5-21,001-32,000
 6-32,001-44,000
 7-44,001-60,000
 8-60,001-82,000
 9-82,001-110,000
 10-110,001-150,000
 11-150,001-200,000
 12 - 200,001-250,000
 13 - 250,001-300,000
 14 - 300,001-360,000
 15-360,001-425,000

New Skills

Teamster (Scholar, Noble & Technical skill category): The character can skillfully drive a wagon or other vehicles drawn by a team of animals (four or more horses, oxen, mules, and so on). Also has a rudimentary knowledge in the care of the animals. The skill also includes the ability to make simple repairs to the wagon such as replacing a thrown wheel. **Base Skill:** 35%+5% per level of experience. Horsemanship adds a +10% bonus if a horse draws the vehicle.

Combat: The driver gets a +2 to strike when attempting to ram/sideswipe their wagon into another vehicle or animal. A successful sideswipe attack against an animal or individual causes 4D6 damage and has a 01-80% chance of knocking the victim down. Being knocked down causes the struck character to lose initiative and their next two melee actions/attacks. A successful ram attack against another vehicle means both drivers

must roll a skill check versus Teamster to avoid crashing or tipping over. Someone driving without the Teamster skill rolls versus Horsemanship at -30%. Crashing the wagon is likely to break a wheel (01-50%) or axle (01-25%), does damage and may injure one or more of the animals drawing it and anyone riding in the vehicle. Damage: 3D6 +1D6 per 10 speed points to the wagon/vehicle and 1D6+1 damage per 10 speed points to each person on the wagon and animal pulling it. Additional damage and spill is left to the discretion of the Game Master.

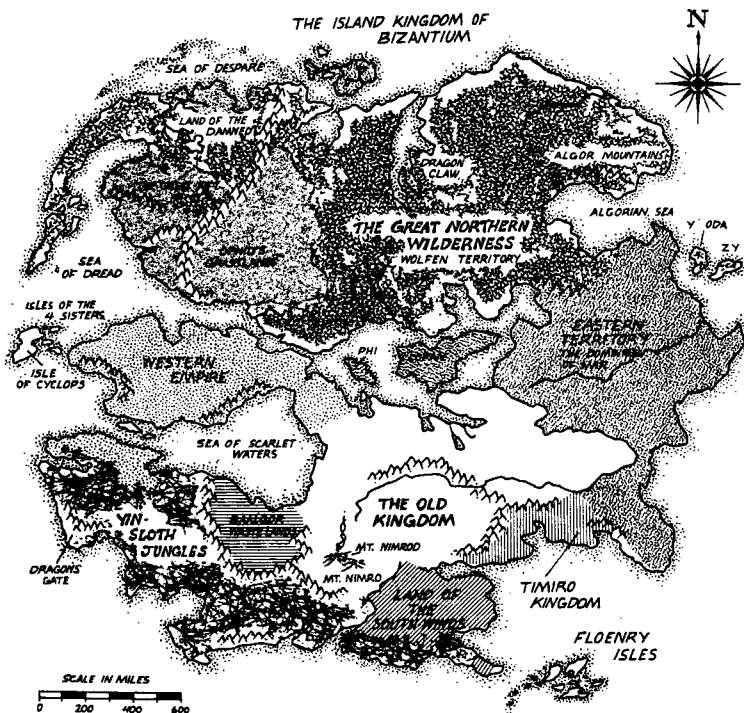
Lore: Culture & Customs (Scholar, Noble & Technical skill category): This skill includes book knowledge and practical experience in the culture and customs of the people inhabiting the Palladium World. Those with this skill know the basic laws and customs of the land, the monetary system, military system, local myths and legends, and notable flora and fauna, and can identify the nationality of a person by their dress and accent and any peculiarities of behavior bound by local custom.

The skill can be taken one of two ways and can be taken multiple times. The first way is to take the Lore: Culture & Customs skill for an entire nation/region, for example the Eastern Territory. The skill would allow a character to know the basic tenets of the Charter of Dominion, including knowledge of the Charter of Dominion, the fundamental differences in culture between the Great River Cities and the Kingdoms to the south, and general knowledge of the laws and customs of the major and most notable people and communities.

The second way to take this Lore skill is to choose a specific region within a nation, say Great River Cities, which would then provide in-depth information and details about the people, customs, monetary system, military, the specific laws for each of the major cities, etc.

Base skill: 30% +5% per level of experience. If both the general and specific version of the skill are taken the character has extensive knowledge of the region or kingdom and enjoys a skill bonus of +10%.

Map of the knoirr) xworld



Danzi R.C.C.

Optional Character Race and a piece of Eastern Territory history

By Steve Edwards & Kevin Siembieda

The Danzi are one of the last surviving archaic races, dating back to the Age of Chaos and the war against the Old Ones. They were devout followers of the ancient gods of light and dark and joined them in their battle against the Old Ones. The Danzi played an important role in the final defeat of *Netosa* who had claimed the Eastern Territories as his personal playground. During the final battle against *Netosa*, Set, not yet the lord of the Gods of Darkness, delayed in bringing his forces to bear, and nearly sixty million Danzi, 99% of the population, perished at the hands of the vile Old One. When Set finally arrived, the Danzi race was nearly decimated, but still they battled onward, sacrificing more lives to put an end to the Time of Chaos. It is said that only through the Danzi's great sacrifice and the arrival of Set's legions was *Netosa* defeated, but not before the dreaded Old One would take his final revenge by stripping the Danzi survivors of their once formidable magic powers. According to lore, the Danzi were once powerful creatures of magic akin to Faerie Folk (in some respects they still are), but those powers virtually disappeared as the result of a curse uttered by *Netosa* moments before he succumbed to the magic slumber of the ages.

Over the next eighty millennia, the Danzi have lived in isolation, the tragedy of their near genocide more than many could bear (less than 200,000 were said to have survived). The conduct of Set and the callous indifference of the other gods gave the Danzi reason to turn their backs on higher powers. No god or demigod sung about their titanic battle or great personal sacrifice. Indeed, Set and the gods who had joined him in battle, Ra and Anhur included, chastised them, pointing out others had sacrificed as much or more, with scores of people completely wiped from existence as a result of the battle. Even a number of gods had perished, so indeed, the Danzi were most fortunate. However, the Danzi did not feel "fortunate" and resented the gods for making no effort to comfort or help them. Later, even the *Tristine Chronicles* would fail to mention them by name, a slight they also blame on the gods. Bitter and disenchanted, the Danzi turned their backs on the deities and the world entirely, finding seclusion and sanctuary in the forests and lush lands that would later become known as the *Eastern Territories*.

The Danzi remained out of the pages of history until the **Elf-Dwarf War**, when Elven and Dwarven armies clashed on the coast of the *Inland Sea* and carried their battle to the slopes of the *Bruu-Ga-Belimar*. According to a number of ancient Elven and Dwarven texts, they were surprised to find Danzi at all, for it was widely believed they had become extinct thousands of years earlier. Most texts recount sightings of lone individuals, pairs or small groups of three to eight, but one Elven document reported the discovery of an entire city estimated at 50,000 strong, as well as scores of small villages and nomadic tribes accounting for, all totaled, what the writer guessed to be another 50,000 to 80,000. Most, he wrote, were scattered throughout the forests along the Great River, the deep forests and into the Great Northern Wilderness. There are also accounts that Danzi warriors, Druids and spell-weavers rose up to meet

invading Elven or Dwarven legions to keep them from invading their woodland sanctuary. There are indications that both Elf and Dwarf clashed with the Danzi in the north, and that at least a few thousand Danzi perished in the ensuing conflicts. In fact, Danzi emissaries reportedly went to the Old Kingdom to address Elf and Dwarf leaders with petitions of neutrality and pleas to keep the war out of "Danzi land." Unfortunately, there is no record of their exact words or the response. However, one must wonder what happened, for there is no other mention of the Danzi city by any later adventurers, and the Danzi have a lasting dislike for Elves. Whether the city was destroyed by some conflagration or the people simply returned to life as nomads remains a mystery, but since the city seems to have *disappeared*, many believe the former.

Toward the end of the Elf-Dwarf War, the *Udlu-Set*, or "Set's Children" as the Danzi call the *Wolfen* and *Coyle* barbarians, began to sweep down from the frozen north. It would be several thousand years before humans would discover the *Wolfen*, but for the Danzi, they represent an enemy that has plagued them for eons. According to Danzi myth, Elves made the canine barbarians at the direction of Set at the end of the Time of a Thousand Magicks as punishment for abandoning the gods and the world of men, but even few Danzi believe this tale. The Elves emphatically deny such a bizarre assertion, Dwarves have no record of such a thing, and scholars worldwide agree that the myth is pure fiction; perhaps an attempt to explain the mysterious origin of the *Wolfen* and their kin.

In those days, the *Wolfen* and *Coyle*s were much more savage and barbaric than they are today. *Coyle*s were particularly numerous and frequently used brutal tactics against their enemies. Virtually anybody they encountered represented a "challenge" to the hyper-aggressive *Coyle*s, who would attack without provocation. *Coyle*s frequently took on overwhelming odds and fought to the death, throwing themselves on the spears of their enemies in some senseless pageant of insane warrior bravado. It was a time when the *Coyle*s also warred among themselves and railed against their more powerful *Wolfen* cousins as tribe battled tribe and the canines of the northlands decimated each other in a frenzy of carnage that would span thousands of years. The (then) more civilized and cunning Danzi were able to avoid, elude and triumph over bands of canine raiders and even barbarian hordes the size of an army, but still they suffered at the hands of the "Udlu-Set" (*Wolfen* and *Coyle*s both). Over a period of four or five thousand years, the *Coyle* and *Wolfen* hordes would lay waste to two thirds of the Danzi people, with the greatest damage done in the last millennium. Roughly 450 years ago, the last of the great Danzi armies were crushed on the shores of the *Algoran Sea*, at the base of the ruin that would later become *South Watch*. Nine thousand *Wolfen* and ten thousand *Coyle*s descended upon eight thousand Danzi in a battle that finally earned them the respect of the *Wolfen* warlords. Afterward, the *Wolfen* renamed the Danzi stronghold *Gronocht Urgag*, or "Dome of the Dead," and proclaimed from that day forward, the Danzi are to be revered as "honored warriors and nobles of the northeast." In tribute to them, the *Wolfen* gathered the 8,000 fallen Danzi and gave them an honored warriors' send off with their own fallen soldiers - the funeral pyres are said to have burned day and night for two weeks.

Sadly, the damage inflicted by the canine barbarians and other menaces for nearly seven millennia has been more than the Danzi race could overcome. Today, they are again on the verge of extinction, with fewer than 25,000 believed to exist in all the world. The majority (85%) are found in the Eastern Territory and Disputed Lands, 12% in the Great Northern Wilderness, and the rest scattered to foreign lands, many as exotic slaves or bold adventurers. Although the Wolfen and other canines consider all "dagangi" (the Wolfen word for them) champions to be treated as if they were the greatest of Wolfen heroes, the animosity between the canines and Danzi continues. In fact, many a young Wolfen warrior considers it a great honor to fight and kill (or be killed by) a Danzi. This has made duels and clashes with the Danzi a welcomed experience and, for some, an unofficial "right of passage" with triumph for the Wolfen said to indicate an illustrious destiny, and death at the hands of a Danzi, a glorious one.

The Danzi Today

For the most part, the Danzi are a scattered, nomadic people found across the Eastern Territories, primarily in the heartland of the region and the Disputed Lands where the forests are thick, humans are sparse, and civilization is minimal. However, they are also found in the regions bordering the Old Kingdom River, the Highback Plains and the Great Northern Wilderness.

The nomadic Danzi are organized into five large clans; the E'Dehko (2,600 strong), Zojan (4,000 strong), Trajek (2,200 strong), Feidethi (4,800 strong) and the Mate! (5,700 strong). Clan membership is usually for life and can only change if a male marries a woman from another clan. In these rare events, the male joins his wife's clan. Danzi usually live and travel in smaller groups called "Shabets." A sixth group, believed to be around 3,000 strong, has forsaken tribal life and have settled down to establish permanent villages or to live among men in the southern plains and Old Kingdom River region. Although they respect the old ways and treat their nomadic cousins with honor, they are tired of hiding from the world, and for better or worse, have chosen to rejoin it. Traditional Danzi call them the "Lost Tribe."

One of the most notorious northern tribes is the E'Dehko Clan (the name literally means, "Retribution Clan"), where the 2600 members continue their private war against the *Udlu-Set*. The E'Dehko regularly harass, rob, raid and kill bands of canines, with the more barbaric Coyles their primary target and Wolfen second. They also serve as native guides, wilderness scouts, saboteurs, strategists, informers and bounty hunters working for humans to aid them in their push into the region and war against the Wolfen Empire. The E'Dehko Clan constantly stirs the pot and instigates trouble between human and canine, although none seem to be aware of their complicity. For example, it was this clan who has generated many of the most heinous (and false) stories about the Wolfen, such as the misnomer that Wolfen eat human babies. It is also a thinly veiled campaign of hate and revenge that is uncharacteristic of these people as a race, and has cost the clan dearly, with half its population lost in just the last 60 years. A very short period, especially by Danzi standards.

As noted earlier, most tribes are divided into small, mobile, family clans called Shabets. These subgroups typically consist



of between four and twelve families numbering 30 to 120 individuals of all ages. Each Shabet is led by the "Shabet-ta," always a woman, and the "Shabet-tza," always a male. The Shabet-ta is the social leader of the Shabet. She is the leader people look to in all matters of law, morals, ethics, communal work, child rearing, food gathering and preparation, maintaining the camp, interpretations of customs and law, where and when to move, and so on. The Shabet-tza is the war leader and is responsible for overseeing the training of the warriors, hunting and all other matters related to defense. Only the Shabet-tza can declare war or send the warriors out to fight, while only the Shabet-ta can give the order to relocate. Sometimes, but not always, the Shabet-ta and the Shabet-tza are married.

Typically, each Shabet also has a Clan Shaman — a wise man who advises the clan leaders, delivers babies, heals the sick and deals with all things magical and spiritual as caretaker of the people. Those Shabets without one must either enlist the services of a Danzi Wandering Shamans or pay a visit to the Clan Shaman of another Shabet from the same clan, in fact, it is the Clan Shaman who chooses both Shabet leaders with the aid of forest and ancestral spirits. The Danzi Shaman departs a bit from the traditional Shaman of other people like Ogres and Coyles (see *Adventures on the High Seas™* for the Shaman O.C.C.). They do not use Chanting Magic and have some culturally specific orientations, duties and abilities, but they are cut from the same cloth. The two Danzi Shaman O.C.C.s are described in detail toward the end of this section.

Once every five years, the many Shabets gather in *Clan Motes*, times in which all members of the clan assemble for a two week long period of celebration and visiting. It is also the primary time when marriages are performed. The Danzi who have abandoned the old ways and have constructed permanent settlements are outside both the clan and Shabet systems, but they still respect the shamans, clan leaders, and many of the old customs.

The Danzi are a hard, proud people who have been pitted against the rigors of the unsettled wilderness and have survived. Subsequently, strength is highly respected and has permeated almost all aspects of their society. Not so much raw brute strength, but strength of character, willpower and determination. The preoccupation with strength manifests in everyday life, from not using beasts of burden, to warriors always carrying their weapons in hand, to the tattoos that mark their bodies. Even knights and palladins, considered to be among the best warriors in the world, are scorned by the Danzi for their reliance on riding animals, heavy armor and willingness to use magic for combat and healing. Likewise, Long-Bowmen are looked upon as being weak and cowardly for striking at a distance rather than facing their enemy. Meanwhile, priests are regarded as dangerous fools for putting their trust in and drawing power from the gods. The Danzi grudgingly accept humankind as the new dominant race, and usually regard Elves and Dwarves with a certain amount of disdain for having lost/thrown away their place of power in the world, as well as for their disgruntled past.

The Danzi way of life

Everyday life for the Danzi is a struggle. The Shabets move every two or three months, hunting and gathering until the local food supply becomes less plentiful or they feel they have lin-

gered long enough. Danzi are generally regarded as "fair folk" by the monster races, the same as humans, Elves, Dwarves and Gnomes. Consequently, they are frequently victimized by them and regard Ores, Goblins, Ogres and most members of the monster races as rivals and enemy tribes. Thus, staying in any one place leaves one vulnerable to discovery and attack by one's enemies.

The women gather roots, berries and nuts as well as the fibrous Chuna plant used in the construction of Danzi huts and the making of clothes. The males hunt, craft weapons and defend the clan. Unlike the human society in the East, Danzi women own the majority of property and make the day-to-day decisions regarding home and family. Inheritance is divided amongst the daughters or amongst the granddaughters if there are no surviving daughters. Women are considered the "wise ones" and their intuition, knowledge, concerns and words are given great weight in Danzi society.

Although Danzi have forsaken civilization and live as wandering tribal nomads, they are not savages. In fact, they are more compassionate, caring and "civilized" than many human communities. Both males and females have a high regard for life, social order and personal responsibility. All Danzi have a strong sense of right and wrong, and believe there is nothing more important than honor, both as an individual and as a part of a community. A Danzi will sacrifice comfort and even their life to best serve the greater good of their clan, bring status to their clan (and thus to themselves) and to uphold honor and/or justice. They are usually respectful of the laws and customs of others, treat most people as their equals, and strive to live good, productive lives. Debts owed are always repaid, and debts due are never forgotten. Amongst themselves, they are always polite and thoughtful in both word and deed. Clan warfare, as was so prevalent among the "Udlu-Set," is unheard of and only a matter of intense honor or justice will bring Danzi to blows with one another. Finding a peaceful resolution is always tried first, and *trial by combat* is never to the death. Killing a fellow Danzi opponent out of envy, anger or revenge (when there are so few of them left) brings disgrace and dishonor, exceeded only by killing a child. Other things that can bring disgrace are bearing false witness against another, lying in general, betrayal of the clan, acts of cruelty, allowing injustice that hurts or enslaves others, and failing to try one's best, especially in the defense of one's people and in preserving clan honor, all of which can result in a loss of social status within the clan. Once honor is lost, it is not easily regained.

Tattoos & Body Piercings. Knowing and accepting one's place in Danzi society is an integral part of keeping order and peace amongst the clans. As such, a Danzi camp is a highly regimented place where the actions of everyone are regulated by tradition, honor, duty and moral conviction. To help in determining status and responsibilities, the Danzi extensively use tattoos, body painting and earrings. The passage into adulthood, battles fought, clan and Shabet affiliation, family accomplishments, and children sired/birthed, can all be told by reading and understanding the intricate tattoos and earrings that a Danzi wears with undisguised pride. Indeed, among the Danzi, failure to examine another's tattoos is seen as a sign of great disrespect.

Earrings are the easiest for outsiders to understand. These items symbolize that all-important commodity, children. Red

stones symbolize a girl child, a green stone represents a boy child, a blue stone represents a grandchild either male or female and a black stone represents a dead child or grandchild. Among a people whose birth rate is incredibly low, (a typical Danzi woman has only a single child every 40 to 80 years), children, and thus earrings, are one of the highest marks of pride and respect. Even black earrings will earn the wearer a preferred place at the campfire.

Each and every Danzi has at least two tattoos, most have many more. All have a clan mark inscribed over the heart, which they leave exposed at all times except in the depths of winter or when in disguise. At the age of 16, all Danzi receive a second tattoo inscribed on the upper arm or left cheek symbolizing the transition into adulthood. Later, they may get tattoos that denote their occupation or accomplishments such as being a hunter, a great warrior, craftsman, shaman, etc. Important battles fought are signified by a band around the arm or leg, the color and exact design varying to indicate the different race fought. Defeated canines are always signified by a jagged black line.

Another common tattoo is for marriage, which is placed on the chin and lower lip, a place reserved only for this purpose. Danzi are monogamous, marrying for life. Should one partner die before the other, the surviving partner will not remarry. A young woman may still bear children as part of her responsibility to the clan but she will never marry again. Should the unthinkable occur, and a Danzi gain a tattoo for an honor not won, or wear battle stripes not earned, the offender loses all status in the clan and is considered to be an honorless rogue. The offender is first branded across the unearned tattoo with a tear-drop shape called the "wolf mark" and the individual is expelled from the clan, destined to roam alone or with other dishonorable beings, as no other clan will accept those branded in such fashion.

Magical tattoos are different from status tattoos in that they are not given as a sign of accomplishment or affiliation and can only be inscribed by a shaman. The ordeal of receiving one is an accomplishment in itself. Aside from their magical qualities (detailed later in this section), these tattoos also differ from the other tattoos in the method of creation. Status tattoos are normally created by injecting dye into the flesh with a bone needle. Spirit Tattoos on the other hand are literally carved into the flesh with an obsidian blade or chisel, leaving a distinctive groove into which the dye is pressed. Amongst the Danzi, Spirit Tattoos, or "Kratos" as they call them, are a sign of physical and mental strength. Even members of other races who receive Kratos are treated with the respect due a warrior. Danzi typically receive Spirit Tattoos when they become a warrior, when they are preparing for a long, arduous journey, and sometimes for no apparent reason at all except to test oneself. Even after the recipient has survived the ordeal of the creation process, using these ancient magicks requires endurance well above the norm. Spirit Tattoos are not given as a sign of status (though in themselves they increase honor), so they are sometimes given to non-Danzi who have earned the trust, respect and gratitude of the clan. Note: Only Danzi Shamans have the power to create these Spirit Tattoos and they *will* die rather than give them up.

Danzi are a very *spiritual* people who have a tremendous regard for life, nature, freedom and family, and yet they reject all gods as untrustworthy and self-serving deities. Likewise, the

one profession they deem both dishonorable and despicable is that of the *clergy*. All priests and acolytes, regardless of race or faith, are viewed with disdain and perceived as pawns of supernatural forces that have little real regard for mortal people. Priests are so vilified that killing one in anger or revenge is entirely acceptable, and standing against the clergy and their foul supernatural masters over matters the Danzi find just, is a badge of honor and distinction. It is important to note that despite these hard feelings, the cordial and polite Danzi do not spit upon men of the cloth, nor do they actively seek reasons to do them harm. In fact, they tend to avoid priests, churches and temples, and treat priests (witches, Necromancers and Summoners too) with cold indifference.

Ancestral spirits. The Danzi, themselves, look to the spirits of their ancestors to guide them, both through the teachings passed down by word of mouth and occasionally by ceremonies in which the clan shaman actually speaks with the dead. As part of the ancestor worship, families keep small clay or metal jars that contain the cremated remains of deceased family members; typically going back only one or two generations. These items are kept in the center of the home where most of the activity occurs, and ancestors are often spoken about (and sometimes to) as if they were still alive. ("Grandfather told me how to best catch the elusive deer.") Indeed, all Danzi can commune with spirits and see encounters with ghosts as a blessing, and respect what the deceased may have to tell them. The Danzi go so far as to carry the knucklebones of their parents and grandparents in a bag tied around their neck both as a way to keep their ancestors close and as a means for the shaman to talk with them when needed. The eldest male child always wears the deceased father's sternum around his neck. The bone is worn against the skin and is inscribed with clan marks and noteworthy deeds and accomplishments of the deceased. Note: These practices and anti-religious sentiments have led more than one priest or church to declare the Danzi pagan *demon worshipers*, *death cultists* and *disciples of Chaos* (the latter implying some link or worship to the Old Ones). Many priests like to think the belief in spirits is pure superstition, and that the god, Utu, or Set, or similar lord of the dead, takes the soul of every being who dies. Danzi also respect spirits of nature, which is why a tiny handful become Warlocks, and most Danzi have a natural affinity (and immunity) to Faerie Folk.

Danzi R.C.C.

Alignment: Any, but tend to be Principled, Scrupulous, Unprincipled or Aberrant.

Attributes: The number of six-sided dice are designated. I.Q. 2D6+3, M.E. 3D6+3, M.A. 2D6+3, P.S. 3D6, P.P. 3D6+1, P.E. 3D6+3, P.B. 3D6, Spd. 5D6+6.

Hit Points: P.E. +1D6 per level of experience.

S.D.C.: 20 plus those gained from O.C.C.s and physical skills.

P.P.E.: !D6xIO plus P.E. attribute number. (Add this to the P.P.E. base of any magic-based O.C.C. such as Shaman, Druid or Warlock.)

Size: 6 feet, six inches to 7 feet tall (2-2.1 m).

Weight: 180 to 275 pounds (81-124 kg)..

Average Life Span: 320 years, although some (about 15%) live to be 400+ years.

Physical Appearance: Tall and thin, the Danzi are built for speed. Their skin is dark tanned, and hair is coarse and

brown, black or dark red. The men's hair on their head is naturally short, about 3-4 inches long, but at the back of the skull, down the neck and on the back of the shoulder, it turns into a *mane* of long hair tapering into a point at the small of their back. The women do not have the mane, rather their hair grows on the head, like humans, and is allowed to grow long lengths which they wear in a variety of braids. Women often bind their braids with ornamental clasps, beads and ribbons. Danzi ears are pointed though not as extreme as an Elf, and their nose is large and flat, blending smoothly into their cheeks. Their teeth are slightly pointed with elongated incisors giving them the appearance of fangs although they do no extra damage. Their eyes are strikingly larger than a human's, and almond-shaped with a cat-like pupil and a metallic gold, blue or bronze iris.

R.C.C. Skill Note: All Danzi speak their own language, a guttural variant dialect of Faerie Speak (can understand "true" Faerie Speak at 70% proficiency and vice versa) and can read the Danzi written language composed of symbols, marks and pictographs. By age 16, all Danzi have the equivalent skills of *Land Navigation* at 80%, *Wilderness Survival* 90%, *Swim* 90%, and *Prowl* 60% regardless of the O.C.C. selected; children have these skills at half the number listed. These skills only increase if they are taken as O.C.C. skills and then only after the number listed here is attained and surpassed through experience.

O.C.C.s Available to Danzi: Cultural restraints of the race means Danzi are unlikely to be anything except one of the following: *Ranger*, *Mercenary Warrior*, *Assassin*, *Vagabond* or *Farmer* are the most common, with a small number selecting *Shamans*, *Druid*, or *Warlock*, while those blessed with psychic powers may select any of the *Psychic O.C.C.s*, however, psionics is less common among Danzi than humans (see Psionics, below). Note: Danzi Men at Arms get a bonus of +2 on initiative and 3D6 S.D.C.

Natural Abilities: Nightvision 400 feet (122 m); superior day vision and hearing (+1 on initiative, +1 to dodge), natural runners and can leap six feet (1.8 m) high and 12 feet (3.6 m) across with just a few steps, increase by 50% with a running start.

Exceptional Speed & Running Endurance: Blessed with exceptional speed to begin with, Danzi can sprint at 2x their normal speed attribute for one quarter their P.E. attribute number in minutes, but then must rest for 10 minutes. Can "cruise" at a normal running speed (half the maximum speed) for P.E. in hours without needing to stop and rest. Swimming is the same as humans.

Natural Armor Rating: 8

Enhanced Healing (special): Recovers 2D6+3 Hit Points or S.D.C. every 12 hours.

Limited Resistance to Magic (special): +5 to save vs Faerie Magic (including Jinx), +6 to save vs Faerie Foods, +2 to save vs summoning magic, +5 to save vs possession, and can not be magically turned to stone (impervious to magical petrification). On the down side, magical metamorphosis only lasts half as long as usual on Danzi.

Natural Magic Abilities: Can perform each of the following spells on others or self once per 24 hours: Sense Magic (4), Chameleon (6), and Commune with Spirits (25), all at the potency of a 6th level mage.

These abilities are all that is left of their once Faerie-like magical capabilities.

Magic: See Natural Abilities. A Danzi may also possess mystical abilities through magic-based O.C.C.s such as the *Shaman*, *Druid*, and *Warlock*. Though few in number among the Danzi, the Warlock is considered a "holy person" who has a unique link to the spirits of nature.

Danzi NEVER consider becoming a priest, witch or any O.C.C. that involves deities or giving oneself to the supernatural. In fact, they generally dislike and distrust magic and most even avoid using magic weapons, talismans and potions, only their unique brand of Spirit Tattoos is truly acceptable. This sentiment is so deep rooted, that a Danzi will NEVER accept magic healing unless they are well below a third of their Hit Points and only if there is not enough time to recover naturally. Due to their deep distrust of the gods, they will not accept healing from a priest or deity under any circumstance, even to save the life of a child.

Psionics: Less common than among humans, there is only a 10% chance of a Danzi possessing any level of psionics. (A roll of 01-07 is a Major Psionic, 08-10 a Minor psychic, 11-00 no psionic ability.)

Enemies: Dislike and distrust all canines, including Wolfen, Coyles, Kankoran and Bearmen, but especially Coyles. They often find themselves pitted against other members of the monster races, particularly Ores, Ogres, Trolls, Goblins and Giants, all common to the Eastern Territory and Great Northern Wilderness.

As noted at length earlier, Danzi have no love for the gods, and look upon all members of clergy, religious crusaders and the openly devout as dangerous fanatics and pawns of supernatural forces. They feel similarly about Witches, Necromancers, Summoners and any occupation that worships or allies itself to supernatural powers, especially gods.

Allies: None per se. They are distrustful of Elves and resentful of humans and Dwarves, but tolerate and sometimes befriend all three, with humans being the most palatable. While a lone Danzi or small group may befriend and even travel or live with humans, most Danzi keep their distance, especially from ugly, noisy towns and cities. Only the people of Llorn on the banks of the Inland Sea can truly say they are friends with the aloof Danzi. A hot topic amongst the Danzi is whether the clans should ever join human society, or join them in their fight against the Wolfen. Some Shabets have already decided to join the fight while others are reluctant to ally themselves with a race of such questionable ethics, violent history and faith in the gods.

Changelings are neither liked nor disliked, and viewed as having more in common with Faerie Folk (and therefore, with the Danzi, themselves) than humans. Furthermore, the Danzi sympathize with them as hunted refugees, forgotten (and condemned?) by the gods and faced with extinction. Thus, they will accept a Changeling as an equal, provided he discloses his unique nature and keeps no secrets from the clan. This means many Shabets have 2D6 Changelings living among them. Nobody's fool, the Danzi recognize their persecution and understand the Changelings' fear of all other races. Consequently, they accept the Changelings' need to disguise themselves as humans or other races, but *never* Danzi. Those who break this trust and take Danzi form are

cast out of the clan and forever distrusted. However, those who comply and follow the lifestyle of the Danzi as a productive member of the clan, are welcomed as brothers.

Faerie Folk are considered to be mischievous "forest spirits" to be shown courtesy and respect. This and the Danzi's natural resistance to Faerie Magic has earned them a favored place among Faerie Folk. In fact, Faerie Folk will often appear before Danzi hunters, warriors, shamans and clans to warn them of danger and trouble in the forest, as well as things that the Little People find frightening or strange. This is a truly unique relationship between Faerie Folk and any "Big Folk," but while they may see the Danzi as kindred spirits for whom they are willing to perform little services and grant tips and warnings, they NEVER stand at their side in battle or rise up en masse to protect them.

Habitat: Wilderness, particularly forests. They consider the Eastern Territory and Disputed Land to be their native home, but even here they avoid contact with other people and are found primarily in the deep forests away from civilization. As nomads they often travel north in the spring and summer, but prefer a more temperate climate and most return to the Eastern Territory in the fall and winter. Occasional bands can be found along the eastern edges of the Old Kingdom and lone individuals are found here and there throughout the world, often as slaves or as distinguished and honored (sometimes feared) exotic warriors. None willingly live in the hot Land of the South Winds or the Yin-Sloth Jungles, and the Western Empire is much too developed and religious to hold any appeal for them.

Note: The Danzi are so few, rare and secretive that the scholars of the Western Empire have declared them to be extinct and most people (99.9%) living south of Timiro have never heard of them, let alone ever seen one. Educated people in Timiro and Bizantium know about the Danzi as rare, almost mythic creatures, but only the occasional explorer, woodsman, slaver or adventurer visiting the Eastern Territory has ever actually seen any. Even people living in southern communities of the Eastern Territory and the largest cities are not likely to have ever seen a Danzi, nor remember hearing about them. Only an old-timer, ranger, hunter or scholar who has explored the Eastern wilderness will know about them or seen one or more at some point in his life. Consequently, if a Danzi comes to town, he is likely to draw a crowd of curious and excited children and townsfolk anxious to catch a glance of this dying race - after all, it may be their only opportunity.

Favorite Weapons: Short hatted spear (1D6+1 damage), javelin (2D4 damage), throwing axe and hatchets/tomahawks (2D4 damage), and knives (1D6 damage). Some Danzi prefer traditional weapons made of chiseled and carved bone or stone, but many have come to prefer weapons made of steel purchased or traded from humans, Dwarves or Kobolds; sometimes taken from a slain enemy such as the Wolfen and Ogres.

Tattoos: Danzi use tattoos as a means of beautifying and to mark great warriors and important events. They may also have *Spirit Tattoos*. The "Shabet-ta" (clan leader) and "Shabet-tza" (war chief) usually have five to seven Spirit Tattoos. Likewise, the Danzi Shamans will have four to six, but the average Danzi seldom has more than one or two, the

only exception being distinguished warriors or hunters who may have three to six. A Danzi player character, other than one of the Shamans, starts with *one* Spirit Tattoo.

Danzi Shaman O.C.C.s

"Shazni-Kratos," Clan Shaman O.C.C.

Danzi Shamans are the caretakers and historians of their people, depended upon to provide moral and spiritual direction for the living as well as appease the spirits of ancestors, nature and the supernatural world. As a part of their duties, the Danzi shamans, or "Shazni-Kratos" in the Danzi language, keep records of the clan, including births, deaths, ancestral lineage, great battles and terrible tragedy. These records are kept via tattoos and symbols carved into bone or animal hides, but most details are memorized and told by word of mouth as parables, myths, legends and stories known as "clan truths." During clan motes, the Shazni-Kratos get together and share "notes," each tweaking and correcting the other's histories whenever details are off. In this way, accuracy can be maintained. To put it in context, each Shazni-Kratos keeps in memory the equivalent of a good-sized set of encyclopedias complete with dates, names and locations. These histories extend back five thousand years, with myths that go back to the Age of Chaos, and contain significant amounts of information about other races as well. Most Shabet groups have their own Shazni-Kratos (typically one or two, never more), but if a shaman is lost that group must depend upon the services of a neighboring clan shaman or a "Utazni-Krot," "Wandering Shaman," until a new Shazni-Kratos rises from their ranks.

The Keepers of Clan History. As noted above, the Shazni-Kratos is the keeper of clan history. Thus all Shazni-Kratos have amazing memories and if psychic, will possess the ability of Total Recall. Traditionally, a young Shazni-Kratos is taught by an elder shaman, usually with the purpose of taking his place as Shabet shaman. However, if the Shabet shaman(s) is killed before he or she has trained a replacement, the ancestors are said to come and speak to one who has the inner spirit to become a Shazni-Kratos. This only happens to Clan Shamans (never Utazni-Krot) and is a rare occurrence. Instruction and insight usually comes in the way of dreams, but sometimes an actual ghostly spirit will appear to offer instruction. This is the only way the mentorless shaman can learn about the ancestors and history of the particular Shabet (births, deaths, etc.). O.C.C. Related Skills: Public Speaking (+20%) and History: Danzi and Eastern Territory (+20%).

The Keepers of Magic. The Danzi shamans are the only ones to hold the secrets of Tattoo Magic, and some believe that it is the shamans' special, spiritual nature that enables them and only them to create and activate them. Danzi Tattoo Magic is one of the many forms of archaic mystic arts lost to the world. Whether it is from the Danzi's roots as once magical creatures themselves, or secret shamanic practices, both varieties of shamans can resist torture, dying first rather than reveal the secrets, as well as resist psionic probes and even Mind Meld — the

Spirit Tattoo knowledge is somehow blocked from all manner of psychic probes, telepathy and possession.

Tattoos. One of the chief duties of the Shaman (both varieties) is inscribing tattoos, magical and otherwise. The making of earrings and other jewelry is the exclusive domain of females. O.C.C. Related Skills: Art (+20%), Cryptography (+20%), Writing (+15%); Danzi writing is mostly symbols.

Advice & Counsel. Another is offering advice, settling disputes and giving the clan spiritual direction. O.C.C. Related Skills (all at +10%): Two spoken languages of choice, Lore: Religion, Lore: Faerie Folk, Lore: Demons & Monsters, Lore: Farm, Identify Plants & Fruits, and Land Navigation, plus Dowsing (+15%) and Math: Basic (+25%).

Healer. Tending to the sick, healing the injured, and delivering babies are all part of the Clan Shaman's duties. Skills (all at +20%): Animal Husbandry, Biology, Holistic Medicine, Surgeon/Medical Doctor, Brewing, Cook and Preserve Food.

Other O.C.C. Skills: Select W.P. Axe or Spear, one W.P. of choice and four other skills at level one and two additional skills at levels 3, 6, 9 and 12. Selections are limited to the following Skill Categories: Domestic, Horsemanship (Basic and Exotic only), Medical, Physical, Scholar/Technical, Weapon Proficiencies and Wilderness. All get a +5% bonus. All skills are cumulative.

Secondary Skills: Select four secondary skills from the previous list at level one and one additional at levels 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12. These are additional areas of knowledge without benefit of bonuses.

Note: See page 38 of *Adventures on the High Seas*™ for insight to the Traditional Shaman of the monster races, Coyles included, not to mention the Sailor, Pirate, Necromancer, Bard and Gladiator O.C.C.s, among others. The Danzi do not have chanting powers/magic. Males and Females may become a Danzi Shaman.

Special Shanzi-Kratos Powers, Abilities & Bonuses

1. **Danzi Tattoo Magic.** Danzi do not have the traditional shaman power of Chanting, instead they hold the secret of Spirit Tattoos. Although the shaman may only have a few magic tattoos himself, he can create any of the ones described.

2. **Sense Mystical Power (P.P.E.).** Every shaman has an innate ability to sense Potential Psychic Energy (P.P.E.), their main source of power. Great amounts of P.P.E., anything over 60 points, whether in the area (such as in a place of power), or emitted by the casting of a spell, will be instantly noticed, and may even wake the character out of a sound sleep. However, when the power level is not so outrageous, the character will have to focus his attention in one of the following three ways:

Sense Ley lines. Like other mystics (including practitioners of magic), a shaman can sense the powerful magic energy emanating from the earth. The character can trace the ley lines in the earth, sense nexus points (where two or more intersect), and clearly distinguish (even from a mile/1.6 km or two off) places of power (ley line junction points). The character will sense the gentle flow of magic energy as if it were some kind of tingling breeze, gently rubbing against the shaman's skin. Base Skill: 28% +2% per level of experience.

Sense Mystical Beings. The shaman can sense mystic energy radiating from others, whether ordinary folk or practitioners of

magic, magical creatures (such as dragons) or the supernatural (the undead, demons, elementals, etc.). Anyone with a P.P.E. of 3 or less will seem "diminished," those with a P.P.E. of 4 to 10 will seem "normal," 11 to 20 will appear "full," 21 to 50 will seem "laden," and most with more than that will seem to be "bursting" with power. Anyone with more than 100 P.P.E. will simply seem "blinding." If the shaman touches the subject, or if the subject joins the shaman's ceremony, the measurement of P.P.E. happens automatically. Otherwise, the range is 10 feet plus two feet (3 m plus 0.6 m) per level of advancement, and it is necessary to roll for success. A failed roll means the character does not sense the P.P.E. or cannot measure the energy level. Base Skill: 25% +5% per level of experience.

Sense Confined Mystic Power. For the Shaman, touching any objects containing P.P.E., such as magical devices, scrolls, potions, and especially rune artifacts, the energy contained will seem to be "straining" from the pressure of its containment. As with people, the shaman gets a sense of the total amount of power contained in the item. Note, a shaman can always detect the exact level of power remaining in his personal magic artifacts. Touching allows for the sense to take place automatically, otherwise, the range is 10 feet, plus two feet (3 m plus 0.6 m) per level of advancement, and it is necessary to roll for success. Base Skill: 35% +5% per level of experience.

3. **Ceremonies of the Shaman.** The Shaman gathers together his or her followers, and leads them in a mystic ceremony, attempting to mystically link all their energies together. If the followers of the shaman put their respect and trust into the rite, then some measure of their P.P.E. becomes part of the ceremony, and is at the disposal of the shaman. Chanting or singing alone will provide enough focus to get one P.P.E. point from each ordinary person participating. Combining chanting with dance, in a ceremony that builds in momentum and intensity, can get an average of four (4) P.P.E. per participant. Participating characters with high amounts of P.P.E. including other priests, practitioners of magic, magical creatures, and supernatural beings devote half of their P.P.E., and can (voluntarily) provide as much as 70% of their P.P.E. reserve. All of the shaman's P.P.E. automatically becomes part of the ceremony. However, if the ceremony is disrupted and/or the people distracted or scattered, the level of available energy instantly plummets to half and is completely gone at the end of one melee round (15 seconds after the ritual/ceremony is disrupted).

Because there can be dozens, hundreds or even thousands of followers, the amount of P.P.E. that the shaman controls can be enormous, and a means of accessing tremendous amounts of magical energy. In addition to the power of the participants, ceremonies can also benefit from being conducted in places filled with natural psychic energy, such as ley lines, nexus points, and during special celestial events such as solstices and eclipses. For example, if the ceremony takes place within two miles of a ley line, the pooled power of the ceremony automatically increases by 20%. Specific details on the amount of extra P.P.E. can be found in the *Palladium Fantasy RPG, 2nd edition*, pages 181-182.

Once the ceremony is in full swing, and the P.P.E. is available, the shaman can do any of the following:

Heal Ceremonial Participants. The shaman can choose anyone within the ceremony (including his or her self) as a tar-

get for healing. Bleeding (including internal) instantly stops and begins to heal. The effects and penalties of disease and poison are instantly stopped and alleviated/dispelled/healed, although any Hit Point/S.D.C. damage already done by it remains. Or, the shaman can restore Hit Points or S.D.C. at the rate of one point per round/15 seconds of the healing ceremony.

P.P.E. Cost: Depends on the size and fervor of the ceremony. If the shaman is controlling at least 100 P.P.E., then the healing is free. In any ceremony of less power, healing costs 1 P.P.E. per point of physical healing or 20 points to stop bleeding or disease or poison.

Limitations: One person can be healed per every 100 points of P.P.E. available to the shaman, but the total number that can be affected is limited to half the healer's current level of experience; i.e. a 6th level shaman can heal up to three people during the same ceremony, a 9th level one can heal four people, and so on. All those to be healed must be part of the ceremony, even if it is simply laying unconscious at the feet of the shaman.

Ceremony to Invest Power. At the close of a ceremony, it is up to the shaman to decide where to put any of the power remaining in the ceremony. The power can be directed anywhere the shaman likes, the only limit being the amount of P.P.E. available. This means that the shaman, or anyone else in the ceremony, can be filled with P.P.E. up to their usual (maximum) P.P.E. level. Likewise, the shaman can direct the power into any magical artifact capable of containing P.P.E. Finally, all the remaining power can be "shared out" to the participants, so that everyone in the ceremony gets an equal piece of whatever is left over, dividing the amount of power by the number of participants. Everybody who receives P.P.E. through investment feels invigorated and alert (no fatigue) regardless of how long the ceremony may have been or how much they exerted themselves as participants.

For example, assume a ceremony consists of the shaman and 20 followers, and he has 130 P.P.E. left when it comes to a close. One possibility is for the shaman to simply share it all equally, so the G.M. would divide the 130 by 21 (the followers plus the shaman) for a share of 6 P.P.E. each (yes, it's actually 6.19, but the partial P.P.E. is lost). Another way of doing it would be for the shaman to first take his own personal P.P.E., say 45 P.P.E., and then share out the remainder, dividing 85 by 20, which would give each follower 4 P.P.E. Note: If the shaman is rendered unconscious, or removed (killed, teleported away, etc.), or otherwise loses control during a ceremony, then the ceremony will suddenly end, half the P.P.E. will be dispersed (lost!), and the remaining P.P.E. will be distributed evenly among all the remaining participants (up to each character's usual P.P.E.).

Ceremonial Tattoo Making. The Danzi shaman (either type) may bestow Spirit Tattoos on others, but can not do so on himself. He must seek out another shaman and request a tattoo creation ceremony be worked on him. See the section on *Spirit Tattoos* for details.

4. Commune with Ancestors & Spirits. All Danzi can sense and Commune with Spirits (any spirit, same as the wizard spell), but while the ordinary Danzi can only do so once per 24 hours, the Shamans can use this natural magic power to speak to non-Danzi spirits as often as six times in a single day.

In their role as keepers of history and spiritual advisors, the Danzi Shamans are said to see and speak to their ancestors on a regular basis. These "ghosts" of the past typically appear and speak to them in dreams and by providing omens (typically signs seen in nature). However, the Shazni-Kratos and Utazni-Krot can directly communicate with the spirits of dead ancestors by calling upon those whose bones they wear in a small pouch around their neck (which, in the case of the Shaman, usually goes back 4-6 generations, sometimes more). Always respectful of the deceased, the Danzi Shaman only calls upon his departed ancestors in time of personal or clan need. This requires the Shaman to go into a meditative trance, expend 25 P.P.E. points, think about a particular ancestor (usually while holding or rubbing the bag of bones), and call his or her name; saying it over and over in a soft whisper. Within 3D6+6 minutes, that ancestor or a direct relative to him, will appear to the shaman. Only the shaman can see this "ghost" and other characters with the ability to *see the invisible*, *presence sense* or otherwise see or address spirits see nothing. Although unseen by others, the shaman will speak and gesture as if the ancestor was indeed standing before or walking with him. **Success Rate:** 20+5% per level of experience, +20% for the Shazni-Kratos (Clan Shaman).

In its simplest form, the ability to speak to spirits can be played using the guidelines presented under the *Wisdom of the Ancestors Spirit Tattoo*, only the shaman does not need the tattoo (never selects it), and depending on the circumstance, the spirit may stay for several minutes to hours, engaging in lengthy discussion, philosophical or moral debate, or verbal tests of the shaman's historical and ancestral knowledge. The spirits of the ancestors are nothing more than passive advisors who engage in talk and questions. They are never proactive, but supportive and informative in all things in the past. They can NOT foretell the future, scout ahead, move things in the physical world or attack the shaman or any living person in any way. In fact, as noted earlier, there is no evidence the spirits actually exist at all, which has led rare scholars familiar with the Danzi race to wonder if the appearance of ancestors is a figment of the shaman's imagination that enables them to either tap into racial memories or communicate with their own subconscious mind.

The ghosts of the ancestors typically speak about the past, tell historic tales, myths and legends, provide bits of missing historical information, correct the shaman if he gets a story or clan custom wrong, or instruct the shaman in the ways of the shamanistic craft, including instruction in the performance of ceremonies and the making of Spirit Tattoos. Ghosts who stay around for a few minutes may (seemingly) use their own skills to help the shaman to figure things out or help the shaman with a skill or practice he is not familiar with. Of course, skills, knowledge and viewpoints are limited to the ancestor's own life experiences and the Danzi culture.

Ancestors occasionally appear to a Danzi Shaman unbeckoned, usually at a moment of crisis to offer a bit of advice, constructive criticism, or comforting words. This is an extremely rare occurrence.

5. Spirit Sight Since the Shazni-Kratos must deal with all things supernatural and spiritual, the Clan Shaman has the power to see the supernatural as follows.

Feel the presence of the supernatural: Recognize/sense possession: 60% +2% per level of experience. Recognize/sense a spirit, demon or Deevil when it is disguised or metamorphosized in some other or ordinary form: 50% +2% per level of experience.

Can see spirits, ghosts, entities, elementals and those made invisible by magic or supernatural power (including Faerie Folk). This is a natural ability born from years of training and the shaman's link to ancestral spirits. It does not require any special magic or the expenditure of P.P.E. The Utazni-Krot does NOT have this ability.

6. **P.P.E.:** Permanent base of !D6x10 P.P.E. (Like all Danzi plus P.E. Attribute number x5 (i.e. a P.E. of 9 = 45 P.P.E.). The character also gets 2D6 P.P.E. per level of experience.

7. **O.C.C. Bonuses (in addition to normal Danzi bonuses):** +5 to save vs possession, +2 to save vs poison and disease, and +2 to save vs Horror Factor.

8. **S.D.C. & A.R. Bonus:** +2D6 S.D.C. and +2 to Natural A.R. for an A.R. of 10.

9. **Spirit Tattoos:** Player Characters start with two. A Non-Player Character (NPC) Clan Shaman will have 4-6.

10. Also see Danzi Natural Abilities.

"Utazni-Krot," Wandering Shaman

Since there can not be more than one or two Shazni-Kratos per Shabet, those who wish to become a shaman must become an Utazni-Krot or "Wandering Shaman." The Utazni-Krot is has most of the abilities of the Clan Shaman, including Magic, but the creation of Spirit Tattoos costs 50% more (8D6 Hit Point damage to the shaman).

The Eyes of the World. The Wandering Shaman records only the most important events of the Danzi people. He does not keep the detailed record of births, deaths and such of a specific clan. Moreover, the life of the Wandering Shamans lay "in the world." Not with his clan, thus the Utazni-Krot is expected to forever wander, observe, help the innocent and learn things that will help or enlighten the Danzi people. The latter makes them something of an Intelligence Officer, because the Utazni-Krot make note (mentally) of conflicts, battles, the movements of armies and people, colonization efforts, religious campaigns, the appearance of a god or his emissary, and the beliefs and goals of other people, with an eye and ear out for how these things might impact his own people. Whenever the Utazni-Krot deems it necessary, he or she then returns to his people (any or all clans) to warn them of possible invasion, conflict, trouble and other events transpiring outside the Danzi's sheltered world. Thus, when a Wandering Shaman is enlisted by a Shabet, he only stays for a week or two before continuing his travels.

Of all Danzi, the Wandering Shamans are the only ones who routinely interact with other clans and other races. Being worldly, they are regularly called upon to mediate disputes, engage in peaceful negotiations, to stand in judgement, offer advice, and commune with spirits. In the event that a Wandering Shaman enters a Shabet that has one or two Clan Shamans, the



visiting Utazni-Krot always defers to the higher-ranking Shazni-Kratos and will serve him/them as an advisor and assistant. Having a Wandering Shaman visit on a regular basis is highly irregular and usually means that the character is seeking an apprentice (something that only occurs two or three times in his life) or a spouse.

O.C.C. Related Skills: Disguise (+5%), Escape Artist (+10%), Intelligence (+20%), Interrogation Techniques (+10%), Camouflage (+10%), and Imitate Voices or Horsemanship: General.

The Keepers of Magic. The Danzi shamans are the only ones to hold the secrets of Tattoo Magic, and some believe that it is the shamans' special, spiritual nature that enables them and only them to create and activate them. Danzi Tattoo Magic is one of the many forms of archaic mystic arts lost to the world. Whether it is from the Danzi's roots as once magical creatures themselves, or secret shamanic practices, both varieties of shamans can resist torture, dying first rather than reveal the secrets, as well as resist psionic probes and even Mind Meld — the Spirit Tattoo knowledge is somehow blocked from all manner of psychic probes, telepathy and possession.

Tattoos. One of the chief duties of the Danzi Shaman (both varieties) is inscribing tattoos, magical and otherwise. **O.C.C. Related Skills:** Art (+20%), Cryptography (+15%), Writing (+10%); Danzi writing is mostly symbols.

Advice & Counsel. Another is offering advice, settling disputes and giving the clan spiritual direction. **O.C.C. Related**

Skills (all at +10%): Two spoken languages of choice, Lore: Religion, Lore: Faerie Folk, Lore: Demons & Monsters, Identify Plants & Fruits, and Land Navigation, plus Math: Basic (+25%) and History: Danzi and Eastern Territory (+15%).

Healer. Tending to the sick, healing the injured, and delivering babies are all part of being a shaman, however, the Utazni-Krot is much less skilled in medicine than the Clan Shaman. O.C.C. Related Skills (all at +10%): Animal Husbandry, Holistic Medicine, First Aid, Brewing, and Cook.

Other O.C.C. Skills: Select W.P. Axe, W.P. Targeting or Spear, two W.P. of choice and two other skills of choice at level one and two additional at levels 3, 6, 9 and 12. Selections are limited to the following Skill Categories: Domestic, Espionage, Horsemanship (Basic and Exotic only), Medical, Military, Physical, Scholar/Technical, Weapon Proficiencies and Wilderness. All get a +5% bonus. All skills are cumulative.

Secondary Skills: Select three secondary skills from the previous list at level one and one additional at levels 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. These are additional areas of knowledge without benefit of bonuses.

Note: See page 38 of *Adventures on the High Seas*TM for insight to the Traditional Shaman for the monster races, Coyles included, not to mention the Sailor, Pirate, Necromancer, Bard and Gladiator O.C.C.s, among others. The Danzi do not have chanting powers/magic.

Special Utazni-Krot Powers, Abilities & Bonuses

1. Danzi Tattoo Magic. Described in the pages that follow. Danzi do not have the traditional shaman power of Chanting.

2. Sense Mystical Power (P.P.E.). Not applicable; only the Clan Shaman has these abilities.

3. Ceremony of the Shaman. Same as the Shazni-Kratos Clan Shaman, including Ceremonial Tattoo Making. The Danzi shaman (either type) may bestow Spirit Tattoos on others but can not do so on himself, he must seek out another Danzi shaman. See the section on *Spirit Tattoos* for details.

4. Communing with Ancestors & Spirits. Same ability as the Shazni-Kratos, only not as developed. Success Rate: 20+5% per level of experience.

5. P.P.E.: Permanent base of !D6x10 P.P.E. (like all Danzi) plus P.E. attribute number x5 (i.e. a P.E. of 9 = 45 P.P.E.) and 2D6 P.P.E. per level of experience.

6. O.C.C. Bonuses (in addition to normal Danzi bonuses): +3 to save vs possession, +1 to save vs poison and disease, +3 to save vs Horror Factor.

7. S.D.C. & A.R. Bonus: +4D6 S.D.C. and +3 to Natural A.R. for an A.R. of 11.

8. Spirit Tattoos: Player Characters start with three. A Non-Player Character Wandering Shaman will have five or six.

9. Also see Danzi Natural Abilities.



Danzi Spirit Tattoos

Note: Danzi Spirit Tattoos were inspired by Tattoo Magic from the pages of *Rifts*[®] *World Book 2: Atlantis*, but are very different. However, the two may be related, and both certainly once existed during the Time of a Thousand Magicks.

The Danzi call this magic "Kratos," meaning "Spirit Mark" or "Spirit Tattoo." In legend, the Danzi speak of a serpentine dragon by the name of Xao-Tey-Long who taught them the secret shortly after the fall of the Old Ones. Unable to repay their debt to Xao-Tey-Long, the Danzi honor and respect all dragons and will go out of their way to assist one if he is honorable or asks of them some simple request. The Danzi Shamans are the only ones who possess this ancient knowledge, and can not be forced to reveal its secrets, so when the last Danzi Shaman dies, the secrets of Spirit Tattoos will die with him.

Eligibility: No one under the age of 18 (or third level of experience) is considered for a Spirit Tattoo, because one must have done "at least a little living" to get one. The final decision is always left to the shaman, who can decline the request for any reason and does not have to explain why, usually saying something like, "no, you are not ready" or simply, "no" or "go away." Danzi Shamans never give a Spirit Tattoo to a dishonorable or vengeful individual. And while it is "said" no Danzi Shaman has ever given the "gift" of a Spirit Tattoo to any race other than his own, the shaman will never answer this question directly or clearly, and there are myths and legends telling of human, Ogre and even Elf heroes empowered by "magical marks carved into their flesh" - presumably Danzi Spirit Tattoos. Note: Technically, humans and other races can be given and use Danzi Spirit Tattoos, but only the Danzi Shamans can create them, and only a great friendship, service, or kindness would warrant such a rare and remarkable gift. The recipient would have to be honorable and the risk of death to humans is greater than to Danzi (the Danzi will naturally heal 2D6+3 Hit Points after 12 hours, a human will not).

The Creation Process: Spirit Tattoos provide the wearer with impressive power, but both the creation process and the use of them causes pain and suffering. Only one tattoo can be created per 13 hour ceremony and they are not given lightly. The greatest Danzi Shamans, warriors and heroes seldom have more than three or four.

Step One: The image/design for the Spirit Tattoo is carved or gouged into the flesh of the recipient with an obsidian chisel. The process usually takes 5-10 minutes and inflicts 1D6 points of damage direct to Hit Points.

Step Two: Once the tattoo is "cut," a poultice of grass and herbs soaked in a special dye is used to color the tattoo by being pressed into the wound. The dye is a secret, highly toxic mixture that must be applied in the right dose or it can kill its recipient. The Danzi's natural healing powers make death less of a danger, but most recipients are at serious risk and must endure hours of pain and fasting. The recipient must lay still for 13 hours, and can not sit up, speak, eat or drink water. The initial application of the toxic dye does 5D6 points of damage direct to Hit Points. Another poultice and 5D6 points of damage is applied every six hours for a total of 15D6 (15-90) points of damage from the toxin alone. No form of magical or psionic healing is allowed, for it is said to negate the ceremony and prevent the Magical Tattoo from being created.

The process can be stopped at any time, usually at the request of the recipient only, but once interrupted the creation process is ruined and the character has only a scar for his efforts. Likewise, getting up, moving around, speaking, eating or drinking will break the enchantment and ruin the creation ceremony. Those who die from the application are -20% to save vs coma and death due to the powerful poison in their bodies. (Note: The poison is occasionally coated on weapons. Victims cut or stabbed by the poisoned blade must save versus lethal poison, 14 or higher, or suffer 3D6 damage direct to Hit Points and an additional 1D4 damage for 1D6 rounds. A successful save means half damage. The poison is wiped clean after successfully striking one's opponent 1D4 times. Not available on the open market; the creation of the poison is known only to Danzi Shamans.)

Step Three: Activation: At the end of 13 hours and three applications of the toxic dye, it is time for the final step. Unlike other forms of magic that require the expenditure of P.P.E., Danzi Spirit Tattoos are activated simply by the Shaman touching the tattoo. In some magical way, it draws 6D6 Hit Points from the Shaman without leaving a mark on him. It is a painful but seldom deadly climax to the ceremony, and another reason Spirit Tattoos are never given lightly. The ceremony completed, the Shaman and the recipient of the tattoo can now heal normally. Again, magical or psionic healing can not be used on either character until at least half of the Hit Points lost in the ceremony are recovered through normal rest and healing. To do otherwise will ruin the magic and render the tattoo powerless. Leaving both people weak and vulnerable for a matter of days, this ceremony is typically performed in seclusion at a secret place or lodge known only to the Danzi Shaman. Here, both can rest and heal after the ceremony without interference or danger, for the shaman will not leave the recipient of the Spirit Mark until he is sufficiently healed. If the recipient should die, the shaman will bring his body back to his loved ones and perform the "right of passing," cremating the body on a funeral pyre of wood. It is said that those who die during this ceremony are always greeted by an ancestor and never doomed to walk the Earth.

Once completed, the tattoo can not be removed short of amputation. Even cutting away the flesh under the tattoo will not destroy it, the Spirit Mark returning when the flesh is healed.

Limitations & Considerations: Only ONE of each type of tattoo can be placed on the same person; there is no benefit of getting the same tattoo more than once.

A maximum of four tattoos may be activated per round. Each activation is followed by several seconds or minutes depending upon how many Hit Points were expended of incredible pain manifesting in cramping, cold sweats, loss of hearing, and/or blurred vision as part of the possessor's life (Hit Points) is drained by the tattoo to fuel itself. See below for a full explanation of effects. The side effects do not occur until after the magic of the tattoo expires.

Description of Spirit Tattoos

The design of Spirit tattoos falls into two categories, depending upon what part of the east the Danzi Shaman comes from. Danzi from the south prefer geometric designs resembling Celtic knots and weaves, while those from the north use intri-

cately flowing curves similar to those of the Maori (the native population of the real world New Zealand). In either case, the tattoos vary in size from as small as an inch to the size of one's hand to wrapping around the arm, leg or neck. Unlike Diabolism and Summoning circles that depend upon exact duplication of specific symbols, Spirit Tattoos may take whatever form the artist (i.e. shaman) desires, although most types have a similar look and feel.

Activation: All the user needs to do is think of the tattoo and call upon his ancestors for strength, power or guidance. Only the individual with the tattoo is affected or able to direct the magic energy at an opponent.

The Cost: Tattoo magic's power comes from the recipient's life rather than P.P.E. Thus, cost of activation is listed as *Hit Points (H.P.)*. Each activation cause a sharp pain to stab through the character's head or belly, instantly reducing his Hit Points as indicated. If the use of Spirit Tattoos sends the character below 10 Hit Points, he will know he tempts his fate and can die if reduced to zero (0) or below, regardless of how many S.D.C. points may remain (he is a good looking corpse with no sign of external damage).

Penalties: When the character has lost more than half his Hit Points, reduce speed by 25%, he is -2 to initiative, and all skills suffer a -10% performance penalty.

Alphabetical list of Spirit Tattoos

Celestial Fire & Light (7 H.P.)
 Cleansing Fire (4)
 Horror from Beyond the Veil (8)
 Nurturing Spirit (4)
 Obscure Identity (6)
 Reflect Magic (10+)
 Shroud of Woodland Spirits (8)
 Spirit Armor (10)
 Spirit of the Earth (15)
 Spirit of the Tiger (20)
 Spirit of the Waves (10)
 Spirit of the Wind (12)
 Spirit Shaping (30)
 Strength of the Ancestors (6+)
 Touch Soul (10)
 Warrior Ancestor (15)
 Wisdom of the Ancestors (10)

Celestial Fire and Light

H.P. Activation Cost: 7

Duration: One melee round in which the character's hand to hand attacks can be substituted with energy blasts fired from his hands or eyes (they glow while the magic is active).

Damage: 1D6+3 per blast.

Range: Touch or up to 200 feet (61 m) away.

Saving Throw: Dodge at -3.

Placement: The tattoo must be placed on the face or palm of a hand.

This tattoo charges the character with electrical energy that can be unleashed with a physical punch or kick inflicting 1D6+3 damage in addition to normal punch or kick damage, or fired from the hands or eyes to strike an enemy at a distance up to 200 feet (61 m). Can only be fired at a single target and requires a D20 roll to strike. The electrical charge is conducted through

steel, zapping through armor, making a roll of 6 or higher all that is necessary to strike, provided the attack is not dodged, blocked with a shield or parried. However, the metal armor also diffuses the blast inflicting only half the electrical damage and no punch or kick damage.

In the alternative, Celestial Fire can be used to create a glow around the character that will turn the dead and hold vampires, zombies and other undead at bay.

Cleansing Fire

H.P. Activation Cost: 4

Duration: Instant

Placement: Chest or abdomen.

When activated, a wave of energy washes over the individual, item or items in a container (basket of fruit, plate of food, barrel of water, etc.) to destroy any disease, poison or filth from them. In the case of food and drink, it makes them safe to consume. In the case of living creatures, it will purge them of infection, fever, stomach ailment, boils, rash, or poison, providing instant relief. Likewise, anyone contaminated with disease will be cleansed and made safe. Can not cure magic or psionic afflictions, curses or insanity.



Horror from Beyond the Veil

H.P. Activation Cost: 8

Duration: One melee round.

Placement: The tattoo is a tight mass of curves that appears to undulate when activated; must be placed on the top of the hands, forehead or chest.

This magic creates an aura of supernatural dread and a tangible scent of death around the character. Anyone looking at the character must roll to save vs Horror Factor 15 or flee in terror for 1D4 melee rounds. Ghouls and vampires are unaffected but zombies, mummies, Maxpary Shamblers, and animated dead will ignore the character, seeing him as one of their own. Meanwhile Banshees are irresistibly attracted to him and will follow wherever he leads. Once the magic ends the Banshee will be confused and there is a 01-68% chance it will retreat back to whatever hell-spawned dimension from which it originated.

Nurturing Spirit

H.P. Activation Cost: 4

Duration: One action/skill.

Placement: On the chest or shoulder.

When activated, it will add a +10% bonus to any skill that helps, heals or nurtures, including Cook, Preserve Food, Brewing, First Aid, Breed Animals, Botany (i.e. growing and caring for plants), delivering a baby or any medical skill, and so on.

Obscure Identity

H.P. Activation Cost: 6

Duration: 10 minutes +2 minutes per level of experience.

Placement: The tattoo must be placed on the recipient's face and is roughly the size of a hand. The recipient loses 3 points of P.B. (Danzi do not suffer the loss of P.B. as the tattoo is considered attractive).

When activated, the wearer's identity is obscured so that anyone viewing the character can not afterwards recall what he or she looked or sounded like, nor will they remember any tattoos, or recognize anything the character was wearing. In addition, magical or psionic means to See Aura or tell anything about the character (Sense Magic, Sense Evil, Detect Psionics, etc.) are blocked and reveal nothing.

Reflect Magic

H.P. Activation Cost: 10+

Duration: One melee round per 10 H.P. invested in the activation.

Placement: The tattoo must be drawn as a continuous ribbon around an arm, leg or torso.

This potent tattoo reflects spell magic, including fire balls, lightning and those created by reading a scroll or fired from a magic wand or weapon, back upon the spell caster without damage or ill effect on the tattoo wearer. The only limitation is that the magic must be directed solely at the tattoo wearer and can not be an area effect type of magic. Area effect spells, such as Cloud of Slumber, can not be reflected and have their full effect on the tattoo wearer and all around him.

Shroud of Woodland Spirits

H.P. Activation Cost: 8

Duration: 2 minutes per level of experience.

Placement: The tattoo must wrap around the neck.

Identical to the Chameleon spell (page 190, *Palladium Fantasy RPG 2nd Ed.*) except completely unnoticeable if standing totally still, and woodland animals will not react to the character's presence in any hostile or startled way.

Spirit Armor

H.P. Activation Cost: 10

Duration: Five minutes +1 minute per level of experience.

Placement: The tattoo must be placed on the shoulder blade or chest.

Once activated, the character's Natural Armor Rating is increased by 4 points; ordinary Danzi get an A.R. of 12, Clan Shaman to A.R. 14 and Wandering Shaman to A.R. 15 (humans, Elves, Dwarves and Gnomes get an A.R. of 7). Furthermore, the spirit armor will absorb up to 60 H.P./S.D.C. damage without touching the character's own H.P./S.D.C. After the 60 S.D.C. is used up, the heightened A.R. remains but damage comes from the character himself. Remember, any roll to strike below the character's natural A.R. may hit, but does NO damage.

Spirit of the Earth

H.P. Activation Cost: 15

Duration: Three minutes per level of experience.

Placement: The tattoo is a twisting ribbon, like a vine, that must be placed around both ankles.

The character gains 50 S.D.C., is impervious to poison, and can climb trees or the sides of mountains, including sheer cliff facings, perfectly at the speed he would normally run!

Spirit of the Tiger

H.P. Activation Cost: 20

Duration: Two minutes per level of experience.

Placement: A series of five small tattoos that can be placed on the back of either hand, behind one ear, on the upper lip just under the nose and one at the corner of either eye.

A favorite of hunters and warriors, the character gains one extra attack per melee round, is +1 to strike and +6 to damage when punching, kicking, biting or using a knife or sword to strike; prowls at 60%, and tracks (animals or humanoids by sight and scent) at 65% but +15% if following a blood scent or trail.

Spirit of the Waves

H.P. Activation Cost: 10

Duration: Four minutes per level of experience.

Placement: A tattoo must be placed on both sides above the kidneys.

The character can swim as quickly as he can run, dive to and survive depths of up to 500 feet (152 m), breathe under water and run across shallow water no deeper than 20 feet (6 m).

Spirit of the Wind

H.P. Activation Cost: 12

Duration: Three minutes per level of experience.

Placement: The tattoo is a ribbon that encircles the thigh on both legs connected by a line across the buttocks.

The character gains 10 points of Speed plus he can leap 20 feet (6 m) up into the air, 30 feet (9 m) lengthwise, and will not hit the ground when he falls (no damage from falls or knock-down attacks). When running quickly, he actually rises up, off the ground to run through the air, 1-3 feet (0.6-0.9 m) above the ground and can run up the sides of walls, mountain cliffs and trees up to 100 feet (30.5 m) high, and skip across shallow water (no deeper than 20 feet/6 m)! The character can not actually fly or hover. Nor does he *stick* to walls, so he can not stop or stand still or he will fall to the ground; must reach the roof, a ledge or outcropping to perch himself on. Can not run across ceilings upside down.

Spirit Shaping (Shapechange)

H.P. Activation Cost: 30

Duration: 5 minutes +2 minutes per level of experience.

Placement: The tattoo must be placed on the chest over the recipient's heart.

This tattoo enables the wearer to shapechange into a normal animal. The assumed form must be chosen at the time the tattoo is created and can be most any normal, non-magical, animal known to the character, but nothing smaller than a cat or larger than a horse. While shapechanged, the individual can use the assumed form's natural abilities including swimming, nightvision and flight, and uses the form's S.D.C. See *Monsters & Animals* 2nd Ed. for an extensive list of animals and their abilities. The character keeps his own Hit Points and mental attributes. The shapechanged individual can also talk, so long as the assumed form has the vocal apparatus to do so.

Strength of the Ancestors

H.P. Activation Cost: 6 or any amount in increments of six.

Duration: 4 minutes +1 minute per level of experience.

Placement: The tattoo must be placed on one of the biceps.

This spell can be used one of two ways, depending on the situation.

Physical Strength: The character temporarily gains three points of P.S. plus an additional three for every additional six Hit Points he is willing to give for strength. Thus, if the character spends 12 H.P. his P.S. increases by 6 points, if 18 H.P. are spent, P.S. increases by 9 points and so on. Moreover, while so empowered, the character's ability to *lift and carry* is considered supernatural! Punch damage is normal but will have the usual damage bonus for P.S. higher than 16.

Mental Strength/Will Power: The character temporarily gains a bonus of +1 to save vs mind control, possess, any domination/control type magic or psionics and illusions, plus an additional +1 bonus for every additional six Hit Points he is willing to give for will power. Thus, if the character spends 12 H.P. his bonus is +2, and so on. In addition, the character will feel positive and strong about doing the right thing even under dire circumstance.

Touch Soul

H.P. Activation Cost: 10

Duration: Instant

Placement: On the palm or top of both hands.

The character reaches to physically touch another character in a nonthreatening manner in order to touch the character's soul. In other words, to momentarily make his words and feelings known clearly, truthfully, without any possibility of misunderstanding, and on such a deep, personal level, that the individual "feels" them with the same sincerity and intensity as the character speaking them. This power is used to convey ideas, emotion, truth and sincerity so powerfully that it breaks through any prejudice, hatred, anger or selfishness and gives the individual a moment for pause and reflection. A moment of reflection that *may* quiet anger or touch him so deeply that it *may* cause him to change his mind, stop fighting or hurting others, and/or be fair, open-minded, truthful, helpful, merciful, compassionate, or similar response. Soul Touch does not work if the enchanted individual is telling lies, trying to manipulate others or is insincere, hateful or cruel - it can only be used to convey the truth, depth of sincerity and compassion.

Warrior Ancestor

H.P. Activation Cost: 15

Duration: One minute (4 melee rounds) per level of experience.

Placement: The tattoo must be drawn as a continuous ribbon around the forearm arm or wrist.

The character is imbued with the warrior spirit of one of his ancestors and gains the following bonuses: +2 on initiative, +2 to strike, +1 to dodge, +2 to disarm, +2 to pull punch, and +1 attack per melee round!

Wisdom of the Ancestors

H.P. Activation Cost: 15

Duration: 10 minutes +5 minutes per level of experience when drawing upon a skill, or a special flash of insight.

Placement: The tattoo is placed on the forehead or on or near the heart.

Note: All Clan Leaders bear this mark.

This power can be used in two different ways.

1. Skill knowledge. When the character needs to know a skill that he does not normally know, he can call upon his ancestors and receive it. Only one skill is made available at 85% proficiency. Skill Categories are limited to those normally available to Danzi; after all, this knowledge comes from the ancestors.

2. Flash of insight. This is usually done to answer a moral dilemma; "Should I do this? Is this right or wrong? The answer coming in one or two words as if whispered in the character's ear and usually in the voice of an ancestor he once loved and/or trusted such as a parent, grandparent, friend, shaman or clan leader. That word is usually something such as, "no," "yes," "good," "bad," "beware," "go" (don't delay, the ancestors approve), "peace" (usually meaning to find or make peace), "truth" (i.e. be truthful or find the truth), "love" (don't succumb to hate), "home" (suggesting he should return home), "remember home" (means remember his upbringing or loved ones; usually relating to honor and being true to oneself), "honor" (be honorable), "clan honor" (may mean do as your heritage and upbringing dictates, or do what will make the clan proud, or don't betray a trust or ally), "be true" (usually to oneself), "be strong" (may refer to moral or physical strength), "we weep" (suggesting a wrong choice or tragedy lays ahead if he takes this path), "we smile" (suggesting the choice is a good or honorable one, and/or the ancestors are proud), we wait (suggesting this path may lead to the character's death), and so on.

The insight can also be the name of a person or place that has some meaning to and memory (good or bad) for the character that will help point him in the right direction. Whatever the response, it will speak directly to the character, his current moral dilemma or crossroads, and be compatible with his alignment and Danzi heritage.

While such a simple response *may* directly and clearly address a decision, doubt or need, it may also be cryptic or confusing. Ultimately, the advice/wisdom may be taken or rejected by the Danzi who called for it, because in the end, he is the master of his fate. **Note:** This power can not be used to detect traps, ambush, profit, danger, the name of an enemy or impending death. Furthermore, the right moral decision may not be the easiest. It may be painful and even result in the character's death, so a response like "we smile" may mean the course of action considered is the right moral choice and makes the ancestors proud, but it may also lead to hardship, sacrifice or death.

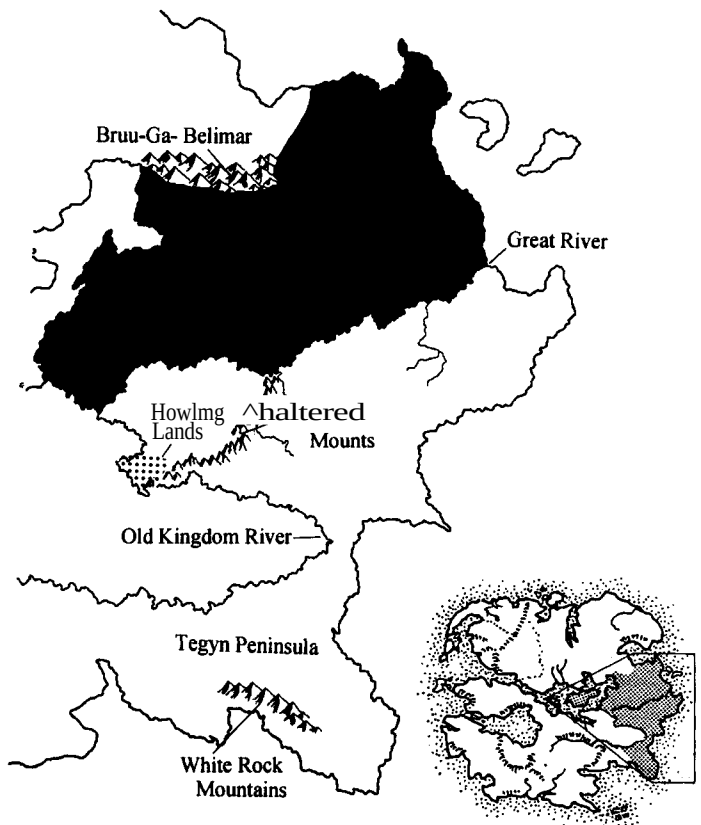
The .disputed Lands

The Disputed Lands, known also as the Borderland, occupies a rugged expanse of rolling hills and dense forest land that stretches from the Great River north to the Bruu-Ga-Belimar Mountains in the west, and up to the edge of Wolfen Territory in the Great Northern Wilderness. The thick forest is a mix of coniferous and deciduous trees broken only by the occasional meadow, ruined building, monolithic stone, homestead or small village. The forest seems absolutely endless and melds seamlessly into the Great Northern Wilderness. It is the largest unsettled region claimed by the Eastern Territory, and the cause of the most severe political and military problems.

As the Wolfen Empire solidified and consolidated the many tribes and conquered lands, their eyes have turned more to the south and the irritating intrusion by the "Dominion of Man" on what they consider to be "their" native lands. In truth, one can argue that the borders of the Eastern Territory are indeed "man-made." The Wolfen Empire did not exist until about 68 years ago, and most humans have never officially or formally accepted its existence. The Wolfen, like most of the so-called monster races, have never been accepted as a sovereign nation, nor their people given the same rights as humans. In fairness to the human nations and settlers in the Eastern Territory, Wolfen and their kin have a long history as savage, warring barbarians. The Wolfen Empire is a very recent development, and its continuance as any type of civilized culture seems to be in question as the "Empire" seems to be in trouble, splintering along old tribal lines, after only a generation or two. Humans expect it to fall into civil war anytime now, and revert back to complete barbarism (most humans do not believe the Wolfen have ever been anything but barbarians).

Since humans do not recognize the rights of most non-humans, Elves, Dwarves, Kobolds and Gnomes are among the no-

table exceptions, the Wolfen have no rights to the land. From the humans' perspective, it is all up for grabs to anybody willing to claim and clear it of the monsters that inhabit it, the Wolfen being one of those "monsters." That same perspective makes the Wolfen and their kin the monstrous invaders who slaughter innocent settlers and burn down entire villages.



Though both sides claim the Disputed Lands, neither has fully settled or even explored all of it. The Wolfen have hunting lodges and scout stations scattered throughout the region, especially northern half, plus all the nomadic canine tribes, Kankoran and Coyles included, have considered the area to be "their" hunting grounds for thousands of years, but there are no actual villages or towns. Hunting lodges are typically crude A-frame shacks used during the warm months and then abandoned during the winter. The scout stations are more permanent and often built into the side of hills or concealed by a cluster of large trees. They serve the Wolfen as small military outposts and hideouts where a squad or two can rest, heal, or use it as an established base camp. Spare weapons, extra armor, medical supplies, winter clothing and trail rations are stored here. A scout station is usually manned by a skeleton crew of 4-8 Wolfen and/or Coyles. The station's primary function, however, is intelligence gathering. Whenever Coyle or Wolfen hunters, clans or tribes are in the area, they will stop at the station to report what they have seen and heard during their travels, especially things involving humans. Likewise, a pair of the soldiers assigned to the station will regularly scout the area around them, traveling up to 100 miles (160 km) away. In both cases, events and incidents deemed significant or troubling are reported to the Wolfen Army by courier (one or two of the soldiers from the station making the "run" to a Wolfen military encampment or city - usually a 3-8 day trip at maximum speed). The canine soldiers at the scout station will also warn fellow canine travelers (and often other non-humans) about humans and other dangers (bandits, monsters, etc.) in the area, and how best to circumvent them. They may also track down and eliminate small groups of bandits, adventurers and enemy scouts themselves.

The humans who call the Disputed Lands home are among the hardest and most independent that the Dominion of Man has to offer. These are tough men and women willing to brave the most hostile wilderness to build themselves a new life. Most are trappers/furriers, hunters, woodsmen, loggers and adventurers, but there are also homesteaders and the occasional village. More so than anywhere else in the East, a strong back, loyalty, honor and a willingness to work hard are more important than race. The antagonism between the human frontiers people and the Wolfen is legendary in these parts, yet most of these folks have the best understanding of their enemy and appreciate their strength and ingenuity.

To the people of the East, especially the inhabitants of the Great River, the Disputed Lands are a safety buffer between them and the accursed Wolfen barbarians (we say Wolfen only, because most humans do not make a distinction between the Wolfen and their Coyle or Kankoran cousins). To add to the woes of the humans, the Wolfen and Coyles' impudence encourages the other monsters and monster races in the region to be more defiant and aggressive as well. Thus, it is a region of constant skirmishes and clashes between humans and non-humans.

The Wolfen Empire has been massing troops along their southern border for the last five decades. As if the Iron Claw tribal army of 100,000 battle-hardened Wolfen were not enough, the Empire has deployed nine Imperial Legions and their attached Secondary Armies (220,000 soldiers!) to **Ironhold**, a mere 200 miles (320 km) from *Southwatch*. Just as alarming are sporadic reports of large numbers of previously undetected

Wolfen (really Coyles) assembling in the northwestern edges of the *Disputed Lands* in the foothills of the *Bruu-Ga-Belimar* Mountains. Despite ongoing efforts, human and Danzi scouts, as well as adventurers, have been unable to provide an accurate count of their numbers or where exactly they are assembling. Military planners at *Southwatch* and *Wisdom* estimate the Wolfen (and Coyles) to number between 100,000 and 250,000 strong, while some adventurers and Rangers warn the number is easily twice that.

Faced with the possibility of nearly a half-million Wolfen pouring over the border, the Dominion of Man has responded with a massive military build-up of its own, placing nearly one half of the entire Dominion Army along the north side of the Great River east of the Shattered Mountains and another 10% on the west side to support the (infinitely more formidable) Llorn Army. In addition, villages, towns and cities have been urged to build-up their *militias*, engage in more frequent drills and reinforce their defenses (walls, moats, towers, etc.). Unfortunately, many small communities, especially villages, farms and homesteads, don't have the resources to do so and half the towns either underestimate the Wolfen ("Don't worry, the Dominion Army will stop them long before they ever get here.") or don't have adequate resources to make a difference even if they tripled their militia and defenses.

Small skirmishes between border patrols and Wolfen (really Coyles) are becoming more frequent, almost weekly events, and nocturnal raids have become routine. Both sides posture and make bold statements, but so far, neither has attempted to provoke an all-out war. Emissaries from both nations have been meeting in the *Tower of Light* at the neutral city of **Haven** for two months, but talks are tense and aggressive at best, with the Wolfen rejecting any compromise and demanding that the Disputed Lands are theirs. So for now, the Dominion and the Wolfen assemble their armies, scout out each other's territory, conduct nuisance raids and shout of war. However, unless war breaks out, the largest unit of Wolfen the player characters are likely to encounter is a combat patrol of up to 6-12 soldiers. Each of these patrols will be led by *Xavia* (equivalent to a sergeant) and may include, depending upon the unit's missions, a first to third level Warlock or Wizard (the mage may be a Wolfen, but more likely an Ogre, Troll or even a human). In addition to Wolfen scouts, the Empire employs traitorous humans not only as cavalry soldiers but also as spies, assassins and mercenaries to infiltrate the human defenses. The Dominion Army High Command believes there are as many as 30 human "turn-coats" within *Southwatch* itself. In reality, there are only a dozen in the city, and none of these are in positions of authority or have direct access to high security information thanks to the activities of the *Southwatch* thieves' guild.

Composition of a typical Wolfen Scout Squad

Roll percentile dice or pick one. As always, the Game Master may depart from this to make his own unique squad.

01-20% Entirely Wolfen soldiers. Average level is 3rd, with the Squad leader being a 5th or 6th level Wolfen Knight and the Second in Command/sergeant being a 4th or 5th level Wolfen Soldier, Ranger or Long Bowman. No sorcerers in this group.

21-40% Mixed group of soldiers. Roughly half are Coyles, a third Wolfen and the rest may include one or all of the following, Kankoran (typically the elite scout, and only one of them),

Ores, Ogres, or Goblins. Occasionally a Troll or Giant, but their size and disposition make them much less suitable for "scouting." All are Soldiers or Rangers with canines averaging 3rd level, the Squad leader 6th level and second in command 4th level. Non-canines are likely to be only 2nd level. No sorcerers in this group.

41-60% Mixed group of raiders. Half to three quarters are 2nd level Coyle Mercenary Warriors, the rest may include one or all of the following, Ores, Ogres, or Goblins. The only Wolfen present are the 5th level Wolfen Squad Leader and his Second in Command, a 3rd or 4th level Wolfen, both are Soldiers or Rangers. The rest are likely to be only 2nd level. However, there is one 1D4+1 level Wizard among them and a 1st or 2nd level Wizard, Warlock, or Psychic.

61-80% Coyle raiders. A squad of barely disciplined, blood-thirsty Coyles. All are 1st to 3rd level Mercenary Warriors or Thieves. The band is led by a 4th level Wolfen Soldier or Ogre or Troll Mercenary Warrior, or Thief or Shaman.

81-00% Mercenary Squad. Half are Coyles, the rest are made up of non-canine races, including one or all of the following: Ores, Ogres, Goblins, Hob-Goblins, Kobolds, Trolls and humans (others may be added); O.C.C.s include a Ranger or Long Bowman, but most are Mercenary Warriors and Thieves. One may be a Witch or Druid.

Typical Wolfen Scout Quick Stats (3rd level Soldier or Ranger)

Typical Attributes: I.Q. 10, M.E. 10, M.A. 7, P.S. 19, P.P. 14, P.E. 11. P.B.9, Spd.24.

Alignment: Any; most are loyal to the Wolfen Army and Empire.

Height: 7 to 10 feet (2.1 to 3 m). Weight: 190-300 pounds (85.5 to 135 kg).

Hit Points: 28, S.D.C.: 35

Attacks: 4

Damage: Claws do 1D6+3 damage and bite does 1D8 damage.

Combat Bonuses: Hand to Hand: Expert, +2 to strike, +3 to parry and dodge, +4 to damage (P.S. bonus), +2 roll with punch/fall/impact, +3 to pull punch and +2 to save vs Horror Factor. Does not include possible attribute bonuses or those from physical skills.

Likely Skills of Note: As a scout, likely to have taken Swim 55%, Climb 55%/50%, Running and Athletics (General), as well as Prowl 40%, Land Navigation 38%, Detect Ambush 45%, Surveillance 45%, and Intelligence 42%.

Notable Natural Abilities: Nightvision (40 feet/12.2 m), superior senses, can track blood scent 32%; powerful and large.

Armor: Studded Leather for stealth (A.R.: 13, S.D.C.: 38).

Typical Weapons: Sword (3D6 damage), axe (3D6 damage) or blunt weapon, knife (2D6 damage); all larger than human-sized. May have one or two additional weapons.



Likely Weapon Proficiencies: Sword: +2 to strike and +1 to parry. Battle Axe: +1 to strike, +1 to parry. Knife: +1 to strike and +2 to parry, can be thrown.

Typical Wolfen Legionary (Infantry Soldier)

A typical Wolfen Legionary (infantry) will hold the rank of lagia (private) and has the classic Soldier O.C.C. skills.

Typical Attributes: I.Q. 9, M.E. 9, M.A. 6, P.S. 24, P.P. 12, P.E. 10, P.B. 9, Spd. 18.

Alignment: Any; most are loyal to the Wolfen Army and Empire.

Height: 7 to 10 feet (2.1 to 3 m). Weight: 190-300 pounds (85.5 to 135 kg).

Hit Points: 28, S.D.C.: 45

Attacks: 4 (5 if Boxing is taken as a skill)

Damage: Claws do 1D6+3 damage and bite does 1D8 damage.

Combat Bonuses: Hand to Hand: Expert, +2 to strike, +3 to parry and dodge, +9 to damage (P.S. bonus), +2 to roll with punch/fall/impact, +3 to pull punch and +2 to save vs Horror Factor. Does not include possible attribute bonuses or those from physical skills.

Likely Skills of Note: Swim 55%, Climb 55%/50%, Forced March, Body Building, and Boxing or Wrestling, as well as Military Etiquette 65%, Land Navigation 38%, Detect Ambush 45%, Surveillance 45%, and Intelligence 42%.

Notable Natural Abilities: Nightvision (40 feet/12.2 m), superior senses, can track blood scent 32%; powerful and large.

Armor: Half Plate (A.R.: 14, S.D.C.: 60).

Typical Weapons: Sword (3D6 damage), Pole-Arm (4D6 or 5D6 damage), knife (2D6 damage); all larger than human-sized. May have one or two additional weapons of choice.

Likely Weapon Proficiencies: Sword: +2 to strike and +1 to parry. Pole-Arm: +2 to damage, +2 to strike and parry. Knife: +1 to strike and +2 to parry, can be thrown. Shield: +2 to parry.

Typical Coyle Raider Quick Stats (3rd level Mercenary Warrior or Thief)

Coyles can be considerably more savage, wild and unpredictable than the well trained and militaristic Wolfen. Two hordes call the Disputed Lands home, the Silver Coin and the Ice Wind. The Silver Coin are the more aggressive, striking both Wolfen and human homesteads with almost reckless abandon. Subsequently, they have suffered the majority of the casualties among the Coyles operating in the region, and have caused the most harm to Wolfen-Dominion relations as the humans are unable (or unwilling) to make the distinction between Coyle and Wolfen. Although rather large (50,000), the Silver Coin Horde is scattered throughout the eastern part of the Disputed Lands in bands of 6-60 individuals. On occasion, 1D4+2 bands gather to strike a heavily defended settlement or for tribal social events and meetings. The Silver Coin steadfastly avoid the western reaches of the Disputed Lands on the other side of the Shattered Mountains.

The *Ice Wind Horde* is actually a collection of several dozen small tribal clans that have been assembling along the north-western edges of the Bruu-Ga-Belimar Mountains. The horde is led by a cadre of rogue Wolfen whose motivation in uniting the

Coyles is unclear. Ostensibly loyal to the Wolfen Empire, the Ice Wind frequently conduct forays into the Disputed Lands to make strikes against the humans and the Silver Coin Coyles and to map the region for an eventual invasion. They are particularly interested in the western Disputed Lands.

Typical Coyle Attributes: I.Q. 9, M.E. 9, M.A. 6, P.S. 17, P.P. 19, P.E. 9, P.B. 9, Spd. 10.

Alignment: Any; but typically Anarchist or evil.

Height: 6 to 8 feet (1.8 to 2.4 m). Weight: 190-300 pounds (85.5 to 135 kg).

Hit Points: 28, S.D.C.: 40

Attacks: 4

Damage: Claws do 1D6+3 damage and bite does 1D8 damage.

Combat Bonuses: Hand to Hand: Expert (half have Hand to Hand: Assassin), +3 to strike, +4 to parry and dodge, +2 to damage (P.S. bonus), +2 to roll with punch/fall/impact, and +4 to pull punch. Does not include additional possible attribute bonuses or those from physical skills (does include the P.P. bonus).

Likely Skills of Note: Swim 55%, Climb 55%/50%, and Athletics (General), as well as Prowl 40%, Land Navigation 38%, Wilderness Survival 40%, Forced March, Camouflage 35%, Track Humanoids 40%, Track Animals 30/50%, Skin Animal Hides 40%.

Notable Natural Abilities: Nightvision (40 feet/12.2 m), superior senses, can track blood scent 32%; powerful and large.

Armor: Studded Leather for stealth (A.R.: 13, S.D.C.: 38).

Typical Weapons: Sword (2D6 damage), axe (2D6 damage) or pole-arm (3D6), knife (1D6 damage); all are typically human-sized. May have one or two additional weapons.

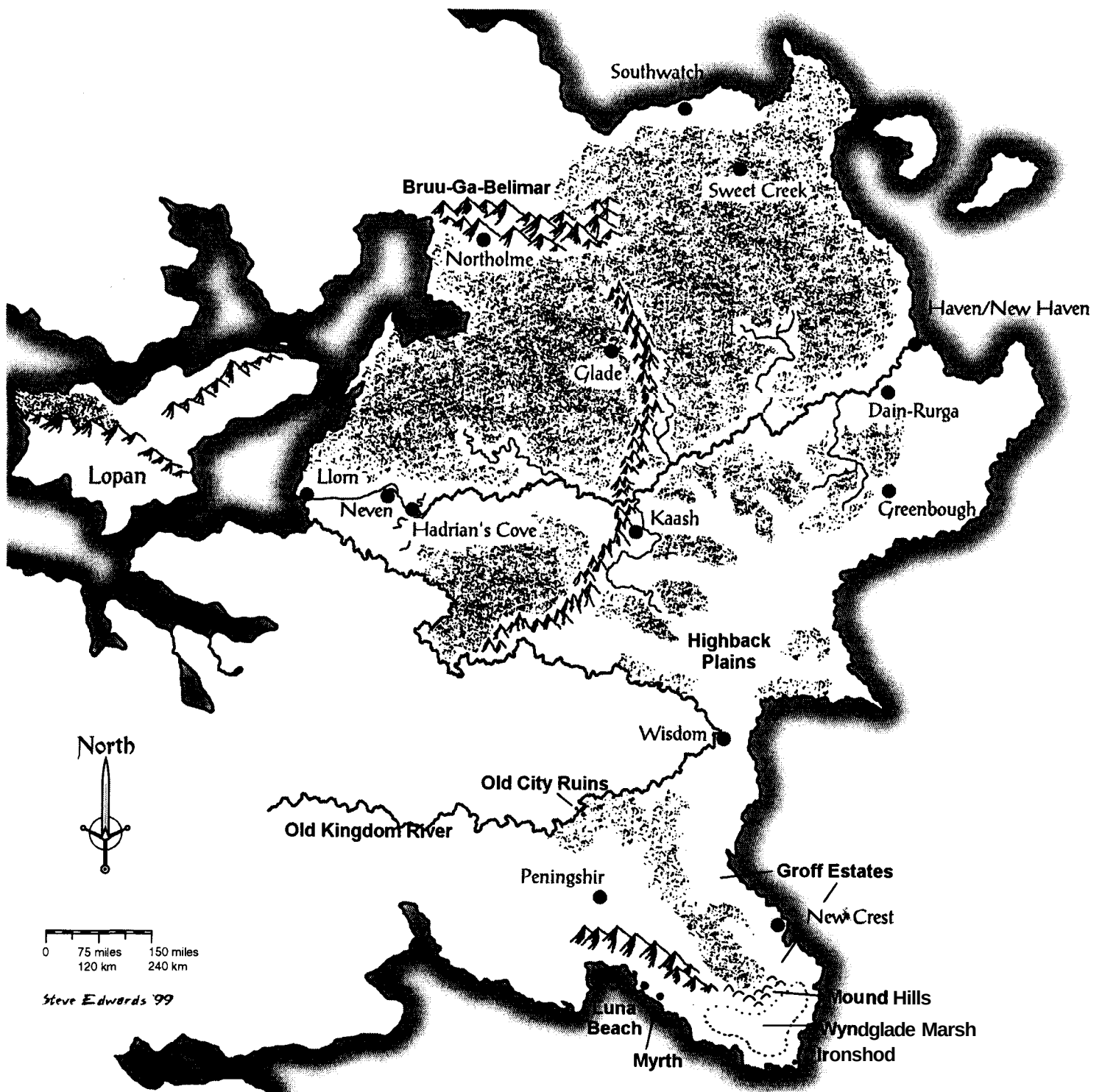
Likely Weapon Proficiencies: Sword: +2 to strike and +1 to parry. Battle Axe: +1 to strike, +1 to parry. Pole-Arm: +2 to damage, +2 to strike and parry. Knife: +1 to strike and +2 to parry, can be thrown.

Geography of the Disputed Lands

Although it is uniformly covered in undergrowth and trees, it is most convenient to discuss the Disputed Lands in terms of the forest east of the Shattered Mountains and those west of them. The character of the two forests is decidedly different.

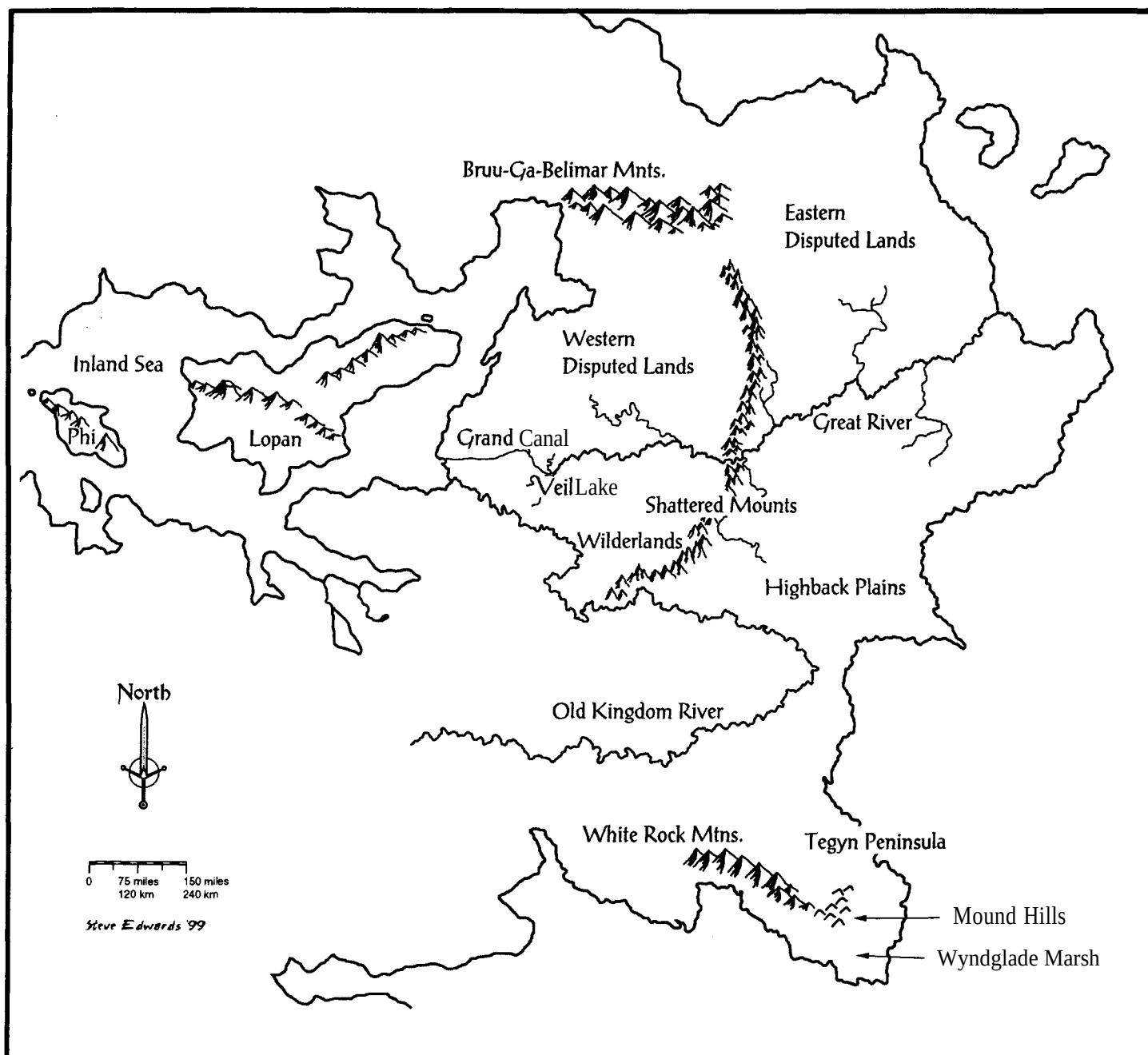
The eastern forests, though dense, are much as any experienced woods guide would expect. Coniferous trees, primarily pine, fir and cedar, dominate the base of the Shattered Mountains with a healthy smattering of a thorn bearing tree called variously "honey tooth," "faerie's fangs," and the "penance tree" depending upon whom one asks. All manner of vines, ferns and bushes struggle between the trees, slowing movement near the mountains to a mere 1D4 miles (3.2 km; Wolfen and their kin can go twice as fast) per day on foot and making passage by horse incredibly difficult, and outside of man-made roads and paths, passage by wagon is impossible.

The further one travels away from the mountains, the less tangled the undergrowth and the easier it is to travel, although the forest is still thick and overgrown. These woods are an equal mixture of coniferous and deciduous trees such as oak, maple, hickory and ash mixed with pines and firs. These woods cover



most of the Disputed Lands and have been the hunting grounds for the canine races for centuries. As such, they are lightly inhabited by Wolfen and Coyles, both of which are most numerous in the spring and summer months, as well as the occasional **Kankoran** and rare **Bearman**. Human settlers see the land as heaven on earth for trapping, hunting, fishing and logging — it is the extensive logging operations that destroy the trees that the canines hate most and **frequently** target. Unique to the forests of the eastern Disputed Lands is **Yellow Wood**, also called *Yellow Iron*. The wood is incredibly hard and strong, requiring ten times the usual effort to cut or chop them down. The wood is good for making incredibly sturdy wooden weapons and weapon and tool handles — the Wolfen and Coyles use it for vir-

tuallly all of their spear and pole-arm shafts. (Note: Weapons made of Yellow Wood, from staves and spears to clubs and arrows [but not bows], inflict an extra +2 to damage.) The wood is also suitable for sculpting, chiseling it as one would stone. Due to the difficulty in shaping it, the wood is not widely used by humans in any type of construction or furniture, though there is a small market for axe and pick handles and staves, as they are nearly impossible to break under normal usage. Yellow Wood is also difficult to get to burn, although once it starts, it burns incredibly hot, twice the temperature of normal fires (thus doing twice the damage to anyone unlucky enough to get burned by it).



The forests along the Great River host the majority of the human settlements. Until the recent (and terrifying) threat of war from the Wolfen, hunter and **trappers'** lodges, homesteads, farms and tiny villages seemed to spring up every week. **Along the Great River**, vast swaths of trees have been cut down to build the growing settlements, supplemented with stone from quarries being cut out of the foothills of the Shattered Mountains. Once the trees have been chopped down, the land is cleared of stumps, the undergrowth burned away and the newly cleared land used as cheap, if **mediocre**, farmland by new settlers. Eighty percent of all human settlements in the Disputed Lands are within 80 miles (128 km) of the Great River or within **100 miles (160 km)** of the eastern ocean. There is only one large city-state in this region, the imposing **Fortress of Southwatch** overlooking the seething waters of the **Algorian Sea**. Hundreds of years **old**, Southwatch is the largest fortress in the east, housing thousands of soldiers within its immense stone walls. Several dozen smaller walled towns and villages, as well as small family farms, tiny fishing towns and homesteads dot the coastline.

Challenging both the humans, Wolfen and Coyles for dominance of the eastern forests are roving bands of **Orcs**, **Ogres**, **Trolls** and **Giants** with the occasional tribe of **Goblins**, **Hob-Goblins**, **Faerie Folk** or clan of **Danzi**, **Centaurs**, **Sallan**, **Wing Tips**, **Kankoran** or lone **Bearman**, **Boogie-Man**, **Chimera**, **Drakin**, **Emirin**, **Eye Killer**, **Feathered Death**, **Kinnie-Ger**, **Kelpie**, **Lizard Mage**, **Scarecrow**, **dragon**, and **Dragon Beast** thrown in for good measure. It is definitely a wild and dangerous wilderness, and this list does not include the many dangerous animals and unintelligent monsters like the **Tusker** and **Tree Eels**. Also present are the **E'Dheko Danzi tribe**, moving like ghosts through the dappled shadows, intent on their war against the Wolfen and Coyles. These forest nomads sometimes help human settlers, fellow woodsmen and adventurers, but generally avoid regular contact with any race and hate spending any time in towns and cities. They have steadfastly refused to join the **Dominion of Man**, even though it would seem their goals lie along the same path. The E'Dheko Danzi resent the humans coming into what they have considered **"their"** homeland for

over 80,000 years, but they see themselves as having more in common with humans than the canines; generations of war and bloodshed with the canines has seen to that.



The western forests between the shores of the Inland Sea and the Shattered Mountains have proven resistant to habitation. Though many settlements have been started, precious few have been able to survive the constant harassment of large predators, monsters, Coyle aggression and the land's seeming unwillingness to be cleared. Plants regrow so fast that a newly cleared field will be choked with creeping vines, weeds, grass and other fast growing undergrowths within a month. Within six months, even trees will have grown to saplings that seem more like two or three years old! Surely this is the work of some unknown supernatural power, and rumors as to who or what abound. Due to this and the other dangers, the only sizeable settlements are a number of hugely profitable lumber operations (rag-tag towns built around a lumber mill) and towns on the shores of the Inland Sea and along the Great River. Even the normally unstoppable frontier spirit of free settlers has been blunted by the western forest of the Disputed Lands.

Travel through the forests is a mere 1D4+2 miles (4.8 to 9.6 km) per day. Much of the land along the Shattered Mountains is completely impassible by all but Druids, Warlocks, Danzi, Wolfen and their kin, and the few Rangers who call the forest home. Staying to the forest's outer edge is comparably safe and easier to traverse. It is the forest's depths that are so dense, quick growing and dangerous. Moving more than 20 miles (32 km) into the forest is extremely hazardous, and will possibly re-

sult in even experienced wilderness guides becoming lost (-20% to land navigation and sense of direction skills). Trolls, Ogres, Giants, Chimera, a wide variety of dark Faerie Folk and monsters call this virgin forest "home," along with the occasional dragon, Harpy, entities and other supernatural monsters. The Faerie Folk constantly harass interlopers by stealing small items, tying hair into knots, interrupting sleep, slipping faerie food into food stores, etc. Some of these tricks are just simple Faerie orneriness or mischievous fun, but it does serve to dissuade those few hardy travelers who otherwise would brave the danger of the deep forests. Part of the problem is the aftermath of the *Siti War*, a conflict that once raged between the denizens of good and evil Fairies. Scholars dispute this as warfare between Faerie Folk, because it has never been documented or reported on by a reliable source (Danzi know, but rarely speak of it). As the gentler, more good-natured Faerie Folk were driven away or left for more peaceful surroundings, the Bogies, Grograch, Pucks, Toadstools, Kinnie Ger and other dangerous Faerie Folk declared victory and made the land their home. There remains the occasional clan of gentle Faeries, Sprites, Brownies and others, but the majority are the dark Folk. Currently, a Faerie Mound of 200 Bogies led by an anarchist Grograch wages war against a rival band that includes a pair of Hairy Jacks, a Kelpie, a dozen Toad Stools and three dozen Pucks led by a vain Feathered Death. Oddly, neither side will invade the other's

home. Instead they meet within a no-man's land that stretches for 50 miles (80 km) between the Bogie Mound and the cave that the larger Faerie Folk occupy. Few die in this conflict, as the Bogies prefer to merely injure and humiliate while the larger, more evil Folk share similar ethics and tactics. Such is not the case for "recruits", adventurers and would-be settlers who are captured by each side and sent on virtual suicide missions against the other. The lucky ones manage to break free of the enchantments that compel or misguide them and escape before battle is met or too much damage is done.

A large clan of *Werewolves* roam the depths of the western forest, preying on large mammals, predators and humanoids with equal zeal. Although they tend to avoid towns and villages, preferring to target travelers, they do occasionally raid the surrounding communities. As if these were-beasts were not bad enough, they have been joined by several *Alu demons* which were summoned by the recently deceased Troll Summoner Yakjak. Other, even more dangerous creatures are rumored to wander the forests dark canopy. Entities, lesser demons, Deevils, Boogie-Men, and Worms of Taut plague the scattered ruins, both new and old. Creatures of foul disposition and cruel intent.

In spite of the forests dangers and resistance to clearing, there are three settlements of note, Northolme, Yggdrasil and Glade. *Northolme* is a Dwarven mining fortress that actually overlooks the forest from high up in the Bruu-Ga-Belimar Mountains. Under constant pressure from the other mountain folk, namely Algor Giants and displaced Trolls, these Dwarves have succeeded in carving a home for themselves and are premier exporters of weapons, armor, lumber and raw gold.

Yggdrasil, named after the legendary tree of the Northern pantheon of gods, is some 20 miles (32 km) from the fabled Tree of Life, an immense magical tree nearly 800 feet (243.8 m) tall and easily visible to the inhabitants of the tent city. Yggdrasil is home to scores of scholars, Druids and a throng of would-be pilgrims, all wishing to visit the legendary tree.

Glade, hidden away within the shadow of the Shattered Mountains, rests entirely within the immense branches of the Tree of Life. Glade is not open to casual visitors however, indeed unless the Tree of Life wishes otherwise, the village can not be found even with the aid of magic and psionics. With a canopy nearly a half-mile (800 m) wide, the tree is easily one of the largest and most powerful living things in the Palladium World.

For the time being, the Eastern Territory officially classifies the western Disputed Lands forests as off-limits to settling, and Dominion soldiers will not assist anyone who ventures within. This has, of course, not deterred pilgrims who walk to the so-called *Road of Life* (little more than a well trodden path leading from *Neven* to *Yggdrasil*) and the occasional brave or just plain foolish adventurer from trying their luck. Some have managed to eke out a simple existence as traveling heroes, mercenaries, merchants or adventurers, others as fanners, woodsmen and craftsmen, but the most cunning entrepreneurs use the edges of the enchanted wood as a secure and fast growing supply of poor to moderate quality lumber.

A few clans of Druids, Warlocks, Rangers, Shamans and Danzi also call the Western Forests their home. Their knowledge of its denizens is their most powerful weapon in the every-

day struggle for survival. The average adventurer's best chance of navigating the woods and returning alive is to hire the services of one of these hardy individuals. Their prices are steep, (3,000 gold per month) but it is a wise investment. For those brave and strong enough to hazard the wilderness, there are treasures to be had within the deep forests.

Inns of the Dominion

I have found in my own gaming that it is easier to generate an inn rapidly by applying a *rating* between 1 and 5 stars (*) to indicate the services and quality it provides and the cost of a room. So here is my (Steve Edwards') Five Star rating system for Inns.

*(poor): 1-5 gold pieces (gp) per night. These inns are just a place to sleep and are little more than a barn. They rarely serve meals, and if they do one does not want to eat them; 70% chance of getting food poisoning. There is only a common room where everyone sleeps together. These flophouse may serve a locally brewed beer and/or moonshine for 2 gold a glass/mug.

**(average): 10-15 gold pieces per night. These inns include common and semi-private rooms that may or may not include locks on the doors and shutters. Stabling is extra, costing 2-4 gold pieces per animal and 2 more for feed. These inns usually offer reasonably priced meals, and breakfast *may* be included in the price of a room.

*** (good): 25-60 gold per night. These inns include semi-private and private rooms. Stabling with feed is an extra charge running between 2-6 gp per night. Laundry and bath facilities are located within the inn and hot water is provided at a nominal fee of 1 silver piece. For the higher cost inns, the stabling, hot water for bathing and breakfast may be part of the room charge. The inn may employ several guards or a private security team, especially in cities.

**** (fancy) 65-100 gold pieces per night. These inns don't allow "riffraff" to stay (including down on their luck adventurers and certain undesirable races; varies from place to place). The buildings are always immaculate with servants to assist customers with luggage and most other needs visitors may have. Private rooms and suites are available, with the suites costing double and triple. Stabling, laundry, bath services and breakfast are part of the room charge (10-20 gold pieces). Mail service is provided at no extra cost, and a carriage and driver is available at the low cost of 10-15 gold pieces per hour.

***** (lavish/rich) 150/250/350+ gold pieces per night. These inns have private suites (150 gp), suites (250 gp), and master suites (350 gp) and are limited to visiting nobility and the very rich. Anyone else must receive special permission by the inn manager (the owner is rarely at the inn) and may have to pay a 350-500 gold deposit (in case of damage). Rooms include a fruit basket and a bottle of fine wine or brandy compliments of the inn. Stabling, laundry, bath, masseuse, carriage service, mail service and servants are included for a minimal charge (typically under 10 gold each).

Sweet Creek

A human Settlement within the Eastern Disputed Lands

Population: 16(all human)

Livestock: 2 milk cows, 1 draft horse, 8 **hunting/guard** dogs, 10 chickens and a rooster, 20+ rabbits.

Ruler: None per se but everyone looks to either the Druid **Garush** or the eldest male, Rand.

Coinage: The settlement is too small to mint its own coin. The little gold found here is Merchants' Guild trade bars, raw nuggets, and coins from throughout the Territory. Also barter.

Flag: None. This is a simple, independent homestead shared by three families.

Like most settlements of its sort, Sweet Creek is young, only five years old. A large field has been cleared, roughly 100x50 feet (30.5 x 15.2 m) on the north side of the creek that separates the fields from the homestead. A debris fence of tightly packed tree limbs woven between living trees surrounds the entire settlement. The wall is three feet (.9 m) thick, eight feet tall (2.4 m) and has 200 S.D.C. per 10 foot (3 m) section. It is also rather difficult to climb (-10%). A thick carpet of wild roses and other thorny climbing vines covers the wall, helping to conceal it from unwanted eyes and making it more resistant to fire. The settlers grow a variety of food crops, all chosen for their ability to grow in the inferior soil of the Disputed Lands. Eight dogs patrol the homestead, killing and eating vermin that would otherwise destroy the crops. They also provide warning in case

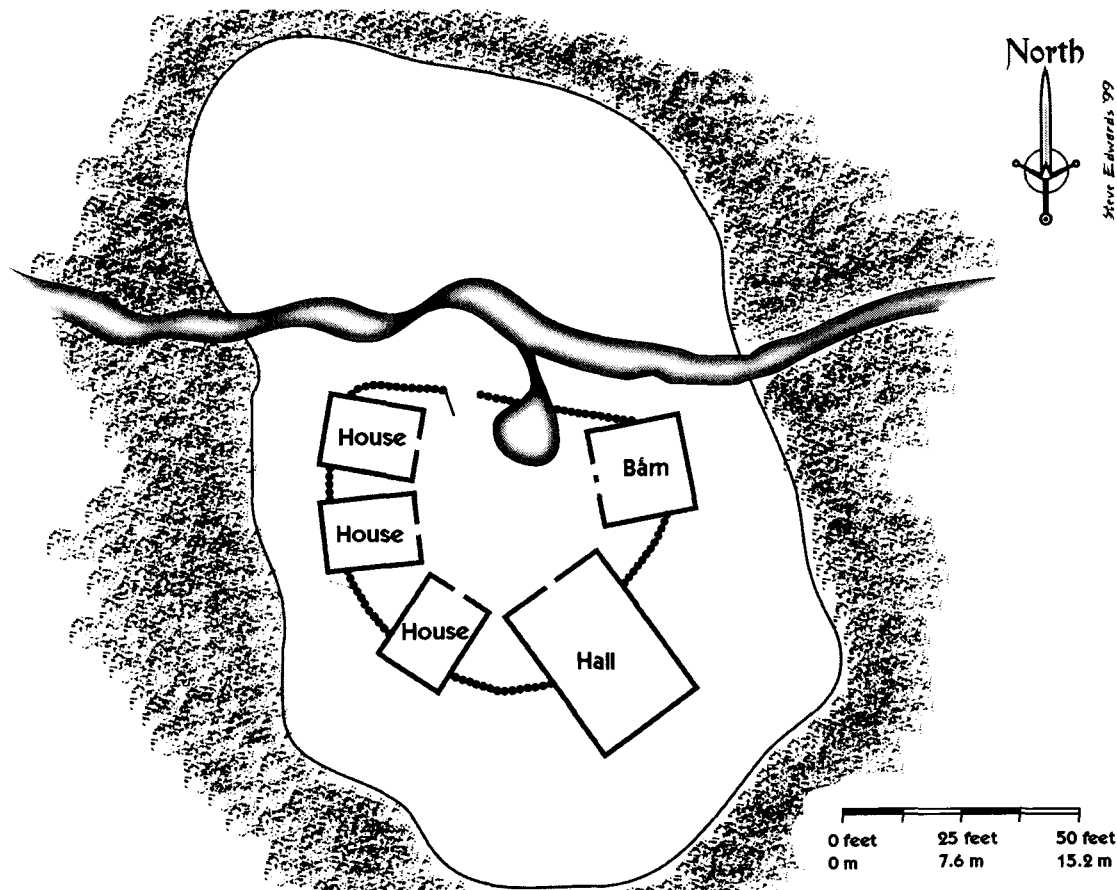
of an assault and help in hunting. Typical Stats for dogs: Hit Points: 3D6+6, S.D.C.: 2D6+12, Attacks Per Melee: 3, Damage: Bite does 1D6+3, claws do 2 points of damage, +2 initiative, +3 strike and **dodge**, nightvision 30 feet (9.1 m), prowl 35%, can smell prey one mile (1.6 km) away, can leap 3 feet (.9 m) high and 6 feet (1.8 m) long, Speed: 38 (26 **mph**/41.6 km) and a maximum speed is 44 (30 **mph**/48 km).

On the south side of the creek is another clearing of 100x50 feet (30.5 x 15.2 m), also surrounded by the same type of thick debris wall. Within the clearing is the homestead, surrounded by a 12 foot (3.7 m) wooden palisade built between five buildings (150 S.D.C. per 10 **foot**/3 m). Like the debris wall, wild roses and other thorny vines are encouraged to grow on the palisade.

Within the walls there are three, one and a half story log homes, a barn, and the Hall (a common building used for meals, celebrations, meetings, barter, and is also the home of the resident Druid). A small pond, fed by the creek flowing outside the palisade, provides drinking and bathing water.

Each of the homes has a 12 foot (3.7 m) wall forming part of the palisade which angles down to 4 feet (1.2m) in the front to allow snow to shed easily in the winter. The only windows in these buildings are on the lower level facing the central yard, and are equipped with thick wood shutters. The upstairs is used for sleeping while the lower level has the kitchen and "living" room.

The barn is built along the same lines as the homes, except that the roof has several hinged panels that can be propped open to provide light and help cool the second story during the warm months. Rabbits, ducks and chickens are housed on the second story while horses, cows and other livestock are kept below.



The Hall has a tall steeple roof some 15 feet (4.6 m) high with four windows facing the yard. The Hall was the first structure built and served as the residences for all the settlers, as well as the barn for the first two years while they struggled to get the fields cleared and the debris walls built. Now, the hall serves as the central meeting area for everyone. Most meals are prepared in its large stone hearth and eaten at the long oak table that neatly divides the main room in half. Also held here are the weekly religious services overseen by the Druid, Garush, who lives in the back of the Hall. A large, brightly colored blanket suspended from the rafters overhead serves as a wall dividing his personal area from the rest of the Hall. A stone-lined root cellar is built underneath the hall to store the homestead's winter supplies of food, grain, salt, furs, and other goods and valuables.

Daily activity is fairly repetitious in Sweet Creek. During the day hours the men hunt, work the fields, maintain the defensive wall and buildings, repair tools and weapons, and so on. The women and children primarily work in the fields, weed, prepare meals, tend to the animals, and prepare food for storage. All members of Sweet Creek understand they have an integral part to play in keeping the tiny community healthy. If necessary, they can all fulfill the various needs of the community from farming and hunting to defense. The women are capable of using a bow (1D6 damage) and staves (2D4 damage), the men crossbows (2D4 damage), short swords (2D4 damage), axes or picks (2D6 damage) and staves or shovels (2D4 damage), and all of the children have short bows (1D6 damage) and walking sticks (1D6 damage).

Like other settlements of its kind, the people of Sweet Creek are an independent lot, refusing to surrender to the dangers of their environment and expecting others to do the same. Wanderers including Elves, Dwarves, Gnomes, Danzi, and even the occasional Kobold (but not Wolfen and other monster races) are welcome and will be accepted into the Hall for visits to exchange gossip and rumors, barter of goods, and similar things. A penniless visitor can earn himself fresh water, food and a place to sleep outside (or if they take a cotton to the individual, in the Hall) by working the fields, mending fences, defending the homestead, or providing some other service (healing, magic of some sort, etc.). In the wilderness, nothing is free and charity can quickly deplete a homestead of food when word gets around that the settlement is giving food away, but a fair day's work will earn a meal and stump to sleep on.

Sweet Creek is, for the most part, self sufficient. What few items that can not be made (metal tools, bolts of fabric, salt and spices, lamp oil, etc.) are traded for from surrounding communities and visitors, or purchased from the infrequent wilderness traders who make rounds between the outlying homesteads.

In the case of an attack, the defenders will attempt to hold the palisade, shooting invaders trying to steal from the fields with bows and arrows. If the palisade is lost and escape over the wall is impossible or impractical, the settlers will retreat to the Hall and into the cellar for a last-ditch stand (the cellar doors are concealed by a fur rug and have 300 S.D.C., and are bolted with a metal bar that will not give easily (can take 150 S.D.C. damage).

Note: Other Homesteads may focus entirely on raising livestock (cattle, dairy cows, goats, sheep, pigs, ducks, chickens, rabbits, dogs and horses) or hunting/trapping and trading furs, or fishing and trapping small animals. They are called "home-

steads" because this type of community is made of a single family to a small group of families and friends (never more than 50 people, and usually more like 10-30) who are looking to build themselves a new "home", a place to live in quiet seclusion without big government, taxes and the pressures of civilization on their backs. While personal freedom, independence and solitude are three of the benefits, hard work, loneliness and marauders are constant dangers. Seven out of eight homesteads perish or fail in the first two years. By that standard, Sweet Creek is a success.

Garush (Quick Stats)

4th level human Druid

True Name: Ganyon Rushmer

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q. 14, M.E. 12, M.A. 15, P.S. 10, P.P. 11, P.E. 14, P.B. 11, Spd. 14

Hit Points: 29, S.D.C. 15.

Armor: Soft Leather (A.R. 10, S.D.C. 20).

Attacks Per Melee: 5

Bonuses/Abilities: +1 to save vs magic, 35% to control magic, healing touch (animals), chameleon, control the beasts, familiar link, faerie speak, negate poison, and healing touch, all the same as the wizard spells. 55 P.P.E.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Staff (+2 strike, +1 parry), W.P. Knife (+2 strike, +2 parry, +2 throw), Hand to Hand: Basic (+2 roll with punch/fall/impact, +2 pull punch, +2 parry/dodge, Snap Kick 1D6 damage).

Weapons: Obsidian dagger (1D6) and Yellow Wood staff (1D6+2).

Money & Valuables: 43 gold, kept under his bed mat, a silver cross worth 50 gold and a bottle of fine Western Brandy worth 30 gold.

Description: Garush is a kind man in his early 30's. He encountered the settlers just before their first winter in the wilderness and decided to help them prepare for the coming trial. During that winter, the eldest female child, Selina, came down with pneumonia and nearly died. Only Garush's considerable talents saved her life. Thus was forged the bond that has held the quiet druid to Sweet Creek for the past four years. He is content in seeing to the spiritual needs of the small settlement and in teaching Selina the ways of Druidism. Garush may leave at some point after Selina is fully trained, but for now he is happy. Slow to anger, he is patient and understanding. Deliberate, malicious damage to any natural thing, be it a tree or another living creature, is sure to bring out his anger which is terrible to behold. Garush is a slim man, standing a mere 5 feet tall (1.5 m). His eyes are a warm brown and a contented smile is nearly always on his face. During the warm months he is clean shaven but like the other men in the homestead, he grows a beard in the winter.

Rand (Quick Stats)

7th level human Ranger

True Name: Terrand Kennitt

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q. 15, M.E. 12, M.A. 9, P.S. 15, P.P. 12, P.E. 17, P.B. 10, Spd. 13

Hit Points: 45, S.D.C. 28.

Armor: Studded Leather (A.R. 13, S.D.C. 38).

Attacks Per Melee: Five

Bonuses: +1 to strike, parry, and dodge, and +2 to save vs Horror Factor.

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Long Bow (+140 feet (42.7 m) range, +1 parry, +3 strike, ROF 6), W.P. Sword (+3 strike, +3 parry, +1 throw), Hand to Hand: Basic (+2 roll with punch/fall/impact, +2 pull punch, +2 parry/dodge, Snap Kick 1D6 damage, +1 strike, critical strike on natural 19 or 20, +2 damage).

Weapons: Long bow (2D6 +2) and long sword (2D6).

Money: 450 gold; the entire savings of the settlement, hidden underneath a stone in the floor of the cellar beneath the Hall.

Description: As the oldest at 45 years and the most experienced, Rand is looked to as the leader of Sweet Creek. It is a position he takes very seriously. Rand has a quiet strength, allowing those he watches over to make their own mistakes, but stopping them before they can really injure themselves or damage the homestead. Rand is a robust man with dark hair that is just beginning to show gray. His brown eyes are constantly on guard, scanning the trees and making sure his family is safe. His prized possession is his father's Elven long bow which is kept near at hand at all times (it is +1 to strike).



Joem (Quick Stats)

4th level human Long Bowman

True Name: Joemar Kennitt

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q. 13, M.E. 14, M.A. 10, P.S. 13, P.P. 15, P.E. 15, P.B. 13, Spd. 12

Hit Points: 31, S.D.C. 20.

Armor: Studded Leather (A.R. 13, S.D.C. 38).

Attacks Per Melee: Five

Bonuses: +2 save vs Horror Factor.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Long Bow Specialist: 900 feet (274 m) range, +5 to strike on a slow, aimed shot (counts as two melee actions), -3 to parry or dodge arrows shot and spears thrown at him, ROF 5, W.P. Sword (+2 strike, +2 parry, +1 throw).

Hand to Hand: Basic: +2 to strike, +2 to parry and dodge, +2 roll with punch/fall/impact, +2 to pull punch, and Snap Kick (1D6 damage).

Weapons: Long bow (2D6) and Long sword (2D6)

Personality: Joem is fiercely loyal to his family. A quiet soul, he tends to come off as aloof and distant. After growing up in and around Southwatch, Joem has found the honest hazards of the wilderness a comforting change; he likes it at Sweet Creek.

Description: Joem is a tall, 35 year old with long black hair tied in a ponytail and dark eyes. He carries his long bow and sword with him everywhere. He tends to be overprotective and if anything, is a bit too fast to use his weapons. Suspicious of strangers, distrusts the Danzi and hates the Wolfen and Coyles.

Aeotoa (Quick Stats)

3rd level human Ranger (ex-Dominion scout)

True Name: Thaemon

Alignment: Unprincipled

Attributes: I.Q. 17, M.E. 12, M.A. 15, P.S. 14, P.P. 14, P.E. 17, P.B. 14, Spd. 23

Hit Points: 29, S.D.C. 26.

Armor: Chain Mail (A.R. 14, S.D.C. 44).

Attacks Per Melee: Four

Bonuses of Note: +3% to skills and +1 save vs magic, poison and disease.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Long Bow (+60 feet (18.3 m) range, +1 parry, +1 strike, ROF 4), W.P. Spear (+1 strike, +2 parry, +1 throw), W.P. Knife (+1 strike, +2 parry, +2 throw). **Hand to Hand:** Expert (+2 roll with punch/fall/impact, +2 pull punch, +3 parry/dodge, +2 strike).

Weapons: Long bow (2D6), knife (1D6), broad bladed spear (2D6).

Description: Aemon is married to Rand and Joem's younger sister and chose to accompany the rest of the family into the wilderness. Having served as a scout for the Army of Dominion, he functions as Sweet Creek's defense coordinator and huntsman. He has a sharp mind, eagle eye, and, when angry, a sharp tongue. Otherwise he is tolerable, though his touch of arrogance tends to rub everyone the wrong way. Aemon is a • lithe, athletic 24 year old who distinguished himself in the military. Unlike the other men in the community, he keeps his hair cut short and only during the coldest months of the winter does he allow himself the added warmth of facial hair. Aemon does much of the scouting and hunting. He carries his spear and long bow with him everywhere, even to the fields while repairing the debris fence or assisting with the harvest.

Ami (6th level Farmer)

True Name: Amanda Kennitt

Alignment: Unprincipled

Attributes: I.Q. 10, M.E. 14, M.A. 9, P.S. 12, P.P. 11, P.E. 18, P.B. 13, Spd. 12

Hit Points: 31, S.D.C. 25.

Armor: Soft Leather (A.R. 9, S.D.C. 15).

Attacks Per Melee: Three

Bonuses of Note: +2 to save vs magic, poison and disease.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Blunt and W.P. Staff.

Description: Ami is the 31 year old wife of Rand and Joem's brother Welan, who was killed in a Coyle raid two years after the homestead was established. The raid kindled a deep abiding hatred toward all the intelligent canines. She is a hard working no-nonsense woman whose skill at planting and preserving has been as great a factor in the modest prosperity of Sweet Creek as the men's hunting and building skills. She is very protective of her four children, Stron (16 year old boy, P.S. 18 and still growing!), Selina (15 year-old girl in training with Garush), Lain (13 year-old boy who is secretly friends with a Coyle youth), and Hanna (10 year-old girl and a twin image of her mother down to the disapproving glower).

Dorrain (4th level Farmer)

True Name: Dorrairie Marie Kennit

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q. 9, M.E. 10, M.A. 14, P.S. 15, P.P. 18, P.E. 13, P.B. 19, Spd. 10

Hit Points: 25, S.D.C. 20.

Armor: Soft Leather (A.R. 9, S.D.C. 15).

Attacks Per Melee: Three

Bonuses of Note: +2 to strike, +4 to strike with a long bow.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Blunt and W.P. Long Bow.

Description: Dorrairie is a beautiful, 24 year old woman with a warm smile and twinkling eyes. She is also deadly with a long bow and not afraid to use it. She met and married Joem when she was 14 years old, spending as much time as she could with him in the forests surrounding Southwatch. She gave birth to twins when she was 16, Chane (8 year-old male) and Josephine (8 year-old girl) and a third child, Jessie (3 year-old girl), one year after moving to Sweet Creek. Dorrairie is the homestead's breath of sunshine and counters Ami's constant seriousness. She often accompanies her husband on hunting excursions, earning Ami's disapproving glower.

Leanne (2nd level Farmer & Cook)

True Name: Leanne Kennit

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q. 7, M.E. 9, M.A. 13, P.S. 10, P.P. 12, P.E. 12, P.B. 17, Spd. 11

Hit Points: 19, S.D.C. 20.

Armor: None.

Attacks Per Melee: Two

Bonuses of Note: None.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Blunt and W.P. Long Bow.

Description: Leanne is Rand and Joem's 18 year old, half-sister sharing the same father. A bit naive when she came to Sweet Creek two years ago, shortly after marrying Aemon, she has learned a lot in that time and is quickly matching Ami's skill at cooking and preserving food. She and Dorrairie are good friends and the younger woman often cares for the children when the older woman goes off with her husband or is out working in the fields. Much to her and Aemon's glee, she is pregnant with their first child.

Southwatch

The Rim

**Neighboring Shanty Town to Southwatch;
not a member of the Dominion**

Population: 7,000 plus 2D4x100 transients at any given time.

Human 70%

Elf 10%

Dwarf 4%

Kobold 4%

Orc 5%

Other 7%

Military: Sturnward mercenaries and volunteer meres and adventurers visiting town.

Major Temples:

Sect of Rurga

Church of Light

Temple of Hoknar

The Sect of the Red God

Kurgi the Rat God

Rulers: Town Council and Count Morgan, leader of the Sturnward mercenaries, but a number of businessmen also have a fair amount of clout.

Coinage: Merchant Guild trade bars, but also barter heavily and accept all currencies.

Flag: None.

Note: Dozens of small fishing villages are found along the coast and scores of farms and homesteads are scattered around The Rim and City of Southwatch, accounting for another couple thousand people in a 50 mile (80 km) radius.

Between the outer ditch and the inner ditch has grown a shanty town called **The Rim** by its residents, but collectively referred to as squatters by the city folk and the Army. The Rim is a boisterous place where those who are afraid of the Wolfen raiders or who wish to find work in Southwatch have settled. With the recent shortage of housing space within the city walls, anyone who wants to move to Southwatch must first take residence on The Rim while they wait to be allowed to live in the city. Names are drawn in a monthly lottery.

The laws governing the city are not strictly enforced in The Rim, so it is a rather lawless place that attracts thieves, bandits and criminals of every stripe, traveling merchants and other opportunists, to those down on their luck, adventurers and would-be heroes. Assault and murder is an all too-common method of solving disputes. The Army occasionally makes sweeps through The Rim, rooting out suspected Wolfen spies and putting on a show of who is in charge, but once they leave, it's back to the same old fun and games. The only sure way to remain safe in The Rim is to hire the services of the **Sturnward**, a small band of mercenaries (80 in all) who came to Southwatch to find work. The leader, Count Morgan, quickly decided that selling his services to the folks of The Rim was more lucrative than manning border forts in the wilderness for the Dominion Army. The Sturnward control the southern third of The Rim and those wishing for his team's protection and "law" must pay a fee



for the privilege. The fee, deemed simply "the Citizen's Tax," varies according to what each individual can do and how they contribute to the community. An unskilled worker is likely to have to pay the most, typically 60 gold per month plus an additional ten gold for each member of his family. A skilled worker, such as a blacksmith or carpenter, is required to pay a mere 30 gold per month with an additional five gold per person in their family. The assumption is, of course, that the skilled worker will practice their trade to the benefit of the community. Failure to do so will result in an increase in tax. On occasion, the Sturnward take on additional soldiers. In this event, anyone who joins the mercenaries are exempt from the Citizen's Tax, as is their immediate family. The tax is used to pay the Count (he gets 25%), pay the Sturnward (50%), and to make civic improvements such as roads and public buildings (25%).

Count Morgan (Quick Stats)

5th level human Knight (black knight of the Order of the Lance)

True Name: Sir Geoffrey Morgan Mordeki

Alignment: Aberrant

Attributes: I.Q. 15, M.E. 10, M.A. 18, P.S. 16, P.P. 15, P.E. 21, P.B. 13, Spd. 16

HitPoints: 41, S.D.C.: 35.

Armor: Plate and Chain (A.R. 15, S.D.C. 100), Shield-small wood & metal plated (S.D.C.: 50).

Attacks Per Melee: 5

Bonuses: +1 to damage, +1 to initiative, +2 to save vs Horror Factor, 50% trust/intimidate, +3 to save vs magic/poison.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Lance (triple damage on roll of unmodified 20), Shield (+2 parry, +1 strike), W.P. Sword (+2 strike, +2 parry), Hand to Hand: Expert (+2 roll with punch/fall/impact, +2 pull punch, +3 parry/dodge, +2 strike, kick attack).

Weapons: Dwarven made long sword (2D6+3), short sword (2D4), magical dagger (2D6), lance (2D6+2).

Magic Items: Magic dagger (does one die extra damage and glows light red).

Money: 15,000 gold hidden in his home.

Description: Outwardly, the Count appears cordial, even warm.

A smile is never far from his lips and he speaks with the utmost courtesy. Privately, he is obsessed with himself. He believes he was born to be a legendary general and that when the Wolfen invasion comes he will be the pivotal figure.

Morgan is quietly contemptuous of Governor General Poledoris for being a woman.

Typical Sturnward Mercenary (Quick Stats)

O.C.C.: 3rd level human Mercenary Warrior

Alignment: Aberrant

Attributes: I.Q. 11, M.E. 9, M.A. 11, P.S. 15, P.P. 14, P.E. 18, P.B. 12, Spd. 14

Hit Points: 30, S.D.C.: 25.

Armor: Chain Mail (A.R. 14, S.D.C. 44), Shield-small wood & leather (S.D.C.: 30)

Bonuses: +2 to pull punch, +2 to save vs Horror Factor.

Attacks Per Melee: 4

Other Combat Info: W.P. Sword (+2 strike, +1 parry), W.P. Shield (+2 parry), Hand to Hand: Expert (+2 to roll with punch/fall/impact, +2 pull punch, +3 parry/dodge, +2 strike). Weapons: Long sword (2D6) or battle axe (3D6) or mace & chain (3D6), dagger (1D6), short spear (1D6).

The Fortress City of Southwatch

Member of the Domain of Man

Population: 27,000

Human 80%

Elf 12%

Dwarf 4%

Other 4%

Military:

Dominion Army: 8,000

Great River Militia: 500

City (Southwatch) Militia: 4,200

Llornian Mercenaries 300

Major Temples:

Sect of Rurga

Church of Light

Temple of Hoknar

The Sect of the Red God

Ruler: Governor General Natsa "Winter Fox" Poledoris (10th level Palladin)

Coinage: Merchant Guild trade bars

Flag: The Dominion flag, hunter green field with a wild boar rearing (rampant) with 8 gold stars above.

Defenses:

Ditches: 16 feet deep (5 m), 39 feet wide (12m), lined with steel scythe-like blades.

City Curtain Wall: 23 feet thick (7 m), 33 feet tall (10m).

Towers: 19 feet thick (6 m), 46 feet tall (14 m), The towers are topped with catapults and ballista and each has a springal in storage for use on the walls or in the streets.

Castle Curtain Wall: 33 feet thick (10 m), 33 feet tall (10 m).

Towers: 26 feet thick (8 m), 52 feet tall (16m). The towers are topped with catapults and ballista.

Winter Palace Curtain Wall: 43 feet thick (13 m), 33 feet tall (10 m).

Towers: 33 feet thick (10 m), 59 feet tall (18 m).

Winter Palace: 36 feet thick (11 m), 118 feet tall (36 m).

Southwatch is built atop the ruins of an ancient fortification that the Wolfen called "Gronocht Urgag," which roughly translates to "Dome of the Dead." Even before the coming of the armies of man, Gronocht Urgag saw violence. Sometime far in the past, before the coming of the Wolfen, the fortress was destroyed, leaving only crumbling walls and a massive domed building, a mere shell of its former self. After the Danzi's defeat at the foot of Gronocht Urgag, the Wolfen piled their slain enemy in the center of the dome and set them on fire for a warrior's cremation. When the armies of the Eastern Territories smashed their way north, they found the ruin and immediately set to repairing and upgrading it. Of the original ruins, only the large domed structure remains.

The human engineers quickly tore down the old crumbling walls, other than the dome, and used them as the cornerstones for the foundation of a new city. When the dome proved to be impervious to both their tools and magic, they set about patching its holes and rebuilding its interior. The rest of the fortress was completed in three stages, beginning with the other buildings atop the "Hill," then the curtain wall that surrounds the Hill, and finally the curtain wall to the north that surrounds the city and watches over the beach.

Southwatch is a busy place, full of soldiers, mercenaries, adventurers, trappers, traders, and civilians. The soldiers stationed there run the gamut from loyal men and women with a strong desire to defend against the "barbaric Wolfen bent on world domination" to lowlife thugs, criminals and mercenaries who were sent to Southwatch from their home cities to fulfill some obligation or to avoid prison. Morale runs lukewarm and the General is concerned about what will happen should war really break out. With the rate of desertion running at approximately five soldiers per month (most are captured, tried and summarily executed, which seems to only lend fuel to the problem), there is a general lack of confidence that the infantry can win against the legions of Wolfen. To that end, Southwatch is currently negotiating with Llorn to send more mercenaries. Already five of the cohorts in training in Llorn are tagged for service in the north. It remains to be seen though whether the city will be able to finance the additional 8,500 mercenaries it feels it needs to mount an adequate defense of the fortified city. To make matters worse, there are 500 followers of the Red God all eager to see the war start. Already, a force of 200 had to be forcibly stopped from marching on the Wolfen fortress capital of the Iron Claw tribe, Ironhold. The Danzi tribe in this region is also eager for war.

The town militia on the other hand, looks a bit more rag-tag, but they are actually more seasoned and skilled: 20% Rangers, 10% Long Bowmen, 25% Mercenary Warriors, 10% Knights and Palladins (including some Palladins of Rurga), 10% clergy, 8% practitioners of magic, 2% Danzi Warriors and 15% other O.C.C.s; average 4th and 5th level. There is also a small militia navy of 15 ships that are as skilled as any Bizantium sailor. There are 4,200 volunteers in the city militia and 1,200 in the navy.

Ditches and The Rim

The first thing a visitor to Southwatch is likely to see of the fortress are the ditches that form two rings around the city and serve as the first line of geographic defense. The ditches are filled with sea water and lined with rusty steel scythes. Soldiers falling in while wearing armor will sink to the bottom. Anyone attempting to climb into or out of the ditch is 75% likely to cut themselves on the scythes embedded in the walls, causing 4D6 damage (-20% to climbing skill). A broad, wooden bridge spans each ditch, bolted to stone pillars on the city side by six large pins. In the event of an attack, these pins can be hammered loose (each is kept greased to ensure the pins do not get stuck) and the bridge dragged safely back. A pulley and chain is kept connected to a winch within the bridge tower allowing one person to pull the bridge away. Should the winch become stuck, a team of horses can be used as well.

Each bridge is guarded by a 26 foot tall (8 m) stone tower manned by 12 soldiers, 24 hours a day. The guards at the outer

ditch will allow most anyone to pass during the day. Any of the canine races trying to cross the bridge are immediately arrested as spies or shot. Recently, the Dominion Army has learned where the Wolfen are keeping their prisoners of war and plans are currently being drafted on how best to recover these "patriots." The proposals range from a direct assault by the Army, to magical infiltration, to hiring a band of adventurers who can be conveniently written off if caught. It should be noted that very few prisoners are taken by either side, even though confrontations occur on a weekly basis. At night, the bridge is closed to traffic and the guards are allowed to use lethal force to prevent unauthorized entry or departure. Similarly, swimming the ditch is illegal (not to mention foolhardy) and will result in arrest and trial for spying. The towers are manned by Elves or Dwarves (never both in the same tower) at night due to their superior nightvision, and one Wizard, Warlock or other practitioner of magic is part of the guard team.

The inner ditch is exactly like the outer ditch, with the same wooden bridges and stout stone towers protecting them. Unlike the soldiers of the outer ditch who let most pass, the soldiers who man the inner ditch are more selective. Any creature considered dangerous, including but not limited to Ogres, Trolls and Bearmen, is stopped and questioned. Only those coming to town to purchase goods or seek work are allowed to pass. Hostility results in a single warning, followed, if necessary, by arrows from the archers in the tower. A heavy chain, like those used for ship anchors, is stretched on either side of the path between the inner ditch bridge and the city gates. Anyone caught in the open fields between the city walls and the inner ditch outside the designated path is shot on sight. Attempting to cross over the chain brings one warning before the trespasser is either shot or arrested, depending upon how dangerous the individual looks and what mood the guards are in.

At the city gate are yet more guards accompanied by a Mind Mage or psychic sensitive skilled at checking peoples' auras. To aid the psychics, each is issued a *Spirit Stone*, which provides the equivalent of See Aura to anyone looking through it (see the Magic Items section in this book for complete details). Those who register as having magic, psionics, a high level of P.P.E., is illness, possessed or having an "unusual aberration" will be stopped for questioning. Those who are sick will be turned away (sorry, they don't want a plague running rampant within the walls). Possession or an unusual aberration will be cause to call upon a priest to determine the nature of the threat and whether it is safe to allow the person entry. Those who show a high level of P.P.E., are psionic and/or who register as having magic will be taken into a guard room and questioned further by the watch while a Wizard is summoned. After they are satisfied that these individuals are not a threat to the city they will be allowed entry.

Creatures considered dangerous such as Ogres and Trolls must undergo a close interrogation and declare their intentions, but even they are likely to be given a "day" pass; checking in and out at the guard's tower. Visitors are required to exit the town by the same gate they entered before sundown or they will be the target of a large-scale manhunt followed by a trial for spying. The best this unfortunate individual can hope for is an escort from Southwatch and a stern warning never to return.

The gates are closed at dusk and do not open again till dawn. Only those on official Dominion Military business, with a pass signed by the Governor General, may leave or enter after dusk.

City of Southwatch

Beyond the fortified walls is a city where one can find most anything — for a price. The city's economy is entirely centered on competing for the military's business, whether it is to the army in general or for the soldiers' paychecks. Southwatch has no fewer than 30 ale houses, scores of gambling dens, tattoo parlors, weapon shops, goldsmiths, tailors and even an alchemist shop. The ale houses cater to specific tastes and nationalities: some offer extravagant entertainment, some serve only alcohol and food from the southern Kingdoms, while others are shadowy, dangerous places where one had best be careful or face getting beaten, robbed, and tossed into an alley with a lump on the head, or worse. Rather than waste time and manpower on fighting these clubs, the military has given its troops a list of "safe" taverns and entertainment spots from which to choose. Any soldier caught in an unsanctioned tavern is subject to loss of one week's pay.

Southwatch is an ideal location to fence stolen property shipped from the south (so is The Rim nearby). The Governor General looks the other way so long as their activities help the city. The thieves' guild within Southwatch is unusually loyal to the city, and takes an active part in ensuring its security. It has its own network of informants and investigators to sniff out and eliminate enemy spies and anyone else who encourages rebellion or threatens the city. The guild has proven to be much better at finding enemy agents than the military, a fact they make sure Governor General Poledoris knows.

The Law

Legally, the city has severe punishments and most crimes are reduced to just a few charges. Following is a partial listing of crimes along with the usual punishment.

Murder: Death by beheading. This includes anything that results in the death of another with the exception of cases of self-defense, which has no punishment. There are no 2nd or 3rd degree murders and no manslaughter. If an individual gets drunk, stabs someone, and they die, then it is murder. Otherwise, the charge would be assault.

Assault: Flogging (5 to 10 strokes) and public display in the Justice Yard for two days. Military personnel convicted of assault are typically discharged and shipped south on the first available transport.

Brawling: Flogging (3-8 strokes). Military personnel convicted of brawling can expect additional discipline at the hands of their commanding officers.

Rape: Death by disembowelment.

Treason/Spying: Death by burning, hanging or drowning.

Arson: Death by burning.

Theft: Return of the stolen property or restitution in kind, and a fine of 500-2,000 gold. Theft from the city or the military means the convict will also lose their right hand! Causing injury during the robbery is considered an assault with the normal assault punishment added to that of the theft. If a Thief is killed while stealing, it is considered self-defense and the killer will not be prosecuted.

Witchcraft/Necromancy: Death by burning or drowning.

Summoning: Death by beheading. Summoning, especially the summoning of Deevils and demons, is seen as a danger to the security of Southwatch. However, Summoners may practice

with the permission of the Governor General and under the watchful eyes of her personal Wizard, Master Merrith.

Note: As is the custom amongst the humans in the far north, bodies are either incinerated or taken a mile (1.6 km) or further out to sea and sunk. Local superstition claims that the spirits of a buried body can never find peace, while the military would prefer to not have a ready supply of corpses laying about to be put to use as zombies. The lack of graveyards keeps many of the more fiendish creatures who consume dead flesh, such as Ghouls, away from inhabited areas.

The local jails are small for a city its size. Prisoners are usually held for less than a week while awaiting trial and sentencing. The sole exception is for prisoners of war who are held until the Governor General decides otherwise. This is a city where war can erupt at any moment, there is no time or tolerance for those whose actions threaten security.

Honor. In the event that a citizen feels their honor has been irreparably harmed (for those who care about such things), they may request a legally sanctioned *duel* against the perpetrator. In order to participate in a legal duel, all parties must go before the judge and make their grievance known as well as verify that everyone involved is doing so from their own volition. If satisfied that the grievance is justifiable (most are), the judge announces the duel as a binding legal proceeding in a public forum held on the steps of the courthouse. The victor of the duel is free from retaliation by, and responsibility towards, the loser's family and friends. A date for the duel is then set (rarely sooner than a week), to be held in the *Justice Yard*, overseen by a "referee" appointed by the court.

These duels can be for a specified number of "hits," one or more falls, or to the death. In the case of a non-lethal duel in which one of the participants is killed, the referee determines whether the death was a murder, suicide or an accident. If the death is ruled an accident the family of the deceased must be financially reimbursed and the matter is resolved. If the death is ruled a suicide, no reimbursement is due the family. Murder is grounds for a swift trial and an invariable guilty sentence for the perpetrator. Duels can only be fought between those involved in the disagreement and can not include champions or stand-ins. Betting on these spectacles is illegal and discouraged by a 1,000-5,000 gold fine, but betting goes on none the less.

1. Justice Yard: With its gray brick paving stones, and its various instruments of execution, the Justice Yard is easily the most intimidating place in town aside from the fortress. Situated in a rough half circle facing the courthouse to the west, is a dunking basin used to drown convicts, a chopping block, three fire pits, a lashing pole used for floggings, and a 30 foot (9.1 m) square sand pit that is used for the legally sanctioned duels. A stone bench on the south end of the sand pit is for the referee. The Yard is intended to be a visible reminder of the consequences of criminal activity. Appropriately enough, facing the Justice Yard on the east side is a small mortuary which can arrange cremation and/or burial at sea for a modest fee of only 60 gold.

2. Courthouse/Jail: The Courthouse is a three-story marble building, complete with a pillared balcony where the judge witnesses the punishments held in the Justice Yard. The third floor is occupied by the "Constables," a cadre of two-dozen retired soldiers responsible for carrying out sentences, judging duels,

and security for the courthouse. One of the city jails is located in the basement. They also assist the city guard in patrolling the streets to break up brawls, preserve the peace and round up vagrants. The average Constable is a 5th level Soldier or Mercenary Warrior armed with a long sword and a weighted club, and wears a half suit of chain mail (A.R. 15, 60 S.D.C.). Their leader is *Town Strong*, an 8th level human Gladiator who wears scale armor and wields a magic glaive in battle (+4 strike, +2 to parry and +2 melee attacks).

The second floor is occupied by a large courtroom, a small holding cell and the judge's personal chambers. At least two Constables are at the doors of the courtroom at all times, and one more is stationed before the judge's private chamber. The judge, *the Honorable Wies Eldridge*, is a heavy-set human who usually makes up his mind before the trial begins. His motto is "the suspect is guilty until proven innocent" and judgments are typically as harsh as the Governor General will allow. Judge Eldridge is particularly eager to shut down the thieves' guild, but is under strict orders by the Governor to leave them alone. So, he bides his time, waiting for the thieves to overstep their bounds and forfeit the Governor's protection. In the meanwhile, he is especially hard on thieves, con-artists and assassins visiting the city (and without allegiance to the local thieves' guild). On the street, he is referred to as "the Ax Man," and known to be above bribery and impropriety. When not in session, Judge Eldridge can be found in his personal chambers or in his large home behind the Courthouse.

The first floor houses offices for the various administrators as well as the armory for the Constables. Four Constables can be found here most of the time, and often two or three times that number. A heavy, steel-banded oak door leads to the jail under the courthouse. The jail is small with only twelve, 6x8 foot (1.8 by 2.4 m) stone cells and one large 16x20 foot (4.9 by 6.1 m) cell. Two Constables are stationed in the jail at all times. Currently, two of the small cells are occupied, one with a murderer awaiting sentence and in the other, a pair of Wolfen scouts captured 2 miles (3.2 km) from the fortress. Spies from the Kingdom of Havea, a human state of the Wolfen Empire, know the Wolfen are captives and are readying to attempt a jail break.

3. King's Den: The King's Den is a members only establishment that opens at twilight and closes when the last client staggers out the door. Membership costs 100 gold per month and includes the first drink free. A pair of Dwarves, *Jansen* (4th level mercenary) and *Hansen* (5th level mercenary), act as bouncers and door security, keeping non-members out and helping drunk patrons to the door. The food is imported from the south and is considered the finest in the city. The entertainment is first class too. Early in the evening, the house Bard, *Master Thomas* (8th level Bard), entertains the patrons with epic poems and song. He is followed by exotic dancers from the Yin-Sloth Jungles, and stage magic from the West or gladiators from Llorn. Aside from food and entertainment, the King's Den is also the not-so-secret front for the *Southwatch thieves' guild* known as the **Nightshade**. The guild's ruler is an Elven Thief who goes by the name Mithalas (7th level). In accordance with an arrangement with Governor General Poledoris, Mithalas makes sure that theft in town is limited mostly to picking pockets on the street and purse snatching of visitors, with an occasional burglary against a non-essential business or citizens. The majority of the Nightshade's earnings comes from fencing stolen property shipped

from the south and gambling. The Governor General studiously ignores the contraband so long as nothing is shipped or sold to the Wolfen, and that the activity does not threaten the security of Southwatch. With its web of informants spread across the city to catch non-guild members working the streets and eliminating enemy spies, the Nightshades are virtually guaranteed to stay in operation and prosper. Unless, of course, Governor General Poledoris replacement (when the time comes) doesn't care to put up with the thieves, in which case they will move underground.

4. Bard's Tale (*) Inn:** The Bard's Tale used to be called the Grinning Goblin after a particularly successful franchise in the Western Empire, but the new owner wants to improve its image. Most people on the street still refer to it by its old name, leading to some confusion when travelers are directed to "the Goblin," but find the *Bard's Tale* instead. Previously, the inn was a low cost affair and catered primarily to mercenaries and adventurers.

The new owner, *Gertrude Groff* of the Kingdom's Groff family, has spent a considerable sum repairing the structure and importing art and fine woods for the interior. Her goal is to attract a rich clientele of merchants and military officers but, for now, the inn's previous reputation still brings in many undesirables. Gertrude recently doubled her rates and would like to double them again. However, she is concerned the Governor will view the increases as price gouging, a practice that is sure to get one's business license revoked. The Bard's Tale has a pair of young bards, Stephanos and Michael (2nd level bards). Neither is exceptional but far better than the street musicians found in The

Rim and other lesser inns. The food is good and the rooms much better than one would expect in a fortress town. Gertrude runs the inn with her three sons and has hired three guards (3rd level human mercenaries) to help make sure guests behave.

5. Barracks of Rurga: The Sect of Rurga enjoys a very large following in and around Southwatch especially among the Dominion Soldiers from the northern half of the Eastern Territory. The building is simple, as is the way of the followers of Rurga (see *Dain-Rurga* for complete information on the Sect of Rurga). The Barracks has four priests (Captains). Each lead one service per week, as well as travels into The Rim and countryside to visit the smaller forts to the west and south. With the possibility of war in the air, the temple has more converts than space, spurring the High Priest, *Captain Merandle* (6th level Priest of Light), to send a request to Dain-Rurga for aid. In response, Dain-Rurga has dispatched two additional priests accompanied by 80 soldiers employed by the church, with a Merchants' Guild authorizing the Captain to construct a small castle outside the city walls. It will take at least a month for the men to arrive and construction of the new castle will not begin until the following spring. Only soldiers and members of the Sect can receive healing, and then only for war wounds. The Sect is viewed by the Governor General as an asset and she encourages her troops to join.

6. Temple of Light: As the most powerful and popular church in the city, the leadership of this particular temple has become a bit too arrogant. With monthly tithes in excess of 15,000 gold, the priests charge a minimum of 20 gold to heal



members and three to four times that rate for non-members. Members must be baptized into the Southwatch temple and make the appropriate offering to be added to the temple's member rolls. Those claiming to already be members may forego the baptism but are still required to make the 500 gold offering. Children born of parents who are both on the rolls are automatic members. A monthly tithe of 3 gold is required of all members. The chief priest, Father Boniac (7th level Priest of Light), was a zealous young priest when he first came to the temple. His overwhelming success, however, has fostered an intolerable pride. His colleagues (four priests, levels 2-4th) have begun muttering amongst themselves but are too afraid of his dagger sharp tongue to speak out against him. With the Church of Light and Dark making its services available at a "cut rate," Father Boniac has ordered the competing temple watched. Any member of his temple found going to it are heavily chastised and threatened with excommunication. Still, he is a devout man, very learned and completely loyal to the Domain of Man and to Southwatch. His pride, however, is bound to cause a schism amongst the clergy and who comes out on top will determine the character of the temple for years to come.

7. Temple of Light and Dark: Like elsewhere in the Eastern Territory, the Church of Light and Dark has only a small following here (about 150 members), and is a distinct entity from the more successful *Church of Light*. Its primary use is as a diplomatic station between Haven and Southwatch. The chief priestess, *Sister Aniel* (5th level Priestess of Light), would very much like to see the Church of Light and Dark side with the Dominion (it is officially neutral in the Wolfen-Dominion conflict). If the opportunity presents itself, she will take measures to ensure this happens. Currently, she is assembling a band of adventurers to investigate reports that the Wolfen leadership and certain members of the Church of Light and Dark are plotting to ally the Church with the Wolfen Empire. Sister Aniel and Captain Merandle of the Sect of Rurga are often seen enjoying dinner at the Bard's Tale, and rumors have begun to circulate about their relationship. Healing can be had at the Temple for a 10 gold donation (half the price the Temple of Light requires). Still, many people are hesitant to go to the Church for fear of angering the Temple of Light.

8. Graylock Lumberyard: The Graylock lumberyard is the largest commercial operation in Southwatch. It employs 100 lumberjacks and 120 mercenaries to make monthly forays into the forests near Southwatch to harvest hardwood and pine. Much of the lumber is rough cut and shipped to Bizantium merchants who find their own crews of lumberjacks can not keep up with demand. The rest is sold to area merchants. Recently, the lumbering operation has been disrupted by Wolfen combat scouts, and so he is looking for yet another talented team of adventurers to eliminate the interference. The last crew of adventurers he hired have been missing for over a month.

9. Herbalist: Old Man Harlow (13th level Changeling Druid) has been in Southwatch longer than anyone can remember. His log home faces The Strip behind a tall screen of evergreens. Once one steps through the screen of trees, all noise from the city ceases and a feeling of peace and serenity washes over the visitor. His skills at healing are famous throughout the city. His ministrations cost a mere 5-10 gold per day, but he can only house six patients at a time. Most of the fee goes to pay for

the herbs he can no longer gather himself. Within his home or yard, the natural rate of healing is doubled. Old Man Harlow frequently hires Rangers and good aligned adventurers to go into the wilderness to gather herbs in the deep forest and certain minerals found only in the Bruu-Ga-Belimar mountains to the west.

10. Pot of Gold: The Pot of Gold is one of the more popular ale houses for the merchants. In addition to reasonably priced drinks and good food, the house entertainment is guaranteed to be unique, if not as good as the King's Den. The owner, an unusually intelligent Goblin by the name of *Artamus Blugblotter* (3rd level Cobbler), brings in mimes, jugglers, stage magicians and sword eaters to name just a few. In addition, he operates a lucrative gambling house in the rear of the establishment, offering a multitude of card and dice games as well as wagers on such mundane things as who can drink the most grog. The local champion grog drinker is a skinny human, named *Brickie*. Tall, thin and bald, he could be mistaken for a Changeling if it weren't for his superhuman tolerance for alcohol. In truth, he is a Changeling (yeah, he's heard that Changelings can't tolerate alcohol too, but he doesn't believe it) and thinks he is the last one left alive. Should he learn about others of his kind in the city, he will spare no effort to leave town with them when they go. It is widely known that Artamus is a member of the Nightshade, and that his patrons are protected from pick pockets on their way home from the Pot of Gold.

11. Fighter's Den: The Fighter's Den is run by *Vera Haggengrass*, a retired member of the Wolf Hammer Company. She lost her left arm two years ago, and instead of returning home to her mother, Lilith Haggengrass in Llorn, Vera took her savings and bought the Fighter's Den from an old Dwarven weaponsmith who was wanting to go to Northolme. (He claimed to have had dreams telling him to go to the mountain home.) Since then, she has installed three large rings used for boxing, wrestling, and non-lethal fencing. Once a year, Vera sponsors a tournament that brings the best fighters from the city and beyond to fight for a trophy — a Dwarven crafted dagger and a sizable purse of 20,000 gold. Last year, more than 200 contestants competed. This year's event promises to be even larger. With four months left before the tournament, the event already has 254 contestants signed-up. Admittance as a contestant costs 150 gold. General admittance as a spectator costs 25 gold. The betting is fast and furious and more than one fortune has been lost and gained during this week-long tournament.

12. Paradise: Despite its name, this place is a dark, smoke filled hovel transplanted from the cities of the Western Empire. Paradise is a drug den offering an astonishingly large variety of mind altering drugs (all of which are illegal in Southwatch). The large military presence provides a ready market. The drug problem among the troops is so bad that the Governor is on the verge of forcibly shutting the place down as a security risk, even though there is no hard evidence linking it to that effect. The owner, a sleazy human by the name of *Trance* (5th level Thief), has already stashed away a small fortune and is planning on quietly disappearing when things get too hot. Trance also has an arrangement with the local mortician to buy select body parts prior to burial at sea. Parts which he sells for twice the listed rate to the local would-be Necromancer, Haggendias Rustlefurt. The gent has absolutely no ability as a Necromancer but even so, if his secret gets out, he would be tried and executed as one.



13. Emporium: As the only alchemists in town, the Emporium and the six alchemists working there have a monopoly on the market. Each alchemist specializes in a particular field of magic: potions, scrolls, jewelry, weapons and armor, make up and clothing, and powders and fumes. They keep a modest inventory on hand of the more common items (01-40% chance of having any particular potion or ring, 30% chance for everything else) at 150% the prices listed on pages 248-260 of the *Palladium Fantasy RPG 2nd Ed.* They accept special orders, but demand full payment in advance with a minimum one month waiting period. Rush jobs are sometimes taken at 300% the listed rate and typically take two weeks. Faster service can be arranged but for at least 600% of the list price. The alchemists view haggling as insulting, but they are willing to barter for other unusual magic items, as well as rare books and components. Currently, the alchemist who does weapons is overwhelmed by orders from the soldiers and will only take new orders at a 400% list price fee.

The alchemists arrived together several years ago and drove the pair of alchemists already in town out of business. No one knows where they came from exactly, but they have a pronounced Western accent and they refuse to work for or sell to anyone from the Empire of Sin. In reality, these alchemists have fled the Empire and are afraid assassins will track them down. Adding to their fear, they managed to flee with a case of 400 heavy Cyclopean lightning arrows (long bow: 6D6 damage, 1000 feet/305 m effective range), but have been too afraid to sell them for fear it will alert agents of the Western Empire to their whereabouts. A crafty adventurer could purchase these ar-

rows (500-800 gold each), ship them south, and then sell them for a fortune (800-1200 gold each). Of course, if there are assassins after the alchemists and they learn that the characters have acquired the stolen lightning arrows, they could be in for a lot of trouble too. Many people are afraid to go to the Emporium as the alchemists have the unnerving tendency to answer questions in unison.

14. Southwatch Castle: Southwatch Castle was the last major fortification added aside from the curtain wall surrounding the city. It houses the majority of the roughly 9,500 soldiers stationed here. The Gatehouse is of sound design and construction, with three warded portcullis that have been magically strengthened (wards include death, agony and sleep, among others). A complement of 20 soldiers is on duty at all times within the gatehouse itself, which is only accessible from a walkway from the *Winter Palace gatehouse*. A wood bridge some 15 feet (4.6 m) above the ground connects the two gatehouses with a ramp extending to the ground on either side. No one but soldiers and individuals who have an appointment to see the Governor General may enter the castle. Non-military personnel are always escorted. Security is tight and anyone caught scaling the wall is shot. The walls are constantly patrolled by eight archers and each tower has a permanent detachment of 15 soldiers. The open area between the curtain walls on the west and south sides of the Winter Palace is used as practice yards and storage. Tents can be raised here in the case of a prolonged siege.

14a. Gatehouse: The gatehouse is a mini-fortress in itself. It has two levels, the bottom of which is reserved for offices and storage, while the upper level can only be reached from the Winter Palace gatehouse. The gatehouse has the only doors opening out onto the curtain walls. The bridge connecting the two gatehouses can be dropped, effectively preventing an enemy from quickly overwhelming the castle's defenses.

14b. West Barracks: This large, two story building is the oldest structure in the castle; 200 years old. It has space to house 3,000 soldiers and their gear. If necessary, another 1,200 can be crammed in. Sleeping arrangements are coed.

14c. West Kitchens: These kitchens serve the soldiers of the west barracks. The officers are housed in an adjoining structure.

14d. East Barracks: These buildings are three stories tall and can comfortably house 1,500 soldiers. They can hold as many as 4,500 soldiers each but would be terribly cramped. Six large stairways ensure that the troops can get out quickly. Each has its own armory.

14e. Officer Barracks: This is the newest building in the castle and is home to the mid-ranking officers. The higher ranking officers stay in the Winter Palace compound.

14f. East Kitchens: Designed much like the west kitchens, this building is constantly busy. There is a rivalry between the two kitchens as to who makes the best food. The soldiers don't like any of it, but are afraid to tell the cooks.

14g. Storage: These house large quantities of non-perishable foodstuffs, medical supplies, spare uniforms, blankets, etc. Each is guarded by a pair of bored guards.

14h. Stables: The stable has room for over 400 horses in a unique three-story structure. The first two levels house the horses and their gear. The third story is reserved for barracks space for the cavalry soldiers and the stable hands. In an emer-



gency, additional mounts can be kept in the courtyard between the Winter Palace and the outer curtain wall.

15. Winter Palace: The Winter Palace serves as the administrative heart of Southwatch and as the headquarters for the entire northern Dominion Army. Even though most of it is relatively new, the entire plateau manages to keep an ancient feeling. A popular story amongst the night watch tells of a rookie that had been assigned to walk the wall between the Winter Palace and

the Guest House. According to the tale, he was joined by the spirit of one of the soldiers who occupied the original fortress thousands of years ago. The encounter scared the rookie so badly that he jumped over the wall and was only saved by the quick response of a veteran who heard the young man's scream and rushed to investigate. The entire incident would have been **laughed-off**, except a squad of **Llornian** mercenaries happened to be marching through the courtyard below and saw the rookie

dangling from the wall within the grasp of a large ghostly form, until the veteran soldier grabbed the youth and dragged him to safety. The veteran on the wall never saw the ghost. Nor has anyone else. Was it an isolated incident? Or is that part of the wall haunted?

Unlike the Castle, which is constantly noisy with soldiers drilling and weaponsmiths working at their forges, the Winter Palace is quiet. Wizards and high ranking officers walk the immaculate grounds discussing strategy and the latest reports brought in from the scouts. Ensuring its serenity, security is extremely tight. Squads of four walk the curtain walls and an elite cohort is assigned to safeguard the gatehouse and the towers on the southern wall. Hundreds of magic wards (death, alarm, light and agony primarily) cover the walls, some triggered to set off yet more wards in the courtyard dividing the outer and inner curtain walls, and in the fields beyond the walls. Security into the Whiter Palace Courtyard is tighter yet, with even known high-ranking officers being escorted by one of the 30 Wizards or 20 Diabolists staying in the immense domed fortress.

15a. Gatehouse: The gatehouse serves as both an entry and as extra barracks and storage space. It has walls as thick as most castles, two magically strengthened portcullis (550 S.D.C. each), and a floor that can be dropped into a permanent Mystic Portal emptying a half-mile (804 m) out into the Algerian Sea. Like the gatehouse leading into Southwatch Castle, the upper floor can not be reached from the lower level. A door from the curtain wall surrounding the Winter Palace Courtyard opens into the gatehouse's upper level, which is occupied by half of the Governor General's elite guard.

15b. Barracks, guest rooms, storage, dining hall: Until Southwatch Castle was completed, this three-story structure housed all of the soldiers and administrative personnel of the army. Now it is reserved for higher ranking officers and their staff, administrative personnel, visiting military personnel, and the 500 infantrymen assigned to defend the Winter Palace. The smaller structure on the north side of the courtyard, connected to the rest of the building by a third story covered bridge, houses 40 Wizards, 20 Diabolists, 10 Mystics and 12 Warlocks (divided roughly equally between the four elements).

15c. Wizard's Tower: As the personal quarters of *Master Merrith*, this tower is strictly off limits to everyone except the Governor General. No fewer than 60 wards cover the door, all intended to immobilize and kill quickly. The owner's reputation is considered warning enough for most common trespassers. Despite its impressive height, the tower has only three levels; the basement, the main floor and the tower top. The basement is used primarily for storage and is always kept locked and warded. Some city folk whisper that the Wizard keeps captives for magical experiments there. The entry is the only place that visitors to the tower will ever see. This floor has a small dining room and kitchen, a sitting room for entertaining visitors and a sparse bedroom. The tower's top level is warded against even the Governor General, and only Master Merrith can open the door without being thrown back down the stairs. Here, he conducts all his studies and experiments. The level is completely open with three small warded windows and a small warded trap door leading out onto the roof. This level has a complete library with books on history, studies on the Wolfen, as well as various tomes discussing the arts of Diabolism and Wizardry. Recently,

Master Merrith has begun investigating summoning circles as a means to bolster the fortress's offensive punch.

15d. Stables, fortification, servants' quarters, barracks: This two story structure houses the elite guards' riding animals, the palace's complement of servants, and the rest of the elite guard themselves. A door in the back of the stable leads up into the tower where a dozen soldiers are stationed at all times.

15e. Carriage House: The Carriage House is actually a small garden of hardy flowers surrounding a fountain carved into the likeness of a human standing on the fallen bodies of three Wolfen. Prior to General Poledoris taking command, a large round carriage house stood on the same location. The Governor General can often be seen at one of the upper palace windows looking down on the fountain.

15f. Winter Palace: It took 15 years to renovate the dome and construct the heavy fortified walls that crown the hill. Today, the whitewashed dome gleams in the sun. High up at the top, ornate stained glass windows fill the once empty vaulted window frames. They look like jewels in the day and glow with a pleasant rainbow light at night. There is a small shrine to Rurga, an immense circular Grand Hall that occupies the entire top floor, servants' quarters, guest rooms and enough extra space to house 500 soldiers and still be comfortable. In addition to its unpenetrable walls (the patches do not share the same qualities, though the repairs were so expertly crafted that even a skilled engineer can not tell where the original structure ends and the repairs begin), a series of permanent wards cover its lower walls. Twelve giant *Stone Golems* stand guard around its diameter. The Golems are under command of the Captain of the Watch, but can only be made to leave the Whiter Palace Courtyard by the command of the Governor General or Master Merrith. So far, no one except the above three mentioned individuals know these statues are really Golems. Everyone else assumes they are just a part of the elaborate decor of the impressive fortress. The Golems are under orders to attack any Wolfen or Coyles entering the grounds unless accompanied by the Governor General or Master Merrith. In addition, the Golems are intelligent enough to know when the fortress is under actual attack and when the castle guard are simply conducting readiness drills. The Winter Palace serves as the seat of government for Southwatch with the residences of Governor General Poledoris, an office for her personal Wizard and the rest of the war staff.

Governor General Natsa "Winter Fox" Poledoris (Quick Stats)

10th level female human Palladia; Sisterhood of Northern Knights

True Name: Angelina Natsa Poledoris

Alignment: Principled

Attributes: I.Q. 17, M.E. 13, M.A. 18, P.S. 19, P.P. 17, P.E. 15, P.B. 14, Spd. 12

Hit Points: 63, S.D.C.: 40.

Armor: Magical Plate & Chain (A.R.: 16, S.D.C.: 140), shield-small wood & metal (S.D.C.: 50).

Attacks Per Melee: 6

Bonuses of Note: +1 to initiative, +3 to strike, +4 to parry and dodge, +4 to damage, +2 to disarm, +3 to roll with punch/fall/impact, +3 to pull punch, kick attack, jump kicks (all), leap attack, critical strike on unmodified 18, 19, or 20, body throw/flip, 50% trust/intimidate.

Other Combat Info: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts, W.P. Shield (+4 parry), W.P. Sword (+4 strike & parry), W.P. Lance (triple damage on unmodified 20), W.P. Archery, and W.P. Paired Weapons.

Weapons: Frost Blade Long Sword (magic): 3D6 +1D6 cold damage, and the wielder of the sword is immune to natural cold and suffers half damage from cold-based magical attacks. Dwarven made dagger: 1D6+3 damage. Also has a silver trimmed small shield, silver plated dagger (1D6 damage), a standard lance and access to most any type of standard weapon.

Magic Items: Magical plate & chain armor (weightless and 40 additional S.D.C.), Ring of Regeneration (6D6 Hit Points once per day), as well as the magic Frost Blade.

Description: 38 year old human female; 5 feet (1.5 m), 4 inches tall; shocking blonde hair, almost white; piercing blue eyes; suntanned skin and muscles built from long hours of exercise, sword drills and warfare. Natsa outwardly is like her nickname, cold to the bone and sly like a fox. She has earned the respect of both humans and Wolfen for her keen grasp of tactics and the ability to pick the best location to attack or defend. Her utter lack of emotion when dealing with matters of war and government gives one the impression that she does not care and is not worried about the war hovering over the city. In reality she is terribly afraid that her army will be unprepared for the Wolfen onslaught and has worked tirelessly to forge them into a unified fighting force. She is one of those rare people who never underestimates her opponent, so she understands Wolfen and Coyle tactics and realizes how organized and powerful the Wolfen are. She has many friends and admirers among the E'Dheko Danzi tribe who are quick to help her in any efforts against the Wolfen. They keep her informed of the enemy's every move.

Master Merrith (Quick Stats)

12th level male Elven wizard, 8th level Diabolist, 1st level Summoner

True Name: Trestian Merrithaus

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q. 22, M.E. 8, M.A. 11, P.S. 14, P.P. 15, P.E. 24, P.B. 18, Spd14

Hit Points: 98, S.D.C.: 33.

Armor: Cloak of Armor (A.R.: 16, S.D.C.: 120).

Attacks Per Melee: 6

Bonuses of Note: Hand to Hand: Basic, +2 to strike, +3 to parry and dodge, +2 to damage, +4 to roll with punch/fall/impact, +4 to pull punch, kick attack, critical strike on unmodified roll of 19 or 20, body throw/flip; +8% to skills, +18% vs coma, +5 vs magic/poison, and 40% charm/impress.

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Staff (+4 to strike and parry), W.P. Knife (+4 to strike, +5 to parry, +5 to strike when thrown), and W.P. Blunt (+5 to strike and parry).

Weapons: Rune staff Maniaus (detailed below) and Dagger of Consumption: 1D6+3 and its wielder can cast the Wizard spell Life Drain following a successful strike, 4x per day, usable on the struck target only.

Magic items: Cloak of Armor, Beads of Soul (8 beads still active, see the Magic Items chapter for complete details.), as well as the weapons noted above and below.

Description: 6 feet, 5 inches tall (1.92 m), Master Merrith is a frail-looking, old Elf with flowing white hair and emerald

green eyes. His eyes betray any illusion of frailty, for they burn with determination and strength. Few can meet his gaze for long. Master Merrith impresses as an eccentric soul and is always reminiscing of the days before the current conflict. He laughs easily at jokes and is quick with earned praise. Master Merrith is also a shrewd planner and has contributed as much to the defenses of Southwatch as has the Army of Dominion. His father and mother fought in the battle at Haven and witnessed the defeat of the canine hordes. They were also two of the original inhabitants of Southwatch. Master Merrith has spent his entire life studying the Wolfen and was against the disastrous invasion of the northern Algerian coast 50 years ago by Governor General Wesmark. He knows many practitioners of magic, woodsmen, Danzi and adventurers.

The Rune Staff: Maniaus

Type: Iron Staff that is a Greater Rune Weapon of considerable age and power.

Damage: 4D6

Alignment: Scrupulous; I.Q. 20.

Powers: All common rune weapon powers plus knows all runes, symbols and power words, and can cast all Wizard spells levels 1-5! Equal to a 9th level Wizard. P.P.E. 320, regenerates 14 per hour.

Personality: Maniaus has been in the Merrithaus line for eight generations and has taken on grandfather-like feelings towards the entire family. The staff is calm, patient and infinitely knowledgeable about the mystic arts. If not for Maniaus' teachings, it is doubtful that Trestian would have managed to master both Diabolism and the Wizard's craft much less gained a fundamental grasp of Summoning.





Glade

Not a member of the Domain of Man, it is a secret village known to few, spoken of as myth, and few outsiders have visited.

Population: 1,420

Fairies: 900	Ores: 10
Sprites: 100	Wolfen: 6
Humans: 117	Drakin: 5
Gnomes: 120	Kankoran: 2 (mated pair)
Wind Puffs: 100	Emerin: 2 (mated pair)
Danzi: 35	Dwarves: 2
Elves: 20	Bearmen: 1

Military: Everyone pitches in to defend the village when necessary.

Major Temples: None

Ruler: None, the village is a cooperative.

Coinage: None

Flag: None

Situated at the base of the Shattered Mountains within the tangled Western Forests of the Disputed Lands, Glade is a haven of peace and serenity in the midst of a sea of danger. Here, members from a dozen races live harmoniously within the Palladium version of "Shangri-La." At the heart of the settlement is the immense, 800 foot (243.8 m) tall, magical **Tree of Life**. Its

thick, leafy canopy stretches a half mile (804 m) wide. Sheltered atop this tree's highway-sized limbs rests the homes of the people of Glade. The tree's height together with its innate magical abilities keeps the residence of Glade safe and content with time to devote to art, botany and the care of the tree and the land around it.

The Tree of Life is a rare creature known as a *Millennium Tree*. It is one of the largest and certainly most powerful living beings on Palladium. Though short when compared to its cousins on other worlds (they can tower over 1,000 feet tall/304.8 m), it still stands sentinel over the forests of the Disputed Lands — a mirage-like apparition of wondrous splendor and power seen by all at a distance and yet somehow, impossible to actually find by more than a select few. Like all Millennium Trees, the Tree of Life is not subject to the seasons. Its immense maple-like leaves never lose their color (green on top and metallic gold below), do not fall off and are immune to the ravages of parasites, disease and weather. Even the storms that savage the northern wilderness are blunted around the tree. Temperatures never drop below 20 degrees Fahrenheit even during the harshest winter and whilst the snow drapes the surrounding forests like a shroud, the Tree of Life remains green and inviting, the snow that rests on its immense boughs sparkling magically in the sunlight. During the warm months the tree seems to be a lake of green, its golden leaves catching the sun and serving as a beacon to everyone within many miles. And yet, with all its size

and grandeur and the promises of magic that is its very nature, few can reach it.

Many an adventurer has trekked into the forests, eyes set firmly on the tree's radiant leaves, and marched for weeks, even months to no avail. Stranger still, a traveler can skirt the tree, and reach the other side of the forest in but a few weeks time. The same restrictions apply to flight. If one attempts to fly to the tree, its canopy seems to meld and vanish with the forest around it. Magical methods of instant transport such as teleportation are also useless with the traveler ending up 2D4x10 miles (multiply the result by 1.6 to find the distance in kilometers) away from the Tree in a random direction. As long as the movement from a distance is parallel to the tree, however, everything looks normal and the tree can be seen but not found. The Tree of Life is near the Shattered Mountains, in the south, away from the most accessible trails, so few have ever seen it, and most people who hear about it, dismiss the wild stories about a giant tree that can not be found as folklore and faerie tales.

This is not to say that no one ever visits the great tree. Indeed, the Tree of Life is one of the holiest sites for the followers of Druidism. The highest honor that any Druid can receive is to be allowed to spend time beneath the tree's magical canopy, enveloped in the blanket of peace and serenity that surrounds it. Sometimes others manage to make their way to the Tree as well. They travel for weeks without seeming to get any closer to it and then one day they emerge from the maze-like forests at the base of the great tree towering hundreds of feet above them. They may not know how they found it (actually the Tree found them) and they may never be able to find it again, but for the moment they enjoy a magical miracle that they will never forget. No one who has found the Tree leaves unchanged. People with a terminal illness have been known to be made healthy, the sick of mind and soul have been cleansed, the wicked have been given a new outlook on life, the lost found direction and the good, new confidence and/or goals. Such is the power of the Tree of Life.

The great Tree was planted by the legendary *Arch-Mage Lictalon* as a living reminder of the defeat of the Old Ones by the forces of Light. At the time, magic was much stronger in the Palladium World and the tree promised to grow as tall and strong as its cousins on other worlds (like Rifts Earth). However, some say that because of the imprisonment of the Old Ones, the levels of magic in the world gradually dwindled from a roaring river to a mere trickle. But the tree, planted at a super nexus of five major ley lines, at first did not concern itself with the drop in P.P.E. and until the War of the Gods, the tree was content to live alone amongst the Faerie Folk, Danzi and forest animals. Eventually, however, the ley lines the Tree depended upon for nourishment weakened to the point that it was forced to look elsewhere for P.P.E. First, it tried absorbing the ambient P.P.E. found in the living things around itself, something it continues to do to this day, but this proved to be insufficient to support its ravenous need. Its roots probed ever wider and deeper in search of a new source of nourishment until it found the earthly seals binding the *Old One Netosa!!!* Despite the hundreds of wards that kept the evil creature asleep, a considerable quantity of magic still escaped the prison. Magic energy the Tree of Life could draw upon. However, the P.P.E. emanating from this Old One is not pure and has stunted the Tree's growth. Recognizing the danger of consuming the corrupted P.P.E. but desperate to

survive, the tree purged the taint through the forests of what is now the western Disputed Lands much like water is purified as it runs through rocks. The taint has acted like a magnet for supernatural predators as well as the evil races of Palladium and is the cause of the enchantment that causes the trees and undergrowth of the western forest to grow so thick and unnaturally fast. Once, the forests were a place of light where birds sang in every tree and centaurs played with faeries in the moonlight. Now, many of the trees are twisted and gnarled. Birds still sing but most of the good Fairies have long ago fled into the Northern Wilderness, while their more evil-natured kin and other wicked beings - foul dragons, Scarecrows, Lizard Mages, Melech and Necromancers to name but a few — have found the thick dark forest to be strangely comforting and appealing.

The Tree of Life itself is a being of light and goodness, that serves as a sentinel of peace, healing, and a fitting tribute to the defeat of the Old Ones. In fact, it is said that if the Tree should begin to wither and its leaves begin to fall, it will warn that the Old Ones' slumber is disturbed and that they struggle to awaken. If the Tree of Life teeters on the brink of death or dies, it means the Old Ones have awakened and a new age of chaos and death is about to unfold. This knowledge coupled with the use of Netosa's tainted P.P.E. has caused the Tree to become a bit preoccupied with its own safety and preventing the Old Ones from ever awakening (not for its own welfare, but for the good of the planet and beyond). This is one reason it hides itself so well, and tends to be aggressive toward those with selfish and evil alignments. It is also overly protective of the inhabitants of Glade and any visiting guests of good alignment. Over the last 4,000 years, the Druids of Glade have detected a slight, but alarming increase in the instances that the Tree is moved to anger and they fear that the taint of evil they can feel radiating in the region may be warping the Tree's psyche and may eventually make it a creature of evil. (Note: Not the Druids or anybody except the Tree knows that it draws upon the magical essence of the slumbering Old One, Netosa, but the Druids do know it is drawing P.P.E. from some source.) Adding to this concern is the apparent strengthening of the Avatar, a fragment of the Tree's consciousness that it can send out once every 24 hours. To this end, the Druids and Fairies spend their day singing to the Tree and glorifying all things good and beautiful to keep the great Tree grounded and at peace. In this regard, the Tree of Life and the people of Glade have a unique symbiotic relationship, with each keeping the other well and good.

A part of the Tree's preoccupation with its own safety has manifested in a mysterious distortion field that extends out in a 20 mile (32 km) diameters from the tree. Intelligent creatures traveling within this area must save vs magic (18 or higher) in order to see the Tree of Life even when standing only a short distance away, and will walk around in circles in a fruitless search. A failed save means the character will never reach the tree no matter how long he searches for it or how close he gets. Once a character fails their save, he does not roll again, unless he leaves the forest entirely and returns no sooner than six months later. If more than half the members of a group fail their save, everyone will be blinded and all attempts to reach the tree by anyone in the group will fail, even if those who originally saved splinter away from their teammates. Of course, the Tree of Life may choose to reveal itself to anyone and allow them to find it. Unfortunately, some of the predators who roam the for-

est have developed an immunity to this distortion field and can find the tree whenever they want. Neither the Tree or the inhabitants of Glade understand how or why, but fortunately, there are only, a tiny handful, a few dozen at most, who can. They know this to be true because one particular band of Melech and a few other evil predators have made it a practice to stalk the woods around it to prey upon travelers searching for the tree, and occasionally attack the inhabitants.

Practitioner of magic characters will sense enchantment and realize they are being magically prevented from finding the Tree. They are the quickest to give up the hunt and move on elsewhere. Those who manage to stumble within 10 miles (16 km) of the Tree will sense the magic energy in the area has been drained and find they are unable to recover any P.P.E. they expend while within the 10 mile (16 km) "null zone." Likewise, magic items will not recharge. Rolling a successful Lore: Magic means the character recognizes that something is consuming all the ambient P.P.E. in the region. Those not familiar with the ways of magic lose one P.P.E. point per hour until only one point is left, at which point the loss will stop. Once the characters move beyond the 10 mile (16 km) area of effect, they regain P.P.E. at the normal rate (non-magic characters will gain back all lost P.P.E. after a full night's rest).

Moving within eight miles (12.8 km) of the Tree, practitioners and creatures of magic will feel the P.P.E. being drawn from them but will be unable to stop it. A mage who is 4th level or higher can resist the effect for eight hours, but after that he is helpless, and the P.P.E. slips away at a rate of five points an hour, draining down to four P.P.E. before stopping. Spell casting is also affected, requiring twice the normal P.P.E. to cast a spell, half going to the magic incantation and half to the Tree of Life. Sorcerers and creatures of magic will feel violated and vulnerable with the depletion of magic and are likely to want to abandon the search and get away from this powerful and dangerous place of magic. At the same time, the undergrowth becomes steadily thicker within the last six miles (9.6 km) around the tree, slowing travel to a depressing two miles (3.2 km) per day. Moreover, the travelers have no idea how close they are to the Tree and feel completely lost, which will create feelings of insecurity and jumpiness. The moment they entered the 20 mile (32 km) zone, all sign of the Tree is lost, even when scanning from the air, it is no longer seen towering above the other trees. Even powerful rune items will fall silent at this point, effectively going comatose for the duration of their stay in this part of the woods. Any magic effect already active when entering the magic drain will turn off as long as the character is within the Tree's 10 mile (16 km) range of maximum influence, but will return after leaving the area. Thus, magical curses will not affect someone here, neither do wards, circles and crystal balls work. Supernatural predators are aware of this effect on magic and will shadow magically powerful adventurers until they have been sufficiently weakened and then attack.

Within two miles (3.2 km) of the Tree, the undergrowth becomes less dense, allowing normal movement, butterflies, birds and animals are much more numerous and a sense of peace and well-being envelops everyone. Natural illnesses are almost completely stopped and even the aging process is dramatically slowed. Characters feel positive about themselves and acts of goodness, kindness or mercy, but remain completely lost when it comes to finding the Tree.

Within a mile (1.6 km) of the Tree, the forest ends altogether, replaced by a lush meadow full of flowers, berry bushes and fruit trees, all carefully tended by the many Druids and Faeries of Glade. At this point, the tree can be seen in all its glory, towering into the sky, its branches reaching out a half mile (804 m) in all directions. The trunk is an impossible 300 feet (91 m) thick, covering more land area than many a castle. The sheer size and majesty of the Tree is awe-inspiring and has reduced the most callous warrior to tears. Once under the Tree's golden canopy, people can be seen moving about in the branches high overhead. Fairies flit amongst the leaves along with thousands of butterflies and a menagerie of birds. The ground beneath the Tree of Life is covered in a thick carpet of grass, speckled with wild flowers and brightly colored mushrooms sprouting from the rich earth, forming intricate patterns.

Note about the difficulties in reaching the Tree: The Tree of Life is easily one of the most beautiful and strongest beings on Palladium, and has existed for 100,000 years. No matter how powerful a mortal Wizard or even a dragon may be, they will always feel insignificant and humbled beneath the Tree of Life. Remember, the P.P.E. drain is caused by the Tree's need for nourishment (akin to a plant consuming all the water in the soil around it), while the distance distortion is caused by the Tree's need to keep itself safe and concealed (and in so doing, keeping its secret that miles beneath it, is the resting place of Netosa). It is intentional that it be nearly impossible for someone to just *stumble* upon the Tree (which is possible, but they would probably never be able to do it again). Travel to the Tree of Life should be an entire adventure, perhaps a mini-campaign in itself.

Should the Tree of Life desire to be found, it can part the undergrowth to make a path that leads the individual or group right to it. This is only done when the Tree of Life wants travelers to find it. The reason for this may be to help or heal the traveler(s), to give him/them guidance or inspiration, to grant one of them one of its magical "gifts," to warn them of danger, or to help itself in some way, or to defend or help the inhabitants of Glade.

Tree of Life

Note: Millennium Tree adapted from the Rifts® England World Book by Kevin Siembieda.

Height: 800 feet (243.8m)

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes of Note: I.Q. 16, M.E. 26, M.A. 30.; the Tree of Life is an intelligent being.

P.P.E.: 6,000

S.D.C. by location:

Leaf Stem — 6

Leaf— 30 each

Twig (arrow)— 50 each

Twig (wand)— 200 each

Small Branch (bow)— 300 each

Small Branch (cane or staff)— 400 each

Medium Branch (large staff)— 1,000 each

Large Branch — 4,000 each

Giant Branch — 9,000 each

House Weaving — 3,000

Main Body — 50,000 (and regenerates at a rate of 2D6x 1,000 per hour).

The Tree of Life is a magical creature and has the following properties:

1. Impervious to normal weapons and non-magical fire, heat, and cold.

2. Impervious to diseases and chemicals — does not need water or air to survive.

3. Magic energy attacks, including fire, dragon's fire and lightning, inflict half normal damage. Blows from supernatural strength, rune weapons and most other magic weapons inflict normal damage.

4. Can cast the following Earth Elemental spells at 20th level power; Dust Storm, Grow Plants, Hopping Stones, Wall of Clay, Animate Plants, Earth Rumble, Encase Object in Stone, Wall of Stone, Animate Object, Cocoon of Stone, Mend Stone, Quicksand, Sand Storm, Wall of Thorns, Chasm, Close Fissures, Little Mud Mound, Mend Metal, and Petrification. In addition, the following powers can be used at will at no cost: Repel Animals and Chameleon. In the case of the Chameleon spell, the Tree can affect everyone who is touching it.

5. Once per 24 hours, the tree may detach a part of its consciousness, forming an "Avatar" to explore and/or defend itself and the surrounding forest land. However, so long as the Tree maintains the Avatar, all of its healing and spell abilities are reduced by half.

The Avatar appears as a vaguely human shaped mass of twisted tree limbs and vines. As a part of the Tree of Life, everything experienced by the Avatar is known to the Tree. In the past, the Avatar was only sent out to destroy invading bands of powerful predators before they got into Glade, or to address

heroes or lead them out of danger, but recently it has started using it as a means to spy and scout the far reaches of the forest beyond its 20 mile (32 km) influence. The Avatar's physical manifestation can be abandoned at any time and its consciousness returned completely and instantaneously to the Tree.

6. Weather control to a four mile (6.4 km) radius around the Tree of Life with the following results: Create/Summon fog for up to 4 hours, create/summon light rain for two hours, dispel a light rain, change wind direction, and the intensity of storms is always halved and floods and earthquakes never occur.

7. The ability to instantly heal the sick and injured as follows: Up to 50 S.D.C. and 50 Hit Points every five minutes. As many as a hundred people can be healed in this fashion so long as all of them are beneath the tree's canopy. Such mass healings are very rare and only occur when Glade has been invaded by supernatural predators and many people have been injured. Minor acts of healing are more common. The Tree can also heal sickness and disease. Physical pain, burns and discomfort are reduced by half when under the shade of the Tree, plus normal healing is increased by twofold. Characters in a coma are +30% to save vs death. The Tree of Life cannot eliminate insanity or addiction but these afflictions are effectively neutralized while under its canopy and a period of treatment (weeks) will add +10% to the chance of a successful recovery. In addition, the aging process is slowed to a crawl while under its canopy, with a month being the equivalent of one day!

8. In addition to its healing abilities, the Tree of Life can magically reattach severed limbs and restore the individual to health without scarring, so long as the injury is no more than 12



hours old and the severed limb is brought with the individual. Likewise, the recently deceased, less than four hours (gone), can be brought back to life provided the body is mostly intact. Both incredible feats of healing draw on the magic and life force of the Tree of Life. Thus, when a restoration is performed, a small branch near the person being healed withers away and disappears. When a resurrection is performed, one of its large limbs will wither and disappear. Note: Resurrection, restoration and other feats of powerful magic are not everyday occurrences, and are not available at the drop of a hat.

9. The Tree is loved and protected by its inhabitants and friends (and unknowingly by the predators who call the surrounding forest home). All inhabitants are willing to fight to the death in order to protect it from raiders looking to steal its magical leaves and branches and other dangers.

10. P.P.E. area explosion when even a leaf is cut or a twig broken through violence. Note: The damage from a P.P.E. explosion does NOT hurt the Tree nor can it be instigated by the Tree.

Leaf: !D4x5 points of damage to a 10 foot (3 m) area around the leaf.

Twig: 2D6x5 points of damage to a 50 foot (15.2 m) area around the twig.

Branch (up to 4 inches wide): 2D4x20 points of damage to a 200 foot (61 m) area around the branch!

Giant Branch: 2D4x100 points of damage to a 1,000 foot (305 m) area around the branch.

Minor Bark Damage: 2D4x10 to a 200 foot (61 m) area.

11. **Magical Items as Gifts:** In addition to its own unique powers, the Tree can give gifts of magic from its bark and branches to those it deems worthy. Usually, only permanent residents of Glade ever receive these items, although occasionally a visiting Druid, hero or other good person dedicated to helping others may also be given one to assist them in their mission in life.

P.P.E. Nodules: Sometimes, the Tree finds it necessary to permit its residents the use of magic within the magic drain area, typically during an attack by supernatural predators. The tree can excrete walnut sized nodule's at will from its trunk. Each nodule holds 50 P.P.E. To use them, the recipient must bite into the nodules thick skin and drink the syrupy sweet liquid within. The nodules are not susceptible to the Tree's magic drain. Once imbibed however, the P.P.E. will slowly be drained from the recipient like normal so it is advisable to use the P.P.E. quickly. The nodules have an unlimited shelf-life though the skin will slowly harden till it has a nut-like casing after 6 months (A.R. 12, S.D.C. 4).

Fruit: The Tree of Life creates a pear-like fruit with much the same flavor. The fruit is P.P.E. rich though, and each functions as a Heal Superior spell cast at 10th level. The inhabitants of Glade have a variety of ways of preparing this fruit and it is the primary staple of their diet. The fruit has a similar shelflife to pears and can be dried, but the drying process ruins the fruit's healing abilities. However, the Tree bears fruit all year round. The fruit can also be used for fruit juice and a strong wine. This fruit has no seeds and can not be used to grow a Millennium Tree. The method by which Millennium Trees multiply is unknown but it probably involves massive amounts of P.P.E.

Notes: The Tree of Life is a sentient being aware of most everything that occurs under it and out around it to 500 feet (152 m) from its furthest branch. From there it can focus its attention on any given area within the forests of the western Disputed Lands, but only large-scale destruction of the forest will cause it to pay attention to individuals. The Tree can provide a warning to those under its canopy (usually limited to the Druids dedicated to the care of the Tree and the Glade Hunters), akin to the psionic Sixth Sense ability. The recipient of this warning will suddenly look in the direction of the danger, duck or move out of the way (+8 to dodge) or just feel that something is wrong, making him/her alert for trouble; +3 to initiative.

Visitors and invaders are sure to be spotted by the Tree once they enter the clearing around it, and all the inhabitants are instantly made aware of their arrival. If visitors are peaceful they will be questioned by the Glade Hunters or Faeries, and then taken to see the Tree's mortal voice, the *Wolfen Druid, Silmazg*. He is said to be over 8,000 years old and the wisest of the wise.

Visitors who are deemed safe, namely either good or at least able to control themselves and are not a threat to the Tree or the citizens of Glade, will be permitted to stay so long as they'd like, provided they contribute to the community in some direct way. Adventurers deciding to help in the defense of Glade will be expected to help the Gnomes who care for the lands surrounding the Tree. Druids are the most honored guests. These men and women are accepted into the community joyfully and their days are spent assisting the other Druids and learning. Not all Druids in the land are able to make the journey to the Tree but those who do are among the wisest and most powerful in the East.

Hostile invaders will be attacked instantly, supported by the Druids, Hunters and Faerie Folk of Glade, as well as the considerable power of the Tree itself.

The settlement itself is divided into roughly two parts, the housing in the Tree and the Gnome settlement of Serine on the southwest edge of the clearing. Serine is home to thirty Gnomes and some of the other big people, all skilled Druids and artisans. They are primarily responsible for tending the safe woodlands around the Tree. In their spare time they craft much of the furniture and other wood items used in Glade.

Serine is comprised of a series of low grass-covered mounds, each with a small chimney and a single, stout wooden door. Within, the dwellings are comfortable, lined in wood and stone in the traditional Gnomish way. The small fireplace nestled against one wall is typically the center of the embellishment with meticulously crafted pipes sitting in places of honor on the mantle. Among the population of Gnomes, roughly two-thirds are married. Conspicuously missing here as in Glade proper are children. For some unknown reason, even the Tree itself does not understand, bearing children is impossible while within the two mile (3.2 km) radius of the tree.

Safely nestled in the branches of the Tree of Life is the community of Glade, with Faerie Folk and other flying creatures living there in natural comfort, and humanoids living in houses that resemble giant seed pods. Everyone has a panoramic view of the woods surrounding the clearing, and they have become skilled climbers. A wide ramp of bark spirals (from the ground) around the immense trunk that is wide enough for five adult humans to walk side by side. At 400 feet (121.9 m), roughly halfway up the

Tree, the majority of the largest branches are clustered, spread wide like fingers reaching for the sky. The upper side of each branch is flat, allowing safe passage for Glade's residents even when damp. To further safeguard the walkways, the Tree has grown railings of branches along either side of the main paths. Connecting these road-sized limbs are bridges of living wood, crafted by the Tree for the comfort and convenience of its humanoid inhabitants and guests.

Homes dot the large branches, each a tightly woven dome of branches and leaves. These domes are typically 30 to 40 feet (9.1 to 12.1 m) in diameter with a 12 foot (3.7 m) ceiling at the highest point. The Tree keeps these homes a comfortable temperature year long, with fires being necessary only during the coldest month of the year. Interior rooms are created by hanging brightly colored blankets from the ceiling. There is one such dwelling for each person in Glade, except for Fairies who have their own home further up the Tree. A new dome home can be created by the Tree in a matter of minutes if required.

The Faerie Folk live in a large hole in the Tree's trunk, high up in the upper branches. Visitors from below are welcome so long as they can manage the climb of nearly 400 feet (121.9 m) and then fit into the one foot (.3 m) wide opening in the trunk. Within is a large central chamber, 25 feet wide (7.6 m) and nearly 40 feet (12.2 m) tall. Smaller passages lead off this chamber forming personal chambers for individuals. Fairies of all varieties spend their days frolicking in the sun. They constantly sing to the Tree to ease its emotional pain and lead the others in dances most every night. For the most part, their population is limited to Common Fairies, Night Elves and Green Fairies, though 100 Sprites have also made the Tree their home. Like the tall folk below, there are no children amongst the Fairies. Should any resident of Glade wish to bear children, they must leave to conceive, carry the child to term, and then return after the birth. Note: Faerie Folk, perhaps because they too are woodland spirits, are not drained of their P.P.E. and do not suffer from extra P.P.E. loss when casting their magic.

The settlement has no real government. There is no governor or even council of elders to guide the citizens of Glade. Rather, everyone has a job, whether it is to care for the Tree, tending the fruit trees, looking after the forest land bordering the Tree of Life or fighting the occasional predators or invade who breaches the Tree's magical defenses. Each does his or her part without instruction or goading and all cheerfully work together. Those few who come to the Tree who can't find a job for themselves quickly tire of the seeming monotony of day to day life. Even the peacefulness of the Tree is insufficient to keep their interest. During times when Glade requires a spokesperson, specifically when dealing with visitors, all turn to the ancient Wolfen Druid, Silmazg, who has the ability to actually converse with the Tree of Life empathically. Due to his special connection with the Tree, and being the third oldest inhabitant of Glade (only the Dwarf Thrawn and Elf Glythiad have been with the Tree longer), everyone looks to the old Wolfen for what little leadership that is required. Amongst the citizens however, Silmazg is just another member, honored for his knowledge and unique relationship with the Tree but nothing more. Fights amongst the citizens are extremely rare and even these never raise above heated debates.

For the most part, Glade is a pretty boring place to live, at

least from an adventurer or warrior's point of view. Each day, the citizens make their way to their chosen work site where they remain until midday when everyone gathers to the Tree for a communal meal. Work resumes until late afternoon or until the day's work is done, when everyone again meets for a communal meal under the Tree's canopy. Each night, regardless of weather, there is nightly song and dance led by the throngs of Fairies. During times of trouble, non-combatants retreat to the Tree while the hunters, Faeries and the adventurers who have settled in Glade move out to meet the threat, backed up by the considerable might of the Tree itself.

Legends and folk tales about the Tree of Life have attracted interest from scholars and practitioners of magic all over the East, the Wolfen Empire, and even as far south as the Timiro Kingdom. However, since the vast majority can never find it, most believe it does not really exist. They explain away the magic items created from its leaves and branches as articles produced by some unknown cadre or cult of alchemists in the north, or perhaps even the Land of the Damned.

The Avatar of the Tree of Life

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: Not applicable, same intelligence as the Tree (I.Q. 16), physical body has a P.S. 30, P.P. 15, Spd. 18 (can move at full speed through even the thickest undergrowth)

H.P.: 600, **A.R.:** 16, **S.D.C.:** 800

Horror Factor: 14

P.P.E.: 400

Natural Abilities: Can cast all spells known by the Tree of Life at 10th level power. Can heal self with 25 Hit Points and 25 S.D.C. twice per hour. Bio-Regenerates !D6xLO S.D.C. per hour.

Attacks Per Melee: Three via magic or five physical attacks.

Damage: Punch 4D6, Kick 5D6, Tendrils 2D6 (the Avatar can create up to 8 tendrils from its main body that can each attack a separate target. Each tendril is A.R. 14 and has S.D.C. 30). The Avatar never uses weapons.

Bonuses: +2 initiative, +4 strike, +2 parry/dodge, +15 damage, +4 save vs magic, +2 save vs psionic attack and immune to Horror Factor. Further, the Avatar is immune to all mind affecting magic and psionics.

Size: 18 feet tall (5.5 m).

Weight: 1,300 pounds (585 kg).

Gifts: The Avatar may use any number of the Millennium Tree's gifts. It may use them for itself or give them away to the worthy.

Gifts of the Millennium Tree

Outside of the Glade, all of the following items, from armor to wands and staves are super-rare! Most of the outside world has never heard of these items or the Tree of Life, let alone ever seen or owned one! Only Druids and the Danzi know about the Tree and/or have seen (or may own) one of these items. Some of the Wolfen, Coyles, Kankoran and other locals have heard the legends and have occasionally seen or acquired (through conquest) these items, but that's it.

Magical Bark & Leaves

Bark Body Armor: The bark of the Tree of Life can be glued or sewn to an undergarment creating a lightweight equivalent of scale armor. The Tree may give bark to inhabitants of Glade, visiting Druids and champions of good (especially if used to defend the forest). All of the Glade's hunters are equipped with full suits of Bark Armor.

A.R. 15, S.D.C. 80.

Weights only 15 pounds (6.75 kg).

Good mobility; -5% prowl penalty.

Magic Properties: Contains 2D6 P.P.E. points which can be drawn upon by practitioners of magic. Magic energy attacks, including fire, dragon's fire, lightning and energy blasts, inflict $\frac{1}{2}$ normal damage.

Bonuses: The wearer is +1 save vs poisons, toxins, gases and disease.

Bark Shield: A lightweight, super-strong shield can also be crafted from the Tree of Life's bark. In addition to parrying ordinary weapons, the shield can parry dragon's breath, Lightning Bolt, Fire Ball and similar spells. Note: Spells with a listed dodge number use that as the number to parry. The shield user rolls a parry as usual. A successful parry means the shield blocked the attack and absorbs the damage. The shield suffers only a third of the damage it absorbs. It also shares the same resistance to magic as bark body armor, but does not provide the saving bonus to its wielder.

S.D.C. by shield size: Small: 60 S.D.C. and weighs three pounds (1.35 kg), Medium: 90 S.D.C. and weighs six pounds (2.7 kg), Large (covers three-quarters of the body): 120 S.D.C. and weighs 12 pounds (5.4 kg) but is -1 to parry due to its awkward size.

Leaf Body Armor: The largest leaves of the Tree of Life can be cut in the center and used as a super-strong poncho or worn as a cloak. Most leaf suits are pretty simple coverings and can be worn over more conventional suits of armor. The leaf retains its soft, flexible nature for generations, until it is destroyed.

A.R.: 11, S.D.C. 25.

Weights only 5 pounds (2.25 kg).

Excellent mobility, no encumbrance.

Magic Properties: Contains 2D6 P.P.E. points which can be drawn upon by practitioners of magic. Magic energy attacks inflict $\frac{1}{2}$ normal damage.

Bonuses: The wearer is +2 to save vs poisons, toxins, gases and disease.

Leaf: Blanket of Healing: The Tree's largest leaves, measuring between four to six feet (1.2 to 1.8 m), can be used as blankets of healing. The Tree may give a golden leaf or two to permanent inhabitants of Glade, to visiting Druids and occasionally to champions of good.

Healing Properties: The blanket must be laid over the injured individual for any of the properties to work.

- Instantly negates toxins and other chemicals.

- Heals wounds, restoring 2D6 S.D.C. and 2D6 Hit Points per hour of rest.

- Adds +30% to characters trying to recover from a coma.

- Camouflage per the chameleon spell so long as the character does not take any aggressive action or move from one spot.

- Restoration: The leaf's most miraculous ability. The blanket can be used to restore severed limbs and bring comatose characters back to consciousness and healed with up to two Hit Points. However, the use of this power completely destroys the leaf - it withers and disappears.

Millennium Wands, Staves and Weapons

Common Features: All Millennium magic items are both very powerful and very rare. G.M.s are encouraged to use caution about using these items, especially in other parts of the world. Their rarity and the mystery surrounding their creation and origin (remember 99.9% of even specialists in magic know nothing about the Tree of Life), make these items extremely valuable, selling for hundred of thousands to millions of gold pieces.

1. The typical twig/wand is one to three feet (0.3 to 0.9 m) long. A typical branch/staff is four to eight feet (1.2 to 2.4 m) long. A typical spear is 4 to 10 feet (1.2 to 3.0 m) long. A typical bow is 6 feet (1.8 m) long.

2. Wand: !D4x50 S.D.C. Staff/Spear: Small !D4x50 S.D.C., Large !D10x100 S.D.C. Bow: !D6x50 S.D.C.

3. Wand: !D6x10 P.P.E., Staff/Spear: 2D4x10 P.P.E. Bow !D4x10 P.P.E. This energy reserve can be siphoned by its owner or other creatures provided they have the permission to do so from the item's owner. The item must be in the user's possession in order to draw on its additional energy.

4. Wand: Damage as a weapon is 1D4 S.D.C., unless otherwise stated, but does !D4x3 damage against vampires. Staffer Spear: Damage as a weapon is 2D6 S.D.C., unless otherwise stated, but does 2D6x3 damage against vampires.

5. The item regenerates all lost S.D.C. and P.P.E. after a 24 hour period has elapsed, unless it has been completely destroyed (all S.D.C. is lost), in which case it completely disappears.

6. Constant powers and abilities given to the item's owner remain constant only while the character has the magic item in his possession. If he loses the item he loses all the abilities associated with it.

7. Often the powers of the item reflect the reason it was given.

8. When an item is given back to the Tree of Life, the stick is shoved into the tree, where it turns back into a living part of the tree. Often a Druid or Danzi shaman will return any item made from the Tree of Life, back to the tree, for it is said that only the individual "given" the item should ever use it. They do this out of respect for this incredible spirit of nature and ask for no gifts in return, however, the Tree *may* heal the character or grant him inspiration or insight in gratitude. Only rarely does it allow the character to keep the item or give him some other one.

9. Glade Druids will instantly recognize all true Tree of Life items.

Wand of The Animal

Possesses the usual features plus the following:

The constant power granted to its owner is climb at a proficiency of 90%/75%.

Spell Magic: A total of five spells (any combination or repetition) can be cast per 24 hour period. Spells available include:

Eyes of the Wolf, Swim as a Fish (superior), Superhuman Strength, and Metamorphosis: Animal. Spell strength is equal to a 7th level Wizard.

Wand of Life

The wand looks like an ordinary twig, seldom larger than 12 inches (0.3 m) in length and has 2D4 leaf buds. The buds never die or drop off and never grow to full-size leaves. The number of buds indicates how often the wand can be used to heal and how many times its other spells can be cast in a 24 hour day.

Possesses the usual features plus the following:

One power is superior healing: 1D6 Hit Points or 2D6 S.D.C. points are restored per each bud and the mystic healing is instant and leaves no scars. The owner is also +2 to save vs poisons, drugs, toxins, and diseases, and +5% to save vs coma.

Spell Magic: The total number of spells one can cast per 24 hours is equal to the number of buds (2 to 8). Spells available include: Negate Poisons, Cure Minor Disorders, Cure Illness, Purification of Food and Water, and Water to Wine. Spell strength is equal to a 7th level Wizard.

Wand of Power

The wand is a long (2 to 3 feet/0.6 to 0.9 m), leafless stick with a sharp point and jagged in shape, vaguely resembling a lightning bolt.

Possesses the usual features plus the following:

The constant power granted to its owner is invulnerability. Others holding on to the wand will also enjoy the same invulnerability until they let go.

Spell Magic: A total of five spells can be cast per 24 hour period. Spells available include: Energy Disruption, Call Lightning, Armor of Ithan, Superhuman Strength, and Negate Magic. Spell strength is equal to a 7th level Wizard.

Weapons of Wood

Spear of Hunters

This is the primary weapon used by the Glade Hunters (and coveted by Danzi Shamans and warriors alike) to fight supernatural predators and creatures of magic who inhabit the woodlands surrounding the Tree. The weapon is actually more like a short naginata (spear with a sword-like blade) than a spear, with a magically hardened blade of golden amber at its end. Length: 3 feet (.9 m). Mass: 2.5 pounds (1.1 kg). Hands: Either but reduce damage by 1D6 if used one handed. Damage: 3D6 to normal creatures, 8D6 against creatures of supernatural evil. In addition, the damage caused by this weapon against supernatural beings and creatures of magic can not be regenerated and must heal naturally.

Bow & Arrows

This is the favored weapon of the many Rangers who inhabit Glade. Several dozen of these bows have also been given to visitors over the years to assist in the battle against evil. The weapon can be either a short bow or a long bow though most are the latter. These magic bows have a longer effective range, have an increased rate of fire, and have a strike bonus. When the string is drawn, a smooth, polished arrow of the same blue, red and green tinted wood as the bow magically appears.

Bonus: The arrow is +2 to strike any ordinary target or mortal evil creature, and +6 to hit any evil supernatural being or

creature of magic. The arrow does additional damage to supernatural evil creatures. Rate of Fire: +2.

Damage: 2D6/4D6 for short bow, 3D6/6D6 damage for the long bow (the first number is the damage done to mortal foes, the second to the supernatural and creatures of magic). The damage caused by these arrows can not be regenerated and must heal naturally. After the arrow is removed from its target, or if it misses its target, the arrow crumbles to dust. Similarly, releasing the tension on the bow without firing the arrow causes the missile to disintegrate.

Range: +200 feet (+61 m) range to the usual range for that size of bow.

Staff of the Earth

The staff is a comparatively short, thick stick that's dark brown in color with streaks of green running through it.

The item possesses the usual features plus the following:

The constant powers granted to its owner are the abilities to Sense Magic and Ley Lines the same as a 10th level Wizard.

Spell Magic: A total of 8 spells can be cast per 24 hour period. Spells available include: Chameleon, Ignite Fire, Purify Food/Water, Superhuman Strength, Repel Animals, Stone to Flesh, Turn Dead, Exorcism and Circle of Protection (simple). Spell strength is equal to a 10th level Wizard.

Staff of Life

The staff looks like a giant version of the wand: an ordinary branch, 6 to 8 feet tall (1.8 to 2.4 m) with 2D4+6 leaf buds. The buds never die or drop off and never grow to full-size leaves. The number of buds indicates how often the staff can be used to heal and how many times its other spells can be cast in a 24 hour day.

Possesses the usual features plus the following:

The owner of the staff is also +2 to save vs poisons, drugs, toxins, and diseases, and +5% to save vs coma. He can perform superior healing once a day per each leaf bud, so if there are ten buds, the healing can be performed ten times a day. The healing restores 1D6 Hit Points and/or

S.D.C. points per each bud — ten buds means 1D6x10 points are restored. As usual, the mystic healing is instant and leaves no scars.

Additional Spell Magic: The total number of spells one can cast per 24 hours is equal to the number of buds. Spells available include: Globe of Daylight, Breathe Without Air, Negate Poisons, Cure Minor Disorders, Cure Illness, Purification of Food/Water, and Water to Wine. Spell strength is equal to a 10th level Wizard.

Restoration: This power is the same as the Tree's and can be used to restore severed limbs and bring comatose characters back to consciousness and healed up with two Hit Points. However, the use of this power permanently destroys four of the leaf buds (they wither and disappear). When all the buds are gone, the staff disappears.

Staff of the Wind

A staff with an oval shaped hole at the top and long, vine-like strands that constantly seem to be blowing in the wind even when there is no wind.

Possesses the usual features plus the following:

The constant power granted to its owner are float in air and the ability to sense wind direction. Others holding on to the staff can float in the air with the owner until they let go.

Spell Magic: A total of ten spells can be cast per 24 hours. Spells available include: Levitation, Fuel Flame, Fly as the Eagle, Fingers of Wind, Call Lightning, Wind Rush, Summon Fog, and Calm Storms. Spell strength is equal to a 10th level Wizard.

Notable Inhabitants of Glade

In addition to the Fairies, Druids and Rangers who call Glade home, a few "odd balls" have managed to find a place in the community. So long as these people are productive members of the community they are accepted by the others. Notable residents of Glade include: Silmazg, the ancient Wolfen Druid who acts as the Tree's mortal voice; Thrawn, an even older Dwarven Rune Master who sought refuge under the Tree long ago; Glythiad, an Elven Knight who accompanied the Dwarf; Shytheed, a human Witch who wishes to be free of her pact; Baron Dietrius, a Western noble who was forced to flee his homeland; Daag, a demon with a conscience; and lastly, the Danzi hunters who routinely slip into the wild woodlands to keep the supernatural predators at bay.

Silmazg (Quick Stats)

18th level, male Wolfen Druid

True Name: Sil Mazganni

Alignment: Principled

Attributes: I.Q. 17, M.A. 8, M.E. 22, P.S. 6, P.P. 7, P.E. 9, P.B. 12, Spd. 5

Hit Points: 85, S.D.C.: 12.

P.P.E.: Four (129 if beyond the Tree's influence and given time to recover them all).

Attacks Per Melee: 2 by magic or two physical.

Bonuses: +4 to save vs psionic attack, +5 to save vs insanity, +3 to save vs magic, +4 to save vs Horror Factor, and 85% Magic/Spell control.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Staff (+5 strike, +5 parry), Hand to Hand: Basic: +2 to strike, +3 to parry and dodge, +4 to damage, +4 to roll with punch/fall/impact, kick attack, critical strike on natural 19 or 20, critical strike or knockout from behind, body throw/flip.

Weapons: Staff of the Wind (see above for its powers).

Magic: Globe of Daylight, Repel Animals, Healing Touch (animals), Negate Poisons/Toxins, Healing Touch, Control the Beasts, Familiar Link, Prophecy (general), Extinguish Fire, Kindle Flame, Communication, Metamorphosis: Animal, Summon and Control Canines, Purification, Phoenix Healing, Divination, Protection Charm, Water to Wine, Witch Bottle, Weather Control, Spoil, Faerie's Dance, Monster Insect plus 16 more Wizard spells from levels 1-3.

Magic Items: Millennium Fruit x 6, Staff of the Wind.

Description: Silmazg came to Glade nearly 6,000 years ago, shortly after becoming a Druid. Dedicating his life to the Tree's service, he soon earned its complete trust. Over the years, he has formed a bond with the Tree of Life allowing him to communicate with it via empathy and dreams even



though he is not psychic. Over the past 300 years, Silmazg has become increasingly concerned about the Tree of Life's mental/emotional health. He can feel the Tree's simmering, albeit low level, aggression and he worries that one day it will not be limited to just defending itself. The Avatar is stronger than when the druid first arrived and stays out longer when it ventures forth.

Silmazg will most likely be one of the first citizens of Glade to greet newly arrived visitors. As the spokesman for the Tree of Life, he is responsible for deciding who may stay, who must go and who represents a danger. The Druid has grown frail and is likely to die within the next five years. He avoids combat, and when fighting erupts, takes cover in the protective embrace of the Tree. In the event that the Tree were to be seriously threatened, he would use the Staff of the Wind to fly within range of the attackers and use ranged attacks.

Thrawn (Quick Stats)

17th level, male Dwarven Weaponsmith & Carpenter

True Name: Gasgil Deorthrawn

Alignment: Unprincipled

Attributes: I.Q. 22, M.A. 10, M.E. 18, P.S. 9, P.P. 8, P.E. 11, P.B. 13, Spd. 7

Hit Points: 78, S.D.C.: 37.

Armor: Bark body armor (A.R. 15, S.D.C. 80).

Attacks Per Melee: 5

Bonuses: +2 to save vs psionic attack/insanity, +5 to save vs magic. Hand to Hand: Basic: +2 to strike, +3 to parry and dodge, +4 to damage, +4 to roll with punch/fall/impact, kick attack, critical strike on natural 19 or 20, critical strike or knockout from behind, body throw/flip.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Axes (+6 strike, +4 parry, +1D6 damage), W.P. Spears (+6 strike/parry).

Weapons: Spear of Hunters (6D6/8D6).

Magic Items: Bark body armor and Spear of Hunters.

Description: Thrawn is nearly 6,280 years old! He came to the Tree shortly after the end of the Elf-Dwarf war when the dark magicks used by both sides were being destroyed. Thrawn and the Elven Palladin Glythiad sought a means to dispose of the most evil rune items ever created by the deranged Dwarven Rune Smiths. Unable to destroy the hated items and unwilling to simply hide them, the pair came to Glade where the Tree's insatiable hunger for P.P.E. would render the weapons powerless and perhaps even grant the trapped, tortured souls within them some measure of peace. Now, Thrawn is nearing death and worries what will become of the rune weapons secretly buried at the base of the Tree and entangled in its roots. The old Dwarf hopes another of his kind will soon find his way to Glade and take responsibility for these last vestiges of the evil the Dwarves loosed on the world. In the meantime, he spends his waning days arguing good-naturedly with Glythiad about the old days while he makes and repairs the wooden weapons and armor.

Glythiad (Quick Stats)

22nd level male Elven Palladin

True Name: Glythiadin Ellanyasil

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q. 16, M.A. 10, M.E. 15, P.S. 12, P.P. 17, P.E. 15, P.B. 21, Spd. 13

Hit Points: 98, S.D.C.: 40.

Armor: Bark body armor (A.R. 15, S.D.C. 80).

Attacks Per Melee: 6

Bonuses of Note: 55% charm/impress, Hand to Hand: Martial Arts: +1 to initiative, +5 to strike, +7 to parry and dodge, +4 to damage, +2 to disarm, +3 to roll with punch/fall/impact, kick attack, critical strike/knockout/stun on natural 18, 19 or 20, death blow on natural 20 *if desired*, body throw/flip.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Sword (+6 strike, +5 parry), W.P. Archery (+6 strike, +1 parry, ROF: 8), and W.P. Paired Weapons.

Weapons: Bow of Arrows — short bow (2D6/4D6, +8 to strike, 10 shots per melee round), Dwarven made long sword (2D6, +2 strike and parry).

Magic Items: Bark body armor and Bow of Arrows.

Description: Like Thrawn, Glythiad is over 6,000 years old, and he served in the Elven kingdom's elite *Drakkos Guard*. Unlike his surly companion with his gravelly voice and leather-like skin, this Elf looks almost angelic. His hair is silver and his skin, though wrinkled, is still soft. He vowed to help Thrawn dispose of the rune weapons and has guarded the weapons contentedly since arriving in Glade. For Glythiad, the Tree of Life has cleansed the self-loathing and horrific memories of the closing days of the war. He has found a peace he never thought possible and has no desire to ever leave. He is equally determined that the items never again see the light of day and worries that he and Thrawn will pass away before new guardians can be found. There was a time both men would have assumed the Tree of Life would forever hide and protect the cache of weapons, but they fear if the tree should ever become corrupted, it might unleash them back into the world. Then again, if that happens, even they probably could not stop the enchanted Tree.

Glythiad serves the community as a protector and crafts the magical bows and staves that the Tree of Life grants as gifts. When not practicing or working, the Elf often takes long walks in the forest surrounding Glade, simply enjoying the last days of his life. He and the others listed on these pages are among the handful who can always find their way back to the Tree.

Shytheed (Quick Stats)

5th level, female, Human Witch

True Name: Shyanna

Alignment: Anarchist

Attributes: I.Q. 13, M.A. 10, M.E. 18, P.S. 13, P.P. 15, P.E. 14, P.B. 17, Spd. 22

Hit Points: 38, S.D.C. 10.

P.P.E.: Four (60 if Shytheed leaves the Tree's influence and has time to recover them all).

Attacks Per Melee: 5

Bonuses of Note: +1 to save vs magic, +1 to save vs horror factor, +1 to spell strength, +2 to save vs psionic attack/insanity, 30% charm/impress. Hand to Hand: Basic: +1 to strike, +2 to parry and dodge, +2 roll with punch/fall/impact, and kick attack.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Knife (+2 strike, +2 parry).

Weapons: Dagger (1D6).

Magic Spells: Blinding Flash, Cloud of Smoke, Death Trance, See Aura, Sense Magic, Ventriloquism, Befuddle, Conceal-

ment, Fear, Turn Dead, Ignite Fire, Paralysis: Lesser, Blind, Shadow Meld, Domination, Fly, Call Lightning, and Time Slip.

Description: Shytheed is the eldest daughter of a Wizard of some renown. All of her life, she dreamed of joining her father as a fellow Wizard. Sadly, she proved incapable of mastering the art. Bitter and depressed, she fell in with a street cult that promised power and magic. Thus, she started down the path of corruption, culminating in a major pact with a greater demon! Her master is a craven beast who demands frequent blood sacrifices in return for the powers he provides. She traveled throughout the Eastern Territories for years, becoming increasingly angry with her pact-holder, while being forced to do ever more vile deeds. Finally, she returned home and was instructed to sacrifice her mother and father. Repulsed, she fled, leaving the deed undone, but pursued by her master and his minions.

Three years ago, Shytheed stumbled upon Glade where she has lived free of her tormentor. During this time, predator invasions of Glade have risen dramatically, typically one or two such attacks every other month. Four Glade Hunters have been killed. Whether the increased activity is the result of the Witch's presence is a matter of speculation, but some residents have begun whispering amongst themselves over the apparent connection. The solution is of course to free her of her pact which can only be done by the death of her master. How to accomplish this however, has eluded all in Glade. Perhaps, they muse, one of the visitors to the peaceful community would be willing and able to travel to Hades to free her. Rumor has it that there are gates to many of the gods' deific realms to be found in Haven and the Land of the Damned. Perhaps there is one to Hades.

Baron Dietrius (Quick Stats)

7th level, male human noble

True Name: Richard Carl Dietrius

Alignment: Anarchist with leanings toward Miscreant evil.

Attributes: I.Q. 15, M.A. 17, M.E. 12, **P.S.** 11, P.E. 14, **P.P.** 17, P.B. 14, Spd. 16

Hit Points: 34, **S.D.C.:** 25

Armor: Double mail (A.R. 15, S.D.C. 55)

Attacks Per Melee: 5

Bonuses of Note: 45% trust/intimidate, Hand to Hand: Expert: +3 to strike, +4 to parry and dodge, +2 roll with punch/fall/impact, kick attack, and critical strike on natural 18,19, or 20.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Sword (+3 strike, +2 parry), W.P. Knife (+3 strike, +3 parry), W.P. Paired Weapons.

Weapons: Rapier (1D8+2), Dagger (1D6)

Magic Items: Ring of Invisibility (does not function while within 10 miles/16 km of the Tree).

Description: A victim of the never ending power struggles within the Western Empire, Dietrius was forced to flee his homeland when he stumbled upon some potentially damaging information about Emperor Itomas and his connection to the Isle of the Cyclops and the Demon Black Ships. Assassins have trailed him halfway across the world and he has been near death several times. Alone among the citizens of Glade, Dietrius has no intentions of staying permanently. He intends to remain until his pursuers have given up, then return to the West to recover the documents and items he

stashed away in a secret vault in Caer Itom. He needs several brave heroes to escort him back west so he can retrieve the items and smuggle them back to the Dominion or the Timiro Kingdom. Unfortunately, his reputation as a double-crossing swindler will make it difficult for either kingdom to trust him. Despite his foul nature, he has been a model citizen at Glade.

Daag (Quick Stats)

Male, Dyval Beast Demon! 8th level of experience

True Name: Daag'Rot'Jain

Alignment: Aberrant with strong leanings and aspirations to become Scrupulous.

Attributes: I.Q. 19, M.A. 20, M.E. 18, P.S. 37, P.P. 22, P.E. 23, P.B. 13, Spd. 27 running, 70 flying (all physical stats supernatural).

Size: 17 feet tall (5.2 m), **Weights:** 2,200 pounds (990 kg).

Natural A.R.: 15

Hit Points: 103, **S.D.C.:** 64

P.P.E.: Four (207 away from the Tree's influence and given time to recover them all).

Horror Factor: 15

Attacks Per Melee: Two magic or five physical

Bonuses of Note: +2 to initiative, +8 to strike, +6 to parry/dodge, +22 to damage, +4 to roll with punch/fall/impact, +7 to save vs magic, +10 to save vs horror factor, +4 to save vs poison, 60% intimidate, +2 to save vs psionic attack/insanity.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Sword (+3 strike, +3 parry), W.P. Whip (+3 strike/entangle, +2 damage), W.P. Battle Ax (+3 strike, +3 parry, +1D6 damage).

Weapons: Demon forged Battle Axe (4D6, +3 strike, +1 parry). Magic: All level 1-3 spell magic plus Domination, Multiple Image, Magic Net, Circle of Flame, Fire Ball, Energy Disruption, Call Lightning, Turn Dead, Animate & Control Dead, Exorcism, Banishment, and Heal Wounds.

Description: It isn't that Daag is small, he is actually large for his race. Nor is he unskilled. His fighting prowess and cleverness on the battlefield are legendary amongst the armies of Dyval. No, what set Daag apart was his annoying conscience. This finally led him to break away from his kin when he was brought to Palladium by a Summoner. Killing the Summoner, he fled into the forests of the Disputed Lands, attracted by the Old One's taint. In time, he made his way into Glade and helped defeat a large pack of Werewolves. The assistance earned him a grudging position within Glade. Since then, he has become an indispensable ally in the settlement's struggles against the supernatural predators who threaten it. Despite his attempts at being "good," Daag still struggles with his more violent and baser instincts which is what holds him back from actually attaining a Principled or Scrupulous alignment. The Tree helps as much as it can, smoothing the worst of the feelings.

Danzi of Glade

The Danzi devoted to the Tree of Life are all Glade Hunters, warriors who constantly work at preserving the Tree's secret location and protecting it from evil and greed. They, and all Glade Hunters, are all Rangers of at least 6th level experience. They periodically go out in teams of 6 to 12 to hunt the packs of

Werewolves and other evil creatures who make the western forests their home. They also watch for travelers and will aid them if they can, often without the individuals knowing it, other times openly, but always leading them away from the Tree of Life. These Danzi do not share their race's hatred for the Wolfen. The Tree has given them new purpose, fighting only to protect and defend the Tree of Life or citizens of Glade. All of the Danzi are armed with Millennium Tree spears and bows. Conspicuously absent are the bone weapons so favored by their race. Their tattoos bear a striking resemblance to the twisting branches of a tree.



Yggdrasil

Not a member of the Dominion Charter.

Population: 1,142, plus 3D6x10 transients/adventurers/treasure hunters at any given time.

Humans: 783

Gnomes: 34

Danzi: 3

Elves: 25

Ores: 215

Goblins: 60

Dwarves: 2

Others: 20

Military: Everyone pitches in to defend the village when necessary.

Major Temples: Only one for the Northern Gods.

Ruler: None, the village is a cooperative.

Coinage: None

Flag: None

To the outside world, the Tree of Life is a folk tale, so the Dominion Army, the Wolfen Empire and other nations have not shown much direct interest in it, though with war looming, both sides fighting over the Disputed Lands are looking at these "stories" and "fables" with renewed interest. **The Thanatos** (see the *Kaash city* description for complete details on this organization) have attempted to force several Druids to reveal what they know about the mythical Tree of Life, but the captives have all died before anything useful could be extracted. The frontier town of **Yggdrasil** rests in a large natural clearing in the Western Disputed Lands, 80 miles (128 km) southwest of the Tree of Life. The town started years ago as little more than an explorers' camp. Gradually, as the tide of humanity surged north, word of the wondrous Tree grew. Before long, throngs of devotees of the old Northern religion began flocking to the woods around the Tree, eager to find it. The dark predators who inhabit the region claimed most of these initial pilgrims but a few survived. Some settled in the large clearing, erecting a primitive palisade. Others fled the forest altogether with strange stories of demons, monsters and a magical tree that could not be reached. Scholars and practitioners of magic moved to the tiny settlement, newly christened Yggdrasil. With them came scores of heavily armed mercenaries to protect against the "wild-life." Along with the scholars and mercenaries came more pilgrims. Soon, a permanent path had been trodden through the forest leading to Yggdrasil.

Today, Yggdrasil is an embattled shanty town. Most of the scholars and men of magic are long gone or have been killed. A ragged band of ex-Soldiers, Mercenaries and Rangers called the Night Guard struggle to keep the monsters at bay. Still, despite the heroic efforts of the Night Guard, people are frequently found torn apart or just missing. If it were not for the constant influx of would-be pilgrims and adventurers coming to Yggdrasil in search of the legendary Tree of Life, the town would have vanished long ago. Oddly, attacks on people traveling the trail to Yggdrasil are relatively uncommon with only a handful per year. The popular opinion in Yggdrasil is that the monsters want to keep their larder full. They point to the fact that although travelers coming to Yggdrasil are, for the most part, left alone, those who leave along the trail are frequently attacked.

Despite the attacks, the town survives. The entire settlement is surrounded by a 10 foot (3 m) tall earthen embankment which is lined with wooden stakes. Behind this wall is a 20 foot (6.1 m) tall wood palisade which is constantly patrolled by archers. A single gate allows entry. Protected within the palisade are the huts and rough log homes of Yggdrasil's residents. Though simple, the homes are strong and keep their occupants warm during the coldest of the Disputed Land winters. Resting at roughly the center of Yggdrasil is a small wood and stone fortress that was constructed by *Master Adium*, a Wizard from the City of Wisdom. Master Adium has since left but his home remains and is now used by the few scholars who remain in town and as the headquarters for the Night Guard. Admittance is restricted and only important visitors such as Wizards or scholars are put up.

Crime is low. After all, there is very little to steal and the town is in the middle of nowhere. Most people spend their days tending the communal fields around Yggdrasil, gathering and hunting food in the woods (a risky business), and attending worship services at the only temple in town. Any visitor or pilgrim wishing to enter town must pay a 20 gold tax which is used to purchase goods for the entire community. Yggdrasil citizens are exempt from this tax. The local temple of the Northern Gods is very popular and is the largest building in town aside from the fortress. The church has taken the responsibility to see that everyone is clothed and fed, no small undertaking for a temple without means of raising money. Any member of the church may receive healing and the benefit of a daily meal free of charge. Non-members are charged a modest "donation" of 10 gold for healing and a silver for a meal of soup or stew. All of the locals are members. Notable residents of Yggdrasil include the following.

Victor Carter (Quick Stats)

9th level, human Scholar, Order of the Scroll

True Name: Victor Jean Carter

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q. 17, M.E. 12, M.A. 13, P.S. 11, **P.P. 8, P.E. 14, P.B. 12**, Spd. 13

Hit Points: 36, **S.D.C.:** 14.

Attacks Per Melee: 2

Weapons: Short sword (2D4) and knife (1D6).

Money: 6,000 gold, hidden under the floor boards of his room.

Description: Victor is a 60 year old human with long gray hair and enough wrinkles for three men. He has been in Yggdrasil for eight years. He assumed the Order of the Scroll post of Director of Research after the previous team disappeared in the woods north of town. Victor has, thus far, made four attempts to reach the Tree of Life, all ending in failure. The last attempt was particularly disastrous, resulting in the deaths of several members of the team and a half-dozen mercenaries. His own injuries were so serious that it took a year before he could walk again, with a pronounced limp. Bordering on obsession, the Director is in the midst of planning yet another expedition. He falsely believes that by following a particular trail that runs close to the Shattered Mountains he may be able to finally succeed. Unfortunately, the last four members of his team are refusing to go with him. Even the local mercenaries have turned down his offer of employment. Word of losing so many men travels fast, and people have begun to think that Victor is under a curse of bad luck. So he sits and waits, taking notes and making detailed drawings of the Tree of Life and the mountains to the east. He is sure that any day an intrepid band of adventurers will arrive in Yggdrasil and agree to accompany him on the journey to the pinnacle of his career. Victor is suspicious of Leo Malyard's intentions and has refused the man's repeated offers of cooperation.

Natasia (Quick Stats)

9th level, female Elven Ranger

True Name: Natasia Ann Vree

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q. 14, M.E. 14, **M.A. 7, P.S. 15, P.P. 22, P.E. 19, P.B. 24**, Spd. 18

Hit Points: 68, **S.D.C. 35.**

Armor: Studded magic leather (A.R. 14, S.D.C. 140).

Attacks Per Melee: 6

Psionics: Minor psychic with 61 I.S.P. and the powers of See Aura and Detect Evil.

Bonuses of Note: Hand to Hand: Basic: +7 to strike, +8 to parry and dodge, +2 to damage, +2 to roll with punch/fall/impact, kick attacks, critical strike on natural 19 or 20, body throw/flip, +2 to save vs magic/poison, and 70% charm/impress.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Archery (+4 strike, +1 parry, ROF: 7) and W.P. Sword (+4 strike, +3 parry).

Weapons: Millennium Bow (3D6/6D6) and flaming long sword (5D6).

Magic Items: Ring of Celerity: usable twice daily, it doubles Natasia's melee attacks for 4 rounds but for the next 8 rounds her normal number of attacks are halved; very rare item, worth 250,000+ gold.

Description: Natasia's beauty is matched only by her skill with a bow. As the unofficial captain of the guard, her exploits against the monsters who plague the region are legendary, and her knowledge of the woods is absolutely indispensable. Natasia has secretly been to the Tree of Life six times (she has not shared this information with anyone) and can call on the Glade Hunters if things get too desperate around the town. So far, she has only called on them once, to help eradicate a vile Serpent Wind Dragon of considerable age and power. Natasia is careful to keep her connection with Glade and the Tree a secret, and she is one of the people who publicly claims the Tree is a myth.

Natasia is quiet, with piercing green eyes that seem to look into your soul. She is an excellent judge of character (minor psionic with See Aura and Detect Evil), is quick to accept assistance from good adventurers and warriors, and is as quick to send evil ones packing. Given good reason, she may assist visiting Druids in reaching the Tree, but always in such a way that her connection is secret. Her prized possession is a Millennium Long Bow, a gift from the Tree of Life for her courageous service. No one knows why she stays in Yggdrasil or from where she came, but they are glad she's around.

Taarg and Bend (Quick Stats)

7th level Minotaur Soldiers

Alignment: Taarg is Unprincipled, Bend Anarchist.

Attributes: Taarg: I.Q. 11, M.A. 10, M.E. 14, P.S. 25 (+10 to damage), P.E. 28, P.P. 18, P.B. 12, Spd. 14

Bend: I.Q. 12, M.A. 9, M.E. 12, P.S. 28 (+13 to damage), P.E. 25, P.P. 16, P.B. 12, Spd. 15

Hit Points: Taarg 58, Bend 55, **S.D.C.:** Taarg 75, Bend 70. Note: Otherwise the two are virtually identical, as follows.

Armor: Both wear plate, half suit (A.R. 14, S.D.C. 60).

Melee Attacks: Both have six.

Bonuses & Abilities of Note: Nightvision 60 feet (18.3 m), fire and cold resistant (does half damage). Boxing and Hand to Hand: Expert: +5 to strike, +6 to parry and dodge, +2 to roll with punch/fall/impact, +2 to pull punch, kick attack, +6 to save vs magic, poison and disease. **Note:** When fighting together, the brothers gain one additional attack and are +1 on initiative and +2 to strike, parry, pull punch and disarm!

Other Combat Info: W.P. Sword (+3 strike/parry), W.P. Blunt (+3 strike/parry), W.P. Battle Axe (+3 strike, +2 parry, +1D6 damage), and W.P. Paired Weapons.

Weapons: Paired Battle Axes (4D6) and a silver short sword (1D6+3 damage, big).

Description: These unusual Minotaurs are actually twins heralding from somewhere in the Northern Wilderness. They avoid any talk of exactly where in the north they are from or why they are here. They have been in Yggdrasil for nearly two years, after stumbling into town during the middle of winter. Natasia nursed them back to health and they have been with her ever since. Unlike most of the residents of the shanty town, the brothers genuinely like the place with its constant fights and ever present danger. Most of the residents respect the Minotaurs, although they tend to think of them as their "pet monsters." The two are loyal to Natasia and are unlikely to ever leave unless she does first.

Individually, Taarg and Bend are each a force to be reckoned with, and together they are nearly unstoppable, and with Natasia at their side, they can take most challenges and win hands down. Each seems able to read the other's mind, watching each other's back and cutting down anything that comes too close.

Leo Malyard (Quick Stats)

6th level, human Wizard, Thanatos agent

Real Name: Leonard Malyard

Alignment: Miscreant

Attributes: I.Q. 17, M.A. 19, M.E. 18, P.S. 13, P.E. 17, P.P. 14, P.B. 14, Spd. 16

Hit Points: 36, S.D.C.: 20.

P.P.E.: 166

Armor: Cloak of Armor (A.R. 14, S.D.C. 180).

Attacks Per Melee: 5

Bonuses of Note: Hand to Hand: Expert: +2 to strike, +3 to parry/dodge, +2 to roll with punch/fall/impact, kick attack, critical strike on natural 18, 19 or 20, +3% bonus on all skills, +3 to save vs magic, +2 to save vs psionic attack, +4 to save vs Horror Factor, +2 to spell strength, 55% trust/intimidate, +1 to save vs psionic attack/insanity, and +1 to save vs magic and poison.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Knife (+2 strike, +3 parry).

Weapons: Venomblade Dagger (1D6 damage; on a successful strike, save vs lethal poison else suffer the effects of Dragon's Breath poison, usable three times per day), and garrote.

Magic Items: Striker-Lizard, Sand of Immobilization (see the Magic Items chapter for details on the Striker and the Sand), and Gem of Direction.

Money: 500 gold, 4,000 gold worth of gems.

Description: Leo is a tall man, standing just over six feet (1.8 m), with shining blonde hair and blue eyes. He is a cool talker and with his charming smile he could talk a Wolfen into buying lumber. His smile hides a cold, calculating and utterly ruthless soul. The Wizard has been in Yggdrasil for 6 months, playing the part of a scholar investigating the Tree. His first attempt to reach the Tree shortly after his arrival resulted in the deaths of his crew of three mid-level assassins by a pack of Melech and a Chimera. He is fairly certain that another cell of Thanatos operatives is working in the shanty town, but he doesn't know who they could be and has made

no real attempt to find them. His supply of gold is beginning to run low and he is trying to decide whether to go back to Kaash or to try hiring some local adventurers and making another attempt at finding the Tree. Leo has already contacted Victor regarding a joint operation but the old scholar has turned him down even though he is obviously trying to form his own expedition.

Northolme

Not a member of the Domain of Man. Have a mutual defense treaty with Llorn.

Population: 13,000

Dwarf: 97%

Human: 2%

Other: 1%

Military: 300 full-time soldiers plus 800 Llornian mercenaries.

In an emergency, virtually the entire population can be mobilized as militia.

Major Temples:

Temple of Belimar

Sect of Rurga

Church of Light

Ruler: Clan Chief Runark Goldenbeard

Coinage: Tenth (1 silver, worth 1/10th of a mink), mink (1 gold), shek (10 gold), gerak (100 gold), tegerak (1,000 gold)

Flag: Gold Hammer on a navy blue field

Northolme (home to the Goldenbeard Dwarven Clan) is the single greatest independent community of Dwarves in the East. The city was originally one of many far-flung mining outposts of the old Dwarven Empire that churned out gold and steel to help finance the war effort. Then, one day the mine went silent. When agents of the Dwarven king arrived, they found the miners' horribly mutilated bodies strewn about the mine. When members of the investigators started turning up dead, they sealed the mine, disguising its entrance with powerful magicks to be examined at a later date. Following the Elf-Dwarf war, the mine was forgotten and remained undisturbed until Runark Goldenbeard reopened it more than 9,000 years after it was sealed. Today, the mine is home to thousands of Dwarves and has become the premier exporter of Dwarven made weapons in the north.

15 years ago, Runark, a superior weapon smith, first learned of an abandoned mine in the westernmost reaches of the infamous Bruu-Ga-Belimar mountains, deep in the Disputed Lands. At the time, he claimed the god Belimar had given him a vision in his sleep (he can't remember the dream at all now). Taking his considerable profits from his trade, he gathered a small band of like-minded Dwarven comrades and struck out into the north in search of the mine. Four years and many hundreds of miles later, they discovered a large Troll village at the end of an ancient road high in the mountains. The village was located on a wide outcrop that had obviously been flattened by other than natural means. The Trolls were clearly hostile, so the Dwarves kept to the mountain high-ground. While lurking about, they discovered a small opening below the village. It had been uncovered by a recent landslide and opened onto an unknown tunnel. Venturing inside, they followed grooves worn in the tunnel

floor by mine carts. They correctly surmised they had entered some kind of waste chute used in mining, to dump debris down the cliff into the forests hundreds of feet below. The tunnel eventually led to the smelting room, with its immense hearths long since cold. They made their way upward into the middle of the mine, through an immense chamber (dubbed "the Chasm"), and finally to the front door which, to their surprise, opened onto the Trolls' village. Runark and his companions knew they had found something important and went home to hatch a plan. They returned a year later with 500 members of the Goldenbeard Clan and an entire legion of Llornian troops. The battle against the Trolls was ferocious. The defenders held for three months before they finally fell to a combination of sword and magic. No sooner had the fighting ceased and the dead been buried, than the surviving Dwarves went to work reopening the ancient Dwarven mine. It took a month to map the twisting corridors enough and another month to start mining operations. Declaring himself Clan Chief, Runark called upon all members of the clan throughout the world to assemble at what he dubbed **Northholme**, and come they did. Within two years, the 500 grew to nearly 5,000.

The mine has been operating at full capacity for eight years, churning out hundreds of weapons every year. Soon after they started digging they discovered an incredibly rich vein of gold, along with the iron ore that made weapon manufacturing possible. The Troll village has been replaced by a small city that is home to merchants and the Llornian troops that are permanently stationed at Northholme as part of their mutual defense treaty. Emissaries from the Wolfen Empire have approached the city and Runark wisely listened to their requests. However, the Dwarves' strong ties to the Llorn, and thus the Domain of Man, has made trade unwise and appears to place them at odds against the Wolfen should war erupt in the north.

The surface city is located midway up the southern slopes of the mountains. A wide, winding road, recently resurfaced with smooth stone, leads from the mine to the settlement of **Ladden** on the Inland Sea. Four forts guard the road within the mountains, each capable of holding out for months against a much larger force. Each is manned by 25 Dwarven Soldiers. Since tensions with the Wolfen have risen, another 12 Llornian Soldiers and either a Warlock or a Wizard have joined each garrison. In addition to its defenders, the road to each fort has been rigged. By removing four keystones, a 40 foot (12.2 m) section of road will tumble over the cliff, opening a 40 foot wide, 15 foot (4.6 m) deep moat, thereby making a frontal assault even more difficult. A patrol consisting of four Dwarven Soldiers, two Llornian mercenaries and a War-Bear, specially bred and trained by the Dwarves, guards the road between forts and along the lower slopes. As an added defensive measure, the Dwarves have secretly constructed a tunnel that runs all the way from Northholme to the foothills near the Inland Sea. The tunnels come within 50 feet (15.2 m) of the surface. In case of an extended siege, the tunnel could be opened anywhere along its length, allowing the Dwarves to escape or to launch a surprise counterattack against the rear of the unsuspecting siege force.

Northholme has two main parts, the Clan Home or Clan Hall, which occupies the old mining complex within the mountain, and the surface city, which rests on the flat shelf before the immense doors leading into the mountain. When the mine was first reopened, only Dwarves were permitted access, but now anyone

may come and go so long as they have legitimate business within the Clan Hall. Unfortunately for most humans, the tunnels are cut to Dwarven proportions.

Surface City of Northholme

The surface portion of Northholme occupies a wide shelf of rock, accessible only through the mine and by the winding road descending to the Inland Sea miles away. An impressive, all-granite gatehouse serves as the only entrance through the 30 foot (9.1 m) tall, 20 foot (6.1 m) thick wall that guards the western edge of the city. Only a low wall, no more than four feet (1.2 m) tall, surrounds the rest of the shelf and functions to keep residents from falling over the cliff more than as a fortification. The view from the surface city is breathtaking, and more than one visitor have found themselves moved to tears because of its grandeur. On clear days, a person can see the *Inland Sea* 50 miles (80 km) to the west, and the low, tumbled peaks of the Shattered Mountains to the southeast. Strangely invisible is the Tree of Life, which one would expect to see from the fortress home, but can not.

If the view is inspiring and the summers comfortably cool, the winters are monstrous. Though not suffering the bone-cracking temperatures of the Great Northern Wilderness north of the mountains, the temperatures drop well below freezing and six to ten feet (1.8 to 3 m) of killing snow falls every winter; the ice storms are worse. Anyone foolish enough to venture out without



proper gear and clothing will freeze to death in a matter of minutes. To avoid the numbing cold and deep snows, most residents of the surface city move down the mountain to the city of *Ladden* from mid-November till the road is open again in late March or early April. Those who stay, including the mercenaries, move into the Clan Home, leaving the surface city abandoned and at the mercy of the elements. Only the lower two forts on the mountain road are garrisoned year-long. The others are sealed during the winter and left undefended.

During the warm months, when the surface city is alive with people and trading, it is governed by Runark's younger brother, Theodoras. He is a good-natured Dwarf who genuinely enjoys dealing with members of other races, even Elves. Theodoras is generally well-liked by everyone and is widely known for his intelligent and even-handed dealings. As part of his responsibilities, he oversees the city's defenses, acts as judge for the infrequent trials, enforces Northholme trade laws as passed down by the Clan Chief, and acts as chief negotiator for visiting merchants and heads of state.

Militarily, the surface is garrisoned by a rotating unit of 50 Dwarven Soldiers. All live in the gatehouse while on duty. In the past, the token Llornian presence in the city was intended to show would-be aggressors that to attack Northholme is to bring down the formidable military machine of Llorn upon them. As tensions mount between the Dominion of Man and the Wolfen Empire, Llorn has sent more soldiers to support the Dwarves, fearing that to do otherwise would destabilize the region should anything happen to Northholme. The Dwarven city-state is not a member of the Dominion, but her economy and extensive weapons manufacturing, gold supply and sale of ore and metal goods has a huge impact throughout the Eastern Territories. If it ever fell into Wolfen hands, or was destroyed, communities throughout the Domain of Man would suffer for it, Llorn and others along the Inland Sea in particular. The Wolfen troop build-up 150 miles (240 km) to the northwest has added credence to these concerns.

Locations of note on the surface of Northholme

1) Gatehouse: The gatehouse is a massive stone building standing 50 feet (15.2 m) tall and sporting four portcullis, numerous murder holes, and a drop-away floor (a favorite defensive trick used by the Goldenbeard Dwarves). In addition to serving as the only entrance into Northholme, the gatehouse also houses the community's surface garrison as well as the offices and some barracks space for the Llornian mercenaries. Visitors to Northholme are stopped before the first portcullis by a squad of Dwarves clad in chain mail. Dangerous looking visitors will be warned about breaking the law and then they will be left alone. Unlike most cities, there is no tax for entering nor are weapons restricted or confiscated. Wanted criminals and known brigands will be arrested on sight and escorted to they'a/7 located in the basement of the gatehouse.

2) Barracks: This complex is where the majority of the Llornian mercenaries live during the warm months. Like all the buildings at Northholme, the walls are made of stone with slate roofs. Each is four stories tall complete with armory, training hall, bathroom, laundry facilities, running water pumped from an underground lake, and dining facilities. The mercenary commander, Duke VasPassion's younger brother, is avid about cleanliness and orderly conduct. He springs a weekly surprise inspection to keep the troops on their toes.

3) Lowlands Smithy: The large human known as Duggen operates this smithy under the authority of the mercenary commander. As such, he is usually busy maintaining the soldiers' gear, but he occasionally takes side jobs to supplement his income. His work is not as finely crafted as the Dwarves, but still very good. His prices are considerably cheaper than his Dwarven counterparts, costing a mere 10% more than the listed book price. Depending upon his workload, it may take up to three weeks for him to complete weapons and simple armor. He keeps a small inventory of common weapons on hand.

Duggen served in the Holy Haven Army for six years. He came to Northholme three years ago to escape the religious tensions and has found the mountains to be a refreshing change. Several other humans and Ogres work for him.

Duggen (Quick Stats)

3rd level human Soldier

True Name: Thomas Pitts

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q. 11, M.E. 10, **M.A. 9**, **P.S. 22**, P.P. 14, P.E. 25, P.B. 11, Spd. 12

Hit Points: 42, S.D.C.: 32

4) Windblown Inn (*):** The Windblown Inn is run by a retired Human Knight. Unlike most citizens who move to Ladden or into the mountain during the winter, Sir Rodney Saraband winters in his comfortable basement surrounded by furs, wool blankets, stored food, water, fine wine and his memories. The inn primarily caters to visiting merchants and its rooms are more luxurious than most inns its size. Prices are a bit steep, but then most everything is expensive in Northholme. (Prices are 15 gold above the upper scale for a *** inn.) Sir Saraband is friendly with his Dwarven hosts and for a small fee he can arrange meetings for newly arrived merchants. He is very cold toward visiting northern Knights and will refuse service to all Knights Common.

Sir Rodney Saraband (Quick Stats)

5th level, human Knight (Order of the Lance)

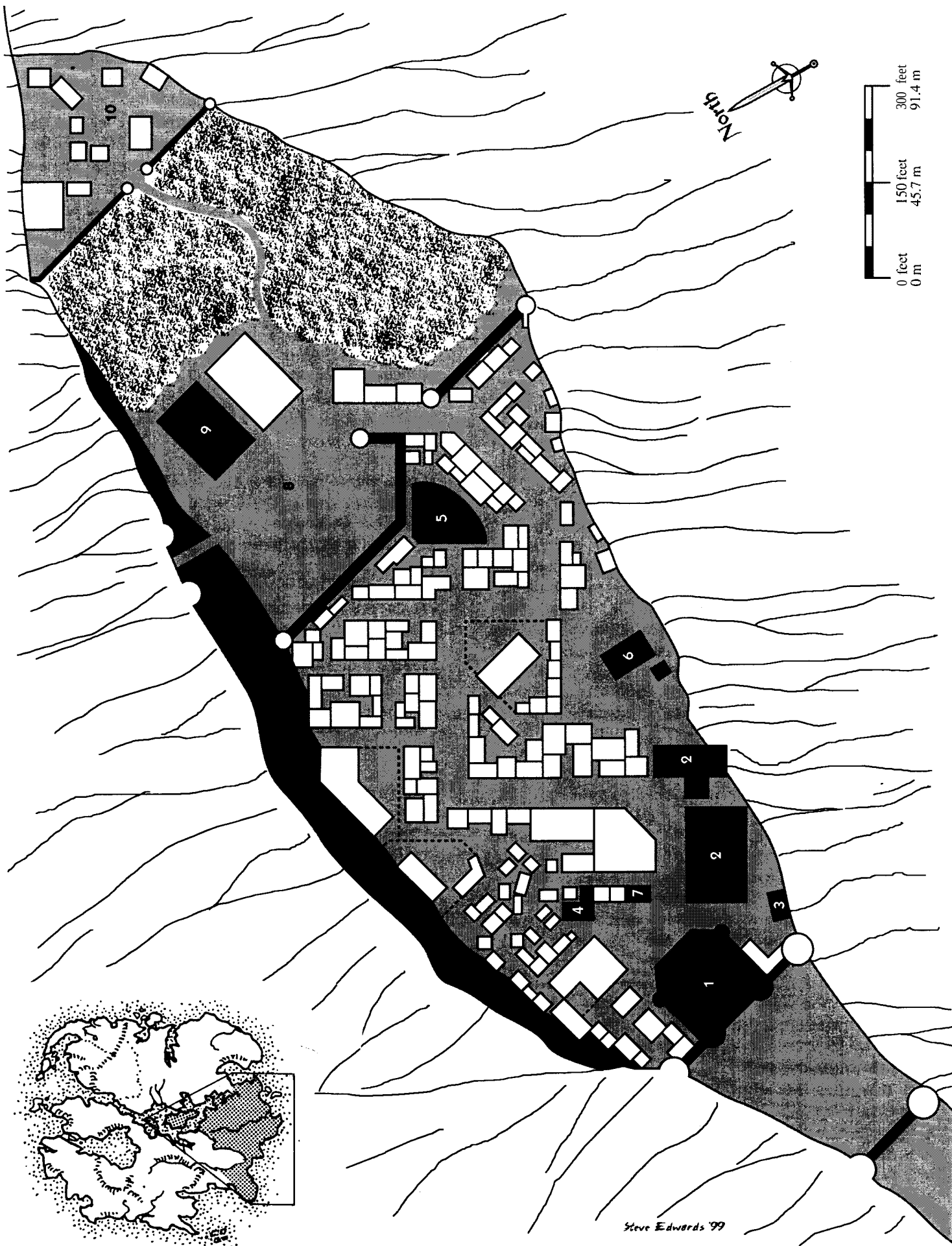
True Name: Edward Rodney Saraband

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q. 13, M.E. 11, M.A. 12, P.S. 15, P.P. 15, P.E. 17, P.B. 13, Spd. 14

Hit Points: 37, S.D.C.: 40

5) Glaskon Arena: This outdoor theater is used for both theatrical productions and for the professional wrestling style gladiatorial games so popular with the Llorn. The arena can sit only 1,500 spectators at a time so most events are staged several times during the day. It is also used by the mercenaries to practice formation fighting as it is the largest open area on the surface. The Glaskon Arena is operated and half-owned by a retired Dwarven Gladiator who made his fortune in Llorn as "Rock Splitter." He was a local favorite for many years and is still known as Rock. The other half-owner is an elderly Bard for whom the facility is named. Together, they manage to bring in original material every other week during the spring and summer. The fall is typically very slow so the arena is only open for private parties and for military parades.



Rock (Quick Stats)

8th level, Dwarven Gladiator

True Name: Chard Devornick

Alignment: Unprincipled

Attributes: I.Q. 12, M.E. 15, M.A. 8, P.S. 24, P.P. 18, P.E. 25, P.B. 12, Spd. 13

Hit Points: 58, S.D.C.: 55

Glaskon Silver (Quick Stats)

8th level, human Bard

True Name: Glastin Connor Silver

Alignment: Principled

Attributes: I.Q. 13, M.E. 11, M.A. 12, P.S. 15, P.P. 16, P.E. 16, P.B. 13, Spd. 14

Hit Points: 38, S.D.C.: 25

6) Church of Light: The Church of Light at **Northolme** is a small facility with only enough space for 200 people. This particular church is run by Father Olayhe, a devout young man whose only fault is being so zealous he frightens people away. He maintains the building himself and often visits the members of his flock, encouraging them and making sure they obey the Church's teachings. He provides healing to members of his flock for free and visiting followers of the Church of Light for a mere two gold donation (more is welcomed). He may also heal non-Church members so long as they are not known members of the Church of Dark or any other evil religion (charges 5-15 gold). He is particularly antagonistic against Wizards and other men of magic, having briefly attended a monk monastery. Father Olayhe strongly believes that all non-priestly magic comes from the Old Ones and other evil beings. If he were to learn of the rune forge in the mountain, it is difficult to say what he would say or do. The Father stays in a small house that adjoins the temple during the summer and makes the journey to the Inland Sea town of Ladden in the winter.

Father Olayhe (Quick Stats)

5th level human Priest of Light

True Name: Sean Ryan Olayhe

Alignment: Principled

Attributes: I.Q. 14, M.E. 12, M.A. 13, P.S. 13, P.P. 15, P.E. 12, P.B. 15, Spd. 16

Hit Points: 32, S.D.C.: 18

7) Barracks of Rurga: This temple has only been open since the late spring and serves the large numbers of **Llornian** soldiers belonging to the *Sect of Rurga*. The Dwarves of Northolme look upon the Sect favorably, but few have joined, so the temple looks to have already reached its maximum membership. The temple is run by Captain Eleeza, a middle-aged woman originally from the *Highback Plains* region. She is battle-hardened with over 15 years of experience and a keen understanding of soldiers. Captain Eleeza expects consistent attendance by the members of her Barracks and is quick with both criticism and praise. The building is large enough to allow indoor practice and also has a yard in the back. Visiting members are welcome in the Barracks.

Captain Eleeza (Quick Stats)

6th level human Priestess of Light

True Name: Jennithy Eleezae

Alignment: Principled

Attributes: I.Q. 17, M.E. 13, M.A. 15, P.S. 17, P.P. 17, P.E. 15, P.B. 14, Spd. 14

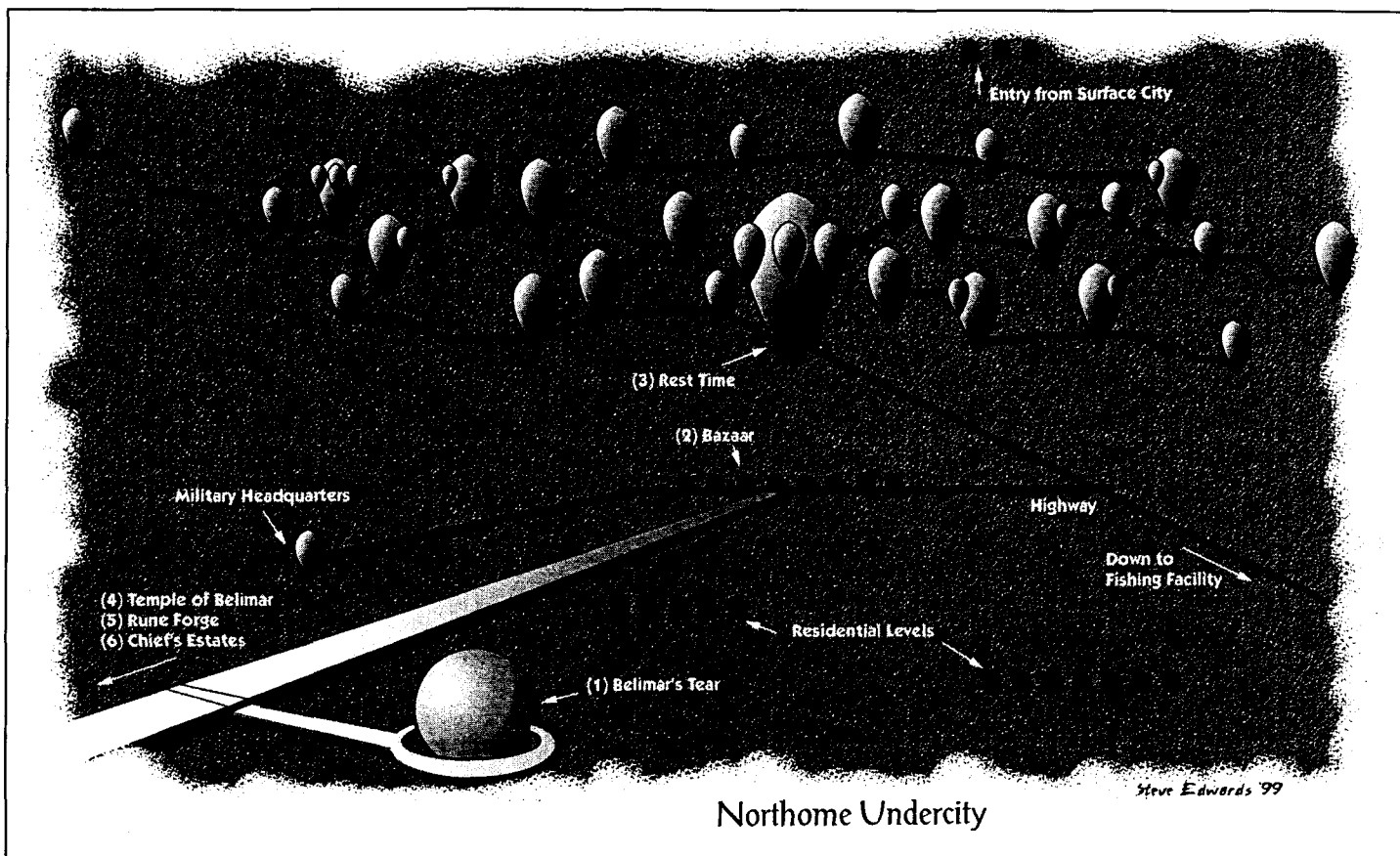
Hit Points: 39, S.D.C.: 22

8) Auction Yard: The Auction Yard is a large open area near the immense steel doors leading into the mountain. Here, the Dwarves sell the weapons and armor they build over the long winter months to the highest bidder. Merchants routinely spend their entire previous year's profits on a supply of two or three dozen Dwarven made weapons and suits of armor. These are taken south and sold at even higher prices for a tidy profit. The Dwarves are content to make the items and allow others to take the risk of shipping and reselling them. As part of their agreement with **Llorn**, the city is given a dozen swords free and then first choice on another dozen, as well as first choice on special weapons and top-drawer armor. The sale typically lasts for two days of rapid-fire auctioning with the best pieces going within the first six hours. This is the best place to buy Dwarven weaponry at up to 20-30% less than typical market prices, although the very best items will sell for list and up to 20% higher.

9) Northolme Brewery: This is a large warehouse used to store the much sought after Dwarven ale and mead prior to shipment south. The Dwarves actually make the liquor within the mountain and then transport it to the warehouse for labeling, final packing and shipping. The ingredients for both drinks is a guarded secret, but considering that grain does not grow in the mountains it must be made from something else. Whatever it's made of, it is universally regarded as the best tasting and strongest ale and mead on the market. After each glass of ale the drinker must roll under their P.E. or else suffer the effects of *drunkenness*. Each subsequent shot glass adds two to the die roll. Once drunk, each subsequent drink doubles the penalties for drunkenness. Unfortunately, once one is drunk, it is very difficult to stop drinking short of passing out. A character may drink 1/4 his P.E. after being drunk. So, a drunk character with a P.E. of 17 can consume a maximum of 4 glasses before passing out. Note that this restriction ONLY occurs after the character is drunk. Dwarves and those with comparable constitutions (P.E.) can drink 2-3 times as much before getting truly drunk. Dwarven ale typically sells for 150-200 gold per 10 gallon keg while the mead goes for 300 gold per keg. Most inns and taverns that sell the drink do so only by the glass at 20-40 gold apiece (half that at Northolme where it is plentiful).

10) Bear Pit: This wooded area is actually not a pit at all, but rather a large walled area where the Dwarves raise and train the giant **Kodiak-like** "War-Bears." The trainers are major psychics and use empathy among other things to instill loyalty in the animals. In the field, these same psychics are in charge of the bears, controlling the immense beasts with **empathic** transmission as well as verbal commands. The Dwarves recently finished a special war-saddle for the bears, giving them something approaching a small cavalry unit. The bears have not been thoroughly tested as riding animals and problems are bound to occur. In battle, the bears are given spiked **barding** that covers their head, chest, flanks and to some degree, the stomach (A.R. 13, 100 S.D.C.). So far, the animals have been used a half-dozen times against invading **Algor** Giants and Trolls to great effect. Note: Typically imported Northern Grizzlies (60 H.P. and 60 S.D.C.; 2D6+10 to damage with claws, 2D4+4 from bite) and Brown

Bears (40 H.P. and 32 S.D.C.; 2D6+6 to damage from claws, 2D4+2 from bite) are used. See page 214 of *Monsters & Animals* for complete details.



Northholme Undercity

The underground of Northholme

The Clan Home lays deep within the mountain and is connected to the surface by a single, heavily fortified tunnel. The debris chute that Runark and his companions originally discovered is still used to dispose of the tons of rock carved from the mountain each year. The chute is guarded by twelve 4th level Dwarven Soldiers at all times, and is sealed when not in active use. In general, all the tunnels within the mine are of Dwarven construction and size; 6 feet (1.8 m) wide and 5 feet tall (1.5 m). Unlike the mines, the halls are clean of debris and dust. All are etched with geometric symbols, their meaning, for the most part, lost to the past. Other than the Dwarves posted at either end of the *Hall of Ages* and at the *debris shoot*, there are very few soldiers on patrol. Occasionally, the army conducts readiness exercises but otherwise, a visitor can travel almost all the way to the underground city without seeing a guard. The army, during peacetime, works alongside the laborers in the mines, forges, and farms. Most of the populace can take up arms to defend the Clan Home in the event of an invasion, so a large permanent army is not needed.

The tunnels leading to the mines and to the underground city are the most heavily fortified. **Long**, straight stretches of hallway are interrupted by flights of stairs and capped by heavy oak doors (200 S.D.C.). This serves to prevent spell casters from launching ranged attacks down the length of the tunnel and to blunt the force of an enemy charge. Oak doors are also found at every intersection and are locked by a steel bar on the inside.

Entry

The entry is protected by a large wood and steel door that is over two feet thick (.6 m) and towers 20 feet (6 m). The door (600 S.D.C.) is made of solid oak with a steel covering on the outward side, giving it the illusion of being solid steel. However, before an enemy can reach the entry door, they must first make it across the moat. **The moat** is a 50 foot (15.2 m) deep and 30 feet (9.1 m) wide pit that separates the entry doors from the surface city. A **wood bridge** 15 feet (4.6 m) wide crosses the moat. Removable locking pins on either end allow it to be dropped into the moat or pulled within the mountain. Anyone falling in the moat will suffer 6D6 points of damage and are 40% likely to get wedged in the bottom. A wedged character can not get out on his own. Six small drains (about the width of a man's fist) are at the bottom of the moat. The drains empty on the south side of town.

As a final defense, a **gigantic granite block** (2400 S.D.C.), 40 foot (12.2 m) square, can be dropped just behind the main door, effectively sealing the entrance. On either side of the door, accessible only from the inside, is a pair of guard towers with a clear shot at anyone near the doors or on the bridge crossing the moat. Each tower can accommodate up to six archers. Twelve crossbows and 120 bolts are kept on hand.

Hall of Ages

The entry hall was part of the mine's original structure and is the only portion of the mine that was not built to Dwarven dimensions. The Hall of Ages is 100 feet (30.5 m) long with tall

vaulted ceilings 30 feet (9.1 m) high. The stonework is some of the best **Dwarven** architecture left over from before the Elf-Dwarf War. The walls are perfectly smooth except for runic writing along the floor and the arched ceiling. (The runes are a treatise on the glory and bounty of **Belimar**.) The entire hall radiates powerful magic. The floor is covered with a large mosaic of a black dragon coiled around a hammer, perhaps the emblem of the Dwarves who originally built the miners' compound. The head of the dragon is near the main entrance. A new addition to the hall is a series of alcoves, 20 in all, on the east wall. Each contains a life-sized statue of a **Goldenbeard** Clan hero. The statues wield real weapons and armor and each would be worth over 100,000 gold to a collector. The last statue, furthest from the entry, clad in plate and chain and wielding a war hammer, is of **Runark** himself.

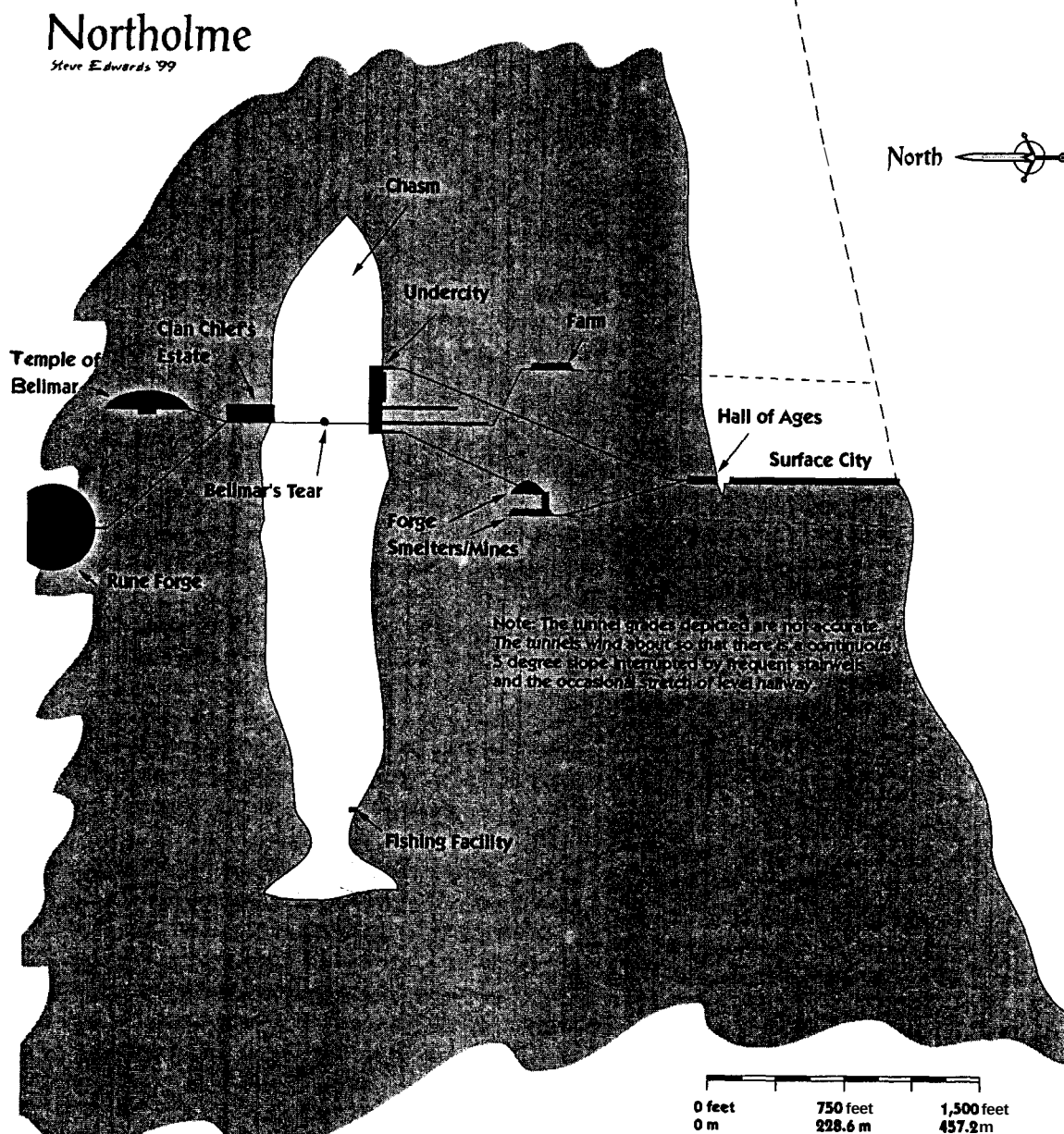
At the end of the Hall of Ages is a narrow stairway that leads up to a wide balcony that can be held by as few as 20 soldiers against a much larger force. Two passageways lead from the balcony, one to the forges and the other to the underground city. Both are protected by steel covered oak doors (250 S.D.C.).

The Hall of Ages is a favorite place for Dwarves who live in the underground city to meet with people who live on the surface. Much of the time, three or four such groups will be present visiting, their voices echoing down the Hall.

Forges

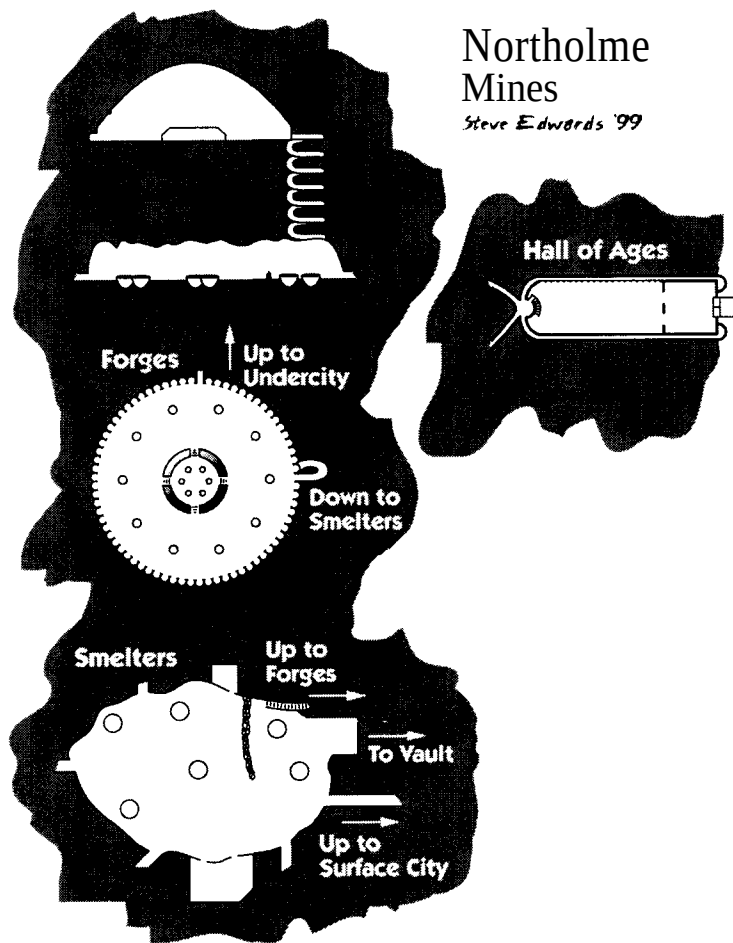
The forges consist of the entire mining operation and include the mines, full of stone dust, support timbers, and sweaty Dwarves, the **smelters**, and lastly the forges themselves where the much sought after Dwarven wrought weapons and armor are crafted.

Of the three, the mines occupy the most area, with miles of tunnels burrowing into the stone of the mountain following veins of gold, nickel and iron. Many of the tunnels excavated by the mine's original owners have still not been completely explored. Anyone other than a Dwarf who wanders into the maze of tunnels is likely to get lost (**01-80%** chance), unless precautions are taken to mark the trail (reduces the odds to 01-50% chance of getting lost). However, visitors are not welcome in the mines, and anyone caught wandering around will be rudely hus-



Northholme Mines

Steve Edwards '99



bled back to the Hall of Ages or the surface city. The tunnels under active mining are choked with dust and echo with the sharp sounds of pick-axes and the grunts of the workers. The Dwarves excavate an average of 10 feet (3 m) per day. **Cave-ins** are rare and have only occurred twice.

Mine carts are used to haul the rough stone and ore from the mine shafts to the smelters. The smelters take up a 200 foot (61 m) long cavern with a ceiling 30 feet (9.1 m) high. Cat-walks crisscross the room leading to the forges and to the underground city. There are six sets of smelters, four for iron (and nickel) and two for gold, separated by a low rubble wall. From the smelters, the iron ore is poured into ingots that are then taken to a storage area for later use. Gold is either poured into 2 by 6 inch bars bearing the mark of Northholme or made into coins. All of the gold is stored in a heavily guarded vault down a tunnel barely tall enough for a Dwarf to stand upright. At any one time, 250 million in gold is in the warded vault! The smelting chamber is very hot with the average temperature about 140 degrees F (60 C). The Dwarves employ human Fire Warlocks to magically heat the smelters. Burning wood or coal would be a logistics nightmare and in any case, those who built the mine evidently used some form of magic as there was no apparatus for heating. A series of vents discharge most of the gas and heat to a boiler far above, used to supply hot water to the city. As in the mines, people are constantly hustling about the chamber and visitors are not welcome.

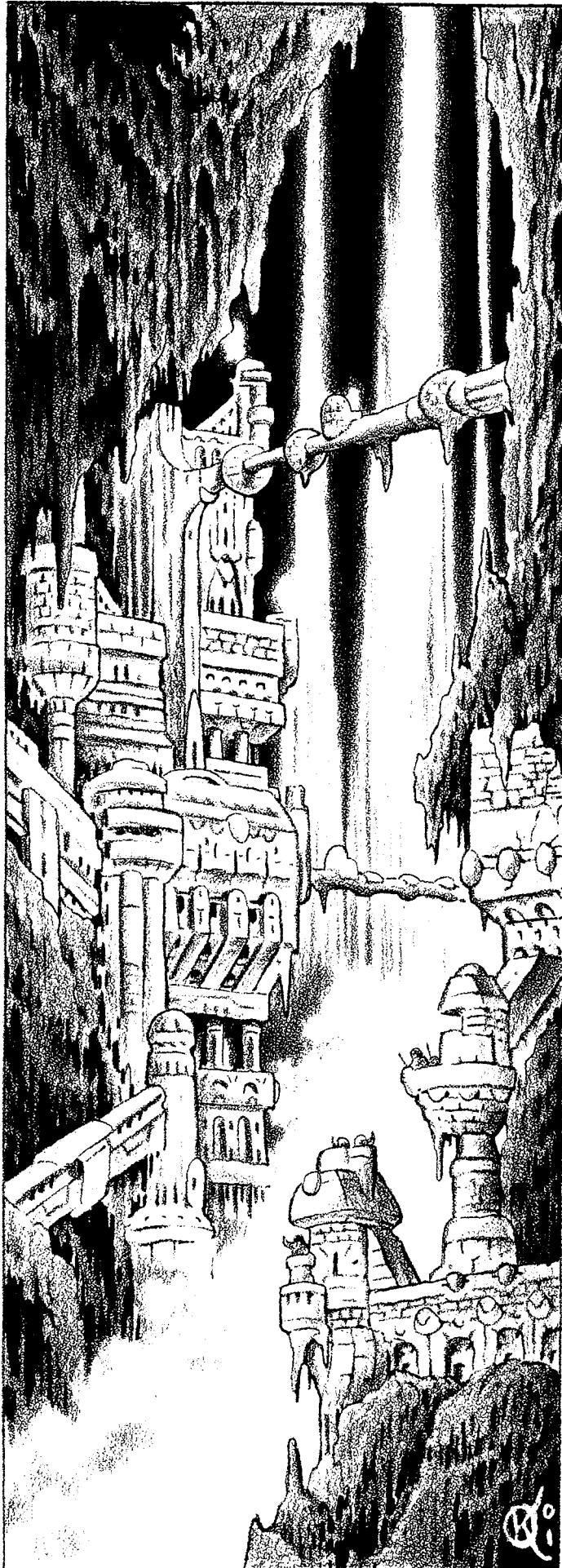
The forges are located above the smelting cavern in a large, circular chamber 150 feet (45.7 m) in diameter and with a vaulted ceiling 60 feet (18.3 m) high. Around the perimeter of

the chamber are 80 smithies divided by rubble walls. Each is complete with a full set of smithing equipment, anvils, wooden stumps, quenching tubs with salt water, pure water and oil, hammers, tongs, aprons, awls and a small kiln. Three Dwarves work each forge, two metalsmiths and one apprentice who works the bellows. The forges produce, on average, 40 weapons and 12 suits of armor per week which are placed on a long table in the center of the room where the items are inspected and inventoried for sale. Aside from the normal work crews, six master craftsmen known as "the Hex" (the best in Northholme), work at forges in the center of the chamber on a 10 foot (3m) tall platform. The Hex create only unique, custom items that are specially ordered. These weapons cost four times the standard **Dwarven** rate, but all bonuses are doubled! Every item **crafted** by the metalsmiths of Northholme bears the symbol of the hammer (the clan's mark). A single winding stair connects the forge with the city located above.

The miners and smelters belong to the Miners' Assembly, and the forge operators to the Forgers' Assembly. Both are very similar to labor unions. The organizations ensure that production meets or exceeds agreed upon quotas, that the quality of the work stays high, and that the needs of the workers are met. The Assembly representatives take grievances to the Assembly Head. If the Assembly Head can not resolve the problem, he goes to the Clan Chief. The Miners' Assembly Head is **Rife Goldenbeard**, a distant cousin of the Clan Chief. He is an experienced engineer, familiar with the mines and smelting. Rife was one of the original Dwarves who found the mine with Runark. He functioned as Chief Engineer for three years before becoming the Head of the Guild. He is on good terms with the miners and was instrumental in creating the six days on, two days off work week; a move popular with the miners who previously worked 7 days on with only one day off. The Miners' Assembly has **1500** members, making it the larger of the two Unions.

The smelters also fall under the Miners' Assembly, but would prefer to be under the Forger's Assembly as they receive better pay. However, the Forgers' Assembly doesn't want them, stating that smelting is more akin to the mining process. Another obstacle is the head of the smelter's chapter itself, **Akron Orebender**. He does not want to join the Forgers' Assembly either, preferring the extra day off rather than the extra money. **Akron's** stance has not made him very popular, and he only keeps his job because no one else wants it. For now, they do their work well, and continually make threats about going on "strike." If a strike occurs, the Clan Chief will certainly get involved. There are currently 300 active members of the Smelters' chapter of the Miners' Assembly. Apprentices are automatically promoted to active members upon acceptance, accounting for one-third of total membership.

The Forgers' Assembly is responsible for quality control and ensuring that quotas are met. The forgers have the highest standard of living in Northholme and applicants for apprenticeships in the Forge Hall far exceed those accepted. Currently, there are **160** active members in the guild and 80 apprentices who will become full members once their 30 year apprenticeships are completed. The Forge Hall operates on the old seven days on and one day off schedule. **Runark's** eldest son, **Theold**, is the acting head of the Forgers' Assembly. The position is seen as honorary by the Hex. Theold is wise enough to listen to the Hex but is clearly in charge.



The rivalry held between the Assemblies is rife and has caused more than one brawl in the ale houses. Each feels they are the superior craftsmen. The miners point to their long work days while the forgers point to the income generated by their items. It is a rivalry that has proven beneficial for the city. Each tries to outperform the other which leads to new heights of production and quality. Roughly one quarter of **Northholme's** total population belongs to one of the two Assemblies.

The Underground City

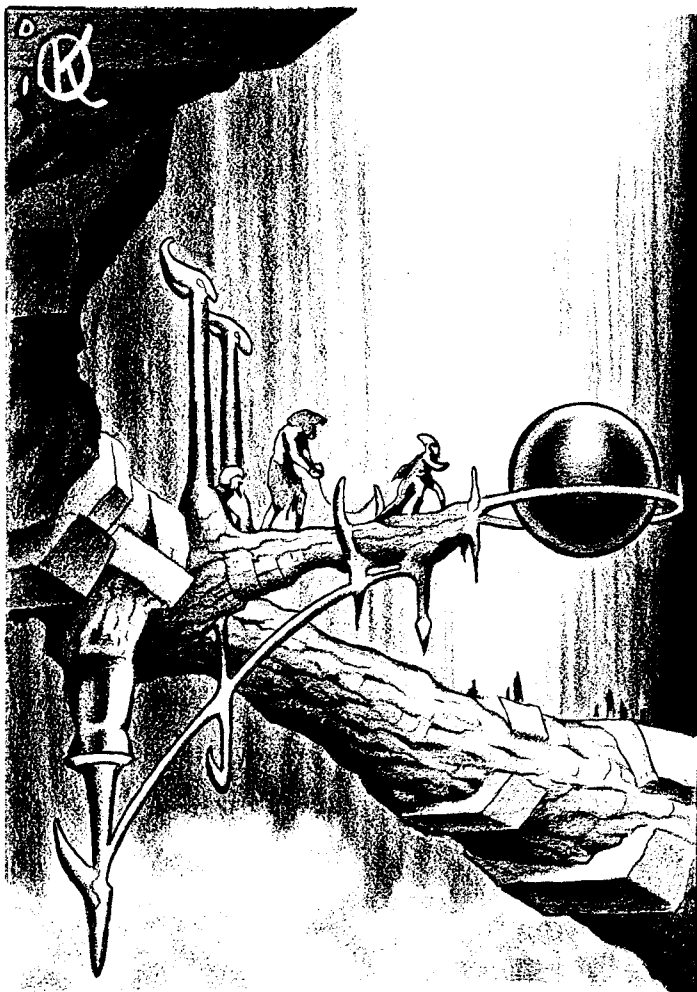
The underground city of **Northholme**, located 1,500 feet (457.2 m) into the mountain, is built along the side of *The Chasm*, a seemingly bottomless split in the rock a mile long (1.6 km), 600 feet wide (182.8 m) and over 3,000 feet deep (914.4 m). A waterfall spills down the east end of the Chasm, disappearing into the darkness below with a thunderous roar. A luminescent moss grows along its stone walls, giving off an eerie green light bright enough for **Dwarven** eyes to read by. Also growing on the walls is a small, red, mushroom-like fungus that the Dwarves cultivate. Though edible, the mushrooms are very acidic, irritate the throat, and cause the eyes to water uncontrollably. When fermented, the mushrooms produce a reddish beer (some call the drink "**Dwarven-Red**") with an alcohol content four times that of the next strongest beer, "Old Crow." The bottom 400 feet (122 m) of the Chasm is full of water that drains away through several smaller tunnels. These drains eventually make their way to the surface, leading into the Inland Sea and into the forests of the south. The bottom of the Chasm is covered in a thick, gooey sludge which is home to a thriving community of giant albino eels. Several species of fish and crab inhabit the water, making a tasty, if not easily caught, addition to the Dwarves' diet. Rumors circulate about what else could be lurking in the mud. Perhaps the ancient Dwarven smiths discarded defective weaponry into the water. Perhaps there are rune items, buried in the mud, waiting to be claimed by an intrepid explorer, or maybe there is some monster or ancient demon better left undisturbed.

High above the water, the underground city is a mixture of new and old. The old buildings protrude from the Chasm wall like drops of water on a glass. Stone paths lead between buildings. The largest such path, some 30 feet (9.1 m) wide, referred to as the Highway, extends from the makeshift fishing center at the bottom of the Chasm all the way to the topmost levels of **Northholme**. Without the aid of the magic used to construct the original dwellings, the new residents have been forced to cut chambers into the walls of the Chasm. The new chambers are squat and angular, lacking the flowing lines of their ancestors' work.

The Highway spans the Chasm over a ribbon-thin bridge of stone. Created by the same magic that **crafted** the water drop buildings, the bridge is virtually indestructible. Hovering 50 feet (15.2 m) from the bridge is a large, 12 foot (3.7 m) diameter, sphere that appears to be made of mercury. A hazardous bridge of pock-marked metal is bolted to the stone bridge (obviously of more recent construction than the stone it is bolted to) and connects to a steel walkway that rings the sphere.

Locations and people of note:

- 1) **Belimar's Tear**: Belimar's Tear is a large globe of what looks like mercury. What keeps the sphere hovering alongside



that Highway bridge is a mystery, as the sphere itself is certainly magical. The steel walkway encircling the globe is deeply etched with runes and other magical symbols. The walkway, like the metal bridge leading to it, is heavily deteriorated and looks ready to fall at any moment. Several patches have already rusted away. Moving within 10 feet (3 m) of the globe causes one to feel as though he has been immersed in frigid water (lose 1D6 Hit Points). Once the initial feeling passes, one may stand next to the globe without any further effect. The globe is slightly yielding to the touch and causes a prickly sensation as though one's hand were asleep. Attempts have been made at piercing it by both magical and mundane means, but it has proven impenetrable. A Wizard, Diabolist, Mind Mage and an ancient **Dwarven** scholar were brought in to study it, but they also failed to discover anything of use. The Wizard detected incredibly strong magic, but nothing else. The runic writing on the walkway, hopelessly damaged, offered little help although the Diabolist and Scholar agreed it speaks of binding, summoning, and something called "**Mythlack**." Who, what or where **Mythlack** may be is yet another mystery that surrounds the sphere. The Mind Mage's initial attempts were similarly inconclusive, although she did detect a fleeting trace of evil and malice within it. Further attempts at examining the sphere were abandoned when the Mind Mage attempted an object read and subsequently went into a coma and died. Now, the residents of **Northolme** ignore **Belimar's** Tear, many avoid even looking at it and pretend it does not exist.

2) Bazaar: The Bazaar is modeled after the Grand Bazaar found in **Llorn**. It is the largest of the new constructions and

looks much like a parking garage with immense, round pillars supporting the roof. Here, most of the day to day commerce occurs. Grocery stores, tool shops, craft shops, tailors, importers, herbalists, jewelers and anything a resident of **Northolme** may want can be found here. Everyone in the city at some time visits the Bazaar, making it a popular meeting and gathering spot. Like the Grand Bazaar in **Llorn**, the stores are built into the walls with a large, open area in the center. A fountain and a small tavern occupy the center of the chamber. The Bazaar thrums with activity most of the day, as shoppers go about their business and off-duty workers gather to have an ale at one of the pubs. The steady drone of voices forms a backdrop for the cries of merchants hawking their wares. The ceilings are an airy 8 feet (2.4 m) tall to allow human merchants to sell their wares in comparative comfort. To the Dwarves, the Bazaar is wide and open, but to the taller races it still feels uncomfortably close and confining. A sample of the shops found in the Bazaar follow.

2a) Buy-All Foods: Buy-All Foods is owned by a portly old Dwarf named Allasus who originally hails from **Llorn**. His connections with the outside world have allowed him to import large quantities of food much cheaper than his competition. He has, for all intents and purposes, a monopoly on the food market. There are smaller specialty shops that cater to particular tastes or that offer specialized delicacies but no one has the wide range selection of Buy-All Foods. The prices are surprisingly affordable, with none of the excesses that so often accompany **Northolme**. Allasus is one of the wealthiest citizens of **Northolme** and is often found walking the city's winding corridors in expensive clothes accompanied by his pet cat trailing behind. On the side, Allasus is a collector of **finecandies**.

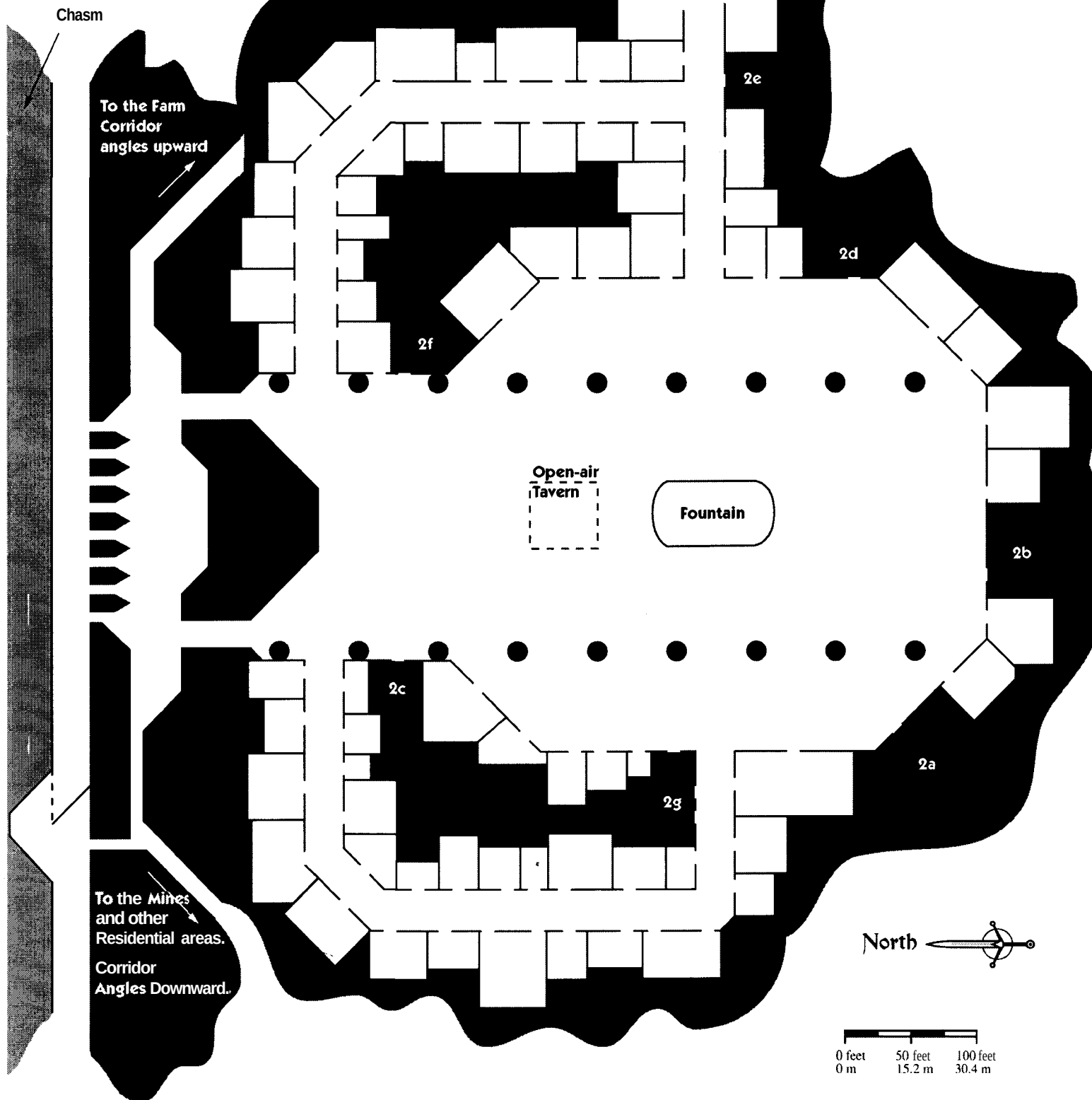
2b) Import Emporium: The Emporium imports all manner of goods from the outside, including cloth, spices, candles, glass goods and oil. It is a cooperative between six Dwarven merchants and a pair of humans. They all spend most of their time outside **Northolme** buying goods and looking for new items to add to their inventory. Prices are 25% higher than listed in the *Palladium Fantasy RPG® 2nd Ed.* Recently, **hand-crafted** items from the Wolfen Empire have become the hot sellers and the Emporium can't keep up with demand. **Grisson** Goldenbeard, the only owner present in the store on a regular basis, is on the lookout for someone to make a run into the Wolfen Empire to purchase a shipment of fine leathers and **Wolfen-made** clothes and battle regalia. The difficulty is that hostilities in the region between Wolfen and humans makes travel, and especially merchant operations, dangerous propositions, with neither side looking favorably at anyone trading in Wolfen goods.

2c) The Loom: Of all the tailors living in **Northolme**, none are as skilled as Tania Goldenbeard. Tania has taken her craft to an art form and makes all the clothes for the more well-to-do citizens. Her six assistants do most of the work for the common customers, based on her designs, of course. Tania has begun exporting a small number of items, and is considering adding more workers. Her cloaks have sold very well in **Llorn** and **Hadrian's Cove**. The merchant who bought them has been pestering her for more for months. The common clothing made by her assistants costs the standard price as listed in the *Palladium Fantasy RPG® 2nd Ed.* Items **crafted** by Tania herself cost 50-100% more depending upon the materials and degree of decoration.

Northholme

The Bazaar

Steve Edwards '99



2d) Tools & Such: This store offers a wide selection of cutlery, shop tools, and smithing items that range from plain tools to ornate affairs with gold and silver inlays. The owner, **Ralt Dorthan**, exports his best work and makes enough off the sales to offer **Northolme** residents a discount. A plain pair of sheers cost five gold while an entire ornate cutlery set costs from 40-120 gold. All exported items cost twice as much.

2e) Miner: The Miner is the main supplier of pick axes, hammers and shovels for the Miners' Assembly. The owner, Theodoras Ironshod, is an ex-miner himself and only took up metalsmithing when his leg was shattered in a cave-in. His tools are recognized as the finest in Northolme. Recently, Theodoras has obtained the services of the young alchemist, Master **Artamus**, to enchant the tools for longer life and for extra digging power. A typical, non-magical shovel costs 15 gold, a small hammer 10 gold, a large sledge-hammer 25-80 gold, and a pick-axe 25-50 gold, depending on the size and quality.

Indestructible Chisel: 10,000gold.

Pick-Axe or Shovel of Digging (Allows a miner to excavate 50% more rock per day): 65,000 gold.

Pick-Axe of Eternal Sharpness: 40,000 gold

Indestructible Pick-Axe or Shovel: 30,000 gold

Feather-Sharp Pick-Axe (Eternally Sharp & Lightweight): 50,000 gold, a third the normal weight.

Hammer of Shattering (does 2D6 damage normally, but does 4D6 to stone, crystal and packed earth, including Earth Elementals): 40,000 gold

Mallet of Power (Indestructible and does 2D4 damage normally, but does 2D6+2 damage to stone, crystal and packed earth, plus the user strikes as if his own P.S. was 20% greater): 40,000; a one-handed tool.

Shovel of Power (Indestructible and the user can shovel weight as if his P.S. were supernatural! Does only 2D6 damage if used as a blunt weapon.) 45,000 gold.

20 **Adder's Tongue**: The Adder's Tongue is an outlet store of sorts for the Forgers' Assembly. Items here are sold at a lower price to citizens of Northolme, but do not typically include the more exotic goods that are shipped outside. Most have some minor imperfection that does not affect the weapon's performance, but does not measure up to the Assembly's aesthetic standards. This is also the only place in the **undercity** where weapons can be purchased. Prices are 25% less than listed in the *Palladium Fantasy RPG® 2ndEd*

2g) **The Red**: The Red is a comfortable alehouse often visited by the off-duty miners and smiths. The building has a large wooden crossbeam that divides the common room in half. The miners sit on one side, the forgers on the other. On occasion, the snide remarks and dirty looks turn into brawls after the patrons have sampled too much brew. The owner of The Red, an immense Dwarf who goes by the name Lug, is quick to toss troublemakers out the door. Outsiders are welcome but will find the low ceiling uncomfortable and the tension between the two sides unnerving. Four private rooms are available for a 30 gold fee.

Lug (Quick stats)

7th level, **Dwarven Merchant**

True Name: **Lutharg** Ironshod

Alignment: **Scrupulous**

Attributes: I.Q. 12, M.E. 13, **M.A. 7**, **P.S. 23**, P.P. 14, P.E. 22, P.B. 10, Spd 12

Hit Points: 57, **S.D.C. 60**

Combat Notes: Four attacks; knows Hand to Hand: Expert, Wrestling, and Body Building.

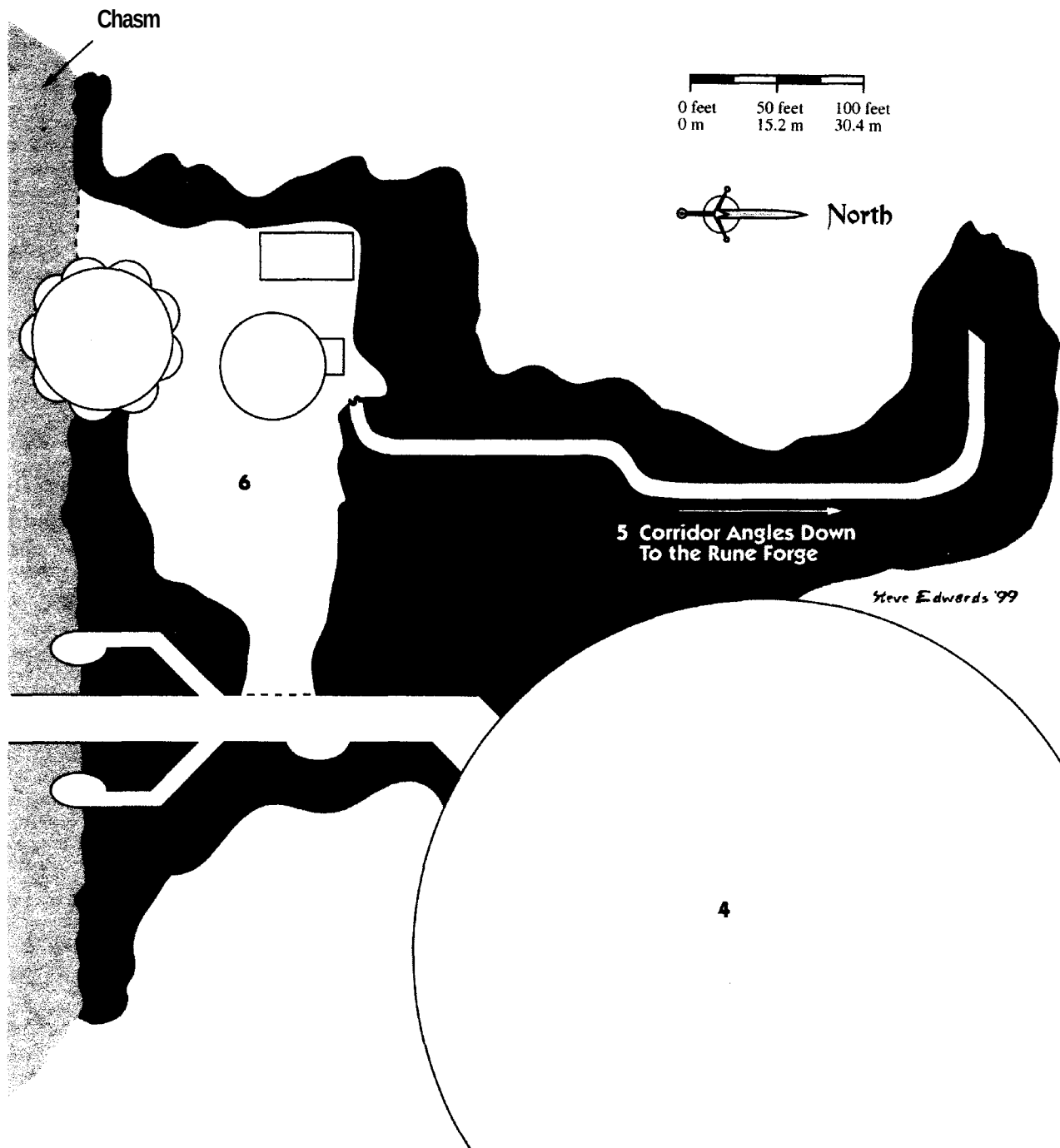
3) **Rest Time** (****): **Northolme's** largest and most visited inn, Rest Time is host to the majority of the underground city's **non-Dwarven** visitors. The inn occupies one of the largest of the original tear-shaped structures overlooking the Chasm. The building is 80 feet (24.3 m) tall and 60 feet (18.3 m) wide and has 7 foot (2.1 m) ceilings. The bottom-most level is the entry where guests are met. The second level is the common room which consists of a well apportioned dining room and the kitchen. The next five levels are dedicated to guest housing. Typical guests include those who are visiting the underground city out of curiosity (adventurers), merchants and heads-of-state. Large windows on the north side of the building provide a panoramic view of the Chasm. The top three levels are reserved for the owner, an elderly Dwarf who goes by the name of Dodd, and his rather large family. When there are no guests, he rents out the common room for parties, award ceremonies, wedding receptions, etc. The interior is richly decorated with fine woods and tapestries imported from the **Timiro** Kingdom. Brass lanterns give the inn a comforting, golden glow during business hours.

4) **Temple of Belimar**: This is the only temple of note inside the mountain and boasts a membership of 10,500; almost the entire population of Northolme! The temple is housed in a domed chamber 400 feet (122 m) wide and 80 feet (24.4 m) tall near the Clan **Chief's** estate. To enter the cathedral-like chamber, one must pass through a set of intricately carved silver gates. Inside are rows of plain, unadorned pews in concentric rings facing a central dais. On the dais is a pulpit from which High Priest Renendor preaches, and a 15 foot (4.6 m) tall statue depicting Belimar with a hammer in one hand and an axe in the other. The chamber's acoustics are so good that a conversational tone from the pulpit can be heard on the farthest edges of the room. **Between** the statue's feet is a small oval door leading down into the priests' chambers. Here, the thirty priests of Belimar have study rooms, a small library, sleeping rooms and an ornate smithy for ceremonies.

Membership in the Church of Belimar requires a ceremony called the "Baptism by Fire" and a donation of one third of one's total income for a year. Children born of parents who are members must still participate in the Baptism by Fire, but the donation requirement is waived. Thereafter, a tithe of 10% of the **member's** total income is expected. The Church offers healing services to members for free and non-members for 30 gold. For complete information on Belimar, see *Dragons & Gods™*.

The Baptism by Fire sounds more dramatic than it really is. The ceremony involves the individual to be baptized, their family, six non-family members of the Church and an attending priest. The entire group gathers before the statue of Belimar in the temple, prayers are offered and vows taken. At the end of the service, the new member is branded with the hammer of Belimar on the chest or upper arm. Only after the brand is given is the new member's name added to the Church rolls. In the event a member is kicked out of the Church, a second brand is placed over the first.

5) **Rune Forge**: The Rune Forge is a large spherical chamber, 400 feet (122 m) in diameter, illuminated by a warm golden



light with no apparent source. Stone ribs encircle the chamber from bottom to top, each inscribed with hundreds of thousands of silver runes. The bottom and top of the chambers are each lined in a smooth sheet of silver, over 60 feet (18.3 m) in diameter. At the center of the chamber, 200 feet above the floor (61 m), is the forge itself, connected to the front door by a narrow metal walkway.

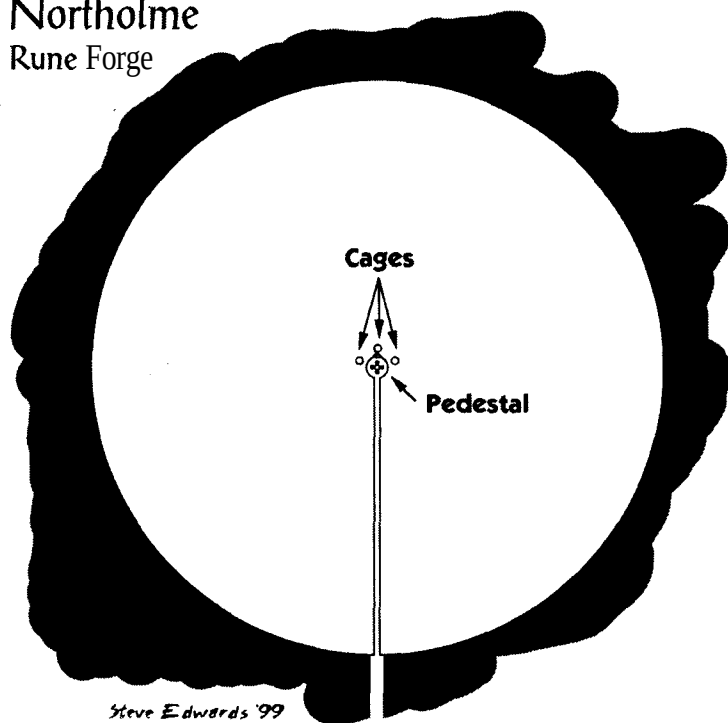
The forge platform is constructed of white stone with a thin silver bar extending from the bottom of the platform to the floor. A 6 foot (1.8 m) deep fire pit occupies the center of the platform, even though when viewed from the side, the platform is only a foot thick (0.3 m). The hearth, like most everything else in the chamber, is lined in runes and is immaculately clean. Four anvils encircle the hearth, each smaller than the preceding one. The largest of the four is covered in abrasions while the other three look brand new. Like the walls and the hearth, each are inscribed with runes. The only other items on the platform are two shining steel bowls, presumably used for quenching forged

items, and an altar. The altar has a shallow depression in its center with a drain that empties into the hearth. The altar is made of white marble with blood red streaks that seem to form what looks lot like faces howling in torment (**coincidence?**).

- Three cages, each a perfect sphere 5 feet (1.5 m) in diameter, float around the forge platform, each connected to the largest anvil by a thin, unbreakable silver chain. The cages have no apparent doors and the bars are only 4 inches (6 cm) apart.

The Rune Forge was found when the mine was explored following the defeat of the Trolls. Runark planned to have the forge torn down or, at the very least, blocked. Father Renendor, who by **Belimar's** command accompanied Runark in the battle against the Trolls, was bitterly opposed to any action that would "desecrate" the ancient forge. When Runark blew him off, the priest threatened to go before the people with the forge's existence. A compromise was reached in which the existence of the forge would remain secret, but unaltered. The fear was that certain powerful leaders in the Eastern Territory, the Wolfen Em-

Northholme Rune Forge



pire or even the Old Kingdom or Western Empire may one or all attempt to lay claim to the mine by force of **arms**, and then engage in studies and experiments to recreate the lost art of Rune Magic.

For the past eight years, the priests of **Belimar** have looked upon the forge as the holiest of shrines. Their dream is to make it their primary temple, but they are astute enough to recognize the political ramifications if its existence were to get out. The exception is the rogue priest **Zirnor**, who believes Belimar came to him in a dream and explained how to activate the Rune Forge. Zirnor and his followers disappeared shortly after being censored by High Priest Renendor. A month later, Zirnor and his followers broke into the Rune Forge and were deep within a ceremony when the Clan **Chief's** personal guard, The Cleavers, interrupted them. In the ensuing melee, **five** of **Zirnor's** followers were killed along with two Cleavers. Zirnor and his lieutenant, Chea, escaped.

In response to the break-in, **Runark** has personally sealed the chamber behind a steel wall bolted to the stone walls. To ensure no one **enters**, he has posted a half squad (6 soldiers) of Cleavers to stand watch before the steel door. Unknown to everyone, the rogue priest Zirnor has tunneled in from beneath and now has unlimited access to the chamber. Since the steel door is permanently bolted closed and is thick enough to mute all sound, it is unlikely the priest will be caught anytime soon.

Zirnor (Quick Stats)

5th level, male Dwarven Priest of Belimar

True Name: Zirnor Hacket Kruenshaker

Alignment: Aberrant

Attributes: I.Q. 13, M.A. 17, M.E. 14, P.S. 15, P.E. 16, P.P. 9, P.B. 12, Spd. 11

Hit Points: 36, S.D.C.: 16

Description: Zirnor is short, even for a Dwarf, barely three feet (.9 m) tall. Unlike most of his race **though**, Zirnor is a charmer, with a ready smile and friendly eyes. He was instru-

mental in the widespread acceptance of Belimar within Northholme. A year ago, the priest had, what he thinks, was a vision from Belimar in which he was told how to fire the Rune Forge. At the same time, several of the more prominent **weaponsmiths** had dreams in which Belimar showed them how to forge a weapon in preparation of receiving a soul. Zirnor has interpreted these events to mean that Belimar wants his faithful to begin constructing rune weapons once more. When the High Priest refused to listen to his beliefs, Zirnor and two like-minded priests plotted to take over the Rune Forge and construct a weapon of such power and majesty that the Clan Chief and the other priests of Belimar would be forced to accept their god's wishes. The plot did not go as planned with one of the priests and all but one of his loyal weaponsmiths being killed in the ensuing battle. For now, the zealots, as the High Priest refers to them, have hidden themselves in an abandoned tunnel deep in the mines. A month ago, Zirnor, together with the Chea and the last remaining **weaponsmith**, burrowed into the tunnel leading into the Rune Forge and have begun preparations to start the forge once more. Zirnor is concerned that activating the forge will reveal their presence, so he is busy trying to find other Dwarves to join his cause. **Note:** Despite his "visions" and beliefs, it will take a century of study and trial and error to re-discover even the tiniest hints about creating Rune Weapons. However, their meddling and madness may unleash whatever nightmare killed the original builders of the mine, or some other supernatural horror; demons and Deevils being the least of their problems.

Chea (Quick Stats)

3rd level male Dwarven Priest of Belimar

True Name: Cheant Ironshod

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q. 11, M.A. 12, M.E. 11, P.S. 14, P.E. 15, P.P. 12, P.B. 14, Spd. 10

Hit Points: 27, S.D.C.: 12

6) Clan Chief's Estate: Located on the far side of the Chasm overlooking the impossibly deep hole is the impressive Clan **Chief's** estate. The main house is a large tear-shaped building, 120 feet (36.6 m) tall and 80 feet (24.4 m) wide, protruding from the cavern wall. Runark, his wife **Sirona**, son **Rushak** and his elderly mother, live in the manor house along with the Cleavers.

A large courtyard carved from the Chasm wall is the only entry into the estate. It is protected by a 6 foot (1.8 m) iron fence and two members of the Clan Chiefs personal guard, the Cleavers. Other places of note within the Estate are a guest house located at the far inside corner of the courtyard with a pleasant view of a rock garden, and the aviary. The aviary, located midway between the guest house and the mansion, is a relic of the mine's previous owners. It is a 60 foot (18.2 m) diameter dome with a magical enchantment that brings sunlight into the dome for 10 hours a day and a light rain once per week. The aviary holds a variety of surface plants, mostly flowers and small trees along with an assortment of songbirds. A female Druid, **Orella**, is employed by the Clan Chief to care for the aviary, keeping the trees trimmed and the bird population in check. She lives in a small house, once a tool **shed**, attached to the aviary.

The estate is officially open to any resident of Northholme, though few intrude on the Clan Chief's privacy.



Clan Chief Runark Goldenbeard (Quick Stats) 11th level, male Dwarfven Mercenary Warrior

True Name: Errunark Goldenbeard

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q. 14, M.E. 11, M.A. 10, P.S. 22, P.P. 18, P.E. 25, P.B. 13, Spd. 11

Hit Points: 80, S.D.C.: 58

Armor: Dwarfven-made Plate and Chain (A.R. 15, S.D.C. 160).

Attacks Per Melee: 7

Bonuses of Note: Wrestling, Hand to Hand: Martial Arts: +1 to initiative, +4 to strike, +3 to parry and dodge, +11 damage, +2 to disarm, +3 roll with **punch/fall/impact**, +2 to pull punch, kick attack, critical strike on natural 18, 19 or 20, body throw/flip, +4 to save vs Horror Factor, and +5 to save vs magic/poison.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Battle Axe (+4 strike, +3 parry, +1D6 damage) and W.P. Paired Weapons.

Weapons: Paired magical battle axes (4D6+special).

Magic Items: Runark tends to be distrustful of magic but he has learned to depend upon his magic axes. They are enchanted to be eternally sharp. Once per round on a successful paired strike against the same target, the axes can emit a powerful electric shock that does an additional 3D6 damage and throws the victim to the floor. Anyone knocked down loses initiative and their next melee **attack/action**.

Description: Runark is a stout fellow in his middle years. He spent much of his early career as a soldier serving in a variety of mercenary companies. After leaving the military he moved to Llorin and took up his father's trade as a weaponsmith. Though he excelled at his chosen craft, the wanderlust would not leave him. When the Dwarfven god Belimar came to him in a dream and told him about the lost mine, Runark was quick to gather his old companions and strike out for the mountains.

Since the founding of Northholme, Runark has proven himself a capable, if not creative leader. His impulsive nature is pulling at him to throw off the responsibilities of ruling and strike out for new horizons, but for now he stays to lead. If not for the Rune Forge and the growing threat of war with the Wolfen, it is likely Runark would have left already. His wife, Sirona has seen his restlessness and worries.

Typical Cleaver, Elite Soldier (Quick Stats) 4th-8th level, Dwarfven Mercenary Warrior

Alignment: Any good.

Attributes of Note: P.S. 24, P.P. 17, P.E. 22, Spd.14; the rest are average.

Hit Points: 37+4D6, S.D.C.: 20+3D10.

Armor: Dwarfven-made Plate and Chain (A.R. 15, S.D.C. 160), Shield-small wood & metal (S.D.C. 80).

Attacks Per Melee: 5-6

Bonuses: +9 damage, +1 to strike, parry and dodge, and +4 to save vs magic and poison.

Combat Info: All have W.P. Battle Axe, W.P. Shield and Hand to Hand: Martial Arts.

Weapons: Battle Axe (3D6, +4 strike, +2 parry) and Dagger (1D6+3).

The Cleavers are composed of 26, 4th to 8th level mercenaries, all members of the initial party to discover the mine. They are absolutely loyal to the Clan Chief and will fight to the death to defend him and his family. They are also the only Dwarfves, along with Runark and the priests of Belimar, who know about the Rune Forge.

The Northholme Farm

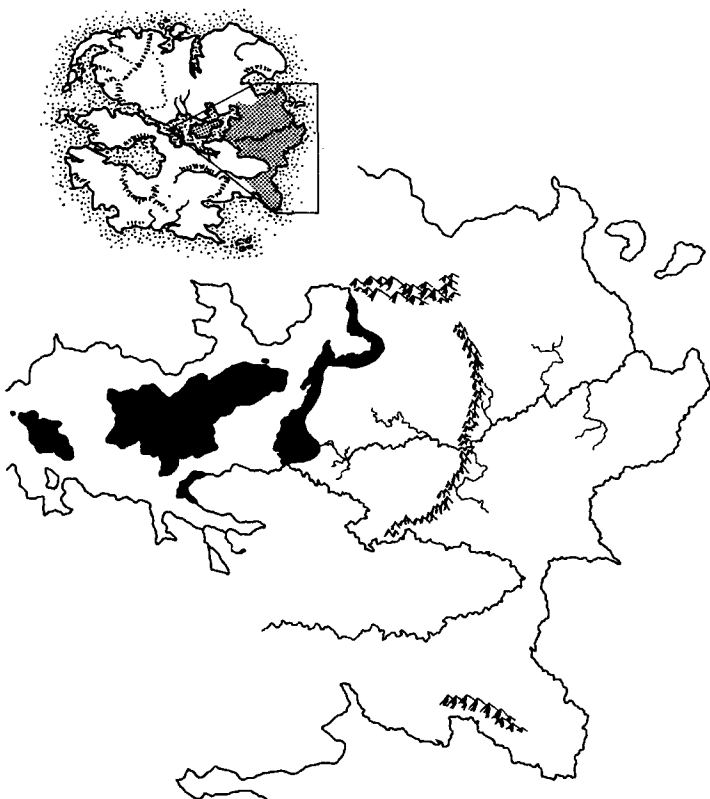
The farm is a winding maze of abandoned mine shafts that have been irrigated, fertilized and used to grow a large, meaty mushroom-like fungus, as well as an edible moss. The tunnels converge on a central chamber (once the site of a smelting operation) where the fungus is washed, cut, and prepared for storage. From this central chamber, the farming tunnels branch away in all directions like the spokes of a wheel. Each tunnel is at least 1/4 mile (402 m) long, with the longest being one mile (1.6 km).

Although the fungus is nutritious, it also tastes like bland leather. Unfortunately, it and the moss are the only "crops" that the Dwarfves can grow within the dark confines of the mountain. They buy large amounts of spices and oils in order to give the rubbery mushrooms some more and varied taste. Aside from the mines, the farms employ the largest number of workers of any business in Northholme (a payroll of 800 workers).

The farming tunnels can grow enough food to fully feed Northholme for six months without using the fish from Chasm Lake. Combined with the fish and other food stores, Northholme can conceivably support itself for 8-12 months total. To supplement the fish and fungus, the Dwarfves buy large quantities of

fruits, vegetables and meat, half of which is stored for the winter months.

The Inland Sea



The coastal communities along the Inland Sea are among the oldest of the settlements in the northern half of the Eastern Territory. Some 4,000 years ago, the Elves and Dwarves fled the New Kingdom (now the Old Kingdom) as it was overrun by **Orcs**, Goblins and Ogres. They settled along the east coast of the Inland Sea where there was forest for lumber and ample farm land. These settlements were initially small and scattered, with the Elves claiming the lands furthest north whilst the Dwarves established the town of **Kadaskome** near the mouth of the Old Kingdom River, some 50 miles (80 km) south of the current site of **Llorn**. To their chagrin, they soon discovered that instead of escaping the marauding **Orcs** and Goblins, they had merely moved into an area already inhabited by them. Unwilling to move again, they made a stand and managed to carve a humble home in the wild lands of the East. Centuries of intermittent warfare followed with neither the Elves nor Dwarves willing to assist the other. Fortunately for both, the **Orcs** and Goblins constantly fought amongst themselves and thus, they were too divided to represent a serious threat. To the Danzi in the region, the Elves were invaders not to be trusted. After all, lore said they were the creators of the "**Udlu-Set**" — Set's Children — the Danzi name for the canine peoples of the Great Northern Wilderness. Furthermore, the Danzi remembered how the Elves turned their backs on them after the defeat of the Old Ones, and millennia later, the battles between Elf and Dwarf raged on these very shores, catching the Danzi in the middle and costing many their lives. So, both the Elf and Dwarf were to be avoided and looked upon with disdain.

Hundreds of years later, human immigrants from the crumbling remains of the Western Empire began arriving. At first, they too avoided the Elves and Dwarves, wishing instead to create their own towns and villages where they could live under their own laws and customs. The **Orcs** and Goblins, led by Ogres who had also moved to the east, were quick to strike at the unprepared and ill-defended human settlements. The Elves and Dwarves, struggling with their own problems, could do little to help the beleaguered humans, and before they knew it, the initial settlements were burned and the settlers butchered.

A second wave of human settlers arrived, but this time some of the immigrants joined the Elf and Dwarf towns. The settlers who tried to make it on their own were again butchered by the malevolent monster races. Confident of their supremacy, the **Orc** and Goblin hordes reveled in their victories and feasted on the bones of the defeated. Thus, they were unprepared for the united army from the **Elven** and **Dwarven** towns, humans among them, that swept down upon the savages with a vengeance. Within a year, the barbarians had been driven into the Ogre strongholds at the base of the **Bruu-Ga-Belimar** mountains. The Ogres' forces, reinforced by Trolls and **Algor** Giants, first held and then repulsed the combined armies. The warring moved to the coasts where more settlements burned.

Attracted by the killing and looting, the Snarling Tooth **Coyle** horde joined the Ogres and helped in the sacking of the Elven town of **Shorlea**, midway down the coast. Elf, Dwarf and human fought valiantly and inflicted grievous injury upon their enemy, but they were simply out-numbered and began to falter. Within the walls of **Kadaskome**, the last surviving stronghold, they prepared for what seemed to be their last stand. As the enemy descended upon the combined army, a fourth people joined the battle against the barbarians. The Danzi had enough difficulty holding themselves back from joining the battle as it was. True, the humans, Elves and Dwarves were outsiders come to settle in Danzi lands, but they did not deserve the fate the monsters were forcing upon them. When the hated Coyles joined the fray, it was more than the Danzi could tolerate. The "**Udlu-Set**" and their allies had gotten too strong and too bold, and it was time they were culled.

Suddenly the haughty monsters found themselves caught between the mixed legions within **Kadaskome** and the Danzi tribe behind them. The people of **Kadaskome** seized the opportunity and pressed the battle, pushing their attackers back, back into the woods where the Danzi were hacking them to pieces. The Coyles were the first to break ranks, not that it helped them. Shortly thereafter, panic divided the barbarians, they scattered and were utterly defeated. Not a single Ogre, Troll, or Giant left the field alive, the rest fleeing into the wilderness. The settlements along the Inland Sea were rebuilt once more, this time as a concerted effort between human, Elf and Dwarf. The war had shown them that they were strongest together. It was a lesson

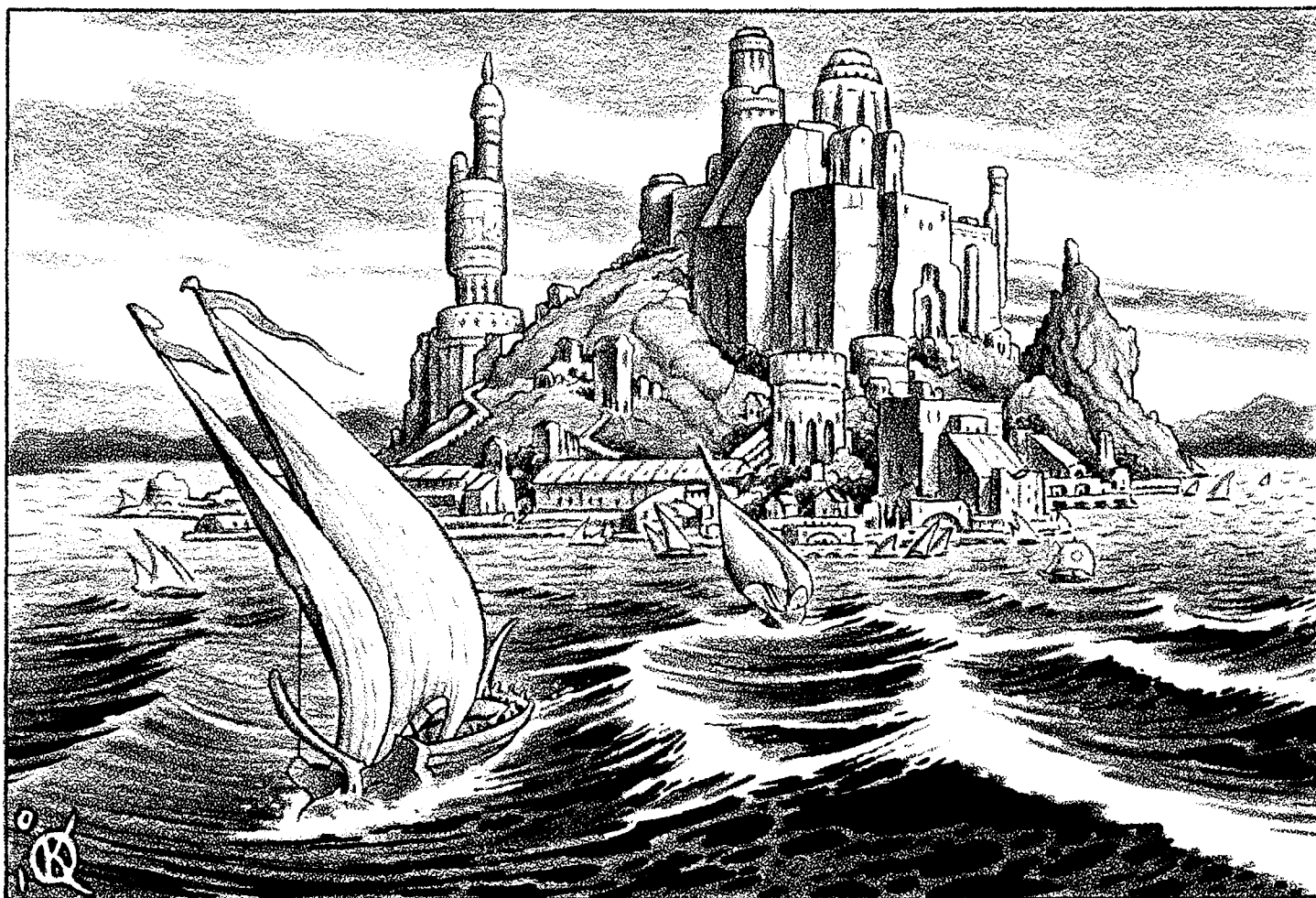
they would never forget. The Elves and Dwarves still remained aloof toward each other, but there was a new bond and (grudging) respect for one another. The **Danzi** retreated back into the woodlands, but they too had seen what solidarity could accomplish, and respected the courage shown by the settlers. They were, perhaps, not so different or bad after **all**, these people from the south. Perhaps some could be trusted, even called "friend."

Conflict and skirmishes between the "civilized people" and the so-called "monster races" would persist, such is the volatility of the region, but the three - and sometimes the Danzi as a fourth — would stand together against all comers. Still, the alliance nearly toppled against the might of the Wolfen invasion. The Coyles returned, this time with Wolfen. All totaled, they were over 300,000 strong and bent on the destruction of their long-time adversary, the Danzi, and all other invaders of "Wolfen" land. Once more the towns of the Inland Sea were razed and the people forced to flee south. This time, there was no Danzi cavalry to come to the rescue, as they were being savaged in the forest by the Wolfen who used the same guerilla-style tactics and fought with relentless tenacity. For every Wolfen or **Coyle** slain, five would seem to take his place. It was a bad time, and while humans, Elves, Dwarves and Danzi had their victories, their fates seemed doomed. The canine horde moved down the coast, destroying everything in their path. Finally, their rampage came to end at the location where the city of **Llorn** would one day be erected. The terrible onslaught had lasted six months, the Wolfen horde had suffered but held the winning hand. Then, it is said, the gods smiled on man, and the

canines turned on each other. Internal squabbling and infighting divided their forces and crushed their strength. The majority of canines abandoned the fight at Llorn, and withdrew, some heading south, others turned north. Those who remained or strayed toward other targets were easily defeated. The main force moved south and overwhelmed the **Dwarven** city of Kadaskome, before turning their anger on the settlements along the Great River, but the wind had gone out of their sails and their campaign of rage and destruction would soon come to a bloody conclusion.

After the barbarian horde left, the survivors along the coast slowly began to rebuild anew. They moved back up the coast to **reinhabit** the ruins of their former homes but never again would the Inland Sea thrive as it had before the Wolfen invasion. The **city of Llorn** was built over the site where the gods had smiled upon the people, and it would become the largest metropolis in the East. The city of Kadaskome was never rebuilt, although a **Llornian** castle fortress rests on her bones. A sentinel against Orcish incursions from the Old Kingdom across the river.

Today, the coast is dotted with small towns, most dependent on fishing **and/or** the sea trade for their survival and Llorn for their protection. Most are part of the Llorn city-state, a veritable kingdom that lays claim to over 15,000 square miles (39,000 km) of territory along the coast of the Inland Sea. The total population of some 800,000 people gives this "city-state" more people than the **island nation of Bizantium**. In fact, the **city of Llorn**, with its 250,000 inhabitants, is the largest city in the Eastern Territory.





The Grand Canal

The Grand Canal is one of the greatest accomplishments of the modern world. It was a joint venture between **Llorn** and **Hadrian's Cove**, giving each city the right to charge toll for any vessel entering the canal at their respective end. Located 50 miles (80 km) northwest of Hadrian's Cove is Veil Lake, the highest point on the canal. It is kept full by immensely powerful magic circles placed on the lake floor. From the lake, water flows to the *Great River* in the southeast and to the *Inland Sea* in the west. The small Merchants' Guild run town of Neven, on the shores of the lake, caters to travelers on the canal and those adventurous souls eager to explore the unmapped depths of the Disputed Lands to the east. The canal runs a full 150 miles (240 km) and follows the track of an older canal system that predates the Age of Elves. Even with much of the ground work **laid**, the building of the canal took 15 years to complete, with the aid of scores of Earth and Water Warlocks. Today, 1,000 workers and a dozen Earth and Water Warlocks are employed by both **Llorn**

and Hadrian's Cove to maintain the canal and to dredge the water-bed of silt. Using a combination of Elemental Magic and science, the **Llornian** end of the canal features the world's largest and most complex system of gears and pulleys to operate the gigantic sea lock that raises vessels more than 80 feet (24.4 m) up the side of the sea cliff. One hundred miles (160 km) of chain, controlled by immense steel gears 40 feet (12 m) across, run throughout miles of tunnels beside or beneath the canal. Water Warlocks raise and lower the water levels and scoop out the silt that threatens to make the immense doors stick shut.

The canal toll at Llorn is 10 gold pieces per ton of cargo "capacity" (a fee set by the Merchants' Guild representative). Thus, an Eastern mercantile with a maximum cargo capacity of 50 tons would pay 500 gold pieces. Note that the toll is the same whether the vessel is actually carrying cargo or not. Naturally, non-guild members generally pay double. Hadrian's Cove adds an additional 20 gold fee for any vessel wishing to use their locks.

Llorn

Member of the Domain of Man.

Population: 250,000

Human: 75%

Dwarves: 15%

Kobolds: 5%

Elves: 4%

Other: 1%

Military: 13,000 (+8,000 mercenaries)

Major Temples:

Sect of Rurga

Church of Light and Dark

Church of Light

Cult of Set

Ruler: Duke Githeon VasPasseon the 12th, 8th level **Palladin** of the **Mistoan Order**.

Coinage: Aggon (1 silver piece, worth 1/10th of a gold), Mark (1 gold piece), Dross (10 GP), Ne-Dross (100 GP).

Flag: An eagle with its wings spread, holding a sword in its talons, on a crimson field.

The actual city of Llorn is located on the eastern shore of the Inland Sea and is easily the greatest military power in the Eastern Territory, far **outreaching** the inexperienced, and sometimes feeble, Dominion **Army**. The city began during the canine invasion 580 years ago as nothing more than a refugee camp established within the ruins of an old settlement. The courageous last stand and three day defense of the **camp** against the great Wolfen horde is still sung about in ballads today. When the Wolfen gave up and withdrew, it was seen as a sign from the gods, and the spot ordained to be the site of a new (blessed) city.

The next 200 years saw the settlement blossom into a thriving city despite constant struggle, against the **Orc**, Goblin and Ogre tribes in the region, the **Bonriga** Ogres in particular. It was not until the city defenders launched an offensive by a young renegade noble and his entourage from the Western Empire, that the city finally succeeded in driving the Ogres and their minions

back into the tumbled forests of the Howling Lands. That young noble was Duke Mistoan **VanPasseon**, who, forty years later, helped pen the Charter of Dominion.

Today, the gleaming walls of Llorn jut high above the inland sea. Its buildings are primarily constructed of wood and stone with red tile roofs, although the buildings in The Sprawl are mostly made of wood. Llorn lays claim to an extensive piece of land extending 70 miles (112 km) north of the city, west some 150 miles (240 km) to the Great River and south another 50 miles (80 km) to the shores of the Old Kingdom River. A series of stone towers define the southern border, each 20 miles (32 km) apart, to defend against the occasional marauding band of barbarians from the Old Kingdom. A full third of the Llornian army is permanently garrisoned along the southern border, and each member of the famed *Llornian Mercenaries* must perform combat **training** on the fringes of the Howling Lands **and/or** the Old Kingdom frontier. Likewise, the northern border is similarly fortified, though only one in three towers have been completed, and until recently, only a skeleton garrison force had been in place.

The eastern border is the most settled by independent **communities** not part of the growing Llorn Kingdom, the city of Hadrian's Cove at the end of the Grand Canal being the most notable.

The city is surrounded by a 40 foot (12.2 m) tall, 25 foot (7.6 m) thick curtain wall and patrolled by sentries at all times. There are four gates in the wall, the *Gold Gate* on the north leading into the Market District, the *Victory Gate* on the east leading into the Low District, the *South Gate* in The Sprawl, and the *Sea Gate* dividing the Sea District from the Market District which is outside the wall. The gates are immense stone affairs with numerous portcullis, murder holes, and wards. Each gatehouse has a contingent of soldiers never fewer than 15, that includes a pair of sorcerers (typically Wizards, Warlocks or Psi-Mystics) and a mid-level (4-7) Mind Mage. In addition, there are three scribes

responsible for recording each traveler's name, and their business in **Llorn**, as well as, the collecting the entrance tax, and issuing visitor passes.

Entrance Tax: 20 gold

Weapon License: 15 gold per weapon per day.

Magic Practitioner Registry: 250 gold (a pass is provided to gain entry to the High District).

Psionics Registry: 150 gold (a pass is provided to gain entry to the High District).

Residents of Llorn are not required to pay the entrance tax. When the scribes inquire about residency, some people will be known to them, while it is up to the Mind Mage to determine the rest, as well as the truthfulness to the answers of any questions. In the event that the Mind Mage can not make a determination, it is assumed that the individual in question is lying and will be charged the entry tax. Merchants who are on the Merchants' Guild rolls are reimbursed this tax at the Guild House in the Market Quarter.

The weapon license must be purchased for a specific time period and there are no refunds. Thus, if an adventurer chooses to license their sword for a week and then leaves after only two days, they lose the entire amount. "Unlicensed" weapons must stay under lock and key while their owner is in the city. Any blade weapon longer than four inches must be registered, as must all blunt, chain, spears and bow weapons. Failure to have a valid weapon license will result in a fine of 500 gold and confiscation of the weapon for the first offense. A second offense results in a fine of 1,000 gold and the individual can never receive a weapon license again (i.e. all weapons must be checked at the gate). A third offense is grounds for either a prison term or permanent expulsion from the city. Weapons that are licensed are given a strip of red cloth (the cloth is stamped and signed by the individual issuing it) which must be tied to the item in a prominent location. Anyone carrying a weapon that does not display the red cloth is virtually guaranteed to be **confronted** by the local guard.

Both the magic and psionic registries are kept at the **Brotherhood** of Magic guild house located in the High District. The pass given at the gate allows four hours for the visitor to make lodging arrangements and report to the guild house. Arriving late, or being caught practicing magic or psionics after the pass has expired, means a fine of 500 gold. Men of magic who plan on staying in Llorn for an extended period, or who plan on coming and going a lot, are strongly encouraged to join the Brotherhood.

There is no **psionics'** guild but a Psychic Resident Registration can be purchased at the Brotherhood of Magic guild house for 500 gold. This allows the psychic to legally practice freely in the city, and to come and go as often as he would like. The Psychic Resident Registration must be renewed each year. There is no Resident Registration for practitioners of magic. More information on the Brotherhood of Magic can be found later.

Llorn is a very organized place, where thorough records are kept for nearly everything and most things are taxed. Game Masters are encouraged to be creative in levying taxes on player characters. Llorn is a great place to purchase all manner of goods too, but be forewarned, it is an expensive place to visit.

The Districts of Llorn

Llorn is divided into seven districts; the *Low District*, *Travelers' District*, *Temple District*, *Market District*, *Sea District*, *Arena District* and the *High District*. Each has its own tax rate, police force and representatives on the Citizens' Advisory Council (an assembly of individuals who are supposed to act as liaisons between the citizens of Llorn and Duke VasPasseon). There is also a boom town that has grown up outside the city walls and is subject to the same laws as the inner city but without the entry and weapons taxes. Men of magic and psychics are still required to register, however, but without a fee.

Low District (a.k.a. "The Sprawl")

The Low District lies south of the Grand Canal and is home to the poor, the newly arrived, travelers, thieves, spies and vagrants. The Low District is divided roughly in half by a 20 foot (6 m) stone wall known simply as "The Wall." On the east side are the residences and businesses of those who are just barely holding on. It is also where most of the **taverns**, **pawnshops**, houses of prostitution and the many gambling establishments are located. This section of the Low District is fed a steady, if not overabundant, supply of gold from travelers who enter the Victory Gate. Several three star inns line *Victory Way*, competing for travelers' business. On the west side of The Wall is a tangled maze of crisscrossing roads and dark alleys where the destitute and the desperate reside. Also known as "The Sprawl," it is a rough place where gangs roam the streets, crooks hawk their ill-gotten gains on street corners and alleys, beggars plead for money, and a scarf or pair of shoes is more valuable than a man's life. The police in The Sprawl are only a little more honorable and capable than the gangs and lowlifes, extorting businesses to pay a special "police maintenance" fee to enjoy the dubious benefits of police protection. Not surprisingly, the thieves' guild maintains its headquarters here in the Low District where it can operate with little interference or intrusion by the law; after all, they pay a handsome "police maintenance" fee for the law to look the other way.

1) **Old Crow Brewery:** This three story, all stone building is a rarity among the shabby, one and two story wood houses of The Sprawl. Its walls, although dirty and chipped, are strong and solid, with thick iron bars covering the few windows on the lower two levels. Old Crow brew is very popular in Llorn, and exported as far away as the **Timiro** Kingdom, and has recently begun appearing in the Western Empire. The highly profitable business is a front for the local thieves' guild. It allows a lot of activity in and out of the building without attracting any unnecessary attention. Furthermore, beer kegs are an ideal vessel for transporting stolen property in and out of the city, and as far as the Empire of Sin. This makes the brewery a big-time smuggling operation that represents one third of the **Guild's** annual income. The current Guild Master is known only as, "The Man." No one knows who The Man is, but he has been in charge for over four decades. He never sees visitors, always sends others in his place, and is the master of discretion. What is known about The Man is that nothing happens in Llorn that he does not know about first. His knowledge of the inner workings of the city has led some to believe that he is really an agent of the Duke, if not the Duke himself!

2) **The Crooked Dog (**½ inn)**: The nicest inn in The Sprawl is located near the *South Gate*. It is very popular with the mercenaries stationed on the other side of the wall as well as visiting adventurers. The Crooked Dog is owned by **Krum Rothgut** and his four sons **Tage**, **Brane**, **Gart** and **Denin**. The prices are steep for the Low District, but the food is good, the portions large, and none of them can be bribed to poison a guest.

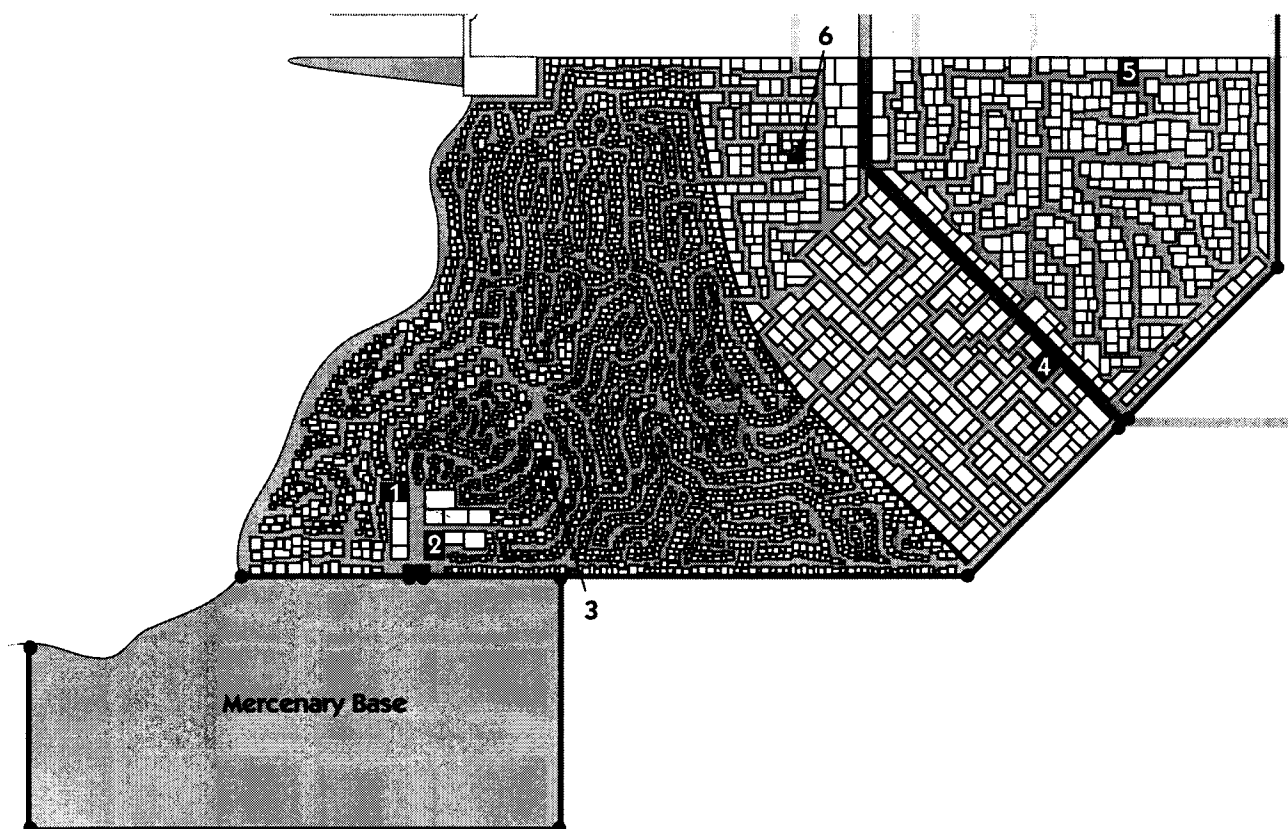
A cot in the common room is the cheapest way to stay, costing only a single mark (one gold piece), but the company is rough, the smell of humanity strong, and theft is common. For a dross (10 gold), a traveler can have a private room although it does not include bedding or a lock on the door. The best choice is to pay three dross (30 gold) for a private room with a lock, clean (though stained) bedding, and a choice of dinner or breakfast. (**Krum Rothgut**, male Dwarf, 6th level **Llornian** Mercenary, retired, and 8th level Merchant. Scrupulous; I.Q. 13, M.E. 8, M.A. 9, P.S. 17, P.P. 14, P.E. 18, P.B. 8, Spd. 5; only has one leg.) Krum grew up in **Llorn** with his father, a successful armor smith, dreaming of the day he could travel to the Old Kingdom Mountains to reclaim the fabled family hall of **Crolm-Deep**. Against his father's wishes, Krum left home and joined the Llornian Mercenary Corps in hopes he could travel into the Old Kingdom and find the lost ruins of his homeland. His unit was attacked by Coyles while patrolling the Disputed Lands and he lost his left leg. Unable to face his father, the disheartened and bitter Dwarf took possession of a large stone building in The Sprawl, near the South Gate. Using his savings, he renovated it and has spent the past 40 years catering to off-duty militia men, mercenaries and adventurers. He has surprised himself by finding a certain peace in his life and has come to enjoy being an innkeeper and family man.

3) **Venner the Herbalist**: Venner is an elderly human male who makes his living growing and selling all manner of medicinal herbs. Few in The Sprawl can afford to pay tithes for the aid

of clergy or healers, so they depend upon Venner and others like him. The herbalist also happens to be a member of the secretive **Thanatos** organization and specializes in creating poisons (see the *City of Kaash* for more information on the Thanatos). He charges twice the standard rate for his poisons, but they do 30% more damage and victims suffer a -2 modifier to their save versus poison roll.

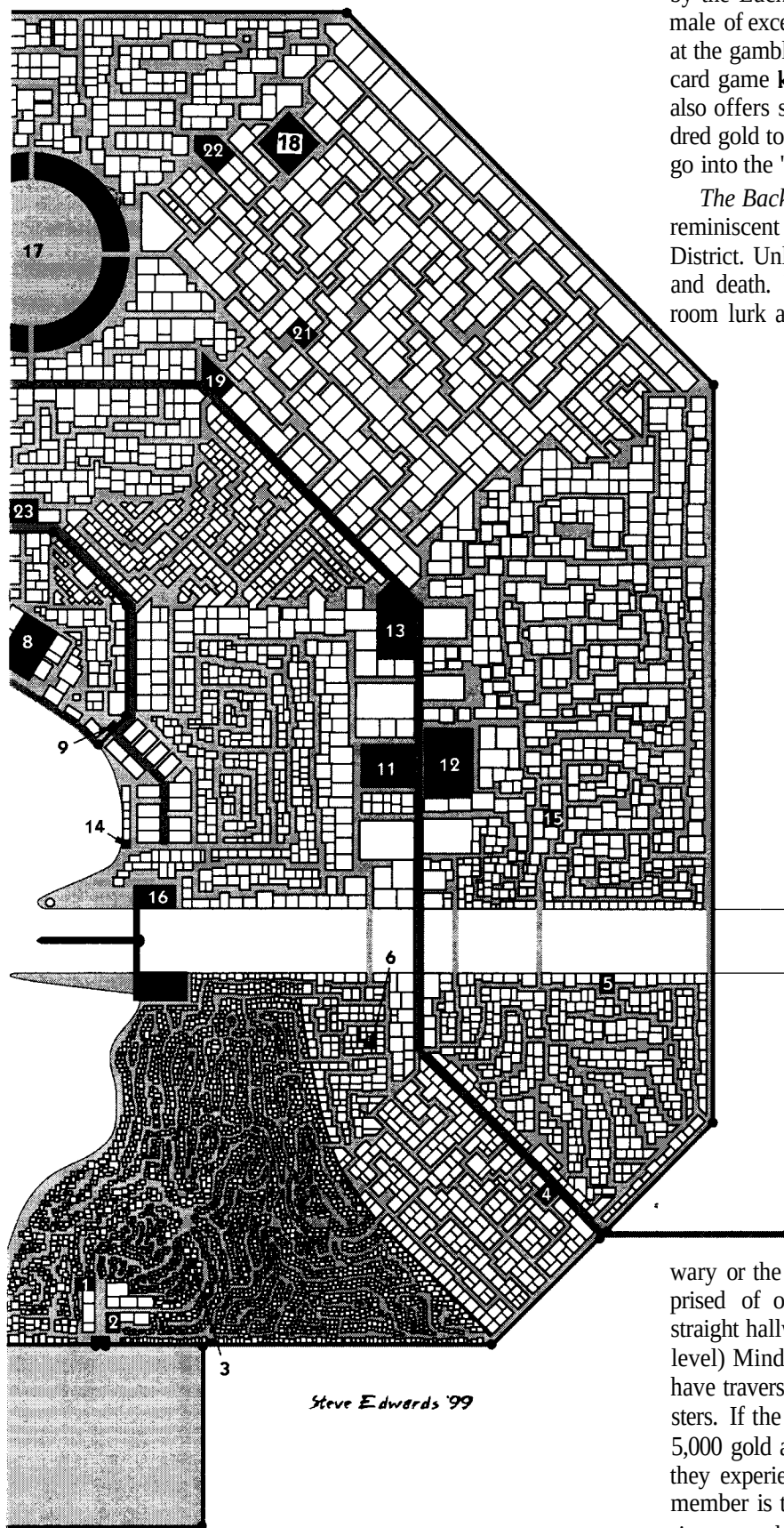
Venner appears to be an eccentric, but likable old man who dotes on his herb garden like a mother over her children. Many think him to be senile, as he talks to his plants and has even named most of them. In reality, he is very intelligent with a mind as quick as a trap and reflexes to match. If approached by player characters wishing to purchase poisons he will initially feign ignorance, hiding behind a mask of hurt pride. If properly motivated, namely a large bribe, he will admit that he has access to "some odds and ends," but it will take him a day or two to get them. In truth, he has a ready supply on hand but will not reveal this nor his connection to the Thanatos. Should the player characters run afoul of the Thanatos, they may well discover how deadly Venner can be. (**Venner**, human male, 10th level Assassin, Aberrant, I.Q. 17, M.E. 10, M.A. 18, P.S. 10, P.P. 22, P.E. 13, P.B. 9, Spd. 14.)

4) **Weary Journeyman (***)**: The Weary Journeyman is a four story wood and stone building strategically located along *Victory Way*. Although not as luxurious as some of the inns in the Merchant District, the Weary Journeyman makes up for it in services provided to new arrivals to **Llorn**. In addition to the usual services and accommodations for a three star inn, the Weary Journeyman also provides a guide to the city at only a minimal cost; two marks to take a character most anywhere in the city, two dross (20 gold) for an entire day. The only real drawback to the inn is that it is not a "registered member" of the Merchants' Guild, so it does not provide Merchants' Guild Members their customary discount. Otherwise, guests will find



Llorn





the rooms reasonably clean, the food well prepared and the atmosphere pleasant and safe.

5) Lucky Lady: The Lucky Lady is the largest and most successful of the Low District gambling houses. The business is run by the Lucky Lady herself, *Morgaine Ravenlocke*, a human female of exceptional charm and beauty. The knowledgeable staff at the gambling house is equipped to play just about any dice or card game **known**. In addition to the usual games of chance, it also offers select clients (namely anyone who has a couple hundred gold to play and does not have psionics) the opportunity to go into the "Back Room."

The Back Room is really the basement of the building and is reminiscent of "the Maze," a popular establishment in the Arena District. Unlike the Maze, the Back Room is full of both danger and death. Within the shifting corridors of the labyrinth-like room lurk all manner of foul traps and beasts to catch the un-

wary or the unlucky client. In reality, the Back Room is comprised of only a half dozen nondescript rooms with short, straight hallways connecting them. A team of high level (7-10th level) Mind Mages and Illusionists make the client believe they have traversed miles of twisting passages fraught with vile monsters. If the client makes it through the maze alive, they win 5,000 gold and a Mind Wipe so they don't remember anything they experience to tip off other future contestants. All they remember is the vague memory of endless twisting corridors, excitement, challenge and the thrill of winning the prize. Those who fail in the contest do not die, as the customers are initially

led to believe, but are **teleported** to a back alley deprived of all their valuables (gold, jewelry, rare weapons and magic items) with the implanted memory that they were beset by priests of **Rurga** for their "sins," beaten, robbed and tossed in a heap. They have no memory of the "Back Room," although characters with a P.E. of 15 or higher will remember something about a maze and just have the feeling that something isn't right. Whenever somebody says the words, "back room," the character will jerk to attention as if it should mean something, only he can't quite remember what. Meeting Morgaine Ravenlocke or one of her Mind Mages or Illusionists (all aberrant evil) will leave the character with the feeling they have met before and that they can't be trusted, but nothing more. Note: Remember, Morgaine and her henchmen never send fellow psychics to the back room, although characters with minor or major psionics aren't usually powerful enough to be excluded.

When Morgaine is not running the gambling house, she spends much of her free time with Duke VasPasseon! For the past year the Duke and Morgaine have had a secret though very steamy affair. Only a few of the Duke's personal guards have learned of the relationship and these have been conditioned by **Morgaine's** Mind Mages to forget what they know. In truth, Morgaine is slowly trying to corrupt the Duke, first by having the Sect of Rurga banned from the palace to hide her deceptions, and now she is working on capturing his soul.

Morgaine Ravenlocke, nickname Lucky Lady (Quick Stats)

Race: Really a female **Raksasha**, Greater Demon!

Real name: Zeldiba

Attributes: I.Q. 17, M.A. 19, M.E. 16, P.S. 25, P.P. 18, P.E. 21, P.B. 18, Spd. 50

Hit Points: 61, **S.D.C.:** 100

Natural Armor Rating: 10

P.P.E.: 500; I.S.P.: 240. For more information on the powers of the Raksasha, see page 325 *Palladium Fantasy RPG® 2nd Ed.* Morgaine usually appears as a striking human female in her early thirties, standing five feet (1.5 m) tall. She wears a pendant around her neck that disguises her supernatural aura.

6) Tusker's Den: The Tusker's Den alehouse is a squat, one story, all wood building nestled on a dead-end road. The exterior is covered in peeling, drab gray paint with no windows at all. The inside has a low ceiling with widely spaced oil lamps that disguise more than they illuminate. Unlike most alehouses, the **Tusker's Den** has only a single circular bar in the center of the common room with tiny booths ringing it. The only other furnishing of note is a small barrel nailed three feet (0.9 m) up the wall next to the door, with a narrow slit in the top.

The owner of the alehouse is Razler **Grummgobbler**, a lean, weaselly faced Goblin who has done a surprisingly good job of keeping the business open. Razler employs a trio of Goblin cooks ("no, you don't want to know what's in the stew") and five more to run the circular bar. The only non-Goblin employees are the half dozen human waitresses and a pair of truly gigantic **Orc** bouncers (both with a P.S. of 24).

The **Tusker's Den** is the place to go if one wants to get in touch with the thieves' guild or any other illegal service (including smugglers, slavers, assassins and even **Venner** the poisoner). Most nights the Den is full of cutthroats and other unsavory characters from **Llorn's** dark side. If asked, the staff will sell the

characters a drink and then instruct them to write down the service required, their names, and where they are staying, and slip it, along with a monetary deposit, into the barrel on the wall. The barrel is a magical device that **teleports** the requests to an inn in the Merchants' District where the request is sent on to the thieves' guild to be scrutinized and the requesters "checked out." If everything looks okay, the guild will make contact within two or three days. By keeping the barrel up, Razler enjoys the guild's protection (friends in low places) and a guarantee that the alehouse will always have customers.

Sea District

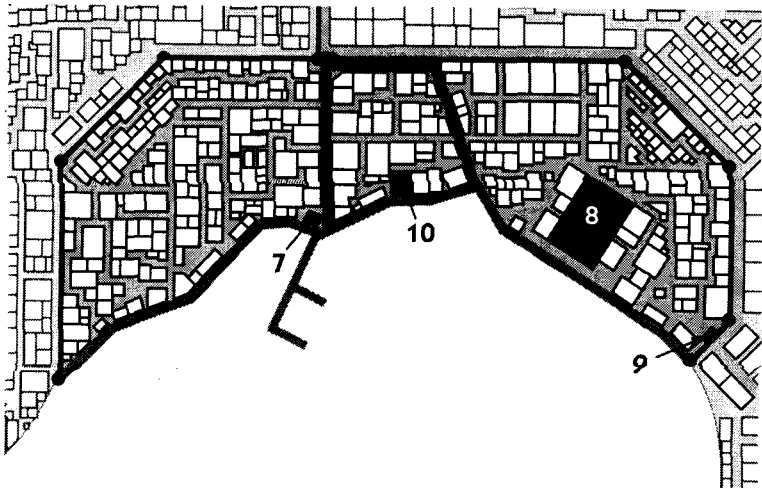
The Sea District squats next to the Bay of **Llorn**, a mile wide (1.6 km) stretch of water with a scant 800 foot wide (244 m) entrance. The bay offers excellent protection for ships from the frequent storms that rage across the Inland Sea. Fortifications that line either side of the bay entrance are poised with a combination of catapults, ballista and magic to sink any invader foolish enough to make a run on the port. The Sea District is a rough and tumble seaport with weather-beaten wood and stone structures crammed onto the narrow stretch of land that slopes down from the city walls to the bay. *The Sea Road* begins at the well-kept piers, makes a circle through the heart of the district and enters the city proper through the Sea Gate, 80 feet (24.4 m) above sea level. The road itself, like the Gold Road and Victory Way, is made of dressed stone and is a consistent 60 feet wide (18.3 m). Otherwise, the roads in the Sea District are narrow with drab gray buildings looming on either side.

This district is home to a plethora of cheap alehouses, tattoo parlors, noisy inns, houses of ill repute and the usual assortment of stores, shops, eateries and warehouses. The piers are too small to support the steady stream of sailing vessels that frequent Llorn, so many ships must anchor in the harbor and then have their supplies and passengers shuttled ashore. Any vessels wanting to make use of the Grand Canal must stop at the *Port Master's Office* to pay the toll and pick up a "lock pilot." The lock pilot accompanies every vessel using the gigantic sea lock to assure neither the lock nor the boat is damaged.

7) Port Master's Office: The Port Master's Office is a tall stone tower where port taxes, canal tolls and ship registries are kept. Every vessel that enters or leaves the Bay of Llorn is recorded in the ship registries, along with its cargo and destination. Failure to report to the Port Master results in a hefty fine. Lock pilots are assigned from here to any vessel wishing to use the Sea Lock.

8) Kenington Shipyards: As the only shipyard of any size in Llorn, the **Keningtons** have a virtual monopoly on shipbuilding in the city. Although lacking the technology of the **Lopan** shipyards, the Keningtons make good quality **mercantiles** and have just been awarded a contract from the city to build two dozen standard-sized and four giant war galleys. In addition to their large seagoing vessels, the Keningtons offer an assortment of lifeboats, rowboats and a small sailboat virtually identical to the South Winds' jungle boat.

9) Elevator: The chain and pulley elevator is run by city officials who charge a minimal fee of 20 gold pieces for a full 5 ton load. This saves several hours of transit through the city to the warehouses 80 feet (24.4 m) up the cliff face in the Temple District. Quick-thinking adventurers wishing to get into Llorn



quietly may be able to bribe the elevator operators (both bribery and entry into the city by the elevator is illegal), or simply stow away in one of the cargo lifts or cargo crates being transported. Trips down to the sea quarter via the elevator are more common and are an easy way for the operators to make a few extra coins.

10) Sea Hag: A rough and tumble sailor's tavern, it is built from sea-swept wood overlooking the piers. Raucous laughter and poor lute music continually emanate from the building's shuttered windows. Owned and operated by *Lilith Haggensfrass* (human female, equivalent to a 3rd level Mercenary Warrior), the Sea Hag is a favorite haunt for visiting sailors, and more than one song has been composed about the rowdy antics of the clientele. Lilith is the widow of the infamous *Sea Wolf*, a pirate who roamed the Inland Sea robbing fisherman and merchant ships. His vessel was sunk by a galley from *Lopan*, but his body was never found. Every evening when the Sea Hag really begins hopping, Lilith slips out to the pier and silently stares out at the mouth of the bay.

Temple District

The Temple District is home to too many different churches and religions found in *Llorin*. The buildings are usually well kept stone structures, with clean streets. It is obviously one of the more prosperous parts of the city, however, there is a subtle tension among the people who live here. With so many different temples in one area, many with radically different outlooks on the world, it creates serious tension, and confrontations between the various churches are common. In most cases, people stay to their own neighborhoods, avoiding those who don't share their beliefs. Once out of the Temple District, much of the tension drains away and people who would be enemies at home can walk and work side by side peacefully. The largest of the temples are made of imported stone and wood. They are slavishly maintained by the clergy and pious volunteers. Walking up *Victory Way* between the towering cathedrals with their stained glass windows, statues of the gods, manicured gardens and chiming bells will impress any but the most cynical visitor. The buildings off *Victory Way Road* are mostly small shops that serve the temples and lower middle-class residences, many offering religious jewelry, statuary, prayer books, incense, candles and similar items.

11) Barracks of Rurga: The Barracks of Rurga in *Llorin* is exceptionally large with enough room for 400 warriors to spar at the same time. At its peak, the Barracks boasted just over 800

members; mostly comprised of soldiers, mercenaries, and their families. Adding to its influence in the city, the Captain, Robert **Durnan**, served as a royal advisor. The Duke was even considering joining the Sect before he got involved with **Morgaine**. Then, to everyone's surprise, Captain Durnan was dismissed from the Duke's service after being accused of embezzling from the royal coffers. Even though he was never convicted of the crime, the Captain was asked to step down. He complied to keep the peace and avoid a scandal for his liege. Since then, the Sect's membership has dropped by 30%. The Captain is very bitter towards the Duke (he was never told his accuser was really Morgaine) and has already sent messages to **Dain-Rurga** asking to be transferred. Instead of transferring him, however, a Lady Erica Scott, Holy Palladin of Rurga, arrived (**Lady Scott:** female human, 6th level Holy Palladin, **Principled**, I.Q. 14, M.E. 12, M.A. 18, P.S. 18, P.P. 22, P.E. 18, P.B. 12, Spd. 15). The Holy Palladin does not know why she was led to *Llorin*. Several times, she has felt a fleeting supernatural evil presence while wandering in the Low District, but has been unable to find its source. If **Morgaine's** true identity is revealed, the Holy Palladin will stop at nothing to destroy her, even if it pits the Sect against *Llorin*. However, Morgaine is not the only supernatural being to roam the streets of *Llorin*, and others may be wrongly **implicated** for her crimes. (**Capt. Durnan:** male human, 8th level Priest of Light, **Principled**, I.Q. 12, M.E. 11, M.A. 15, P.S. 12, P.P. 13, P.E. 15, P.B. 11, Spd. 13).

The Barracks offers healing to members for free so long as the injury is battle-related. Non-members can receive healing for a donation of 50 gold but again, only if the injury is **battle-re-**



lated. The sect never heals anyone of a Miscreant or Diabolic alignment.

12) Temple of Light and Dark: A large and ornate edifice, larger than is needed. Of the nearly 10,000 Llornians who are on the Church's rolls, a mere 2,500 actually attend services. Bishop Rose Nodeki, head of the Church's entire Eastern arm, has come to the city several times over the past three years in an effort to motivate them. The efforts have been in vain. As is the case most everywhere in the East, the people are polarized toward good or evil. There is little room for the open-minded acceptance necessary for an all-encompassing church like the Church of Light and Dark where gods of both persuasions share equal status.

The Church is always open to new members. In an effort to increase support, they have taken to offering their healing services for free to members of the Church and requiring a mere 5 gold donation for non-members.

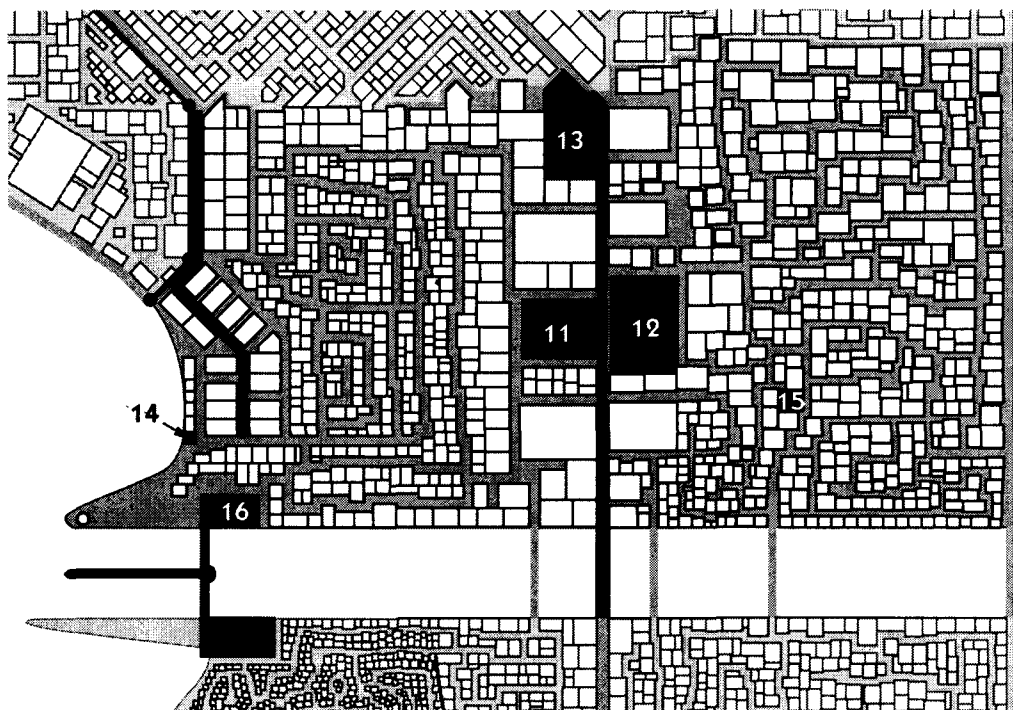
13) Temple of Light: Far and away the most successful church in Llorn, the Church of Light has three-quarters of the city's population (188,000 people) on its rolls. The temple is nowhere near large enough to house the entire congregation, so it is forced to offer services all around the clock during holy days, and still has to send priests to smaller temples that are scattered across the city. The Church of Light is adamant that they are a separate and distinct religious body from the struggling Church of Light and Dark. (**High Priest Luthar:** human, male, 9th level Priest of Light, Principled, I.Q. 17, M.E. 14, M.A. 12, P.S. 11, P.P. 14, P.E. 14, P.B. 15, Spd. 14; holds the only seat on the Citizens' Advisory Council that is based on a religion rather than a District. The only other Church to hold this distinction was the Sect of **Rurga** which has recently fallen out of the Duke's favor.) The Temple offers healing to members for a 5 gold tithe and non-members for a 50 gold donation.

14) Cult of Set: The Llorn Cult of Set is a small, secretive order with a small temple overlooking the bay. The Cult is terribly disorganized and appeals mostly to the poor and downtrod-

den of The Sprawl. The Cult's only claim to power is The Sprawl street gang, *Set's Children*, who control several blocks of buildings along the sea cliff. The gang is difficult to control and only marginally under Father **Thorne's** direction. Set's Children provide the sacrificial victims that Set demands. The victims' bodies are stored in the basement of the temple, ready to be animated to defend the church. (**Father Thorne:** Elf, male, 4th level Priest of Darkness, Diabolic, I.Q. 13, M.E. 12, M.A. 8, P.S. 11, P.P. 21, P.E. 13, P.B. 23, Spd. 17).

15) House of Vald Tegor: The House of Vald Tegor is a small temple, surrounded by decorative shrubbery and flowers. Though small, the temple enjoys the patronage of some very wealthy citizens. The temple is located in the Temple District, but its followers spend most of their time in The Sprawl, assisting with public works, treating sickness, and feeding the poor. In truth, helping the poor is a minor concern. The real reason they spend so much time in The Sprawl is a clan of vampires not connected to Vald Tegor have made the place their new home, and the vampire god is not happy about it. Once the rival vampires have been disposed of, it is likely that the temple will shift its focus elsewhere. The Llorn House is presided over by Father Samuel (11th level Master Vampire, Aberrant, I.Q. 20, M.E. 17, M.A. 26, P.S. 30, P.P. 24, P.E. 22, P.B. 21, Spd. 28, see page 208 of *Palladium Book 8: The Western Empire™* for complete information on vampires). Father Samuel's undead nature is a tightly kept secret. He has not sired any vampires, at least not in Llorn. He is fed by donations from the temple's members and the occasional transient who is just passing through, so his disappearance will not draw attention.

16) Gear House: This monstrous structure houses the immense gears that operate the sea lock. The drab gray stone building has no windows and only a single door. It is damp and dark inside, and half of the cheap oil lamps spaced unevenly along the walls are out most of the time, so falling down a flight of stairs is a very real hazard. When the gears are operating, the noise is **deafening**. In the basement of the Gear House are the



entrances to the tunnels that run beneath **Llorn's** streets. They are dark, dripping places that harbor danger. Occasionally, fugitives, spies, murderers, and monsters hide out in the tunnels (accessible through overflow pipes). The recent deaths of three workers have brought a halt to operations in that tunnel section. The army and its Wizards have been unable to find the killer, although they have discovered a small cadre of a dozen Ratlings.

Market District

The Market District is the economic heart of **Llorn**. People of all stations intermingle among the shops and stores. Criers yell out news or tell of special sales and opportunities on every corner, and pick pockets are as thick as rats. The buildings are mostly two-story affairs constructed of stone with wood and plaster rooftops. In most cases, shop owners live above their shops because they are unable to afford the taxes on two buildings. Interspersed between many of the shops are the walled mansions of wealthy merchants whose privacy walls block out all but the loudest of the street noise. The streets are cleaner and quieter closest to the curtain wall where soldiers and their families reside.

17) Grand Bazaar: The Grand Bazaar is an immense marble structure that is the Llorn equivalent of a modern shopping mall, complete with a fountain and fish pool. With room for upwards of a hundred shops, many visitors to the city find they need only come to the Bazaar to find everything they want. In addition to the permanent shops, the open plaza is host to hundreds of tent stalls and carts with merchants hawking their wares. To attract business, many merchants use musicians to attract customers, others hawkers, and still others magic. Add to this the sounds of the shoppers themselves as they haggle over merchandise and the noise within the plaza is deafening.

Like most everything else in Llorn, merchants who set up shop in the Grand Bazaar are subject to a yearly tax and lease, typically 15 to 20 Ne-Dross (1,500-2,000 gold pieces) per month. The plaza space is free so most merchants who operate elsewhere in the city will have a stall here as well. The stall operators are careful not to do too well as several of the more prosperous tents have mysteriously caught fire when they threatened the business of the brick and mortar shops. The only official operating rules for these stalls are they can not set up shop until the sunlight touches the top of the fountain, and they must be out of the plaza within one glass (hour) of sundown. Failure to obey the time restriction results in a large fine, typically 1,200 marks, or loss of the merchandise in the tent, whichever is less. Following are a sample of some of the most popular permanent businesses in the Grand Bazaar.

The Steel Anvil (Dwarven weaponsmith): The Steel Anvil is operated by the cantankerous old Dwarf, Marko **Standrok** (true name Markosk) who has lived in Llorn all his life. His weapons cost twice the standard Dwarven rate, but are considered the finest in Llorn (add an additional +1 bonus to the desired bonus of the weapon, +2 for damage bonuses). **Marko's** strongest competitor, Ember Iron-eye of Iron-eye's Weaponries, was once his brightest apprentice. Marko still feels betrayed as a result of Ember moving on and opening his own business.

Iron-eye's Weaponries (Dwarven weaponsmith): Run by Ember Iron-eye (true name Emberock), Iron-eye's Weaponries consistently undercuts the Steel Anvil, charging only 50% more

than the standard Dwarven rate (as listed on page 271 of the *Palladium Fantasy RPG® 2nd Ed*). Ember finds Marko's negative attitude towards him very humorous and openly declares the old Dwarf is jealous of his skills. Customers find Ember to be friendly and helpful.

Valrun's Magic Potions & Powders (Elven alchemist): **Valrun** (true name **Valthanrune**) deals exclusively in potions, powders and oils, most of his own making. He is proud, aloof and never **haggles**, but his merchandise is the best in town. Valrun is always interested in obtaining samples of competitors' potions and will pay several thousand marks for something completely new to him.

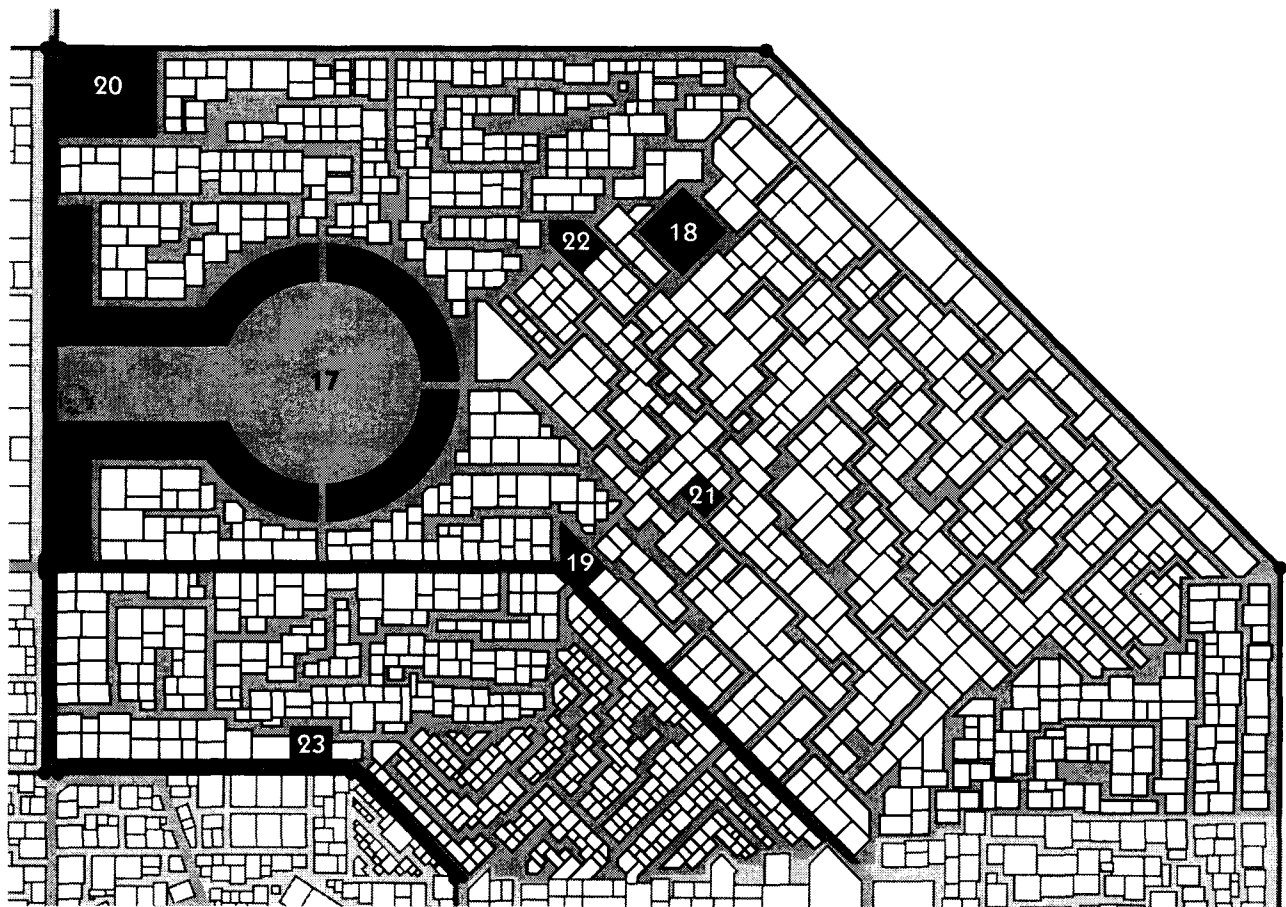
The Morning Blade (human alchemist): The Morning Blade was named after the famed long sword wielded by Duke VasPaseon and sold to him by the alchemist, **Janyce Nunburn** (not that she made it; she bought the weapon from an adventurer down on his luck). The shop owner's fortune made, she is always backlogged for several months in all areas of magic, particularly magic weapons and charms. She has recently hired another two alchemists to help catch up with the orders.

Honest Tom: (human magic merchant): Although Honest Tom sells all manner of magic items, the owner, Timothy West, is not a practitioner of magic. Instead, he purchases his merchandise from other alchemists, adventurers and through other less legal means of acquisition (one of his sources being **Morgaine**, acquired from her antics with the Back Room). Subsequently, Honest Tom charges 25% less than the standard price for much of his merchandise as he is eager to sell his stolen property before the "original" owner happens by. He is a wheeler and dealer who'll offer bigger discounts for trade and quantity purchases.

Three Ring Ranch: Offers a variety of exotic riding animals ranging from Western Empire bred horses, to **Silonars**, Gryphons, Pegasus, and **Dragonductyls**. The owner, William Haog, runs a large ranch 30 miles (48 km) north of the city where he raises and trains his unusual livestock. A fully trained **Silonar** (which means they understand humans are not food and will let a rider get situated without taking off his leg) costs 20,000 marks. A fully trained Gryphon or **Dragonductyl** costs 40,000+ marks, and a Pegasus **100,000+**. Specialized saddles are available for another 500 marks (add +5% to the Horsemanship: Exotic skill). William occasionally hires adventurers to bring him Silonar eggs from the Baalgor Wastelands and Gryphon eggs from the Old Kingdom, and he is always interested in baby exotic animals of all kinds (pays 30-50% their typical value).

Goldenbeard Armories (Dwarven armorer): Goldenbeard Armories, owned by **Thoran Goldenbeard**, is the largest supplier of both human and Dwarven made armor in Llorn. With over 70 armor smiths working for him, it is practically a factory. Thoran produces over half of the armor used by the city militia. Just the Llorn Mercenary Corps alone keeps thirty Dwarves and their assistants constantly busy. Due to the quantity of armor produced, Goldenbeard Armories charges only 25% more than the standard rate while the rest of the city charges 50% more than the listed price or more.

Mystique Tattoos: Although owned by a skilled human tattoo artist by the name of **Winion**, the **business's** claim to fame is **Tathulet**, the **Danzi Shaman** who has settled in Llorn to do work for the army. Just to meet with and talk to Tathulet for an hour



costs 100 marks, payable to **Winion**, of course. For 100,000 gold, paid in advance (15% going to Winion, and no refunds), the Shaman will *consider* giving someone a magical Spirit Tattoo. The **Danzi** questions the customer, explains the risks of the procedure and shows them the chisels and knives used in making the tattoos. If the customer is still set on getting one, the individual must sign a paper absolving Tathulet and Mystique Tattoos of any liability involved with receiving the tattoo, including death. Although he could sell more than he could keep up with, the Shaman only does one or two tattoos a month, usually limiting them to characters of good alignment. For a Danzi Shaman to even consider giving **non-Danzi** the tribal tattoos is highly unusual, and doing it for money borders on the criminal. Tathulet does this to finance military operations against the Wolfen, and sends all but the cut that goes to **Thorán** to the **E'Dehko** tribe. They use it to buy weapons and secretly hire adventurers and mercenaries to raid Wolfen encampments and generally harass the enemy.

Old World Antiquities: The business is owned by **Erthaneon** (8th level, male **Elven** merchant, aberrant) of the Black River Merchant Company, though its day to day operations are overseen by **Aaronis** (human male, 10th level scholar), a retired professor from **Thoth** University. The shop buys, sells and trades artifacts from the ancient **Dwarven** and **Elven** Empires as well as anything that can be verified as coming from period the of The Elf-Dwarf War or **earlier**, particularly from the Time of a Thousand Magicks. Everything is cleared with Erthaneon before it is sold, although the Elf trusts Aaronis to purchase genuine and quality artifacts. The business rarely runs a profit but Erthaneon doesn't care. It is an easy and legal means to procure the ancient objects that he so desires for himself.

18) Merchants' Guild House: The guild house is a large, walled estate with manicured lawns and flowering gardens. The estate consists of three buildings, only one of which is open to non-guild members. To enter the complex one must go through the Visitors' House. Here, non-guild members may come to join or to inquire about obtaining their services. The building itself is a three-story structure of wood and stone that houses offices, waiting rooms and conference chambers.

Beyond the Visitors' House are a pair of ornate stone buildings. The larger of the two is the Guild treasury, which is also the residence for the Llornian Guild Ambassador and his family, and has a dozen guest rooms. The vault where the money is kept is heavily warded and is guarded by a 4th level Mind Mage and four 3rd-6th level Soldiers. The vault door has both a key lock (the Ambassador has the key) and a combination lock. Downstairs is an extensive library with books on official trade routes and trade laws of every city and region within the Domain of Man. There is also considerable information about the practices of **Timiro**, **Bizantium** and Western merchants. The current Ambassador, **Thomas Harper** (11th level, human merchant, 65 years old, principled), is a kindly old man who has kept his keen business sense despite his age. The smaller building is home to three dozen Soldiers and four Mind Mages employed by the guild house for security. The building also houses the *Collection Department* and its accompaniment of a dozen *Master Collectors* (see the O.C.C. description elsewhere in this book) as well as 12 A-List Collectors and 24 B-List Collectors. The Llornian Collectors are on good terms with the thieves' guild because it discourages theft from the Merchants' Guild and in return, the Collectors track down and eliminate non-thieves' guild members operating in the city. Both also exchange information with one another without a fee.

19) Black Water Merchant Company: The Black Water Merchant Company is owned by the **Elven** Marthas family. The company is headquartered along the Black River, a small tributary of the Great River, and has worked the river for the past 150 years. Their solid business dealings and no-nonsense trading policies have earned them a reputation as honest and dependable merchants. The company's interests in **Llorn** are overseen by the family's second son, **Erthaneon** (8th level merchant; anarchist). Like most successful merchants in Llorn, Erthaneon enjoys the finer things his money can buy and has surrounded himself in opulence. He is particularly fond of ancient **Dwarven** and Elven artifacts dating back to the Elf-Dwarf War, both magical and mundane. More than a mere interest, Erthaneon frequently employs parties of adventurers and funds scholarly expeditions into the Old Kingdom to search for these treasures of the past. Furthermore, he has contacts in many of the local inns and with guards at the city gates. From them he quickly learns if any stranger in town is showing off a discovery. In most cases, Erthaneon will invite the individual to his mansion so he can entertain the individual, examine the artifacts and make an offer to purchase them. If it strikes his interest, he is likely to offer a ridiculous sum for the item, often two to three times more than what it is worth. If the offer is rejected and it is something he really wants, the Elf is not against sending several of his men to forcibly take it. He is primarily interested in items that relate to his Elven heritage.

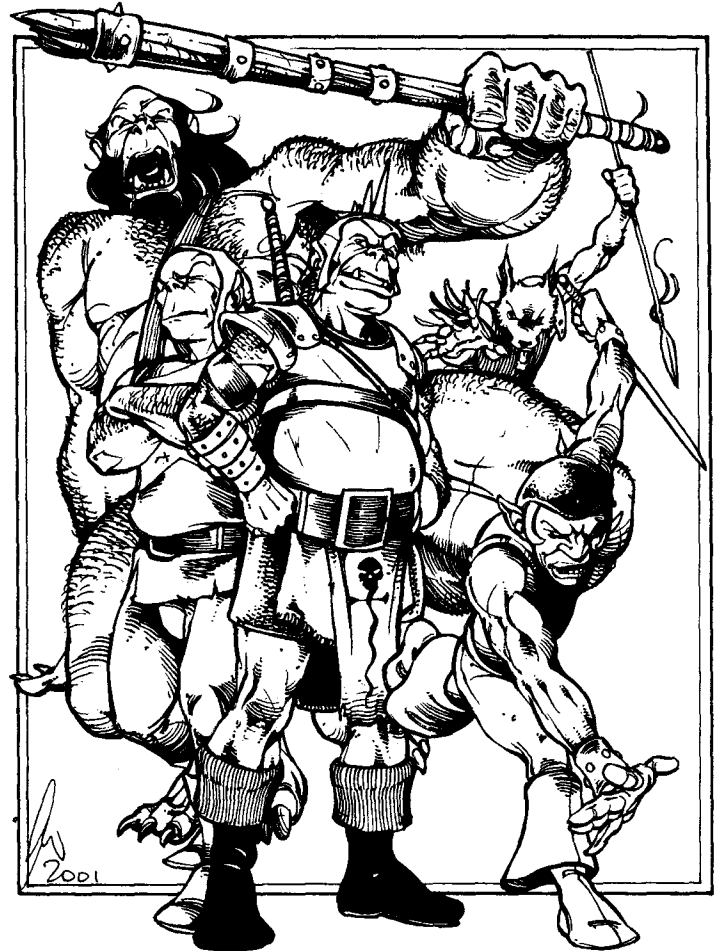
20) Gold Gate Fortress: Located next to the Gold Gate, this is the largest military facility in the city, housing 2,000 men and the city jail. It is commanded by a gray-haired Knight by the name of Sir Regwald **Firthing** (7th level Knight of the Order of the Sword). He is trim and proper, with an eye for detail and for the ladies. He is absolutely dedicated to the VasPasseons and is troubled by the growing influence **Morgaine** seems to have over the Duke.

21) Swordsmen Agency: The Swordsmen Agency provides security both within and outside Llorn. With extensive contacts with the military, the Agency is the first place merchants go to hire caravan guards. It is also a good place for adventurers to find work accompanying expeditions into the Disputed Lands, Shattered Mountains and the Old Kingdom. Essentially an employment service, the Swordsmen Agency receives a 15% commission payable by the employer when one of its clients is hired.

22) Velvet Rose (** inn):** The nicest inn in the Merchants' District, the Velvet Rose is host to the many wealthy merchants who visit the Grand Bazaar. Located just four blocks from the Merchants' Guild House, it is a convenient place to stay when the guild is having its annual business conferences. As a four-star inn, the Velvet Rose can afford to be exclusive, so unless a visitor can flash a lot of gold and act like someone of importance, they will be turned away. This suits the inn's clientele just fine as they are eager to be pampered after spending a long day rubbing elbows with the common people. The Velvet Rose boasts one of the best nightclubs in the city, bringing in popular bards, minstrels and prestidigitators from all over the Eastern Territory and beyond. It is also the favorite hang-out for members of the *Circle of the Scroll* when they are in town.

23) Green Glade Estate (Moneylender): Trestin **Oakspur** (male Gnome, 6th level Psychic Sensitive) has made his fortune knowing when and where to lend money. Potential customers

are always invariably surprised when coming to the Green Glade Estate expecting to meet a fat human encrusted in gems and silks. Instead visitors are greeted by an elderly Gnome with a wizened face and tasteful, if simple, garb. Trestin joined a band of adventurers when he was just 50 years old (barely out of his teenage years for a Gnome) and spent the next 10 years wandering the world. At the young age of 60, Trestin had made his fortune and settled in Llorn surrounded by carefully nurtured trees and gardens. Why he has chosen to make his home in a city away from his beloved forests is a mystery. Perhaps he is really just the eyes and ears for Glade. He certainly spends a lot of his free time talking to people about the "myth" concerning the Tree of Life, and how foolish it is to risk life and limb trying to find something that does not exist. Trestin recently lost a sizable investment when a river barge loaded with Western glassware disappeared near **Kaash**. The Gnome suspects crooks in the dark city are responsible. For the time being, he is smarting from the loss and hasn't lent out much money since. Note: He is friends with the Danzi Shaman at the Tattoo parlor and the two frequently get together.



Arena District

The Arena District is the oldest section of the city. The streets are wide and clean but the stones are beginning to crumble, and masons making repairs is a common sight. Many of the city's oldest families reside here, behind cast iron fences, in large houses with manicured lawns. All of the buildings are stone with gray or red tile roofs. Militia patrols are more common, keeping those who are in the district to visit **Champion's Plaza**, the various casinos and the taverns, out of the residential

areas. Shops catering to visitors dot *Victory Way*, and many of the best inns in the city can be found here. The largest and newest homes and walled estates border *the Garden*, overlooking its lush green fields and flower lined paths. Above all, the people in the Arena District are some of the most traditional and formal, many of them having lived in **Llorn** for generations. Unlike the Temple and Low Districts, there are relatively few people moving into the Arena District, partly because the taxes are so much higher, the cost of living is higher, and few estates ever come up for sale.

24) Mistoan War Academy: Named after General Mistoan, the Western Empire general who single-handedly united the people who settled the ruins that once stood where the VasPaseon palace now gleams. The academy is a virtual fortress in its own right with a curtain wall, a parade yard and a keep. Within the academy, the Knight trainees learn about military etiquette, strategy, supply and the code of chivalry in addition to combat and horse training. Graduates of the Academy are the equivalent of a **Palladin** and are entered in the rolls of the Mistoan Order. Typically the academy only accepts those from the noble and merchant elite. Upon graduation, the new Palladin is given a commission in the **Llornian** Militia or the Mercenary

Corps as an officer. The recruit is required to fulfill an eight year obligation of service in either the Militia or the Mercenary Corps, or a combination of the two. Afterwards, the character is free to pursue other goals, though many choose to stay in the military.

25) Hero's Square: As the center of sporting and gambling activity in the district, Hero's Square is a large, stone paved courtyard home to Champions' Arena. Statues of warriors, both of real people and mythical figures, line the path leading to the Arena. During the day, the square is crowded with merchant carts, magic shows, cockfights, dice and card games, running races, martial arts presentations, carnivals, laughing children and the general murmur of thousands of people. It is also a favored spot for pick pockets and thieves who find the spectators easy targets.

26) Champions' Arena: Champions' Arena is an immense outdoor coliseum where a variety of sporting events, races and parades are held. The Arena is open for six months out of the year. Its most popular event is the weekly gladiator matches featuring fighters with such names as Jagged Rock, Claymore and Ice Dragon. Like professional wrestling, the Llorn gladiator



matches are staged, feature convoluted story-lines, and have their own heroes and villains. Admittance to the gladiator matches costs 38 gold. Season tickets are also available for 600 gold.

Serious sporting events, such as dog races, horse races and a variety of team competitions are held several times each week. Betting is fast and furious and more than one person has become rich overnight. Likewise, more than one rich person has become destitute in the same time period.

Once per month, the **Llorn** military holds a parade that is open free of charge to the general public. The all Ogre regiment, the **Earthshakers**, is one of the most popular "attractions" and whenever they take part, the Arena is filled to capacity.

Admittance to sporting events is either 15 gold for one event, or 45 gold for the entire day of spectacles. Athletes wishing to compete must be accepted by the Athlete Recommendation Committee (they are responsible for allowing only competent and competitive athletes into the games) and pay a 200 gold entrance fee. The winners get prize money ranging from 1,500 to 200,000 gold or more, depending upon the event.

27) **The Maze:** One of the newest additions to the Arena District is the Maze. It has only been open for a year and has already become a city favorite. It has spawned a plethora of similar businesses elsewhere in town, most notably the *Back Room* in the Lucky Lady. However, none of these **spin-offs** match the real thing.

The round building in Llorn is not the Maze itself but rather only the staring point. Within, the room spirals in on itself much like the inside of sea shell or a snail's shell. The wide front doors open into a large waiting area where customers are met by a beautiful **Elven** hostess. The hostess takes the customer's name, explains the dangers of the Maze, and then, if the character still wants to participate, she takes payment. Payment is something like a bet. Contestants pay gold to play the Maze. If they do *not* complete the maze, they lose all their money. If they get to the end of the Maze, they get twice their money back. Minimum payment is 100 gold; maximum is 1000 gold.

To one side of the room is a store that sells a variety of implements that are useful for traversing the Maze, including rope, crampons, grappling hooks, specialized belts, gloves etc. Prices are steep (150% the prices found in the *Palladium Fantasy RPG® 2nd Ed.*) but the goods are of excellent quality. On the other side of the waiting area is a **roped-off** platform of polished wood, with runes inscribed around the edges. (The runes say "Here stands those who tried and failed." On the other side reads "Better Luck Next Time." The runes have no magical quality in themselves and do nothing except add atmosphere to the place.) In the center of the waiting area is a marble platform, encircled by a gold railing. Like the wood platform, the marble platform is inscribed with runes. (They read "We Came, We Saw, We Conquered!")

Through a set of double doors opposite the store, contestants are led down a **spiraling** hallway to a **Teleport** Power Circle. The Maze itself is not located in the building, or even in Llorn. Contestants must be transported to it and then back again. The pedestals in the waiting room are where contestants "appear." Prior to departing, each contestant is given a magical necklace (looks a lot like a dog tag) that will instantly **teleport** the individual out of the Maze onto the polished wood platform in the waiting room.

The Maze is an underground labyrinth-like puzzle of twisting passageways, traps and illusions designed to bewilder, confuse and entertain. (Unlike the Back Room, the idea is to have fun, not rob or cheat anybody.) It takes a combination of problem solving, physical endurance and skill to make it through. The goal is simply to get to the end. Those who make it to the end and use the Teleport Power Circle appear back in Llorn on the marble pedestal and win the prize money (i.e. they bet on themselves that they could succeed). The Maze is a magical construct that reforms each time it is used, so mapping the route is pointless. Nevertheless, a variety of "detailed" maps of routes through the Maze can be purchased on the street for 25 gold — all are phony, of course.

The Maze owners, **Rastner** (9th level **Summoner**, Anarchist), **Lemuel** (7th level Air/Earth Warlock, Unprincipled), and **Aris** (10th level Illusionist, Anarchist) are already working on a second Maze which will have treasures to **find** within it, along with potentially lethal traps and, perhaps, creatures to fight (real and **illusionary**).

28) **School of Arms:** The School of Arms is a large brick building that faces Hero's square. It is a premier trainer of gladiators and attracts people from all over the East. Classes are taught by both retired and active gladiators from **Llorn's** Arena. Classes start in the spring and last for a year. Tuition, room and board costs 18,000 gold and one graduates as a first level Gladiator O.C.C. Graduates have the opportunity to participate in Llorn's professional wrestling style gladiator games.

High District

The High District is home to the elite of the elite. Only the wealthiest, most influential families live along its tree lined roads. Magical light posts stand sentry at every corner and the Duke's personal guard makes sure that only those who belong in the High District are there. The homes are large, with lush, landscaped lawns and fancy, **wrought-iron** fences designed to complement the scenery rather than keep anyone out. This is not to say the homes are unguarded. The residences in the High District are among the best defended structures in Llorn, with private security forces and on-staff Wizards. Another thing that sets the people who live in the High District apart is the *Game of Rings*. Each of the major families (and many smaller ones who want to rub shoulders with the real powers in the city) employs at least one "ring-fighter," warriors gleaned from the best of the gladiators and professional soldiers who want a change of pace. The Ring-Fighters meet at strictly invitation-only parties, to determine who is the most skilled. Each contestant wears a halter-type shirt with large gold rings sewed onto it; two on the front, one on each shoulder and one on the back. The point of the contest is to cut the rings from the opposition's shirt while protecting your own, without either contestant being killed. Cutting free such a small target without seriously injuring the opponent requires incredible skill. Ring-Fighters are often injured and Priests, **Psi-Healers** or magic healing potions are always present at the fights. Although the losers of the matches are not killed, they usually find themselves unemployed when the losing family goes in search of a better champion.

29) **Garden:** The Garden divides the High District from the Arena District and is a favorite spot for those in Llorn with time to spare or looking for a moment of peace. In theory the Garden

is open to anyone, however the one dross (10 gold) entry fee keeps out the poor who can't spare the coin for such frivolous relaxation. Ironically, those who could afford to pay the fee, don't have to. It is common knowledge that people who live in the High District are not required to pay.

The Garden is a 500 foot (152.4 m) wide crescent of manicured lawn, trees and flower lined pathways all set 30 feet (9 m) below street level. A small stream, wide enough and deep enough for rowboats and canoes to traverse, meanders through the park. The stream flows from a large pond on the east end of the park where it is fed from a large fish-head fountain on the northern wall of the Garden. At the opposite end of the stream is a smaller pond where a drain prevents the park from filling with water. A secret entrance to a maze of water tunnels that run beneath the city can be accessed by removing one of the stones in the base of the statue of Aco and flicking a switch. This releases the locking mechanism, allowing the statue to raise on cleverly concealed hinges, revealing a narrow iron rung ladder descending into darkness.

Located near the pond is an extravagant "members only" clubhouse for the rich. The club offers members the use of the grounds, rowboats, the lounge and tavern, ballroom, and private meeting rooms, plus exotic dining, lavish parties, and nightly entertainment from the best **Llorn** can offer. Membership is exclusively for the upper echelon of **Llornian** society and uninvited visitors are assured a quick and rude escort from the premises.

A favorite spot in the Garden is the *Wishing Mound* located on a tiny island in the middle of the pond on the west end of the park. A marble statue of Aco (see the book, *Dragons & Gods™*, for full information on Aco and many other gods and goddesses) stands atop a small hill (the mound), with outstretched arms as if both welcoming and shielding the visitors from harm. Wildflowers cover the hill and much of the small island. A narrow cobblestone path leads up to Aco where it is customary to toss a coin at the feet of the god and make a wish. This unusual source of income is given to the old Druid who lives at the end of the Garden and helps maintain the lovely city park.

On the west end of the Garden stands a single immense oak tree, its gnarled limbs stretching nearly halfway across the Garden, nearly 200 feet (61 m). Nestled against the giant tree trunk is a quaint stone cottage, home to the old Druid, Master Simeon (human male, 13th level Druid). Simeon spends his time assisting with the care of the park and the oak tree. Though he does not care for the restrictive, man-made aspects of the Garden, he feels it is important that especially the youth of Llorn are given some small chance to enjoy and commune with nature. He is often found tending to the flowers, feeding the birds, instructing wide-eyed youth about the natural wonders, or simply sitting calmly in the grass watching the **children** at play. Simeon is a kind and gentle man with a ready smile. He is also one of three men in Llorn who knows that the Tree of Life is real, and has visited the village of Glade (many times).

A wide stone bridge spans the garden, providing a breathtaking panorama of the park in all its splendor. A pair of soldiers stand guard on the Arena side of the bridge as well as at the top of each of the stairways down, to collect the entrance **fee** and turn away those who can't pay or don't belong — what they call "troublemakers and roughnecks," namely anyone who looks too

dirty or downtrodden. The rich are allowed to enter without interference or paying.

30) Stone Garden: The Stone Garden was a gift to Llorn from the **Elven** Magi of Phi for the city's aid in repelling the Western Empire's invasion of the island nation. The Garden looks to be an incredibly intricate mosaic of polished stones and gems (the Garden is worth 80 million gold just for the gems). In reality, it is a type of mystical art form said to have originated from the Time of a Thousand Magicks, but long since lost. Only a few Elven Masters on the Island of Phi possess any knowledge of this lost mystic art. It was one of the Magi of Phi who created this unique work for their friends at Llorn.

To an observer standing in the street outside the Stone Garden, the people within it look as though they are in a trance as they slowly wander across the patterns of stones. As is the nature of Mosaic Magic, the experience is breathtaking and unique, as the gemstones seem to come alive to create a magical (**illusionary**) world of color and beauty. The various design patterns and artistic images represent or depict particular things, in this case, elements of nature that seem to rise up from the art to become surreal, three-dimensional representations as one walks across the magical work of art that is more than mere artwork or magical illusion.

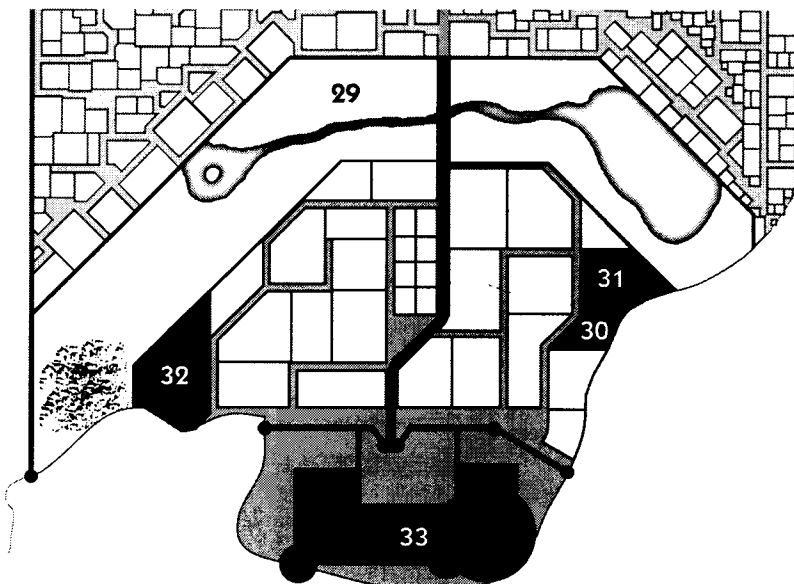
Stepping onto the pattern of stone and gems, the flat mosaic transforms before their very eyes into a magical garden. The sights and sound of the city all around them disappear and one is aware only of the artwork and magical landscape that pops up from it as one walks through the garden. The first thing, a field of wild flowers of every color, magically appear, only they are not ordinary flowers, but ones that seem to be made from colored glass or crystal that sparkle and shine with their own radiance. The display of light from their petals is like watching a sea of mini-rainbows dancing in the sun. More than an optical delight, the sweet scent of wild flowers fills the air and makes one feel happy and warm inside.

Walking toward a mosaic of trees causes them to rise up from the ground to form a glen. The leaves of the trees seem to be made from living jade, and their trunks and branches of amber. As one walks through the cluster of jade trees, the leaves tinkle musically as a gentle, warm breeze makes its presence known. In the middle of the jade trees is a marble park bench. At its feet a mosaic of white doves. Anyone who steps on the picture of the doves or sits on the bench causes a dozen doves made of white crystal to rise up and flutter to roost in the branches of the jade trees, where they sing sweetly to the delight of all. Beyond the trees is a narrow, winding path of clear crystal gems (half are diamonds) that meanders lazily through the garden and beneath an exquisite stone bridge. As one approaches it, the crystals run into a sparkling stream. The water is crystal clear, and cool and soothing to the touch. Literally "rainbow" trout leisurely swim through the water as tiny cobalt blue fish dart beneath and around them. Drinking the water is refreshing and will completely satisfy one's thirst. At another junction a doe and her fawn appears, and a family of squirrels play. A swarm of a thousand crystal butterflies of every color imaginable rise up from another field of flowers, to flutter around the visitors before rising into a small forest of jade trees and then disappearing into the sky. At the end, a pair of golden statues, one male, one titan female, bow to thank visitors as they exit. It is a sight to behold.

While in the Stone Garden, the outside world is forgotten and one's troubles and worries melt away. Visitors (unless deliberately trying to resist the magic) become lost to the beauty and wonders of this magical place. They feel at peace, content and filled with a child-like sense of wonder and joy. If there is a downside, it is that visitors tend to lose track of time (although few stay for more than an hour) and they are so enchanted by the joyful magic that they are vulnerable to outside attack. Penalties: -4 on initiative, reduce all other combat bonuses by half, the number of attacks per melee round by half and skill performance is reduced -20%. Even those who save will lose their sense of the world around them and where the Stone Garden ends and the outside world (in this case, the city) begins. Thus, it takes 2D4 minutes to find one's way out of the Stone Garden. Save vs Magic: Visitors need to roll a 16 or higher to save vs magic. A successful save means they only see the flat mosaic art, not the wonders that appear. Furthermore, they don't feel the sense of peace nor are they **distracted**, so all penalties/effects of the enchantment are half. (However, as long as one is in the Garden of Stone they are affected by its enchantment to some degree.)

After visiting the Stone Garden, one leaves with a feeling of peace and vitality as though having slept the night through. It is the equivalent of a night's rest and provides all the benefits (including recovery of P.P.E., I.S.P., Hit Points, etc.) that go along with peaceful rest and meditation. Of course this applies only to those who physically walk through the Garden from beginning to end (takes 6D6+30 minutes).

31) Garden **Café**: The Garden **Café** is a wide, roomy building with large windows to allow in the continual sea breeze. The **Café** is in a beautiful location with a panoramic view of the Garden Park, the bay, Stone Garden and surrounding city-scape. It is a favorite place for the High District ladies to meet for tea. It is a well known "fact" that the **Café's** owner, Sheriam Essica (human female, 6th level Assassin, Aberrant), is privy to the secrets of all the high and powerful. Some say that her wealth and success comes more from the elite families paying her to keep their secrets quiet than from the Garden **Café**. While the last is not true, Sheriam does know far more about the elite families of **Llorn** than they are aware; information that she passes on to her contact in the Western Empire intelligence community.



32) Brotherhood of Magic: The Brotherhood of Magic is open to Wizards, Diabolists, Alchemists and **Summoners** of all races and sexes. Unlike similar guilds located elsewhere, the Brotherhood at **Llorn** is an official organization of the city. As such, it is subject to regulation but free of taxation. Summoners are under the most restrictions and forbidden to summon **infernals**; demons, sub-demons, Deevils, alien intelligences and their avatars, entities, or any other demonic supernatural creature. Any **Summoner** caught doing so is subject to the same penalties applied to Witches and Necromancers, which is generally death. There are exceptions, and extenuating circumstances will be **considered**, but one should not rely on them. The restriction on infernals applies only while in the city of **Llorn** or the region under its sphere of influence. They are pretty much free to do as they please elsewhere in the Eastern Territory and other kingdoms or wilderness areas — especially against the Wolfen.

The Brotherhood guild house is a 120 foot (36.6 m) tall spiraling tower with a wide base and a pointed peak. The tower contains two libraries, vaults, offices, training rooms (places where Wizards can practice offensive spells like Fire Ball without destroying something), and a grand meeting hall where all the members gather for official business.

In addition to the benefits described on pages 100-103 of the *Palladium Fantasy RPG® 2nd Ed.*, members of the Brotherhood are expected to perform services for the city. The individual is paid for their services, and payment varies depending on the length of service and what is required, but typically ranges from 1,800 to 6,000 gold per month or fraction thereof.

To be accepted into the Brotherhood of Magic, one must pass a series of tests designed to prove the individual's mastery of their chosen craft. The tests are overseen by two or more similar practitioners (Wizards test Wizards, Diabolists test Diabolists, etc.). Once the tests are passed, all that remains is for the new member to pay their Membership Fee (2,500 gold), and swear an oath to the Gods of Light to obey the rules of the guild, to obey the Grand Master of the Brotherhood and to obey and serve the ruler of **Llorn**. Thereafter, members are required to pay a 3000 gold due annually.

The Grand Master of the Brotherhood (**Varese Melinka**, male human, 10th level Wizard, Scrupulous alignment) serves not only as the head of the magic guild, but also as one of the Duke's royal advisors. Grand Master Melinka has held his position for eight years and has gotten to know the Duke very well in that time. He has noticed the Duke's strange behavior and is concerned about his dismissing from service the loyal Captain of Rurga. The Grand Master is also at a loss to explain the change in the Duke's demeanor. He knows nothing of his secret relationship with **Morgaine**, but suspects something is going on behind the scenes involving a woman. If he were to learn about her, he'd secretly investigate. Should he discover that she is really a **Raksasha** and that she is trying to corrupt and ruin the Duke, the mage would lead a force to capture or destroy her (and her minions). Although he likes and respects the Duke, he will not support a corrupt despot nor the pawn of a demon. In that event, he will either resign his post, or back the Duke's younger brother, **Thero** VasPasseon, to usurp the throne.

33) Palace: The palace is relatively new, having only been completed during the previous Duke's reign. It is extravagant like the rest of **Llorn**, with courtyards and flower gardens with

plants from all over the world. Its walls are covered in exotic woods, marble, and immense tapestries depicting the military triumphs of Llor. Beneath the decoration, however, is a formidable fortress utilizing both mundane and magical defenses.

Within the palace's walls lives **Duke Githeon VasPasseon**, the **Hamar** (the Duke's personal honor guard, all are 4th level **Palladins** or higher), his mother, and his ring-fighter champion Mishaad. The old queen spends much of her time in the gardens overlooking the sea watching the ships come and go while her son carries on the tasks of governing.

The most important chamber within the palace, and the one that visitors are invariably taken to see, is the Hall of Right. The hall is immense, with high vaulted ceilings and stained-glass windows overlooking the sea. The Duke's throne rests under the window allowing the warm red and gold light to serve as a backdrop while he attends court. As in most castles, the throne room is the center of activity in the castle. Here, plans are made, councils are held and parties played out. Several times per year, Duke VasPasseon holds court in the hall, listening to the needs of his subjects through the Citizens Advisory Council. The head advisor shares the Magic Guild Master's suspicion that something foul is afoot, but does not know what it may be.

Duke Githeon VasPasseon the 12th **8th level human Palladin - Mistoan Order**

True Name: Githeron

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q. 18, M.E. 10, M.A. 21, P.S. 15, P.P. 22, P.E. 18, P.B. 17, Spd. 12

Hit Points: 66, S.D.C.: 32.

Armor: Magical Plate & Chain, (A.R. 17, S.D.C. 150, weightless, noiseless).

Attacks Per Melee: 5

Bonuses of Note: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts: +2 to initiative, +10 to strike/disarm, +11 to parry/dodge, +3 to roll with **punch/fall/impact**, kick attack, critical strike on natural 18, 19 or 20, 65% **trust/intimidate**, +2 to save vs magic/poison, and +6 to save vs Horror Factor.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Shield (+3 parry, +2 strike), W.P. Sword (+3 strike, +3 parry),

Weapons: Sun Blade (claymore, 5D6 damage, glows gold when drawn, Blinding Flash 3 times per day as an 8th level Wizard).

Magic Items: Has access to nearly any magical item and in addition to his armor and weapons noted above, he carries the following with him all the time: Ring of Protection from Spell Magic, two Striker-Lizards, three Striker-Tigers, **Cherubot Rope**, Cloak of Guises, and a **Firewick**.

Personality: Duke VasPasseon is a strict man who expects a lot from himself and those around him. He is even-handed and fair in most things, and beloved by his subjects. The Duke is genuinely concerned with the welfare of his subjects and he has worked diligently to address their needs and concerns. At the same time he is faced with the resurgent Western Empire to the south and the very real likelihood of war against the Wolfen Empire. Recently, he has seemed preoccupied and irritable. The Duke has started putting off decisions and then gets angry when actions have not been taken. Further, he has banished the Captain of **Rurga** from the palace for embezzling from city coffers, and is even considering having the

Sect of Rurga tossed out of Llor altogether. He spends long hours locked away in his chambers, which has led to whispers that he has finally met a woman he would marry, but no one has yet seen this woman and many dismiss the notion as idle gossip.

The Duke is seeing a woman, the Lucky Lady herself, **Morgaine Ravenlocke**. Their torrid affair has been going on for the past four months, but other than the occasional rumor, they have managed to keep it a complete secret. Unknown to Duke VasPasseon, his paramour is not human, but a **Raksasha** Greater Demon, accidentally summoned to Llor many years ago by an inexperienced **Summoner**. The fool responsible met his end moments after the summoning. Since then, the Raksasha, disguised as Morgaine, has maneuvered herself into the beds of many of Llor's most prominent leaders, sowing her evil until she tires of the game and leaves them, broken and disgraced. Though he does not see it, the Duke's demeanor has slowly changed since he started seeing her. Where once he was confident and decisive, Morgaine has sown doubt and paranoia. Her first action upon entering the palace was to manipulate the Duke into dismissing the Priest of Rurga who had been a trusted advisor.



With **Rurga's** eyes of truth gone from the palace, Morgaine has continued with her games, encouraging the Duke to give ever more power to his advisors. Her long-term plot is to discredit all the advisors by portraying them as conniving power-mongers who have led the Duke astray. Then she can have them all dismissed or killed for incompetence or treachery, leaving her as the Duke's only "true and trusted" friend (and perhaps wife, she

has not decided yet). At that moment she will control the most powerful city-state and military force in the Eastern Territory through her confused puppet, the Duke of **Llorn!** Her next "game" will be inciting conflict with the Wolfen and toying with powers from the Western Empire.

Mishaad, the Duke's Champion

True Name: Mordikie

10th level Dwarven Gladiator

Alignment: Anarchist, but loyal to the Duke. Unfortunately, his sense of loyalty and duty is such that he will follow an evil Duke as much as the good man he's known for so long.

Attributes: I.Q. 11, M.E. 8, M.A. 12, P.S. 24, P.P. 26, P.E. 23, P.B. 8, Spd. 15

Hit Points: 84, S.D.C.: 60.

Armor: Magic Dwarven Plate half suit (A.R. 15, S.D.C. 310; impervious to fire, noiseless).

Attacks Per Melee: 8

Bonuses: Hand to Hand: Gladiator, Boxing, Wrestling, Body Building: +10 to strike, +12 to parry, +10 to dodge, +13 to damage, +4 to roll with **punch/fall/impact**, +5 to pull punch, disarm on natural **18, 19**, or 20, body flip, stun on natural **18, 19**, or 20. +4 to save vs magic, +2 to save vs Horror Factor.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Paired Weapons, W.P. Battle Axe (+4 strike, +3 parry, +1D6 damage).

Weapons: Gryphon Claws (2D6 damage, +1 initiative, +1 parry), Flaming Battle Axe (4D6 damage, spits fire balls, turns holder fire resistant), Wind War Hammer (3D4, spits lightning bolts, turns holder invisible, thunder hammer).

Magic Items: Ring of Superhuman Strength, Cloak of Invisibility, plus weapons and armor noted above.

Personality: Mishaad has been with the Duke for nearly ten years and in that time has never lost a ring fight. More than just a Ring Fighter, he is the Duke's personal bodyguard, leader of the Duke's personal guard and a close friend. More than anyone else, Mishaad is concerned about the Duke's strange behavior. No matter what happens, however, he will stand with the Duke to the death.

Llornian Mercenaries (Red Brigade)

Trade with the Western Empire has reached new heights since the canal opened. Both Llorn and Hadrian's Cove are booming with the influx of gold. Though the profits are incredible the Western **tarde** is not **Llorn's** primary means of support. Rather, Llorn has become a "**premier**" trainer and exporter of mercenaries in the Eastern Territory. So successful has Llorn been in the mercenary market that it has become the benchmark by which all others in the Domain of Man judge their own militia and armies. Indeed, more than half of **Llorn's** annual revenues come from the contracts held on their soldiers by other cities, towns and kingdoms along the Great River, in the Borderlands and along the eastern coast. Recently, they've even begun hiring out to **Bizantium** Merchants and **Lopan**. The south is the only land where a Llornian mercenary is uncommon, and even there the reputation of the Red Brigade as the finest infantrymen in the East is unquestioned. A fact that makes the Dominion Army jealous. While this has led to envy and a few vendettas between the two forces, the Dominion Army can not deny that the Llorn Mercenaries are their better.

Llorn maintains the largest training facility for mercenaries in the Palladium world and the largest "standing militia" in the Eastern Territory. There is at least a regiment (1600 men) of men in training at all times, and in the past year that number has swollen to 4-8 regiments as war with the Wolfen Empire appears imminent and the **Orcs** of the Old Kingdom become bolder. The initial recruit agrees to a six year tour of duty, and swears unconditional allegiance to Duke VasPaseon of Llorn and his officers. The training is long and arduous, with only the top 40% making it through the rigors of the five month basic training. The training is so mentally and physically taxing, potential recruits are taken on a three week field exercise, marching from before light till well after dark with only the minimum of sustenance. To make the ordeal even more difficult, a large wagon train follows the recruits around the wilderness loaded with food, warm blankets and ale. Every evening, a large multi-course meal is spread for the instructors and the recruits are warmly encouraged to drop out and have a decent meal and a warm place to sleep. Occasionally, several veterans, aside from the instructors, will join the recruits during their three week ordeal just to show how "easy" the "camping trip" is for a "real" soldier. Roughly 30% of those starting the trek drop out before their training ever begins.

Training focuses on all aspects of war including weapons, tactics, strategy, and how to ignore pain and block out noise and confusion, along with an intense indoctrination program that makes the United States Marine Corps pale by comparison. Upon graduation, the recruit is an expert at hand to hand combat, sword, shield and formation fighting. He also knows how to survive off the land for extended periods of time, has had "real combat" experience (usually with **Orcs**, Ogres, and Coyles), and will gladly die to further the honor of the Red Brigade. Upon their first battle after graduation, the recruits are promoted to the rank of private and receive the coveted *Red Claw tattoo* that identifies the wearer as a member of the Red Brigade. Even after graduation, the routine of drilling, marching, mock engagements, inter-unit athletic competitions, as well as long range combat patrols deep into the Old Kingdom, the Disputed Lands, and the outer fringe of the Howling Lands keep the soldiers in the absolute best of condition. Note: The training is so intense that the character attains first level mid-way through it and ends at second level, so a graduate of the Red Brigade starts out as a Second level Mercenary Warrior.

When hired, Llornian Mercenaries enter into a contract that details the unit's responsibilities, chain of **command**, length of service and the cost of their services. However, the Llorn Mercenaries are typically hired out as complete units, whether it be a special operations hand (five men), line, cohort, company, regiment or an entire army (6,400 **men**)! The gold is paid up front, or once per year if under a multi-year contract. However, Llorn retains the right to make other arrangements as it sees fit. A typical contract runs 600 gold per soldier per month with an additional 800-2,000 monthly fee for officers, experienced veterans (7th level and up), and men of magic. Generally only large cities, prosperous towns, wealthy merchants or an entire region of communities all kicking in, can afford to hire them for any length of time. The Wolf Hammer Company, for example, costs the Dominion Army over two million gold annually to supplement to their forces! Consequently, Llorn Mercenaries are typically hired in small units of hand, line or company size to serve

as an elite special forces. The exceptions are Southwatch, where the mercenaries are provided for free by **Llorn** as part of their obligation to the Domain of Man and represent the Eastern Territory's best defense against Wolfen incursion, and **Northolme**, as part of **Llorn's** mutual defense alliance with the Dwarves.

Typical Llorn Mercenary

Racial Composition: 76% human, 8% Elf, 6% Dwarf, 3% Orc, 5% Ogre, 1% Danzi, and 1% other.

Average Attributes: I.Q. 9, P.S. 20, P.P. 12, P.E. 12, Spd: 22, all others average. (Elves add 4 to P.P., +1 parry, strike, dodge; Dwarves add 6 to P.S. and 3 to P.E., +6 damage.) Note: Unlike the Dominion Army, Dwarves, Elves, Humans, and other races, including some Danzi, Titans, Gnomes, Ogres and **Orcs** mix, mingle and fight together in the same unit. Anyone who makes it in the Red Brigade is considered an equal among equals.

Bonuses Exclusive to the Red Brigade: +1 on initiative, +1 to disarm, +2 to pull punch, +2D6 to S.D.C., +1 to P.E. and +1D6 to Spd.

Skills of Note: Swimming, Running, Body Building, Forced March, W.P. Blunt, W.P. Sword, W.P. Pole Arm or Axe, and usually Boxing. All use the Mercenary Warrior O.C.C., and have *Hand to Hand: Expert* (elite soldiers have *Hand to Hand: Martial Arts* or *Assassin*). The bonuses above do not include weapon proficiencies and are just an "average" sampling for Non-Player Characters (NPCs).

Practitioners of Magic: 10% of the Llorn Mercenaries are men of magic, with the Wizard, Warlock, Illusionist and Psi-Mystic being the most common. *Hand to Hand: Basic* and two W.P.s are a must, typically W.P. Sword or Knife, and W.P. Blunt or Staff.

Private: Level: 2-4. Hit Points: 25-35, S.D.C.: 35-45. Attacks: 4. Typical Bonuses: +2 to strike, +3 to parry and dodge, +7 to damage, +2 to roll with impact, +4 to pull punch, +3 to disarm, and +3 to strike with sword.

Corporal: Level: 3-5. Hit Points: 28-40, S.D.C.: 35-45. Attacks: 4-5. Bonuses: Same as above.

Sergeant & Lieutenant: Level: 5-8. Hit Points: 36-50, S.D.C.: 40-50. Attacks: 5-6. Typical Bonuses: +3 to strike, +4 to parry and dodge, +3 to save vs Horror Factor and +5 to strike and parry with sword.

Officer: Captain and Higher, Level 7 and higher. Hit Points: 36-50, S.D.C.: 40-50. Attacks: 5-6.

Standard Issue Weapons: Light infantry are armed with a sword or axe of choice, mace or morning star (Dwarves and Ogres often use the Hercules club or Horseman's Hammer), dagger and medium-sized shield. Studded leather armor (A.R. 13, S.D.C. 38) with Sergeants and officers wearing double mail or scale mail (A.R. 15, S.D.C. 55 or 65 respectively).

Heavy Infantry are armed with a large sword or battle axe, pole arm or spear, a dagger, a weapon of choice and medium-sized shield. Chain mail armor (A.R. 14, S.D.C. 44), with Sergeant and officers wearing splint armor or plate and chain (A.R. 16, S.D.C. 82 or 100 respectively).

Note: Archers are typically 3-7th level Long Bowmen, Scouts 3-8th level Rangers, Cavalry are light infantry with the Horseman: General skill.

Llornian mercenary units of note

Wolf Hammer: 400 soldiers plus officers and practitioners of magic. The Wolf Hammer is a highly decorated company renowned for their exploits against the Wolfen in the Disputed Lands. The Wolfen call them "**Fenry's Fang**" out of respect and fear. Of all the forces in the Eastern Territory, only the Wolf Hammer has the ability to **demoralize** the Wolfen just by their presence on the battlefield. The Wolf Hammer specializes in wilderness operations and guerilla fighting (20% are Rangers, 20% Long Bowmen, 10% Assassins, 10% Cavalry, the rest Heavy Infantry), often dividing into cohorts (200 men) or lines (25 men) for stealth, maneuverability and **counter-Wolfen** mea-



sures. The Dominion Army currently holds their contract with a year remaining. **Llorn** is expected to renew the contract for another two years. Average level of experience is **5-7th** level, with veterans, specialists and officers ranging from **8-12th** level.

Rogier's Cohort (100 soldiers): Rogier's Cohort, named after its commander, Captain **Dalmar Rogier** (8th level **Palladin**), operates along the Howling Lands and Old Kingdom borders and frequently conducts raids deep into the Old Kingdom seeking out the limitless tribes of wild **Orcs** and Ogres who constantly harass the **Llornian** frontier. Among **Llorn's** most battle experienced, **Rogier's Cohort** has an exceptional **esprit-de-corps** even for Llornian mercenaries. Average level of experience is **4-6th** level, with veterans, specialists and officers ranging from **7-10th** level.

Earthshakers: 1,600 soldiers plus officers, Wizards, Warlocks and support staff. As disciplined, lethal and feared as the Red Brigade is in general, no unit within the corps is as feared or as controversial as the Earthshakers. Named for the legendary Earthshakers of the Baalgor Wastelands, the unit is comprised almost entirely of Ogres. The **Earthshaker** company can defeat any force of comparable size on Palladium and many forces that are twice, even three times their number. To become an Earthshaker one must first be an Ogre or possess a special "talent" (i.e. magic, psionics, or training such as an Assassin). Then the individual is put through a battery of psychic and magic probes to cull out those who are uncontrollably violent or who the trainers feel will be unable to work within a team. From there, the warriors are put through a six week indoctrination program that first forces the new recruit to depend upon fellow trainees, and then slowly forges a bond that has thus far proven to be unbreakable (they are constantly exposed to subtle psionic suggestions encouraging them to be part of the team, to channel their natural rage and to feel pride at being a part of the best military unit in the world). Following the initial six weeks, the Ogres are put through the same regimen as the other recruits, though the physical demands are exponentially greater. The Earthshakers have been combat operational for a year and a half, and in that time they have only lost a dozen members. One died during training, the others were killed during a border skirmish with a mixed band of Ogres, Goblins, **Orcs** and Trolls along Llorn's southern frontier. All were buried with full military honors. It is a point of pride among the Earthshakers that every Ogre who has started the training has completed it successfully and is currently serving a 12 year term of service.

For now, **Llorn** does not hire out the Earthshakers. The Duke has been the subject of considerable pressure from other members of the Eastern Territory to disband the regiment before they turn on them. The Duke has adamantly refused to turn them out simply because of their race's foul reputation. Duke VasPaseon and his officers have announced their pride and utmost trust in the Earthshakers and the Ogres **have** responded in kind. The support staff, practitioners of magic and officers of the unit are all humans, veterans with a minimum of 6 years of service. All were selected for their **unshakeable** loyalty to Llorn and drive to see the regiment succeed. Despite its excellent service record thus far, the critics still point out how much damage this one unit could do, should they turn traitor. Furthermore, some feel that since Llorn's standard **militia/mercenary** units are the best in the East, the addition of the Earthshakers is unnecessary and merely arrogance and pride on the Duke's behalf.

Average level of experience is **3-5th** level, with veterans, specialists and officers ranging from 6-9th level. 10% are Rangers, 15% Long Bowmen, 10% Assassins, 2% Earth Warlocks, 2% Wizards, 1% Ogre Shaman, 3% other (Thief, Knight, Psychic, etc.), and the rest Heavy Infantry.

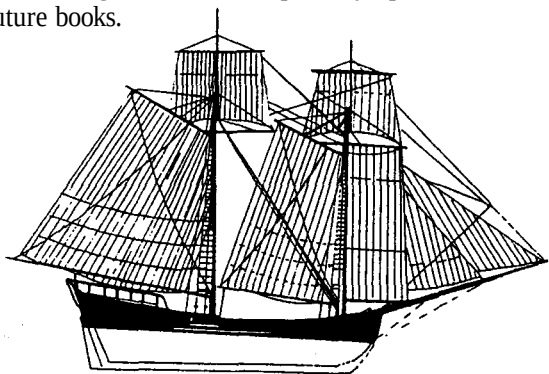
Lopan

The island nation of Lopan is known for three things: its shipyards, the Western Empire nobility who vacation there, and the Olympic style games held every three years. With the highest living standard of anywhere in the East, with perhaps the exception of the **Groff** Estates on the **Tegyn** Peninsula, Lopan is a jewel in the Domain of Man. The land is hospitable, without the wandering bands of monsters and other large predators of the mainland. Being in the middle of the Inland Sea, the climate is mild compared even with the city state of Llorn some 200 miles (320 km) to the east. There are two small chains of mountains on the island, neither exceptional. They once held reserves of gold and silver but those have long ago been depleted and only empty mine shafts remain. Likewise, the hardwood forests that once completely covered the island have been almost entirely decimated to fuel the island's cities and shipyards. Now, only a relatively small reserve of woodland is left which is zealously guarded by the Empress for her personal pleasure and that of visiting nobility. With the island's wood reserve depleted, Lopan is forced to import essentially all of the lumber it requires to keep its shipyards. Llorn and the many logging communities in the Western Forest of the Disputed Lands are their main suppliers.

Politically, Lopan is strong with no dissidents of note. Empress **Jeslynn** has ruled for **15** years and in that time has further strengthened the island's ties with Llorn and **Bizantium**. To the residents of Lopan (who ironically make a lot of money from visiting nobility from the Western Empire, while at the same time fearing their inevitable invasion), the stronger their ties to Llorn and its impressive military machine, the better; and both are strong allies to one another.

Economically, Lopan is booming. The coast holds a dozen cities with populations in the 30,000 range, while the capital city on the east coast is host to over 80,000 citizens. Inland is farmland with the deforested mountain slopes used for pasture in the spring and summer. Large vacation resorts line the southern coastline, with several more on the north and west coasts and in the mountains for the winter. The Lopan shipyards make the best ships and boats in the Eastern Territory (signing the Charter of Dominion makes them officially part of the confederacy of independent states of the Eastern Territory), and they are constantly backlogged. Recently, Lopan obtained a consultant from Bizantium for joint work on a rigged sailing ship for use in the mild Inland Sea and Eastern Ocean waters. What Bizantium is getting from the arrangement, and what restrictions have been put in place, have not been revealed. A small colony established by Lopan is doing well on the southern shores of Ophid's Grasslands. It will still be several years before the colony is truly self-sufficient and they still depend on the island for defense and economic support. For now, Lopan watches the activities of Emperor Itomas with concern while quietly shoring up their defenses and keeping the island's reputation as the most prized

vacation spot in the world intact. More information on Lopan, its government, intrigues, and the Lopan Olympiad, will be revealed in future books.



Phi

Unlike Lopan, with its crystal clear waters and throngs of vacationers, mountainous Phi is enveloped in a perpetual fog. From the sea, Phi usually looks like one large fog-bank with a single black mountain peak **thrusting** out of the near constant **grayness**. To make things more difficult for visitors to the island, large coral reefs thrive in the volcanically heated waters. So dangerous are the reefs that specially trained pilots from Phi are required to board ships and guide them in and out of the ports. Mapping the reefs is next to useless, as they are constantly changing in a most unnatural fashion. During the Western Empire invasion, four centuries ago, more than half the landing boats sunk in the shark infested waters after they struck reefs in supposedly safe passes.

Despite the difficulties in getting to the island, or perhaps because of them, the human and Elf population on the island is doing well. There are four large port towns with populations approaching 50,000. Away from these hubs of activity, the land is covered in farms defined by stands of trees and low stone walls constructed from rubble removed from the fields. In the highlands are vast herds of **Feyani**, a llama-like herd animal found only on Phi and prized both for its high quality wool and for the quality of its meat. Feyani wool is Phi's primary export, and is much sought after by tailors all over Palladium. Like Lopan, Phi has virtually no large predators, with the exception of the dragon-like **Wyvern** and **Peryton** found on the inhospitable cliffs of Mount Phi. Expeditions from the lowlands have attempted to wipe them out (they take a toll on the Feyani and occasionally attack the shepherds looking after the herds), but thus far have been unsuccessful. An idea of domesticating **Wyverns** is being kicked around, and one enterprising **Elven** rancher has managed to raise one, but no one thinks anything will come of it. At the top of the tallest peak of Mount Phi, basking in the clear sunshine above the perpetual fog, is the Citadel of the Sun, an ancient fortress built during the golden years of the Elven Empire. It is the oldest remaining Elven built structure on Palladium, and is home to the Magi. The Magi are Elven men of magic who are holders of the ail-but forgotten art of **Mosaic Magic**. At once related to Diabolism and yet dramatically different. Some whisper that it is the Magi who keep the island embraced in the eternal fog, and they who control the reefs. Whatever the truth, the Magi are mysterious figures whose knowledge of history and the forces of magic is said to be unequaled, except, perhaps in the Land of the Damned. Many people come to Phi seeking the council of these Magi. More information on all aspects of the island kingdom will appear in future books.

Great River Region

The Great River is a wide, slow-moving body of water reminiscent of the Nile in its size and importance. The 1,000 mile (1600 km) long, half-mile (804 m) wide highway of water divides the mostly unexplored depths of the *Disputed Lands* in the north from the rich agricultural region of the **Highback** Plains in the south. Serving as both a limitless food supply and a relatively quick avenue for trade, travel and exploration, the river has been the single greatest factor in the rise of the powerful city-states along its length.

The Great River is fed from hundreds of natural springs and by the abundant rainfall squeezed from the moisture rich clouds striking the Shattered Mountains. The river flows through a diverse landscape, from canyons in the west to the rolling, forest covered hills and flood plains of the east, but for whomever it touches, the river makes an indelible mark on their lives. At its head is **Veil Lake**, two miles (3.2 km) wide, four miles (6.4 km) long, 600 feet (182.9 m) deep, fed by three rivers, a dozen springs, and more recently, the Grand Canal (connecting the city of Hadrian's Cove to **Llorn** over 150 miles/240 km distant). From Hadrian's Cove and Veil Lake, the river, only 200 feet (60.9 m) across at this point, gradually widens to 800 feet (243.8 m) and a relatively consistent 20 foot (6 m) depth by the time it encounters the crumbling knife-edged crags of the Shattered Mountains. Between Veil Lake and the winding canyons of the mountains, the river flows smoothly through forest covered hills all the way to Haven and the East Ocean. Numerous small fishing communities and several towns with populations of 1000 to 5,000 people dot its banks.

The Great River slices through the Shattered Mountains, creating an opening that bridges the east and west, and divides the mountain range near its midsection. The river trail snakes its way along into a steep, shadowed canyon. Although the mountains are only 60 miles (96 km) wide at this juncture, the canyon winds about so much that by the time a traveler clears it and once more emerges into the sun, they will have traveled over 150 miles (240 km). Although the waterway itself is relatively safe, merchants rarely stop while between the looming walls. Hundreds of caves line the canyon and serve as the home to all manner of creatures from brigands, Trolls and Giants to immense Cave Spiders, Beast Dragons, Worms of Taut and wild animals. So long as boats stick to the river they are mostly safe from attack (though brigands can fire arrows and throw stones at passing vessels). Putting to shore for repairs or stopping for the night is a dangerous proposition, however, and special precautions must be made to choose a defensible site or to lay anchor in one of the few slow-moving areas of the river. Elves and Dwarves, though the latter are not usually known for their seamanship, are prized pilots and lookouts in the canyon, as they can see in the dark and allow the boat to travel through the night, albeit at a slower pace.

The river is not the only path through the foreboding Shattered Mountains. The Trade Road follows the path of an old 20 foot (6.1 m) wide trail that skirts the edge of the cliffs over 300 feet (91.4 m) above the water. Not surprisingly, this is not the preferred route for travel, as the many hostile inhabitants of the mountains also know of this trail. The Merchants' Guild organizes large caravans several times a year, sometimes 50 or 60 wagons strong, to make their way over the winding trails with extra guards and men of magic to protect them. These caravans are rarely attacked, but individuals and small groups of travelers can expect trouble (01-70% likelihood of being attacked once every three or four days while on the trail).



Once beyond the confining walls of the canyon, also known as "The Gauntlet," and heading east, is Haven and the East Ocean. This part of the Great River reaches its full width, stretching just over a half-mile (804 m) across and flowing in a sinuous fashion through the forest-covered foothills of the Disputed Lands, and finally into the flood plains of the coast. The stretch between the Shattered Mountains and the ocean is reasonably settled, with dozens of small cities with populations over 15,000, as well as hundreds of small fishing and trappers' villages, outposts, log cabin homesteads and tiny farms. The Trade Road that runs along the Great River is much busier here where settlements can be found every 15 to 30 miles (24 to 48 km) or so. The closer one gets to the ocean, the more concentrated the population, and within 50 miles (80 km) of Haven (the Eastern gem of the Church of Light and Dark), there are villages and small towns every four or five miles (6-8 km). Not surprisingly, as the population increases so do the number of brigands. However, there is less trouble with **Orcs** and **Ogres**, and more

trouble from **Coyles** and human bandits. Near the ocean, these threats have all but been removed. The major danger along the Great River east of the Shattered Mountains are the **Coyle** raiders who routinely make life difficult for the human residents.

The plains near the Eastern Ocean are subject to widespread flooding in the early spring after the thaw. To minimize the flood damage, the homes have tall foundations, typically four to six feet (1.2-1.8 m) above ground level, and several of the towns have been built on man-made hills of earth. When the floods come they last anywhere from two to four weeks. The people of the Great River flood plains are forced to travel by rowboat and canoe. After particularly heavy winters, every 30 or 40 years, the river floods 20 feet (6 m) above its normal banks (a normal flood period sees the river rise up to six feet/1.8 m), overwhelming everything in its path, and sweeping away towns and people with equal ease. Once the waters recede, the residents rebuild, calling upon the stubbornness that has allowed humanity to master the lands they call home.

The people here have worked hard to tame the land and are now enjoying the fruits of their labor. Monster attacks become rarer every year, and even the infrequent **Coyle** attacks can't overshadow the people's sense of accomplishment. Away from the northern wilderness and the wild lands of the west, the people are generally open and friendly. Aside from the unrelenting antagonism towards the **Wolfen** and **Coyles**, people here are judged more by their deeds than race. **Ogres** and **Trolls** will still have to prove themselves since they have a very bad reputation, but they can be accepted as free citizens. **Goblins** are viewed more as pests than a serious threat or reliable neighbor, and as in the Western Empire, they are becoming very common in the cities of the East. Strangely, people along the east river and coast around Haven have little tolerance for **Hob-Goblins**. Whether this is due to their foppish appearance or because their attitude is even worse than their **Goblin** cousins is unclear. Regardless of the reasons behind it, **Hob-Goblins** are viewed as untrustworthy beggars and thieves who can't be trusted and shouldn't be allowed in town. **Orcs**, along the coast and east river, have earned themselves a grudging place as laborers and unskilled help. Their nasty tempers tend to make them unpopular, but their ability to work all day alongside humans without complaining has earned them their place in these northeastern communities. Still, humans, **Dwarves** and **Elves** make up the majority of the population, with **Orcs** and then **Goblins** being the most common other races. **Troglodytes** and **Kobolds** are virtually unheard of, **Ogres** and **Trolls** are viewed with suspicion and regarded as wild animals who could lash out at any moment. **Gnomes** are for the most part, ignored.

Finally, flowing into the Eastern Ocean, the land once more rises which spares the coastal communities the annual flooding. Here, where the Great River empties into the ocean, connected by bridges that are masterpieces of human and **Dwarven** engineering, rests the twin cities of Haven and New Haven. Standing beside the pyramidal temple of **Osiris** and rising from the sprawling maze of Haven's crowded streets rears the gleaming spire of the Tower of Light, a university and seat of power for the Eastern arm of the Church of Light and Dark.

Life along the Great River

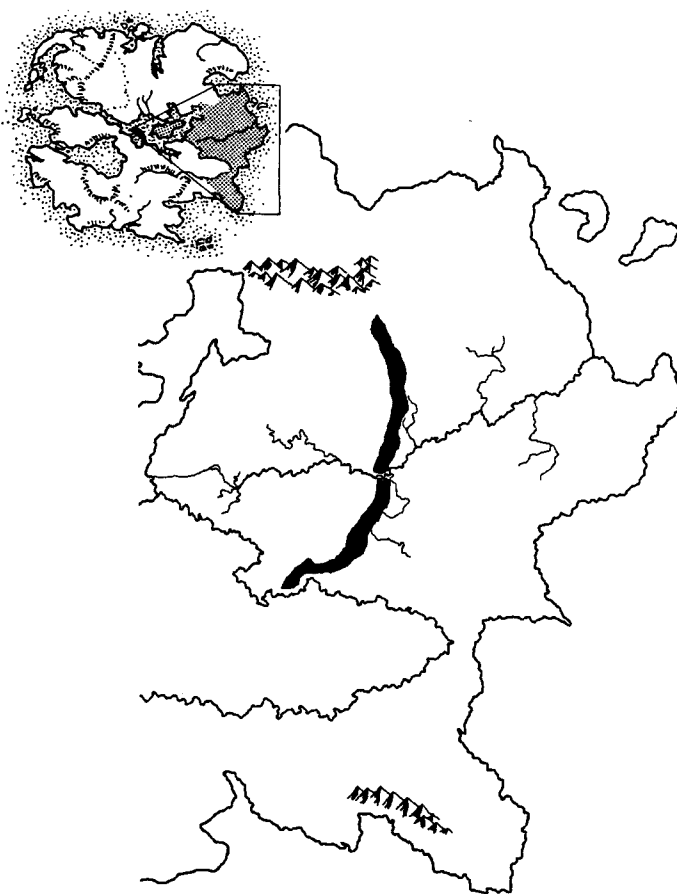
Life along the Great River on both sides of the Shattered Mountains, and away from the major population centers on both

coasts, is not as difficult or as isolated as it is for the settlers deep within the *Disputed Lands*, but it is still a life of toil and hardship. These people work from dawn till dusk, toiling under the sun and threat of attack. Most have little money and are leery of strangers, but will welcome fellow humans, and are usually willing to share what little they have in the way of food and shelter for visitors willing to "earn" the privilege. This means pitching in to help mend fences, dig ditches, pitch hay, tend to livestock, chop wood or other chores for at least half a day. Travelers, even soldiers and adventurers, are not a common sight, and the surrounding woodlands conceal all manner of danger lurking in their shadows. Settlers must worry about everything **from** the weather and wild animals, to human bandits and adventurers down on their luck, **Orcs**, **Ogres**, **Coyles** and other monsters who see these scattered settlements as their private hunting grounds. Raiders and bandits often take livestock (with pigs, sheep and fowl particularly vulnerable), pilfer tools, steal supplies and plunder crops in the field, as well as engage in cruel mischief and vandalism. Most farms, homesteads and towns have watchdogs or other animals (geese are excellent guard animals) to alert the residents to visitors, especially unwanted ones. Thus, it is not unusual for a traveler to be greeted by the landowner with a weapon in hand, two or more snarling hounds at his feet and one or more friends or family at his side (also bearing weapons from swords to pitch forks or clubs). A village or town will have a more formal "**greeter**" such as a constable, militiaman or volunteer strongman (probably a retired warrior or adventurer), priest or practitioner of magic (both with spells ready). How many there are or how dangerous a **visitor(s)** looks, will determine exactly who and how many villagers come out to meet **him/them**. Obvious troublemakers, bandits and thugs may be asked to leave or set upon at the first sign of trouble. The law may insist he **leaves**, and escort the gent and any companions out of town with a strong warning not to come back or make trouble for them ... or else. Note: Hired mercenaries and adventurers are often successful **in** ridding the area of marauders, unfortunately, the solution is always *temporary* and soon new brigands come to take the old ones' place. The Eastern Territory is the land of opportunity for everybody, and that means it attracts more than its fair share of crooks, slavers and cutthroats.

River pirates also raid villages, plunder farms and attack lone or vulnerable looking merchants and travelers. A favorite tactic is to set an ambush along roads, patches and river banks, especially where the river narrows. Their bases, typically ramshackle and falling apart, are nestled in concealed tributaries close to the Shattered Mountains. Here, they hide their booty and slaves prior to transporting them to the notorious *slave town of Grange*, or to the dark city of **Kaash** on the other side of the mountains. The Dominion Army patrols the river banks and the most well traveled roads, as well as makes unscheduled stops at various towns and settlements to make sure they are well (the larger, most prosperous communities may individually or jointly hire a **hand**, line, or cohort of **Llorn** Mercenaries to make patrols and rout raiders and pirates from their area **and/or** function as lawmen). The feeble Dominion Navy has no presence along the Great River except up near **Dain-Rurga** and Haven, as well as along the coast at Southwatch, but its crews are **unmotivated** and, in many cases, the captains are bribed by the pirates to look the other way. The Dominion Army's strongest presence is felt

along the **Trade Road** near settlements. However, the Trade Road is just too long for them to offer thorough coverage and attacks by brigands and roving bands of monsters occur regularly.

Pirates and pirate slavers are found all along the Great River and the ocean coastline. They often target new arrivals — settlers who don't know the lay of the land and are just starting to build a settlement, or better yet, on the way to build a settlement. They are easy pickings because they don't have any (or many) friends, family or allies established in the area, they have not yet built any defenses or hired mercenaries for their protection, and nobody will notice if they vanish. After all, over half of all settlers perish, disappear or fail and go back home in the first year. Some slavers refer to new settlers as "sheep come for a shearing."



The Shattered Mountains

The Shattered Mountains are a thin line of low, rocky mountains known for their chiseled features and jagged rocks. They are 60 miles (96 km) at the widest point and stand a mere 2,200 feet (670.5 m) at their tallest peak. From a distance, they look as though a long forgotten god dropped a sword in the middle of the Eastern Territories and there it has lain, notched from battle and slowly crumbling. Scholars have long speculated about the origins of this low mountain chain. Some claim it must have once been far larger and has simply eroded away with the passage of time. Others say that it is a remnant from the Age of Chaos while still others point to the dark creatures who seem drawn to the ragged cliffs and declare the Shattered Mountains hide the grave of one of the despised Old Ones. Whatever the

truth of its origin, the Shattered Mountains are a dangerous place.

Geographically, the Shattered Mountains divide the northern half of the Eastern Territory with the only known passes being in the north, where the mountains meet the **Bruu-Ga-Belimar**, and in the south at the Great River. Otherwise, the tumbling cliffs slice through the landscape, towering above the plains and forests. They are home to a wide diversity of wildlife, ranging from mountain goats and deer who survive on the wiry alpine grass that struggles in the stony crags, to birds of prey and monsters who nest on the cliffs and peaks. Living alongside the natural wildlife are the "occasional" *dragon*, *sphinx*, *Dragon Wolf*, *Za*, *Cyclops*, *Nimro Fire Giant*, *Lizard Mage*, *Chimera*, *Dragonductyl*, *Goron*, *Sucker* and *Gryphon* as well as the more numerous *Waternix*, *Devil Diggers*, *Gruunor*, *Rock Crawlers*, *Worms of Taut*, *Scorpion Devils* (mainly in the northern half), and packs of *Floaters* (mainly in the southern half). Some claim there are a few *Titans* living in the ruins that dot the peaks, and even a small isolated clan of *Danzi* and *Cyclops* who have chosen the rigors of the mountains over the comparative ease of the lowlands. More numerous are the *Flaming-Eye brood of Kobolds* who have claimed an extensive cave system in the mountains' southern face as their home. They resent any kind of intrusion.

Despite the mountains' dangerous wildlife, monstrous inhabitants and natural difficulties, many explorers brave the heights, eager to search the crumbling ruins amongst the jagged peaks. Perhaps they think they will find lost treasure or clues as to who the builders were and what happened to them. Most find only bare stone, while many others find death or sorrow among the perilous cliffs. Climbing the cliffs is an adventure in itself. The stone is jagged and frail. It easily chips and pulls away in great, thin sheets, making free-climbing nearly impossible. Even with the help of ropes and pitons, it is a monumental undertaking. The sheets of stone that fall away can be dangerous to anyone climbing below, and more than one explorer has lost an arm or worse when a sharp sheet of stone sliced through them from above. To make matters more difficult, a host of poisonous snakes and spiders shelter on the cliffs. They survive on rodents and insects, but will certainly bite the hand of an unlucky climber who startles them. Attempting to fly to the top would seem a good course of action except that the air currents around the mountains are tumultuous and make flight, and especially landing, more difficult than one might think possible. As the air from either side of the mountains strikes the cliffs, it begins to tumble, forming air-shear that can fling a flier hundreds of feet higher within seconds or just as easily slam the victim into the cliff face (victim suffers 4D6 damage). The birds and other winged creatures who roost in the Shattered Mountains have learned how to use these currents of air, and know where the safe places are amongst the peaks and what areas to avoid.

Many of the caves that line the canyon were obviously once settled, perhaps by the same mysterious race who created the many stone ruins that are sprinkled across the Eastern mountainsides. The remains of cliff houses, intricate columns, railings, and sometimes walkways decorate some the mountainside and are found in some caves. Along one eerily straight stretch of canyon, known as the "Walk of Gods," dozens of mysterious monolithic statues over 200 feet (60.9 m) tall with **humanoid** bodies and multiple-eyed, tentacled heads stand silently, staring

out over the river. Further up the canyon are the crumbling remains of crenellated walls. Explorers who have braved the snake and spider infested cliffs report that there are also tunnels cut into the stone, deep into the mountains. Some tunnels lead to complexes with rooms, stairways, domed ceilings and pools inhabited by **Orcs**, **Ogres**, **Goblins**, **Goron** and monsters like *Devil Diggers* and *Gruunor*. Other caves have deep scars in the walls and floors as though a dragon dug in and dragged its claws to leave its mark. Others appear to have been sealed shut by a cave-in or elaborated upon by *Kobolds* who came later. Who created these tunnels and the exterior architecture, and what happened to them is a mystery.

On the east cliff-sides, up high, where even few mountain goats traverse, are more crumbling ruins of a people who disappeared long ago. There is no record as to who they may have been, and even the **Tristine** Chronicles makes no mention of any mountain colony in the East. Then again, the Chronicles are strangely quiet about the Eastern Territory in general. Likewise, there are no local legends or stories about the place, suggesting it is tens of thousands of years old. Modern-day rumors and wild speculation abound, but none of it has any measure of truth or facts. What makes these ruins so intriguing is that buildings cut into the cliffs and towers on the mountain peaks are scattered across the entire length of the mountains. The cliff houses are cut right into the side of the mountain (similar in appearance to the cliff homes of the Pueblo Indians in the western United States), built one atop the other on ledges and within clefts in the rock where they are protected from the worst of the weather. Many have long ago tumbled to the ground 2,000 feet (610 m) below, but tiny clusters remain intact throughout the mountain range. Most are nothing more than a couple rooms suspended on the cliff. Sometimes the floor, or one or more walls, are missing, while others are whole and serve as entrances into the mountain where multi-chambered rooms and tunnels, perhaps to house a village or tribe, were dug from the very stone. They are neither of Dwarf or Kobold design, nor any other *known* people.

Explorers should be wary of these cave-homes, because many have been adopted by the denizens of the mountains, both animals and intelligent beings. The *Danzi* Stone Clan has claimed a small cluster of cliff houses in the north. They don't like outsiders, but will grudgingly allow polite and friendly visitors to stay for an evening, seldom longer unless the visitor can make an important contribution to the clan. Others, like the *Flaming Eye Kobolds*, live in their own mountain tunnel dwellings in the south but can be found anywhere in the southern range. They have no love for humans, *Elves* or *Dwarves*, and they will murder or enslave intruders without a second thought. Meanwhile, *gryphons*, *eagles*, *Gruunor*, *Devil Diggers* and other *animals* find the abandoned cave-like dwellings attractive places to build a lair.

On the highest cliffs are The Citadels, two dozen broken towers running the entire length of the mountains. Only two of these towers have been visited, both on the side of the Great River in the north, where the majority of the mountain investigation has occurred. Elsewhere the towers are more difficult to reach, and inhabited. Near the Old Kingdom River is home to a pride of 18 *gryphons*. *Dragons* are said to reside in some of the others, a *Za* in another, *Nimro* Giants at one high above the city of *Kaash* and somewhere in the center of the southern range, a

sizeable Cyclops clan about a hundred strong. All are content to live alone and regard strangers as trouble to be eliminated.

The discovery of incredibly rich veins of gold in the cliffs near Kaash, has begun to cause "gold fever," drawing hundreds of people to the region on a weekly basis, all with the hope of striking it rich. Already, a half-dozen mining operations have sent teams to look for possible mining sites. Hundreds of inexperienced prospectors (woefully ignorant of the dangers and completely ill-equipped to survive) have scrambled up the cliffs. (Two thirds of which will fall victim to slavers, bandits and skullduggery.) Meanwhile, opportunists have started to wonder what treasures other parts of the Shattered Mountains might be hiding. Note: These explorations and mining operations are good opportunities for adventurers to find work and adventure. The pay is high, the danger greater, but the *possible* rewards could be worth it.

Stone Clan: The **Danzi** Stone Clan have lived in the northernmost peaks of the Shattered Mountains for hundreds of generations. They look with scorn on their lowland dwelling cousins who are too weak to survive in the cliffs, and regard humans as weaklings. Like all Danzi, they are full of pride in their own strength and ability, but also respect similar qualities in others, regardless of race, with the exception of the canines, who can never be anything but the enemy.

The clan has a permanent home on the east facing cliffs in the Disputed Lands. The tribal cliff dwelling they have claimed for themselves is a three level structure with a second floor entrance into the mountain (the bottom level has a door in the floor serving as the only way to get into the structure from below). Inside the mountain is a network of tunnels and large chambers where the clan stores food and takes shelter. A few are living areas. Approximately 300 Danzi live here.

To survive, hunters of the Stone Clan make long forays away from their cliff-side home, hunting mountain goats, rabbits, and snakes, as well as collecting bird and snake eggs and on occasion, making the long, arduous trek down the mountain to gather plants from the surrounding lowlands. Over the centuries, the Stone Clan has made paths through the mountains, indistinguishable by any but the most skilled trackers, and only a little safer than the surrounding terrain, but enough so that these cliff hunters can easily and quickly find their way and travel with less danger to themselves. Because of their intimate knowledge of the Shattered Mountains, or at least the area around where they live, they would make invaluable guides if a visitor were able to convince them to turn away from their isolationist policies. On rare occasion, they have been known to help an injured climber get down the mountain, especially if the individual has something of value to trade. Coveted items include steel weapons, rope, any kind of metal container, and fresh vegetables and fruit.

Kobolds of the Flaming Eye: The southern slopes of the Shattered Mountains are home to a large, militant brood of Kobolds, 2,000 strong. They mostly live below ground in an immense cavern, but they will attack anyone attempting to cross their mountains from either side. The fact that the Kobolds inadvertently keep Old Kingdom denizens from crossing the mountains' lower slopes into the **Highback** Plains, combined with the treacherous conditions of the mountains themselves, has kept the Dominion Army from clearing out the Kobolds. This may

soon change as a new high priest of the Flaming Eye has come to power and is crying out for a "holy war" against humans, whom he calls "the sacrifice to free The Darkness." This high priest was once the most timid of all the lesser priests, but after a vision where the God of the Flaming Eye revealed his true name, *Netosa the Eternal Darkness* (an Old One), the priest has become a blood-crazed zealot. He cries out that their god is imprisoned, chained by the gods of humans, and the only way to free him is by the blood sacrifice of human lives — thousands of them. The Kobolds believe the ruins on the upper peaks were once the dwellings of those who served the Flaming Eye, or Netosa as he now calls himself, and that the Shattered Mountains were once his home. One day he will return to claim them again, in the meantime, the Kobolds ambush any who dare to scale the "sacred mountains" (at least in the southernmost quarter) and plot on how to slay more humans.



Howling Lands

**Located at the southern tip
of the Shattered Mountains**

The Howling Lands is a narrow patch of broken landscape of twisted trees and shattered boulders that rests between the Shattered Mountains and the Old Kingdom River. It is wild land of rock-strewn ground unsuitable for human settlement, and even the Danzi and denizens of the Old Kingdom avoid it. The ground is so rocky that the land is unsuitable for tilling and it's a miracle that any trees and vegetation can grow at all. The splintered stone is as sharp as knives in some places while loose and prone to crumbling underfoot in others. In any case, trying to walk across the uneven ground is difficult at best. The entire area is also littered with shattered boulders ranging in size from

three feet (0.9 m) to larger than a house. Extra care must be taken when leading a horse or other hoofed animal through the stone covered land, effectively slowing movement by half (maximum travel is about 10 miles/16 km per day). Attempting to move any faster is 60% likely to cause injury to the animal, ranging from simple cuts to twisted ankles and broken legs. Travel is only slightly less dangerous for travelers on foot, for in addition to the rocks and boulders, the land is covered by bramble and vines and many of the trees are Honey Tooth trees, which cover the forest floor with thorns.

Strangely absent are large animals, predatory or otherwise. Hawks and eagles are the primary hunters in the Howling Lands, but are hardly a threat to travelers. More dangerous are the flocks of ravens and crows, thousands strong. When these scavengers spot carrion, they swoop down like locusts to devour it in a matter of minutes, and they are known to attack those who collapse, are sick or too injured to move. They sometimes attack baby animals too. When done feasting on the meat, they fly off with the bones, scattering them across the land, which makes finding the remains of those who die in the Howling Lands impossible (and adds to the frightening tales of ghosts and monsters). The Ravens sometimes even attack travelers and their animals if they pause to nap during the day or are injured and the scent of blood is in the air. Fortunately, the birds will fight for only 1D4 melee rounds before giving up (inflict 2D6 points of damage per round). They are carrion eaters, not predators, and although they may outnumber their prey a thousand to one, it is not their nature to kill. Furthermore, they are active during the day and sleep at night, so travelers have nothing to

fear from them **in** the dark. There are worse things that come out at night.

Reports and rumors are abuzz about rangers, gold prospectors and foolish travelers disappearing without a trace in the Howling Lands. Dark shapes (often crows) are said to move among the gnarled forest and watch a traveler's every move. The few patrols that **Llorn** and the Dominion Army have sent in to investigate have either disappeared or returned to warn of ghosts and demons lurking in the shadows and striking down all who disturb them. While the presence of Spectres, Poltergeists, Haunting Entities and Tectonic Entities (made of thorns, deadwood and stone) have been confirmed, one is not hiding behind every boulder as people seem to believe. Moreover, while stories of Shadow Beasts and demons abound, there is no factual evidence that any demons, other than the occasional Worms of Taut (particularly Tomb Worms and Nippers) inhabit the region at all.

Still, it is *a* dark and ominous place. Unlike the forests elsewhere in the Eastern Territory, there are few Rangers, Druids or huntsmen who make the Howling Lands their home, and even the monster races avoid it (**Orcs** and **Goblins** in the region insist it is haunted and filled with demons). Crops will not grow, the wood is not suitable for building, and the flocks of carrion birds are unnerving. Those who have survived a visit to the Howling Lands insist that other creatures stalk amongst the boulders at night. Foul beasts made of shadows and moonbeams who howl and wail at the moon (hence the name of the region) and sometimes in protest to the rising of the sun or in triumph after a kill. The noise is a blood-curdling howl that turns the blood cold and



sends the hackles on the back of one's neck standing on end. The few who claim to have seen these creatures and lived to tell the tale, report massive demonic wolves with glowing red eyes and who are invisible in the darkness. They are most active at night, but may also be seen during the day darting between the shadows where they vanish like ghosts. These "Shadow Wolves" hunt in packs, but the number of creatures within these packs is a matter of speculation. Some survivors claim to have seen only three or four, while others say there were dozens. Either way, they make no noise as they speed over the ground. The only sound is their howling and heavy, ragged breath. Scholars say they must be shadow beasts of some kind. Perhaps the mistake of a **Summoner** or demonic survivors from the Elf-Dwarf Wars, for it is said that the Dwarves, "called forth every manner of demon, and amongst them howling beasts that stole a warrior's courage and lived in **shadow**"—the **Tristine** Chronicles.

The Black Pond. The Howling Lands may hold many mysteries, one of them being the Black Pond. Unknown to most, deep in the Howling Lands at the base of the southern Shattered Mountains is a small spring, really just a large pond. It is filled with an oily, brownish black sludge the twelve Toadstools who live there call "the tears of Darkness." The source of the sludge can not be determined unless someone is foolish enough to actually enter the pond. At the bottom is a narrow crack in the earth, six feet (1.8 m) long and a mere two inches (5 cm) wide from which the polluting sludge oozes. What its source may be deep within the earth, is unknown.

The sludge has several unpleasant qualities. First, anyone touching the sludge or drinking from, or entering, the pond must save vs magic (16 or higher) or else suffer the same evil that has corrupted the land around the pool. (Same as the corruption of the forest around the *Tree of Life at Glade* at the other end of the Shattered Mountains, suggesting perhaps that the foul presence of Netosa is somehow leaching into the forest here too. Perhaps from this pool.) A failed save means the victim starts having dark thoughts and feels envious and vindictive toward those around him. In a battle he is likely to be more aggressive and less merciful, perhaps even killing out of anger or revenge. Good characters will also *entertain* the idea of stealing, lying and cheating as if their alignment was evil. Anarchist and evil characters are likely to act on these feelings. In addition, the affected characters are -2 to save vs mind control spells and magic (including Charm, Domination, etc.) cast by "evil" practitioners of magic or supernatural beings. These bizarre effects last for 24 hours, 48 if the tainted water is drunken, even a sip, and may be considered a magical curse. Normal animals are subject to the same corruption, acting uncooperative, mischievous, aggressive and mean. However, they can sense the taint and magic (the pond radiates with both magic and evil), and will not usually drink from it; they don't even want to come near it.

The Shadow Wolves are attracted to the pool and found in the greatest numbers in a 50 mile (80 km) radius around it, so anyone trying to reach it will definitely encounter a pack or two. A Diabolic evil Za lives up in a cave a thousand feet (3048 m) above the pond and drinks from it regularly; he finds its waters sweet and refreshing. He is likely to try to beat up and rob anybody who visits the **pond**, targeting gold, gems and magic items. See the *Monster Section* elsewhere in this book for details about the Shadow Wolf and corrupted trees.

Town of Neven

Located in the western forest of the Disputed Lands, not far from **Llorn**, Neven is an unofficial member of the Domain of Man. Since Neven is governed by the Merchants' Guild, it is assumed that the city is a member state, but the mayor has not signed the Charter of Dominion.

Population: 880 (expected to double over the next two years and quadruple in the next 3-5. The population does not include the **1D4x100** visitors in town at any given time; mostly sailors, lumbermen and adventurers).

Human: 70%

Dwarves: 10%

Orcs: 15%

Elves: 1%

Other: 4%

Military: 50 mercenaries

Major Temples:

Sect of Rurga

Church of Light

Church of the Northern Gods

Ruler: Guild Master **Ryan** Chenney

Coinage: Merchant Guild coinage

Flag: Merchant Guild emblem, a gold scale over a split green and ermine field.

Neven rests on the southern shore of the reservoir that serves as the mid-point for the Grand Canal. Here, traders stop over to rest their crew, make repairs to their vessels and to gather news for the next leg of their journey. It is also a prime spot for adventurers to set up a base of operations from which to make forays into the enchanted woods of the western Disputed Lands. The town has no outer wall as such, just an 8 foot (2.4 m) tall earthen mound that would do little to stop a determined foe. The residents of Neven depend on the lake, the canal and the two lines of **Llornian** mercenaries (50 men) hired by the Merchants' Guild for its defense. A fort is currently under construction overlooking the lake and a new stone dock.

Neven is much like any other town of its size except perhaps for its over-abundance of inns for the visiting boat crews. Great swaths of timber have been cleared south of town both for lumber and to provide much needed farmland. Still, Neven is not agriculturally self-sufficient and the Merchants Guild is forced to import roughly one-third of its food supply. Land is abundant, however, and the Guild is paying people to come to the town and set up shop. Farmers are being tempted to come to Neven with promises of free land, assistance in clearing trees and enough money to live on for the first year. Within two years, Master Chenney expects the population to double and for the town to be fully self-sufficient.

Being a crossroads of sorts, Neven has a vast selection of stores, gear and equipment. Camping gear, weapons, armor and even some magical items can be purchased at a fair price in town. All manner of exotic goods pass through the town's docks from eastern glassware and spices to **Northolme** weapons and wine, and burgundy and textiles from the east.

In addition to its importance as a way station for the canal trade, the Merchants' Guild has built a training center for their "Collectors" two miles (3.2 km) west of town. The training cen-



ter consists of three stone buildings including offices, classrooms and dormitories complete with kitchen and a dining hall. Surrounding it all is a tall wooden palisade patrolled by two-dozen Long Bowmen assigned to keep nosy visitors away and the camp safe. No one is allowed inside except for high ranking Guild officials, Collectors and students in training. Once a month, the 20 or so students are allowed a visit to Neven to relax and let off a little steam.

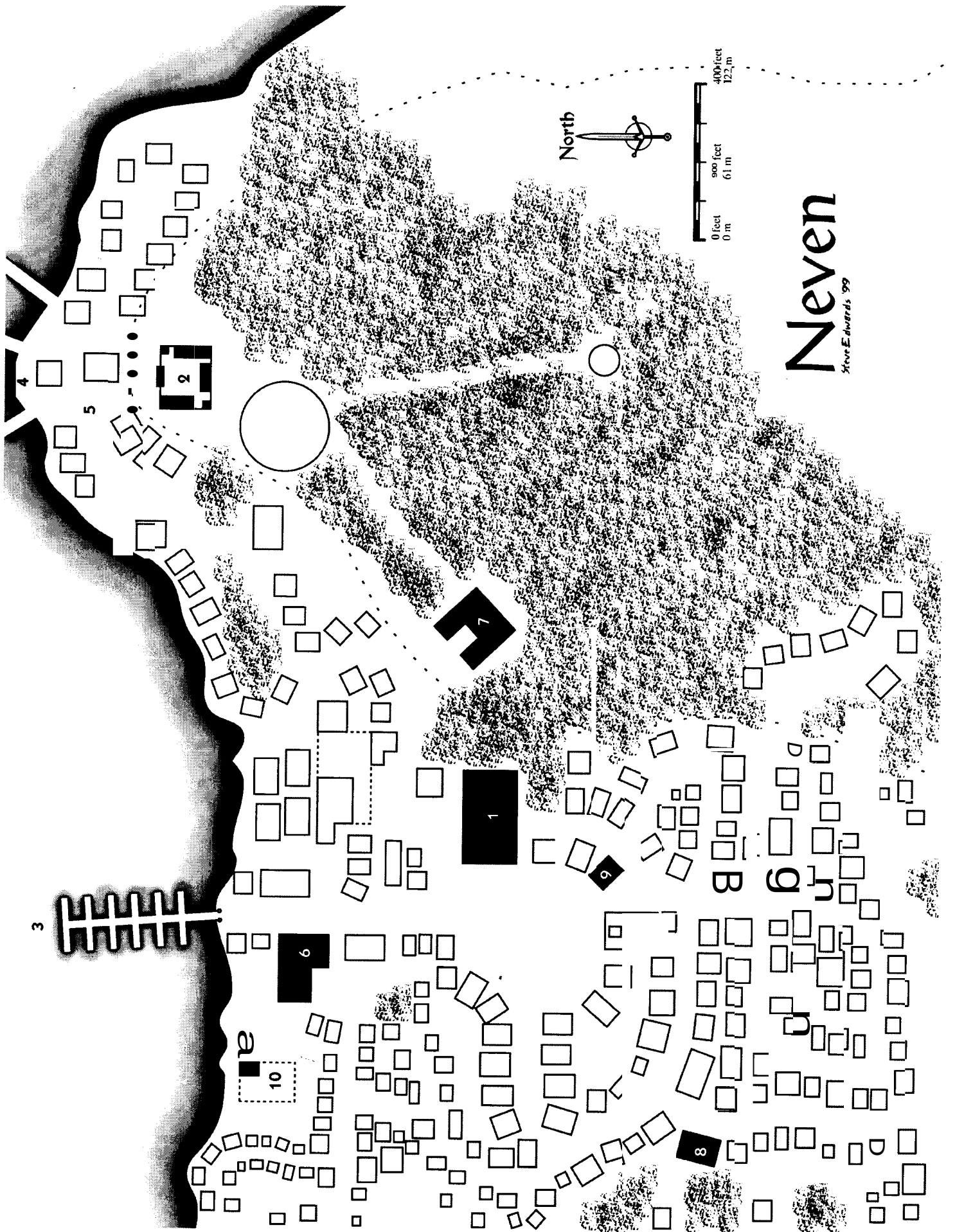
The law in Neven is enforced vigorously by Master **Chenney** through the **Llornian** Mercenaries. The most common crime is assault when the visiting river crews get drunk and start brawls. The mercenaries are quick to break up fights, none too gently, and throw the culprits in jail to cool off. Typically, the sailors' captains are required to make restitution for damage and to pay a 150 gold fine per man in order to retrieve their crewmen. There is no limit to how many times an individual can be arrested and fined for brawling, and some sailors will get tossed in jail two or more times a visit. If the ship captain deserts his men and leaves them sitting in jail, the brawlers will be given the opportunity to "work off their debt to society. This does not happen often but it does occur. Typical work sentence is 3-8 months.

Theft is almost nonexistent due to the unusually large number of Guild Collectors and incorruptible **Llorn** Mercenaries in town. If a serious crime were to occur, Master Chenney would act as judge rather than leaving it to the mercenary commander. The offender would likely be executed as the town is not equipped to provide for long-term prisoners. Within the past 6

months, four people have died in mysterious accidents. One was killed when he fell off the docks and somehow got caught under the pilings. Another fell down and broke his neck. The third died when her house caught fire, and the fourth, just a couple weeks ago, died in his sleep of no apparent cause. Although the deaths seem to be accidents, it is highly unlikely that so many would perish in such a short period of time, and all four were members of a local adventuring group who struck it rich in the northern forests just weeks before the first individual drowned. Now, there are only two members left. One runs the *Wanderer's Home*, while the other has virtually barricaded himself in his own home defended by bodyguards. The city guard has stepped up patrols and a pair of Master Collectors are looking into the deaths.

Locations & People of Note

1. Guild House: The four story Guild House is the largest building in Neven. It is built atop the brick road that leads into town, giving it the impression of a large gatehouse without a gate. Anyone using the docks must stop at the Dock Office located in the Guild House to pay the 20 gold docking fee. Merchants must also list their cargo and destination, ostensibly as evidence in the event the boat is attacked by river pirates. Actually, the cargo log allows the Guild to keep tabs on both member and non-member commercial ventures. The Guild House has offices for Guild Master Chenney, his administrative staff, and the Captain of the mercenaries. In addition, a branch of the *Guild Collectors' Offices of Investigation and Recovery* is maintained here.



2. Fort Strong: Only eight years old and one of the first large structures built as part of the Grand Canal project. The other large structure built at this time was a series of barracks for the **work** crew, which is now submerged on the north side of the lake. Fort Strong is much like the frontier forts of the American Old West. A 20 foot (6.1 m) wood palisade surrounds a large, 80 foot (24.4 m) wide courtyard. Barracks and a small stable sit to the west of the gate, the kitchen to the east, and the main building to the south. The main building houses Captain **Versachie's** office and quarters, a war room where plans and other official meetings are held, an office for the executive commander and the first sergeant, as well as the fort's armory. For now, Fort Strong is roomy with enough barracks space for 50 more soldiers. **Ordinarily**, at least one blacksmith would also be housed within the fort but, for now, the fort depends on several smiths in town to satisfy their needs. A circular stone fortress is currently being constructed near Fort Strong and when completed in six months will replace it. The new fortress will have room for 200 soldiers and 30 horses.

3. Floating Docks: The floating docks are essentially large log rafts tethered to the shore by immense chains with links six feet (1.8 m) long. The docks can support up to 24 vessels up to 50 feet (15.2 m) long. Larger vessels must lay anchor further out in the lake and send rowboats ashore. Four mercenaries are tasked with patrolling the dock at all times. A pair of large beacon lanterns sit at either end of the dock, one green (east) and one red (west) to assist shippers navigating at night. A single repair facility operated by a Samson Hazard, a retired sailor from **Lopan**, stays busy patching hulls of canal traders and building canoes, skiffs and barges. His work is good and he could earn twice as much in **Llorn** or the large shipyards on **Lopan**, but he prefers the peace and close-knit community of **Neven**. In his free time, he is building a large riverboat to be christened the "River Shark" complete with sails and rigging, that he hopes to sell to either **Llorn** or the Army of Dominion. Kept busy maintaining the leaky ships used by the canal traders, he is still at least a year away from completing his boat.

4. Stone Docks: These docks will supplement the wood ones when they are finished, offering enough space for 36 vessels up to 160 feet (48.8 m) long. In addition, there will be four covered repair bays, three of which will be operated by the Merchants' Guild. The fourth is already contracted to Samson Hazard who is on very good terms with the Guild.

The docks are being built by the Stone Biters, an engineering crew operating out of the **Highback** Plains. The engineers are all Dwarves, each with over 50 years of experience while the workers are all **Orcs**. With their great strength and single-minded nature, the **Orcs** have proven to be surprisingly excellent stone masons. The crew has already constructed a pair of large forts in the plains, worked on the **Llorn** sea locks, and reinforced the foundations for **Dain-Rurga**, the principle castle for the Sect of **Rurga**. At first, the citizens of **Neven** were wary of the **Orcs**, but since they have proven themselves hardworking and trustworthy, most treat them like productive townsfolk and welcome them without prejudice at any inn, tavern or shop.

5. Workers' Yard: The Workers' Yard is almost a town of its own. It consists of houses for the **Orcs**, a large kitchen and dining hall, a separate house for each of the three **Dwarven** engineers, a pair of smithies and Dugles' General Store operated by Scott Dugles, a longtime member of the Merchants' Guild. The

Orc laborers have a strict curfew set by the chief engineer, Dogash Redick. They must all be back in the Yard within a half-glass (½ hour) of sundown. Those who are late are docked a week's wage (100 gold) and are restricted from town for a month.

Dogash arranges for entertainers to come to the Yard every weekend and has approved the construction of a boxing ring to let the **Orcs** let off steam. **Neven** citizens are welcome at the Yard on the weekends to take part in the entertainment. Already, the Yard has seen acts from the Arthur Brothers bards, a juggler heralding from the Gold Coast and a troop of gladiators from **Llorn** who travel the Great River putting on shows.

6. Wanderers' Home (*Inn/General Store)** The Wanderers' Home is a combination inn and general store run by **Losana Enyanason**, a retired adventurer. **Losana** is one of two surviving members of the local adventuring group who found a ruined temple deep in the western Disputed Lands and returned with a fortune in jewels and gold relics. The inn offers comfortable lodging, fair prices, and good gear for visiting adventurers. It is also an excellent source of information regarding the western forest and its many myths and real dangers, for not only is the owner, Miss **Losana**, acquainted with the forest, but many rangers and trappers visit regularly, as does the occasional **druid**. The walls of the common room are decorated as a memorial with the weapons and armor of her friends, all of whom have died in strange accidents within the past six months. Unlike **Varese**, the only other survivor of the adventuring band, **Losana** believes the deaths are all unfortunate accidents and has publicly stated that talk of a curse on the treasure hunters or being stalked by a death cult is ridiculous. Nevertheless, she has hired a pair of guards to keep an eye on the inn, ostensibly to kick out drunken sailors.

Losana Enyanason (Quick Stats)

Experience: 7th level **Elven** female Long Bowman

Real Name: **Ethlosana** Enyanason

Alignment: **Scrupulous**

Attributes: I.Q. 14, **M.A.** 7, **M.E.** 13, **P.S.** 15, **P.P.** 22, **P.E.** 17, **P.B.** 19, **Spd.** 21

Hit Points: 46, **S.D.C.** 35

7. The Chenney Estate: Located only 500 feet (152.4 m) from Fort Strong is the home of Guild Master Chenney, an extravagant mansion built to the specifications of Mayor and Guild Master **Ryan** Chenney, the richest man in town. The estate consists of the manor house, a carriage house and an extensive yard. The manor is a two-story affair with two wings, 30 bedrooms and an expansive grand hall used for parties, ballroom dancing and entertaining visiting Guild officials. The carriage house has stabling for 12 horses, parking for two large carriages, and quarters for the stable hands and carriage drivers. Ironically, there is no carriage at the moment, and the stable is only half full. The quarters are occupied by four stable hands and six gardeners responsible for keeping the yard immaculate. A tall, wrought iron fence, painted white, surrounds the 40 acre estate and is patrolled by a dozen privately employed soldiers, all 4th-7th level mercenaries (but they are not members of the **Llorn** Red Brigade).

Guild Master **Ryan** Chenney is a relatively young man. At 30 years old, he has attained success far beyond his peers, and he enjoys showing off dozens of paintings, imported glass and **mir-**

rors, Western carpets and ornamental shields that adorn the walls of the grand hall. A life-sized statue of himself and his wife **Sanatha** stands in the garden, surrounded by flowers and decorative shrubbery. **Ryan** is a shrewd businessman, demanding perfection from himself and his employees. His business savvy and leadership has turned Neven into a **bona-fide** "boom town." The town's population has doubled in the past year and is well on the way to doubling again by the end of this year. Neven promises to be a power in the north within the next five years and may one day rival **Llorn** (or so says Mr. **Chenney**).

At home, Mayor **Chenney** is distant and cool toward his wife and two children, **Andrea** and **Richard**. He spends most of this time in his large study, surrounded by charts, books and the portrait of his father. A pipe is never far from hand and he can often be found deep in thought dreaming of new means of expanding the town and making money.

In addition to his official duties as a Guild Member and Mayor, he is also a spy for the Wolfen Empire, tracking the activity on the canal and providing strategic information on troop movements along the canal.

Ryan Chenney (Quick Stats)

Experience: 7th level human merchant

Real Name: **Ryanth Chennial**

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q. 15, M.A. 17, M.E. 11, P.S. 11, P.P. 13, P.E. 10, P.B. 14, Spd. 12

Hit Points: 32, S.D.C. 15

Psionics: Major Psychic with 59 I.S.P. and the powers of Mind Block, Astral Projection, Total Recall, Speed Reading, Sense Evil, Summon Inner Strength and Meditation.

Description: **Chenney** first established residence in Haven where he officially joined the Merchants' Guild and ran a successful money-lending operation for several years. He moved to **Llorn** five years ago as assistant to the Guild Ambassador and met and married **Sanatha**. Two years ago, this young mover and shaker was given the post of mayor of Neven where his vision has turned it into a thriving community.

What most people **don't** know about **Ryan Chenney** is that he came to the Eastern Territory twenty years ago from the Wolfen city of **Havea**, and has spent the last two decades as a Wolfen spy! **Chenney** believes the Wolfen are misunderstood and the victims of prejudice and injustice. He knows them to be a strong, courageous and honorable people, and in his opinion, nobler than humans. The small statue of a pigeon over the mantel in his den is magical, able to cast a Magic Pigeon spell 4 times per day. **Chenney** uses the item primarily for business, sending messages and various other correspondences associated with the town. He also uses the item to send reports to his Wolfen contacts located deep in the eastern Disputed Lands. He keeps them informed of human troop movements (**Llorn** meres, Dominion Army, Guild Collectors, local militias, naval operations and troublesome adventurers), settlement plans in the Disputed Lands, supply lines, and political sentiment in the east. Without a doubt, **Chenney** is the highest placed spy the Wolfen have. If **discovered**, the Mayor will take all the money on hand (easily 60,000 gold worth of gems at any one time) and use a **Teleport:** Superior scroll he has hidden away to take him and his wife to an outpost just

within Wolfen territory in the north. His wife does not share his allegiance to the Wolfen and he worries that he would lose her if the truth is uncovered. He has, however, convinced her that the Wolfen may not be as monstrous as most people believe and that a political solution over the Disputed Lands is preferential to a bloody war.

8. Varese Estate: **Varese** is the second of the two surviving members of the adventure group who struck it rich in the woods in the north. Varese is sure that the deaths of his companions were caused by a malevolent force punishing them for defiling the ruined temple. His home has been turned into a fortress, with iron bars covering the stained glass windows, iron bars bolting the doors, and guards for protection. After the death of his good friend **Neileen** over a month ago, he hired four bodyguards and has employed a high-powered Diabolist to ward his home. Despite his own considerable magical powers, he has become a nervous wreck. His voice is small and timid, and his hands shake constantly. His striking gray eyes dart to and fro and the lanterns in his house are always kept lit. Varese has also decided to hire an investigator to find who or what is hunting him. **Losana** thinks him a paranoid fool, but he is not taking any chances.

Varese Tontaro (Quick Stats)

Experience: 5th level human Wizard.

Real Name: **Alvarese Tontaro**

Alignment: Unprincipled

Attributes: I.Q. 15, M.A. 12, M.E. 15, P.S. 11, P.P. 14, P.E. 18, P.B. 14, Spd. 16

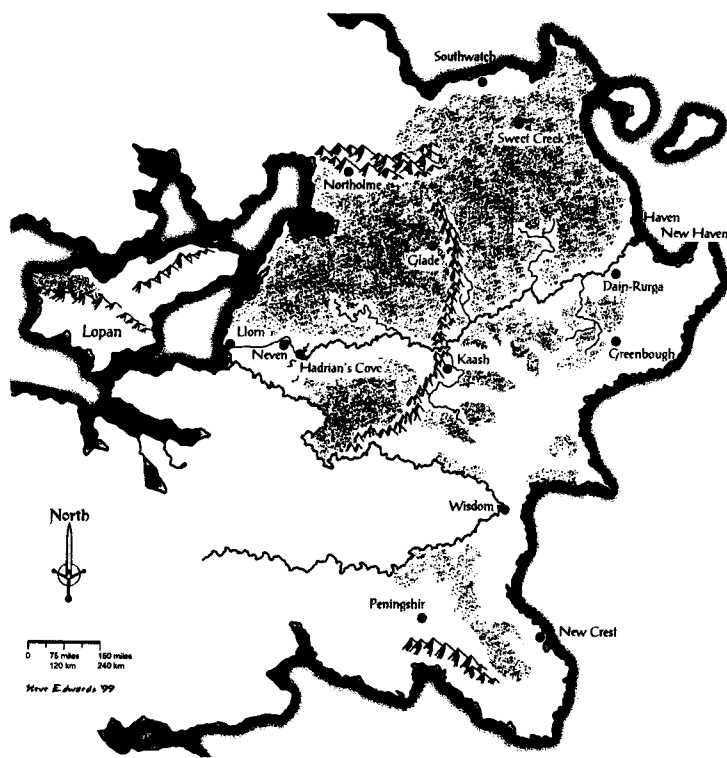
Hit Points: 36, S.D.C.: 15

9. Gustaff Money Lender: **Gustaff Velop** is a member of the Merchants' Guild and functions as Neven's banker. He primarily authorizes letters of credit for visiting merchants, exchanges coinage, makes loans on behalf of the Guild, and appraises jewels and fine furs. **Gustaff** is honest and will always give the best price for appraisals. He earns a flat 5% fee of the total value of appraisals and asks a reasonable 8% interest on loans. He can also prepare letters of credit free of charge for Merchants' Guild members and will do so for non-members for a 5% fee of the credit or 50 gold, whichever is greater. **Gustaff** keeps 65,000 gold in the Fort Strong Armory (the most secure place in town).

10. Horse and Dog Trader: **Gordried Kornastian** only recently came to Neven from the south. The Elf has purchased a 400 acre tract of land west of town, bordering the Collector facility as well as the stable shop in town. He employs 15 full-time horse trainers and two pairs of dog handlers. He assists with both, but for the most part, depends upon his trainers' ability and his own impressive talent for finding markets. **Gordried** makes a comfortable living selling to both local buyers and visiting traders. He sells fully trained war horses, riding horses, and a particular, strong breed of work horse. He would like to invest in race horses but there is not enough demand to make it worthwhile. He also sells a variety of hunting and war dogs. All animals cost 150% of the prices found in the **Monsters & Animals sourcebook**, but each has an additional 25% S.D.C. and +1D4 to speed. In addition to the animals, he also sells a complete line of riding related equipment including saddles, bags and cavalry weapons. The following are just a few of the items available.

Saddle: 80 gold
War Saddle: 250 gold (includes holsters and straps for stowing weapons)
Bridle: 20 gold
Saddle Blanket: 6 gold
Saddlebag: 10 gold

Hadrian's Cove



Member of the Domain of Man.

Population: 35,000

Human: 90%

Dwarves: 5%

Elves: 3%

Other: 2%

Military: 800 (+1,600 Dominion soldiers)

Major Temples:

Sect of Rurga

Church of Light and Dark

Church of Light

Ruler: Mayor **Aleen** Steele

Coinage: Merchants' Guild coinage

Flag: A sinuous green dragon, wings and claws extended, on a gold field.

Hadrian's Cove is at once typical of the cities that line the Great River and unique. It is typical in its size, the attitude of its citizens and the zeal at which they have **crafted** a city from the wilderness. Hadrian's Cove is unique in two ways: the high living standard for even the common laborers, and the distinct difference between the wealthy whose ancestors herald from the Old Kingdom and **Timiro**, and those whose ancestors come from the Western Empire. Elsewhere in the **north**, few stop to consider where one's ancestors originally came from; after all,

they are all members of the "Eastern Territories" now, with a common interest in seeing their settlements and cities succeed as "independent" kingdoms and city-states. However, here, one's lineage, especially noble lineage, remains important.

Hadrian's Cove is built on the ruins of an earlier settlement that failed. The original pioneers are believed to have been loggers whose town was burned down decades ago. When the new settlers **arrived**, all they found were the cold remains of a few charred stone buildings and a shallow pit filled with the bones of several dozen people.

The new settlers were a mixture of Western merchants, peasants and several dozen families hailing from the Old Kingdom and Timiro. All had met in the rapidly growing town of **Llom** on the coast of the Inland Sea, and had decided to move farther inland where they could build their own community. Led by Father Enisius Hadrian of the Church of Light, 200 people left Llom and made the 150 mile (240 km) journey inland to Veil Lake at the head waters of the Great River. Finding the overgrown remains of the first town, the new settlers set to clearing the ruins and surrounding fields. The first winter was difficult. Only half the necessary buildings were completed and many people died. The coming spring found the survivors determined to stay and by the next winter the town was well underway.

Named after Father Hadrian, both the city and the Church of Light have prospered. What started off as 200 residents has steadily grown, fueled by a constant trickle of new settlers arriving from other parts of the Eastern Territory, Western Empire and kingdoms from the south. All are eager to become part of a growing town that promises to be an important place in the northeast. With the opening of the *Grand Canal*, the population has burgeoned. Two years after its completion, the population has swelled from 25,000 to 35,000. Everywhere, the sounds of construction fill the air as people pour into the city. As the population has risen, the forests surrounding the city have been cut back to make space for the many acres of farmland required to feed it, and lumber operations (where trees grow back at an unnatural rate) fuel the export economy and promise work for everyone. Today, "**The Cove**" is a city ripe for entrepreneurs and loggers. Taxes are light and there is plenty of room to grow. Further, its location near the southern edge of the "enchanted" forests of the Disputed Lands and north of the dark and deadly Howling Lands makes it an ideal headquarters for explorers.

Adventurers find it alluring and the people of Neven, some 50 miles north, routinely come to Hadrian's Cove for relaxation, entertainment and to spend their hard-earned gold.

'Defenses

The city defenses are different from many towns along the river. Instead of a large stone wall surrounding the city, an 8 foot (2.4 m) earthen mound, covered in a mixture of wood and steel stakes, surrounds the farmlands some 15 miles (24 km) from town. It stretches from the Great River in an arc to the Jade River. Every quarter mile (402 m), a 30 feet (9.1 m) tall wooden tower overlooks the mound. Each tower is manned by four militia soldiers who are responsible for lighting warning fires if a threat is seen. Otherwise, they routinely walk between the forts, trading gossip with the other tower guards and locals, and making sure nothing large and dangerous creeps over the wall. Every two miles (3.2 km) is a larger fort, essentially a palisade wall surrounding a barracks, stables, armory and a kitchen. Each

of these is garrisoned by 40 mounted militia soldiers. Thus far, the only attack has come from a band of Ogres who got over the mound and tore down two of the smaller towers before the cavalry arrived and drove them away. So far, the Wolfen (and Coyles) have not been a problem, in part because the city is at the very edge of the Disputed Lands and also because of the strong presence of the **Llorn** Mercenaries operating throughout the area. The occasional predator and monster, including Dragon Beasts from the Shattered Mountains, **Manticore**, Rock Crawlers, Scorpion Devils, Worms of Taut, bears and others wander from the forests and cause problems for the citizens, especially the soldiers and farmers working on the outskirts of the city.

Entrance through the mound wall is made at four gates which are each manned by 16 soldiers, two Wizards and a Warlock. Mobile barricades of steel spikes can be dragged into place with little notice and secured to steel posts already in place. The soldiers here tend to ignore travelers unless they are heavily armed or of one of the "monster races" such as Ogres and Trolls. **Orcs** are looked upon with suspicion; after all, **Orc**bands are a major hazard in the area, as are Giants and Trolls. So long as the **Orcs** are accompanied by a human, Elf or Dwarf willing to take responsibility for them, they are allowed into the city. Goblins and **Hob-Goblins** are looked upon as vermin and can expect to be harassed by the militia and almost always turned away. Ogres, Trolls and Giants are treated as potential invaders and must be accompanied through the farmlands and into the city by the militia. Once in the city, these individuals are taken to the Courthouse to be questioned and to make guarantees of good behavior. Such undesirables must stay at **The Den**, an inn on the Docks where they can be watched. Further, a pair of militia men and perhaps a deputy will be dispatched to follow the individual wherever he goes. A sighting of Wolfen or any canine race is cause for alarm and sends the militia into high gear to man battle stations, barricade entrances and to sweep across the countryside looking for the Wolfen raiders.

Around the city itself is a second earthen mound, identical to the one surrounding the fields, with the addition of a 6 foot (1.8 m) wood wall and 25 foot (7.6 m) watchtowers that line the wall every 300 feet (91.4 m). Each tower is manned by six archers. There are four gates through the wall corresponding to the four gates through the outer defensive mounds. The soldiers here have similar attitudes and reactions to those at the outer defenses. The biggest concern is that the town is quickly outgrowing the walls and a new one will have to be erected, a time consuming and expensive proposition. Hadrian's Cove's primary defense is not its walls at all, or even its militia, but rather the full contingent of soldiers from the Dominion Army headquartered on the outskirts of town. Being in a strategic geographic location, the 8th Dominion Army has established a military post that routinely patrols the Trade Road, engages in long-range reconnaissance as far north as the **Bruu-Ga-Belimar** Mountains, and guards against canine attacks along the Great River. While half the 8th Army is always off on patrol somewhere, Hadrian's Cove is home to an entire regiment, some 1,600 fighting men and officers who feel it is their duty to support this important boom town and the nearby canal. The large support staff that would ordinarily be required to handle the logistic needs of the unit is taken care of by private contractors in the town as part of its obligation to the national army. Hadrian's

Cove has found the army's presence beneficial both militarily and economically. Its merchants receive all the soldiers' business, and the city can keep the numbers of its own militia at a lower level than would otherwise be required. Between the Dominion Army and their own militia (another 800 men), The Cove is well protected even without men of magic and alliances with its neighbors.

Veil Lake

As the life's blood of the city, Veil Lake is by far the most important aspect of Hadrian's Cove. The lake is not tremendously large, covering a mere eight square miles (20.8 km) of land area, but its depth is unusual. At 600 feet (182.9 m) it is the deepest lake in the north, allowing an abundant population of fish (and rumor has it, a sea serpent). Three rivers feed the lake and more recently, the Grand Canal. From the north flows the *Jade River*, so named for the precious stones pulled from its rocky bed. *The Jacob River* flows quietly into the lake from the east, while from the south spills *the Rush*, a wide, fast flowing river that churns into a white foam as it dances over broken stones washed out of the Howling Lands. Where the Rush falls into the lake is called the Veil Falls for its uncanny resemblance to a bridal veil. Behind the falls, accessible by a narrow and slippery trail, are a half-dozen caves. Within the caves grow a variety of mushrooms and other fungus whose healing properties have been capitalized on by the Herb Garden, a business which specializes in healing and other-life enhancing herbs. The caves were purchased by the company from Hadrian's Cove and only the pickers may enter without an armed escort.



A recent arrival to the lake, and still only a rumor, is a young Viper Serpent (see page 135 of the *Monsters & Animals™ sourcebook*) who somehow made its way up the Great River before settling in the depths of Veil Lake. Whether or not the beast will remain depends on how violently the residents of Hadrian's Cove react, and whether or not they can attack it in its underwater home. Thus far, the Viper Serpent has taken two fishermen and a family enjoying a day on the lake. Little evidence of any of the attacks was left behind so there is some debate as to whether or not river pirates might be responsible for the disappearances. Over the past six months, evidence has been uncovered that some kind of water monster does inhabit the lake. For now, the Mayor dismisses the suspicions as ridiculous and has refused to increase the military presence on the docks or to begin patrolling the lake. Rumor has it that the **Alguiard** family, aristocratic cousins to the family that vanished, are planning on hiring a group to catch and slay the mysterious monster rather than wait until Mayor Steele decides to do something.

The Docks

The docks are the busiest part of town. Activity on the docks runs at a feverish rate as sailors load and unload river barges, new settlers get adjusted, visitors wander, sailors disembark, workers unload ships, street merchants call out their wares, and the horse-drawn carriages of the aristocracy push their way through the crowds. Gangs of pick pockets roam the bustling **lakefront** where they can brush into their victims without attracting attention.

The docks are well maintained, the roads are all paved in dark-red cobblestone, and the buildings are all wood; most are whitewashed and in good condition. Missing are the windswept moldy-green clapboard structures of **Llorn** and most other cities along the River. Facing the lake are the wide wooden wharves, always crowded with barrels and crates watched over by barefooted and bare-chested sailors. Beyond the wharves lay warehouses, alehouses, cheap inns, several gambling dens and the homes of the fishermen and dock folk who work on or near the water.

The city militia maintains a visible presence, ineffective as it may be against pick pockets, but quick to stop other kinds of trouble, especially from roguish visitors. They walk the wharves in groups of four expecting people to move out of their way and scowling at those who don't. They are attempting to crack down on the pick pockets and other minor criminals, but there are just too many of them for the soldiers to really make a real difference. In addition to watching for thieves, the soldiers guard against river pirates, hijackers, brawlers, **nonhuman** troublemakers and the sea-serpent that is rumored to have made the lake its home.

The dock fee for the lakefront wharves is a mere 10 gold, payable on arrival. Failure to pay **results** in a fine of 250 gold for a first **offense** and confiscation of the vessel for a second. The Dock Master makes hourly strolls along the docks, comparing vessel names to the list he carries with him. Any vessel not on his list is given one opportunity to pay the fee before the fine is levied. The Toll Booth, really just a small bay itself, is the entry to the Grand Canal and carries its own fees and taxes. More information on the Toll Booth can be found below.

1) Fish Wharf: This large wooden wharf has space enough for up to 30 fishing skiffs at a time. It has been dubbed the "Per-

fumed **Wharf**" for the awful stench of fish, blood and decay that hovers over it. The water around the piers is always full of blood and entrails where the fishermen clean their catch. Despite the odor, people throng to the wharf to purchase fresh fish direct from the fishermen rather than wait for the street vendors to bring them into the city. The dock is covered in rope, nets and hooks, and is slippery with water and fish blood. None of this appears to bother the fishermen who invariably look surprised if someone comments on it all.

At the far end of the Fish Wharf (at the bottom of the map), overlooking the lake, is a small wood home. The building has only a single door and two permanently shuttered windows. Nets and floats hang on the walls as do a pair of large hooks used for dragging large fish from the water. In this house lives old man Hudson, an aged Dwarf with a head full of gray hair, a long straggly beard, sun-darkened skin and a mouthful of broken yellow teeth. He earns a living carving scrimshaw and making detailed figurines from the thick skulls of marble-head trout. He sells the carvings and scrimshaw to several merchants in town and to a representative from the Black River Company on **their** way to Llorn. The figurines are mostly fish but he also occasionally carves boats, dragons and the occasional unicorn (always popular). The carvings are small but he makes from 10-30 gold apiece (they sell for 3-5 times as much). Hudson has the stereotypical **Dwarven** attitude; gruff and constantly complaining about one thing or another, especially Elves and Wolfen. Buying him a bottle of rum will earn a yellow-toothed grin and stories about the Great River and Lake Veil, which he refers to as the "Old Lady" and her sister. He laughs at the notion that a sea-serpent lives in the lake and says point-blank that the missing fishermen were drunk and the family must have been captured by slavers or pirates. Hudson has lived in The Cove since its inception and is one of the founding members of the lake-side community. He doesn't care for high-society drivel and avoids the increasing level of aristocracy as much as possible. This attitude suits the aristocrats just fine since their claim to high station is their ancestry to the founders of Hadrian's Cove or links to old nobility in the south. Hudson ignores them and is content to row about the lake **crafting** his figurines and reminiscing about the old days.

Hudson (Quick Stats)

Experience: 8th level male Mercenary Warrior.

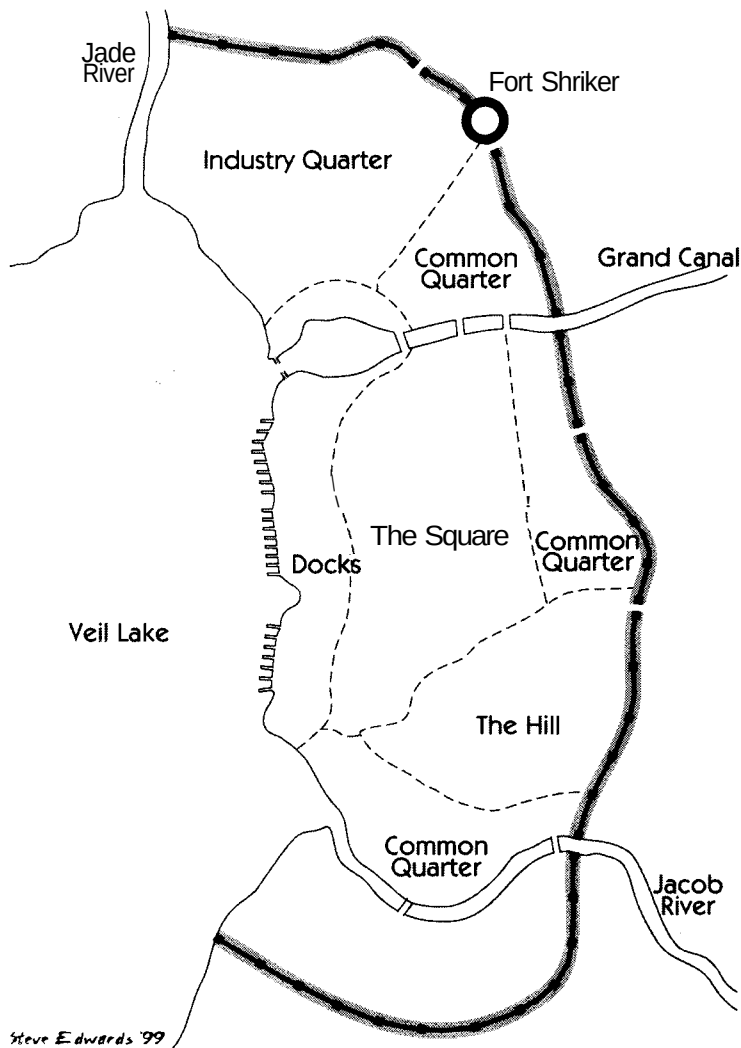
Real Name: Varthan Neefer

Alignment: Unprincipled

Attributes: I.Q. 16, M.E. 14, **M.A. 8**, P.S. 21, P.P. 16, P.E. 23, P.B. 11, Spd. 7

Hit Points: 65, S.D.C.: 34

2) Coben Brothers Security & Cargo Services: A large and relatively inexpensive security agency and transport service, Coben Brothers provides protection for the aristocracy and merchants plying a trade in town and traveling through the Grand Canal. With 250 ex-men at arms (mostly Mercenary Warriors, Soldiers, Sailors, and Long Bowmen) under their employ, Coben Brothers has the third largest number of combat-able soldiers in town. These men can be hired in groups of six to 48 to watch over cargo, docked vessels, or personnel, or escort the delivery of goods. They may also bar people from coming and going onto any vessel and may man the ship's deck while it is in town. The agency also employs four low to mid-level Wizards



span these canals. The shipyards are busy year round, producing, on average, two **mercantiles** per month along with 3-4 small riverboats or barges. The Kenshear boats are **crafted** of the finest materials available. They have 10% more S.D.C. than the same style of vessel built elsewhere, and cost 30% more than usual. Every boat that comes from the Kenshear Shipyards bears the yard's crescent and shield emblem emblazoned near the bow where all can see.

The yard is owned by Thomas Kenshear, an old and prominent member of the Timiro aristocracy who can trace his family back to a sailor who accompanied the original northwestern immigrants to Hadrian's Cove. As an ancestral family of Timiro, the **Kenshears** belong to the "Eastern Blood," a rising segment of high society who have long struggled to be accepted as legitimate members of the nobility recognized by other kingdoms.



The shipyards are overseen by Thomas' eldest son, Isaac Kenshear, an able manager and gifted businessman. Isaac, a personal friend of Sir Mae'Deog, the unofficial spokesman of the Eastern Blood, was quick to see the advantages of joining The Cooperative, a business arrangement in which the Kenshear Shipyards purchase all their materials from the *North Country Lumberyard*, *Indigo Textiles*, and *Jenings & Sons Steel Mill*, all businesses owned, members of the Eastern Blood. The advantage for the Kenshears is that they can operate with a much lower overhead than their chief competitor, the *Drover Yards* situated on the opposite side of Founders' Lane, who own their own textile steel mills and lumbering operation.

and 15 Warlocks. The prices for the magic users are steep when compared to that of the soldiers but it guarantees the best possible protection for customers and their goods. Contracts for security service are for a specified length of time in weeks. If you only need an escort for a day, you still pay for an entire week. The agency does not hire out to merchants to travel down the Great River or to individuals interested in exploring the wilderness. Contracts are limited to security within the city and its immediate surroundings. They are honest and reliable.

Security:

Long Bowman: 120 gold per week

Soldier (includes all fighter types): 100gold per week

Wizard/Warlock: 600 gold per week

Laborers: The Coben Brothers also offer cheap labor to help load and unload vessels and transport cargo in heavy wagons.

Humans and Elves: 10gold a day (10 hours)

Dwarves: 15 gold a day

Orcs: 12 gold a day

Ogres: 15 gold a day

3) Kenshear Shipyards: The **Kenshear** Shipyards occupy a 3,000 square foot (278.7 sq m) facility and consist of a management office, three warehouses, and a manufacturing yard. Each of the warehouses is connected to the lake via a narrow canal, 20 feet (6 m) wide and 15 feet (4.6 m) deep. Wood bridges, which can be unbolted from the flagstones and moved aside,

The shipwrights working for the Kenshear Yards are amongst the best in the business and have been recruited from as far away as **Lopan** and the **Groff**Estates in the south.

River Shark (small galley): 1.7 million gold (virtually identical to the Western **Purnt** Warship, page 178, *Adventures on the High Seas*)

Merchantman: 975,000 gold (see page 178, *Adventures on the High Seas*™ for complete stats)

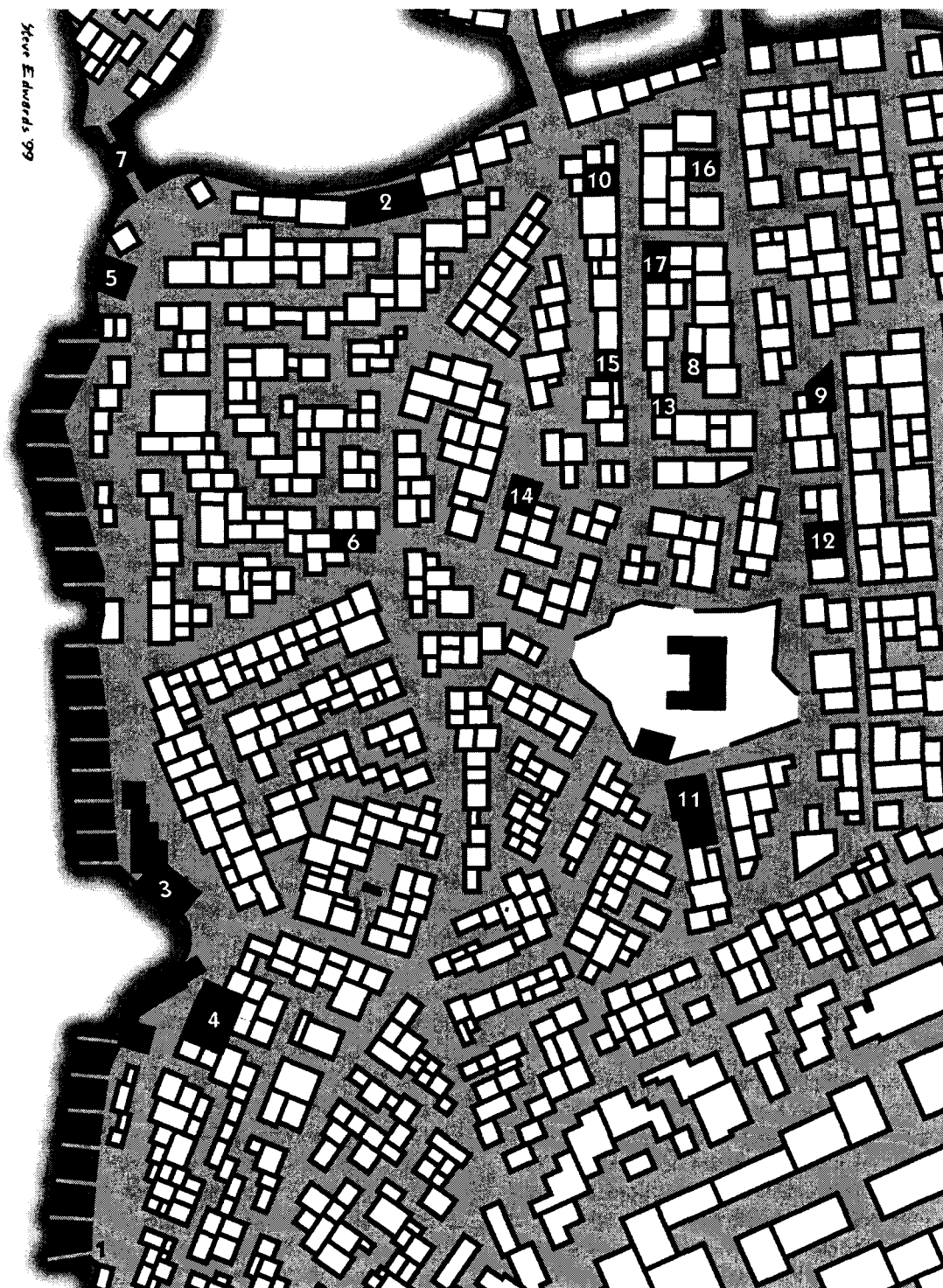
Mercantile: 117,000 gold (see page 185, *Adventures on the High Seas*™)

River Bark: 105,000 gold (identical to the mercantile except slightly wider with a flat bottom, ideal for navigating the shallow waterways of the Great River but unsuitable for the open sea.)

Fishing Boat: 71,500 gold (see page 178, *Adventures on the High Seas*™)

Rowboat: 5,000 gold

4) Drover Shipyards: The Drover Yards are owned and operated by **Keilan** Musala, a board member of the powerful *West River Trading Company*. The yard is almost twice as big as the Kenshear Shipyards and produces, on **average**, three to four **mercantiles** or one merchant-man each month as well as the dozens of small **riverboats** and rowboats. The prices are cheap when compared to the Kenshear Yards, costing 20% less than their competitors and being produced more quickly. On the other hand, the vessels are not nearly as strong nor do they carry the **air** of fine quality that is associated with Kenshear vessels



(-20% the standard S.D.C.). The other major difference between the yards is the Musala family owns its own mills to supply raw materials for the shipyard, so is thus one of the largest employers in town with nearly 3,000 workers.

Recently, the **Kenshear** Yards have begun cutting into Drover's business despite their higher costs. Keilan has several spies in place within the competitor's operation. It is just a matter of time before he will be able to sabotage the Kenshear operation and perhaps the vessels themselves. The **Kenshears** suspect that they have employees who are secretly working for Musala but are biding their time until these "moles" give themselves away.

5) **End Swills:** A popular alehouse located on the **lakefront**, the Swills is open 24 hours a day to serve the constant flow of sailors and travelers. The owner is **Jeffris** Othanbuyer, a retired (7th level, Anarchist) sailor who likes to drink rum and tell stories about his adventures on the river. Jeffris claims to be responsible for repelling a Wolfen invasion, destroying a Demon Black Ship that somehow found its way into the Great River, and for outwitting a sphinx. Only the last one is true and it is how he made enough money to buy the Swills. Though he has a weakness for rum and a penchant for bending the truth and talking too much, Jeffris is a good businessman. He spends most of this time working in the common room alongside the serving girls. When he is not serving drinks, he can be found on the docks arranging for a shipment or on the Fish Wharf visiting with old man Hudson (the two are old **friends**). Jeffris recently took a friend's suggestion and installed fifteen lockers in the wine cellar. He rents them out for 30 gold to customers who are planning on getting blasted, under the agreement that they have two days to pick the stuff up or he keeps it.

The Swills offers an impressive line of drinks, though he sells mostly rum and ale. He has on hand a small cask of very valuable Western brandy and an aging cask of **Dwarven Red**. Patrons are welcome to drink till they drop, at which time they are dragged into the alley and unceremoniously dumped. Not surprisingly, this alley is a particular favorite for thieves who find comatose sailors easy pickings. In addition to drinks, Jeffris offers a foul-tasting stew which is at least three days old. Sober visitors stick to peanuts while sailors who have been there for awhile rave about how good the stew is.

Rum/Whiskey: 4 silver per shot, 25 gold per bottle.

Ale: 1 gold per tankard

Mead: 2 gold per tankard

Western Brandy: 15 gold per glass, 350 gold for the entire cask.

Dwarven Red: 8 gold per tankard.

Rotgut (local moonshine): 2 gold per tankard (tastes bad, but strong stuff).

Swill Stew: 2 gold a bowl.

6) **Halzard's Blade:** A popular shop specializing in bladed weapons **crafted** by the alchemist **Halzard**, famous for both his mundane and enchanted swords, knives and axes. Some people find it odd that Halzard would choose to locate his business on the docks, but he finds it convenient to manufacture his goods near where they will be shipped, and he has a huge clientele of sailors. In **addition** to himself, he employs three Dwarves, a Kobold, and six human metalsmiths, each a master craftsman in

his own right. All weapons produced are stamped with the well-known stylized H and are numbered. Ordinary and Dwarven quality weapons cost 25% more than the book price and typically take between three and six days to produce as custom orders. Magic and holy weapons take two to four weeks to produce and require a 50% down-payment before work is begun. Failure to pick the weapon up within two weeks of its completion will result in forfeiture of the down-payment and loss of the weapon. Most items can be constructed in half the time for an additional 300% markup! Sorry, no rune weapons, charms or talismans.

7) **Toll Booth:** The Hadrian's Cove end of the Grand Canal opens into a semicircular waiting area that is split in half by a floating walkway. A massive 30 foot (9.1 m) wide gate in the walkway allows ships to enter and leave. Captains wishing to enter the lake from the canal are charged a 20 gold fee, which is used to pay for maintenance on the Toll Booth and the Cove's part of the Canal. Vessels unable to pay the fee are turned away and required to leave city limits else risk having the ship impounded. An impounded vessel may be purchased by its previous owner from the city at 50% its appraised value. If the vessel is not repurchased within a month's time, it is put on public sale for 80% of its appraised value. Tying off at the Toll Booth costs 10 gold per day, payable to the Toll Booth Master. The fines and punishments for the Toll Booth are the same as those for the lakefront docks. Captains wishing to enter the canal must pay a base 20 gold entrance tax plus an additional 10 gold per rated ton of cargo capacity as determined by the Merchants' Guild. Thus a river trader with a cargo capacity of 10 tons would be required to pay 120 gold to enter the canal at Hadrian's Cove, even if completely empty since the fee is based on "capacity" rather than the cargo itself. This practice encourages merchants heading up the canal to stop in Hadrian's Cove and top off their cargo since they will have to pay for the space anyway. Any ship that tries to make a run through the Toll Booth without paying the required taxes will be attacked by a Wizard and an Air, Fire or Water Warlock stationed at the Toll House situated near the Toll Gate.

The Toll Booth docking area is ringed by shops and service-related merchants eager to sell to incoming sailors.

The Square

The Square occupies the site of the original settlement. The Courthouse is said to sit on the very spot where Father Hadrian led his first service after arriving on the **lakeshore**. The Square can be divided into two main sections, the Courthouse (with its manicured lawn and fountains all surrounded by a fancy iron fence) and the rest of the Square (which functions as the commercial center where the majority of service-related shops are located). The large, factory-style workhouses are situated to the southwest in a section of town all their own. The commercial section of the Square has narrow cobblestone roads that are only a little less crowded than the docks. Stores line the roads with brightly colored signs hanging in front. This part of town echoes with the low murmur of thousands of people walking and talking, merchants hawking their wares, dogs barking, and children laughing, all punctuated by carriage drivers yelling at the pedestrians to clear the road. The air is filled with the smells of fresh baked bread, cooking meat and burning wood from stoves and fireplaces. The militia patrols the roads in pairs, carrying

lead-weighted quarter staffs to push through the crowds and to stop thieves in their tracks. This part of town is always pleasant to visit with its many shops and eager faces. More than in any other part of town, including the Hill Estates where the aristocracy live, the commercial section of the Square bears testament to the Cove's financial success. While the people are not rich, they have enough money on which to live and buy the occasional extra. There are no street people slumming in alleys nor does one fear being murdered after sunset.

At the heart of the Square is the Courthouse, sometimes called the Diamond Palace for the way the sun sparkles in its many fountains. Entry to the Courthouse grounds is made through four large gates in the 12 foot (3.7 m) tall steel fence. Each is guarded by six militiamen who watch the traffic suspiciously but rarely stop anyone. Heavily armed adventurers are guaranteed to attract attention and may warrant an escort to make sure they don't start trouble. All four roads lead to the courthouse.

Within the four story, marble building is the Mayor's Office and private chambers, the offices for the city administrators, the courtroom for which the building is named, vaults where official city records are kept, offices for the Merchants' Guild Ambassador, an office for the often busy Major Vastion, Commanding Officer for the Dominion Army regiment, and lastly, the sheriff's office.

The **Mayor's** opulent office is located on the fourth floor. A sitting room faces the gilded double doors leading into the office. The walls are decorated with expensive tapestries and priceless paintings. The Mayor's assistant sits nearby at a small desk. In addition to her other **duties**, the assistant is a Psychic Sensitive charged with detecting possible danger to the Mayor. Beyond the gilded doors is a large sitting room decorated with maps of the city on the wall. This is the Mayor's office. Behind her massive cherry wood desk is Mayor Steele, looking as imposing and powerful as any Queen. Connected to the office is the Mayor's private chambers where she escapes the constant pressures of her position.

The third floor is occupied by the courthouse, the judges' private chambers, and rooms that are used by lawyers and their clients. The two judges are both members of the Western Blood and were appointed by the Mayor for their support of her policies both towards the city and the Eastern Blood. The courtroom is impressive with its polished wood floor, and a raised marble desk for the judge. All rulings are made by the judges and indirectly by the Mayor; there are no jury trials. The second floor is reserved office space for high-ranking city officials, the Guild Ambassador, the sheriff and Major Vastion.

The first floor is home to the various offices and record vaults of city administrators and is the busiest part of the buildings with people darting between **rooms** sharing and gathering information. The second floor is more of the same.

The jail and primary office for the sheriff and his deputies is located off to the west side of the Courthouse, secluded behind tall cedar trees. The jail is constructed entirely of stone with walls four feet (1.2 m) thick and steel-barred windows; virtually a small fortress. The one and only level above ground is the **sheriff's** office, offices for his lieutenant and a single large room for the deputies. Below ground are three jail levels with each level being used for progressively more violent criminals. The

bottom-most level is a dark, claustrophobic place where people are forgotten except for a daily meal of bread, water and gruel.

The sheriff and his deputies are primarily responsible for investigating crimes rather than patrolling the streets. Much of their time is spent on the docks where the majority of serious crimes take place (grand theft, muggings, murder, etc.). Deputies can also be found at the frequent balls put on by both factions of the local nobility, watching for burglars, troublemakers and disorderly drunks. These men and women are expert at remaining unnoticed by staying within the more secluded areas of the festivities and making a point to not interfere with the guests and their activities.

Sir Cris Martiea, Sheriff (Quick stats)

Experience: 7th level, male human Knight of the Order of the Sword.

True Name: Cristof Aaron Martiea

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q. 14, M.E. 13, M.A. 12, P.S. 17, P.P. 15, P.E. 19, P.B. 14, Spd. 12

Hit Points: 68, S.D.C.: 53

Armor: Magical Double Mail (A.R. 16; S.D.C. 155, noiseless)

Attacks Per Melee: 5

Bonuses: +2 to damage, +2 to save vs magic/poison.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Sword (+3 strike/parry), W.P. Blunt (+3 strike/parry), Hand to Hand: Expert (+2 strike, +3 parry/dodge, +2 to roll with **punch/fall/impact**, kick attack, critical strike on natural 18, 19, or 20).

Weapons: Long sword (2D6), Mace (4D6, lets out a thunder-clap with a successful hit).

Description: Sir Martiea came to the Cove as an officer in the Dominion Army some 15 years ago. After his service to the Army was complete, he briefly served in the Cove's militia and then was appointed sheriff by the mayor after the current sheriff was dismissed for accepting bribes. He quickly earned a reputation for his loyalty, dedication, and devotion to seeing justice served. He nearly resigned after he arrested the young son of one of the Western Blood nobility for running down an elderly woman who could not get out of the way of his horse. The young man was pardoned by the old Mayor who then retired a short time later. The new and current Mayor convinced Sir Martiea to stay, vowing that a similar action would never happen again. Since then, the sheriff has gradually lost faith in the city and the ridiculous intrigues amongst the two rival Blood factions of local nobility. Despite this, he is still committed to upholding the law and will not allow criminals to go free even when politics is involved.

Typical Deputy (Quick stats)

Average Level of Experience: 3rd level Soldier, Sailor or Mercenary Warrior.

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q. 9, M.A. 12, M.E. 10, P.S. 15, P.E. 11, P.P. 12, P.B. 10, Spd. 16

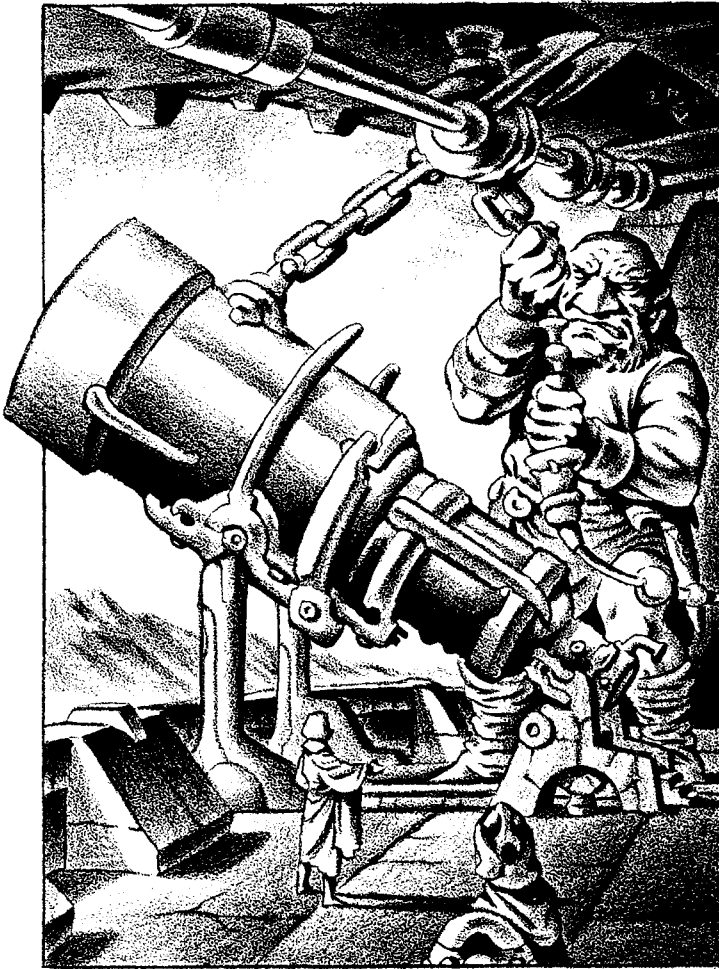
Hit Points: 35, S.D.C.: 28

Armor: **Padded** (A.R.: 8, S.D.C.: 15)

Bonuses of note: Hand to Hand: Basic, +1 to strike, +2 to parry and dodge, +2 to **disarm**. **Attacks Per Melee: 4**

Other Combat Info: W.P. Blunt (+2 strike/parry), W.P. Knife (+1 strike, +2 parry), W.P. Staff and W.P. Shield.

Typical Weapons: Dagger (1D6), mace (2D6) or club, hammer (2D4), lead-weighted staff (2D4+2), small shield (half don't carry it) and a weapon of choice.



8) The Burnished Lens: This is a new shop in the Square and is one of a dozen small businesses nestled around a fountain bearing statues of a human, Elf and Dwarf singing, arm in arm. The Burnished Lens specializes in glass lenses, a skill requiring years of training and experience. The owner, a human named **Orville Hiles**, learned his trade in **Bizantium** where he crafted looking-glasses (telescopes) for the navy. Fleeing the northern winters and a broken marriage, he has made **Hadrian's Cove** his new home. After a slow start, his business has recently started making a profit. The aristocracy have discovered the delights of discreetly watching their neighbors' windows from the privacy of their homes with "spy glasses." He also makes and sells pocket-sized to full-length mirrors, another popular item among the wealthy and nobility.

Orville is a bit absent-minded and is terrible with names. He is also shy and is sure to blush when complimented on the quality of his goods. Orville is particularly intimidated by attractive women (P.B. of 14+) and his steep prices can be reduced by as much as 30% by a lovely lady, so long as he is not made to feel a fool.

Field Looking-Glass or "Spy Glass": Essentially two lenses with a leather body similar to the looking-glass owned by Hazeem in *Robin Hood*, *Prince of Thieves*. The magnification is low but the price is reasonable. The looking-glass can be taken apart for easier storage. 3x magnification, 12 inches (.3 m) long, 1 pound (.45 kg). 200 gold.

Ship's Looking-Glass: Similar to the field looking-glass except with a wooden body. This item is particularly popular with ship lookouts and military scouts as it is lightweight and offers good magnification. 6x magnification, 2 feet (.6 m) long, 4 pounds. 500 gold.

Sky-Scope: This is the largest instrument crafted by Orville and is constructed either of wood or metal. The item is often highly decorated. 12x magnification. 4 feet (1.2 m) long, 8 to 12 pounds (3.6 to 5.4 kg). 1000 gold.

Spectacles (eyeglasses): Crafted of wire, these items are generally used for reading. 90 gold.

Monocle: Crafted of steel wire, gold or silver, these items are quickly growing in popularity among the local nobility. These are essentially small magnifying glasses and are used more for show than for any inherent usefulness. 50+ gold.

Mirrors: Pocket-sized: 10-150 gold depending on how fancy and what its case is made of (gold, gem studded, etc.), hand mirror: 15-40 gold, half length: 40-80, full length: 80-100.

Note: Using a telescope, the average human can spot the movement of a human-sized creature at 4,700 feet (1.4 km). At 1,600 feet (487.7 m), the race and colors of clothing and emblems can be seen. At 300 feet (91.4 m), an individual can be identified, emblems on shields or clothing are sharp without question and distinguishing features such as scars, patches, tattoos, hair color, etc., can be seen. Environmental factors (elevation and undergrowth), weather conditions (rain, snow, fog, high humidity), and both viewer and target size will affect visibility.

9) Sand Flowers: One of the many small businesses owned by the aristocracy, this glass blowing shop produces brightly colored vases, bottles and decorative globes. The owner, **Jasmin Bardoe**, has quite a reputation with the local nobility. Having been born of a merchant heralding from the **Timiro Kingdom**, Jasmin came to town, after her father died, and used her inheritance to purchase a glass blower's shop on the outskirts of the Square. Now she owns five shops in town, each specializing in different glass products such as wine glasses, plates, vases, etc. Due to her undeniable success, she has been courted by several prominent bachelors amongst the noble Blood societies, and at least a pair of married ones too. Each of these attempts has met with failure which has only served to increase her desirability by men of high society. Jasmin is invited to all the parties by the Eastern and Western Blood where men float around her like bees to a flower. For her part, she is becoming bored of the same mindless gossip and unending string of discreet and not-so-discreet inquiries into whom she may marry. Meanwhile, she enjoys a secret passion for adventurers, attracted by a chiseled smile, and strong shoulders. Thus far, she has financed a pair of expeditions into the western forest and one into the Howling Lands. It is only a matter of time before some adventurer comes to town and sweeps her off her feet. Of course, should Jasmin actually marry someone not of high society, a furor will erupt among the families of both Bloods which may very well result in a boycott of her businesses and ruin.

10) Herbal Extracts: One of many in town, this herbal shop specializes in pain reduction and healing remedies. As an outlet store for the Herb Garden, a major exporter of medicinal herbs, the prices are reasonable. At the book price, they are a bargain when compared to the smaller businesses that charge between 50% to 80% more than the book price (see page 265 of the *Pal-*

ladium Fantasy RPG® 2nd Ed.). The manager, an accomplished herbalist himself, is always on the lookout for new herbs and is happy to visit with a fellow herbalist and alchemists. Characters with the herbalist skill can get a 10% discount just by visiting with the manager. Introducing a new remedy will garner a 40% discount. Offers to sell him a new herb will be directed to **Leeland Atwood**, owner of the Herb Garden and Herbal Extracts' parent company.

11) Hadrian's Cove Municipal Bank: This is the one and only municipal bank, owned, operated and protected by the city. As such, it is also the largest money changing and loan institution in Hadrian's Cove, with over 25 million gold on deposit, though only 750,000 gold is actually kept in the vaults. The rest is tied up in loans, real estate, Merchant Guild Scripts of Credit and business ventures in other towns. Currently, the bank pays 3% annual interest on deposits. An account must be active for two months before it begins drawing interest. The bank loans money to entrepreneurs and merchants, provided the borrower has *sufficient collateral*, at 12% interest and personal loans at 20%. On occasion, the bank will give signature loans with little to no collateral under the following circumstances. One, if the president of the bank, **Delian Burstiner**, is convinced that the loan will generate a sufficient return to repay it with interest within 30 days. Two, to young merchants with new and potentially lucrative ideas. Three, adventurers who have found a treasure **trove** but are unable to haul the find without hiring wagons, and expeditions into the wilderness to bring back the treasure, or rare and expensive herbs, stones, dyes, etc. (often with a loan officer in tow to protect the bank's investment). These loans are rarely greater than 15,000 gold. A fourth method of obtaining a signature loan is with a co-signer, typically a member of the aristocracy or a wealthy business owner. These loans are far easier to obtain with amounts as high as the co-signer can realistically guarantee.

For security, the bank depends partly on the expertise of the city militia, with 10 soldiers on duty during business hours and 20 soldiers on duty after the doors close. In addition to the men at arms, the bank employs a pair of Wizards from the **Coben Brothers Security Service** and a Diabolist to ward the vault from both normal thieves and magical intrusion. Rumors abound that the bank has also obtained the services of a **Summoner** who directs a pair of lesser demons, who are of course invisible, to guard the bank at night. Thus far, the bank has never been successfully robbed.

12) Morgan Delion, Moneylender: Morgan is the typical loan shark and serves those customers whom the banks will not. Loans are charged 50% interest payable within 30 days. Failure to repay the loan within the accepted time frame increases the interest to **100%** for a second month. Failure to repay the loan after the second month means a visit from the Pain Brothers, a human Assassin named Shade who is a master at inflicting non-lethal injuries, and Lenski, a Western trained **Elven** Mind Mage who uses his talents to inflict pain and agony without leaving a mark. If a visit from the Brothers is not enough to convince the poor sod to repay his debt within a week, a swim in Veil Lake with a heavy stone tied around the unlucky character's neck finishes the matter. Individuals who think to borrow money and then cut and run will discover just how powerful and far reaching this member of the secretive **Thanatos** can be. Assassins and bounty hunters will be dispatched to catch and bring

back the "thieves" in good enough shape that the Pain Brothers can have another "visit" with them. Repaying the debt with 200% interest will earn the borrower's freedom and health.

Morgan Delion (Quick Stats)

Experience: 8th level human Thief

True Name: Francis Chadwick

Alignment: Miscreant

Attributes: I.Q. 17, M.A. 12, M.E. 10, P.S. 12, P.P. 13, P.E. 9, P.B. 13, Spd. 14

Hit Points: 42, S.D.C.: 30

Armor: Cloak of Armor (A.R. 14, S.D.C. 150)

Attacks Per Melee: 5

Other Combat Info: W.P. Knife (+3 strike/parry), Hand to Hand: Expert (+2 strike, +3 parry/dodge, +2 roll with **punch/fall/impact**, kick attack, critical strike on **18, 19**, or 20, body throw/flip, disarm).

Weapons: A pair of silver plated daggers (often enhanced with poison) and a magic dagger (1D6 damage; +10% when used to pick locks, and 3x daily turns holder invisible).

Magic Items: Magic Ring that can cast Sense Magic and Fly; each can be cast two times per 24 hours (the ring is worth 80,000 gold itself).

Shade (Quick Stats)

Experience: 7th level human Assassin

True Name: Josua **Lyth**

Alignment: Aberrant

Attributes: I.Q. 12, M.A. 13, M.E. 11, P.S. **18**, P.P. 22, P.E. 17, P.B. 12, Spd. 16

Hit Points: 54, S.D.C.: 64

Armor: Magic Leather (A.R. **15**, S.D.C. 360)

Attacks Per Melee: 6

Bonuses of Note: Hand to Hand: Assassin: +6 to strike and parry, +7 to dodge, +10 to damage, +3 to disarm, +3 to roll with **punch/fall/impact**, body flip/throw, **knockout/stun** on natural **17-20** and +1 to save vs magic/poison.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Paired Weapons, W.P. Sword (+3 strike/parry), W.P. Knife (+3 strike, +3 parry, +3 strike when thrown), W.P. Blunt: (+3 strike, +1 parry) W.P. **Targeting/Missile** Weapons (+4 strike), W.P. Archery (+2 to strike, ROF: 5).

Weapons: Venomblade Dagger: 1D6 damage, 3x daily the blade can inject a victim with Dragon's Breath poison (6D6 damage unless saves), and the weapon **teleports** back to wielder.

Magic Items: Cloak of Shadows, Leather of Iron, and two Healing Potions (Superior).

Lenski (Quick Stats)

Experience: 9th level Elven Mind Mage

True Name: Merellious **Lonthelight**

Alignment: Miscreant

Attributes: I.Q. 17, M.A. 8, M.E. 18, P.S. 11, P.P. 15, P.E. 17, P.B. 19, Spd. 14

Hit Points: 44, **S.D.C.:** 37

I.S.P.: 264

Armor: Cloak of Armor: A.R. 14, S.D.C. 150

Attacks Per Melee: 5

Bonuses of Note: Hand to Hand: Basic, +1 to strike, +2 to parry and dodge, +2 to damage, +2 to roll with **punch/fall/impact**, kick attack, critical strike on natural **19** or **20**, body

throw/flip, +2 to save vs psionic attack, +2 save vs insanity, +1 save vs magic/poison, +6 save vs mind controlling drugs, potions, and magic charms, +5 save vs possession, +3 save vs Horror Factor.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Whip (+3 strike/entangle, +3 damage)

Weapons: Magic Whip (3D6, indestructible)

Magic Items: Ring of Armor (3x daily casts *Armor of Ithan* on wearer as a 6th level Wizard, Cost: 60,000)

13) Celestial Wonders: This small shop is owned by a widowed **Elven** woman named Serean and sells a variety of protection amulets and holy symbols. The holy symbols are, purportedly, each blessed by a priest or priestess of the particular church or sect. Each item is **crafted** of either gold or silver with a small collection of wood and steel ones. Every 20 years or so, tales of vampires wandering the streets hit town and Celestial Wonders experiences a boom in sales. In addition to the holy symbols, Serean has an arrangement with one of the deacons in the local Temple of Light where she gets small quantities of holy water from the temple water basins. This water is used for services within the church and for ceremonially washing those who are given healing and remission of sins. The deacon who gets the water is responsible for cleaning the temple and so can gather fifteen vials of water, each holding four ounces of liquid, without attracting notice each week.

The other items that Celestial Wonders is known for, and on which it makes most of its money, are protection pendants. These pendants are crafted of silver and bear a real rune which radiates magic faintly. Pendants of protection can be purchased for most any affliction and danger from hate and jealousy to warding away ghosts and the undead. In most cases, these items are just **non-magical jewelry** that makes **their** owners feel safer by their presence, but nothing more. In a few cases, (2% of her inventory) the pendant is magical and offers the protection advertised (see protection charms on page 253 of the *Palladium RPG*). Serean believes all of the items to be genuine and can not be convinced otherwise. Thus a psychic attempting to probe the Elf for honesty will find that she is indeed telling the truth even **though** most of the pendants provide no **protection** at all.

Holy Symbol (**wood/steel**): 5 or 20 gold

Holy Symbol (silver/gold): 50 or 100 gold

Holy Water (per 4 ounces in a glass vial, usually has 12-20 vials in stock): 25 gold

Protection Pendant: 35 gold

Note: Some of the true magical pendants in her inventory include: Protection from Psionics, Protection from Undead, Protection from Evil, and Protection from Witches, all at 10% more than the list price.

14) Outer Self Masks and More: This shop specializes in masks and costume jewelry. The masks are crafted of a variety of materials ranging from wood and leather to metal, porcelain and glass. Many are painted, some embellished with beads or feathers, while others are traced in intricate gold and silver gilt. The most expensive are inset with jade, rubies and sapphires. The owner, Raymond **Vanderlinden**, has made a good living for himself, **crafting** custom masks for the aristocracy's many masquerades and selling to visiting river traders. Less popular but no less skillfully crafted, is his costume jewelry which he sells to acting troupes and to those who want to look wealthy but

aren't. He also carries a small line of costumes and can special order most anything from his many suppliers both within the Cove and elsewhere. Prices for costume jewelry are 1/8th of the jewels they are mimicking, see page 276 of the *Palladium Fantasy RPG 2nd Ed.* for the prices of typical gemstones. Mask prices vary on material and decoration, ranging from as little as 15 gold to as much as several thousand or more. The mayor of Hadrian's Cove, Aleen Steele, has a feathered mask inset with strands of rubies and diamonds that cost 155,000 gold.

15) Fairy Food: This unusually named store sells fresh baked bread and pastries and is usually sold out by mid-afternoon. In addition to the baked goods, the proprietress offers Western coffee and cocoa; luxuries usually reserved for the upper class but offered here at the reasonable price of one or two gold per cup. In the late afternoon, Liza Lukenbill makes "trail-bread," a hard biscuit that stays good for weeks (lasts 1D6+4 weeks, costs 15 gold per dozen). It sells well on the docks to river traders and to adventurers preparing for excursions into the wilds and long sea trips.

Liza is a large woman with ruddy cheeks and a smile never far from her face. Her husband died four years ago and her two sons are serving in the Dominion Army at Southwatch. She is very concerned about war with the Wolfen and will dig for any information that visitors may have about the subject.

16) The Emperor's Needle: This tailor shop primarily caters to the well-to-do and can make most any type of clothing. The owner, Victor **Hazleoffer**, is adamant about keeping up with current fashion in both the Timiro Kingdom and in the Western Empire and will purchase samples from customers if it is something he does not already own. Victor is a recent immigrant from the Western Empire, and although he is not a member of the Western Blood, he is welcome at all their parties. The Eastern Blood can not abide the fellow and avoid the shop.

17) Wishing Well: A magic shop owned and operated by **Alliana Eranathain**, a female Elf heralding from Llorn. The store is relatively small; a single room with a long glass case containing her potions, powders and make-up. The Wishing Well is particularly popular with the free spending aristocracy. She **keeps** a large supply of items on **hand**. **Alliana** recently **brought** in a partner, Ordagain **Thoranill** from the Elven **Kathana** estates in the far south. Ordagain specializes in enchanting clothing, cloaks, boots and capes bought from the Emperor's Needle next door. He primarily does custom work and keeps very little in stock. There's only a 10% chance of any particular item being on hand.

The Hill & New Nobility

There are several residential areas corresponding to particular social levels. At the peak is the aristocracy, or the so-called "Eastern and Western Bloods," who live on the "Hill" overlooking the east side of town. It is comprised of dozens of large estates, each surrounded by an intricate wrought iron fence, along wide cobblestone streets with names like Rover's Lane and King's Avenue. The roads are lined in large oak and maple trees with manicured rings of grass and flowers around them. Ornate iron lamps lining the streets are tended by teams of city-employed lamp-lighters. During the day, other workers fill the oil lamps and change the wicks. The homes are large with the smallest being two stories and having 20 rooms. The largest homes are virtually small castles with several buildings, up-

wards of 130 rooms, multiple kitchens and dining facilities, all fronted by gardens and manicured bushes. Fountains are common as are small temples and family mausoleums. Many of the houses are hundreds of years old and at least two were built within the first 15 years of Hadrian's Cove's founding.

Elite militiamen in full polished chain armor walk the streets in pairs, their ornate green tabards in contrast with the dress of the ordinary militiamen who patrol the rest of town. Assignment to the Hill is considered an honor for long and loyal service and almost always is reserved for those born of respected families. These soldiers are quick to ask visitors for their destination and proof that they are expected by one of the residents. If the visitor does not have valid **proof**, they are politely but forcibly (if necessary) escorted from the area. If the individual is visiting a known resident of the Hill, but is not expected, the militiamen will escort that person to the residence, leaving only after the character in question has been favorably identified and welcomed, otherwise he is beaten and thrown out of town.

It is here, within grandiose homes that the members of high society, the wealthy merchants, and the Eastern and Western Blood carry on their intrigues. All recognized members of the two noble East and West Blood societies can trace their heritage to the original settlers of Hadrian's Cove **and/or** back to noble families in the Western Territory or The Old Kingdom and **Timiro**. A major dispute in this high society is whether those who are descendants of the few original Eastern settlers are legitimately members of either Blood faction if they can not trace their heritage to "old nobility." The dispute has raged for over 150 years with the Western purists saying no, and the Eastern Blood society saying yes. The Bloods are considered an elite stations to which only those with noble lineage or responsible for the founding of Hadrian's Cove can attain. Since it was the Western immigrants who were responsible for the city's construction, it stands to reason that only they can be members of the Blood. Of course, the Eastern Blood declare that without their ancestors there would be no Hadrian's Cove today (the initial Timiro settlers comprised a large part of the carpenters and skilled labor). The Eastern Blood's case has been bolstered by the fact that over the past several decades, the "Eastern Blood" have been extremely successful in expanding their businesses and are at equal and often more wealthy than the snobbish Western Blood faction.

Leading the Eastern Blood movement is Sir **Wilmster** Mae'Deog ("Sir Mad Dog" to his opponents), an unaccomplished Knight of the Knights of Gold which is headquartered in Hadrian's Cove. This is not to say that Sir Mae'Deog is not a force to be respected. His political and business savvy are as keen as any general's grasp of strategy. He just prefers not to fight and is decidedly uncomfortable around weapons. He specifically chose to join the Knights of Gold because of their focus on the art of "economic combat" rather than that bloody warfare on the battlefield. The Knights of Gold Order is deeply involved in the economic affairs of several cities along the Great River and the use of trade embargoes, sanctions and leverage to harass and hurt one's enemies. If it were not for their successful economic strategies, it is likely the other Knightly orders would have agreed to remove the Knights of Gold from the brotherhood. With their disproportionate wealth to member ratio, however, this Order bankrolls a sizable number of tournaments in the north each year. None of the Western Blood are members of

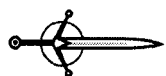
the Gold Order, because of its repugnant lack of interest in the "noble" art of warfare. Whatever Sir Mae'Deog lacks in the sword, he makes up for in his grasp of business and politics. He is responsible for the highly lucrative partnership between the Eastern Blood owned **Kenshear** Shipyards, North Country lumberyard, Indigo textile mill, and the **Jenings** and Sons steel mill. Already the partnership has allowed them to become the second largest **and**, undeniably, the best manufacturer of ships and boats in the city. If the Western Blood do not do something soon, their West River Trading Company is bound to suffer as their ship building branch sees its business decline.

Opposing any union or civility with the Eastern Blood is the head of the Western faction, Mayor **Aleen** Steele, owner of the Steele Gold Mine and the **Hampsher** textile mill that specializes in fine cloth. Despite Sir Mae'Deog's assertions, Aleen claims that the Timiro, Old Kingdom and peasants from other parts of the Eastern Territory who originally founded and settled at Hadrian's Cove were merely common laborers and thus are not entitled to being recognized as nobility or a member of any (blue) Blood organization, regardless of their business success or heroics. Unless it is a part of her official duties as Mayor, she will not attend social functions attended by members of the Eastern Blood. Aleen Steele routinely holds grand balls, the most spectacular of which is the *Winter Masquerade Ball*, at which the Western "true" Bloods and other prominent members of the community are invited. However, members of the Eastern Blood (many of the most successful people in the city) are conspicuously excluded.

The middle-class business owners, dependent upon upper-class financial support, are also divided into supporting one side or the other. Likewise, visiting merchants can expect to be met by representatives from each side, eager to monopolize their services and cargo. Business owners who want to avoid boycotts and trouble buy only from those merchants, dealers and agents approved by whichever noble group, either the Eastern or Western **Blood**, **supports** them the most. Only the Merchants' Guild, and therefore its members, are immune to these games, and often play one side against the other to get the best deals and to convince merchants to join the Guild. In the past, most Guild affiliated merchants went to the Western Blood, but with the growing power of the Eastern Blood, they have shifted a sizable portion of their business to the usurpers. Independent merchants who are not members or associates of any of the three are a dying breed.

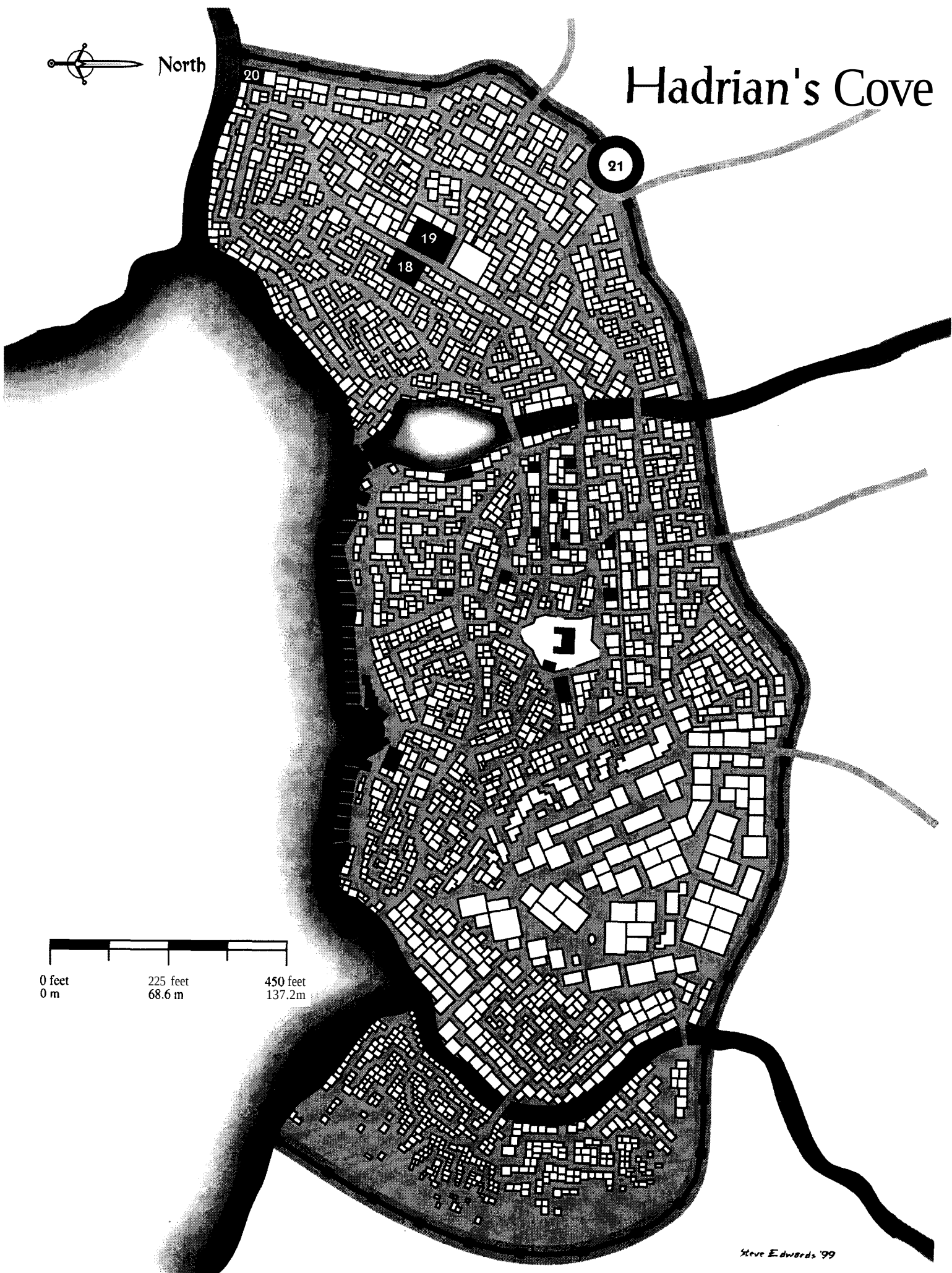
Common Quarter

The Common Quarter is the other main residential area. Located between the Square and the Hill, are the business owners who do not live over their shops or cannot afford to live in the luxurious Hill neighborhood. The wealthiest of the Common Quarter live in homes only slightly less grand than those of the local aristocracy. The further away from the Square one goes, the poorer the inhabitants, including the homes of *skilled laborers*. Most of these people own or are buying their homes. The roads are in fairly good condition and street lamps are on all the major crossroads. Militia patrols are present, but they are not as diligent as those on the Hill, so some of the wealthier residents employ bodyguards to safeguard their property and themselves. Crime is higher here also, with burglaries being the biggest problem.



North

Hadrian's Cove



0 feet
0 m

225 feet
68.6 m

450 feet
137.2 m

Steve Edwards '99

Beyond these homes, forming the outermost edges of the city, are the homes of the *unskilled* laborers. These are the people who work in the fields and the factories. The buildings are owned by the nobles and large business owners. Some of the residents are required to pay rent while others get their lodging as part of their employment. The homes are structurally sound but are small, with barely enough space for a family of four to live. The roads are poorly maintained and most are gravel or dirt. Crime, drunkenness and civil disorder are greater here, but overall crime and violence are low throughout the city.

Industry Quarter

Large two to four story factories, workhouses, warehouses and mills darken the skies over the west side of town with smoke. Textile, lumber, and herb products are the majority goods coming out of the quarter. The Industry Quarter has some of the poorest roads in town with most being just plain dirt or gravel. Due to the constant wear of wagons and carts, it's pointless to lay cobblestone. Most of the buildings are wood surrounded by rough iron fences; only 10% are made of stone. The only lights at night come from those businesses who built their own lamp posts or those who work through the night such as several of the textile mills. Security on the streets is very poor. Only the Western Blood owned factories are routinely patrolled by the militia. Others (such as those owned by the Eastern Blood) must either employ their own guards, or the **Llorn Red Brigade**, or have none at all. Muggings are frequent, especially when it is dark out, and a number of illegal activities take place in the streets, alleys and behind buildings, including street gambling, drinking, dog fights, **wrestling/fighting** and betting, selling stolen property (at prices 50-70% below normal prices 'cuz the stuff is hot), drug deals and solicitation.

18) Indigo textile mill: The Indigo mill is owned and operated by the Carver family, leading members of the Eastern Blood. Unlike most of their ilk, the Carvers are not eager to be recognized as nobles or join the Western Blood. They view them as the competition and have no desire to join the West River Trading Company (which would certainly be a condition of the Western Blood), nor flaunt their heritage (this family has always worked hard for its money and doesn't see any benefit in being dubbed noble). This attitude, fair wages and compassion for their workers and all working men and women have made them well liked by the common folk in general and loved by most of their employees. As part of their employment, the Carvers provide free housing for their workers and pay bonuses for exceptional quality and production levels. Wages are good, with unskilled laborers making 50-70 gold per month while skilled laborers can make as much as 90 to 140 gold per month. The mill operates its own cotton fields and buys additional cotton, wool, hemp, wood and other supplies from local farmers. The dyes used to color their cloth, particularly the midnight and royal blue colors for which they are named, are among the mill's most prized products, along with their high quality canvas and sails. The source and location of the dyes is a tightly held secret known only by a few members of the Carver family. All attempts by the competition to discover the secret have failed.

19) Hampsher Mill: Owned by Mayor Steele, she came into possession of the mill when her husband, Reginald Hampsher, died several years ago. Since then she has turned the operation of the mill over to the previous assistant manager, a competent

if not overly friendly man with 25 years of experience in the textile business. The factory employs over 350 laborers in its mill operation alone, with an additional 200 workers in the four large fields owned by Mayor Steele. The cloth they produce is of average quality and undercuts the prices of their chief competitor, the Indigo. The fact that the Indigo holds a virtual monopoly on the blue cloth market angers **Aleen**, who can't stand to be outdone by any of the Eastern Blood. She has quietly authorized yet another attempt to track down Indigo's dye supplier. She means to either purchase their own supply or end the operation by whatever means necessary. If necessary, she will have the merchants supplying the Indigo murdered, then make certain the blame will be on the individuals who do the deed. As part of its employment, the Mill offers low-rent housing to employees for ten gold per month. Unskilled labor is paid 30-40 gold per month while skilled workers are paid up to 70-90 gold per month.

20) Herb Garden: The Herb Garden is a large facility where a wide range of herbs and tobacco are grown in fields outside of town. They also own the Veil Caves where rare and exotic medicinal mushrooms and fungus are cultivated and sold all along the Great River, sold to Llorn and some even exported to the south (for quadruple the normal rate). The herbs are sold in a variety of ways including dried, powdered, canned and fresh sprigs to be used in poultices. The factory is unique, with 30 foot (9.1 m) tall ceilings lined with windows to allow sunlight during the day. The 150 employees of the Herb Garden are housed in a small community outside of town near the herb farms/nurseries, known as "The Green Village" by its residents and locals in and around Hadrian's Cove. Rent is provided free of charge. Typical pay for unskilled laborers is 35 gold per month with skilled laborers making 85 to 120 gold. The harvesters who work in the Veil Caves make an additional 50 gold per month.

The Herb Garden is owned by **Leland Atwood**, an independent business owner who finds the aristocrats' activities elitist and distasteful, and refuses to participate. This attitude doesn't sit well with the either faction of the Bloods, who refer to him snidely as the "Little Prince" and generally snub him as much as he snubs them. Fortunately, his business is not dependent upon the local aristocracy. Without outright attacking his operation, there is little they can do but point fingers and make snide remarks.

21) Fort Shriker: Fort **Shriker** is located on the outskirts of Hadrian's Cove and is home to the Vastion Regiment, named after its commander. The fortress is built in the circular Llorn design with a large central courtyard. The walls are 40 feet (12.2 m) tall and 60 feet (18.3 m) thick with a single heavily reinforced gatehouse permitting entrance. Around the courtyard, built into the thick walls of the fortress, are the barracks, armory, kitchen and stables. Below ground is storage and a small jail reserved for disciplining the troops. Currently, only 800 of the 1,600 men of the regiment are in the Fort; the rest are out on extended patrols. When the entire regiment is gathered, the fort is very crowded, with soldiers sleeping on the floor and in hallways.

On the fortified walls are eight small **ballista**, three small catapults and one large catapult. Twenty guards walk the battlements at all times, and at night a ring of oil lamps illuminate the fort's interior. Casual visitors are generally not allowed in the

fort, but visiting Knights, **Palladins** and soldiers of the Dominion Army are always welcome. Major Vastion is particularly fond of practitioners of magic who can handle themselves in physical combat.

The Major is a good man and is well liked by his troops. He expects unyielding discipline from both himself and his soldiers. Public brawls earn three nights in jail for a first **offense**. A second **offense** means a week in the jail and 6 lashes. A third offense means 15 lashes and possible expulsion from the army. The rules are rarely tested.



City of Kaash

Not a member of the Domain of Man and does not recognize the authority of the Merchants' Guild or the legitimacy of the Army of Dominion.

Population: 48,000

Human: 50%

Orcs: 25%

Goblins: 10%

Dwarves: 3%

Kobolds: 2%

Ogres: 1%

Elves: 1%

Other: 8%

Military: 3,500 Sentries, 1,200 Pikes

Major Temples:

Cult of Set

Children of Utu

Ruler: Lord **Alshizar**, though Count Lovejoy sees to the day-to-day operation of the city.

Coinage: 1 Piece (1 gold), 5 Piece, 10 Piece, 20 Piece, 50 Piece, 100 Piece, 500 Piece.

Flag: A plain, blood red banner.

Crouching in the shadow of the Shattered Mountains on the banks of the **Stone River**, a murky tributary of the Great River, **Kaash** has earned the title of the most vile and corrupt city in all the Eastern Territory (and **that's** a feat, because there are plenty of towns and small cities that are dangerous and rife with crime and civil unrest). Blood cults, gang wars, rampant drug abuse, high stakes gambling, murder, rape and slavery are just a few of the most notable crimes at Kaash.

For most of its history, Kaash was little more than a pirate base where brigands could raid the Great River communities or attack merchant caravans along the Trade Road, then slink away up the Stone River to split up the booty and lay low until things settled down. In time, the pirates became a serious threat to commerce along the river, which forced the Merchants' Guild to take steps to protect its members. To that end they hired an army of **Llorn** Red Brigade mercenaries, as well as capable adventuring groups and would-be heroes, and conquered the pirate base in a short and bloody campaign. With the Merchants' Guild firmly in charge and the pirate threat greatly diminished (two thirds perished or fled), at least for a time, the settlers began occupying Kaash to rebuild it and turn it into a civilized place. Within a few years what had once been the pirate base had become a small town. When gold was discovered in the nearby mountains, the town grew into a city seemingly overnight.

The booming population and the promise of wealth from gold attracted more thugs, crooks, con artists, claim jumpers, thieves, criminals and opportunists of every stripe. A short time later, people started turning up dead, their bodies horribly mutilated. When the authorities proved unable to find those responsible or to prevent more murders, it gave villains a more free hand because they could pump somebody, rob him and kill him and blame it on the "curse of the Mountain," or "the monsters of the shattered stone." This also inspired death cults and dark churches to spring up all over the place, as well as gambling halls, saloon, houses of ill-repute, drug dens, pawnshops and other unsavory shops and services catering to the base whims and desires of the wealthy prospectors, miners, workmen, immigrants and adventurers who flocks to the city to find their fortunes.

As the murders continued, rumors were whispered quietly in alleys and within the smoky confines of the taverns that the ones responsible were a blood-cult dedicated to awaking the dreaded Old Ones. The streets became a dangerous place with organized crime, the forebears of the **Thanatos**, ruling the day and vampires ruling the night. When the mercenaries tried to restore order (the Guild representatives had long since lost control), the street gangs and cults fought back and the mercenaries were defeated. In the forefront, claiming to speak for the people, were the Children of the Eternal Path, a cult dedicated to the Old Ones. Once the authorities had been defeated and the places of government defiled and burned, the Children of the Eternal Path turned on the populace in a carnage designed to awaken their beloved Old Ones. Blood flowed like water in the streets as men, women, and children were slaughtered to quench their dark god's lust for death, blood and chaos. To the rescue, or so

the people thought, arose an Elf commanding incredible magical powers. Some whispered that they knew this man, that he had been a street bum, a wine-drinker without home or family. Others claimed he was an incarnation of Set come to deliver them. In a single hellish night of fire, screams, and death, the **Elven Wizard** slaughtered the Children of the Eternal Path to the last man. When morning came, the city's stunned inhabitants cautiously came out of their homes to find the cultists' charred and broken bodies hung on the city walls. Where the temple had once been now loomed a twisted mass of black rock, 120 feet (36.6 m) tall, covered in splintered spikes of stone. To the on-lookers, it seemed as though the bones of everyone who had ever died in the world had been fused together and dropped in the middle of the city. Atop this rock stood the people's savior, their lord, their master, the Elven street urchin turned conqueror, Alshizar Kaash.

In the century since Alshizar took control of the town and renamed it after himself, Kaash has grown in both size and power. Much to the chagrin of its neighbors, it has also sunken ever further into evil and decadence. The city is a haven for river and sea pirates, slavers, criminals, fugitives and roughnecks. Here, the Lord of Kaash refuses to allow the Dominion Army or lawmen from other communities entry into his "fair city." If they have a complaint or suspicion that a wanted bandit, raider, murderer or criminal is hiding in Kaash, all they can do is log it with the **office** of foreign affairs and the law at Kaash will investigate and take whatever action is necessary. In short, it does nothing while pretending to be concerned and protecting villains with the claim of sovereign privilege (i.e. other communities stay out of our business). Nothing short of a siege is likely to have any hope of routing the army of brigands that find sanctuary at Kaash. It is an idea some have **considered**, only there is, indeed, an "army" of cutthroats at Kaash, as well as its own militia and who knows how many practitioners of magic, dark priests, and monstrous non-humans to defend the place. If river and sea pirates, tribes of **Orcs**, and other brigands and monsters should join forces with Kaash, the entire region could find itself at war and the vile city might actually win and become even more powerful. Thus, few do more than lodge complaints and ride away. (The only alternative is to engage in a personal vendetta and vigilante justice by going in oneself or hiring a group to find the villains and extract revenge. This occurs more often than one might think and as long as it is done discreetly, it causes no concern from the city leadership — vendetta, treachery and murder are all part of doing business in **Kaash**.)

A cesspool of wickedness and villainy, it seems to attract bullies, brutes, crooks, river pirates, slavers, cultists, psychopaths, and practitioners of the black arts (Witches, Necromancers, Scarecrows, Lizard Mages, evil Summoners, dragons, Za, etc.) from throughout the Domain of Man. In addition, assassins and opportunists from the Western Empire find the city quite "homey." The gold trade still goes on as profitable as ever, but the growing city now supplements its income with the slave trade, prostitution, gambling, drugs and much, much worse. For a time the city's economy was in shambles. The city's infrastructure wasn't growing fast enough to meet the demands of the population. People had plenty of gold, but there was precious little to spend it on, so they were taking their money to spend elsewhere. Lord Alshizar appointed the current Steward, Count Lovejoy, a charming man with the tongue of an angel and

the heart of a monster, to rectify the problem. One of the King's first actions was to create the Embassy, a haven for visiting merchants where they can stay and conduct business without fear of crime or their safety. The second, was to allow all kinds of building, and businesses to operate with virtually no restraints or limitations, endorse all sorts of vice to operate out in the open (things most other cities try to stomp out or hide in a corner). Today, a steady stream of merchants, river traffic and adventurers stop at Kaash to rest and find shelter, enjoy dark pleasures, resupply, gather information and to hunt down desperados.

Outwardly, Kaash looks like a city built for war. The tangled forest runs right up to the 60 foot (18.3 m) tall drab-gray stone walls. There are few immigrants, squatters, farmers or homesteaders living in the immediate vicinity outside the walls; the wilderness is just too dangerous, and nobody does anything about the roaming clans of Kobolds, **Orcs** and Giants, nor bandits or even simple vandals. Only mining and prospecting sites (half of those fruitless and abandoned) flourish along the Stone River and up into the mountain. A few burnt out farms and outposts from the Merchants' Guild's reign remain as testament to the troubled past.

Atop the walls, walking beside blood red banners snapping in the breeze, are dead-eyed soldiers, attired in black scale armor, wielding sword and pole arm, and silent as the grave. Should the city be threatened, first one and then all of the sentries will point their weapons and scream like banshees, as a warning both to those within the city and to the invaders outside. The effect is so strange and chilling that five years ago a regiment of mercenaries hired by the Church of Light to raze the city turned around and sailed home. They reported that it sounded like the entire city began screeching and they could smell the taint of death and evil magic in the air*.

Supporting the defenders on the wall facing the river (the most likely avenue of attack) are 24 catapults armed with Greek fire and acid bombs (thick clay balls filled with acid that does 2D6 damage per round, for 1D6 melee rounds or until washed off with alcohol). The continuous wall around the city enables troops to reposition the catapults relatively quickly should an attack occur elsewhere.

There are three large gates, two of which face the river and usable only by **watercraft**, and a third gate on the west wall where the gold trains enter the city. Along the road leading to the gold mines, dubbed the "Gold Road," some five miles (8 km) from Kaash, are soldiers identical to the sentries on the wall.

• **Typical Kaash Sentry (Quick Stats)**

Equivalent to the Soldier O.C.C.: Average 3rd level.

Alignment: Miscreant, but all loyal to Lord Alshizar.

Attributes: I.Q. 8, M.E. 8, M.A. 3, P.S. 24, P.E. 28, P.P. 10, P.B. 6, Spd. 10

Hit Points: 45, S.D.C.: 32

Horror Factor: 10 (17 when screeching)

Armor: Scale mail: A.R.: 15, S.D.C.: 75.

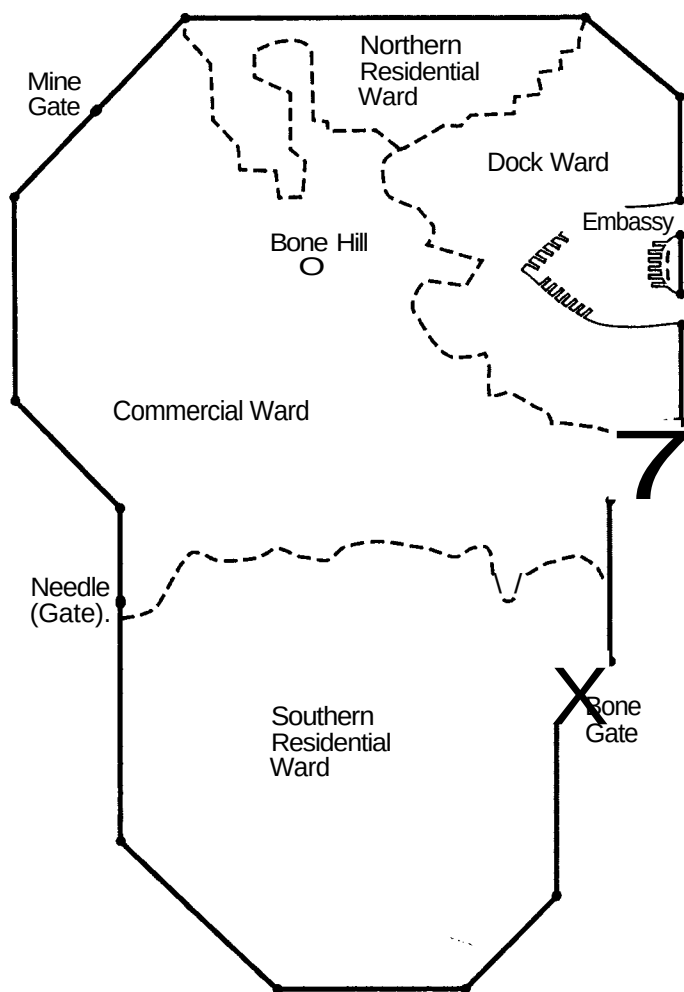
Attacks: 4

Bonuses: +2 to strike, +3 to parry, +9 to damage, +6 to save vs magic +4 to save vs psionics, immune to Horror Factor.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Sword (+2 strike, +1 parry), W.P. Pole Arms (+2 damage, +2 strike and parry, +1 strike when thrown).

Weapons: Claymore (3D6) and Hippe pole arm (3D6).

Description: Kaash Soldiers, also termed the Sentries, are only marginally human and all male. They need only 3 hours of rest per day, have no emotions, and have absolutely no conscience. When seen out of armor, a rarity to be sure, they have thin, desiccated limbs with pale skin and dead sunken eyes. The Sentries never talk, merely point with a weapon. In battle, they lose their first melee attack while they screech, during which time they neither attack nor defend. Afterwards, the Sentries attack with a single-minded determination to kill with a strength far greater than the norm. They are totally silent with never a grunt, scream or whimper even when dealt a crippling wound. How one becomes a sentry or why one would want to is a mystery most citizens of Kaash spend little time contemplating. Some whisper that the Sentries are really "zombies" or "animated dead" of some kind, but those who reject this notion laugh and point out corpses don't bleed. Note: In addition to patrolling the wall they also patrol the streets and Lord **Alshizar's** estate. They do, indeed, smack of dark magic. How or why they are made this way is a mystery known only to King Alshizar.



Inside the City

Once through the gates, the massive stone walls seem to wrap around the city like a shroud. It is common to see first-time visitors holding themselves as though they were struck by a chill. Part of this is the fact that the city is a claustrophobic, dingy place, with narrow, crowded streets, much of it cast in the shadows of the defensive wall, and there are no other noticeable

gates in and out — once the gates close behind you, one tends to feel "penned" inside. One of the things that first hits visitors is the smells of humanity one would expect from a crowded city of 40,000 (often unwashed) people. Likewise, the din of people talking, children crying, dogs barking, wagons rumbling down the street, music playing, shops hawking their wares and all the rest, creates a cacophony of noise. Added to this ordinary din are the occasional screams of terror, moan of pain, the crack of whips against the backs of slaves, chanting and the occasional unearthly howls — dreadful sounds the average citizens no longer notice (or at least, pretend they don't). Pawnshops, seedy taverns, fortune-tellers and ladies of the night seem to be found on every street corner, and gambling halls, fight clubs, drug dens, dance halls, and other places to throw away money on vice and foolishness are found throughout the city. In fact, the city of Kaash puts the Empire of Sin to shame when it comes to the openness of such establishments.

The common **folk**. The people themselves are a mix of races. Many actually look shady, conniving, unwashed and dangerous. When approached, they look for ulterior motives, and often nod their heads and grin as though they've seen through some big secret. These traits are understandable given that **cult**-ists and thieves skulk in the shadows, the Steward is a maniac, their king a violent tyrant, and the city is defended by zombie-like sentries. The word "harsh" seems woefully inadequate to describe a place such as this, where the people expect the "police" to beat and harass them as much as protect them. The formula for survival in a den of iniquity like this is simple: Avoid the police, mind your own business, don't get involved in other people's trouble or vendettas, stay off the streets at night, and either own a good sword or hire someone who does. Consequently, most people go about their normal business and routines, watch each other suspiciously, avoid alleys and isolated places, duck into shops or avert their eyes when the Pikes (police) approach and ignore trouble. The latter is rather extreme, as most citizens will turn around or quickly run by the scene of a brawl, mugging, beating or robbery without lifting a finger to help, saying a word or calling the police. Likewise, they will step over or walk around a drunk or dead body laying in the street, before somebody will finally get a police officer. To get "involved" at Kaash is only asking for trouble. Only 20% of the residents will dare to help others in word or deed, and they are frightened, if not downright terrified, the entire time.

The police are referred to as the "Pikes" for their penchant for impaling the heads or bodies of "dangerous criminals and spies" upon pikes along the road. They roam the city intimidating and harassing the citizens, taking food from venders, roughing up troublemakers (including visitors who happen to catch their eye) and generally maintaining the peace through bullying, intimidation and strong-arm tactics. Thieves are often beaten, whatever they stole taken away, along with half their other money or obvious pieces of jewelry and left laying in the gutter. Brawls and sword fights are much less common than one would expect as everyone wants to avoid attracting the attention of the Pikes. Most people stay as far from them as possible and gaze at the ground when they walk by — the Pikes consider that a sign of respect and deference (more like fear and submission). A favorite game of the Pikes is to yell "hey you" and then beat the first person to look their way. The only people safe from the police's worst harassment and who actually get some measure of

protection, are the shops, temples and wealthy who pay for protection (typically 1,000-3,000 gold every month). Only practitioners of magic and people and businesses who are in King **Alshizar's** good graces get the best treatment without having to pay for it. The Pikes have no authority to enter a house or business except when accompanying the King, the Steward, one of their agents, or when pursuing a fugitive. Otherwise, buildings are off-limits to the Pikes and thus are the first places to which citizens flee.

The roads and alleys are dirt, with only a few gravel covered ones down main thoroughfares. They are narrow and cramped with people, carts and **refuse**. In the spring and fall, the roads are little more than streams of mud. They wind around in a seemingly random pattern with little or no planning. Dead ends and alleys barely wide enough for two people to walk side-by-side are very common. Destitute, homeless wanderers roam the streets and alleys — prey for the Pikes, slavers and often the general **public**. In turn, they prey on anyone caught alone or unprotected. At night, the homeless find shelter under porches, in barrels or crates, or inside condemned buildings, or huddle in the open streets and alleys hoping to avoid the predators that stalk the darkness. This is not what most expect from a city whose primary resource is *gold* and catering to prospectors, adventurers and fortune seekers, but the city is clearly overcrowded and underdeveloped. Likewise, the distribution of wealth is clearly disproportionate, with the wealthy enjoying all life has to offer and the poor struggling to make a living in sub-standard conditions.

Locations of Note

1) Embassy Island (****): Situated between the north and south harbor entrances and separated from the rest of the city by the width of the harbor, the Embassy is an *island* of peace and safety. Anyone caught on the grounds who is not staying at the Embassy or who does not have legitimate and verifiable business with someone staying there, is arrested and taken to *The Asylum* for questioning. Likewise, anyone detected in the water within 100 feet (30.5 m) of the Embassy is shot, no questions asked.

The docks adjoining the Embassy are reserved for visiting merchants. Since there is only enough room for 20 vessels, the Embassy docks are constantly full. In contrast, the city docks on the other side of the harbor have enough space for 50 or 60 ships but are typically less than half full. Most ships anchor in the middle of the harbor where they enjoy some small measure of safety. There are no entry or dock fees associated with any of the docks. The Count has worked diligently to entice merchants to come to **Kaash** and avoids taxing them whenever and how-ever possible.

The Embassy is a walled enclosure, almost a fortified resort, with six gates leading down to its wooden docks. Within the walls is a central courtyard with a swimming lagoon, a small grass lawn, and a pair of fountains at either end (carved in the likeness of mermaids combing their hair). Around the courtyard are apartments, shops, two alehouses and three large conference halls where merchants can meet with city officials and buyers in a private environment. The Embassy is roomy and can comfortably accommodate 200 guests at a time. A large dining facility, with seating for 200, offers good meals at a competitive price, as do the two alehouses situated at either end of the Embassy.

Breakfast and lunch cost three gold. Dinner, which consists of a choice of fish, venison or chicken, cheese, bread, fruit when in season, a vegetable on request, a pastry and a choice of milk, wine or ale, costs eight gold. The apartments are tastefully furnished and can hold up to four people. Rates depend upon who you are. If you are a visiting dignitary or prospective business the accommodations are free, and for merchants who come to town to conduct business/sell goods, the rooms cost 25 gold a night. If one is an adventurer, prospector, or just visiting or passing through, but has the money to stay in a safe place, the cost is 230 gold per night.

Aside from room and board, other services offered to guests include a *diner, bar, barbershop, tailor, jeweler* and *guide service*. All of these businesses, overseen by Count Lovejoy, are expected to make the merchant's stay as comfortable and pleasant as possible. Of particular note is the guide service which employs psychics and proven men at arms to act as guides within the city, but only *during the day*; everybody goes home by sundown. The guides' lives depend upon keeping their charges safe. If a merchant is injured or killed while in their charge, the guide will be beaten and fired, or executed! A psychic costs 60 gold per day, a man at arms costs 40 gold per day. All are between 3rd and 5th levels and are absolutely trustworthy. However, they are required to report everything they learn to the Embassy Manager who passes the information along to the Count.

Dock Ward

The dock ward is a rambling collection of warehouses, tattoo parlors, drug dens, taverns, gambling halls and other dens of iniquity. Along the harbor are the docks, with four small shipyards used primarily for ship repairs. Their prices are high, typically twice what one would expect elsewhere. The north side of the harbor is reserved for the pleasure boats of the rich and the Count's personal ship, an Eastern war galley named **La'Shae**. The northern docks are guarded by thirty **2-4th level Orc** warriors commanded by a battle-scarred Troll named Smash (6th level Mercenary Warrior).

Travel within the dock ward is hazardous because of its many twists and turns down deserted streets that invite robbery and skullduggery. Thieves and slavers are attracted by the crowds who come to the docks to buy fish and goods from the decks of visiting merchant ships. The Pikes are the most numerous here but stay to the larger roads. At night, the area is completely deserted and controlled by "The Pack," a gang of **15 Werewolves**. The Pack lives in a large stone warehouse abutting the water. They spend their days sleeping and goofing off. Their nights are spent doing their murderous work; attacking and robbing people on their turf, mauling or killing those who they take a dislike to or dare to attack them, and making forays into the Commercial and Residential Wards to terrify citizens and visitors, and fight rival gangs. (Gangs of vampires!) Recently, they have toyed with the idea of swimming the harbor and ransacking the Embassy. Their leader, Grizzle, while not afraid of Count Lovejoy or the Pikes, knows that openly defying the wishes of King **Alshizar** is to invite deadly retribution, so he forbids it. He worries that the rest of the Pack is too young and inexperienced to appreciate what they have or to understand the danger of overstepping their bounds. Note: See page 154 of the *Monsters & Animals™ sourcebook* for complete information on Werebeasts.



Grizzle, leader (Quick Stats)

Male Werewolf—5th level Vagabond

Alignment: Miscreant

Attributes: I.Q. 12, M.E. 6, M.A. 7, P.S. 23, P.P. 17, P.E. 21, P.B. 14, Spd. 17 (37 in animal form).

Hit Points: 57, S.D.C.: 38.

Horror Factor: 13 as a werewolf

Natural Armor Rating: 12 as werewolf

Attacks: 5 (7 as werewolf)

Bonuses of Note: Hand to Hand: Basic: +8 to damage, +2 to strike, +3 to parry and dodge (including P.P. bonus), +2 to roll with impact or fall, +2 to pull punch, and +3 to save vs magic/poison.

Additional bonuses as werewolf: +3 initiative, +1 strike and parry, +2 dodge, can only be injured by magic, psionics, or weapons of silver. Fire and cold do half damage, bio-regenerate 2D6 H.P./S.D.C. once every four melee rounds, nightvision 100 feet (30.5 m), leap 15 feet (4.6 m) high and 20 feet (6 m) long, track 75%.

Other Combat Info: Can only use weapons when in human form; W.P. Blunt and Knife.

Weapons: Carries a pair of silver plated daggers (1D6), wooden staff (2D4) and a morning star with silver plated spikes (2D6). *As werewolf:* Bite does 2D6+4 points of damage and claw strike 2D4+10 (including damage bonus).

Description: At 24 years old, Grizzle is the oldest and most experienced of the Pack. In his human form, Grizzle goes by the name of Grizz and is a homely looking fellow with shaggy blonde hair and thick, muscular arms. He became

leader when his predecessor was caught by the Night Lords, a gang of vampires who claim the residential areas as their home turf. Since that time, the Pack has waged a constant feud with them. Both sides have lost many members; the Pack recently lost two of their youngest. Battered and angry, they have retreated to the dock ward to make plans for a **counterstrike**. Suggestions have included hiring additional fighters to assist them, to deliberately infecting people in the residential ward with *lycanthropy* in order to increase their numbers and cause trouble for the Night Lords. For now, Grizzle is holding back, still uncomfortable in his leadership role and worried about how the Count or King might react if things get too out of hand.

Sheeba, second in command (Quick Stats)

Experience: Third level, female Werewolf.

Alignment: Miscreant

Attributes: I.Q. 14, M.E. 8, M.A. 6, P.S. 18, P.P. 24, P.E. 17, P.B. 16, Spd. 21 (41 as Werewolf).

Hit Points: 40, S.D.C.: 26

Horror Factor: 13 as Werewolf

Natural Armor Rating: 12 as werewolf

Attacks: 4 (6 as Werebeast)

Bonuses: Hand to Hand: Basic: +3 to damage, +7 to parry and dodge (including P.P. bonus), +2 to roll with impact or fall, +2 to pull punch, +1 to save vs magic and poison,

Additional bonuses as werewolf: +3 on initiative, +1 to strike and parry, +2 dodge, can only be injured by magic, psionics, or weapons of silver. Fire and cold do half damage, bio-regenerate 2D6 H.P./S.D.C. once every four melee rounds, nightvision 100 feet (30.5 m), leap 15 feet (4.6 m) high and 20 feet (6 m) long, track 75%

Other Combat Info: Can only use weapons when in human form; W.P. Blunt and Knife.

Weapons: Carries a wooden club with silver plated spikes driven through it (2D4), a silver plated dagger (1D6) and two wooden daggers (1D4; double damage against vampires).

As werewolf: Bite does 2D6+4 points of damage and claw strike 2D4+10 (including damage bonus).

Description: Sheeba is the second oldest member of the pack at age 20, and is Grizzle's younger sister. Unlike her brother who has a terrible savage streak when angered, she is cunning and sneaky. Sheeba prefers to hold back and study the situation before committing herself, and uses surprise, ambush and **backstabbing** whenever possible. Already her ability to assess a situation has won them several battles against the Night Lords.

A month ago, she met a young dock worker and instantly fell in love, much to the amusement of the rest of the Pack. He recently learned about her true nature and doesn't care. Unfortunately, it was during one of their twice weekly trysts that the Pack engaged the Night Lords and were soundly defeated. Several of the younger members of the Pack are angry with Sheeba for not being in the fight and have talked amongst themselves about killing her boyfriend.

Typical Werewolf Pack Member (Quick Stats)

Experience: 2nd level vagabond.

Alignment: Miscreant or Diabolic

Attributes: I.Q. 11, M.E. 5, M.A. 6, P.S. 19, P.P. 18, P.E. 20, P.B. 11, Spd. 16 (36 as were beast).

Average Hit Points: 42, S.D.C.: 40

Horror Factor: 13 as werewolf.

Natural Armor Rating: 12 as werewolf.

Attacks: 4 (6 as werewolf).

Bonuses: Hand to Hand: Basic: +4 to damage, +2 to parry and dodge, +2 to pull punch, +2 to roll with punch, +3 to save vs magic/poison.

Additional bonuses as werewolf: +3 on initiative, +1 to strike and parry, +2 to dodge, can only be injured by magic, psionics, or weapons of silver. Fire and cold do half damage, bio-regenerate 2D6 H.P./S.D.C. once every four melee rounds, **nightvision** 100 feet (30.5 m), leap 15 feet (4.6 m) high and 20 feet (6 m) long, and track 75%.

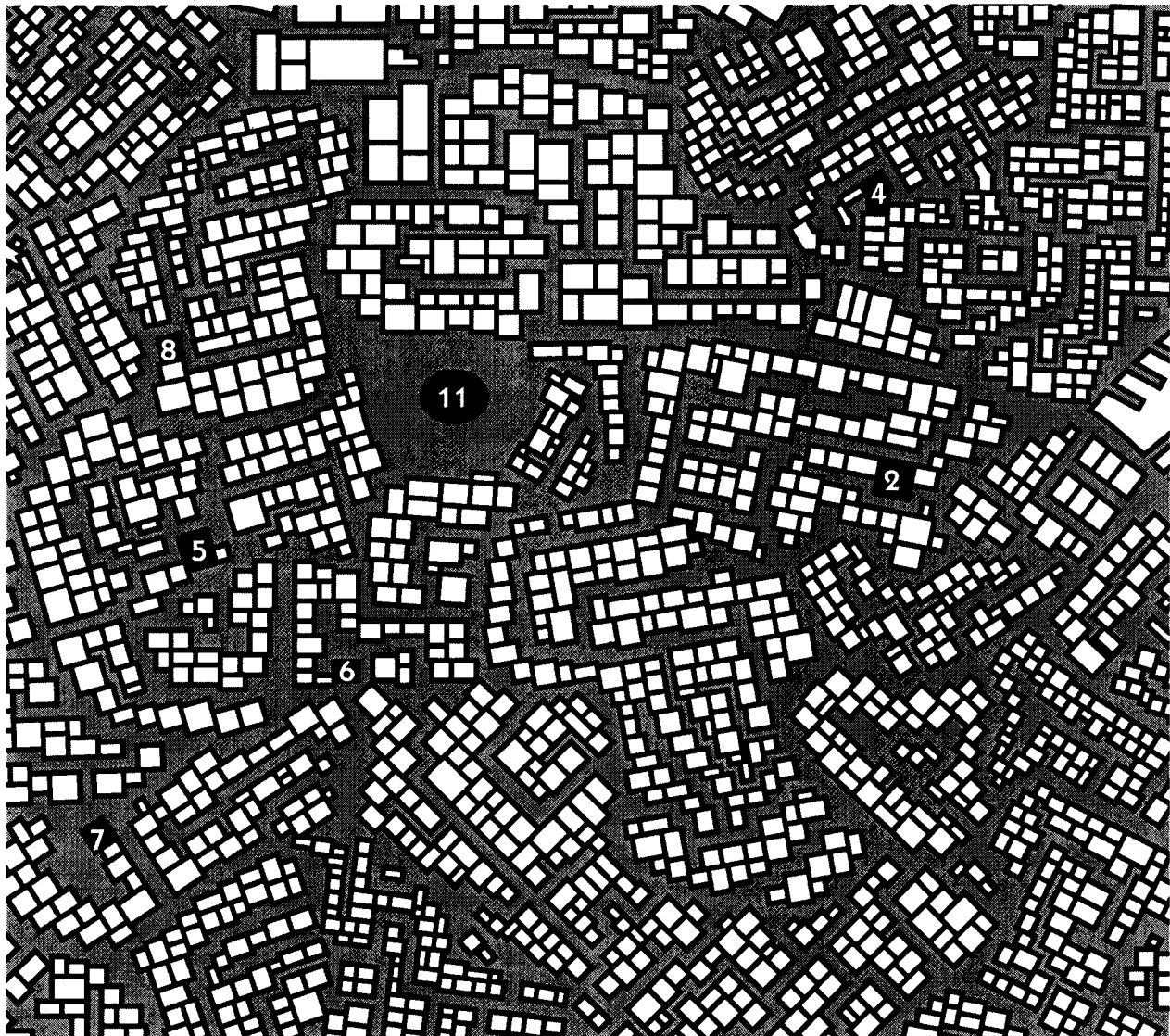
Other Combat Info: Most have W.P. Blunt or W.P. Sword; a third have one additional W.P. of choice (but usually knife or sword).

Weapons: Can only use weapons in human form. As a werewolf: bite does 2D6+4 points of damage, and claw strike 2D4+2 (plus P.S. damage bonus).

Description: The rest of the Pack (12 members strong) ranges in age from 13 to 18 years old. Most are rather immature and enjoy taunting adults. The teenagers have spread the word that they are on **friendly** terms with The Pack, though they wisely haven't told anyone of their true identities. If, during

the course of the day, someone angers one of them, the entire pack tracks the poor individual down at night and takes their revenge, which is always brutal and half the time lethal. Too young and full of themselves to understand the limit of their power or the danger of their situation, the Pack is becoming increasingly bold about breaking into and robbing homes at night and attacking visitors on the street. They are preparing plans to swim the harbor and attack those enjoying the "high life" in The Embassy. Grizzle has managed to keep them from actually carrying through with it, but the Pack is on edge and dying to stretch their wings. The recent defeat at the hands of the Night Lords has only served to increase the tension and make them crave revenge. Thus, vampires are targeted with increasing frequency.

2. The Ferry: The Ferry is operated by an unscrupulous human sailor who used to be a pirate on the Eastern Ocean, but has discovered transporting passengers to and from **Kaash** to be far more lucrative. The captain, Nassil **McKern**, travels the Great River picking up passengers bound for Kaash at the cut-rate fare of a mere 80 gold, which includes both passage and food. On the way to Kaash, the Captain talks about the greatness of the city, how there is more gold laying in the streets than most noblemen have in their vaults, and how the terrible stories about the place are just exaggerations from those who are envious.



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Sure, it's a little rough, but what wilderness city isn't? He makes most of his money when people want to leave Kaash, a difficult undertaking considering how few options there are traveling through the bandit and monster ridden wilderness. A trip to the nearest town on the Great River costs 500 **gold**, not counting food which is an extra 40 gold per day (and isn't very good). The trip typically takes three days. If the **individual(s)** wanting passage look really desperate or admit that they are fugitives from the authorities or powerful merchants, he'll grin his crooked smile and calmly declare the going rate is 1,000 gold, paid in advance, but that he can smuggle them out without anybody being the wiser. Of course, before he departs he'll pass word to The Pikes, and a couple of hours down the Stone River, he'll stop at an abandoned farmhouse where two dozen Pikes will be waiting. Note: Others also offer river transportation in and out of the city, but all are pretty much cut from the same cloth as **McKern**, charging 4D6 percent more or less depending on business and who it is. All honest riverboat services have been run out of the ferry business.

3) Fisborn's Circle: This shop sells the unique service of Summoning and temporarily binding **infernals** (demons & Deevils) to the purchaser. **Fisborn** is an accomplished alchemist who could have made a fortune were it not for his fixation with Summoning. Much of his career has been spent perfecting his mastery of the art of summoning infernals and then binding them to a magic item, typically a pendant or medallion worn around the neck of the creature's master. His efforts have only been partially successful. The binding is not permanent and requires a periodic battle of wills to keep the infernal under control. Otherwise, the monster is free to act as it wills, typically starting with the murder of its current owner, followed by the previous one.

The magic item must be inscribed with the true name of the purchaser and with the true name of the creature to be summoned. How exactly Fisborn gets the names of infernals is a well-kept secret. In addition to this item, he always crafts a second item with his name and that of the infernal which allows him to immediately expel the summoned creature at any time. Once the inscription is made and a series of enchantments are cast, the infernal, is **summoned**, and a battle of wills immediately occurs between it and the *person purchasing the item*. Fisborn makes no effort to control the infernal, content to remain in his circle of protection and watch the show. If the purchaser is successful, the demon or Deevil is bound to the magic item and must obey its new master's commands. Unless ordered to, it can not move more than 50 feet (15.2 **m**) from the magic item nor can it injure the item's wielder. The infernal is bound for a number of days half that of the owner's M.E., so a person with an M.E. of 12 would have six days to control the infernal before a new battle of wills would occur.

After the initial days have expired, a new battle of wills must occur. Assuming the holder of the item wins, the period of uncontested control is reduced by half, so the character with an M.E. of 12 would now have the service of his demonic slave for only three more days. Each time a new battle of wills occurs, the length of time is reduced by half. When down to two days or less, the infernal is free to return to his hellish dimension or seek out Fisborn and challenge him. If it wins the **challenge** (it's never happened yet, although the **Summoner** has willingly set a few free) it is free to stay in the mortal world, if it loses (and

most do) it must return to its home dimension. The purchaser of the item can return to Fisborn to send the infernal back to its home dimension at any time. However, Fisborn charges 15,000 gold to send them back early. The infernal is aware that it is being controlled and if it ever breaks free, will immediately murder its "master" (the holder of the enchanted item).

Pendant of Binding: Sub-Demon (Gargoyle, Gurgoyles) or Imp, 50,000 gold.

Medallion of Binding: Lesser Demon or Deevil, 90,000 gold.

Talisman of Greater Binding: Greater Demon or Deevil, 300,000-500,000 gold!

3b) Rosewart Inn (*):** The **Rosewart Inn** is located down the road from **Fishborn** and is very popular with visitors to Kaash, where rooms can be hard to find. The building is a three-story wood and stone structure with a broad covered porch in front. Within is a large common room with a long oak bar on one side and a wide stone hearth on the other. Pots of tea and stew are constantly bubbling. Long strands of garlic, **wolfbay** and **wolf's** bane hang like Christmas garlands from the eaves outside and on the rafters inside, giving the entire inn a distinctive odor. As an additional protection from the vampires and werewolves who stalk the streets at night, the owner, **Kevryn Skeen**, a retired Undead Hunter, hired a Diabolist from outside Kaash to inscribe protection wards on the building. Each of the bedrooms have sturdy steel bolts on the windows and doors with more garlic and **wolf's** bane hung on the sills and over the doorway. To protect against more mundane threats, Kevryn employs three mercenaries and a Fire/Air Warlock. They are treated like family and given rooms inside the inn as partial payment for their services. All are absolutely loyal to the old man and share a disdain for **werebeasts** and the **undead**.

Kevryn is one of the few honest people in Kaash. This makes him the target of many people's scorn. The Inn's rates are high, twice the mid-range for a three-star inn, but it is safe. The food is good and the owner can't be bribed by thieves and slavers. The Rosewart Inn has not gone unnoticed by The Pack. As soon as they deal with the Night Lords, they plan to pay Kevryn a visit. The notable inhabitants include:

Kevryn Skeen: 7th level, male human, Undead Hunter, retired. Scrupulous, I.Q. 17, M.E. 12, M.A. 15, P.S. 18, P.P. 15, P.E. 17, P.B. 12, Spd. 14.

Gaar Foehammer: 5th level, male **Dwarven** Mercenary Warrior, Unprincipled, I.Q. 12, M.E. 8, M.A. 9, P.S. 22, P.P. 17, P.E. 24, P.B. 10, Spd. 12.

Rushen Rolfe: 4th level, female human Soldier, Scrupulous, I.Q. 13, M.E. 14, M.A. 19, P.S. 16, P.P. 19, P.E. 17, P.B. 15, Spd. 17.

Salty: 8th level, male human mariner, retired. Unprincipled, I.Q. 12, M.E. 15, M.A. 12, P.S. 16, P.E. 19, P.P. 18, P.B. 13, Spd. 14).

Jeleen Knifalaen: 7th level, female **Elven** (really a Changing) Fire/Air Warlock, Principled, I.Q. 15, M.E. 24, M.A. 18, P.S. 13, P.P. 16, P.E. 8, P.B. 19, Spd. 6.

4) Commercial Ward: Outwardly, the Commercial Ward looks much the same as the Docks except for the lack of a waterfront. The streets are still narrow and winding with many alleys and dead-ends. The businesses here all pay protection money to the Pikes which buys protection from the Pikes' harassment. The police here tend to harass people less and are

prone to stop obvious thefts and muggings, which has made the Commercial Ward prime real estate. All of the buildings are occupied, with a long list of shop owners waiting to move out of the larger Dock Ward and new businesses to take their place. This area is also the most crowded part of town during the day, as shoppers enjoy the friendly and safe atmosphere (this is as good as it gets at Kaash) of this shopping district, still, pick-pockets thrive along the narrow lanes and muggers wait in open doorways, ready to spring out and pull victims indoors where they can do their dirty work, away from prying eyes and outsiders who know enough to mind their own business. At night this area is widely deserted except by the bravest and most foolish, for it becomes a virtual battleground between the competing vampire gangs (the Night Lords who live in the city and the Fangs who live in a ruin southwest of town). The Pack also likes to rumble in these streets with both gangs.

5) Magic & More: The owner, a wizened little Gnome by the name of Fletcher **Hizzelhoff**, offers a full line of natural protections "guaranteed" to defend against a variety of supernatural evil. Not surprisingly, he specializes in protection against werebeasts and the undead. Some of the more notable items in his inventory include garlic cloves (a proven deterrent to vampires), holy symbols, silver and wood crosses, silver daggers, silver arrows, silver and wooden knives, wooden stakes, hand mallets, garlic juice, sprigs of **Wolf's Bane**, and vials of holy water, as well as traditional magic medallions and rings of protection. **Wolf's Bane** is a bright pink root that grows only in marshy lands and causes serious breathing difficulties for werebeasts and **lycanthropes**. Werebeasts approaching within two feet (.6 m) of the root must roll under their I.Q. or flee in panic. Regardless, the werebeast must flee within 1D4+4 melee rounds or else pass out from the fumes. This will not actually kill a werebeast, but it will usually chase them away or immobilize them (if placed on their person) until morning when they assume their **humanoid** form and are thus no longer affected by the hated root. A sprig of **Wolf's Bane** will protect a single human-sized person, and can also be hung in garland fashion to protect an entire area such as around a campsite or a building. Werebeasts will not voluntarily go near **Wolf's Bane** except in desperation or lust for revenge.

Bite-Free Vampire Ointment is one of the Gnome's special creations. It smells vile, tastes worse, and does repulse vampires, preventing them from biting the body area smeared with the stuff. A third of those who use it (recommended for the neck and arms if nothing else) develop an itchy rash (01-33% chance), but it goes away three days after one stops using the ointment. Unfortunately, it also makes the individual smell of garlic and god only knows what, effectively reducing his P.B. by three points and repulsing most people along with the undead. Most folks can't stand to be within five feet/1.5 m of the individual and predators with a keen sense of smell, werewolves included, can smell them a mile away! 12 gold per ounce. Enough for 6 applications. The ointment is a vile smelling oily liquid.

Holy Water: 10 gold per six ounce vial.

Garlic: 1 gold per 6 buds, 2 gold for a necklace of 8 buds.

Wolf's Bane: 50 gold per sprig, always has 1D10x2 on hand. Lasts for a month before it is completely dried out and no longer effective. Can be preserved for up to a year in an airtight container.

Wooden Cross: 2-10 gold depending on the size; the larger the more it costs..

Wooden Holy Symbols: 15-30 gold depending on size or fancy or plain. Symbols of the Gods of Light, particularly Ra and Isis, are the most popular.

Wooden Knives: Small: 5 gold and do 1D4 damage. Large: 8 gold and do 1D6 damage.

Wooden Stakes: 1 gold per dozen

Wooden Staves (non-magical): 20-50 gold

Silver Dagger or similar size Cross: 50 gold

Silver Tipped Arrows; **short/long**: 5/12 gold each

Magic Charms, Medallions & Protection: 20% higher than book price. Offers all protection and about a third of the others, also sells potions of healing, negate poison, sleep, tongues, charm, and love charm (20% above standard prices).

Book about Vampires: All the basic facts in a 48 page, bound book; 60 gold.

Book about Werewolves: All the basic facts in a 48 page, bound book, 60 gold.

Note: All silver weapons are merely dipped in silver rather than being **crafted** entirely of the soft metal. Any edged weapon can be dipped, increasing the weapon's cost by 4-5 times. Thus, the dagger which normally costs 10 gold, would now cost 50 gold. Also, the silver will flake away if not cared for properly and can not stand up to striking against normal steel weapons.



6) **Leather Shop:** The Leather Shop is owned and operated by **Chuku**, a Kobold heralding from the Burning-Eye Kobold brood in the Shattered Mountains. Cast out from his people for rejecting the **shamans'** calls for a holy war against humanity, and suffering from a deformed left arm, he came to Kaash looking for a new place to live. Chuku is young and has found the dark atmosphere of the city very much to his liking. He finds the antics of the Pikes humorous and by **crafting** a few special items for them he has gotten out of paying protection money. The young Kobold specializes in exotic leather goods such as whips and studded arm bands, along with more personal items. He does a steady, if not overly profitable business. For a Kobold, Chuku is surprisingly even tempered though he does not like Elves. He is a 5th level Thief, lies smooth as silk and is Anarchist alignment. Just a few of his items are listed below (popular with slavers and slave masters).

Studded Arm Band: 40 gold; 20 S.D.C.

Studded Neck Band: 20 gold, 25 S.D.C.; has a hook for a leash.

Leather Leash: 10 gold; 15 S.D.C.

Leather Strips: 2 gold per two foot (0.6 m) length; used for tying as well as strapping cargo.

Bull Whip: 35-45 gold; 2D6 damage, +2 if flakes of steel are woven into the whip.

Cat-o-Nine Tails (whip): 25-30 gold for the standard item (2D6 damage)

Barbed Cat-o-Nine-Tails: 45-60 gold; 3D6 damage due to the metal barbs at the end, but is -1 to strike.

Muzzle: 15 gold; **crafted** for **humanoids** not animals.

7) **Body Shop:** The body shop is run by **Zhang**, a gnarled Goblin completely blind in his left eye. A large chunk of his left ear is missing as well. Within the darkened confines of the little shop, Zhang sells the **accouterments** for Necromancy and specializes in fresh human body parts. Not surprisingly, the shop smells much like a butcher's shop. Zhang has a small selection of other items sought after by both Necromancers and alchemists, including a pair of gargoyle claws, a dozen fairy wings, a **dragon's** tooth, various claws and hooves from ordinary animals and a full elephant's skull which hangs over the door to his sleeping area in the back. In addition to selling magic paraphernalia, he offers decorated skulls, tooth necklaces, and meat, the last particularly popular with **Orcs** and the occasional Ogre and Troll.

Zhang is a 3rd level Necromancer and is willing to sell his meager spell knowledge to other Necromancers (500 gold per level, knows 2D6 level one spells, 1D6 level two and three spells and 1D4 level four spells). He is also willing to trade goods for spell knowledge, particularly Necromantic spells, and magic items.

8) **Gentlemen's Club:** The Gentlemen's Club offers an extensive selection of fine brandy, but its main stock is **poisons**, both lethal and merely debilitating (he has at least a little of everything), as well as a small selection of herbs and Faerie Food Wines. The prices are stiff, always twice the prices listed in the *Palladium Fantasy RPG® 2nd Ed.* but the goods are of **exceptional** quality (increase duration **1D6** rounds, and the victim is -1 to save). He sells powders, **ingestive**, injected and contact poisons and offers several varieties of poisoned candies (each piece

does 3D6 damage when ingested; cost 80 gold each) imported from the Western Empire. The non-lethal poisoned candies will knock a person unconscious for 2D4+2 minutes (requires two pieces and costs 70 gold each). On the side, the owner also fences stolen property taken along the Great River and on the Trade Road.

The Residential Ward, The Undead & Cults

The Residential Wards are divided between the larger and poorer southern section and the more affluent northern ward. The southern ward is dominated by 3-5 story wooden row houses, shacks and the occasional house and neighborhood business (typically a general store, bakery, pawnshop or tavern). Most are constructed of wood and plaster. The streets are deeply rutted and garbage and human refuse is piled on street corners and in alleys. Robbery, assaults and murder are commonplace. The appearance of the Pikes merely sends the citizens scrambling for cover and brigands to make good an escape. Here, along the winding, narrow streets, reside the majority of the city's poor and among them, death-cults and witches who also prey upon them. Most cults are relatively small with fewer than 100 active members. Many prey on the people's need for protection and fear of dark forces and offer them neighborhood protection and assistance if they help to shield the cult's existence and warn them of danger. Others, like the Cult of Set, are secretly dedicated to overthrowing King **Alshizar** and his malevolent Governor, Count Lovejoy and setting up their own government, led by the cult, of course. To these cultists, power is the motivating **factor**, power over their own and over others' lives. Still others prefer to keep to themselves and practice some hidden agenda of their own (seldom more than 50 cultists).

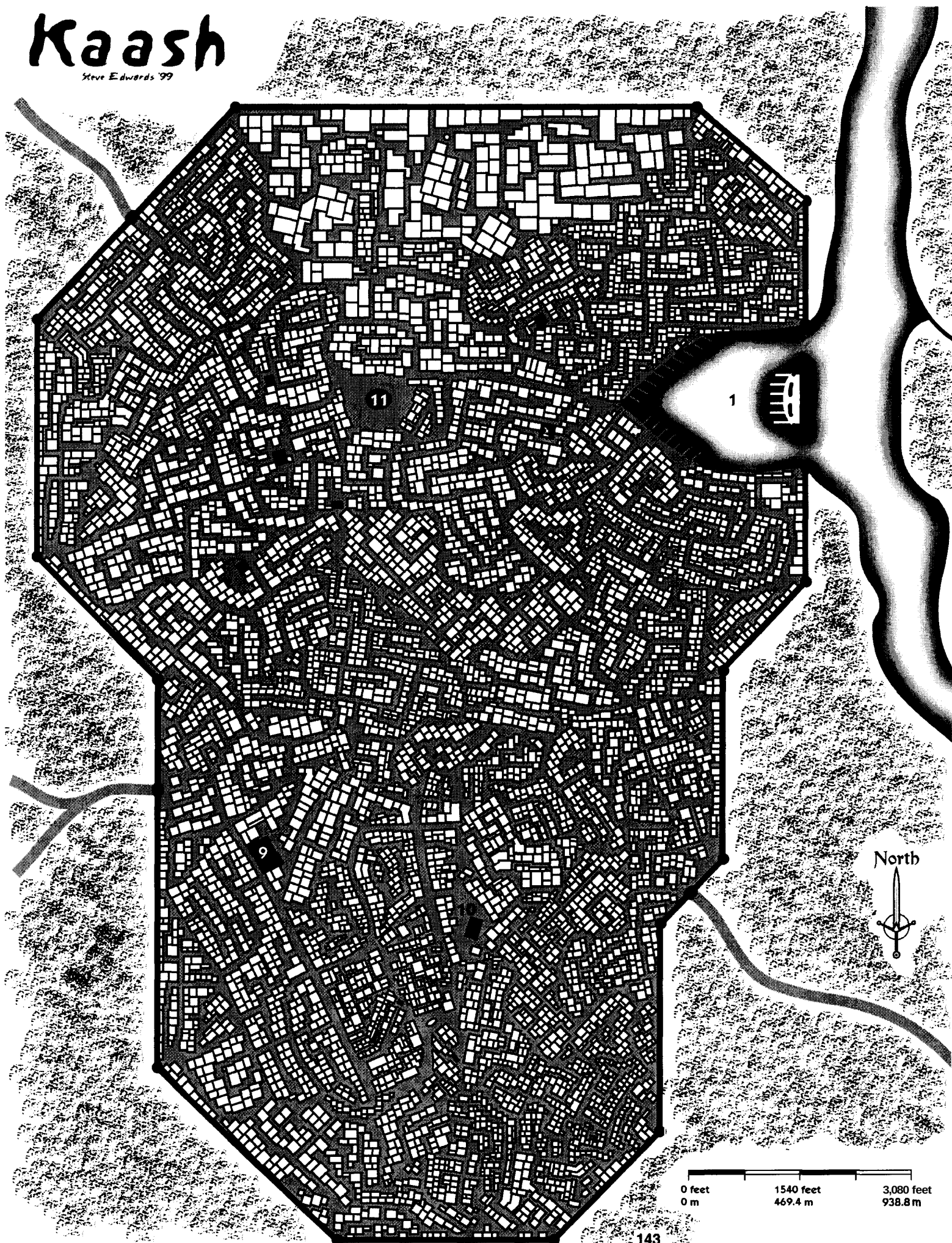
At night, the southern residential ward, also known as "the **Pit**," is visited by the occasional Night Lord vampire looking for a brawl or other fun, hunting for prey (humanoids), or on the lookout for the rival Fangs. Not surprisingly, undead hunters and adventurers looking to rid Kaash of the undead turn up dead themselves, but seldom with any evidence that a vampire was responsible.

With all the murders and foul play perpetrated in Kaash, one would expect the streets and gutters to quickly fill with corpses. That is where the Children of Utu come in. Comprised solely of Goblins, the Children work both night and day, gathering the corpses and carrying them to the Morgue where they can be cataloged and tallied to ensure that Lord Utu is getting enough souls. If the death count ever gets too low (exactly what "too low" is has never been defined), they will move onto the streets and start making corpses of their own. For now though, the people of Kaash, both living and undead, look upon the Children as a necessary, if distasteful, service to the city. Aside from Count Lovejoy, King Alshizar and the Sentries, only the Children of Utu enjoy full freedom in the city both day and night. The Pikes ignore them altogether, except to tell a passing troupe where a new body can be found. Even the vampires leave them alone.

9) **The Morgue Complex:** The Morgue is a large, open area surrounded by an 8 foot (2.4 m) stone wall capped with rusting iron spikes. Entry to the facility is made through a single wide archway that is never **guarded**, except during special ceremonies when the gate is closed and locked. Otherwise, visitors are welcome at any time of day or, if anyone is so inclined to travel after the sun goes down, night. Within the wall are three buildings

Kaash

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with an expansive mud courtyard. To the side of the gateway is "The Goblin Home," a dwelling where the Goblins congregate, eat, and sleep. Next to it is the Temple of **Utu**, a holy place to the Children where ceremonies are conducted and where the self-styled priests reside. The fact that these Goblin "priests" have none of the magical powers usually associated with the clergy doesn't seem to bother their faithful flock. Perhaps one day, they think, Lord Utu will be satisfied with their important work collecting and tallying the dead, and will grant his loyal followers some small measure of power. Until then, they keep hauling corpses and making small black lines to count the dead (not a one of them can read and someone who can count above 20 is a rare and treasured gift). Also conducted in the entry to the Temple of Utu is "The Reckoning," where the chief priest, Azleblat, sells many of the bodies to butchers, restaurants and businesses like the Body Shop. The rest are cremated and the ashes dumped over the city wall. The only other building is the stone and iron crematorium, which continually belches thick black clouds that stain the buildings downwind a dingy gray. If one has lost a teammate or loved one and can't find the body (or seems to have vanished from its resting place), go looking in The Morgue. Better hurry though, before the deceased ends up sold to a non-human's restaurant, cult, **Summoner** or Necromancer.

10) The Asylum: This is a dank, depressing place even by Kaash standards. It is one of the oldest buildings in town, and dates back to the earliest days of the Merchants' Guild's government. Constructed of granite with thick iron bars over the narrow windows and doors, it is a place that few ever leave. Originally constructed to house the small but growing number of mentally disturbed, the Asylum has, since King **Alshizar's** reign, been turned into a combination insane asylum and city prison. It should be noted that most of the population would much prefer to be hung on a pike alongside the road than be sentenced to the Asylum.

The director of the Asylum is **Itomas Haatmore**, a vile and twisted Wizard obsessed with unlocking the ancient secrets of Life-Force Magic (as presented in *Palladium Book Mount Nimro™*). Itomas was given a taste of the art when a mysterious Lizard Mage, visiting **Alshizar**, was led through the Asylum by Count Lovejoy. Since that time, the foul Wizard has conducted one test after another on the prisoners under his care. He frequently says that he is on the brink of discovering the secrets, but in truth he is a lifetime away and will probably never complete his work. So long as the delectable pain and suffering continues, King Alshizar is content to allow Itomas his delusions and to continue his pursuit of the dark magic. His only success (if one can call it that) is the creation of the zombie-like Kaash **Sentries** whom Director Itomas says are neither truly living or **dead**, but something in between. The Sentries are all victims from the Asylum.

The facility is large, with three stories above ground and six below. Inside it is dark with sparse oil lamps providing only some small measure of light. The exception is the ground floor where the few administrators' and the Director's offices are located. The upper two stories are filled with jail cells identical to those in the dungeon section underground. All of the cells on the top floor are empty with the exception of a single prisoner on the third floor whose identity is unknown even to the Director. Alshizar had the man imprisoned 30 years ago and forbids Di-

rector Itomas to do anything but feed him. The second floor is packed with the least dangerous inmates. Half are truly insane, the others are political prisoners and people who offended the King or Count Lovejoy and have lived to regret it. Many are forgotten and will live out the rest of their days in filth, squalor and madness. The conditions are deplorable and the level of abuse frightening. Cells are cleaned only once a week and prisoners seldom see the light of day.

Below ground is where the real nightmare begins. The halls are uncomfortably narrow, dark and wet with tall ceilings. The jail cells are all alike, each 7 feet (2.1 m) square with 5 foot (1.5 m) ceilings, and prisoners are only given a bug-infested blanket, and a combination water **bowl/chamber** pot. On each level is a torture chamber, officially called the "Garden Rooms" by Director Itomas. Within these chambers are stretcher racks, surgical tables, knives, needles, saws, brands, wires and a host of other implements. In addition, there a several permanent protection by infliction wards placed around the room. Each is intended to inflict the most pain possible without killing. In addition to torture, the Garden Rooms are also used for medical treatment, surgery and the Director's magical agonizing and debilitating experiments. All of the prisoners, with the exception of the guest on the 3rd floor, make regular visits to the Garden Rooms. Many never leave.

Northern Residential Area

The northern residential area is a stark contrast to the overcrowded, poor areas that dominate the city. Here the roads are twice as wide, covered in gravel, and the houses and buildings are decorated with large stone gargoyles, lions and angels. The streets are less winding and the homes are two and three stories tall, have thick stone walls surrounding courtyards or gardens and many have a servant's house. The people who live in the north residential area are among **Kaash's** most powerful and influential citizens; most serving directly under Count Lovejoy and enjoying King Alshizar's protection. Lurking behind the scenes and careful to avoid the Count's attention are the **Thanatos**, the Eastern Territory version of "The Mob," a well organized criminal organization dedicated to the god **Panath**. If anyone in the city could eventually challenge Count Lovejoy's power, it is the Thanatos.

The Thanatos

The Thanatos trace their origins back to the crime lords who controlled the streets prior to King Alshizar's usurping of power. Guided by the teachings of Panath (see *Dragons and Gods™ sourcebook* for details on this and other gods), the Thanatos reinvented themselves. Realizing that King Alshizar would never allow them to continue if they became openly powerful, the Thanatos have conducted themselves with discretion and stealth, staying hidden behind the scenes and pulling the strings of others from the shadows. Thanatos own and operate the majority (70%) of the gambling halls, houses of prostitution, drug dens, fencing operations and pawnshops. They are so entrenched that they even get a 20% cut from all three of the thieves' guilds operating in town and run the assassins' guild. Meanwhile, the organization has a 20% stake in about a quarter of the legitimate money changers and taverns while slowly gaining influence among the wealthy in town. Ultimately, the leadership would like to get rid of King Alshizar and Count Lovejoy

altogether. The Kaash Thanatos are aware that **Alshizar** is far more than a mere **Elven** Wizard, and even they are troubled by the increasing magnitude of wickedness and depravity he allows in the **city**. Death Cults go **unsupervised**, crime largely unpunished, and even vampires, werewolves and other monsters roam the streets with impunity. Corruption and vice is one thing, but this goes way beyond that. The Thanatos fear absolute chaos will soon reign, hampering their earnings, causing loss of manpower, and leading to gang warfare, bloody rivalry, and open fighting in the streets. Worse, they fear that it is only a matter of

time before the neighboring kingdoms and communities join forces to "bring peace and order" to this increasingly hostile and dangerous region. Hostile and dangerous because King Alshizar has made it a public haven for crooks and monsters even the Thanatos can not condone.

Outside of Kaash, the Thanatos organization has made a co-ordinated effort to infiltrate the major assassins' and thieves' guilds throughout the East, as well as several governments. This does not mean that they control all of these organizations, but they have agents in place who can tip them off as to what is going on within them and to lobby on issues beneficial to the organization's (criminal) operations. These insiders are also privy to rumor and indiscretions that can help the Thanatos to blackmail, bribe and coerce officials into doing (and in many cases, not doing) things on their behalf. Currently, the Thanatos directly control 20% of ALL assassins' guilds in the Eastern Territory, 15% of all thieves' guilds, own or have a large stake in 33% of all gambling and pawnshops, and direct 40% of the drug trade. It is unclear what **Panath's** goal is with the Thanatos. His penchant for treachery is legendary and it could be that he is plotting to disrupt the Domain of Man. On the other hand, Rurga has sworn to support the Eastern Territory and **Panath** almost always sides with the goddess.

The Thanatos have divided the Eastern Territory into 12 regions, each overseen by a Boss. Under each Boss are Lieutenants who control the organization's activities in a single city or community. Under the Lieutenant are one or more Cells depending upon the size of the location and opportunity for vice. Each cell has six to twelve members, all of which answer to the Lieutenant and over Boss. To ensure the security and secrecy of the organization as a whole, each cell operates independently from the others with the members knowing only those individuals within their own cell. Only the Lieutenants know the identities of every member of the organization within their city. (Or so they think. Bosses often have one or more cells in place that the Lieutenant knows nothing about.) The Lieutenants do know who the other Lieutenants in their region are and who their Boss is, but not those in other areas. Similarly, the Bosses only know each other by assumed names. No one knows the identities of the leadership in Kaash.

The Thanatos agenda seems to vary from location to location. In some places (many places), the group controls the drug trade, assassins' guilds and thieves' guilds, while in others, albeit the minority, they are into legitimate business practices and "entertainment" (i.e. dance halls, gambling, arenas, etc.). The Thanatos have agents and operatives in every major city in the Eastern Territory (and Western Empire, for that matter), as well as the Merchants' Guild and the Army of Dominion. Very little happens in the Eastern Territory that some faction of the Thanatos does not know about. Recently there has been some regional overlapping in the east, and a few turf wars have broken out between rival Bosses, each vying for dominance over a particular area or cluster of communities. The leaders in Kaash are aware of the situation and have consulted with Panath. So far they have evidently dismissed these tussles as unimportant to their Lord's ultimate plan and have decided to let the parties work things out on their own.

The Thanatos can be identified by their black strangling cords **crafted** from the Panath Tree, also called the Assassin



Tree. Every member carries at least one, both as a weapon and as a badge of proud fraternity. They are also likely to have at least one root from the same tree that can be boiled and used as a paralytic poison.

11. Bone Hill

Bone Hill looms over the city and is visible from anywhere in Kaash. It is symbolic of King **Alshizar's** absolute control. The mass of gnarled, pitch-black stone is 80 feet (24.4 m) wide, 120 feet (36.6 m) tall and covered in vines with sharp thorns and barbs. This makes scaling the Hill difficult: Reduce speed by 90% and the likelihood of getting a pant leg or bootstrap caught on the bramble, tripping and tumbling, is **01-84%** if going faster than a speed of six! Tumbling down the thorny hillside does **5D6** damage, while just slipping and taking a knee or grabbing a thorny vine for balance does **1D4** damage. The only safe way up is a narrow, 3 foot (.9 m) wide, trail that winds around the Hill ending at the iron gates (600 S.D.C.). The trail is guarded by 20 Sentries, **five** at either end and the rest spaced out along the path.

Perched atop Bone Hill is **Hornguard**, King Alshizar's home. The walls are covered in gargoyles and sharp, stone spikes. Hornguard is a 50 foot (15.2 m) tall, 30 foot (9.1 m) wide tower of stone. One can often see the King standing in one of the windows surveying his kingdom, his eyes roving over the city basking in the pain, suffering, and decadence of the people below. His only regular visitors are Count Lovejoy and a handful of his and the Count's most loyal and trusted henchmen, such as the Chief of Police and Director Itomas. For the most part, King **Alshizar** is not at all interested in the daily goings-on of the city or its health. He has given Count Lovejoy free rein to run Kaash as he sees **fit**, and appreciates the fine job he is doing. So long as the people continue to languish in villainy and vice, the King is happy. The only stern instruction placed on Count Lovejoy is that he must report any news of Old Ones Cults to him without delay, and that the Pikes are not to interfere or trouble them in any way, just observe and report (he wants the pleasure of destroying them for himself). However, there are only a few in Kaash, and the King seems to have lost interest in them, for he never acted on the reports.

Count Lovejoy actually knows very little about his King, other than he is a powerful sorcerer, is himself decadent and depraved, and delights in the chaos he has cultivated in the city around them. The Count suspects King Alshizar may be an avatar of Set, or perhaps **Utu** or **Kirgi**, come to the Palladium world to further the god's dark designs. He believes this because his King seems only to understand mortal man's dark side, and nothing of his virtues or inner workings. **Alshizar** is also often inhumanly cold and seems to physically feel and revel in the suffering of the multitudes trapped within the **city's** stone walls. Once, during a riot, the King called it "sweet music" and actually began to dance on the balcony enraptured by some unseen force or sensation.

The secret of the King. Not even Count Lovejoy or Director Itomas from the Sanitarium knows that King Alshizar Kaash is really an alien intelligence come to Palladium to ensure that the Old Ones *never* awaken. He and his kind possess only a fraction of the power commanded by the Old Ones and were enslaved and persecuted by them. Thus, these beings were glad when the Old Ones fell (not that they participated in their downfall) and

have no desire to see them return. What Alshizar Kaash did not expect was to find the city so deliciously rich with dark emotions. He has become distracted by them and enraptured in the powerful feelings that are like a mind-numbing ecstasy to him. Furthermore, he does not realize that he is being affected by the evil that is Netosa. Even buried and sleeping hundreds of miles away, he can feel the ancient Old One's delectable evil and is seduced by it. Thus, he has failed to take notice of the growing cult to Netosa, the vilest of the Old Ones, emerging in the underground catacombs of the Flaming Eye brood of Kobolds; a mere 200 miles (320 km) to the southwest.

King Alshizar Kaash (Quick Stats)

Avatar/Life Essence of a rare alien intelligence known as the Kaashaluusha.

Appears to be a 10th level Elf Wizard

True Name: Unknown.

Alignment: Miscreant evil.

Attributes: I.Q. 21, M.E. 21, M.A. 21, P.S. 32, P.E. 24, P.P. 24, P.B. 24, Spd. 28; supernatural physical attributes.

Hit Points: 320; S.D.C.: 440

Horror Factor: 10; there is just something creepy about the King (**17** in his true form).

Age: Looks **35**; never seems to age, even for an Elf.

Natural Armor Rating: 13, but wears gold plate and chain for ceremonies and appearances.

Attacks Per Melee: Six hand to hand or two by magic.

Bonuses: +2 on initiative, +5 to strike, parry and dodge, +17 to damage, +5 to pull **punch**, +2 to roll with impact, supernatural strength, +3 to save vs psionic attack, +5 to save vs magic, +10 to save vs Horror Factor, impervious to poison, disease, vampire bite, mind control and possession. Opponents need a 15 or higher to save vs his spells. 65% chance to evoke trust or intimidation, 70% to charm.

Skills of Note: Read and Write **Elven/Dragonese, Dwarven**, and Eastern Human, Math: Basic and Advanced, Astronomy, History, Lore: **Geomancy**, Lore: Magic, Lore: Demons & Monsters, Horsemanship: Knight, Horsemanship: Exotic Animals, Land Navigation, Dance, and Public Speaking, all at 92%. Prowl, Swim, Streetwise, Disguise, Escape Artist, and Intelligence, each at 60%.

Powers of Note: Half damage from cold, heat (excluding fire), poison, drugs and disease. Impervious to possession and mind control. Recognize Possession at 96%. Recognize Enchantment at 92%. Dimensional **Teleport** at 55%. Bio-Regeneration, 6D6 Hit Points or S.D.C. per minute (every four melee rounds).

Weaknesses: Double damage from fire, overconfident and underestimates his opponents. Easily distracted by intense emotions and senses **dulled**, as if drugged (reduce initiative, strike, parry and dodge and skill performance by half during such moments of intoxicating ecstasy); feeds on emotions.

Other Combat Info: No real combat training, relies on supernatural abilities and magic.

Weapons: He is trained in how to use them, but refuses to carry any. He considers the Pikes to be his best weapon.

Magic Items: The King has access to most common magic items. The following he carries with him at all times: Ring of Invisibility, Potion: Turn Self into Mist, Gem of Reality

P.P.E.: 1120



Magic Knowledge/Spells: *Wizard:* All spells levels 1-7, plus Commune with Spirits, Exorcism, Eyes of the Wolf, Minor Curse, Sickness, Spoil, Age, Havoc, Speed of the Snail, Summon and Control Canines, Swords to Snakes, Banishment, Dimensional Pocket, Mystic Portal, Phantom Horse, Remove Curse, Sanctum, Dimensional Portal, Dimensional **Teleport**, **Teleport:** Superior and **Doppelganger**.

Diabolist: Knows all power words, runes and symbols but does not actually make wards or circles.

Psionics: Considered a "Major" psychic with 163 **I.S.P.** and the following abilities: Meditation, Mind Block, Death Trance, Detect Psionics, Suppress Fear, Empathy, See the Invisible, Sense Dimensional Anomaly, Sense Evil, and Sense Magic.

Description: **Alshizar** Kaash is a tall, **Elven** male, standing six feet, eight inches (1.9 m) with jet black hair, almond shaped green eyes and nearly white complexion. He has a deep, soft voice and a sinister air. He dresses in rich silks and dark clothing in the colors of blue, red and black.

Note: The Elven form just seemed like a good one, the real alien intelligence is the black stone edifice that is Bone Hill, but it slumbers because the mystic energy in the Palladium world is too weak to sustain it, so it is in a state of suspended animation and dreams whatever its splintered life essence, King Alshizar Kaash, experiences. (The Kaashaluusha Alien Intelligence has an A.R. 15, H.F. 18, ten attacks per round, 23,000 Hit Points, 18,000 S.D.C., 10, 240 P.P.E., and casts spells at 20th level. They are all believed to have fled the world when the Old Ones were defeated, although legend has it that one is found in the Land of the Damned and another in the Yin-Sloth Jungles near the Land of the South Winds.)

When the Old Ones ruled, Alshizar and his kind were slaves to be abused and tormented. Though he did not assist in their defeat, neither did he help defend his hated masters. Instead he quietly slipped away with others of his kind. Since that fateful day, he has kept an intermittent eye on the Palladium World, watching for a possible reawakening. It was sheer coincidence that the Children of the Eternal Path chose a time while he was watching to overthrow the government in Kaash and to begin ceremonies designed to awaken the Old Ones. Angered, and just a little concerned, he sent forth an avatar (splintered life essence), massacred the cultists and a local master vampire, and then built Bone Hill (supposedly by magic, but the hill is actually his true form **teleported** into Palladium, curled up like a ball and in a state of suspended animation). He then built a castle tower upon the hill (his body) so that all might recognize his omnipotence. He expected to spend a month or two on Palladium to ensure that he had eliminated all the cultists, but the raw emotions coming from the city were **too** enticing and he stayed. Besides, he had reason to suspect that other cultists may exist and needed extermination. Better to stick around, take in a little more of Kaash, and wait to see where the cultists pop up next.

Unless the player characters are intent on confronting him or begin threatening the "peace" of Kaash, it is unlikely they will have any direct dealing with King Alshizar. He considers all mortals as little more than insects and only deals with Count Lovejoy because he creates the delicious climate of fear, hate, anger, sorrow, envy and other strong emotions the Intelligence feeds upon. However, King Alshizar may well approach powerful characters directly or through Count Lovejoy to investigate the Howling Lands or battle other enemies, especially cults that worship the dreaded Old Ones.

Count Lovejoy — Governor of Kaash (Quick Stats)

5th level male human Diabolist, 6th level Necromancer (see page 31 of *Adventures on the High Seas™ 2nd Ed.* for the powers of the Necromancers and their magic.)

True Name: Markos Rait

Alignment: Diabolic

Attributes: I.Q. 15, M.E. 14, M.A. 19, P.S. 12, P.E. 15, P.P. 11, P.B. 12, Spd. 14

Hit Points: 52, S.D.C.: 34.

Horror Factor: 8

Armor: Cloak of Armor (A.R. 14, S.D.C. 250).

Attacks Per Melee: 5

Bonuses of Note: Hand to Hand: Basic: +1 to strike, +2 to parry and dodge, +2 to roll with **punch/fall/impact**, kick attack, critical strike on natural 19 or 20, +1 to ward strength, +2 to save vs magic, +3 to save vs Horror Factor, and immune to vampire bite and mind control.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Knife (+2 strike, +3 parry) and W.P. Sword (+3 strike, +2 parry).

Weapons: He is trained in how to use them, but refuses to carry any. He considers the Pikes (and his own abilities and magic items) to be his best weapon and is usually escorted by 4-6 at all times.

Magic Items: Other than the Guardian Stone, the Count carries or wears most of the following with him at all times: Potions: Turn Self into Mist, Healing: Superior, Truth Serum (2), and Charm, as well as a Ring of Invisibility, Quill of Endless Ink, Gem of Reality, Cloak of Guises, Boots of Mystery and one

Demon Stone Guardian. Has six additional Truth Serum portions at his mansion.

P.P.E.: 170

Magic Knowledge/Spells: *Diabolism*: Knows all power words, runes and symbols. Can power 30 wards per day. *Necromancy*: Union with the **Dead**, Augmentation and additional appendages, Animate and Control the Dead, knows all Necromantic spells plus Sense Magic, Fear, Ignite Fire, Shadow Meld, Horrific Illusion and Fire Ball.

Description: The Count is a soft-spoken man who dresses immaculately and always has a smile on his face, even when watching someone being disemboweled. Happiness is seldom reflected in his eyes however, which are cold gray orbs that hate everyone around him. He sees King **Alshizar** as a sign that he has finally been graced by an elder god, perhaps Set himself. Determined to not fail in his given task, he simultaneously treats visiting merchants to grand feasts and elaborate gifts, while at the same time relentlessly grinds the people of **Kaash** under his heel with rampant injustice, lawlessness, brutality by the Pikes and despair. Count Lovejoy encourages the rampant spread of chaos, cults and vampirism, and it is he who ensures that Undead Hunters either are run out of town or meet an untoward fate. Any interference with the workings of the city, whether it is a call for political reform, the elimination of the werewolves **and/or** vampires, heroes trying to right wrongs, adventurers putting their noses where they do not belong, or some fool standing up to the Pikes, is sure to bring swift and savage retribution from the Count or his minions. He sees Kaash as "his" **domain**, a gift given to him by the god posing as the King (which is sort of true).

The vampires are only a threat to Count Lovejoy if they (or anyone else for that matter) dare to usurp "his" power and dominion over Kaash; this includes public challenges to and criticisms of his authority. He is keenly aware of the **Thanatos**, whom he worries is grabbing a little too much power for themselves. Such rivals and foes are typically eliminated by clever manipulation of others, particularly outsiders — self-styled heroes and well-intentioned adventurers are his favorite pawns. After all, the Count's rivals are "evil" and he does represent the local authorities - so he can hire champions to fight evil (competitors) whenever he desires, and most are quick to help.

The **Count's** mansion is built over the site of an old Temple of Light. It is a dark place, surrounded by a black iron fence. He has a yard but the grass is dead, as are the trees. The servants are all zombies (and a few Sentry zombies). In the basement are dried corpses, "spares" for his servants and extra help as security.

Vampire Factions

Night Lords

If the wealthy of Kaash run the city during the day, at night, the vampires lay claim to the streets, preying on whomever they choose. Comprised entirely of Secondary Vampires, the Night Lords are arrogant and cruel, enjoying the thrill of the hunt almost as much as the bloodletting at the end. Their favorite quarry are arrogant heroes and loudmouth adventurers who claim to have no fear of vampires or destroy them for a living. The Night Lords feed primarily on outsiders and vagabonds to

avoid invoking the ire of the King or Count Lovejoy. Although they can be found anywhere in the city, they openly run around the streets of the poorer residential areas with impunity, demanding fear and respect from all they encounter. The Pikes and Sentries ignore them and ordinary folks try to hide in their homes. However, no place is safe from the vampires' dark grasp. If it were not for their constant bickering, power-plays among themselves and their vicious rivalry with the savage Fangs and The Pack, they might have made a bid to rule the city long ago, but instead they spend as much time fighting among themselves as they do their enemies. It was one of these power-plays that led to Lord **Steffan's** (new leader of the rival Fangs) attack, and will in all probability, be the undoing of these powerful denizens of the night. Count Lovejoy allows their continued existence only because the fear and turmoil they inspire in the city seems to make his King happy.

The Night Lords' membership has stayed at around 14 for the past five years. When a new initiate is deemed necessary, a decision to make a new recruit is made by the Monarch alone. That leader is currently Roman. Once the new initiate has been selected and approved by the Monarch, the entire gang assembles in a secret location for "the birth," the slow bite that turns one into a vampire. Since only a little over half of anyone afflicted by the slow bite become Secondary Vampires (the rest become Wild Vampires), the birthing ceremony is conducted in an airtight chamber where the initiate can be observed and their true nature determined. If by the second night the individual does not display the attributes of a Secondary Vampire, the initiate is deemed inferior, staked, taken to the harbor or out of the city to the **river**, permanently disposed of, and the search for an acceptable initiate continues. The Night Lords pride themselves on their noble heritage and intelligence, whether it comes from a true nobility or simply from an old and influential family. Thus, they are all quite arrogant, pompous and overconfident.

Roman - Night Lord Monarch (Quick Stats)

8th level Secondary Vampire and 3rd level Merchant

True Name: Allistor **Farsten III**

Alignment: Diabolic

Attributes: I.Q. 18, M.E. 9, **M.A.** 18, P.S. 26, P.P. 19, P.E. 24, P.B. 12, Spd. 22

Hit Points: 107, S.D.C.: 47.

Horror Factor: 12

Attacks Per Melee: 5

Bonuses: Hand to Hand: Basic: +2 on initiative, +5 to strike, +7 to parry and dodge, +5 to save vs magic, +3 to save vs Horror Factor, 50% to evoke **trust/intimidate**, impervious to all forms of psionic and magic sleeps and paralysis. **Nightvision** 1600 feet (488 m), Regenerates 2D6 Hit Points/S.D.C. per round.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Sword (+2 strike, +1 parry) and W.P. Whip (+1 strike, +1 damage).

Weapons: Magic **cat-of-nine-tails** whip (3D6, invisible weapon seen only by the user; adds +3 initiative, +2 strike, indestructible).

Magic Items: Ring of **Teleportation** (instant, 3x daily), Boots of **Fleetness**, Suit of Colors, and three sets of Magic Restraints.

I.S.P.: 100

Psionic Powers: Mind control over other vampires it has created, and **Lesser/Wild** Vampires created by others. Death



Trance, Alter Aura (self), Empathy, Mind Block, Presence Sense, Sense Evil, Deaden Pain, Induce Sleep, Hypnotic Suggestion, and Super-Hypnotic Suggestion. All equal to a 4th level psychic. Considered a Major Psionic.

Description: Roman has only been a vampire for 60 years and in that time has been responsible either directly or indirectly for the deaths of three other **Monarchs**, with **Steffan** being the most recent attempt. Roman comes from the wealthy **Farsten** family who own large shares in several gold mines. The family pretends Roman does not exist, a fact that irritates him terribly.

As the current Monarch of the clan, he has proven to be a savage defender of his position and a cruel and reckless leader. He is an arrogant bully, convinced of his own superiority and right to rule. Roman's leadership is strongly supported by seven other members of the Night Lords; most of the rest just go along.

Phylos (Quick Stats)

9th level Secondary Vampire-Elf, 5th level Diabolist

True Name: Phylothious Arringald

Alignment: Diabolic

Attributes: I.Q. 17, M.E. 9, M.A. 18, P.S. 26, P.P. 19, P.E. 24, P.B. 18, Spd. 25

Hit Points: 122, **S.D.C.:** 55.

Horror Factor: 12

Attacks Per Melee: 5

Bonuses: 50% **trust/intimidate**, +11 to damage, +2 to initiative, +2 to strike, +3 to parry and dodge, +5 to save vs magic, +3 to save vs Horror Factor, impervious to all forms of psionic and magic sleeps and paralysis. Nightvision 1600 feet (488 m), Regenerates 2D6 Hit Points/S.D.C. per round.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Staff (+2 strike and parry).

Weapons: Magic Quarter Staff (2D6 damage as a blunt weapon, spits fireballs, range 60 feet, 3D6+2 damage, spits lightning bolts, range 40 feet, 3D6+6 damage, indestructible).

Magic Items: Ring of Protection from Spell Magic, Ring of Protection from Psionics, Enchanted Bag (contains the paraphernalia for Diabolism).

P.P.E.: 120

Magic Knowledge: Knows all power words, can read/write runes at 92%, knows all symbols, can power 48 wards per 24 hours.

I.S.P.: 140

Psionic Powers: Same as Roman

Description: Phylos holds the distinction of being the oldest of the Night Lords (198 years old) and is the only remaining vampire who was created by the Master. Much of the time he has tried to stay out of the squabbles. He has been more concerned with painting than who holds the title of Monarch. The untimely deaths of Roman's predecessors, the disappearance of Steffan and his reappearance as the leader of The Fangs, have convinced Phylos that Roman is a very real threat to the Night Lords' continued existence. Soon, the **undead Elf** plans to do something about it. Perhaps he can convince some of those adventuring fools to dispose of Roman. Phylos is secretly supported by four members of the Night Lords, including Gretchen, or so he believes.

Gretchen (Quick Stats)

6th level Secondary Vampire, 2nd level Merchant

True Name: Gretchen Elizabeth Luyen

Alignment: Diabolic

Attributes: I.Q. 15, M.E. 8, M.A. 17, P.S. 21, P.P. 24, P.E. 20, P.B. 15, Spd. 24

Hit Points: 79, **S.D.C.:** 38.

Horror Factor: 12

Attacks Per Melee: 5

Bonuses: 45% **trust/intimidate**, +2 on imitative, +5 to strike, parry and dodge, +3 to save vs magic, +3 to save vs Horror Factor, impervious to all forms of psionic and magic sleeps and paralysis. Nightvision 1600 feet (488 m), and regenerates 2D6 Hit Points/S.D.C. per round. **Other Combat Info:** W.P. Knife (+1 strike/parry), W.P. **Targeting/Missile Weapons** (+1 strike).

Weapons: 8x Darts (1D4, save vs lethal poison else suffer 4D6 damage & paralysis for 2D4 minutes. Gretchen wears the darts in a special sheath that re-poisons them when put away.)

Magic Items: Flute of Charming (3x daily, effect identical to wizard spell, must have eye contact with target at time of use, duration: 20 melees/5 minutes, very rare, Cost: 65,000.

I.S.P.: 160

Psionic Powers: Same as Roman.

Description: Gretchen was created by Roman only 10 years ago, presumably with the idea she would support him and be his consort. She is neither. Gretchen despises Roman both for turning her into a vampire and for his role in the deaths of other vampires rather than protecting them. She holds no particular ill will towards Phylos, but considers him far too conservative and overly taken with painting. Despite her status as the newest of the Night Lords, Gretchen has garnered the

support of two of the other Lords and has dreams of one day usurping leadership of the clan.

Typical Night Lord (Quick Stats)

6th level Secondary Vampire - all were merchants prior to becoming vampires

Alignment: Diabolic

Attributes: I.Q. 11, M.E. 15, M.A. 17, P.S. 21, P.P. 23, P.E. 19, P.B. 13, Spd. 23

Hit Points: 75, S.D.C.: 35

Horror Factor: 12

Attacks Per Melee: 5

Bonuses: 40% **trust/intimidate**, +2 on initiative, +4 to strike, parry and dodge, +2 to save vs magic, +2 to save vs Horror Factor, +6 to damage, impervious to all forms of psionic and magic sleeps and paralysis.

I.S.P.: 55

Psionic Powers: Same as Roman; typical for the **undead**.

The Fangs

The Fangs are a gang of Wild Vampires who routinely stalk the Commercial Ward and the forests surrounding the city. Unlike their rivals, the Night Lords and The Pack, the Fangs do not live in the city. Instead, they spend their days in the bowels of an old ruin southwest of town, rumored to be haunted. The place's foul reputation keeps most people away and the vampires take care of anyone foolish enough to remain after dark.

The Fangs were started in the winter 25 years ago by **Steffan Hezzing**, once the leader of the Night Lords. Steffan was betrayed to a pair of Undead Hunters by his closest confidant, Roman, the current leader of the Night Lords. The vampire was staked and taken out of the city to the Hunters' camp located at the old ruin. Before they could finish the job, the Hunters were ambushed by a large band of brigands who had followed them from the city. Both Undead Hunters were killed. When the brigands discovered Steffan, they dragged him into a cave-like opening in the ruin, set the body on fire and sealed the opening

with large stones. The fire consumed much but not all of **Steffan's** body and, as fate would have it, when the stake burned up first, Lord **Stefan** regenerated. The experience pushed the mentally unstable Vampire over the brink. Lost to blood lust, he went on a rampage, massacring an entire farmstead and the brigands who set him on fire, turning them all into his undead minions, Wild Vampires all sharing in his primal urges. When they were strong enough, he and his new gang, The Fangs, started making raids within the city. They struck at human targets, but also at lone Night Lords who were, at first, unaware of The Fangs' existence. Over the years, the nightly hunts and street skirmishes have raged in the darkened streets, alleys and rooftops of Kaash. More recently, The Pack has joined in the action, making things all the more volatile. The Fangs are intent on destroying the Night Lords and all but ignore the werewolves, fleeing from them more often than fighting (which has made the teens in the Pack believe themselves to be stronger and more dangerous than they really are). Note: For complete information about vampires, see page 206 of *The Western Empire*™.

Steffan Hezzing - Leader of the Fangs (Quick Stats)

Experience: 9th level Secondary Vampire and 6th level Assassin.

True Name: Gabriel Steffan Hezzing

Alignment: Diabolic; insane.

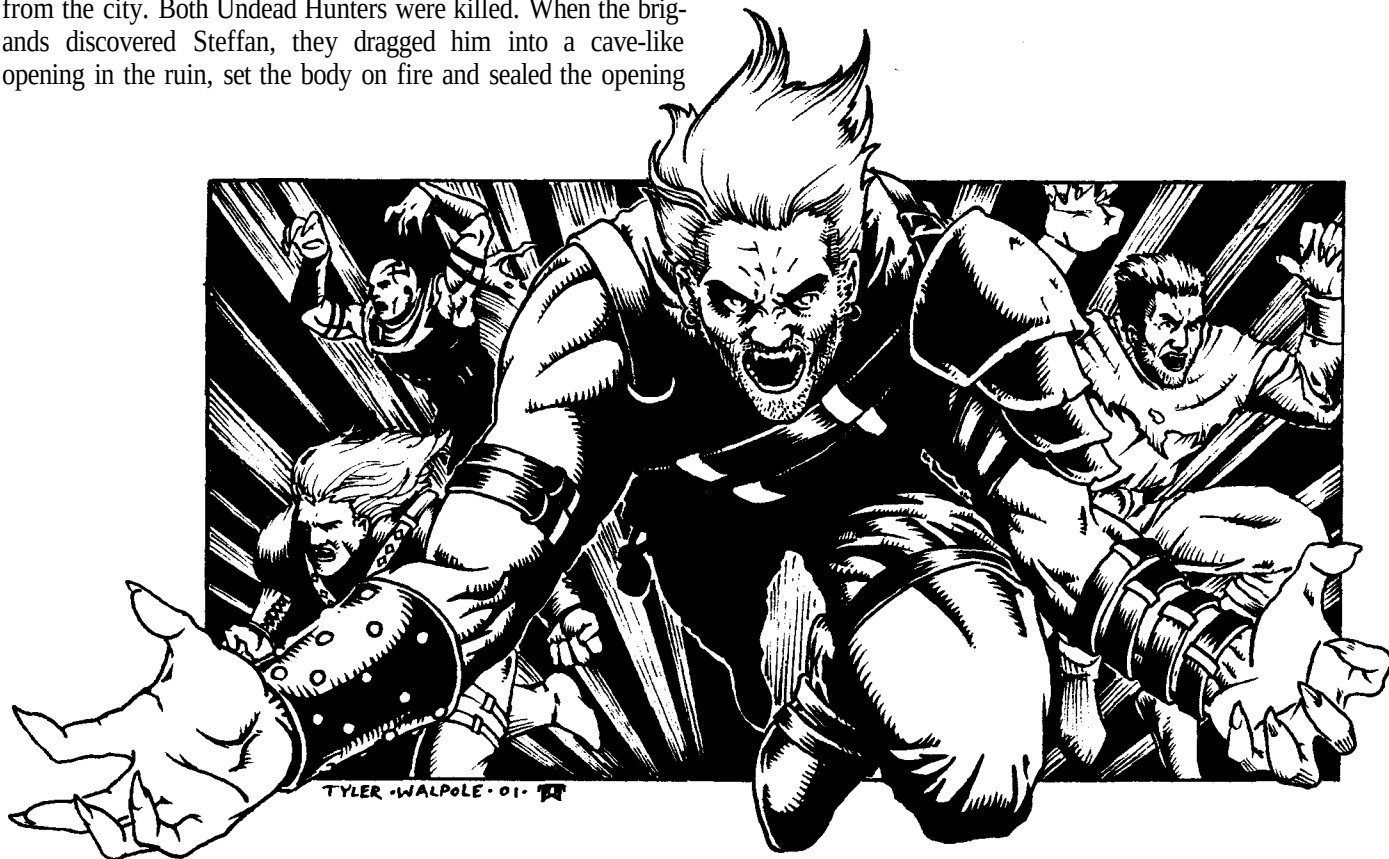
Attributes: I.Q. 17, M.E. 10, M.A. 21, P.S. 25, P.P. 18, P.E. 19, P.B. 12, Spd. 25

Hit Points: 136, S.D.C.: 50

Horror Factor: 12

Attacks Per Melee: 5

Bonuses of Note: 65% **trust/intimidate**, +10 to damage, +4 to strike, +6 to parry and dodge, +2 to save vs magic, +3 to save vs Horror Factor, +2 to initiative, impervious to all forms of



psionic and magic sleeps and paralysis. **Nightvision** 1600 feet (488 m), regenerates 2D6 Hit Points/S.D.C. per round. Due to the overriding hatred he feels towards them, Steffan is immune to the mind control powers of the Night Lords.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Sword (+3 strike, +2 parry), W.P. Knife (+2 damage, +3 parry), all kicks.

Weapons: Scimitar (3D6 damage, spits lightning bolts 3x daily, range 40 feet (12.2 m) 3D6+6 damage).

Magic Items: Ring of Multiple Image.

I.S.P.: 120

Psionic Powers: Mind control over other vampires it has created, and **Lesser/Wild Vampires** created by others. Death Trance, Alter Aura (self), Empathy, Mind Block, Presence Sense, Sense Evil, Deaden Pain, Induce Sleep, Hypnotic Suggestion, Super-Hypnotic Suggestion. All equal to a 4th level psychic. Considered a Major Psionic.

Description: Steffan suffers from several insanities including uncontrollable murderous frenzies when irritated or injured, intense fear of fire and manic-depression. Steffan is paranoid about starving and will often gorge himself even when not hungry. He will, on occasion, kidnap a person or two and bring them back to the lair alive to serve as an emergency blood supply. These emergency rations never last more than a week or two and then must be replaced.

Steffan oscillates from total insanity to being a commanding presence, full of self-confidence and power. His one true hatred is reserved for Roman and the Night Lords, all of whom he blames for his current state. He is convinced that if he can drain Roman before killing him, he will regain his lost sanity, something he very much craves. His cravings for sanity and for Roman are so intense that he may be manipulated by clever adventurers who promise him one or the other. Of course, failure to deliver will gain the **adventurer(s)** a very powerful and long-lived enemy who may haunt their families for generations. Then again, Steffan will probably not leave Kaash so long as Roman is alive.

Lane - Steffan's consort (Quick Stats)

Experience: 6th level Secondary Vampire

True Name: Lane doesn't remember and if Steffan knows he isn't talking.

Alignment: Diabolic

Attributes: I.Q. 10, M.E. 16, M.A. 10, P.S. 23, P.P. 18, P.E. 19, P.B. 17, Spd. 35

Hit Points: 76, **S.D.C.:** 41

Horror Factor: 12

Attacks Per Melee: 4

Bonuses: +1 to save vs psionic **attack/insanity**, +8 to damage, +2 to strike/parry/dodge, +2 to save vs magic/poison, +2 to

save vs Horror Factor, +2 to initiative, impervious to all forms of psionic and magic sleeps and paralysis.

I.S.P.: 80

Psionic Powers: Mind control over Lesser/Wild Vampires. Death Trance, Alter Aura (self), Empathy, Mind Block, Presence Sense, Sense Evil, Deaden Pain, Induce Sleep, Hypnotic Suggestion, Super-Hypnotic Suggestion. All equal to a 4th level psychic. Considered a Major Psionic.

Description: Lane is the eldest daughter of the last farm family Steffan murdered upon breaking free of his prison. The vampire was taken by her beauty and strength of will, seeing something in her that he had lost within himself. The transition to **undeath** was very difficult for Lane, in the process she has lost nearly all her memories of her past self, something that troubles her greatly. She is utterly devoted to Steffan and will die defending him as he will her.

On the hunt, Lane enjoys toying with her victims, luring them from within their protected homes by her beauty, pretending to be fleeing the vampires herself.

Typical Wild Vampire (Quick Stats)

Experience: 5th level Wild Vampire

Alignment: Diabolic

Attributes: I.Q. 8, M.E. 15, M.A. 11, P.S. 24, P.P. 20, P.E. 18, P.B. 5, Spd. 30

Hit Points: 50, **S.D.C.:** 32

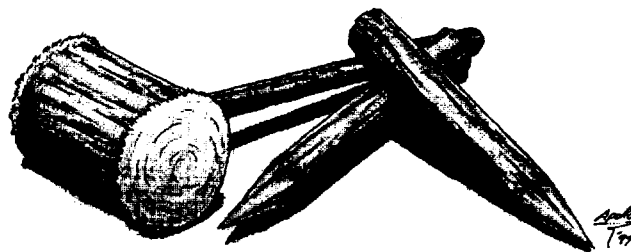
Horror Factor: 12

Attacks Per Melee: 4

Bonuses: +2 on initiative, +3 to strike, parry, and dodge, +9 to damage, +2 to save vs magic/poison, +2 to save vs Horror Factor, impervious to all forms of psionic and magic sleeps and paralysis. Immune to mind control powers of the Night Lords.

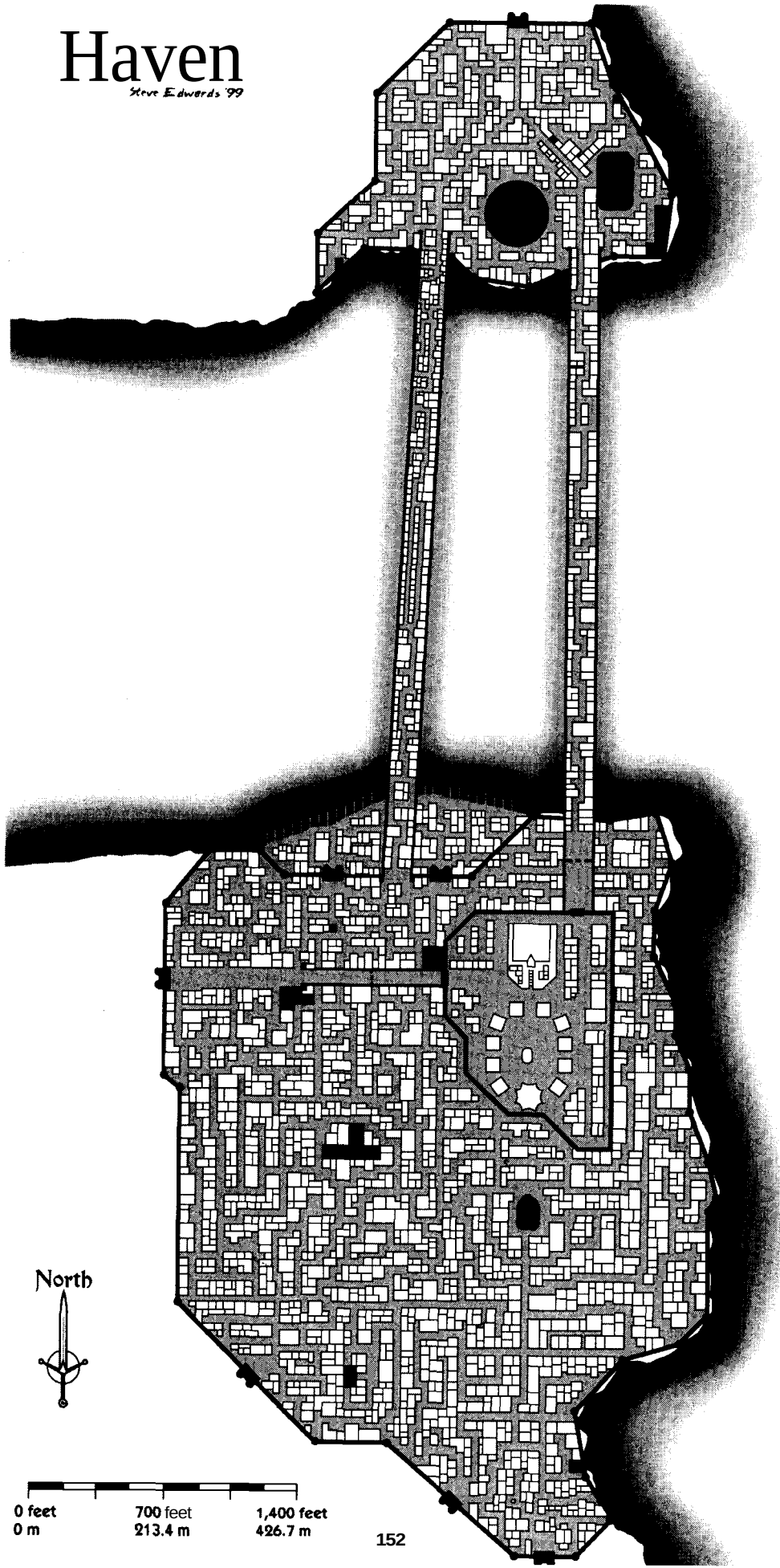
I.S.P.: 60

Psionic Powers: Mind control over Lesser/Wild Vampires, Death Trance, Alter Aura (self), Empathy, Mind Block, Presence Sense, Sense Evil, Deaden Pain, Induce Sleep, Hypnotic Suggestion, Super-Hypnotic Suggestion. All equal to a 4th level psychic. Considered a Major Psionic.



Haven

Steve Edwards '99



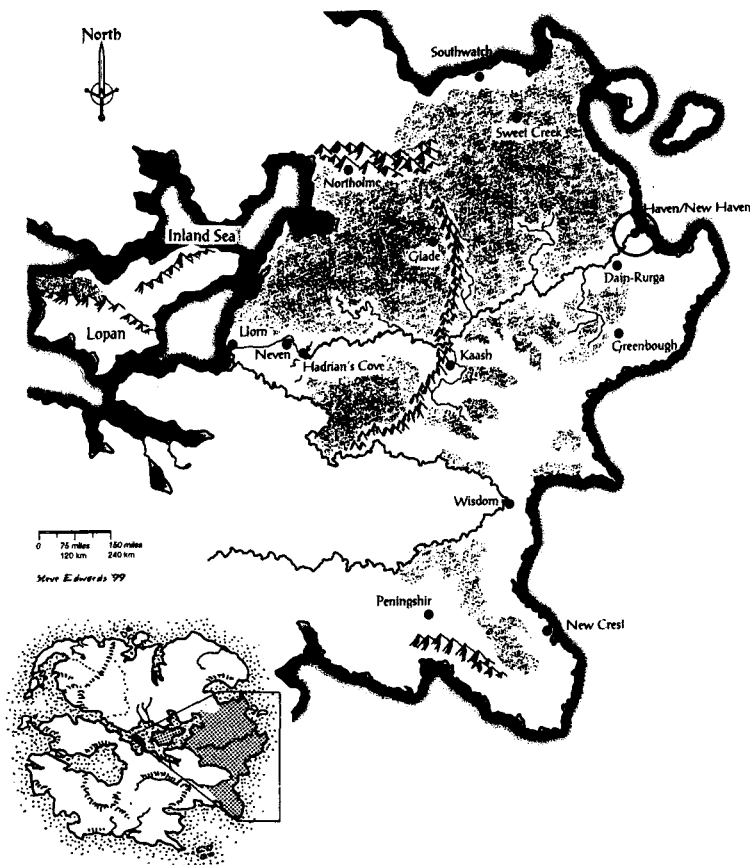
North



0 feet
0 m

700 feet
213.4 m

1,400 feet
426.7 m



Haven

Member of the Domain of Man. However, has declared itself neutral in the ongoing conflict between the Eastern Territory and the Wolfen Empire.

Population: 65,000

Human: 80%

Elf: 10%

Dwarf: 5%

Orc: 2%

Goblin: 2%

Other: 1%

Military: 5,000

Major Temples:

Church of Light and Dark

Church of Light

Church of Darkness

Cult of the Great One

Cult of Set

Ruler: Bishop Rose Nodeki

Coinage: All coinage is based off the one gold piece "**Negin**" with larger denominations simply called a "**five-negin**" or 5 gold piece. Other denominations include 10, 50, and 100-negin.

Flag: An **ankh** within a gold sun emblazoned on a split white/black field.

Haven is the pride of the Eastern arm of the *Church of Light and Dark*, for it is the home to the Tower of Light, keeper of the Heart of Osiris, famed for its pair of Great River spanning bridges, and has been the centerpiece of human civilization in the northeast for centuries. Aside from **Llom**, Haven is the most powerful and influential city north of Wisdom. It holds a com-

manding position at the mouth of the Great River and enjoys the considerable might of the international Church of Light and Dark. Even the Wolfen who laid waste to everything else in the north, were stopped at Haven's walls. The city acted as an anchor of stability during the early days of the Great River's colonization and is always there, ready to lend a helping hand. The hope was that by assisting the colonization efforts along the Great River, they would cultivate new members for the Church of Light and Dark. Haven's leadership envisioned the Church being a dominant power, much like it enjoys in the Western Empire's Middle Kingdom. Although the Church has not become the dominant power, the city and the priests are looked upon kindly by most everyone in the Eastern Territory, and most consider Haven to be the epitome of what a righteous city should be.

The Church of Light and Dark takes great pains to portray itself and the city as unified in common belief; a place where the followers of the Gods of Darkness and those of the Gods of Light come together in mutual respect and understanding. They tout the "balance" of light and dark and speak of harmony and cooperation. The truth of the matter is that despite the international **Church's** attempts to bring it into balance, the Eastern arm is badly **fractionalized**. Most followers of the Gods of Light reside in the larger and older city of *Haven* on the southern shore of the Great River while the majority who worship the Gods of Darkness reside on the north side of the River in *New Haven*. Even within each faction are smaller factions each dedicated to one, or a specific cluster of specific gods in the pantheon. While it is true that people worshiping dozens of different Gods live together in the same city, for the most part peacefully, Haven is not an idyllic paradise. The devotees of Ra hate the followers of Set and all the Gods of Darkness. The secret Cult of Set would like to see all the Gods of Light and their churches destroyed, and actively engages in assault and murder against their rivals. Helping the followers of Ra to counter this threat are the followers of **Bennu** who are waging a not so secret war against the Cult, and those are just some of the most powerful factions, there are dozens of others, all with their own agendas and alliances.

The city of Haven can be divided into three main parts: The Holy City situated high above the rest of the community and hidden from view by whitewashed ramparts, the Outer City where the majority of the population lives and where all commerce occurs, and lastly, *New Haven*, situated on the other side of the Great River and connected to the Outer City by two immense stone bridges; dominated by the followers of Taut and its many sub-sects. Most visitors stay in the Outer City and therefore have little or no contact with the more zealous worshipers of Taut. They are blissfully unaware of the underground war being waged by the sub-sects in alleys and the under cover of night. So long as the situation does not get out of hand and erupt into full-scale civil war in the streets, the Bishop, more concerned with maintaining the illusion of cohesion and under pressure from the West to generate converts, is not inclined to openly crack down on the combatants.

Defensively the city is quite strong. Its entire length is surrounded by a 60 foot (**18.3 m**) tall, 25 foot (**7.6 m**) thick crenelated wall constantly patrolled by sharp-eyed soldiers. Nine gates are spaced around the wall, each protected by impressive fortifications and manned by 24 soldiers. The Holy Haven Army

is well disciplined and loyal to the Bishop. They wear standard padded armor under a tabard of half black and half white. Rank is designated by gold medallions on the left shoulder. Privates have no markings. Officers are identified by a gold sun on the left shoulder with varying numbers of gold and silver braided ropes looped around the shoulder and hanging below the armpit. The soldiers come from every sub-sect of the Church and are, perhaps, the only truly unified organization in the city.

Typical Stats for Soldiers of the Holy Haven Army

Average level of Experience: 2nd level Soldier O.C.C.

Typical Attributes: I.Q. 9, M.E. 10, M.A. 9, P.S. 17, P.E. 11, P.P. 10, P.B. 9, Spd. 14

Hit Points: 22, S.D.C.: 25.

Armor: Padded (A.R.: 8, S.D.C. 15).

Average Bonuses: Hand to Hand: Basic: +2 to parry and dodge, +2 to pull punch, + 2 to roll with **punch/fall/impact**, and +2 to damage.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Pole Arm (+2 damage, +1 **strike**/parry), W.P. Sword (+1 **strike**/parry), W.P. Shield (+1 parry).

Standard Issued Equipment: Short sword (2D4 damage), Voulge pole arm (4D6 damage), small shield of wood and iron (S.D.C. 55). Officers wear chain mail armor (A.R. 14, S.D.C. 44) and wield a long sword (2D6 damage) and small shield of wood and iron (S.D.C. 55).

Haven: The Outer City

The Outer City is unique in the East, possibly in all the world, with its confusing two-tiered construction. As the city filled the area within the curtain wall, it was forced to build "upward." Rather than tearing down the existing stone structures, it was decided it would be faster and more economical to add a second wooden "tier" atop the existing buildings. Where there was once a one story stone building, now there is a two story building, stone on the bottom and wood on top. In effect, this formed a second level to the Outer City. As this second level progressed, aerial walkways were constructed so that inhabitants could move between buildings on the second tier without descending to street level. In time, the walkways spanned many of the existing roads. Buildings began to be built above the streets, creating tunnels where the road ran below them. These tunnels are particularly popular hangouts for **Haven's** small but growing population of Goblins and can be dangerous at night. It is important to understand that this second tier is not merely the upstairs section to the street level buildings, but rather, a completely independent section of the city. Thus, one may have a row of shops on the street level while above are apartments, or vice versa. The exception tends to be inns who took the opportunity to increase their capacity by building upward.

During the spring and summer months, the lower street level tends to be hot and muggy while the second tier enjoys the cool sea breeze. Subsequently, a sizable portion of the street traffic chooses to use the wooden aerial walkways during the warm months. Likewise, in the winter when the cold sea air is not so welcome, the lower streets become the avenue of choice. On the roofs of nearly every building of the second (and sometimes third) tier are small vegetable gardens supplementing the owner's diet with fresh produce. Those building owners who choose not to "farm" **their** roofs usually rent the space to someone else, like the people downstairs; payment may be in money or for an equal share of the harvest.

Brightly colored signs hang from the undersides of the second level walkways or on posts over doorways advertising craft shops, inns and taverns. Overhead, the traffic moves just as purposefully as on the streets below, with people entering and leaving shops, or leaning over the walkway rail to talk to people on the lower level. The city is a reasonably safe place during the day and night. Morality, justice, compassion and law and order are all seen as virtues to strive for and uphold by most citizens. Unlike many places in the world, the common people in Haven are more than likely to break up fights and to come to the aid of someone in trouble. Each neighborhood is a strong little community where most are members of the same church, know each other and lend a friendly helping hand. During the day, soldiers spend most of their time on the docks and at the gates leading into the Outer City rather than patrolling the streets. It is only after dark that the soldiers walk the streets in any numbers. Since few "honest" people are out after dark, anyone wandering the streets more than an hour after sunset will be stopped and questioned. Anyone acting suspicious will be escorted home, to the inn they are staying at, or to the city jail. The streets near the Great River are the most dangerous and are where much of the conflict between the Cult of Set and the followers of Bennu and Ra occur.

1) Sun's Rest (**):** An expensive and exclusive inn that caters to the families of students of the *University of Truth* and to visiting diplomats. If space is available (and at their prices there usually is), and there is no one important staying at the inn, the manager will allow most anyone who can pay to get a room. The owner, Radule Nodeki, is the younger brother of the Bishop, so Sun's Rest is the default inn where important guests of the Church are sent. In the past six months, Radule has begun attending services at the Church of Taut on the other side of the River in New Haven. The Bishop, who rose within the ranks of the Church of Light, has been too busy with negotiating a peaceful solution between the Wolfen and the human settlers in the northeast to notice. The same can not be said for his neighbors, most of whom are dedicated followers of Ra and who have been battling the vicious Cult of Set for years.

Sun's Rest is situated on the north side of the square at the base of the Causeway. Like most inns in town, it occupies both tiers and has an entrance and a reception desk on each level. The common room and kitchen is downstairs as are the "cheaper" rooms. Radule lives in a luxurious apartment built on the roof and has a magnificent view of the Tower of Light from his window.

2) The Lord's Table: A popular alehouse and eatery located on the second tier and one of many businesses built over the ground level road. To cut down on the traffic noise coming from the street underneath, the floor is covered in several layers of thick carpets. The carpets also serve to conceal a secret door leading to the road. The owner, Maria **Wray**, is a well-liked, friendly young woman who inherited the business from her father a year ago. Maria is not the least bit racist and will as quickly serve an **Orc** or Goblin patron as human and **Elven** guests, so long as they are reasonably clean, polite and can pay. She is also **militantly** against the Cult of Set and the Church of Taut, believing, correctly so, that the former is responsible for her father's death, and that both churches are "breeding grounds for scum and villainy" best dealt with quickly and decisively. Characters who are known members of the Church of Taut or

who bear the markings of any of the gods of Darkness will be refused service.

3) The Chariagne Zoo: Named after its founder, Edmund **Charlagne**, this zoo was supposed to stock only rare and exotic animals. However, they have had some difficulty in obtaining and keeping these animals healthy. The most recent debacle involved a **Wooly** Dragon that was supposedly already caught and on its way. The owner, **Issac** Musgrove, at great expense, had a special enclosure created just for the dragon, but it died in transit. Now, the most exotic creature in the zoo is an old **Grimbor**. Still, most of the city folk don't get the opportunity to see living deer, bears, tigers and even a blind Tusker in the wild. At **5-negin** (5 gold), the Charlagne Zoo is a cheap, if not overly entertaining way to pass an afternoon. An adventurer could make some money capturing and returning exotic animals to the zoo.

4) Amphitheater of Light: The Amphitheater of Light is a large, open-air church that is often confused for a gladiatorial arena. The confusion is partly the result of the *Church of Isis* twice-yearly "Proof of Arms" - a ceremony in which all members of the Cult of the Great One and the Church of **Isis** gather in the Amphitheater to participate in combat drills and tests of arms to prove themselves worthy to their goddess. The competition at these events sometimes gets out of hand, especially when Knights show up determined to turn the ceremony into a Tournament. Priests are always present both to lead the ceremony and to heal those wounded during it.

The most frequent use of the Amphitheater comes during the weekly holy day set aside for worship (basically church Sunday). Either Bishop Nodeki or one of the high priests from the Temple Complex leads the worship and prayer service which is open to all faiths and creeds. These events are intended to build a common belief among the subjects of the Church. It is an opportunity for the speaker to emphasize the importance of balance to an amassed crowd of up to 6,000 people. Other uses of the facility include Church fairs, festivals, public meetings and as a place to announce important city news.

5) Docks: The Haven docks are well known for their excellent harbor, cheap mooring taxes and speed at which a merchant can unload and sell cargo and pick up new goods. With activity coming in and out of the Great River, the Haven docks are some of the busiest of any city, and never really close down. Although the daylight hours are more active than the night, ocean-going ships and river vessels are constantly arriving and departing. To keep up with the traffic, the city is forced to keep two dock masters and a small army of assistants on duty at all times. With a mooring tax of only 10 negin (10 gold), Haven has deliberately chosen not to take advantage of their proximity on the river to gouge the river trade.

The buildings along the docks are mostly made of stone and by the Church's decree, must be whitewashed at least once per season; yet another example of Haven's concern over its image to outsiders. The streets are wider here than in most parts of town in order to accommodate the large number of people moving about with wagons and crates. Along the waterfront are a collection of warehouses, a trio of small shipyards (one servicing ocean-going vessels and the other two working solely on river ships), and a gaggle of cheap alehouses, tattoo parlors and trinket shops. Once away from the waterfront, the streets gradually narrow and the warehouse district turns into homes for the

dock workers and fishermen. The war between the Cult of Set and the followers of Bennu has focused on the back streets of the docks in the warehouse area, each side recruiting transients to help them.

6) Brotherhood of Arcane: In the city's early days, all forms of magic except for those magical powers granted to the clergy were banned. The belief was that all magic comes from an outside source. If it was not from the gods, then it must be the "Old Ones" or some other nameless force granting magical powers. This attitude has waxed and waned during Haven's lifetime though it has never truly gone away. The Brotherhood of Arcane was formed during a time when magic use in the city was banned and could result in execution for any non-clergy caught practicing the mystic arts. The Brotherhood formed to provide shelter for the men of magic and as a place where they could secretly practice their art in seclusion and safety. The current Bishop is much more liberal than her predecessor and ended the ban on magic use in the city. Still, with a lifetime of teaching behind them, many citizens are wary of any practitioner of magic and will avoid them. Likewise, there are businesses in town that refuse to serve them.

The Brotherhood operates several inns and libraries around the city where members can rest and study at their leisure. The dues are not high. Proof of the individual's mastery of one or more of the mystical arts and an entry fee of 500 gold are all that is required for membership. Thereafter, Brothers are expected to pay annual dues of 2% of their total income. The Brotherhood of Arcane accepts a wide variety of magic using people including Wizards, Diabolists, **Summoners** (so long as they focus on protection circles rather than Summoning), War-



locks, Illusionists and Alchemists. Although Warlocks are not typically part of magic guilds, in Haven they have been persecuted the same as other sorcerers and so are welcome.

Benefits of membership include: Free use of the Brotherhood's libraries, a 30% price discount at inns and shops owned by the Brotherhood, spells can be purchased at half price (levels 1-6 only), and magic items can be purchased at a 20% discount. The Brotherhood also works as a social club where magic practitioners can get together to share their common interests and interact on a non-formal level. The **organization** sponsors several parties each year at which new members are introduced.

Even though the current Bishop is open to non-priest magic in the city, the Brotherhood is keenly aware that events can turn quickly. In preparation for what they believe to be inevitable, the organization has stashed large supplies of emergency rations, magic items and money around the city. Not long ago, one of these secret stashes was accidentally found, causing everyone to start digging around in their basements looking for more "lost gold" or "pirate booty."

7) Merchants' Guild House: The Haven Merchants' Guild chapter is large and well organized. The Guild House occupies six buildings containing, among other things, administrative offices, guest rooms, lodging for the staff, several money vaults and a separate complex for the Collectors. Haven is the crossroads for nearly all trade in the north. A vast quantity of goods comes through the docks along with the accompanying taxes and legal issues. The Merchants' Guild is present to assist members in finding buyers for their goods, suggesting markets in other places along the Great River, and providing legal services. Haven is also home to a *Collector Station*, a central location from which Collectors are dispatched. With the high number of Collectors in the city, usually **18** to 32 at any one time, it is not surprising that few visiting Guild members are bothered by the thugs who roam the docks. The Guild house is also a good place to pick up news about pirate activity (both on the ocean and along the Great River) and tips about where and what products are selling well. Guild members receive this information as part of their membership while non-members are required to pay a consulting fee of 120 gold per hour.

8) Temple of Bennu: The Temple of **Bennu** is a modest stone building located midway between the docks and the Causeway. Above the temple on the second tier is a tobacco shop. The smell has infused both buildings. Within the temple is a single room with bright wall hangings of reds, oranges and yellows and a thick red carpet on the floor. With the lanterns lit, the temple seems to glow with a reddish gold light. In a secret room under the temple is the command room for the Followers of Bennu, a splinter group of the Church who have taken up arms to fight against the growing violence of the Cult of Set. Roughly 30% of **Bennu's** worshipers are Followers of Bennu, another 30% are sympathetic but for one reason or another, can't or don't want to get involved, while the other 40% know that a fight is happening but don't know the identities of the combatants.

The Followers believe Bennu has personally called them to take up arms against her enemies and are willing to sacrifice their lives to serve her. Adding credence to this belief, four *Phoenix* (see page 149 of *Dragons & Gods™*) have come to the city to act as strategists and to heal the injured; they are hidden

in the homes of the Followers of Bennu. The Cult of Set is aware of their presence and has not only made them a primary target for assassination, but posted a reward for their capture on the streets of New Haven. As soon as the city guard found these posters, they removed them, but word is out and it is only a matter of time before one or more of the Phoenix are discovered and attacked.

Adventurers who prove themselves good of heart may be approached by the Followers of Bennu to assist them in their fight. The Cult of Set is growing larger each year while the Temple of Bennu seems on the brink of collapse. Currently, only 300 people are on the Temple's rolls and only 150 of them attend regularly. The Followers started out strong but over the years their numbers have fallen as members either moved away or were killed on the streets. Recently, a splinter group of the Church of Ra calling themselves the *Eye of Vengeance* has started coordinating with the Followers of Bennu, thus expanding the conflict. The Eye is small with only **15 members**, but all of them are mid to high level ex-adventurers who came to Haven to retire and grew weary of the Cult of Set's **activities**. In addition to fighting the Cult of **Set**, the Eye has also hit the Church of Taut and the Church of Set (the public and more moderate church dedicated to the dark god).

The city guard is trying to stay neutral in the conflict. They will arrest any combatants caught street-fighting but have not conducted searches looking for them.

The Holy City

The Holy City is built over the site of the original settlement and houses the Antes Temple, the Tower of Light and the Priests' Villa. Perched atop a hill, the Holy City overlooks the Outer City to the west and south and the ocean the east. Only the Tower of Light is visible from the Outer City streets. A low **wall**, 12 feet (3.7 m) tall and 8 feet (2.4 m) thick, rings the Holy City, more as a symbol than as a means to prevent entry. The 40 foot (12.2 m) sheer face of the hill is a far more effective deterrent to trespassers than the wall. Attempting to climb into the Holy City, or being caught in the city without leave, will result in imprisonment for a month and a fine of 2,500 negin (gold pieces). A second **offense** or engaging in criminal activities while in the Holy City means a 6 month (or longer) prison sentence and a 5,000 negin fine. The only entrance into the Holy City is the *Causeway*, a long gently sloping ramp extending almost out to the curtain wall. A gatehouse halfway up the ramp, **limits** access to the Holy City to the clergy and their guests. Once per year during the summer solstice, all members of the Church of Light and Dark and its various sub-sects are allowed into the Holy City for a day-long worship service led by Bishop Nodeki. This event draws several thousand pilgrims and space within the Holy City fills up quickly. During the day of the worship service, the city gates are closed and activity all across Haven comes to a standstill.

The streets of the Holy City are wide with statues of the various gods of the Church gracing the roadside. The buildings are all constructed of stone and are very well maintained. Unlike the Outer City, the Holy City is calm and peaceful, a place of study, quiet meditation and respect for the gods. The Church ideals of inclusion and balance are best seen here.

9) Causeway: The Causeway, occasionally also referred to as "the Avenue," is a 80 foot (24.4 m) wide, 600 foot (182.9 m) long ramp of stone that serves as the only publicly known entrance into the Holy City. The first half of the Causeway is lined with shops, which are little more than tents that can quickly be packed on a mule or two and carried back into the city after dark. The stalls' customers are primarily the clergy and pilgrims. They offer a wide variety of food, statues, pottery and small trinkets. All are permitted on this part of the Causeway. Several of the congregations make weekly treks to the ramp for prayers and offerings where they can better see the Tower of Light and the Antes Temple. At the halfway mark of the ramp stands a 12 foot (3.7 m) wall broken by a pair of wide archways, each flanked by a statue of **Ra** and **Set**. A complement of 24 Soldiers, two Priests and a Mind Mage stand guard at the gates. The Mind Mage and the Priests stay in a guard house situated between the gates. Half the Soldiers stand guard on top of the wall, armed with crossbows and 16 foot (4.9 m) pikes. The other half are divided between the gates. At sundown, both gates are closed and all but eight of the Soldiers, four on top of the wall and four on the ground, retire to the guard house.

Only clergy of the Church of Light and Dark or one of its sub-sects and guests escorted by clergy are permitted beyond the gate. People wishing to visit the Temple Complex must obtain a written pass from the high-priest of their Church in the Outer City. Typically, they are escorted by a young priest in training, referred to as a Custodian. The Custodian is present to act as a guide, point out important places in the Holy City, answer questions and ensure the guests are up to no mischief. Except for rare occasions, the pass is only for the day and the **visitor(s)** must be back to the gate before sundown or risk a fine and possible imprisonment.

10) Temple Yard: The Temple yard is the area between the Antes Temple and the Tower of Light. It is ringed by alternating manicured trees and marble statues of the gods. In the center of the paved courtyard is a large fountain, 60 feet (18.3 m) across, containing statues of a human man kneeling with his head down and an **Elven** woman looking skyward. The woman has one hand resting on the **man's** head and the other reaching into the sky. In a semicircle facing the east and the rising sun are temples for each of the major gods of the Pantheon of Light and Dark. Each temple is the same size, square, three stories with a flat roof and with a colossal 30 foot (9.2 m) tall embossed image of the patron deity carved in the forward facing wall. Standing in the middle of the **yard**, one gets the uncomfortable feeling that the gods have come to Palladium and are standing in judgment. The temples include those to (a) **Ra** the Lord of Light, (b) **Thoth** the Lord of Wisdom, (c) **Isis** the All Mother, (d) **Horus** the Great Sphinx, (e) **Apis** the Sacred Cow, (f) **Set** the Lord of Darkness, (g) **Anubis** the Lord of the Dead, (h) **Amon** the Hidden One, (i) **Anhur** the Slayer of Enemies, and (j) **Bes** the Depraved. During the day, the Temple Yard is typically quite busy with pilgrims and priests moving about and worshipping.

11) Antes Temple: The Antes Temple is a part of the Temple Complex and is the oldest structure in Haven. The Temple was constructed to hold one of the most sacred objects of the Cult of the Great One, the one true Heart of Osiris! The Antes Temple consists of Osiris' Shrine, the Vestibule and the Temple priests' living chambers. The entire temple is constructed on a 30 foot (9.2 m) tall stone dais. Entry to the Temple is through a

magical steel gate. The bars are virtually indestructible (2,000 S.D.C.) and can only be opened by a Priest of Isis though there is nothing preventing someone from climbing it. Beyond the gate is a long stairway leading up to the Vestibule. Each step of the stairway is engraved with one of the names of Isis, 100 in all, though even this does not begin to touch how many names by which the goddess is known. As each is stepped upon, the corresponding name must be spoken aloud with confidence by each and every person on the step. Failure to say the correct name, or saying it timidly, results in an agonizing stab of pain in the individual's head and causes 1D6 damage.

At the top of the stairway are the golden double doors of the Vestibule and a path leading to the priests' living chambers that lay to either side. Once more, only a Priest of Isis can open the Vestibule doors (3,500 S.D.C., the walls have 3,000 S.D.C. per 10 square feet). Anyone of good heart who touches the doors is immediately healed of any natural disease or sickness, or in the case of an injury, regains up to 1D6x10 Hit Points/S.D.C. This "gift" can only be received once per year. (As part of the Ceremony of Thanksgiving, the priests of Isis will each carry a sick child or elderly person to the Vestibule doors so the individual can receive **Isis'** blessing. In this case, only the priest need say **Isis'** name on each step.) Anyone of evil alignment who touches the doors receives 1D6x10 points of damage, EACH time they touch them or once every round if the individual does not let go. Vampires, even good aligned ones if such exist, suffer 2D6x10 damage.

The Vestibule is bathed in radiant sunlight, day and night. Those entering feel a deep sense of peace and contentment. All illusions, magic and psionic, are dispelled (no effect on **Changelings** or other **shapechangers**, including **metamorphed** dragons). Those suffering from insanity are free from its effect, but only while they are within the Vestibule and the Shrine of Osiris. Occupying most of the floor space in the oblong chamber is a shallow pool of holy water in which the priests and any visitors to the shrine **ritually** bathe. At the far end of the Vestibule is an opaque shimmering archway. Anyone evil passing through the archway is placed under an effect akin to the Wizard Sanctuary spell, except that instead of being paralyzed, the victim is placed in a coma-like sleep. The magic stays in effect for as long as the individual remains within the Shrine.

From the outside, the Shrine of Osiris is an 80 foot (24.4 m) tall pyramid of what looks like smooth white marble. Inside, once one has passed through the shimmering archway, it looks as though one is standing in the middle of a perfectly flat desert facing a 50 foot (15.2 m) tall pyramid with golden steps leading to the top, and behind is the same shimmering archway standing with no support. The landscape is unremarkable, merely an endless expanse of sand and smooth pebbles with a deep blue sky and puffy white clouds passing overhead as though blown by a strong wind. Should a visitor choose to fly, they will never reach the clouds or the wind that blows them. Likewise, setting out across the desert leads nowhere and regardless of how far one walks, as soon as they turn **around**, both the archway and the pyramid are there.

Atop the pyramid is an eternal blue flame within which hovers the basketball-sized platinum Heart of Osiris. Anyone of evil alignment who touches the flame must save vs magic (15 or higher) or instantly be consumed by the flame and turned to ash

(3D6x10 damage). Otherwise, the flame gives off no heat and does not burn.

Heart of Osiris: The holder of the Heart is +10 to save vs Horror. Factor, +5 on all saving throws, and can perform each of the following six times per day: Sense evil, sense magic, turn the dead (2D4x10), remove curse (by touch), resurrection (by touch; the victim must have died within 48 hours, 30% chance of success), and healing touch (4D6 points). Evil beings cannot touch the heart or they suffer 1D4x100 points of damage per each touch. Selfish characters suffer 1D6x10 points of damage by touching it. See *Dragons and Gods™*, page 137, for the other 13 parts of Osiris and their powers.

The Antes Temple is looked after by eight Priests of **Isis** (5th-12th level) and an additional four students learning to become priests. They are all quiet and restrained, never raising their voices in either anger or laughter. They will, however, defend the Temple with their lives if necessary. Assisting with the security of the Temple is **Elyth**, a Seraph (see *Dragons and Gods™*, page 78, for complete details) appearing as a beautiful woman with fire for hair, silver wings, and garbed in golden plate and chain armor. Elyth holds no particular allegiance to either Isis or Osiris, but rather knew and respected Father Antes, the founder of the temple. Upon his death, she swore to look after his creation and protect it from those who would see the Heart stolen for their own vile ends. Exactly how long she intends to stay is not known. She is frequently gone for weeks and months at a time, then returns only to leave again. One day she will leave and not return.

Father William (Quick Stats)

12th level, Elven Priest of Light

Alignment: Principled

Attributes: I.Q. 17, M.E. 15, M.A. 24, P.S. 9, P.E. 11, P.P. 12, P.B. 11, Spd. 9

Hit Points: 83, S.D.C.: 18, P.P.E.: 95.

Attacks: 6 hand to hand or two by magic.

Bonuses of Note: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts: +1 on initiative, +2 strike, +5 to parry and dodge, +2 to disarm, +3 to pull punch, +4 to damage, +3 to roll with **punch/fall/impact**, karate kick - 2D4 damage plus two others, all jump kicks, critical strike on unmodified 18, 19, or 20, paired weapons, leap attack critical strike, body throw/flip. +2 spell strength and 80% impress.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Staff (+2 strike when thrown, +4 strike/parry).

Weapons: Staff of Retribution: 2D6 damage as a blunt weapon, 3D6 damage from flame. The Staff was a gift bestowed on Father William by Isis herself. The weapon appears to be just an ordinary dark-stained staff but upon closer examination, one can see tiny arcane symbols and runes covering one end of it. In combat, the inscribed end catches flame (does no damage to the weapon or user), doing an additional die of damage and possibly catching clothing or hair on fire (01-25% chance; and if so, does an additional 1D6 damage per round).

Once per day, the weapon's most spectacular power can be employed. By swinging the staff in a circle and calling on Isis, a ring of light shoots from the staff, rushing outwards at incredible speed to 40 feet (12.2 m) away, where it vanishes. Similar in effect to the **goddess'** Sword of Isis, the ring of light does absolutely no damage to good or selfish characters,

but inflicts 5D6x10 points of damage to evil supernatural monsters, demons, Deevils and evil creatures of magic, such as dragons. The attack is +3 to strike and no saving throw is applicable.

Elyth (Quick Stats)

Seraph, equivalent to a 10th level Paladin O.C.C.

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q. 21, M.E. 29, M.A. 36, P.S. 43, P.P. 30, P.E. 31, P.B. 50, Spd. 40 or 170 flying

Size: 7 feet (2.1 m) tall. Weight: 50 pounds (22.5 kg).

Hit Points: 310, S.D.C.: 155.

P.P.E.: 431, I.S.P: 200.

Armor: Plate & chain (A.R. 15, S.D.C. 150).

Attacks: Eight by hand to hand or psionic attacks, or three by magic.

Bonuses: +10 on initiative, +12 to strike, parry and dodge, +10 to pull punch. +4 to roll with impact, +10 to save vs horror factor, +7 to save vs psionic attack, +11 to save vs insanity, 98% **trust/intimidate**, +28 to damage, +32% vs. **coma/death**, +2 on all saving throws except magic/poison which is +10, and 98% **charm/impress**.

Skills of Note: W.P. Sword (+4 strike/parry, +2 strike thrown), literate in Elven and Eastern 98%, all military skills at 96%, plus detect ambush 80%, and detect concealment 60%.

Natural Abilities: Fly, hover, 200 feet (61 m), see the invisible, turn invisible at will, limited metamorphosis (can change physical appearance at will into an attractive **humanoid**; typically an elf), turn 2D6 dead, bio-regeneration of 4D6 **S.D.C./Hit Points** every four melees/one minute, impervious to fire, magically understands all languages, including Elemental.

Create Flaming Sword: Elyth can magically create a flaming sword out of thin air. When she no longer needs it, it disappears. Damage: 4D6 to mortals, 8D6 damage to supernatural evil and creatures of magic. Can be created as often as needed at no P.P.E. cost.

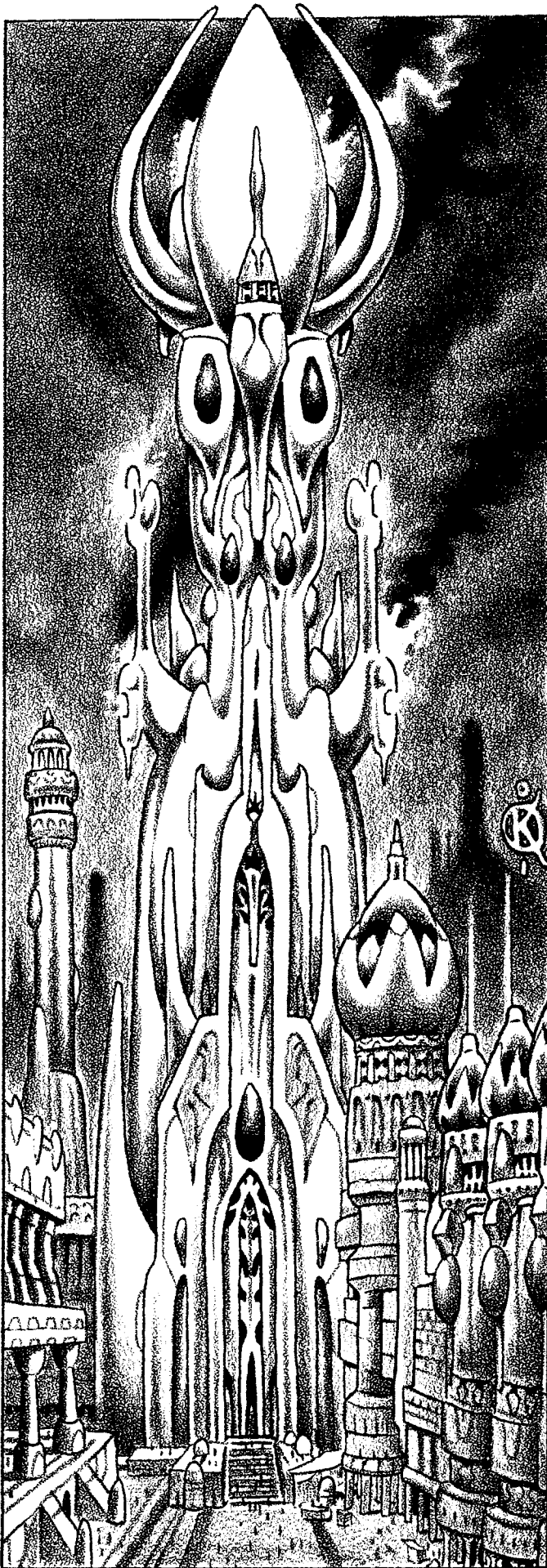
Vulnerabilities: Normal weapons do half damage, while most magic spells, magic weapons and psionics do normal damage. Weapons made of ice and cold and water based psionics, magic and magic weapons inflict double damage.

Elemental Magic: All level 1-6 Fire Warlock spells, plus Fire Sponge and Plasma Bolt. Spell strength is 14 (opponents need 14 or higher to save).

Psionics: All physical powers plus Healing Touch, Lust for Life, Attack Disease, **Pyrokinesis**, Mind Bolt, **Psi-Shield** and Psi-Sword.

12) Tower of Light: The Tower of Light is a magnificent structure. Standing 400 feet (121.9 m) tall and shaped like a stylized lotus blossom, it is the tallest man-made structure in the Eastern Territory. It took 100 years to complete and is home to *Bishop Rose Nodeki*, the *Court of Justice* and the *University of Truth*. Currently, the Tower is also hosting representatives from the Domain of Man and the Wolfen Empire in an attempt to avert war. The negotiations are held on the top-most floor.

The Court of Justice is much like the Supreme Court of the United States and makes decisions on Church policies as well as hearing criminal cases. The criminal cases heard by the Court of Justice are limited to charges of demon worship, death cults, Witchcraft, Summoning for the purpose of murder and insurrection, and Necromancy. Rulings by the Court can only be over-



ruled by Bishop Nodeki and U'Selekma, Pontiff of the Church of Light and Dark.

The University of Truth is second only to the College of Celestial Science in the Western Empire and to the Institute of Magic and Science in Wisdom in terms of enrollment and alumni. The University trains students from all faiths in history, mathematics and science as well as preparing young priests in the ways of the Church. Many of the rulers and wealthy business owners from all over the Eastern Territory and the Timiro Kingdom are alumni of the prestigious University of Truth. It typically takes four to five years to graduate with a degree in religion, history, mathematics, military science or natural science. The latter is far more popular in the West even though some of the world's most impressive engineering feats, the sea locks of Llor, the Grand Canal, the Haven bridges, and the Tower of Light itself are to be found in the Eastern Territories. Tuition, room and board for members of the Church of Light and Dark is 12,000 gold per academic year. Non-members must pay an additional 6,500 gold per year. Church members occasionally receive scholarships and tuition waivers especially if the individual in question promises to be an exceptional priest or priestess. Classes are year-round and the academic year begins the day after the summer solstice. Classes are always full with a maximum enrollment of 3,500 students.

Being the tallest structure in the East and owned by the Church of Light and Dark, it was inevitable that the Tower of Light should become the focus of the Church's power and prestige in the East. As the seat of power for the Eastern arm of the Church, Bishop Nodeki's official chambers as well as her private rooms are all within the Tower. From here, she communes with the Gods of Light, meets with the leaders of the various allied churches and tries to devise ways to attract more membership to the Church. Recruiting is not an easy task considering the Church welcomes evil as well as good. (Hey, the gods of dark are just as real and near at hand as the gods of light. A sort of **yin** and **yang** that reflects human nature and the eternal struggle between light and dark, good and evil. Why exclude them?) The vast majority of people in the Eastern Territory are good, hard working rural folk more attracted to the helpful Gods of Light than the dark, brooding Gods of Darkness. And so the major problem for the Bishop is ; How to bring the expanding Church of Light (not affiliated with the Church of Light and Dark's sect of the same name) into the folds of the Church without renouncing the Gods of Darkness?

To assist her in determining the will of the Gods, both light and dark, a **Ramen** named **Thabu** (Principled, see page 140 , *Dragons & Gods™*, represents the Pantheon of Ra) and a Jinn named **Zizean** (Diabolic, see page 323 *PFRPG 2nd Ed.*, represents the Pantheon of Set) live, albeit on separate sides and floors, of the Tower. **Thabu** is generally up-front with Bishop Nodeki, telling her what he knows and will often volunteer information. They spend a great deal of time together and particularly enjoy sharing dinner on the roof of the Tower where they can watch the setting sun. **Zizean** conversely is difficult and constantly derides the Bishop when she is unable to correctly deduce the Dark gods' position or wishes. The Jinn enjoys twisting her words and has managed to convince Set and Anubis that the Bishop is a dithering idiot and merely a puppet for Ra. Zizean has dreams of grandeur and is currently plotting to get into the Antes Temple and steal the Heart of Osiris (He'll have

to dupe someone into doing it for him. As an evil creature he can not get into the temple nor can he touch the Heart). What he hasn't decided yet, is what he will do with it once he gets it. Without question he could demand nearly anything from a desperate Isis and her worshipers, but returning it would earn him Set's enmity. On the other **hand**, he could give it to Set and likely receive a kingdom of his own, but that would also bring the fearful anger of the warrior goddess on himself. Either way, **Zizean** is sure he'll figure it out soon.

Bishop Rose Nodeki (Quick Stats)

10th level human Priestess of Light

True Name: Carothlynn Rosalyn Nodeki

Alignment: Principled

Attributes: I.Q. 15, M.E. 17, M.A. 15, P.S. 11, P.P. 11, P.E. 13, P.B. 17, Spd. 15

Hit Points: 58; **S.D.C.:** 34

Rose is a devout follower of **Horus** with a genuine concern for the "salvation" of the Eastern peoples. She can understand the popular dislike of the Gods of Darkness, but feels that the evil gods are a very real part of the world and can not be ignored. It is a quandary she has faced many times in the past and will continue to do so. She is against participating in a war against the Wolfen. She hopes that by acting as peacemaker that the Church will be recognized as a positive force in the world and recruit new worshipers from both the Wolfen and human

camp. Strict and **dedicated**, she absolutely obeys the letter of the law as put down by the Church over the past several thousand years.

13) Priests' Villa: The Priests' Villa is where the majority of the attendant priests and their families live. The streets are wide and the homes comfortable, although most are not luxurious. The architecture is similar to the Outer City, though without the second tier of buildings. The children of the clergy are all taught in the Tower of Light and in the temples devoted to each of the major deities. Visitors are not an uncommon sight in the Villa and will not attract attention unless at night or if the visitors are being loud and boisterous. There are no soldiers here. It is assumed that priests can take care of themselves and will be responsible for their **family's** conduct.

Haven's Stone Bridges

Spanning the Great River and connecting Haven and New Haven are a pair of immense stone and metal bridges named the *Sun Bridge* and *The Path of the Four Winds*. Each bridge is 2,700 feet (823 m) **long**, 150 feet (45.7 m) wide, soars 80 feet (24.4 m) above the river and is supported by 27 stone arches (there is an arch every **100** feet or 30.5 m). Imagine the old London Bridge with its wooden shops and homes and you get a pretty good idea of what these bridges look like. Small shanty communities of marooned transients hover along the **riverbank** beneath the bridges.

New Haven

Whereas Haven is a place where most people are open and friendly, look out for one another and at least pay lip-service to the Gods of Light, New Haven's allegiance is firmly to the Gods of Darkness and to Set. There are other places in the world where more followers of Taut can be found living together, the Wolfen Empire and Western Empire among them, but in the Eastern Territories, New Haven is truly the Capital of Set. It is not the most wicked place in the East (Kaash has it beat by far), but there is nowhere else where so many people share such a deep and all consuming reverence for the Lord of Darkness. Many of these are good enough people who have simply decided that Set can not lose, so have chosen to be on the winning side. His priests and long-time members of the Church of Taut have grown very rich, seemingly without effort. Thus, one third of the people in New Haven are Anarchist, a third Aberrant evil, 10% Miscreant and the remaining population a mix of all the rest.

There are no street people in New Haven, for if one does not have a job, the Priests of Darkness will find one for the individual. The homeless are allowed to lodge with another family until they can save enough to get their own place or are given a place to stay on the church grounds. True vagabonds and lowlifes with no desire to work are thrown out of town.

Alongside the decent folk are those who have decided that Set has a pretty accurate outlook on life and morality in general, and do their best to mimic his behavior. The members of the Cult of Set are the most zealous of the lot and consider treachery, violence and subterfuge to be the epitome of living the

"good" life. Over the past decade they have stepped up their efforts to get rid of the Church of Light so that the truth of Taut can be spread to all.

Structurally, New Haven looks much like Haven's Outer City before the erection of the second tier. The buildings are mostly of stone, though many of the newer structures are increasingly being constructed of wood. The streets are only 20 to 30 feet (9.1 m) wide and tend to meander a bit more than across the river. The emblem of Set, an **ankh** wrapped with a serpent, is carved over every lintel and inscribed on every official document that passes through the city. Statues of Set and the other gods of Taut grace every street corner, and all weddings must be sanctified under one of these statues to be considered legal. Rumor says, somewhere within New Haven, there is a portal to **Neter-Zher** that people have been using. These rumors have reached the ears of Bishop Nodeki, but she has been unable to confirm or refute them. Zizean is mum on the whole question, saying only that Set has not told him.

New Haven Locations of Note:

14) Cult of Set: The secret Cult of Set is very strong and influential in New Haven. It is suspected that most of the truly successful merchants in New Haven are members, or at least provide monetary support (true). Further, it is a fact that the Priests of Set openly support the cultists' actions, portraying them as patriots and blessed of the Gods of Darkness for their bravery. The truth of the matter is that while many of the wealthiest people in town do support the Cult, the actual membership is only **135** young men who would be considered street



trash in any other city. Most people are afraid of the cultists. While they publicly express admiration of the Cult, in private, they hope the city guard will take a stand, root them out, and end the bloodshed. Most of the people have a need to believe that Set really is not as bad as what the folks across the river claim, and that the Cult of Set is merely a group of overzealous hot-heads.

The Cult has several bastions where they can retreat to lick their wounds and plan their next move. Most of these places are warehouses and homes owned by the Cult's wealthy patrons. Occasionally they seek refuge in one of the many temples of darkness scattered about town, but for the most part, they avoid churches altogether. Their headquarters is in the basement of a mortuary accessible by a secret passage from the alley out back. Here they have a temple where they worship and perform human sacrifices. Additionally, they have an **armory**, a year's supply of rations and enough sleeping room to accommodate 80 people. Recently, there have been a number of new recruits, but these have not been permitted into the Den (as they refer to it amongst themselves). Joining the Cult is surprisingly easy. Any Priest of Darkness either knows one or more members of the Cult or knows someone who does. Applicants are watched closely for a period of weeks to ensure they are not working for the enemy. Once convinced of the applicant's sincerity, a low ranking member of the Cult will take the individual to one of the safe-houses in town (not the Den) where they will be sworn in, equipped if necessary and given a task to perform (typically going into Haven and murdering someone). Visiting adventurers who are members of the Church of Taut may be approached by

the Cult to assist them, especially if other party members are helping the Followers of **Bennu** or **Ra**.

15) Field of Valor: This large open arena sponsors non-lethal gladiatorial matches and team sporting events. Unlike the gladiatorial matches in **Llorn**, these battles are real and feature some of the best gladiators in the East. *Priests of Anhur* are on hand at every match to heal the wounded. Particularly notable events include the annual *Night War*, and the Taut Tournament. The Night War, as its name **implies**, is held at night with the gladiators dressed in magically glowing costumes representing the Gods of Light and Dark. Invariably, the "Gods of Dark" win, making it very popular with the New Haven crowd though a number of Haven residents come each year hoping to see an upset. *The Taut Tournament* is strictly for Knights and is jointly sponsored by the Church of Taut and the Knights of the Dawn **who** have a large community in the Outer City. The tournament lasts for two weeks and draws Knights from all over the East with even a few from the **Timiro** Kingdom. The jousting matches are held six times a day with melee events in between. The victors move on while the losers must pay their ransom (either losing their horse, armor and weapons to the victor or paying 45,000 gold) and are done. The tournament culminates on the last day with the Duel, a jousting match between the Church of **Taut's** champion, currently Sir **Vinda** Tyndale of the Order of the Dawn, and the Knight who is the champion of the jousting events. The winner of the tournament wins a purse of 150,000 **gold**, a new suit of magical plate armor (3 enchantments), a horse and a magic weapon **crafted** by the famed **Halzard's** Blade in Hadrian's Cove.

16) The Slayers: The Slayers are a cadre of 12 assassins devoted to the god Anhur and who broke away from the **Maka Assassins' Guild** (almost entirely run by the **Thanatos**). All are mid to high level assassins (**5-14th level**) who have made a blood oath to follow the Code of Anhur. The code of Anhur tends to get a bit **convoluted**, though the Slayers know each and every article. Following are the four most important points:

1. Live your life worthy of respect.
2. Never bring dishonor on your family and peers.
3. Be disciplined in all you do.

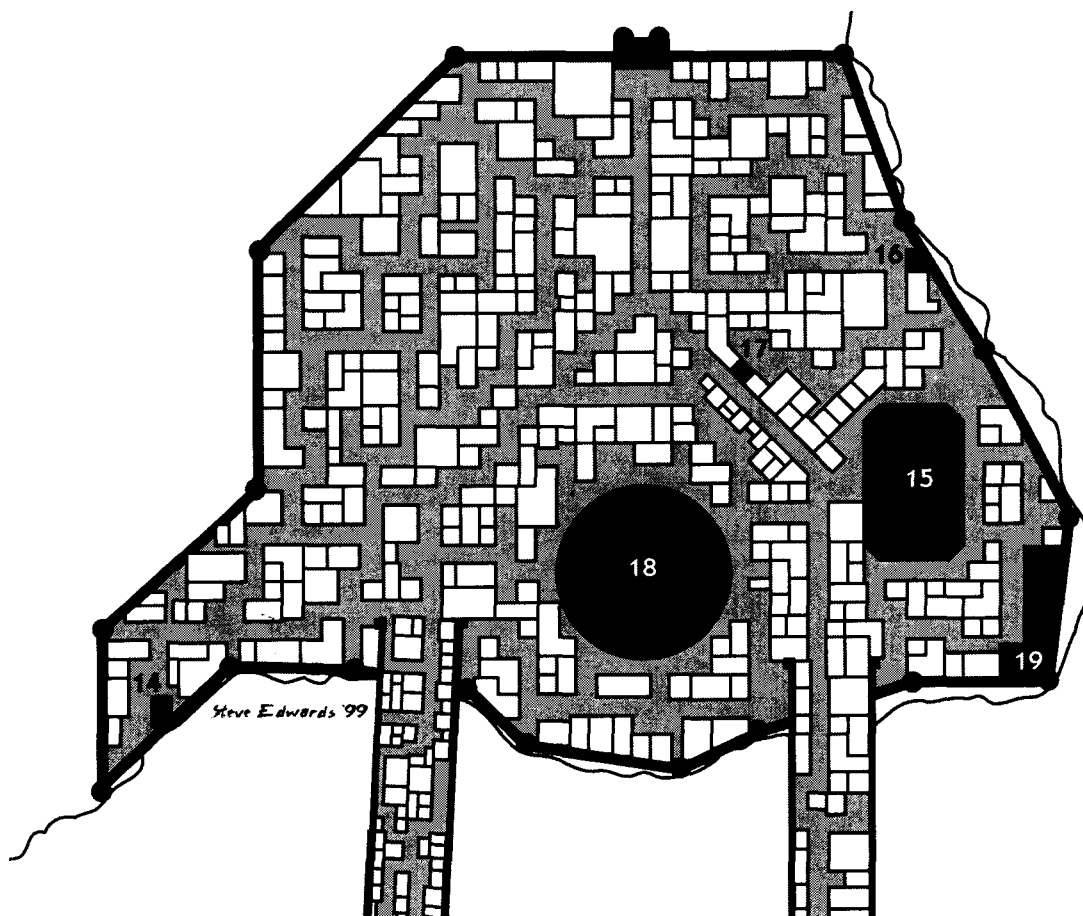
4. One strike — one kill. This last article is supposed to mean that the assassin will only need one chance to perform a deed and that they succeed in their goal at that time or not at all. The **assassin(s)** take as long as necessary (a week, a month or more) planning the strike to the tiniest detail. If the attack is unsuccessful whether by the fault of the assassin or by some unexpected interference, the target is deemed to be under the protection of Anhur and so can never be targeted again by the Slayers. That is the theory, anyway. No one targeted by the Slayers has survived.

17) Dreamer's Lane: This shop sells the unusual service of providing dreams. The purchaser is guaranteed to visit the City of Neter-Zher where their every desire can be fulfilled no matter how twisted or craven. Customers are taken into a small, but comfortable bedroom decorated tastefully with paintings and wall hangings portraying Set. A Priest of Set gives the customer a draught of red wine laced with a mixture of diluted **Mellina** (a powerful hallucinogen) and **Wharifin** (a **tranquilizer**) which he explains is to relax them and to clear their mind of troubles, so the dreams can come. Once the customer is asleep, the priest places a Medallion of Dreams on their forehead and lets the

dream run its course. The entire experience last for under 20 minutes but to the customer it seems to last hours and sometimes days. While asleep, the customer is given visions of Neter-Zher in all its splendor. Since the wine causes 20% of its **imbibers** to become addicted to the Mellina in it, many customers keep returning each week and are slowly indoctrinated into the Church of Set. Addicts start becoming edgy two days after taking the draft. With each passing day the addict is -1 to initiative and -5% on all skills, cumulative, until they get another fix restoring them to normal (lasts 36 hours). Each 20 minute session costs 250 gold.

Medallion of Dreams: These rare and powerful items must be worn on the forehead while sleeping. When in use, they allow whomever is inscribed on the medallion access to the wearer's dreams for **15 minutes**. During that time, the wearer will believe what they are experiencing is absolutely real. In rare cases, people using the item have sunk into a coma and died when they have been killed in their dream. The item was originally created by a Wizard-Alchemist as an instructional aid for his students, but has since found its way into the marketplace. Mind block will prevent the item from working. Psychics have a 01-50% chance of getting a clairvoyant vision.

18) Dome of Celestial Virtue: The Dome of Celestial Virtue is the long and, frankly, odd name for the single immense church serving all the Gods of Darkness. Within this single-domed building the followers of the Church of Taut and its various sub-sects meet each week to give thanks and adoration to their gods. Most of the structure is built below ground. Only the top foot (.3 m) of the wall and the domed ceiling with its stained-glass windows is visible above ground.



Within is a great round chamber 320 feet (97.5 m) in diameter with a magical pulpit which hovers 20 feet (6 m) in the air and amplifies the speakers' voice so that everyone can hear. The floor of the Dome is covered in black marble tile. The walls are decorated alternately with intricate tapestries and statues of the gods. In the center of the chamber is a polished granite altar. It is used most of the time to hold the book of **Ma'at** and other ceremonial items, but is occasionally used for sacrifices during more exclusive services. The ceiling is breathtaking with rows of stained glass arranged around an oversized ebony **ankh**. Rays of sunlight, like the spokes of a wheel, bathe the chapel in radiant reds, blues and purples during the day.

Outside and surrounding the Dome of Celestial Virtue are the homes of most of the New Haven clergy and their families.

19) The Royale (*****): The Royale is a popular casino located on the picturesque ocean front. The casino draws customers from all over, relatively few of whom are actually from Haven or New Haven. The establishment is owned by four retired adventurers who made their fortune in the Disputed Lands.

The Royale is a large U-shaped mansion with four floors, two gambling halls, an indoor pool, a theater, a dining room run

by the renowned chef Maliet, and enough lodging for 400 guests. Nightly entertainment includes fire-eaters, illusionists, prestidigitators, belly dancers, bards, acrobats and the occasional acting company.

The establishment is protected by 20 Mercenaries, a Wizard and a trio of mind mages all of whom are tasked with making guests feel secure. The Mind Mages are constantly in the gambling halls, probing for thieves and cheaters.

The Royale is popular with the idle rich from up and down the Great River and has hosted several nobles from the far south as well.

Regional Note: Scores of farms and fishing villages are found along the coast and around Haven and New Haven. Most have fewer than 200 or 300 inhabitants, but most are thriving, close-knit communities who sell and trade part of their crops, catches and other goods to the big cities to supplement their incomes and to get items not otherwise available to them. About 40% are followers of the Church of Light and Dark, 10% the Church of Darkness, 30% of **Rurga**, 10% the Northern Gods, and the rest any number of pantheons.

The Highback Plains

The **Highback** Plains, situated between the jagged peaks of the Shattered Mounts and the Eastern Ocean, are home to just over two million people, mostly farmers and small villagers. Unlike the cities along the Great River, the vast majority of people living here trace their ancestors back to the southern Kingdoms of **Timiro** and the Old Kingdom. Along the ocean, much of the natural deciduous forest has been cleared to make room for farmland, cattle and villages. Further inland, the forests still grow in long swaths. Generally speaking, the further one gets from the ocean, the wilder the land becomes and the smaller the human population. In the recent past, invading bands of **Ogres**, **Goblins**, **Orcs** and **Giants** were a constant threat. Some places still bear the scars of these attacks. For the most part, plains people are content to live on the land they have worked for four or five generations, and where they know everyone and can trust their neighbors. The native **Danzi** who still claim the western third of the Highback Plains stay away from the settled east shores and only occasionally stop to trade for steel. The people here exhibit the independence, courage and tenacity that has come to represent the settlers of the Eastern Territory. They are hardy, stubborn people with a strong sense of right and wrong, deep rooted moral conviction, respect for hard work, and single-minded dedication to the land. The human settlers and select non-human friends have thrived in a land that was once the sole domain of the **Danzi**, **Orcs**, **Goblins** and other members of the "monster races."

In the human occupied lands there is little in the way of unexplored country to attract the attention of adventurers and wandering swordsmen. Thus, these bold heroes and opportunists are seen only passing through on their way to more challenging parts of the Domain of Man and the Great Northern Wilderness.

Wizards are even rarer and sure to draw crowds of children begging for stories while the adults cast disapproving glances. For explorers and adventurers, there is really nothing for them in these, comparatively "tame" lands. Most ancient ruins have been plundered and the region has given up most of its secrets. Aside from hiring out their sword-arm to quell barbarian incursions from the Old Kingdom or put an end to the occasional band of brigands, pirates, or wandering monster, there are only the mysterious *Circle Stones in Greenbough County* and a few crumbling fortress hidden here and there in the forests to the northwest. For those individuals without any interest in farming, finding work with a useful trade like carpentry or black smithing, or settling down, there is little need for warriors and adventurers. That having been said, there is always a need for *Tusker hunters*. Wild **Tuskers** make life difficult for everyone by tearing up fields, destroying fences, and killing livestock and settlers. The only recourse is to kill the cursed beasts, but this is not an easy job and beyond the capabilities of most ordinary folk. Scorpion Devils, Rock Crawlers, Devil Diggers, Feathered Death and other monsters offer similar problems but are much less common, often moving away from areas cultivated by man. The territorial and aggressive **Tuskers** seem to refuse to be "pushed" out by man and are a constant source of trouble and tragedy. **Tuskers** are vicious, hulking, predatory animals that roam in herds of 5-30 animals (see page 149 of *Monsters & Animals* for complete stats). They are powerfully built, fast and so deadly that a pack can chase down and kill a Great **Wooly** Dragon. Experienced **Tusker** hunters can make good money, not only from the locals who are only too willing to pay someone to get rid of the dangerous predators, but to markets in the south where powdered *Tusker horn* is sold as an aphrodisiac.

Politically, the **Highback Plains** have few true kingdoms or even large cities, and little in the way of centralized government. Aside from a handful of mid-sized cities along the ocean and the occasional town with a population up to 10,000 strong, most everyone lives in *country villages* with populations under 1,200, most are under 800. In order to allow the plains folk admittance into the Domain of Man, the practice of drawing up *counties* comprised of independent towns and villages was established. In this way, rather than each individual settlement signing the Charter of Dominion, the communities in the *county* would pick a representative and he would sign and speak for the majority. Military obligations in the Charter are divided proportionately among every community and the majority work to uphold the basic precepts and laws of the Charter. In practice, a town or two acts as the trade center for the surrounding villages. These towns are where the farmers take their crops to sell and where merchants bring their wares. Each year, the towns hold at least two county fairs, one at the beginning of the planting season and one at harvest. These fairs are typically multi-day events complete with games, feasting, shopping and trading of goods and services. There is some percentage of independent farms, homesteads and villages included in a "Charter County" who want no part of belonging to the Eastern Confederacy as laid out in the Charter of Dominion. Although they are frequently recruited, most decline and are not obligated to work or trade with the others. Since most are small to tiny, their stubborn isolation seldom causes any problems for the others.

The population and land area of the counties vary, but typically have some 25,000 to 50,000 inhabitants on a patch of land anywhere from 30 to 150 miles square (48-240 km sq.). The weakness with this system is not so much military or economic but in lack of unity and the lawlessness that occurs between and on the edges of the counties. So long as the villagers are defending their homes they are stubborn opponents, but few of them have any interest in risking their lives to hunt down brigands outside their community let alone for the good of the county or a county neighbor. Even when pursuing a band of thieves, a posse of villagers is likely to give up the chase when they reach the county marker stones, and ignore trouble that does not directly affect their community. This can be advantageous for adventurers and brigands who run afoul of the locals so long as they don't plan on returning. Highback Plains folk have notoriously long memories.

The Charter County system has stayed pretty much unchanged for the past 300 years. Most government is by common law and tradition. Individuals who are caught committing a crime are summarily punished by the locals rather than by courts with their attendant lawyers, jails and police officers. Even in large towns, the legal system is local, simple and a typical court proceeding takes less than a week, with punishment, if any, following immediately. There are no long prison terms or prisons in which to incarcerate scoundrels. Thus, justice tends to come at the end of a sword or rope.





Though uncultured by most "civilized" standards of the established kingdoms (indeed, easterners are notoriously uninterested in the happenings elsewhere and are largely uneducated in the ways of scholastic study, science and nobility), the people of the **Highback Plains** are nevertheless a force to be reckoned with when united in common purpose. Simply put, the population likes living the way they have for hundreds of years and nothing is going to convince them otherwise. With the rise of the cities along the Great River and the corresponding demand for food, some of the farmers have banded together to **create farm cooperatives**. These cooperatives consist of several farmers, sometimes two or more entire villages, who get together and cultivate larger fields, sell what they don't need and split the profits. This practice is more common on the eastern third of the plains where the land has been settled the longest and stable villages have formed. The central third of the region is still undergoing rapid settlement. Many of the new settlers are people escaping from the repressive nobility in the south rather than moving from the stable economies of the east. The people here are more interested in clearing the land, pushing out the few remaining natives, and generally carving out their first generation of existence to pay much mind to forming complicated cooperatives.

Religion. The people worship a number of gods with the most popular being the *Church of Light*, and with its variety of good aligned gods there is something for everyone. *The worship of Rurgais* is the newest and most aggressive religion, as well as the fastest growing. The Sect of **Rurga** has converts and temples called Barracks springing up everywhere. *Isis*, who more than any of the other gods, symbolizes strength of character, distaste for injustice and love of the earth, is also hugely popular. Of the three, only the Sect of **Rurga** and the Church of Light are very

well organized while the worship of **Isis** is by far the most widespread, particularly among homesteaders and farmers.

The Sect of Rurga

According to the **Ta'Palladia** (a holy book that details the pantheon of Rurga; both its history and destiny), the worship of Rurga was once a thriving religion on Palladium in ages long ago, but for untold reasons was all but forgotten for the past ten millennia. Then, some 50 years ago, priests of Rurga began appearing in the northern reaches of the Eastern Territory warning of a coming darkness that threatened to envelop the lands of man. A threat that could be averted with the worship of the divine Rurga.

In the beginning, the first 40 years or so, Rurga seemed to primarily appeal to warriors **and**, to a lesser extent, their families. The past ten years, however, have seen a dramatic change. While soldiers, mercenaries and Knights continue to join the Sect of Rurga **in** ever increasing numbers, its priests, called Captains, have turned the brunt of their recruiting efforts to the common people, training and preparing them in simple ways for war. With the threat of the Wolfen invasion, the war god Rurga has gained wider acceptance.

The temples of **Rurga** are called Barracks and vary little from place to place except for their size. The bunker-like structures are always built of stone with narrow windows, like arrow slits and slate roofs, and contain several months supply of food, water and weaponry on hand. Members are encouraged to obtain their own weaponry, but are not penalized for continuing to use the Barracks'.

Regardless of whether the Barracks is attended by soldiers, civilians or both, services always begin with the members gathering in a circle and publicly confessing any lie or deception since the last meeting. If the confession involves military or national security, the guilty individual may elect to confess privately to the Captain. Following confession, the group prays to Rurga, calling on her divine aid to fight against the Wolfen and all forces of evil, and to give them the strength to be honorable and truthful in their lives. Once the prayer is completed, the congregation breaks up into groups according to their skill level for instruction and drill while listening to readings from the Ta'Palladia on the virtues of truth, justice, preparedness and bravery on the fields of combat. After the meeting is completed (typically lasts between two and three hours **in** the evening), the weapons are sharpened and oiled and then everyone goes home. Services are held weekly except in areas with a lot of members, in which case the various skill levels, beginner, intermediate and advanced, will meet on separate days. Barracks comprised only of soldiers have prayer and confession, followed by an hour of in-depth study of the Ta'Palladia, ending with a half-hour of sparring or wrestling.

Civilian members of the Sect are taught to use a sword and shield, the **rudimentariness** of fighting in armor, basic calisthenics and how to maintain their gear. Depending upon their talent and the size of the **congregation**, civilians may have the opportunity to learn other weapons skills as well (typically W.P. Blunt, **Staff or Spear**). After six months, new members have the equivalent of Hand to Hand: Basic and W.P. Sword and W.P. Shield at first level of experience and are considered beginner students (they seldom advance beyond first or second level unless in a

high combat environment) Horsemanship: General may also be taught, but only to those who show a real aptitude for riding and/or fighting.

Rurga's devotion to upholding personal responsibility, truth and sincerity above all else strikes a cord with the Plains people who value honesty and truthfulness almost as much as hard work. Elsewhere where the tenets of truth are not as important, the Sect of **Rurga** emphasizes the coming war with the Wolfen and Rurga's promised aid to her faithful. This alone has converted thousands and no doubt as relations with the Wolfen worsen, will only increase. Currently, the Wolfen are portrayed by the Sect as Imperialists intent on conquering the Eastern Territories and forcing their way of life on the defeated. The priests of Rurga never make false claims about the Wolfen, nor do they spread unsubstantiated rumors. For example, one will never hear a Captain saying Wolfen eat babies, a very popular rallying cry elsewhere.

The Sect of Rurga typically requests that its member pay 10% of their annual income to the Church. In the event that the member is also a member of another church, then the Sect asks only 5%. The tithe money is used to build Barracks, help with the cost of training priests, and to help fortify and arm communities from danger outside their borders. In cases where Rurga worshipers are very **poor**, the Sect of Rurga waives the tithe and may provide some small assistance in the way of blankets, food, healing, compassion and perhaps even in helping to build or repair a roof, fence or house. Above all, the Sect of Rurga is focused on preparing and conducting war. Anything else is secondary to this purpose. For more information on Rurga and the rest of her Pantheon see page 105 of the *Dragons and Gods*™

Dain-Rurga

The headquarters for the Sect of Rurga is not a member of the Domain of Man, as it is unwilling to be forced to supply soldiers to the Dominion Army. However, so many of its members reside within the Eastern Territory that most everyone considers Dain-Rurga an unofficial member. The Merchants' Guild has discussed the possibility of building a Guild House in the town outside the fortress even though it would not technically hold any authority. Thus far, no decision has been made.

Population: 21,000 — approximately **8,700** soldiers of Rurga, 800 priests and 8,500 devotees of Rurga inhabit the fortress. Another 3,000 live in the town of **Dain** on the northwest side of the fortress and growing at an explosive pace.

Human 76%

Elf 12%

Dwarf 5%

Other 7%

Military: (remember, most everyone in town belongs to the Sect so 75% of the populace can take up arms in times of need)

Soldiers 8,000

Knights: 330

Palladins: 220

Holy **Palladins:** 150

Priests of Rurga: 800 (500 are newly trained and ordained; first level. Most will be sent into the Eastern Territory to recruit converts, build new **followings**, and support existing

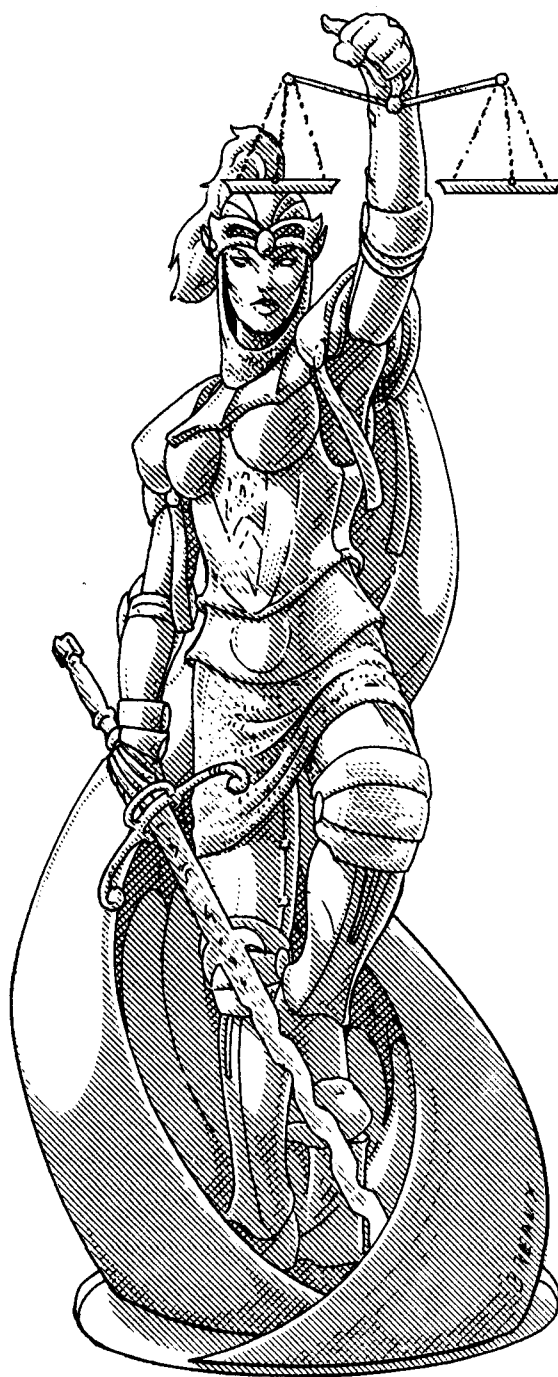
churches. A new **1D4x100+100** acolytes will take their place approximately every 2-3 years. The elder priests range, on average, from level 3-6.)

Religion: Currently 92% are devout worshipers of Rurga, but that number is likely to drop **15%** as the town (soon to be the city-state of Dain-Rurga) expands geometrically over the next 6-10 years and in so doing, attracts "non-believers." However, Dain-Rurga will become the Mecca for the followers of Rurga and as such, will always be populated by the majority of them!

Ruler: Lord-Captain **Jarvovs DeBarthe**, Defender of the Truth, High-Priest of Rurga (**11th** level Priest of Light).

Coinage: No standard, accepts the coinage of any nation that conforms to the gold-weight standards set by the Charter of Dominion.

Flag: A silver scale over the black silhouette of a walnut leaf.



Situated in the northern forests just beyond the edge of the Highback Plains is the fortress of **Dain-Rurga**, an old ruined castle that is being renovated by the Sect of Rurga. The ruin was once the powerful center of a prosperous city, but was razed during one of the Wolfen invasions decades ago and all but forgotten. In the years following its destruction, the ruin was home to successive bands of brigands and, at one point, a rampaging Troll clan. With the rise of the Sect of Rurga, it was decided the church needed a homeland of their own where they were not under the governance of a secular lord. The ruined fortress of **Dain-Rodan** was selected as an ideal location, near enough to the Great River to allow a free flow of **trade**, but far enough away to maintain it, sovereignty. The ruin was captured without a fight. (Come on, if you were a brigand, would you stand and fight against an army of Knights, **Palladins** and devout warriors?) The fortress was renamed **Dain-Rurga** in honor of the people who fought and died against the Wolfen and for the goddess to whom it now belongs. Construction started shortly thereafter. Thirty years later, the foundations and keep have been completed and the outer curtain walls are nearly finished.

Dain-Rurga is an impressive fortress with an outer curtain wall some 200 yards/meters long, 8 yards/meters thick and 20 yards/meters tall. Each tower is equipped with either a catapult or a ballista and has enough barracks space at each weapon site to comfortably house 20 soldiers. Between the outer wall and the keep is a large, grass-covered courtyard where the soldiers drill and parade. This space could also be used for extra barracks and storage space. Roughly a third of the western wall and a small section of the southern wall have yet to be completed. In an emergency, these gaps would be filled by a wooden palisade and changed to stone by a pair of resident Earth Warlocks. Aside from the powers of the Earth Warlocks and the three dozen Priests of Light, Dain-Rurga has little in the way of magical protection. Then again, if war appears imminent, they may hire Wizards and Diabolists to bolster their fortifications.

The **keep** is as stout as the outer wall with walls over 60 feet (18.3 m) tall and 20 feet (6 m) thick. Within is a large, brick courtyard with a small grove of black maple trees planted in its center. Facing the courtyard are the hall, temple, barracks and stables. Also within the keep is a well and enough storage space to provision an army of 2,000 for a full year.

The most precious and protected location is the **temple** with its oak paneled interior and mosaic floor. The walls are deeply etched with prayers to Rurga, emphasizing her skill and honor both on and off the battlefield. At the far end of the temple, before a trio of narrow stained glass windows, rests the **Ta'Palladia** and **Shriker**, a **flamberge** said to have been created by Rurga herself as a sign of favor and support to her growing sect. Note, the windows are not wide enough for anyone to squeeze through in order to steal the sword.

(Note: Shriker: A greater holy weapon, designed to resemble **Rurga's** rune sword, **Vlaa** the Demon Slayer. The flamberge has all the typical powers of a greater holy weapon plus the following powers: Inflicts 5D6 damage, double damage to supernatural creatures. The weapon allows its wielder to automatically *detect lies* and makes the wielder *immune to magical illusions* (no effect against psionic attacks and illusions). Lastly, the sword can restore 2D6 S.D.C. or Hit Points to those injured "in **Rurga's** service" up to six times per day.)

Second in importance only to the temple is the **grand hall** where new Knights and Palladins are accepted into the Sect and where the spring festival is held honoring Rurga and her triumph over evil. This is also where the priests and the men-at-arms eat their evening meal. On the stone walls are hung battle maps of the Eastern Territory and the southern expanse of the Wolfen Empire as well as hundreds of brightly colored pennants won at tournaments. Banners of the Sect's branch of Knights, the *Order of the Sword* and the diminutive *Order of the Maple* dedicated to **Cirga** ordain the walls alongside the banners for the **Palladin Order of the Tree** and the **Holy-Palladin Order of the Scale**.

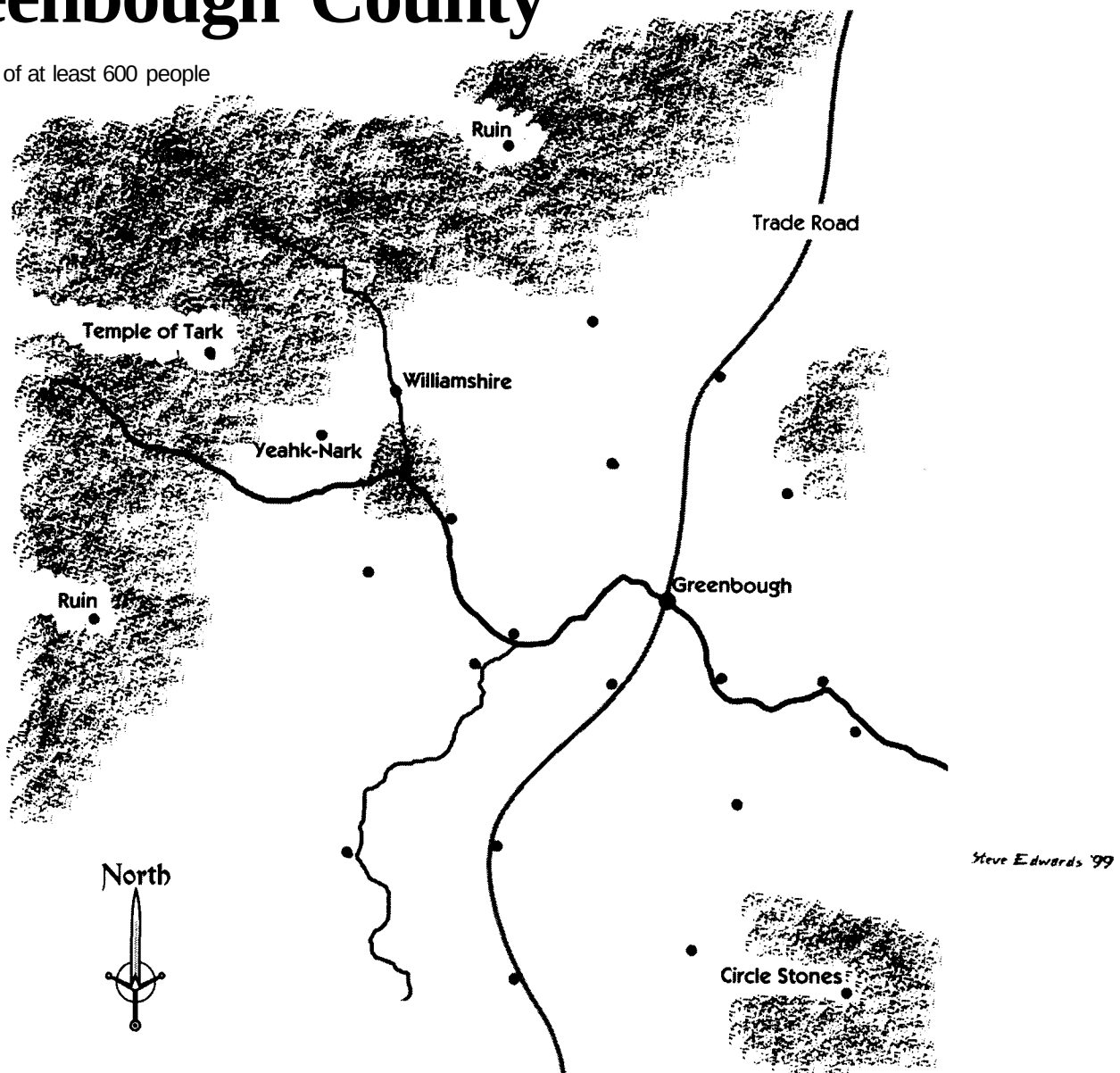
Although the primary purpose of Dain-Rurga is to provide a secure location where the Sect can train its priests and soldiers, it was also constructed to provide a safe place for its many worshipers and a sanctuary for people to escape in the event of a Wolfen invasion. What they did not anticipate was how quickly a city would form around them. Its location so close to the Great River makes it a natural *trade center* where the multitude of farms and villages can send their crops, grains and other products to be traded with the other Great River communities. This aspect and the fact that a fortress with nearly **10,000 Rurgans** soldiers is its neighbor, has turned Dain-Rurga into a boom town that has caught the priests and soldiers unprepared. Both clergy and warriors have decided this is both a blessing and a test from Rurga (since she always preaches preparedness), and they hustle to accommodate the needs of the growing community around them. It is likely that in the next **10** years a city with a civilian population of over 20,000 (in addition to the 18,000 troops and priests) will form around the fortress.

Currently the town a few miles to the northwest of Dain-Rurga, called **Dain**, is home to the 3,000 settlers, with more arriving every day. Many are the families of workers on the fortress walls, others see this as their reward of paradise for being true believers. Meanwhile, farms and homesteads are springing up all around Dain-Rurga and Dain. For the past five years, Dain has had its own mayor, Martin Wheeler (the baker), and a six person town council comprised of the blacksmith, a **pair** of stonemasons, a carpenter and two farmers. The council advises the mayor who is ultimately responsible for making decisions. They also look to the leadership of the church and Dain-Rurga for direction and guidance, especially now with the explosive growth.



Greenbough County

• Settlement of at least 600 people



Occupying an area 70 miles (112 km) long by 50 miles (80 km) wide or some 3,500 square miles, nearly 20,000 people call this land home. The population is congregated in 18 villages of around 600 people and two or three times that number of smaller villages and lone **farmsteads**. In the center of the county sits the town of Greenbough (the county was named after the largest town in it) with a steady population of 3,500 people. Like its neighbors, Greenbough County is a quiet place that survives on agriculture; mostly corn, wheat, barley and soybeans. Few of the villages own any sizable herds of cattle. Lookout Hill has the largest herds with 800 sheep and 150 cows. Crime is very low and other than the Marshals, there is no standing militia. Within the past 10 years, the Sect of **Rurga** has begun building Barracks in the larger villages. The Captain stays in the town of Greenbough. The Barracks, though by no means supplanting the existing worship of **Isis** or the Gods of Light, have attracted a small but dedicated group of followers. Any invasion of the county will be met by 200 members of the Sect, ready to defend the homeland. For the time being, the followers of Rurga are limited to a half-dozen villages and the town of Greenbough, leaving the rest of the county without any kind of organized militia, aside from a local champion or sheriff.

Adventurers and explorers tend to find Greenbough County rather boring. Currently there are no large bands of **Orc**raiders threatening the countryside, and the county is too far from the ocean to worry about pirates. If it were not for the Trade Road running through the middle of the county and for the infamous Circle Stones located 15 miles (24 km) west of the county marker stones, there would probably never be any adventurers at all. Even the normal Tusker hunting job is conspicuously absent, as the foul-tempered beasts are rare and far between in this area.

Circle Stones

The Circle Stones are a mysterious group of large pillars of rock (similar in appearance to England's **Stonehenge**) within a deep depression some 50 feet (15.2 m) deep and 650 feet (198 m) in diameter. No one knows who erected them (presumably the same race responsible for all the other ruins dotting the East) nor what they do. What is sure is that the depression and the woods around it are filled with all manner of thorn bearing bushes and vines. Living within the tangle are hosts of poisonous spiders and snakes and unusually aggressive Serpent Rats and Rock Crawlers. Attempts to clear the underbrush have been met with only limited and temporary success. The entire site is



considered taboo by the locals. Even the **Danzi** and **Orc** tribes who originally inhabited the land avoided it. Thus, few people have ever ventured to the depression's edge and fewer still have tried to get through the brambles to reach the Circle Stones. On nights of the full moon, it is whispered that the stones glow with an eerie blue light.

An old Ranger who used to travel the **Highback** Plains 40 years ago is said to have found a path through the thorns and stepped into the Circle Stones. He claims a stairway descends into the earth in their center, but he did not go down them. The sight of the gaping hole filled him with such dread he fled from the valley and never returned. Over the years, many adventurers have traveled to the Circle Stones but none ever reported finding a clear path nor a stairway. The rumors about the stones glowing during the full moon is true, and there is certainly something about them that stimulates foliage growth. What else, if anything, the Circle Stones may be hiding is as much a mystery now as it was to the Danzi and the other natives of the plains hundreds of years ago.

Greenbough

Member of the Domain of Man

Population: 3,500

Human: 98%

Elf: 1%

Dwarf: less than 1%

Goblin: less than 1%

Orc: less than 1%

Ogre: **less than** 1%

Military:

Sheriff & Deputies: 7 total.

Volunteer Militia: 64

Followers of **Rurga:** 75

Major Temples:

Church of Isis

Sect of Rurga

Rulers: The Greenbough City Council

Coinage: Accepts any coinage but primarily uses Haven and Wisdom gold.

Flag: Gold wheat & scythe on a green field.

Greenbough, situated along the Trade Road and surrounded by farmland, is a typical town for the Highback Plains. The town has scores of craftsmen ranging from the ever present blacksmith, carpenter and miller to the more exclusive trades of tailor, banker and jeweler. Greenbough is a trading center where the farmers in the countryside sell their surplus crops and livestock. Festivals are held several times during the growing season to celebrate when a particular crop is ready for harvest. Typical crops on the plains include wheat, barley, corn, soybeans, carrots, beats, squash and **potatoes**. The first three are primarily cash crops. With so much wild game about for meat, livestock is kept mostly for milk and wool, which means dairy cows and sheep are most common, with a few pigs and chickens added for variety. No one raises horses, although there are a few work horses, mules and oxen in town. During the harvest festivals, the country folk set up booths along **Greenbough's** streets to sell homemade crafts, sweets and preserved foods. Especially popular at these events are the games of skill held in the town square such as archery, rock throwing, wrestling, and gleaning among other things. The festivities start at dawn and culminate at the Square with at least one wedding.

The town stretches for two miles (3.2 km) beside the dirt track of the Trade Road between Haven and Wisdom. Intersecting at the town square is an east-west dirt road used by the area farmers called the Midway. The only congested part of town is around the Square where the Merchants' Guild House, the **Sheriff's** Station, Town Hall and a few others are gathered. The Square is paved with bricks imported from the coast. Aside from the square, all the roads in town are of packed earth. They are a muddy mess in the spring and fall and a blowing dust bowl in the dry summers. The Town Council has considered paving them, but each time the proposal is made, it is decided that the gains are not worth the costs. Nearly all the homes are constructed of wood or wood and plaster. The only stone structures are the bank, the Barracks of Rurga and a pair of blacksmiths.

The town is governed by a town council. The citizens of Greenbough elect the **councilmen** to life terms or as long as the council member wants the job. The town council members are all people who are held in high esteem and have proven their trustworthiness and dedication to the town. A Chairperson acts as the voice of the council, though he holds no more power than any other member. The Greenbough City Council consists of Chairman Royce **Tellamon** (the miller), Master Zorastion (the Wizard), Revit (the Sheriff), Jon Wallace (the owner of the Harvest Inn), Arden **McKraken** (a blacksmith), Jack **Weathersby** (the owner of **Weathersby's** General Store), and **Glinn Oakenwart** (the Druid). The Town Council is also assisted by Guild Ambassador Stephen **Ryan**, Captain Gid **Valiance** of the Sect of Rurga and the aging Priest of Light, Father Ichabald **Turpin**.

Locations and People of Note:

1) Barracks of Rurga: The **Greenbough** Barracks is much like any other of its kind on the Plains. It is a long two-story structure built entirely of stone. It has a fort-like appearance with its narrow windows and an enclosed courtyard. The bottom level holds the **chapel/drill area**, a small kitchen, and storage space. The second floor is occupied by the Captain's sleeping chambers, four guest rooms and the armory. Currently, the Barracks has 75 members of varying ability in town and another 125 members in the surrounding countryside. As part of their duties, the devotees of Rurga take turns assisting the sheriff and his deputies in patrolling the surrounding countryside.

The Captain is a good man, dedicated and sure of the right of Rurga. He is very disciplined but is also quick to laugh. He, on occasion, helps members of the Sect harvest crops and houses members who must travel long distances to attend services. The Captain is trusted by everyone and though the Sect has only a little over 2% of the town's population on its rolls, it enjoys the popular support and approval of all of Greenbough.

Captain Gid Valiance (Quick Stats)

6th level human Priest of Light

True Name: Gideon Valiance

Alignment: Principled

Attributes: I.Q. 14, M.E. 16, M.A. 14, P.S. 15, P.P. 14, P.E. 15, P.B. 12, Spd. 14

Hit Points: 42, **S.D.C.** 20

2) Harvest Inn (*):** The Harvest Inn is a comfortable two-story affair constructed of wood and plaster. A painted sign of a sheaf of wheat hangs out front, inviting weary travelers to come inside for a rest. The inn is quiet for much of the year with rarely more than ten guests at a time except during festivals when it is filled to capacity.

Jon Wallace, his two sons Dougle (22 years old) and Rodney (10 years old) and his daughter **Kimberly** (16 years old) live in a comfortable area in the back of the inn near the kitchen. Jon's wife, **Gretta**, was killed by a Tusker several years ago in an attack that cost Jon his left arm and damaged his leg; he still has a distinct limp. Dougle has increasingly taken on more responsibility around the inn and wants to take over once his father retires. Rodney is the typical 10-year old; dreaming of far away adventures, fighting evil sorcerers and becoming rich and famous. Kimberly has caused more than one scandal with her penchant for flirting with most any warriors who stay at the inn. She wants to leave Greenbough to live in a much more exciting city like Haven or Wisdom and muscular hero-types catch her fancy (not that they are likely to want to get married and settle down in a city).

3) Gold Fields Brewery: As the only business in town with a product intended primarily for export, the Gold Fields Brewery is enjoying considerable success: Being near the fields where their grain is actually grown allows the owner, **Manuel Strieffel**, the luxury of being picky with what he puts in his beer. Gold Fields beer, also called Greenbough Gold, is common fare all over the **Highback** Plains and is appearing in alehouses as far away as **Llorn** and **Southwatch**. Wagons filled with up to 30 casks at a time leave town weekly, each accompanied by two drivers and between six and eight men-at-arms. The beer's popularity is causing something of a logistics problem at the moment. Manuel has enough wagons but he can't find enough

trustworthy guards to accompany **them**. A few of the **Rurgans** have proposed sending some of their number with the shipments to gain first-hand experience but the Captain and the Town Council are against the idea. Note: The Brewery pays 250 gold for the round trip to Haven to any trustworthy soldier willing to make the run. Meanwhile, Manuel is looking to double the size of his operation, and the brewery could become an important industry for the town.

4) Everall Bowyer/Fletcher: The Elven bowyer, **Nath Everall** has lived in Greenbough for 150 years. He remembers when the town was little more than two dozen **farmhomes** and the Temple of Light. Nath is famous in the region for the quality of his bows and arrows. He is constantly backlogged with orders. For the past 100 years, he has made an annual spring excursion into the Disputed Lands in search of just the right bow wood and is sometimes gone until mid-summer. The farmers all dream of having an Everall Bow, and many save for years in order to **buy** one.

Nath is a quiet Elf, content to be alone **crafting** his bows and talking to the wood rather than entertaining guests. If asked where he gets his wood he merely shrugs and points north. He has absolutely no interest in the politics of Greenbough and is rarely seen except during festivals and on the infrequent occasions when he dines in the Harvest Inn. Nath approves of the Sheriff and the work he and his deputies are doing. Sometime ago, they helped him on the road when he was attacked by a band of brigands. In appreciation, he gave the **Sheriff's Station** in Greenbough 100 magical arrows. He declined to mention how he came to have them and refused payment of any kind. The Sheriff and his deputies all own Everall long bows.

Everall Bows & Arrows: Everall short bows cost 180 gold, have a base 420 foot (128 m) effective range and add +1 damage. Short bow arrows cost 25 gold per dozen, add an additional 30 feet (9.1 m) to the effective range, and enjoy a +1 strike bonus.

Everall long bows cost 250 gold, have a base 720 foot (219.5 m) effective range and add +3 to damage. Low bow arrows cost 40 gold per dozen, add an additional 40 feet (12.2 m) to the bow's range and are +1 to strike.

5) Town Hall: Town Hall was remodeled 30 years ago and is still in excellent condition. The building is made primarily of tan limestone imported from the south, with stained cherry paneling and molding on the interior. The structure is three-stories tall, making it the tallest building in town. It has a 45 foot (13.7 m) tall bell tower used for weddings, religious holidays and as a general warning siren.

The Town Hall is used mostly for offices by the city council although it also houses the **Sheriff's Department** and the small four-cell city jail. A large Council Chamber has enough space to seat up to 300 people and is used for official meetings. It also doubles as a courtroom when the need arises.

6) Sheriff's Station: The Greenbough **Sheriff's Station** is a squat, mud brick building that looks like a miniature fort. The station has enough room for all the lawmen to lodge at the same time, though this never occurs. People can go to the **Sheriff's Station** to report crimes or to find out news about events going on in the countryside. The Sheriff and at least three of his deputies are in town at all times and everybody knows them. They are willing to share information about brigands and possible hid-



ing places with other lawmen, Knights, Palladins, and known heroes, looking to avoid or hunt down the brigands.

Sheriff Revit, a surly Dwarf, is devoted to the welfare of the town. He views adventurers and unemployed soldiers as a threat to the public peace and keeps a close eye on them. Sheriff Revit makes a point to pay a visit to outsiders shortly after they arrive to warn them about the consequences of brawling and making trouble (a stiff fine of 250 gold and a night in the city jail). He also tells them that the town does not need troublemakers or careless adventurers bringing them any trouble, and he suggests their visit be a short one. The Sheriff is fair, and after the initial warning, will not harass anyone. As is his way, once he sets his mind to a task, it is nearly impossible to dissuade him of the notion, so it is with adventurers. No matter how much good they may do the town, he just won't accept that being an unemployed swordsman is an acceptable career. Ironically, although he and **Zorastion** agree on the dangers of adventurers, the Dwarf despises the Elf and won't talk to him under any but the most grievous of circumstances. Zorastion finds the situation humorous and goes out of his way to greet the surly Dwarf whenever the opportunity presents itself.

The Sheriff is assisted by six deputies, five humans and a truly gigantic Ogre named Chard who Revit raised like his own son (talk about an odd couple). The deputies do a good job of keeping visitors in line. They spend most of their time wandering the streets, visiting with the citizens, and flirting with girls.

Sheriff Revit (Quick Stats)

5th level Dwarven Mercenary Warrior

True Name: Revitick Grothengaar

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q. 13, M.E. 12, M.A. 7, P.S. 20, P.P. 15, P.E. 22, P.B. 10, Spd. 9

Hit Points: 47, S.D.C. 52.

Attacks Per Melee: 5

Bonuses of Note: Hand to Hand: Expert: +2 to strike, +3 to parry and dodge, +5 to damage, +2 to roll with **punch/fall/impact**, +4 to save vs magic and poison, +2 to save vs Horror Factor.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Shield (+2 parry, +1 strike), W.P. Battle Axe (+1D6 damage, +3 strike, +2 parry).

Chard (Quick Stats)

3rd level Ogre Mercenary Warrior

True Name: Vengdichard

Alignment: Unprincipled

Attributes: I.Q. 11, M.E. 14, M.A. 7, P.S. 28, P.P. 18, P.E. 24, P.B. 13, Spd. 15

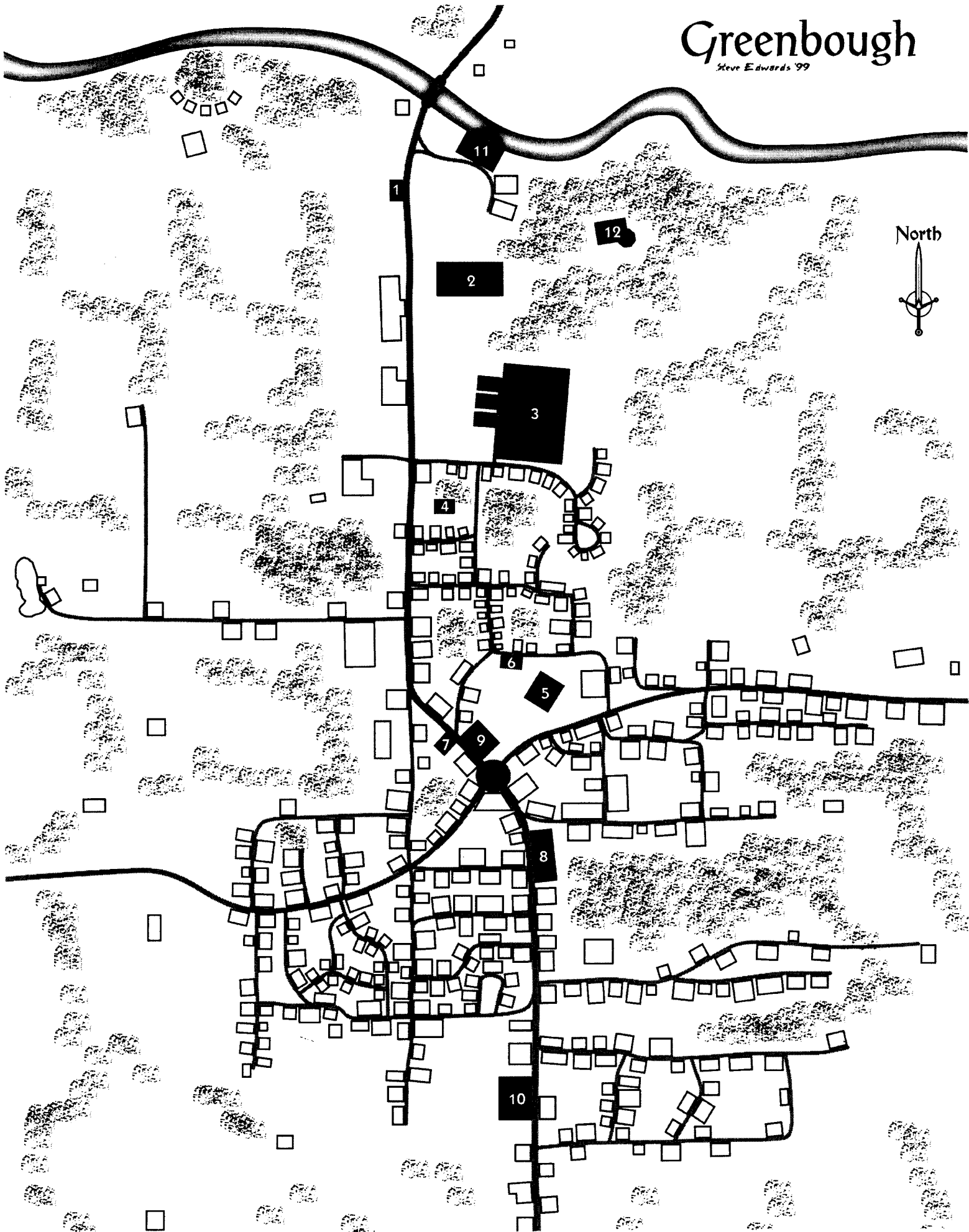
Hit Points: 42, S.D.C. 48.

Attacks Per Melee: 4

Bonuses of Note: Hand to Hand: Expert: +4 to strike, +5 to parry and dodge, +12 to damage, +2 to roll with **punch/fall/impact**, +5 to save vs magic and poison, +2 to save vs Horror Factor.

Greenbough

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Other Combat Info: W.P. Sword (+2 strike, +1 parry), W.P. Battle Axe (+1D6 damage, +2 strike, +1 parry), Hand to Hand: Basic (+2 to roll with **punch/fall/impact**, +2 to parry/dodge, kick attack).

The five other Deputies: One 4th level Ranger, one 3rd level Long Bowman, two 2nd level Mercenary Warrior and one 4th level Vagabond, all are humans of Scrupulous alignment.

7) Black Iron Forge: Owned by Arden **McKraken**, the Black Iron Forge is the most successful smithy in town, employing two assistant blacksmiths and a full-time apprentice. The human blacksmith primarily makes farm implements, barrel bands, horseshoes and wagon wheels, though he occasionally does some ornamentation work. Arden originally heralds from the southern Kingdom of the Eastern Territory, but fled when he was only 17. The blacksmith holds deep anger against the southern nobility. His greatest fear is that one day the southern Knights will come to **Greenbough** and take him back. On his way north, Arden learned the art of weapon smithing, but after being ambushed by brigands and seeing the carnage caused by swords, he lost his interest in weapons. Unless it is for a noble cause, Arden will not craft weapons of war, even for the Barracks of **Rurga** whom he respects. Ironically, if he had wanted, he could have been the finest human weapons smith in the East, rivaling some Kobolds. Even without practice, any weapon he creates gains +2 to damage and a +1 strike and parry due to its excellent balance and exceptional forging.

8) Weathersby's General Store: This is the largest store in town and stocks at least a little of most everything. Amongst his inventory are rolls of cloth and thick canvas, shoes, hats, cloaks, a few lanterns, rolls of rope, candles and an assortment of knives and a few swords. He even has a chain mail shirt hanging on a tailor's mannequin (human sized). All prices are standard and he is open to bartering. The store is owned by Jack **Weathersby** and his wife, Lori. They both genuinely like people and enjoy the interaction with their customers. Jack particularly enjoys bragging about **Greenbough's** prosperity and scoffs at comparisons with larger cities such as Haven. He asserts that Greenbough may be smaller, but has all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of the larger town.

9) Merchants' Guild House: The Merchants' Guild presence in Greenbough is very small, consisting of Ambassador **Ryan** and an administrative assistant. There is no legal team or Collectors assigned to the Guild House. The Guild representative is in town primarily for public relations. In addition to his duties in overseeing visiting **merchants**, he is responsible for keeping the Trade Road passing through Greenbough County safe and free of brigands. Ambassador Ryan pays the Marshals a sizable fee to patrol the Trade Road. This has proven to be of tremendous value to the town who no longer has to pay for the Marshals' services but still enjoys the benefits of them.

Ambassador Stephen Ryan was born in Greenbough, left the small town for Wisdom to attend the Institute of Magic and Science, and later found a position with the Merchants Guild. After serving in several towns of various sizes along the coast, Stephen was given the opportunity to return to Greenbough. He has been in Greenbough for three years and the City Council has come to depend on his advice and judgment on both legal and economic matters.

10) Temple of Light: The Greenbough Temple of Light is a small structure of wood and stone and is one of the oldest buildings in town. Living in the back of the chapel with his assistant, the aging Father Ichabald **Turpin** conducts weekly services and routinely visits the homes of the sick. In years past, he traveled amongst the outlying villages to ask **Isis's** blessing on the all-important crops. Unable to travel anymore, Father Ichabald has started sending his eager young assistant in his place. The **priest-in-training**, Shawn **Carven**, is well meaning and tries hard but his natural shyness and lack of self-confidence seems to land him in one embarrassing situation after another. This has worked in his favor as the farmers have taken a liking to him and welcome him wherever he goes. Shawn has a touch of wanderlust and would jump at the opportunity to accompany adventurers so long as they didn't leave Greenbough County.

Father Ichabald Turpin (Quick Stats)

9th level human Priest of Light

True Name: Ichabald Turpin

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q. 17, M.E. 19, M.A. 13, **P.S. 8, P.P. 6, P.E. 9, P.B. 11, Spd. 7**

Hit Points: 48, **S.D.C. 8**

Father Shawn Carven (Quick Stats)

1st level human Priest of Light

True Name: Shawnte Carven

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q. 13, M.E. 15, M.A. 23, **P.S. 11, P.P. 13, P.E. 17, P.B. 13, Spd. 15**

Hit Points: 17, **S.D.C. 11.**

11) Mill House: As the only miller in town, Royce **Tellamon** has a profitable business. As mayor, he is pretty much guaranteed to remain the only miller in town. The mill is located on the southern banks of the Skunk River. The water turns his three large grinding stones. Royce and his family run the entire operation by themselves and mill all the corn meal and wheat flour produced in Greenbough.

Of more interest to visitors is his open dislike of adventurers. His only son, Samuel, ran away five years ago with a small band of ex-soldiers led by a Warlock. Knowing his father would never allow him to go, Samuel snuck away in the middle of the night and hasn't been heard from since. From that night on, Royce has looked on all adventurers with disdain and some measure of distrust. He avidly supports Sheriff Revit's efforts to make sure that Greenbough doesn't allow free-swords to linger for long.

12) Home of Master Zorastion the Wizard: Situated in a grove of trees some 300 feet (91.4 m) from the Harvest Inn, the Home of Zorastion is an elaborate two-story affair with white-washed plaster walls, gray tile roof, and etched glass windows. Outside the house is a mixed garden of flowers, decorative shrubs and herbs tended by the Wizard's young apprentice, Jessain **McKraken**.

Zorastion came to Greenbough 15 years ago after he retired from his life as an adventurer. During his travels he visited most parts of the world with extensive travels all over the East, the Yin-Sloth Jungles and the Western Empire. He came to Greenbough to find peace and quiet so he could concentrate on his study of Diabolism. Two years ago, the Elf decided the daily

routine of caring for the house was too trifling and decided to hire a cleaning lady. When he hired on the blacksmith's daughter he expected to find a young woman without intelligence, drive or the ability to wield magic, but much to his surprise and private delight, he has found she has a talent for the mystic arts. He has since made her his apprentice, her tutelage paid for by her work around the house. Her magic skill is particularly focused when she creates with her hands.

The Elf seems to be cold and arrogant, especially towards adventurers. He has repeatedly sided with Royce in demanding that anyone in town must either live there or be conducting business. Otherwise, travelers are welcome to stay for two or three days, but then are expected to be on their way. Having lived his life as an adventurer, Zorastion is well aware of the trouble they can cause or bring with them. As for visiting Wizards and especially Diabolists, the Elf warms up to them quickly, although he would not be thrilled to have one move to town permanently. Zorastion spends his spare time studying the Circle Stones from afar. He has made several trips to the Stones and is convinced it is more than just another broken group of monoliths. Once **Jessain's** studies are a little more developed, he plans to make a more extensive study of the ruin, perhaps hiring a few adventurers to safeguard his back while he pokes at the Stones.

Master Zorastion (Quick Stats)

10th level Elven Wizard, 4th level Diabolist

True Name: Zorasfeld Dith'Aleen

Alignment: Anarchist

Attributes: I.Q. 17, M.E. 14, M.A. 6, P.S. 11, P.P. 17, P.E. 17, P.B. 21, Spd. 15

Hit Points: 66, S.D.C. 22.

P.P.E.: 240

Bonuses of Note: Hand to Hand: Basic: +1 to strike, +2 to parry and dodge, +2 to roll with **impact/punch/fall**, +4 to save vs magic, +1 to save vs poison, 55% **charm/impress**, and +4 to save vs Horror Factor; +3 to spell strength (opponents must roll a 15 or higher to save).

Magic of Note: All spells levels 1-3, plus Carpet of Adhesion, Magic Net, Energy Field, Fool's Gold, Repel Animals, Shadow Meld, Circle of Flame, Mend Cloth, Superhuman Speed, Superhuman Strength, Call Lightning, Fire Ball, Wind Rush, Reduce Self, Tongues, Dispel Magic Barriers, Negate Magic, Time Capsule, Protection Circle: Simple, and Create Magic Scroll.

Diabolism: All the basics, no circles.

Jessain McKraken (Quick Stats)

Barely a First Level Wizard, Human

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q. 15 M.E. 12, M.A. 11, P.S. 12, P.P. 10, P.E. 14, P.B. 19, Spd. 11

Hit Points: 66, S.D.C. 22.

P.P.E.: 42

Magic of Note: Blinding Flash, Globe of Daylight, Extinguish Fire, See the Invisible, Sense Magic, Ventriloquism, Chameleon and **Levitation**.

Note: She is very grateful to the Elf for teaching her magic and finds it to be most wondrous. She has not told her family about her new found knowledge nor decided what she's going to do with it. She is very inquisitive and caring, but she **doesn't** know if she wants to embark on a life of adventuring. For now,

there is a lot more Master Zorastion can teach her. She is especially interested in healing magic.

13. **Druids' Grove:** Located two miles (3.2 km) southeast of town, the Druids' Grove is not a part of the town. However, the Gnome Druid, **Glinn Oakenwart** is a long-time member of the City Council. His opinions on land use and the care of livestock are considered law in town. He and the other Druids of the grove care for the animals, plants, and the land in **Greenbough** County. They teach the farmers how to use a better three field system rather than the traditional two field system to increase the crop yield and keep the land fertile.

The grove is a small forest of oak, maple and elm growing at the base of a hill. Four Druids and a Kankoran live here when they are not busy traveling the region. A narrow path leads to a simple long house sheltered amongst the trees. Another path leads away to a small spring halfway down the back side of the hill. Glinn and the Kankoran (Graloo, 6th level Ranger, Anarchist) are old friends whose age is finally catching up to them, thus both can usually be found at the house. All the Druids are present during the summer and winter solstices. The solstices and exceptional astronomical events such as solar and lunar eclipses are considered especially sacred. Otherwise they are off wandering the woods.

Glinn Oakenwart (Quick Stats)

12th level, Gnome Druid

True Name: **Glinneroe** Oakenwart

Alignment: Principled

Attributes: I.Q. 19, M.E. 17, M.A. 13, P.S. 5, P.P. 7, P.E. 9, P.B. 13, Spd. 5

Hit Points: 30, S.D.C. 15

Glinn is a wiry little Gnome who long ago dedicated his life to building a lasting peace and respect between the earth and its inhabitants. He is not nearly as spry as he once was and rarely travels away from the Grove except to Greenbough to attend to his duties as a City Council member. Glinn knows about Glade and in his younger years, spent time under the magical tree. He also knows that the *Circle Stones* are magical, although what they hold or can do remains as much a mystery to him as to everyone else. He is careful to point out that the nearly impenetrable brambles that choke the depression in which the Stones rest is not natural, nor is its over-abundance of spiders, snakes, Rock Crawlers and Serpent Rats.





Williamshire

Member of the Domain of Man

Population: 680, all human

Military:

Followers of Rurga: 36

Major Temples:

Church of Isis

Sect of Rurga

Ruler: The village elders.

Coinage: Accepts any coinage but primarily uses Haven and Wisdom gold from the town of Greenbough.

Flag: None.

Williamshire is the second most prosperous community in Greenbough County, with extensive farmland and several craftsmen not typically found in the smaller villages. Other than the craftsmen and the population, Williamshire is just like any other village found on the **Highback Plains**. The village is built on either side of the slow moving **Skunk River**, with four small wood bridges spanning the water. In the center of the village is the Green, a holdout from the manorial village in the far south but, on the plains, used for gatherings rather than a stockyard. Around the green are the various craft shops and the shrine to Isis. Built around the craft shops and for some distance up and down the river are the homes of the farmers. The fields surround the village and occupy some 2,200 acres of arable land used both for food crops and for pasture.

The buildings are constructed mostly of wood, with packed earth floors covered with furs and blankets. Except for the blacksmith's shop, all roofs are thatched and must be replaced every year. The wealthier farmers have glass windows, but everyone else has either wood shutters or no windows. During the cold months, an extra layer of furs, blankets and often leaves are placed on the floor and over the windows. In some villages, livestock are kept in the home, but in Williamshire, most homes have sheds built onto the back for the milk cow and poultry. Herds of sheep and cattle are kept in communal pastures. Each is branded for identification purposes and watched by four full-time shepherds.

Williamshire is governed by a traditional quorum of elders, anyone over the age of 45, whose knowledge and experience is deemed one of the village's greatest treasures. Without a written code of law, the elders depend upon tradition to determine what is and is not considered a crime and the appropriate punishment. In most cases, punishment is limited to a fine, but violent crime can result in mutilation, hanging, or decapitation.

The people are poor by monetary standards with an average annual income of about 500 gold pieces. Although everyone has enough to eat and sufficient clothing, some farmers are extremely prosperous, owning as much as 200 acres while others own only enough to support their own family with about 20 acres for a family of 4. Others own no land at all, and work for the wealthier farmers. There are relatively few landless farmers since all one has to do is move outside the village onto land that has not yet been cleared and claim it for oneself. Other inhabitants of Williamshire who own only the land they live on, include the miller, a pair of carpenters, the tanner, a spinner, the shepherds and a blacksmith. The craftsmen occasionally work for money, but usually are paid with food and the ever-popular home brewed ale. During the warm months, the villagers spend most of their time outdoors. There is always work to be done whether it is tending the fields, mending fences, foraging in the countryside, hunting or brewing ale. Crime is minimal and typically limited to petty theft, mischievous boys, and occasional problems from outsiders and wild animals. There is no police or militia, as the people usually band together to face a problem and the followers of Rurga can handle most roughnecks and bandits who might come to town. If something comes along that

the villagers can't handle they send a messenger on the **village's** fastest horse to **Greenbough** to summon the Sheriff or his deputies (it is about a day's journey).

Although crime in **Williamshire** is a rare occurrence, in the past several months, the village has suffered a series of night-time livestock thefts and raids on the outlying fields. **Goblin** tracks lead away from the crime scenes and into the forest. It is plain that Goblins enter from the trees but their tracks disappear just beyond the tree line. Searches for underground tunnels have proven fruitless. The Greenbough Sheriff has been called in several times and while he agrees this seems to be the handiwork of Goblins, he can't track them in the trees any better than they can. While some believe the inhabitants of the nearby **Goblin village of Yeahk-Nark** are responsible, using some sort of magic to cover their trail, there is no proof of this. The Sheriff contends the Yeahk-Nark are innocent, but the villagers of Williamshire still suspect **otherwise**, and with each raid (roughly one every two weeks), they are becoming increasingly agitated. Some are talking of assembling all the men in the village and attacking the Goblin village outright, while others conspire to set traps (which never seem to work) and some suggest hiring adventurers to investigate.

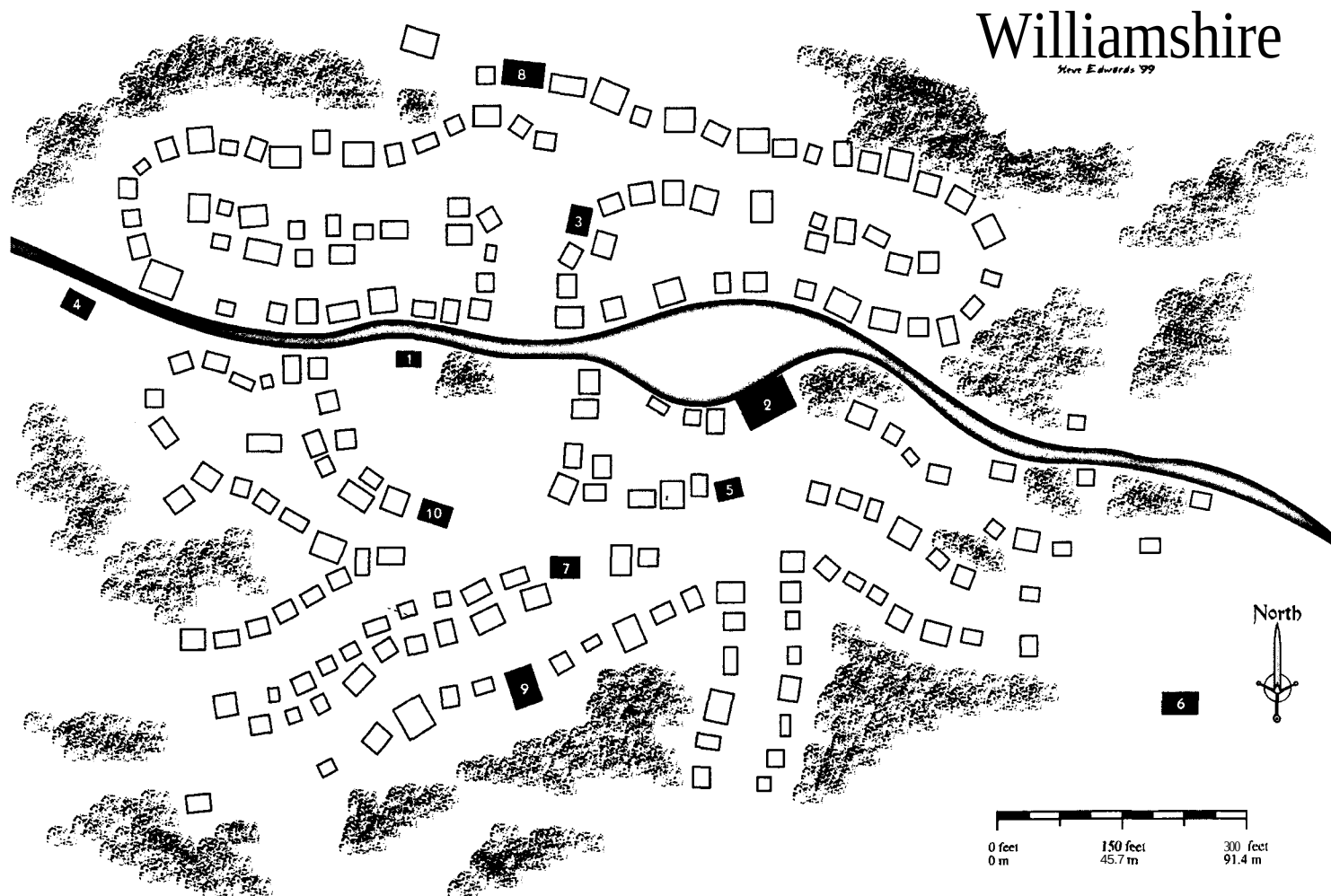
1) Shrine of Isis: The Shrine of Isis is a small, three wall, stone structure with a thatched roof and a statue of the goddess. The villagers bring their planting and harvest offerings (of a small handful of seeds in the spring and a token from the first produce of their fields in the fall). These offerings were used to support Father **Turpin**. Now, when Father **Carven** comes, (usually only twice per year), he lodges in the home of one of the

villagers. They are allowed to take enough food to feed the priest and the entire family for the duration of the stay from the village's winter stores.

2) Miller: Unlike Greenbough, most people own hand mills that they use to grind small amounts of flour. However, the yields from the fields are far too large for the villagers to grind themselves, and so they take it to the miller to dry, grind, and store in the village granary. The miller, Howard Edyerd, is a kindly elderly man whose wife passed away several years ago. His only daughter, still unmarried at 26, helps him in the mill. They hire several of the villagers to help haul the flour into the granary.

3) Carpentry Shop: Rollin Carpenter comes from a long line of carpenters (thus the last name) who used to live in the southern kingdoms, but came north some 100 years ago. Together with his three sons, Rollin builds ladders, barrels and wheelbarrows as well as builds homes and makes repairs. He is also a skilled **thatcher** and is kept busy during the warm months. Though not rich, he makes enough in money and food to live comfortably.

4) Tanner: The local tanner, Annie Weibler, came to Williamshire four years ago at the request of the village elders. Before then she lived in Lookout Hill, the main livestock producer in the county. Annie came to Williamshire to improve the quality of local leather products and to perhaps open a new business for the village to make money. In payment for losing a **tanner**, the village of Lookout Hill was paid 80 bushels of wheat and 120 bushels of barley.



Annie is a stern woman who is as tough as the leather with which she works. In addition to tanning, she also crafts belts, tack and harnesses and can make an excellent pair of leather boots, provided one is inclined to pay her rather steep fee (12 gold per pair, most sell at the fairs in the town of Greenbough). Payment for her services is 5 gold per hide, barter, or she is given one out of every three hides she tans. She keeps immaculate ledgers on each of her customers, specifying when and what quantity of leather she used for them. Due to trouble with raiders, she has started working on a suit of leather armor which promises to have 15 more S.D.C. than an ordinary suit. She can also repair leather armor.

5) Spinner: This small operation is operated by Cam **Rothers** and his wife Ronda. **Williamshire** does not produce flax or cotton and must import it. The **Rothers** buy flax from **Grausshire** and cotton from **Grausshire** and **Hammingshire**, both primary producers of these crops for several counties. Through the winter, the **Rothers** make cloth then store it in a specially constructed underground room. It is then sold to villagers and in the fairs in Greenbough town in the spring and summer months.

6) Barracks of Rurga: The **Williamshire Barracks** is new and is still constructed of wood. The members are slowly gathering funds to construct a stone building. Most of the time, the **Barracks** is overseen by **Andrew Vassing**, the senior member of the **Sect** in **Williamshire**. **Andrew** is an advanced student who has spent considerable training time in the **Greenbough Barracks**. The **Captain** is only able to visit **Williamshire** once per month during the warm season and only once during the winter. The **Barracks** has gradually attracted more followers as word of the impending war against the **Wolfen** sinks home. **Vassing** has organized the **Barracks** into roving teams of 4 armed with quarter staff or axe that take turns patrolling the fields. A score of villagers have joined the **Rurgans**, vainly trying to stop the raiding. Neither group has had any noticeable impact. **Vassing** is amongst the most outspoken proponents to attack the **Goblin** village. Back in **Greenbough**, **Captain Valiance** is undecided about a response to the raids. For now, he is depending upon the locals to find the true culprits.

Andrew Vassing (Quick Stats)

3rd level human Peasant Farmer

True Name: Andrew Roy Vassing

Alignment: Unprincipled

Attributes: I.Q. 12, M.E. 13, M.A. 12, P.S. 17, P.P. 15, P.E. 17, P.B. 13, Spd. 13

Hit Points: 28, S.D.C. 18.

Attacks Per Melee: 4

Bonuses: +2 to damage, +1 to save vs magic/poison.

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Sword (+1 strike) and W.P. Shield (+1 parry).

Weapons: Short Sword (2D4), Dagger (1D6).

7) Blacksmith: **Oliver Hunt's** family has lived in **Williamshire** for six generations and were among the original farmers who settled the village. **Oliver's** father moved to **Greenbough**, where he apprenticed with the blacksmith and married **Oliver's** mother. After several years, they moved back to **Williamshire** and replaced the existing smith. He took on his father's trade and has done an acceptable job for the past eight years. **Oliver** can craft simple knives and axes but can't make swords or armor. He spends most of his time repairing farm

tools, making horseshoes, nails, bolts, chain, and sharpening plows and knives.

8) Bernece Harnsbow residence: **Bernece** is the lone newcomer to **Williamshire**. A scholar from the *University of Truth*, **Bernece** has taken a sabbatical to write a treatise on the farming methods of the **Highback Plains** farmers, ostensibly to teach a course on agricultural theory back in **Haven**. The middle-aged man has been in **Williamshire** for one winter and is often found, quill pen and parchment in hand, busily scribbling notes and making drawings about plowing or planting. He expects his work to be finished after the harvest and is considering making a side-trip to the **Circle Stones** before he heads back to **Haven**.

9) Williams residence: This residence is the largest in town and is home to three generations of **Williamses**. Originally there were two separate houses, but as the family multiplied, they found it more economical to connect the two homes rather than build a third one. The family owns over 300 acres of farmland and a small apple orchard. They routinely disagree with the **Vassing** family and are against attacking the **Goblins**. They would rather hire adventurers. The **Williams** family is the oldest in town and, at one time, owned all the land in the village.

10) Vassing residence: The **Vassings** are the **Williams'** chief competitors in town. The family owns 180 acres of land but also owns the majority of the sheep and cattle. They are distantly related to the **Williamses**. Each likes nothing more than to outdo the other. About the only thing they can agree on is to disagree. The family has sided with the middle son, **Andrew Vassing**, in encouraging an attack against the **Goblins** of **Yeahk-Nark**. But many village folk think their stance is more because the **Williamses** have come out against an attack than in any strong belief that the **Goblins** are guilty.

Yeahk-Nark

Not a member of the Domain of Man

Population: 280 (30 are recent additions to the tribe)

93% Goblin

7% Hob Goblin

Military: None, per se; typical O.C.C. s are Thief (27%), Mercenary Warrior (20%), **Vagabond/Farmer** (50%) and other (3%).

Major Temples: None

Ruler: Chief **Haknak**; **Ringbingal**, the Shaman, is effectively his advisor and Second in Command.

Coin: None; accept any but mostly trade.

Flag: None.

Yeahk-Nark, the Gobblely word for "Good Life," would be just any other struggling village on the periphery of **Greenbough County** if it were not for the fact its entire population is **Goblin**. Half the time the village is the brunt of people's jokes and ridicule, the other half suspicion and hate — getting blamed whenever something unexplained or bad happens in the villages in the western half of **Greenbough County**. Although not exceptionally skilled at agriculture, the **Goblins** of **Yeahk-Nark** work hard at it, struggling in the fields day after day just as much as the human farmers do. Yet most humans are of the opinion that the **Goblins** (and ALL **Goblins**) are lazy scoundrels and born

thieves. Thus, (they are on (he (op of (he "usual/suspects" list whenever anything bad happens in the county.

Yeahk-Nark began as a secluded hideaway in the nearby woods. At that time, some eighty years ago, it was home to just over 30 Goblins and a dozen Hob Goblins who regularly raided the farms to the north and south of **Greenbough** County. Their war chief was a cunning Cobbler who was also a Priest of **Tark**. **Ha was always careful not to raid the farms nearby, fearing** rightly that to do so would result in a concerted effort by the humans to root out and destroy them. To further protect against discovery, the Goblins dug a network of shallow underground tunnels as **secret hiding places** so no one **could** track them back to their lair. In time, the Goblins' population grew and with it, their food requirements. Unable to survive solely on raiding and foraging, they started to copy the humans and raise a few pigs and sheep and grow corn and beans along the edge of the woods (hidden away from casual travelers). The crop yields were dismally low, but enough to satisfy their needs, and the end result of their hard work surprisingly rewarding. At the same time that some of the Goblin raiders turned to farming, a division occurred in the leadership between those whose loyalty to Tark was waning (they wanted to cease the raiding altogether) and the devoted worshipers of Tark, God of Thieves (who wished the banditry to continue). When a large band of Goblin raiders, **led** by the war chief, were ambushed and **killed** on the northern fringes of Greenbough County, it gave those who wanted to give up their life of crime the chance to do so, driving away the few remaining devotees of the dark god.

Fearing reprisal from the local settlers, the Goblin farmers collapsed the secret tunnels and moved out of the forests into the open plains some 35 miles (56 km) west of **Williamsburg**. They named their new home, Yeahk-Nark for the "good life" they dreamed of and the Goblins set to work clearing fields and building homes. Forty years later, the village has grown to include over forty buildings and encompasses 640 acres of arable land. Without beasts of burden, for whom the Goblins don't have the ability or patience to use, they plow the fields in teams of 12, ten to pull and the other two to guide the wood and bone plow. The village recently acquired four mules and a horse, but no one can figure out how to use them to pull a plow.

The only crops grown are corn, beans and potatoes with pumpkins and squash grown near the houses. There is no private ownership of land. Everyone is expected to take part in planting and harvest as well as the constant chore of weeding. The only ones exempted from field work are the current leader **Chief Haknak** and the shaman, **Ringbingal**. The harvest is taken to the communal granary for drying and then dispersed to the citizens by their leaders. A winter store equal to about half the total harvest is kept in six circular granaries constructed of rubble walls and an extra thick thatched roof. Despite their years of raising crops, the Goblins still only manage to use between half and three-quarters of the land's ability to produce. The villagers regularly have to forage for roots, berries and nuts as well as hunt the ever-present deer, squirrels and raccoons. Rats and mice are not the constant problem humans have because the Goblin females and children hunt and eat them too! ("You don't know what good is until you've eaten rat and mouse stew," the Goblins gleefully tell visitors as they offer a bowl to them.)

The community has no livestock except a few pigs, sheep and chickens (which are used both for meat and for eggs). Ev-

everything that is grown in the **fields** is intended for the **villagers** to eat. Clothing is always leather as they have nothing to trade for cloth and can't produce it themselves.

Structurally, the village is laid out similar to Williamsburg with a central yard ringed by homes. Unlike the human settlers, the Goblins' homes are little more than 3 foot (.9 m) deep holes with steeped roofs of thatch. Though dirty, the earth keeps them **comfortably cool in the warm summer months and allows them** to use far less wood to keep them warm in the winter. Last summer, Haknak got the idea to use sod for the ceilings rather than the notoriously leaky thatch. With the arrival of the new immigrants, **he hasn't had the time to work on his idea.**

There are no craft shops in the village aside from the carpenter who is responsible for making the plows and various other primitive tools required for farming. Even so, the carpenter, **Jink** (a 4th level Cobbler; one of three in the village), is expected to take his turn in the fields during the planting and harvesting period though he does not have to do the weeding chores in between.

The community depends upon their shaman to keep the earth spirits happy. **Most (about 65%) have completely rejected Tark as their god, and see Isis as a possible replacement, since that's the god the human farmers worship, and their crops seem to do well.** The residents are very resistant to the missionaries who come to town proclaiming the greatness of a variety of gods. The human priest of Greenbough County has shown no interest in visiting Yeahk-Nark, so for now, the Goblins depend upon the shaman Ringbingal to conduct the bloodletting rituals at planting and harvest time and to deal with severe thunderstorms. When a Tusker, wolves or brigands threaten the community, the people look to Warrior Chief Haknak to solve the problem. He is usually assisted by a half dozen to a dozen of the tribe's warriors (2nd-5th level).

Yeahk-Nark has seen a decade of relative prosperity where they have had enough to eat most of the time. The last winter, though, was rough. A mixed clan of Goblins and Hob Goblins immigrated to the village from further south, none of whom having any kind of agricultural skill or experience. If it were not for the mules, horse and the small quantity of gold they brought with them, Chief Haknak would never have allowed them to stay over the objections of Shaman Ringbingal. When spring came, the villagers intended to take the gold, purchase a steel plow, and hire a farmer or Druid to show them how to plow with animals. They managed to procure the plow from the blacksmith in Greenbough, but they couldn't get anyone to show them how to use the animals. Without further instruction, the Goblins have only been able to open about half the crop land needed to support the expanded village community, and Haknak and the shaman are very worried about the next winter.

More troublesome is the fact that a month after the newcomers' arrival, raids began on human villages within a days travel of Yeahk-Nark, mostly focused on **Williamshire**. The War Chief has not sanctioned any raids and has assembled the entire village several times to make sure no one there is responsible for the incidents. He was initially suspicious of the newcomers, but there has never been any evidence of misbehavior, nor any sign of the stolen livestock or booty (and as much as he hates to admit it, Goblins aren't good at concealing things like that). The newcomers *seem* loyal to the village and have been toiling in the



fields as hard as anyone else, so he has decided the timing must be coincidence. Still fearful that the humans will accuse them and attack the village in retaliation, **Haknak** has personally visited the town of Greenbough and has repeatedly allowed the sheriff to investigate **Yeahk-Nark** for stolen livestock and loot. He would have traveled to **Williamshire** to proclaim the **Goblins'** innocence himself, but the sheriff advised against it, instead he spoke at the town on their behalf. The Goblins of Yeahk-Nark have even begun investigating the area themselves,

hoping to find the culprits and prove their innocence, but so far they are as baffled as anyone else.

1) Haknak's Residence: The dwelling is much like all the others in town except that it is two stories tall and has an iron heating stove instead of a fireplace. A wide courtyard of crushed rock faces the front door and is where he makes official decisions that affect the entire village.

War Chief Haknak (Quick Stats)

7th level Goblin Cobbler - Mercenary Warrior

True Name: **Haknaker Blunderkite**

Alignment: Unprincipled

Attributes: I.Q. 12, M.E. 14, M.A. 9, P.S. 15, P.P. 21, P.E. 15, P.B. 5, Spd. 15 running, 4 digging.

Hit Points: 48, S.D.C.: 32.

Armor: Studded Leather (A.R. 13, S.D.C. 38).

Attacks Per Melee: 5

Bonuses of Note: Hand to Hand: Basic & Wrestling: +4 to strike, +6 to parry and dodge, +4 to pull punch, +2 to roll with **punch/fall/impact**, kick attack, paired weapons, +1 to save vs magic, +1 to save vs possession, +6 to save vs Horror Factor. Cobbler and P.P. bonuses included.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Sword (+2 strike/parry) and W.P. Archery (+2 strike, +1 parry, +100 **feet/30.5 m** range, ROF: 5).

Cobbler Abilities: Metamorphosis into a small animal such as a cat, dog, weasel, large spider, etc. Haknak's favorites are a black cat or squirrel, which is why he allows cats in the village (it helps conceal his secret **metamorphed** cat identity as well as keeps rodent problems to a minimum). Also adept at carpentry (65%), boat building (70%), and **sculpting/whittling** (70%).

Magic (Faerie): As a Cobbler he can cast the following twice a day: Mend Wood, Wither Plants, Sense Magic, Charm, Darkness and Tongues.

Weapons: Short sword (**2D4**), small hand axe (1D6), and short bow (1D6)

Note: The vast majority (90%) of the original villagers and 60% of the newcomers like their life in Yeahk-Nark and are loyal to and trusting of the War Chief.

Chief Haknak is an intelligent fellow, especially by Goblin standards. He has spent most of his life leading and looking after the people of Yeahk-Nark. Like most of the villagers, he lacks an evil intent and wishes only for the humans who live around him to leave them be and accept them as equals. Haknak **has** often contemplated why it is that the Goblins of Yeahk-Nark are so different from their kin elsewhere. Though he can't say for sure, he thinks that the difference may be that they have managed to survive on their own so long without the leadership or protection of a stronger being that they have finally found the "self-confidence and pride" otherwise lacking in their people. Chief **Haknak's** greatest dream (one he keeps private even from his closest friends) is of a unified Goblin city-state sharing equal status with the human states in the Domain of Man. He sees Yeahk-Nark as a testing-ground for the skills his people will need to survive on their own in the world of men. Thus far, he is happy with the results. (Note: See page 300 of the *Palladium Fantasy RPG® 2nd Ed.* for complete info on Hob-Goblins, Goblins & Cobblers.)

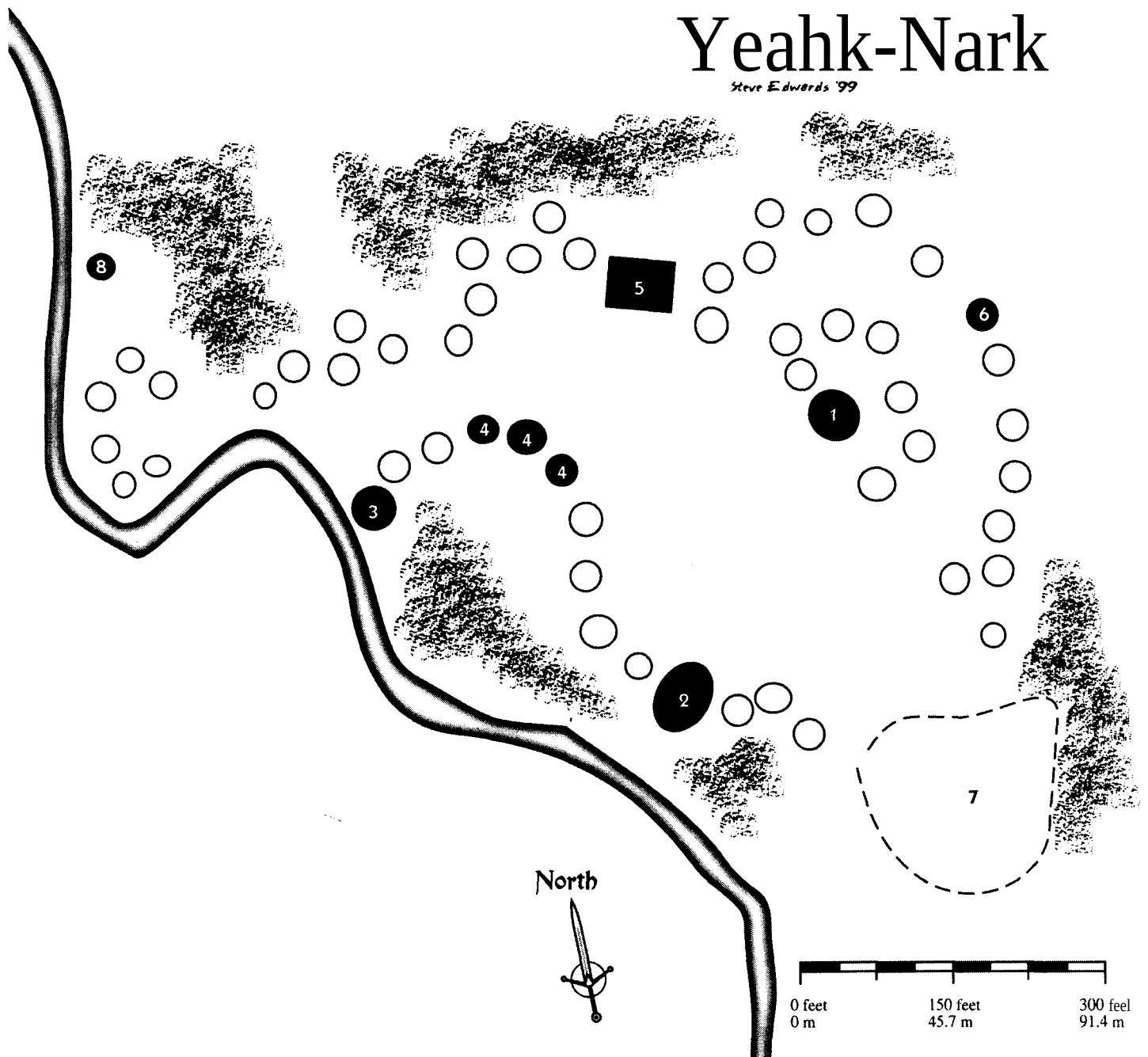
2) **Ringbingal's Home:** The 6th level (Anarchist) shaman's residence is unique in that it has a thick wall of stone gathered from the fields and the nearby steam bed. No one else in the village has enough free time to devote to the painstaking drudgery of hauling fist-sized stones and cementing them in place with a combination of grass and mud. Far from being envious of his sturdy abode, the people of **Yeahk-Nark** point to their shaman's home with pride. A further oddity is its elongated oval shape as opposed to the normal circular construction. The interior has a packed earth floor covered with fur rugs and is divided into four rooms, three sleeping chambers and a common room where the meals are prepared and guests are met. It is also where he does his **shamanistic** medicine as well as divining the spirit world. He can also be found on the houses' roof meditating or listening to the wind.

Ringbingal's family came to Yeahk-Nark shortly after the Goblins moved onto the plains. Originally heralding from the

Old Kingdom, his father was a powerful shaman, as was his father before him. Upon his father's death, **Ringbingal** took over as the village shaman, tending to the spiritual needs of his people and of the day to day welfare of his aging mother and younger sister. He is extremely protective of his family and can be easily driven into an insane rage if they are threatened.

Ringbingal believes strongly in the spirits of the earth, the plants and animals. His responsibility to the tribe is grave, so he appears to others as grim, with flinty eyes and a voice of iron. Amongst his family, he is kind and gentle, helping his sister in the garden and hand-feeding his mother.

Shaman Ringbingal advises Chief **Haknak** on issues that affect the spirit world and farming, mostly in regard to what and where to plant specific crops, and more recently, regarding the unknown raiders. That the perpetrators are Goblins is, to him, without question, but "who" these mysterious raiders are, and what their ultimate goals may be, remain a mystery. Ringbingal



fears they are the spirits of the slain priest of **Tark** and his followers come to punish their murderers but Chief **Haknak** is skeptical. He sees the handiwork of mere mortals at play here. The two men are as close as brothers and both like and respect each other.

3) Mill: The **Yeahk-Nark** mill has no water-wheel driven grinding stones nor the technical skill to create one. Instead, the mill has two dozen large bowls where the corn is ground by hand and then dumped into woven baskets to be stored for later use. The process is laborious and is limited mostly to women and those men who can not work in the fields. This is not to say that the women don't work in the fields. They have the added responsibility of grinding after the grain's been harvested. The mill is considered a communal building and looked after by everyone.

4) Communal Granaries: The granaries are three times as deep as the homes with floors extending down 10 feet (3 m) or so, with above ground walls reaching as high as 6 feet (1.8 m) with a pointed roof. No fewer than six cats live in each grain house, hunting the hordes of mice and rats who are attracted to the abundant supply of food.

The granaries are looked after by *Grain Master Bock*, a hulking Hob-Goblin weighing in at 145 pounds (65 kg) and towering five feet (1.5 m) tall. His no-nonsense attitude is mocked, but also respected by the rest of the community who understand the importance of his job, they just think he takes himself a little too seriously. Among his duties are to keep an accurate count of how many baskets of grain, corn and beans are stored, and who has taken their share, and making sure that enough is held back for the winter. He is also responsible for distributing and safeguarding the food stores. Part of his operation includes a number of cats to keep the rodents at bay and iron locks that he stole while in **Greenbough** several years ago. Bock knows that the ceilings are of thatch so it would not be too difficult to cut one's way through the roof. With the raiders attacking the human settlements, the Grain Master believes it is only a matter of time before Yeahk-Nark is likewise raided. He has talked to **Ringbingal** about summoning a spirit protector for the granaries, something that the Shaman insists he will not do. As a last resort, Bock is prepared to stay up at night to guard the granaries with his two Hob-Goblin assistants (3rd level Thief & Farmer) lending their watchful eyes as well. He has not stopped to consider how he will fulfill his field duties if he is too tired, but then again he has trouble thinking about more than one thing at a time. Fortunately, he has a talent for math and a photographic memory for numbers (5th level Thief, Anarchist alignment).

5) Communal Barn: This large (14 foot/4.2 m tall), square structure houses the village's livestock, currently consisting of the aforementioned four mules, horse, 24 pigs, 35 rabbits, and three goats found wandering on the outskirts of the village. In a loft built above the animal pens is a storage area for the plows and other tools. The Animal Master, a scrappy flop-eared Hob-Goblin by the name of *Dabrabbel*, lives with the animals on a flimsy cot erected between the horse stall and the pig pen. He is responsible for the care of the animals, seeing that they get enough to eat and get out for exercise. During the warm months, Dabrabbel frequently takes the pigs out to the forest to forage, and they always come when he calls. His talent with animals surprised most everyone, as his intelligence is dismal (I.Q. 4, M.A. 11) even when compared to others of his kind. His most

stimulating conversations are either with the pigs or with the rake he uses to muck out the stalls. Tucked under his shirt and nestled within a dirty leather pouch worn around his neck is a tiny statue of a bird no larger than a thumbnail that he found in a creek-bed several years ago in the south. The statue functions as an *amulet of animal control* and seems to work automatically whenever he speaks an order to any of the barnyard animals. It only works on animals which have been placed in his care. He does not know that the statue is magical or that it gives him this power.

6) Carpenter Shop: Operated by Jink, a middle-aged Goblin Cobbler, the carpenter shop is a small cluttered building with pieces of sticks and wood shavings littering the floor. Hanging on the walls over his sleeping blankets are a collection of stones and sharpened bone tools, a metal hand axe, four old iron knives, a hammer, a mallet, chisels, awls and files that he uses in his work. He also has a rusting iron saw with over half its teeth missing that he found discarded alongside the Midway. Jink is constantly busy repairing plows, shoring up walls and fixing thatch. In addition, he spends two days per week in the fields alongside everyone else, a task he resents and finds terribly boring. 4th level vagabond carpenter/woodworker, Aberrant evil, but completely loyal to the tribe; I.Q. 9, P.S. 15, P.P. 22, all others average.

7) Boneyard: The graveyard is located on the south side of the village courtyard and is surrounded by a rough wooden fence. The grass is kept short by allowing the animals to graze there. The only markers are stones gathered from the river bed. Only about a quarter of the village's dead are buried here. The rest are laid to rest in the family garden where their body enriches the soil.

During the last night of fall, the entire community comes to the **boneyard** to honor the spirits of the dead and to ask for their help in keeping the wild spirits of the earth restrained. The assembly is a solemn affair in which the people darken their faces with soot or mud and chant within a circle until dawn.

8) Home of Chablick: Chablick is one of the Goblins who arrived last winter and has made a real contribution to the village. He has been quick to learn farming and is looked to as the unofficial spokesman of the new citizens of Yeahk-Nark. He is mild mannered, always with the right thing to say and ever willing to pitch-in and work. In private he devotes his time to worship Tark, and ensuring that his "flock" (half the other new arrivals) keeps the faith while maintaining absolute secrecy about his true nature as a priest of the Spider God.

Chablick and those who arrived with him herald from the Old Kingdom. He was sent to Yeahk-Nark by a vision from Tark to restore his place as the only true deity of "the people." He quickly deduced the people's paranoia regarding the Spider-God so is forced to conduct services in secret. One of the first things he did upon arriving was to dig a tunnel hideaway located some 20 miles (32 km) away, and blessing it as a temple to Tark. Not an easy task, but together with the other four Cobblers who came with him, they fly to the hideout two or three times each week and work most of the night before returning before sunrise. No one knows they are Cobblers and if anyone finds out, they are sure to have an unfortunate accident. On the nights he is not working at the temple, he spends his time spying on the other members of the community, learning their secrets and weaknesses. He has allowed the other Cobblers and four Goblin

assassins in his band to raid the surrounding communities to keep their penchant for cruelty sated. They would like to start kidnaping human villagers, especially children, but like Chief **Haknak**, Chablick is afraid of angering the humans to the point of razing **Yeahk-Nark**, which defeats their entire purpose for coming here.

A tunnel in the floor of each of their homes leads to the surface some 1,000 feet (305 m) out of the village. When they raid, the Cobblers fly to their target before changing back into their **humanoid** form. After they have eaten their fill and toyed with any animal they have stolen, they either let the animal go or kill it, change back into ravens and fly back home before any is the wiser. The assassins only join them occasionally, but sometimes attack travelers and lone hunters. They are all bloodthirsty fiends and despite their concerns about evoking the wrath of the humans, it is only a matter of time before they start stealing children instead of sheep, pigs and trinkets.

Chablick is the proverbial wolf in sheep's clothing. He outwardly seems kind and hardworking, but underneath he is a black-hearted fiend dedicated to subverting the village and making them return to their old ways and accept **Tark**, or suffer the consequences. He will do anything from bribery and promises, to torture and blackmail to turn the people of Yeahk-Nark to his god. Failing that, he will sabotage the village's crops, food stores and even lead the humans to them, in order to destroy the village and force them to become nomads and thieves again. Back home, Chablick has earned a reputation as being a Goblin without a conscience, and who would sacrifice his own mother if it would further his goals or those of his god.

Should Chablick ever manage to gain control of the village, he will first reestablish a permanent settlement at the Temple of Tark and will have them all go back to a life of robbery, raiding and bushwhacking. As he sees it, his three main obstacles are the Shaman, the Chief and the carpenter (the latter two also Cobblers). However, unknown to him, other than the assassins and five Cobblers in his band, the other newcomers who accompanied them have quickly come to appreciate life at Yeahk-Nark, and two of them know what he and his band are up to. So far they have been afraid to say or do anything, but both (a young male and female betrothed to each other) are trying to build up the courage to tell Chief Haknak. Meanwhile, the Chief and shaman have their suspicions about the four assassins, because they clearly hate farming and tend to congregate only among themselves.

Chablick (Quick Stats)

6th level Goblin Cobbler & Priest of Darkness

True Name: Chablick Xelmit

Alignment: Diabolic

Attributes: I.Q. 9, M.E. 14, M.A. 6, P.S. 17, P.P. 23, P.E. 15, P.B. 5, Spd. 15 running, 2 digging

Hit Points: 56, S.D.C. 36

P.P.E.: 65

Armor: Leather of **Armor** (A.R. 15, S.D.C. 60)

Bonuses: Hand to Hand: Assassin: +6 to strike, +7 to parry/dodge, +6 to damage, +4 to disarm, +3 to roll with **punch/fall/impact**, body flip/throw, +1 to save vs magic, +1 to save vs possession, +3 to save vs Horror Factor, +1 to spell strength (opponents need a 13 or higher to save), +3 to

save vs poison, immune to spider venom, +1 to save vs **drugs/toxic** fumes. Includes Cobbler and attribute bonuses.

Attacks Per Melee: 6

Cobbler Abilities: Metamorphosis into a small animals. Chablick and his minion prefer the form of a large, black spider, rat or raven. Also adept at carpentry (+10%), boat building (+10%), and **sculpting/whittling** (+10%).

Magic (Faerie): All Cobblers can cast the following twice a day: Mend Wood, Wither Plants, Sense Magic, Charm, Darkness and Tongues.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Knife (+2 strike, +3 parry), W.P. Blunt and W.P. Chain (+2 to strike).

Weapons: Magic Dagger: **teleports** wielder up to five miles (8 km) 5x daily; does 1D6 damage. Also has two silver plated daggers (1D6 damage) and a flail (2D6 damage)

Note: The other four Cobblers are only 3rd level (Miscreant) and the four assassins (Diabolic) are only 2nd level.

Chablick's Spider Familiar: Chablick, like all priests of Tark, received his spider familiar when he was initiated. The creature looks like an 8 inch tarantula with a black body and reddish orange **markings** on its belly. The spider spends most its time in Chablick's home, hiding in the thatched ceiling. At night, the spider ventures forth to spy on the other members of the community.

Attributes of Note: I.Q. 8, P.S. 4, P.P. 10, Spd. 12

Hit Points: 8; S.D.C.: 12

Attacks Per Melee: 1

Damage: Bite does 1 point of damage plus roll vs non lethal poison else suffer 1D4+4 additional points of damage. Everything the spider sees and hears, so does Chablick.

Bonuses: Prowl 80% and +2 to dodge.



The Tegyn Peninsula



destroyed wherever they are found, but they grow quickly and can only be contained, not wiped out.

The Tegyn Peninsula occupies nearly all of the South. It has several large geographic features of note: the **Wyndglade Marshes** on its southern tip, the dazzling beaches of the Gold Coast on its eastern shores, the strange and mysterious **Mound Hills** in the interior and the **White Rock Mountains** on the southwest coast. Aside from the land along the Old Kingdom River, the soil is predominantly sandy and dominated by ferns and pine trees. It is poor for large-scale farming, so much of the populace is forced to work in the immense citrus groves and vineyards owned by the nobility, and import much of their grains and other produce from the independent communities in the northeast as well as the southern kingdoms. Farther inland, among the hills and pine forests, the people raise large herds of sheep, goats and pigs. Beef is imported from the nearby Timiro Kingdom and from the **Highback Plains** where cattle ranges are plentiful. Deer and wild boar, both of which can be found in abundance, have been universally declared the province of the nobility and knighthood, but are also sold in the markets and are highly coveted, although expensive for the average working man (they hunt rabbit, squirrel, possum, **muskrat** and fowl). Anyone caught poaching either deer or boar is subject to a fine of 80 gold per animal killed. Obviously, this is a difficult edict to enforce. Peasants living in the wilder portions of the South routinely poach these animals without anyone being the wiser.

The noble tradition. The peninsula is divided into estates and kingdoms under the rule and ownership of the nobility. Originally, this arrangement was mutually beneficial to both the noble lords whose money and military made it possible to settle the land and build a town, and to the peasants who worked the land. Strong armed forces were crucial **in** defending against the constant threat of attack from the monster races, and, at first, the nobility treated the working class well, if not as equals. Unfortunately, that changed as the region became more "civilized" and tame. Today, the threat of invasion is virtually nonexistent. For the most part, the monster tribes in the Old Kingdom are unorganized, splintered and undisciplined savages who know not to trifle with the militarily strong southern kingdoms of the East and home of the Dominion Army.

Politics, economics and true power throughout the Tegyn Peninsula are controlled by the nobility and **harken** to the old ways of Timiro and the Western Empire. Most Eastern settlers strongly disapprove, and many of the free and independent communities north of the peninsula refuse to trade with those **in** the south. The "lord and **serf**" system causes constant social unrest and disharmony in the region, with **riots**, work strikes and vandalism a frequent problem (usually broken up via military force). In the southern kingdoms, only the nobles can legally own property and maintain an armed force. The common folk live primarily to serve their noble landlords, and endure an endless succession of work and taxes. The region has a history of instability and turmoil because this is exactly the way of life rejected throughout the rest of the Eastern Territory. To add to the

The Southern Kingdoms of the East

The geography of the south is exceptionally diverse, ranging from seacoast and flood plain to mountains and swamp land. Mostly **situated** on the Tegyn Peninsula, the **South's** climate is mild in the winter (45-65 degrees Fahrenheit), with only the northernmost edges ever seeing snow (drops below freezing 2D4 times each winter, getting an accumulation of 2D6 inches of snow per winter). Elsewhere, the winters are dreary, cold and damp with lots of rain and fog. The summer months make up for the easy winters with the average temperature hovering in the range of 82-96 degrees Fahrenheit (28-36 C) and high humidity. Monster attacks are rare with most occurring along the *Old Kingdom River*. Marauding bands of **Orcs**, Goblins and Ogres along with the occasional Troll or **Giant** represent the most likely assailants. Other hazards include Land Squid, Devil Diggers, **Gruunor**, Rock **Crawlers**, Scorpion Devils, Serpent Rats, **Suckers**, and the occasional **Bearman**, Chimera, Dragon Wolf, **Waternix**, Eye Killer, Owl Thing, Tusker and Worm of Taut (all). Away from the Old Kingdom border, the primary threat are the growing numbers of highway robbers, the occasional Tusker and, ironically enough, some of the southern **kingdoms'** own soldiers. The man-eating **Tangle Vines** (see *Monsters and Animals™*, page 145) are giant, menacing weeds that thrive in the subtropical temperatures of the south. The cursed vines are

region's problems, the nobles frequently go to war over "land and honor" in a bid to be the dominant power in the land. The most ambitious dream of reuniting the **Tegyn** Peninsula under the legendary *Ivory Throne* located in Peningshir. The only thing keeping the nobles from engaging in large-scale open warfare is their Charter membership in the Domain of Man and the threat of invasion from the Western Empire (or even **Timiro**) if the discord makes them look too divided and weak. As a result, court intrigue, price wars, unfair trade practices, industrial espionage (namely undermining manufacturing and trade) and assassination have become the "new weapons" in the battlefields of commerce and politics.

Noble estates. In general, the nobles' land holdings are broken into nearly identical estates, each titled to a lesser noble who in turn pays taxes to the ruler of the larger estate or family "Kingdom", i.e. a collection of farms, villages, towns and cities on land owned by nobles allied to one ruling family. All lesser nobles are fundamentally the "mayors" and overseers of their estates, answerable to the largest and most powerful landholder (has the biggest or strongest armed forces) as the "**governor**" or "king." These land holdings are recognized by all and can only exchange hands through legitimate inheritance, documented sale or "hostile takeover." Acquisition through takeover may involve pushing a rival noble into bankruptcy and buying the land at bargain prices or by forgiving a debt, or it may mean a literal invasion and conquest of the land, typically resulting in the exile of the surviving noble family (sometimes their murder). Land may not be lost through gambling or given to the church or common **man.** A typical estate has a dozen or two farms, pastures, orchards, vineyards and villages, as well as 1D6 towns (communities of 1000 or more with shops and businesses) and a city or two (40,000 or more people). The few that don't have a full-fledged city will have 1D4+2 towns or more cultivated land. The noble "lord's" family estate is usually located in or near one of the cities or towns, with poorer noble relatives scattered throughout, running their own businesses or supervising one of the towns, farms, orchards or other operation.

The common folk do not fare nearly so well. With rare exception, only the nobility is permitted to own land or businesses. The ordinary people are required to pay taxes in both gold and in service and to obediently serve their noble masters. The region is almost totally rural with fewer big towns and cities than anywhere else within the East, although when one finds a city it is usually very large (40,000-120,000 people), surrounded by miles and miles of farms, orchards and vineyards. This makes the economy of the south heavily dependent upon agriculture and keeps its subjects spread out and uneducated in anything other than farming.

Surrounded by fields and pastures, the peasant homes are usually located around a village green. The village residents do not technically own the land or their homes, the nobles hold title to everything, but it is also the nobles who build the homes, maintain the farms and establish the general infrastructure of the cultivated lands. The common man is required to pay an annual tax to remain on the land and work it. Homes that are larger than 15 feet (4.6 m) by 30 feet (9.1 m) must pay an additional 5 gold per additional **yard/meter** of space. Although there is no extra tax for building additional levels, many buildings are not built well enough for more than an attic. Anything that cannot

be moved, i.e. the house, fences, etc. is the "landlord's property" and must be kept in good repair. Failure to do so results in a fine of five gold and an order to repair the item immediately. Depending on the noble in charge, a beating or other punishment may be included. Villagers who own their own livestock must pay a tax to keep them (on average, 2 gold per animal per season).

Other taxes include a birthing tax (10 gold payable within a month of the birth), a marriage tax (15 gold payable prior to the ceremony), and a moving tax should a villager wish to move to another part of his current lord's estate. The moving tax varies, but is never less than 50 gold. If a villager wishes to move to another noble's estate or kingdom entirely (thus changing the ruler he serves) the fee can exceed 500 gold.

The Lord benefits most from his subjects' labor, taking 70-80% of all crops, livestock, resources and the income they produce. The people get 20-30% of the crops and livestock which is usually enough to live on, plus a little extra to put aside for making jams, canning, storage and trading. Most peasants are allowed to sell their modest extras from roadside fruit and vegetable stands, but the produce available for resale is always minimal and seldom exceeds sales of 1,200 to 3,200 gold a season for the entire community. Additionally, the nobility profit from the workers because they own the majority of businesses, and charge their serfs for basic goods and services, albeit, usually at half the going rate. This includes carpenters, wheelwrights, **fletchers**, blacksmiths, healers and general stores. A well and church are usually provided free of charge. Ironically, the noble typically makes a deal with an independent merchant (a third strata in the social structure of the southeast), who either rents the land and the right to build and run the business (giving the noble 15-20% of the earnings, plus paying possible taxes



and any **import/export** fees), or the two become business partners, with the noble paying to establish the business and the merchant basically running it for a 25-35% cut of the profits. The **noble's** cut may be only 10-20% on large businesses and those arranged through the Merchants' Guild, which usually includes shipbuilding, lumber operations, large-scale fishing operations, **transportation/cargo** hauling, and running inns, gambling halls, arenas, magic shops, and large-scale retail businesses like those found in the cities. Generally, the Lord leases the city's land to the many businesses for a reasonable rent and piece of the profits. Visitors to southern towns usually don't notice much difference from their northern counterparts other than their smaller size.

The noble military: Each noble of an estate contributes men and money to the "kingdom's" army and defenses, as well as maintains his own military force (large or small, the latter is left to the individual). Both the kingdom's and private armies may include trained, professional Soldiers, Knights, Palladins, mercenaries and other men at arms, as well as practitioners of magic, psychics, and unsavory types such as spies, assassins, and non-humans, although non-humans can not comprise more than 15% of the overall fighting force.

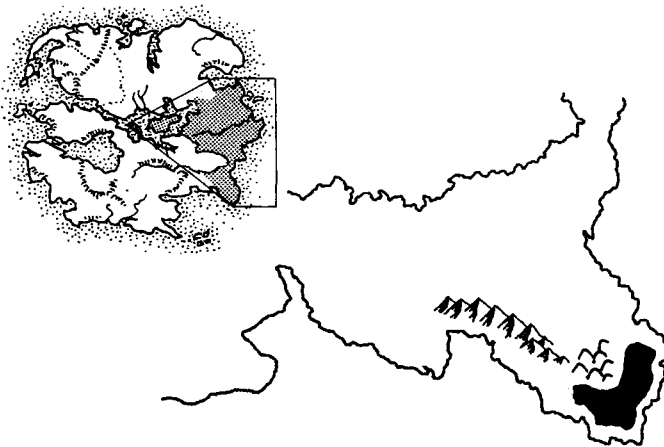
The Mound Hills

Situated between the White Rock Mountains and the Wyndglade Marsh, the Mound Hills are a series of **grassy**, low, rolling hills with the occasional patch of scrub brush or cluster of small trees. Much of the region is used as pasture for sheep and goats. On the western edge of the Hills, some 15 miles (24 km) from the White Rock Mountains, are a series of crumbling stone circles. They are very similar to the *Circle Stones* found in the **Highback** Plains. Unlike the Circle Stones, briars and thorns do not encircle them nor do they have a history of strange occurrences. Whatever their purpose, they are now cold and silent, and may be nothing more than the work of some ancient **Spriggan**.

Scattered near the stone circles are a series of immense earthen mounds from which the region gets its name. It is only when the mounds are viewed from the air or from one specific cliff in the nearby mountains that the shape of winged **humanoids** and other unknown beasts can be recognized in the form of the earthen mounds. No one knows who created the mounds or their purpose, but local lore speaks of a scholar who dug into the smallest of the mounds and found a king's ransom in treasure. He also released a demon from its millennia-long slumber. As the story goes, everyone who helped the scholar find the treasure was killed, all but one young lad who lived to tell the tale. What the demon did with the treasure is anybody's guess. Perhaps he put it back and guards it to this day. Or he may have taken it to Hades with him or thrown it into the river or sea. Adding to the place's supernatural **mystique**, the *ghost of Sir Aaron Penington* is said to roam the hills at night at the location of the cataclysmic battle between the **Timiro** army and the Blood Eye horde (which marked the birth of large-scale human colonization of the Eastern Territory). A young shepherd is said to have spoken with the ghost when his flock strayed too far into the mist covered hills. The meeting left the boy shaken, afraid of the dark and with a particularly intense hatred of **Orcs**. Furthermore, the boy claims that Sir Penington can only be released from this mortal coil when the Ivory Throne, the throne he built

of Orcish bones, is dismantled and buried at the site of the battle. Is it truth? Perhaps, perhaps not. Adventurers and scholars who have gone in search of the ghost have come back empty handed while the occasional shepherd and traveler continue to report seeing a ghostly figure of an armor-clad king walking the hills and moaning in sorrow.

During the full moon, a gauzy bluish-white mist creeps over the hills. They are thickest around the stone circles and instills a supernatural dread in anyone who enters it. (Roll to save versus Horror Factor 10, a failed roll means those who feel "the dread" would like to leave, and if obligated or forced to stay, will hear frightening noises and see shapes in the mist. No harm befalls the character, although he is certain something bad is about to happen to him, and the jumpy individual is -1 on initiative and -25% on the performance of skills.) During the **night**, livestock grazing nearby refuse to enter the mist and moan nervously. They will rarely travel more than a few hundred yards into the periphery. Is this an effect of the Stone Circles or the mounds?



Wyndglade Marsh

The Wyndglade Marshes is an expanse of moss-covered trees and standing water that seems endless when slogging through it. More so than anywhere else in the East, the variety of wildlife residing here is staggering. Millions of songbirds and waterfowl are everywhere, scattering as birds of prey dart between the gray trees. Rodents, Tree Eels, snakes and alligators are abundant here, leopards and jaguars prowl the trees while the tigers hunt below. The grey wolf, bears, **warthogs**, Land Squid, Sucker, Floaters, and other animals are also found in the marsh where food is plentiful and **humanoids** are scarce. Intelligent and semi-intelligent inhabitants include Water Sprites and deadly Faerie Folk like the Kelpie, Puck, and **Toadstools**, as well as Goron, Fire Worms and **Tri-Serpent** Worms of Taut lurking in the shadows for human prey. Rumor has it that various pirate crews hide out in swamps and sometimes hide loot in the marshland, but only they would know where.

Travel in the marsh is not only hazardous, but exceptionally time consuming. Horses are virtually useless, getting mired in the mud where they get stuck and die or attacked by predators. Shallow bottomed boats such as canoes, rowboats and rafts are the best means of travel but even these only allow travel of about 10 miles (16 km) or less per day, and the waterway is broken by areas of raised land or becomes too shallow in spots even for these vessels which must then be lifted up and carried to the next body of water. Furthermore, some of the larger alligators and other bold predators will actually lunge into a boat, **espe-**

cially rafts, to catch a passenger. Once pulled into the murky water, death is almost guaranteed.

The legends that tell of a sunken city are true. Ten miles (16 km) from the southern coast are the ruins of what may have once been an ancient **Elven (Danzi?)** city. Most of it is buried under tons of mud and water, but a few submerged chambers are still accessible to those who can swim and the top floors of a dozen moss and vine covered towers protrude above the muck and mire. A few **Moord-Sith** are here as well, hunting anything that wanders into the ruin. Over the centuries, bits and pieces of treasure have been discovered (nothing worth more than a few thousand gold), but no great treasure **trove** or lost secrets of magic.

The Wardick family holds the title for the marsh and its surroundings. They have a solid warrior history and won their title and noble standing for their military actions against invaders and pirates. The family has lost several sons and many more mercenaries in attempts to clear out the monsters that dwell in the marsh, and draining it has proven to be impossible. At one point, the head of the family, Baron Maximilian Wardick the IV, even considered bringing in an army of Wizards and Warlocks to completely sterilize the place, but the cost was far more than he could afford and a successful outcome uncertain. Recently, the family home, **WyndgladeKeep**, has been the site of a series of grisly deaths. The only clues to the perpetrator are strange footprints in the blood of the victims and claw marks in the stone walls. The family is becoming increasingly desperate to track down the elusive murderer and fear he/they/it may have a lair in the swamp. They have put out a general call for a quest. Knights from the Order of **Drakko** have responded as have many adventurers eager to share in the hunt.

Old Kingdom River

The land along the Old Kingdom River is the best farmland in the south though miserable compared to that of the **Highback Plains**. The river deposits several inches of new topsoil every year during the annual spring floods. The farmers grow a variety of grain crops including wheat, barley and, around the city of Wisdom, blue corn. Not surprisingly, the farmlands are highly prized and more than one war has raged over them in the past. Currently, **Wisdom** controls the northernmost reaches of this land while the old and politically powerful **Penington** family claims the **riverbanks** further south. Between these two kingdoms are the lands of several lesser nobles and the Elven kingdom of **Raf-Chalon**. Fishermen can be seen along the shore and in small boats all along the river, and the water also serves as a means of transporting goods quickly to the many villages, farms and towns that dot its shore. Of course, the Old Kingdom River, especially the southern length, is also subject to raids from the barbarian inhabitants of the Old Kingdom, bandits and river pirates.

Old City Ruins. The most significant feature along the River, at least from an **adventurer's** standpoint, must be the ruins known as the Old City, which straddle the river with roughly one-quarter of it on the west side and the rest on the east. Over the millennia, the river's course has shifted **eastward**, subsequently destroying a third of the city altogether. Today, there is a wide, flat expanse of open grass extending some 200 yards/meters from the edges of the western ruin and the river. It

is the site of an old Elven citadel that fell to ravaging hordes of **Orcs** and **Ogres** approximately 2000 years ago. Two attempts to reclaim and rebuild the place met with a similar fate, so it has been abandoned for going on one thousand years.

Today it is used as a hideout by small groups of nomads and bandits and a campsite for travelers who do not know any better. The Kingdom of Wisdom officially claims it, but other than hiring foolish adventurers to explore the ruins and return antiquities to the city, it has no other value than for its weather-worn



stone bricks. Any treasure and secrets it might have held appear to have been plundered centuries earlier, although the occasional trinket is recovered from time to time. Caution must be exercised when moving among the buildings, for many have become brittle and are in danger of collapsing - many parts of the old buildings have already fallen in on themselves. Entire sides of buildings have been reduced to rubble, and holes in roofs, walls, stairs and floors are everywhere.

Below ground are layers of maze-like corridors said to have been dug by **Dwarven** slaves who were slain when their work was done, and who haunt the labyrinth to this day. If any secrets (ghosts or monsters) remain, they are most certainly found below the surface, however, many of the tunnels have collapsed or flooded.

If the city is forbidding and mysterious during the day, it is nothing short of a nightmare after sunset, for at night, the ruins take on a more menacing **appearance**, and are stalked by the dreaded **Moord-Sith**, murderous creatures as silent as a breeze. Able to travel through stone like ghosts, the Moord-Sith are attracted to the living like crows to carrion. They seem to be particularly attracted to practitioners of magic, and as many as a dozen of the hellish creatures have been known to attack a single powerful **Wizard**, sphinx or dragon. Once they catch their quarry, they quickly kill them and then, if reports are to be believed, consume the victim's departing soul. The Moord-Sith appear only at night and thus far, stay within the borders of the Old City, leading some to believe that some sort of enchantment binds them to the location, perhaps demonic defenders of some ancient secret not yet discovered. Others have speculated that a portal to their hell-spawned home dimension is hidden someplace within the Old City and that these beasts are just the first to enter our world and claim the ruins for themselves.

Note: A clan of eleven Boogie-Men live in the northeast section of the ruins (the Moord-Sith don't seem interested in them) and the ruins are also inhabited by snakes, spiders, Rock Crawlers, Serpent Rats, Tomb Worms and the occasional Nipper Worm of Taut.

White Rock Mountains

The mountains are only 200 miles (320 km) long, a mere ripple, compared to the other long-running mountain ranges in the world, but its tallest peaks, typically obscured in clouds, rival those of the Old Kingdom Mountains. They are famous for three things; climbing for sport (a favorite pastime of the rich), the fine white granite quarried from their slopes, and the vast fortune in gems (mostly diamonds) that are mined from their depths.

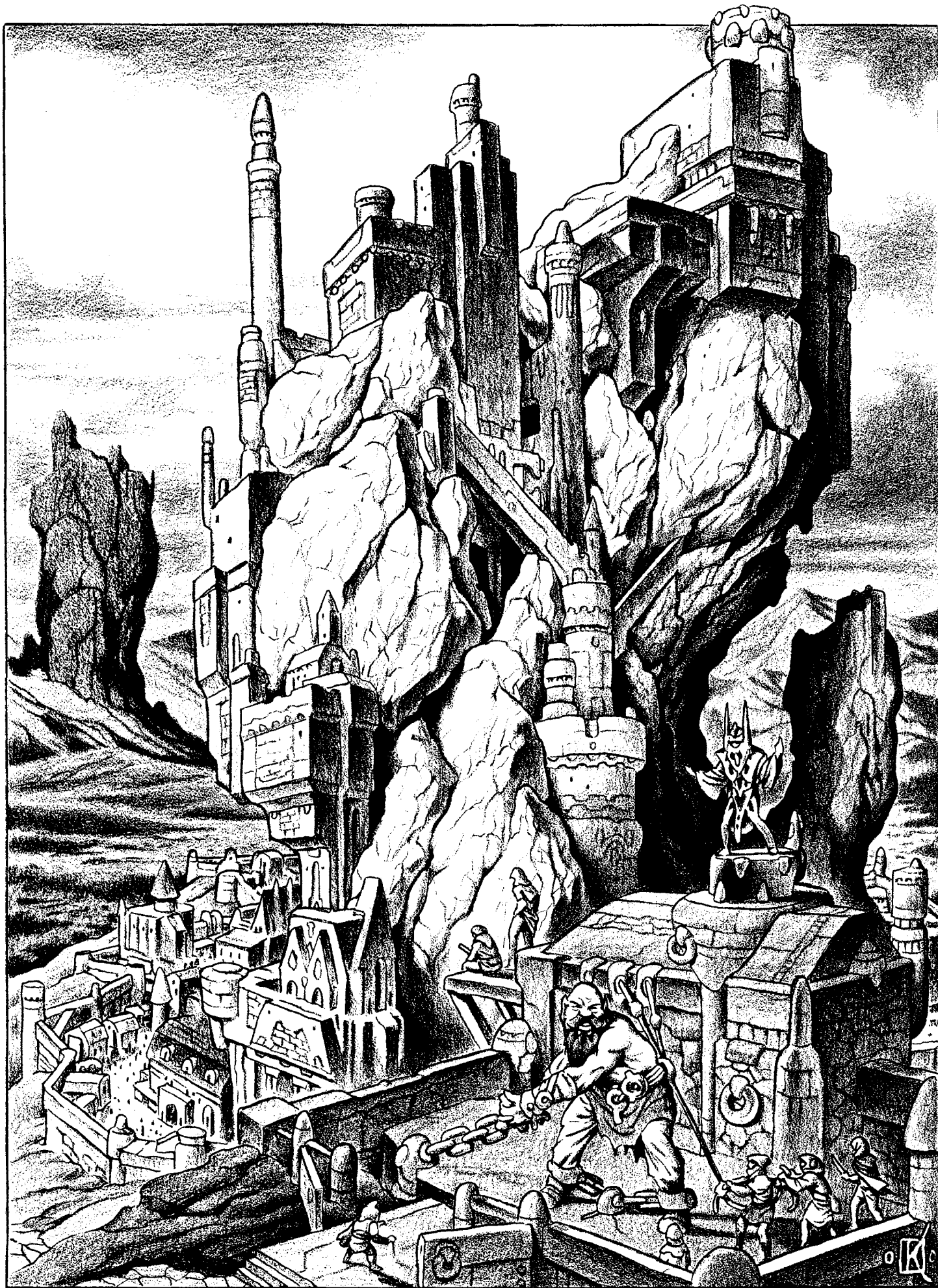
Having the highest peaks in the Eastern Territory, the White Rock Mountains draw scores of adventurers and nobles who climb the peaks on an annual basis for the challenge or sport of doing it. The climbers, many of whom have scaled peaks all over the **world**, vie for the distinction of being first or fastest to reach the summit without using magic. Thus far, no one has managed to scale to the very top of the two tallest cloud-en-shrouded peaks above **Adriana**. The terrain turns into sheer cliffs, deep ravines, snow and ice covered by mist and clouds. The upper slopes are high enough to cause altitude sickness (excellently detailed in the *Island at the Edge of the World™ sourcebook*), and several climbers have fallen to their deaths or

vanished without a trace. Adding to the natural hazards of the peaks is the danger of the predators which are said to include Rock Crawlers, Worms of Taut, gryphons, **Algor** Giants and the occasional dragon, sphinx, and other flying creature.

Originally held by the **Aiken** noble family, after the War of Houses, the **Peningtons** took over and have held title to the mountains (and their riches) ever since. Scores of quarries and small diamond mining towns dot the mountains' slopes. The mountains are connected to the lowlands via narrow, winding roads, some just wide enough for a single wagon. The unquestioned jewel of the mountain range is the city of **Adriana** nestled in a mountain valley. The buildings are made entirely of gleaming white marble, and Adriana is the only place in the east to sell the coveted white granite coming from the **Penington** mountain stone quarries. The other mining towns are legally required to get legal title to "mine Penington land" and must transport their gems to Adriana for review, accounting, resale and further distribution. Thus, Adriana the "Marble City," is the hub for the trafficking of white granite, diamonds and other precious and semi-precious stones. The Peningtons, who control the city and virtually all of the mining operations, take a hefty 33% of all gems pulled from the mountains as part of their "mining fee" (after all, they own the mountains). It is a practice many resent, and some question the family's ownership of the mountains, however, the Merchants' Guild recognizes their rights and the Penington Army is too powerful to challenge. Besides, even with their cut and other fees, people are making money hand over fist, so no one complains too loudly. Once in Adriana, the stones are either resold in their rough state or cut, polished and then sold around the world.

Illegal mining, claim-jumpers, smuggling and outright theft are becoming endemic in the surrounding mines. Independent prospectors and adventurers can be found illegally mining the precious stones all across the range — a fate punishable by a quick death on the spot if caught by Penington soldiers and Inspectors, or even authorized miners who don't appreciate the competition. Bandit raids of the mines are actually minimal, in part due to the diligence of the Inspectors from the **Adriana Mining Agency**, the Penington Army, and organized corruption in which gems and money are quietly **funneled** out of the mountain.

To start a legally sanctioned mining operation, one must stake out a particular parcel of **land**, file an exploration and mining application, pay a 4,000 gold fee to the reigning Penington Lord of Adriana, and wait 1D4 weeks for the application to be approved or denied. Once approved, the claimant can begin mining. All operations are required to submit to frequent, unannounced inspections by the **Adriana Mining Agency**, responsible for keeping tabs on the hundred or so mining operations and ensuring that the precious stones are being shipped and sold through proper channels at Adriana - no "skimming" off the top (the Peningtons want their cut). Selling or trading more than 1% at the site or anywhere other than Adriana is cause for the Adriana Mining Agency to close down the mine, seize it on behalf of the Penington family and either drive the cheaters off the land or slay them on the spot for "criminal breach of contract." While this may sound like a way for the family to take a mine on trumped-up charges, the family does not do so. Their take is formidable enough where they are content to let others do all the hard work while they get a third for themselves.



The Inspectors are notoriously corrupt, taking bribes to either look the other way and allow the miners to skim off as much as 30% (provided the Inspector gets **10%** of the proceeds) or to ignore illegal mining or smuggling operations provided they get 20%. The individuals who run this racket are very organized and something of an underground operation themselves. They will murder anyone who fails to comply with their extortion, and get away with it under the guise of "doing their job" as Inspectors in the trusted service of the **Penington** family! Adventurers, miners, prospectors, smugglers and thieves are the main targets of the Inspectors' "vigilance." Since such "criminals" are presumed to be "cutthroats" to begin with, and the noble family wants results, lethal force is seldom, if ever, questioned. Thus, the Inspectors are a power unto themselves in the White Rock Mountains. Note: A typical Inspector is usually one of the following O.C.C.s: Mercenary Warrior (25%), Soldier (35%), Ranger (**15%**) or Knight (20%); 5% other. Typical alignment: Anarchist (30%), Aberrant (20%) and Miscreant (30%); others (20%). All have the standard O.C.C. skills, but replace five O.C.C. Related Skill selections with the following: Palming, Concealment, Interrogation Techniques, Gemology, all with a **+10%** bonus, and Basic Math with a **+25%** skill bonus.

Aside from the diamond mines, the mountain is the premier supplier of white granite to **Timiro** and other kingdoms in the south. Buyers from as far away as Haven (who particularly like the white stone for their unceasing monument building) come to the quarries in the mountains to buy and prepare shipment of thousands of tons of granite each year. The port town of Luna Beach, situated on the southern sea at the base of the White Rock Mountains, survives almost entirely from the stone trade, both by serving as the only real port for merchants' ships taking on shipments and as an entertainment center for the miners and seafarers. Once each month, the quarry and gem miners come down to spend their pay in the gambling halls and prostitution parlors. That being said, Luna Beach is a pretty basic and limited port town. Only ships coming to pick up slabs of granite and gems come and go, entertainment is basic and minimal, and the population works either in the mine or in the port. When the quarries and diamond mining dry up, so will this port. Approximately 16,000 people live and work at Luna Beach, with another **4D4x100** seafarers present when cargo ships dock for **1-3** days a week. However, since the ship crews are *working*, they don't have much time or money to spend in town, and basically blow in and blow out in a day or two. These cargo ships are often targeted by pirates so they may be escorted by military vessels and hire adventurers as part of their defenses.

The fishing village of **Myrth** (980 people) some 30 miles (48 km) south of Luna Beach, has an unusually large port for a place its size. Why? Because it is home to diamond smugglers, several bands of thieves and port to pirates operating along the peninsula. On the surface, it seems like a shabby fishing town with weathered wood buildings and little of interest. However, there are several rowdy taverns and boarding houses who cater to anybody, as well as a gambling hall on the second floor of the town hall, and a weapons dealer and pawnshop/fence working from the rectory of the church! (There's a secret basement chamber below the church where extra booty, diamonds, booze and fugitives are concealed.) Most basic weapons and **equipment** can be bought at the rectory for 20% below the standard book prices and the fence only pays 10-20% of the book value

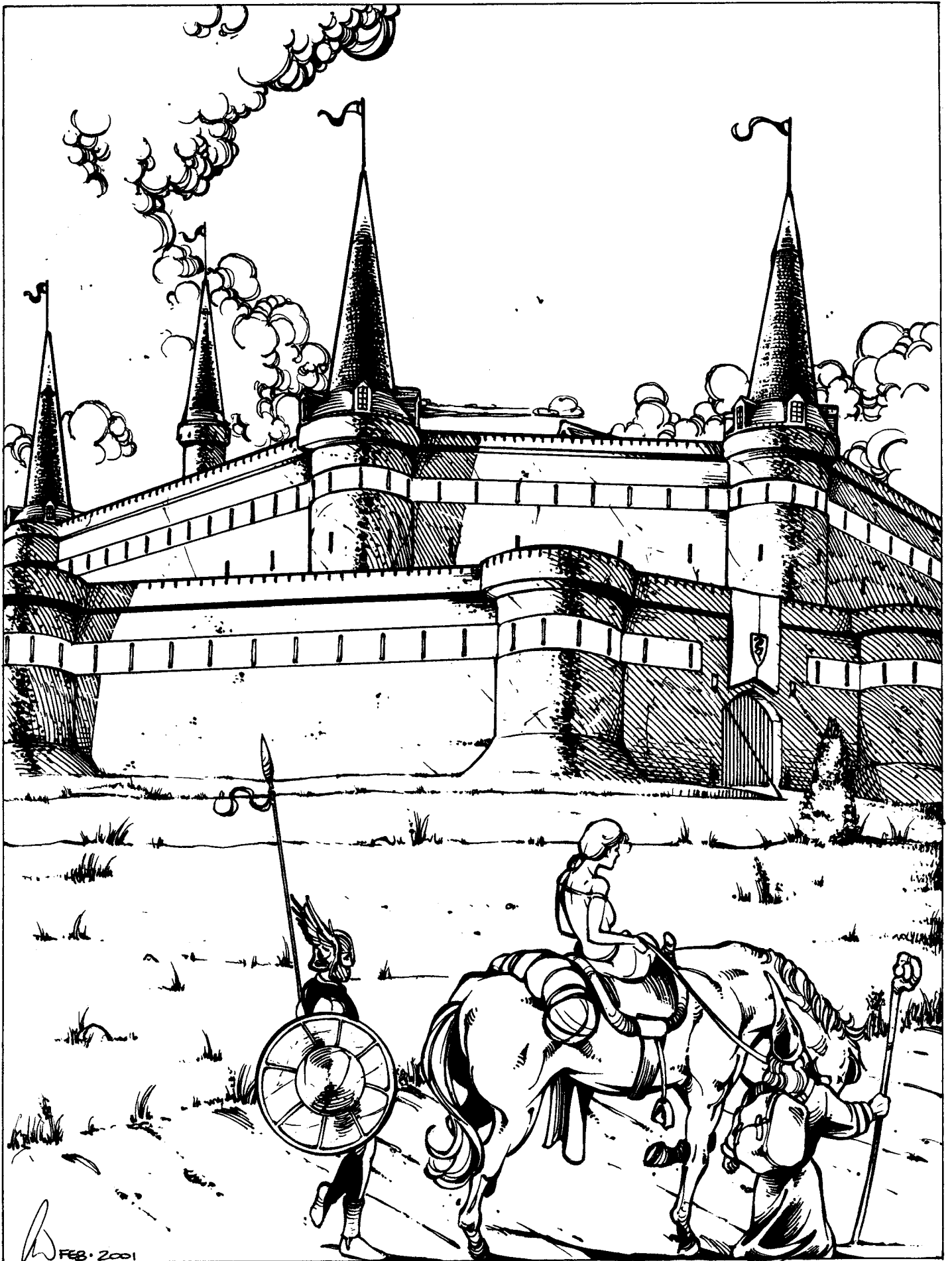
(e.g. an item worth 100 gold only gets the seller 10-20 gold from the pawnshop/fence). Passage to anywhere along the coast of Timiro and the Eastern Territory, as far as Haven, can be booked for a hundred gold (Southwatch costs 200 per person, because it is so far in dangerous country) on a pirate ship.

Kingdom of Peningshir

In the Kingdom, no single family is as influential or as powerful as the **Peningtons**. Descendants of the first and only King of the entire Tegyn Peninsula and rightful owner of the Ivory Throne, the family has deep roots in the East and a long, bloody history.

Although a fraction of their size and power when compared to what they once were, the Kingdom of Peningshir occupies some 22,500 square miles (58, 275 sq. km) with a population approaching 550,000. Stretching from the Old Kingdom River in the north, to the Timiro border on the west and encompassing the White Rock Mountains in the South, Peningshir holds the largest land area of any single kingdom in the Eastern Territory. That having been said, much of that land is inhospitable, rocky or mountainous, and the kingdom borders the hostile Old Kingdom and monster-filled Wyndglade Marsh, making it a troubled region. The arrogance of the noble families, constant infighting and disparity between the wealthy and the poor who serve them, make the kingdom a volatile hotbed of intrigue and unrest.

Peningshir is divided into many noble estates, each owned by a lesser member of the family or a trusted retainer who owes fealty to the Custodian of the Ivory Throne, currently King Edmund Penington. However, far from staying on their lands to attend to their own business, many of the Lords and Ladies stay at the *Palace of the East* near the King, ever hopeful of gaining more land and influence at court. A series of roads known as the King's Highway, connects all the most important cities, towns and villages and is the safest, fastest and easiest route of travel throughout the region. Travelers who leave the King's Highway can be arrested as housebreakers, bandits and vagabonds by the Royal Army, or must pay a fine for trespassing (ranges from 5 gold to as much as 250 gold depending upon the mood of the soldiers and the particular "estate" they are trespassing on). The local Steward is responsible for watching the Highway, dealing with travelers and criminals, and collecting trespass fines. Travelers of means, such as *merchants, nobles and knights*, can expect to stay in the guest house of most noble estates, especially if they come to the estate to do business, have news or are generally affable and entertaining. The Steward, and thus his Noble Lord, is expected to provide a meal and a place to sleep for these travelers. Undistinguished travelers (i.e. adventurers, mercenaries, priests, peasants, and everyone else) must sleep beside the road and risk what might come (brigands who seem to be infesting the land in ever increasing numbers), or find an inn, boarding house or peasant family willing to take them in (many will let strangers sleep in the barn or on the porch for only 2D4 gold or help around the farm; meal included). Of course, along stretches of wilderness between communities, both the high and low must pitch camp under the stars and hope for the best.



[Signature]
FEB. 2001

The City of Peningshir

A member of the Domain of Man.

Population: 61,000

Human: 95%

Elf: 2%

Dwarf: 2%

Other: 1%

Military: 2,500 of the Royal **Penington** Army, with another 2,500 in the volunteer city militia.

Major Temples:

Church of Light and Dark

Ruler: King Edmund Penington

Coinage: Crescent (1 gold), Moon (5 gold), Crown (10 gold).

Also honors Merchant's Guild scripts of credit.

Flag: A silver sword cleaving a black sphere, all on a green field.

Peningshir is a traditional looking, medieval city of stone and wood, of history and decline. The city is found at the feet of the Eastern Territory and has been part of the rise of the Domain of Man. It was the effort and blood of *Sir Aaron Penington* against the Blood Eye Orcish horde and other barbarians from the Old Kingdom which was able to gouge a foothold in the (then) badlands of the Eastern Territory and defeat subsequent barbarian and monster attacks to build a kingdom. The bards sing, if the weathered stones could speak they would tell of love and loss, of kingdoms won and heroes fallen. As one of the oldest cities in the Eastern Territory, Peningshir has deep roots indeed. The quality masonry and richly decorated stonework is considered some of the finest examples of early Eastern architecture. The roofs, unlike most in the south, are constructed of slate. Many windows still contain the brightly colored glass that once made the city such a bright and colorful place. Sadly, the death of the great warrior King Aaron Penington saw the noble families fall to discord and with them, the kingdom and the city's glory days. Once, Peningshir was the jewel of the East, but no more. Nearly all of the most talented craftsmen and merchants have moved to the boom towns of the north or the free lands of the **Groff**Estates. The people who remain are either the wealthy nobles who hold the land and reap its greatest benefits or those who have lived here for generations and eke out a reasonably good life or are too poor to move.

Outside the glittering Palace of the East where the affluent and educated live and work, is just an endless sea of humanity and aging stone buildings, half of which are slums. A few areas are clean and **quaint**, but they are oases in a city of old and shabby buildings. Many of the people struggle under the weight of hard labor and crippling taxation. Most every street has a tavern or two along with abandoned buildings or closed businesses. The citizens are resentful of the nobility and their excesses while the nobility fails to see the problem. The typical resident is illiterate, and most are dependent upon their King and the whims of the nobles for their livelihood. The Church of Light and Dark has a large temple in the city which spends much of its time caring for the sick and destitute. All manner of shops can be found, but most are simple, and sell only the most rudimentary items - **there's** just no market for expensive, exotic or magical merchandise.

Separated from the decaying inner city by a whitewashed wall of stone is the **Palace of the East**. The wall was originally of wrought iron so that the people could see their king. Now, the nobility prefers to forget the public and block the urban blight from their vision. Behind the walls is an immense manicured lawn called the Royal **Yard**, complete with flower gardens, hedges, groves of **fruit** trees (apple, pear, cherry and plum) and several fish ponds. Arranged around the grounds are the mansions of the oldest noble families and the idle rich, along with the occasional business catering to their needs. At the center of it all is the Palace itself, a gaudy affair, resplendent with flying buttresses, colored glass windows and decorative stone gargoyles on the outside, and tapestries, paintings, statues and other works of art and luxury on the inside. It is a 140 room shrine to power and opulence, complete with a throne room the size of an auditorium, a temple to the Church of Light and Dark that seats 2000, as well as a study-library with a massive fireplace and couches for guests, a private dining hall that only seats 72 guests, king's chamber, three kitchens, 90 bedrooms, and everything else one would expect to find in a palace.

One hundred soldiers in shining mail with black surcoats patrol the grounds. These are the king's elite guard, known as the Black Watch. Anyone caught slipping over the wall or found on the grounds without permission is arrested **and**, assuming the individual survives the experience, tossed into jail until the magistrate has time to decide their case. The many parties, tournaments and hunting trips the magistrate attends means he can only spare 1D6 days a month to try prisoners, so everyone must be squeezed into a short period, and languish in jail until he finds time. In days past, the king would be the one to listen to crimes, now, the magistrate, either a young nobleman or knight, is given the unpleasant job of dealing with the common folk. Without fail, the sentence for trespassing on the royal grounds is always a flogging or a fine of 100 gold (those who can't pay, which is 90%, are flogged). Repeat offenders will get 15 years on a prison ship. Most crimes are punishable by fine, flogging, a sentence of 10-20 years on a prison ship, or execution, with crimes against nobility getting the harshest punishment. Those put on a prison ship are taken nearly 200 miles (320 km) to the nearest port town and put to work on one of the **king's** cargo ships. Few ever return.

During the dry summer months, the Royal Yard is home to dozens of tournaments and other sporting events favored by the nobility and knighthood. Hundreds, sometimes thousands, of knights and nobles descend on the city to compete in these tournaments. At these times, the city experiences something of a boom as the inns are filled and the Royal Army cracks down on street crime. As soon as the tourneys are over and the knights gone, the streets get dangerous again.

Behind its beauty and splendor, the Palace is an intricate and sometimes dangerous place. The courtiers play the Game of Station in which the nobles constantly plan and contrive to gain power and prestige for themselves, while knocking a competitor further down the social ladder of nobility. It is not simply a game but a way of life for these pampered men and women that **harkens** back to the plots and intrigues at the court to the Empire of Sin to the southwest. The nobles endlessly create economic alliances amongst themselves and then break them, have love affairs with each other's wives and daughters, arrange marriages, and above all, constantly work to ingratiate themselves

with the king. Anyone visiting the palace is assumed to be a player in The Game and is therefore watched, scrutinized and then approached by one faction or another.

Next door to the palace is the barracks for the 2,500 Royal soldiers charged with protecting the king and the city. The soldiers have their own walled courtyard to use for drills, a stable for their riding animals, and living quarters superior to most citizens. These troops are in addition to the king's elite *Black Watch*, as well as another 14,000 troops scattered across the kingdom — the heaviest concentration along the border of the Old Kingdom. *The Dominion Army* also has a strong presence in **Peningshir**, offering additional support against the Old Kingdom hordes and, in so doing, protecting the entire **Tegyn** Peninsula from invasion. The king uses them to tame the wilderness and keep the Trade Road safe, while he holds his own forces back to deal with internal discord, riots, and civil war between the noble estates and any incursions against his own holdings. King **Penington** has the largest army in the Kingdom (average Soldier is 3rd to 5th level).

Notable Personalities at Peningshir

Following is just a small sample of a few of the more important and interesting of the Penington nobility.

King Edmund Penington (Quick Stats)

9th level, male human Knight of the Lance

True Name: Sir Aaron Edmund-Norias Penington

Alignment: Unprincipled

Attributes: I.Q. 15, M.E. 10, M.A. 15, P.S. 20, P.P. 14, P.E. 15, P.B. 12, Spd 11

Hit Points: 61, **S.D.C.:** 36

Armor: Dwarven Plate: A.R. 18, S.D.C. 170, magically weightless and impervious to fire; small wood & iron shield (S.D.C. 50).

Attacks Per Melee: 6

Bonuses of Note: Hand to Hand: Expert: +1 on initiative, +2 to strike, +3 to parry/dodge, +6 to damage, +2 to roll with **punch/fall/impact**, critical strike on natural 18,19 or 20, kick attack, body flip/throw, 40% **trust/intimidate**, and +4 to save vs Horror Factor.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Sword (+4 strike, +3 parry), W.P. Lance, W.P. Shield (+4 parry, +2 strike).

Weapons: **Orc Biter**, a Dwarven long sword that does 3D6 damage and glows amber when drawn.

Magic Items: Has access to most simple, common magic items.

Description: Physically fit even at 54 years old, the King is a bear of a man. His arms and chest are as stout as ever and the glint in his eyes has unnerved more than one cocky young noble. His prized possession, aside from the Ivory Throne, is the ornate sword **Orc Biter**, an exact (but only in appearance) *duplicate* of the rune sword of the same name that was wielded by Sir Aaron Penington and later disappeared in the Old Kingdom.

The King is a crafty old man who has played the Game of Station since he was old enough to understand it. Without warfare against the monster races to keep his nobles occupied, he holds a half-dozen tournaments every year at Peningshir and encourages others to do the same. Sadly, he has also proven inept at understanding and dealing with the common folk. He has relaxed the few laws that protected the people from the nobility and is blissfully ignorant of their woes and growing dissension.

Murmurs about revolt have begun to make their way into the everyday discussion of the poor. Should a rebellion break out, which seems a foregone conclusion at this point, the King will quickly and savagely subdue it with his large army.

At one time, King Penington toyed with the idea of trying to unify the Tegyn Peninsula under the Ivory Throne and renew the Empire of the East, but the ever present strength of the Dominion Army and lack of ambition have kept him from doing so. He is content to dream of what could have been and to attend as many social functions as will fit into his schedule.

Queen Mehdi Penington (Quick Stats)

5th level, female human Mind Mage

True Name: Asmehdi Carlington

Alignment: Miscreant

Attributes: I.Q. 22, M.E. 28, M.A. 17, P.S. 11, P.P. 15, P.E. 15, P.B. 18, Spd 14

Hit Points: 40, **S.D.C.:** 19.

Armor: Cloak of Armor (A.R. 14, S.D.C. 250).

Attacks Per Melee: 2 (no combat training).

Bonuses of Note: +7 to save vs psionics (needs only a 3 or higher to save), +11 to save vs insanity, +6 to save vs mind controlling drugs, potions, & magic charms, +5 to save vs possession, +3 to save vs horror, 45% **trust/intimidate**, 40% charm/impress

Weapons: She dislikes weapons and prefers to allow others to defend her. If she is truly threatened she will use her mental powers but only as a last resort.

Magic Items: She has access to simple, common magic items, but carries the following with her at all times: Ring of Invisi-



bility, Medallion of Metamorphosis (human, 30 minutes, 2x daily), 2x Striker Stone (tigers).

I.S.P.: 218; Mind Mage

Psionics of Note: Mind Block, See Aura, Alter Aura (self), Meditation, plus Bio-Regeneration (healing), Deaden Pain, Healing Touch, Increased Healing, Psychic Diagnosis, Psychic Surgery, Resist Fatigue, Suppress Fear, Telepathy, Empathy, Mind Block, Object Read, See the Invisible, Sense Magic, Bio-Manipulation, Empathic Transmission, Electrokinesis, Pyrokinesis, Hypnotic Suggestion, Induce Nightmares, Mind Bolt, and Invisible Haze.

Description: Mehdi is the most recent of Edmund's seven wives and is a young, beautiful woman (age 32). With her revealing dresses and flirtatious glances, she has become rather popular amongst the younger nobility. The playful front is just a mask to hide her ravenous ambitions. Using her secret psionic powers to both intimidate and manipulate, Mehdi has built herself a firm power base from which to launch the next phase of her plan: to murder her husband's eight children. Over the past year, she has stoked the embers of rebellion that have been simmering for decades. It is her hope that in the chaos of the peasant uprising (something she secretly supports) that she can dispose of the troublesome heirs. Once they are gone, she will seize control over the kingdom, reducing her husband to nothing more than a puppet, and declaring war on her neighbors under the guise it was they who supplied the rebels. Ultimately, it is her plan to sit upon the Ivory Throne as ruler of the Tegyn Peninsula and supreme power of the Eastern Territory.

Crown Prince Androus Penington (Quick Stats)

8th level, male human Paladin of the Penington Order

True Name: Androus Nicholas Penington

Alignment: Principled

Attributes: I.Q. 15, M.E. 13, M.A. 17, P.S. 19, P.P. 26, P.E. 22, P.B. 15, Spd 14

Hit Points: 72, S.D.C.: 45

Armor: Magical Dwarven Plate & Chain (A.R. 16, S.D.C. 100, regenerates 10 S.D.C./hour, noiseless); shield-small wood & iron (S.D.C.: 50)

Attacks Per Melee: 2

Bonuses of Note: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts: +2 on initiative, +6 to strike, +7 to parry and dodge, +4 to damage, +4 to save vs magic/poison, 45% **trust/intimidate**, and +6 to save vs Horror Factor.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Sword (+3 strike/parry), W.P. Shield (+3 parry, +2 strike), Horsemanship: Paladin (+1 initiative, +2 roll, +2 parry/dodge, +6 damage, charge attack +3D6 on horseback).

Weapons: Holy Sword: **Flamberge** that glows a deep blue. Does 3D6+6 damage, double to supernatural beings and creatures of magic, makes the wielder +1 to save vs magic, can perform a healing touch restoring 2D6 S.D.C. and Hit Points (can be done 6x daily), sense evil and remove curse (01-50% chance, can only be attempted once per person). The weapon was a gift from the Church of Light & Dark at the direction of Ra.

Magic Items: Bracelet: Protection from Undead.

Description: Prince Androus has the makings of a fine "peoples' king," provided he can ever get his mind off of dallying with the ladies. He has a keen understanding of the political

and economic structure of the kingdom, and has openly spoken against the unjust treatment and poor living conditions of the peasants. Needless to say, this attitude has not won him many supporters among the nobility. When he is not at court dallying with the ladies, he can be found in the countryside hunting and visiting with the commoners. Thus far, his father has found this obsession with the simple folk to be endlessly amusing. The Queen, on the other hand, watches with dismay as the Crown Prince forges ties with the very people who she wants to kill him.

Prince **Androus'** skill at arms is **unequaled** throughout the kingdom. If his instructors' predictions prove true, he is destined to be the finest swordsman in all the East. He tends to view things in terms of black or white and often assumes that if he likes someone then that makes them a good and trustworthy individual. As such, the more unscrupulous nobles often play him for a fool, but he's starting to wise up and recognize who his true friends really are.

Mehdi has been exceptionally verbal at court about Prince Androus wasting his time amongst the peasants rather than learning the skills he will need to rule them. For his part, the Prince feels sorry for his father and very much dislikes Mehdi, a fact about which he feels incredibly guilty. The Prince is not at all sure he ever wants to be king. He enjoys his life of leisure, but he also finds it difficult to ignore injustice or the toil of the people. He has ideas that would distribute some of the nobles' wealth and make better lives for the common man without undue strain on the nobility. If anyone can bring peace and unity to the Peninsula, it is Androus.

Baron Arcamedies Penington (Quick Stats)

6th level, male human Wizard, 4th level Summoner

Alignment: Diabolic

Attributes: I.Q. 17, M.E. 19, M.A. 5, P.S. 12, P.P. 8, P.E. 19, P.B. 9, Spd 5

Hit Points: 41, S.D.C.: 19

Armor: Cloak of Armor (A.R. 14, S.D.C. 50)

Attacks Per Melee: 5

Bonuses of Note: Hand to Hand: Basic: +1 to strike, +2 to parry/dodge, +2 to roll with **punch/fall/impact**, critical strike on natural 19 or 20, kick attack, +2 to save vs psionics, +2 to save vs insanity, +4 to save vs magic, +2 to save vs poison, +4 to save vs Horror Factor, +2 to spell strength

Other Combat Info: W.P. Staff (+2 strike/parry).

Weapons: Prefers to use his spells and summoned guardians

Magic Items: The Baron has literally dozens of minor magical items stored in various places around his home. He has no fewer than two dozen scrolls (half of them summoning spells) and over two hundred books in his library. Some of the most notable items include: Six Strike Lizards, four Strike Animals (two bears, a tiger and a lion), Demon Stone Guardians (2), Crystal of Light, Screech Bottles (4), Mystic Ink (2), **Firewick** (2), Magic Restraints (5), Magic Bandages (3 rolls), Magic Make-Up (2 kits; disguise), Flying Carpet (1), Gryphon Claws (1 pair), 60 feet (18.3 m) of **Cherubot** Rope, Faerie Food Cordials (6) and Wine (3), as well as numerous magic components.

P.P.E.: 159

Magic Knowledge: Knows all protection and summoning circles, and also the **Domination/Control** and Death Power Circles.

Wizard Spells: All level one plus Befuddle, Concealment, Fear, Mystic Alarm, Turn **Dead**, Animate and Control Dead, Energy Bolt, Fire Ball, Fire Bolt, Call Lightning, **Blind**, Repel Animals, Sense Traps, Impervious to Poison, Negate Poison/**Toxin**, Superhuman Strength, Tongues and Words of Truth.

Description: **Arcamedies** is as cruel and oppressive as they come. The Baron holds titles to a sprawling estate that includes mining operation. His holdings are amongst the highest taxed and hardest worked lands in the kingdom. Furthermore, the Baron has refused to allow any church to build temples on his lands. Any clergy caught trespassing are summarily arrested and forcibly expelled. Any priest who dares to return a second time is liable to meet a swift death as an insurrectionist. This anti-church sentiment has not gone unnoticed by the Church of Light and Dark who otherwise enjoys the freedom to practice wherever they like and has a strong presence in the rest of **Penington**. Under pressure from the Church, King Penington has spoken with Baron Arcamedies several times about the importance of the kingdom's alliance with the Church. However, the King has always stopped short of ordering the Baron to open his lands to them.

Baron Arcamedies is obsessed with increasing his magic abilities and the acquisition of power on every level. To this end, he spends every ounce of gold that can be squeezed from his estate to purchase scrolls, books and other magic paraphernalia. Much of his time is spent in the dark and forbidding depths of his castle, *Shading Fortress*, where he pores over ancient manuscripts and studies his newest acquisitions. Currently, he is planning an expedition into the Mound Hills in search of a legendary staff of immense magical power. While he is intent on his work, Arcamedies leaves his manors in the brutal hands of his noble underlings, knights who like to display their power by bullying and hurting **others**, as well as the foul creatures he has summoned. If a rebellion were to occur in his estate, it would be brought to a bloody end and the people would be made to suffer for years thereafter. The people know it, and live like beaten animals afraid to bark lest their master discipline them.

The Baron rarely comes to court but when he does, the rumor-mill runs overtime. Without fail, each time he visits, some major incident occurs. One year, a mill owned by the Church of Light and Dark mysteriously exploded in the middle of the night. Another time, the Merchants' Guild House caught fire and was completely gutted before the blaze could be controlled. During his most recent visit, the late Prince **Hannon** fell from his horse and died. Coincidence? Perhaps, but the faintest scent of sulfur always seems to accompany the incidents. Arcamedies just smirks and sends his sympathies. Prince **Androus** and the Baron despise each other.

Sir Robert Penington (Quick Stats)

5th level male human Knight Drakko

Alignment: Aberrant

Attributes: I.Q. 13, M.E. 12, M.A. 15, P.S. 21, P.P. 21, P.E. 20, P.B. 15, Spd 13

Hit Points: 52, S.D.C.: 28

Armor: **Dwarven** Scale Mail (A.R. 16, S.D.C. 125, noiseless, crimson red), shield-small wood & iron (S.D.C.: 50).

Attacks Per Melee: 5

Bonuses of Note: +1 to initiative, +7 to strike, +8 to parry and dodge, +8 to **damage**, +3 to roll with **punch/fall/impact**, +3 to pull punch, +3 to save vs magic and poison, and +2 to save vs Horror Factor.

Other Combat Info: W.P. Sword (+2 strike, +1 parry), W.P. Shield (+2 parry, +1 strike), W.P. Chain (+2 **strike**, +1 parry).

Weapons: Magical Flaming Mace and Chain (4D6 and the wielder is impervious to fire).

Magic Items: Aside from his magic weapon and armor, Sir Robert does not use, or care for magic or magic items. Potion of Healing: Superior (2).

Description: Sir Robert is the youngest of the King's sons and has proven to be his biggest disappointment. Instead of taking vows in the Knights of the Lance as is customary for all **Peningtons**, Robert chose instead to join the Order of the Knights Drakko. With lots of spare time and money to match, the young Knight wanders his father's kingdom. Together with his five companions, four Knights and a Wizard, Sir Robert hunts, harasses the peasants and Royal Army, fights brigands, raids the monster races across the border stirring up trouble in the Old Kingdom, and generally has a good time at the disregard for the law or others. He has been implicated in the death of a bordering King's middle son, although no formal charges have been leveled, but relations are cool between the two kingdoms as a result. In fact, he is frequently challenging adventurers, heroes and other nobles to duels and contests of skill and cunning.

Above all, Sir Robert is a free soul who goes where the wind blows. He has been pampered and spoiled from an early age and he is finding growing up a difficult experience. He also has a terrible confidence and self-image problem that spurs him to take unnecessary risks and fight others. His association with the Knights Drakko, all of whom have a reputation for being hot-headed, has not helped him. The rest of the nobility enjoys gossiping about his newest stunts and bets have been made as to when the young Knight will get himself killed.

Groff Estates

A.k.a. The Gold Coast

The western half of the Tegyn Peninsula is mostly farmland, the interior pastures for livestock, the mountains for mining, while the east coast sports the largest vineyards and citrus orchards in the east. The soil, far too sandy to support grains, is perfect for growing oranges, grapefruit and a particular variety of sweet grape. Not surprisingly, the towns that have grown up here are dependent on exporting their fruit and wine. A few estates, notably the wealthy Groff Estates, also have oyster beds from which to harvest pearls. Meanwhile, deep-sea fishing and whaling are a huge industry for towns along the coast. Sea trade is the life's blood along the coast, and the best sailors of the Territory are found along the eastern seaboard.

The weather on the east coast can often be dreary and rainy. Fog often hugs the coastline most mornings, storms can sweep in suddenly and the fall season brings hurricanes. However, sand covered beaches line the east coast of the Peninsula, the climate is warm without being too hot, there is usually a **refresh-**

ing cool breeze and when the weather is nice, it is spectacular and sunny, often with a rainbow appearing somewhere in the distance. Sifting sand and sand bars are a problem along the Gold Coast and many other nobles with lands on the coast have been forced to keep Earth and Water Warlocks on staff to calm the weather and control the shifting sand bars.

The undisputed paradise of the Gold Coast is the independent and wealthy Groff Estates. Even the name is a misnomer as the land bears little resemblance to the other "noble estates" and is a kingdom independent of the Penington **Estates/kingdom** that surrounds it. Absent are the slave conditions of the feudal system and the parasitic nobility. The people own land, run their own businesses, taxation is low and fair, and the people have a voice in government. The per capita income is roughly three times that of most other kingdoms, including the **Peningtons**.

Further south of the Groff Estates, is eastern edge of the **Wyndglade Marsh**, and near the tip of the Peninsula is the foreboding coastal city of **Ironshod**, a place where many of the kingdoms send their criminals. Most of the prisoners coming to Ironshod have sentences of 10-20 years in the prison fleet of merchant vessels and war ships owned by the city. This fleet constantly sails the southern seas, hauling cargo and slaves, and hunting for pirates.

The Groff Estates

Like so many other kingdoms in the South, the Groff Estates were formed in the tumultuous days of the earliest settlements come to the wilderness that was the Eastern Territory hundreds of years ago. In the early days, the entire east coast was divided between the Honeythell and Lennox noble families. Both were allies of the ill-fated **Aiken** family and rivals of the Peningtons. Fearing the same fate as befell the **Aikens**, the lesser nobles of both families rebelled and the east coast splintered.

The Lennox family originally held the Groff Estates, a lucrative stretch of beach and mixed forest and miles of orchards. Ultimately, these hard-handed, traditional feudal lords fell to civil unrest, and were replaced by Alexander Groff, a wealthy merchant who stepped up to organize the people after the Lennox nobles were driven out of power. He was appointed mayor, abolished serfdom, and created a parliament to ensure that everyone had a voice in how they were to be governed. The commoners flocked to the Groff banner and within three short months, a government of the people was born. Not only that, but it would serve as the example and inspiration for the countless number of settlers who would later come to the Eastern Territory to build new lives as free and independent people out from under the yoke of feudal oppression.

Today, any male over the age of 13 years who owns land is entitled, indeed is required, to vote. Failure to vote means a fine and a possible loss of one's land. The parliament meets twice per month in the capital city of New Crest to address issues of concern for their constituents and to advise the Mayor. The parliament is not a powerless advisory committee as elsewhere, and can even overrule a decision made by the Mayor with a 3/4 majority vote. The **Groffs** have proven to be attentive rulers and have only had a decision overruled twice over the past three centuries.

The eldest Groff male is the hereditary leader of the kingdom, holding the title of "Estate **Mayor**" although he functions

more like a prime minister than the local mayor of a city. In the event that the eldest male does not wish to hold the position, the title is passed down to the next eldest until an Estate Mayor is found. If there are no male Groffs to take the title (an event that has not occurred), the position would fall to the eldest female **Groff's** husband. Although the Groff Estates are modern in many ways, they are still mired in blatant sexism. However, the citizens do not complain. As noted, the Estate Mayor is similar to a prime minister in the power that he wields. His main jobs are to direct foreign policy, ensure the strength of the export market, direct the military and manage and lead the government. Although he has the authority to direct every aspect of government, in practice, most internal decisions are left to the parliament.

Providing direction and orientation for both the Estate Mayor and the parliament in its decision making is a pair of documents drafted by Alexander Groff and unanimously approved by the first parliament, the *Writ of Man* and the *Unpardonable Evils*. Drafted prior to the Wolfen Constitution, which is similar but far more complex, the **Writ of Man** defines certain irrevocable rights enjoyed by all citizens of the Groff Estates. The first, and most important to the first parliament, is the right to own and sell land. Tied to owning land is the right to vote. Third is the right of freedom, which officially abolished any form of serfdom or slavery. Lastly is the right to travel, which means a citizen is allowed to live wherever he likes, and can move into or out of the country without having to pay a tax or fines.

The Unpardonable Evils details crimes for which there can be no defense or reprieve. The following crimes, if convicted, mean an automatic sentence of death by burning. The assumption is that if the criminal is reduced to ash, there is no way they are coming back. The Unpardonable Evils include: Witchcraft, Necromancy, association with any creatures of supernatural evil (including demons, Deevils and vampires), the worship of the Old Ones, and the more mundane crimes of deliberate murder and defiling a church (a legitimate church, there is no penalty for destroying an unauthorized evil church or cult). Most other crimes are dealt with by a series of increasingly stiff fines with the more severe crimes of blackmail, rape, murder (would be called manslaughter in the United States) and spying resulting in prison time. There is very little severe crime in the Groff Estates, a fact of which everyone is quite proud.

The Groff Estates Army is not exceptionally large with only 5,000 men (including about 200 practitioners of magic), but is supplemented by an additional 1,600 (one regiment) Dominion Army troops and has one of the best Navies in the world. Of that number, 3,000 are stationed along the inland border, responsible for keeping an eye on the neighbors and for keeping bandits, monsters and the military patrols of other kingdoms from entering the Estates and causing trouble. The latter is the sorest point of contention and many a rival feudal kingdom has dispatched troops into the Groff Estates to recover peasants who have run away from their master to seek asylum and a new life at Groff. The Groff military patrols are unlikely to bother adventurers, but they may stop them to make sure they are not bounty hunters employed by one of the neighboring kingdoms or brigands in search of plunder.

A naval power. Whereas the army is relatively small, the navy is disproportionately large. The Gold Coast Trading Corn-

pany alone owns 35 Eastern Merchantmen, 24 **Mercantiles**, 15 Eastern War Galleys and 20 River Sharks. The Groff Estates' Navy has 200 Eastern War Galleys, 80 River Sharks, and 8 Corsairs purchased from **Bizantium**. With such a large navy, the kingdom is constantly hiring sailors and warriors at above average wages. Unseasoned Sailors (level 1 & 2) get 350 gold a **month**, Seasoned Sailor (levels 3 to 6): 500 gold per month, Very Experienced Sailors and Mariners (7th level and up) get 700-950 gold a month, Hired Officers: 800-1,200 gold per month, Mercenaries or landlubbers with no experience (any non-seafaring O.C.C.): 150-250 gold per month, Men of Magic: 1,500-5,500 gold per month (half that if 4th level or under). A sailor can expect to be on the water for 25 days per month in keeping the coast from the Wyndglade Marshes to Wisdom safe for merchant traffic. Battles with pirates are common and growing in number. (See the *Adventures on the High Seas sourcebook* for detailed stats on Pirates, Sailors, Mariners, ships and some excellent material on ship to ship combat).

Like the rest of the southeast, the majority of the Groff Estates' population lives in the countryside. Individual farmhouses, small villages and small towns with populations of 2,000-9,000 are scattered across the land, with approximately one such habitation every **five** to ten miles (8 to **16** km). Everywhere one travels, the fields are fenced with low rubble walls. Travelers may legally cross fields so long as crops are not damaged and the traveler does not tarry. Near the coast where the people survive off the bounty of the ocean, fishing villages are clustered even tighter together with fewer fenced fields.

Everywhere, the people are a hard working and pious group with a definite view of what is right and wrong. Religion and its moral rules play a large role in the people's daily life. Failing to attend worship services on Fastday (Sunday) is sure to bring disapproval. United in belief and loyalty, the citizens of the Groff Estates look after one another. Frequently, an entire village will turn out to welcome people who are moving to town. In times of crisis, the people band together and work for the common good. Thieves and rabble-rousers are not tolerated and are likely to be run out of town by a mob of angry citizens waving axes, shovels and clubs. Even political intrigue is kept to a minimum and most government officers are dedicated, caring and honest people. Note: Men of magic are viewed with curiosity and a little fear, as are Elves, Dwarves and Gnomes. Although Wizards and Warlocks are employed in New Crest and by the military, the common person rarely comes into direct contact with magic. Subsequently, magic is seen as a mysterious and potentially dangerous unknown, best to be avoided.

The Groff Estates has the unique position of being one of the wealthiest and most peaceful kingdoms in the Domain of Man, and yet it is only grudgingly recognized by the feudal kingdoms around it. The main reason is it inspires dissension and change that the nobility of **Penington** and others do not even want to consider. As noted before, many serfs try to flee from the feudal kingdoms to find happiness at the Groff Estates. The fact that the kingdom gives them citizenship and protection from extradition is a constant point of contention and discord with the other powers in the region. Thus, Penington and the others would love to see the Groff Estates fail, crumble and be absorbed by one of them. The notable exception is Wisdom, which is another prosperous, independent kingdom that has forsaken the old feudal system of government and does not think of itself as being a part of the Southern Kingdoms.

New Crest

Capital of the Groff Estates

A member of the Domain of Man.

Population: 72,000; does not include the 50,000 people living in towns, villages and farms within 20 mile (32 km) radius of the city, nor the large number of visitors (thousands) that come and go.

Human: 86%

Elf 7%

Dwarf 2%

Other: 5%

Military:

City Militia: 800 (this is the number of men actually stationed in the city not the entire military of the Groff Estates)

Dominion Soldiers: 1,600 (3rd Regiment 9th Army of Dominion)

Navy: 600

Major Temples:

Church of Light

Cult of the Great One

Temple of Ippotomi

Ruler: Estate Mayor, **Ehric** Groff

Coinage: Crescent (1 gold), Moon (5 gold), Sun (**10** gold) Also honor Merchants Guild scripts of credit.

Flag: A golden half sun rising out of a field of midnight blue.

New Crest is the only big city in the Groff Estates and as such, is the seat of government and the hub of commerce. It is built on an island some **100**yards (**100**m) from shore. Ships are constantly arriving and departing, making the docks a very busy and sometimes bewildering place. Merchants and street criers yell to be heard above the dull roar of the peoples voices punctuated by the sharp cry of seagulls and the steady pounding of the surf.

Two other cities have stood on the current site of New Crest; the most recent was Crest View which was razed 150 years ago during a pirate raid. Since then, the city has been rebuilt and with its ever growing professional navy is virtually impervious to pirate attack. The only remaining structure from the original city is Fort Dethial (**Elven** for "ocean"), which is now used as the headquarters for the Groff Navy. A pair of pier-like bridges made of wood and stone connect the city to the mainland.

The limestone island that New Crest is built upon is crescent shaped and is just over three miles wide (5 km). The land thrusts **40** feet (12.2 m) out of the ocean and thus its citizens are spared the **flooding** that invariably accompanies hurricanes. The jagged cliff face is slippery and hazardous to climb (-20% to climbing skill). A low stone wall some four feet (1.2 m) tall surrounds the island as a safety measure for pedestrians.

Bridges: A pair of pier-like bridges connect New Crest to the mainland. They are built 20 feet (6.1 m) above the waterline so as to stay above the storm surges. Stone arches, embedded deep in the sea bed and wide enough to allow small boats to move beneath them, support the bridges. As the easiest method across the harbor, the bridges are also the most severe security risk. They are closed after dark and guarded by 20 soldiers and a low-level (2-3 level) Warlock, Mystic, or Wizard. Warning bells on the mainland end of the bridge can be sounded in the event of



an attack, alerting the island and bringing more aid. In the event that the bridges are deemed indefensible, they would be destroyed by the assembled might of the city's Warlocks and Wizards.

During the day, the bridges are very active. A steady flow of traffic moves over each bridge as merchants, farmers and visitors arrive; the former bringing goods and produce to sell. Traffic is especially busy just after sunrise when people are hurrying into the city and then again just before sundown as people hurry to get across before the mainland gates close. The soldiers stationed on the bridges at night will prevent anyone from entering the city. Attempting to sneak into the city by going under the bridge or swimming the harbor is grounds for arrest and interrogation, possibly trial for spying.

Lighthouses: Situated on either side of the harbor mouth and on the northern and southern-most points of the island are 60 foot (18.3 m) tall, stone lighthouses equipped with a powerful beacon lantern visible for five miles (8 km). A lighthouse keeper lives in a small home connected to the lighthouse and is responsible for repairing and operating the light. Visitors are never allowed in the lighthouses.

Docks: The New Crest docks are constructed of stone with wood bumpers on the **waterline** to protect ship hulls. On average, a dozen vessels arrive and depart each day, loading and unloading cargo. Sailors wander the wharves enjoying the feel of solid ground while soldiers work to keep the peace. Adding to the activity are the legions of laborers and fishermen who live and work on the docks. Lining the wharves are **inns**, alehouses, general stores, tattoo parlors, the fish market and a host of other

shops and services. The area is a busy place during the day and night, and can be pretty rough. Brawls at the alehouses are not uncommon, especially when competing merchant companies or rival sailors are in town. Although brawling carries a 200 gold fine for everyone involved, most of the alehouse owners do not report the incidents so long as any damages are covered.

During the day, vessels are permitted to come and go as they like, under the watchful eyes of a pair of Eastern War Galleys each manned by twice the number of mariners usually assigned to them, plus two Warlocks and a Wizard. The docking fee is 30 gold per day with a maximum of three days. Ships wishing or needing to stay in town longer must move to the middle of the harbor and lay anchor. There is no anchorage charge nor are landing boats charged a fee. Immediately upon arrival, the ship's Captain or **First-Officer** must report to the Harbor Master to sign the Harbor Log. The Harbor Log records the names of vessels, the ship's Captain, its cargo and its departure point. There is also a place to write the next port of call but few merchants divulge this information. Failure to report to the Harbor Master will mean a fine of 100 gold for a first time **offense**. A second offense means double the fine and the vessel may not use the New Crest docks for two months.

Although the docks do not close at night like the bridges, any vessel wishing to enter the harbor must first submit to inspection by the **Groff Estate** Navy on patrol. Furthermore, two hands (10 soldiers), led by a mid-level psychic or practitioner of magic, will meet a docking vessel to ensure there is no funny business. The Captain or First Mate must report to the Harbor Master's office immediately after docking to sign-in and pay the usual 30 gold fee.

Away from the harbor are the homes of the more successful fishermen, merchants, and families of the sailors in the Navy. The streets here are not nearly so crowded, because the shops cater to the residents rather than the visiting ship crews, and city militia patrols are more frequent and less tolerant of public disorder.

1) Fort Dethial: Fort Dethial is a large, old fortress that, at one time, served as the seat of power for Count Stephanos Lennox. Today, it serves as the headquarters for the Groff Estates Navy and as the western anchor for the harbor mouth. The fort is shaped like an immense octagon with 60 foot (18.2 m) thick and 50 foot (15.2 m) tall, barnacle-encrusted limestone walls. The seaward facing walls are armed with eight heavy catapults and four light catapults with a variety of projectiles such as boulders, spiked steel balls, shrapnel-like metal scraps and Greek fire. Two dozen archers man the walls at all times. Anyone attempting to scale them is shot on sight.

Entry to the fort is through a single gate that is only wide enough for two fully armed men to stand side by side. Three iron portcullis and a foot (.3 m) thick oak door can be closed within seconds in the case of an invasion. Six soldiers armed with short swords and pikes stand guard before the gate, inquiring about visitors' business and turning away the merely curious. All visitors are required to have an escort while within the fortress walls. The offices for the senior navy officers, including the command staff and ship captains are located inside, as well as the barracks, mess hall and other places one expects to find at a naval installation. Adjoining the Command Staff's office is the war room, with a large map depicting the oceans along the east coast. Suspected pirate bases, regions that are prone to pirate attack and major sea-lanes are indicated on the maps.

2) Military Docks: Arrayed below the fort are the military docks. A 25 foot (7.6 m) wide walk leads to the fortress gate. At any one time, up to thirty war galleys of varying sizes are docked here. The entire area is walled off and visitors are strictly prohibited. Anyone caught within either the fort or the military docks will be arrested and likely charged with spying. The docks have been exceptionally busy over the past several weeks preparing its war galleys and hiring extra hands. Even several dozen Lopan mariners were spotted in town. Rumors has it that a major siege against pirates operating in the area is about to be launched, and that the Western Empire may be involved, either as silent supporters or disguised as pirates themselves. And there are even tales of a Demon Black Ship out to sea. (Note: Pirates have a number of coves and ports they use all along the coast, including the town of Myrth in one of the Penington Estates, on the other side of the peninsula.) Another rumor suggests they ready themselves to take on a fleet of Wolfen raiders who have been hitting coastal towns to the north and reported heading south, past the fishing villages east of Greenbough. The Wolfen are masterful sailors, but they have never dared to attack settlements this far south. This may be a test of the humans' navy and New Crest will not be found lacking.

3) Bachlor Shipyards: This outfit builds more merchantmen and eastern mercantiles than anyone in the kingdom. The owner, Kristoff Bachlor, is the son of an orchard farmer. When his father died, Kristoff sold the orchard and purchased the struggling Blue Water Shipyards in New Crest. After renaming the busi-

ness, the new owner went to Lopan to hire a Master Ship-builder and returned with Geryld Lenksi, an eighth generation shipwright who recently fell out of favor with the Empress of Lopan. Over the past six years, the Bachlor Shipyards have earned a name for producing low cost but dependable vessels. A typical ship costs 10% less than the prices listed in *Adventures on the High Seas™*, but they also have 20% less S.D.C. Although business is steady, Kristoff has begun negotiating with Bizantium to help him design a rigged vessel for the easy southern oceans. The talks are not going well, however, and he is currently looking for a skilled diplomat/salesman to take over the negotiations. As an alternative, if the talks break down altogether, Kristoff is considering hiring a band of adventurers to head west and bring back a Western Empire Caravel (see page 180 of *Adventures on the High Seas™* for complete stats) so he can build his own modified version.

4) Sailors' Call: This large open-air square is located on the periphery of the docks, away from the worst of the crowds and businesses. A large stone statue of a sailor, posed hand to mouth as though yelling over the wind, is located in the center of the square. This is a place where unemployed sailors and adventurers can seek work. A wood message board has been built all the way around the statue where job announcements are posted. A regular group of old sailors has made the Call their home and can be seen sitting on the grass drinking rum, playing cards and telling tall-tales about the old days. They can usually tell job seekers what the work from a particular employer entails, how dangerous it may be and any other "nitty gritty" and rumors about the job, mission, or employer. However, it will cost information seekers a bottle of cheap rum and/or an hour of their time listening to stories and exchanging news.

Ringling the square is a variety of alehouses, card shops, pawnshops, inns and other small businesses catering specifically to sailors, adventurers and laborers. The prices are low so many townsfolk come to these alehouses to drink too. Bar fights are common and the city guard makes arrests or breaks up a squabble most every evening. This is the best place in town to find work on a ship and to get the most recent gossip.

5) Gold Coast Trading Company: The Gold Coast Trading Company holds the distinction of being the largest and most successful private merchant company on the peninsula, and quite possibly the entire Eastern seaboard. With an annual income of 340 million gold, the company can afford to make its way into new markets. The Company employs some of the finest sailors in the East, and a point of pride is they have lost only three ships in the past eight years. The Gold Coast Trading Company has contacts and business ventures all along the east coast, along the Great River, the Timiro Kingdom, and even a small way station on Bizantium. The most recent venture is into the Inland Sea to compete with the Lopan merchants, but this has not proven as successful as they had hoped.

The Company is owned by the Groff family and is the successor to the company owned by the legendary Alexander Groff. In an effort to keep the Gold Coast Trading Company separate and distinct from the Groff Estates, the Estate Mayor has no part in the business. Currently, it is headed by Jeffries Groff III, the Mayor's younger brother. Under his direction, the Company has attempted to move into the Inland Sea, a decision not at all popular with other members of the family who don't like the finan-

cial risks. Yet another venture being planned is a trip into the Yin-Sloth Jungles in search of giant insects whose shells are said to make excellent light-weight armor. Jeffries thinks that these insect shells may be a economic bombshell and start a new market in exotic, lightweight armor. The rest of the family is not so sure.

6) Marina: A recent addition to the docks, the Marina was a joint effort between the city of New Crest and entrepreneur Andrew Durable. The facility has enough docking space for 18 vessels and a clubhouse where the idle wealthy gather to smoke and discuss politics. Andrew Durable is a recent arrival to the city and claims to have made his wealth in the Mound Hills. The success was hard earned though, as the gray streak running through his otherwise dark hair and the continual shaking of his hands can testify. Andrew is only 23 years old. He is an obnoxious young man who likes to party and brag about his exploits. One thing he will not speak about in detail is the adventure that made him rich. Whenever the subject is broached, he hurriedly changes it and becomes irritated if pressed.



Business Ward

The Business Ward is separated from the Docks by a 12 foot (3.6 m) tall, three foot (0.9 m) thick stone wall. A series of eight gates with thick oaken doors and steel portcullis provide entry through the wall. Each is guarded by four soldiers whose primary duty is to seal them in the event of attack. Since no attack has been forthcoming, these soldiers tend to be very bored and spend more time playing cards than watching (1st-3rd level).

Like the docks, the Business Ward is a busy place with the streets teeming with people during the day. Shoppers weave

amongst each other, jockeying for position before shop windows. It is also a favorite place for pick pockets. Soldiers walk the streets, trying, without much success, to put a damper on the pick pockets and chasing away beggars and fortune-tellers.

The streets are wide with well-maintained cobblestones, with bright street lamps for the night. Most crossroads are decorated with statues and there are a plethora of coffee shops. Coffee is one of the Groff Estates other, unique crops. At night, there are only a handful of people milling about and the area is a little less safe.

7) Fish Market: This large open-air market is lined with both permanent and temporary stalls, all offering fresh fish, clams and crabs. By order of the Estate Mayor, all seafood brought into the docks must be sold at the Fish Market at prescribed prices. Inspectors frequent the Market, ensuring that merchants are not charging more than is allowed. Price gouging or trying to sell rotten fish means a fine of 300 gold and the loss of selling rights for three days. This is paramount to putting the merchant out of business so the rules are never broken. In addition to being a good place to restock spent ships stores, it is good for picking up rumors and news about the region, and finding work on a fishing boat. Several of the fishermen can also be hired to take passengers up the coast. Fees range from as little as 5 gold to as much as 50 gold for the 10-40 mile (16 to 64 km) trip.

8) Produce Market: Whereas the Fish Market is the place to go to buy seafood, the Produce Market is the place to go to buy the oranges and grapefruit raised on mainland orchards. It is also where the majority of the bulk grains, beans, potatoes and corn from the north are brought for resale to area merchants. Restaurants and quiet taverns line the roads near the market, as do warehouses. This is a good place to come to find work on merchant ships heading north.

9) Pearl Market: The Pearl Market is the most protected business in town. It is a large warehouse some 250 feet (76.2 m) long and 100 feet (30.5m) wide, with a series of narrow windows along the tops of the 20 foot (6.1 m) tall walls to provide illumination. 12 soldiers, all between 3rd and 5th level, walk the roof to ensure no one tries to sneak in through the windows.

Four soldiers guard the doors leading into the building. During business hours, from noon till two hours before sundown, the warehouse is full of merchants and collectors buying and selling the exquisite quality pearls. Easily, a hundred-thousand gold is passed daily. Moving among the vendors and customers are sales people, psychics and practitioners of magic working for the owner, on the lookout for thieves. The city taxes the Market for 3% of the total sales each day. The market also sells polished seashells, coral, scrimshaw and finished jewelry.

Vendors frequently either employ their own security or pay the city militia to protect them on the way to and from the market. Over the past eight months, six vendors on the way back from the market have been mugged, their guards knocked unconscious and their pearls stolen. The city militia has tried several times to track down the thieves but have thus far failed. (The thieves are a gang of four mid-level Wizards who use their magic to **teleport** into a prearranged spot, knock out the target with sleep spells, steal the loot and then teleport out again. They own a **Bizantium Lighter** (see page 186, *Adventures on the High Seas™*) and ply the southern waters with three sailor buddies,

selling their pearls and generally living a life of comfort and leisure. It is only a matter of time till they slip-up and someone discovers their capers.

William Fisk: 6th level human Wizard, unprincipled, I.Q. 15, M.E. 12, M.A. 14, P.S. 12, P.P. 14, P.E. 15, P.B. 11, Spd. 10

Lindly Pfatt: 6th level human-changeling Wizard, aberrant, I.Q. 17, M.E. 22, M.A. 14, P.S. 11, P.P. 24, P.E. 13, P.B. 11, Spd. 15

Ernestine Thatcher: 5th level human Wizard, I.Q. 16, M.E. 24, M.A. 16, P.S. 14, P.P. 18, P.E. 19, P.B. 15, Spd. 17

Dain Thorne: 5th level human Wizard, I.Q. 12, M.E. 14, M.A. 11, P.S. 13, P.P. 15, P.E. 18, P.B. 13, Spd. 14

10) Grand Crest Inn (**):** Just one of the many fine inns at New Crest, the Grand Crest Inn is an old establishment with a history of excellence and luxury. Situated near the Avenue, the inn caters to visiting merchants and vacationers who want to be treated like royalty.

The Grand Crest has enough space on its four floors for 420 guests, with both private rooms and suites. In addition to its well-apportioned sleeping rooms, the inn boasts two dining areas, a tap-room, a private parlor complete with fireplace, a small library and a bath on each floor equipped with pewter tubs, a masseuse and a steam room. On the second floor is the vault where guests can secure large sums of money and most anything else deemed of value. The vault's stone walls are two feet (.6 m) thick and the inside is lined with steel. The door has two locks, each with its own key, both of which must be turned simultaneously for the door to open. The inn guarantees the safety of anything stored in the vault. As par of its A+ service, the inn may send up to four security guards with guests as armed escorts so long as the safety of the inn is not put in jeopardy.

The defense of the inn and its guests is left to a unit of 30 ex-soldiers, all of whom are between fourth and sixth level.

Also on staff is an elderly **Elven Mystic**, **Malean Curuthlan**, who lives on the third floor and spends much of his time in the library (8th level, Scrupulous, I.Q. 24, M.E. 11, M.A. 8, P.S. 9, P.P. 11, P.E. 13, P.B. 18, Spd. 10).

11) The Avenue: The Avenue in New Crest is essentially the Palladium version of Rodeo Drive or 5th Avenue. The street is exceptionally wide and lined with **wrought-iron** lamps. The businesses along the Avenue cater exclusively to the wealthy, ranging from high-priced tailors to boutiques to the shop of the famed alchemist Nickodemous. The city militia, wearing in their dress uniforms, maintains a visible presence and is quick to deal with troublemakers and pick-pockets. Just a few of the more notable shops on the Avenue include:

Mystic Sands: This is the official store of one of the most widely known Elven alchemists in the East, Nickodemous. No one knows if Nickodemous is his first or last name or whether it is truly his name at all. Chief amongst his accomplishments, and for which his store is named, are the widely known and available Mystic Sands. The Mystic Sands are a series of offensive magic dusts that can be found in alchemy and magic shops all over the Eastern Territory. Full details on a sampling of the Mystic Sands can be found elsewhere in this book.

Nickodemous is not commonly in the elaborate shop and employs his long-time apprentice, **Radrous Forthinlaus**, to take care of the store during his prolonged absences. In addition to the magic sands, the shop offers a full line of powders, fumes and crystals. Conspicuously absent are weapons which Nickodemous emphatically refuses to buy or sell. Prices are high like everywhere else on the Avenue, starting at 150% of the prices given on pages 253-257 of *Palladium Fantasy RPG® 2nd Ed*

The Golden Needle: This tailor shop employs two-dozen tailors and seamstresses and is the favored maker of clothes for the New Crest well-to-do. The owner, Bartholomew Hissildink,



copies his fashions from the royal courts in the **Timiro** Kingdom. The materials and craftsmanship are truly exceptional, with even the simplest tunics being virtual works of art. Prices are 300% higher than the prices given on page 272 of the *Palladium Fantasy RPG® 2nd Ed.* Bartholomew is a touchy fellow who will remember a slight or misspoken word regarding his product for years.

Sun Drops: Owned by the aging **Dwarven** jeweler, Jerom **Genthands**, Sun Drops has been successful both in New Crest and with visiting merchants. Jerom buys most of his raw stones from the mountain valley city of **Adriana** in the White Rock Mountains. The quality of his gems and workmanship is impeccable. Jewelers and nobles from all over the East have traveled to his shop to get a piece or two of his jewelry. Although he can craft most anything, he specializes in rings and brooches. Samples of his work are owned by most of the southern kingdom's nobility, who use the jewels as signs of status. His rates are rather extravagant with the simplest of settings being 200% of the prices listed in the *Palladium Fantasy RPG® 2nd Ed.* Not content to survive off of his past success, Jerom is continually looking to add to his repertoire. His current pet project involves finding a rare jade-green diamond that can only be found in the monster infested mountains dividing Ophid's Grasslands from the Land of the Damned. To this end, he is gathering a small band of explorers to brave the grasslands' dangers.

The Falconry: Despite the title, this store offers all manner of pets ranging from falcons to hunting dogs and even a small selection of great cats. The Falconry is owned by Elithia and Charles Naomi with Elithia being the real force behind the shop's success. The store is a large single-story structure surrounded by iron bars. It contains an indoor kennel and a small aviary. The animals are raised on a ranch on the mainland and then transported to New Crest for sale. Animals offered at the Falconry include:

Falcons (untrained): 500 gold

Falcons (trained): 1000 gold

Parrots (Scarlet Macaw): 300 gold for a single bird, 800 gold for a mated pair.

Song Birds: 25-150 gold

Hunting Dogs (untrained): 80-180 gold

Hunting Dogs (trained): 400-600 gold

War/Guard Dogs (trained): 650 gold

Cheetahs: 2,500 gold (only has three)

Tigers: 4,500 gold (only has two)

Note that although wild animals are occasionally sold, 95% of them become uncontrollable when they are grown. Sadly, most are killed. Also, due to the obvious hazards of a tiger stalking the streets, no adult great cat may be kept anywhere on the island.

Government/Military Ward

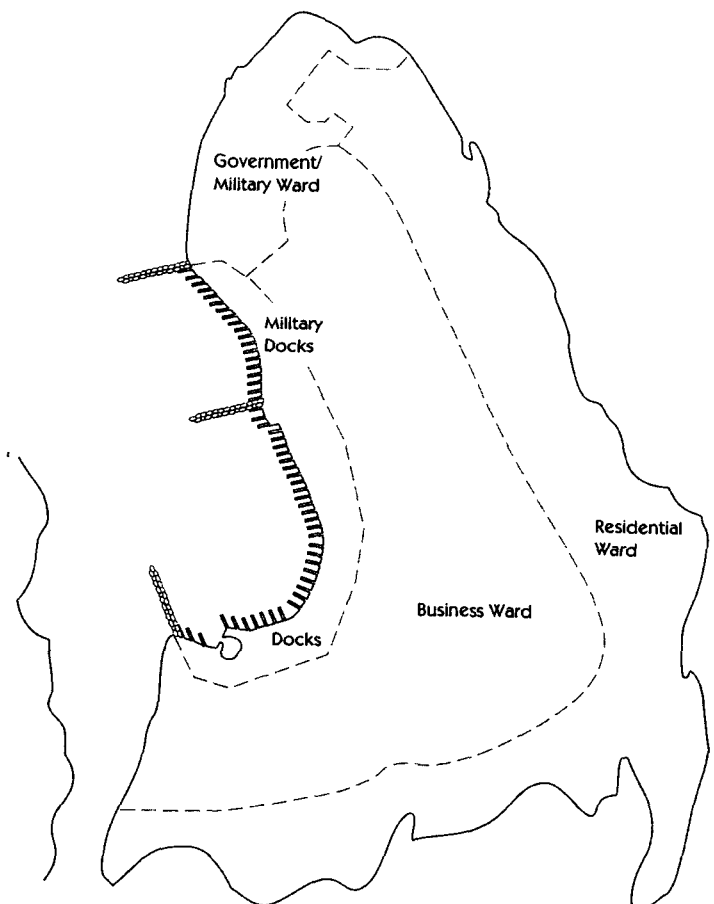
12) Merchants' Guild: The New Crest Guild house is a large, extravagant mansion surrounded by an iron fence. Within, Ambassador **Ellias Ranney**, his wife and three children, live on the third floor. Along with the Ambassador is the usual accompaniment of accountants and legal staff tasked with assisting and representing visiting members of the Guild. Ambassador Ranney and Mayor **Groff** have become good friends over the past three years and can often be found sailing and eating dinner in the Mayor's home overlooking the eastern cliffs.

A regular detachment of six Master Collectors and two squads of **A-list** Collectors live on the second floor. Rather than working together on cases, they frequently compete by hoarding information and misleading their compatriots, so they can get credit for bringing in criminals and recovering stolen cargo. This rivalry and counter-productive activity has gone unnoticed by the Ambassador, but several merchants have issued formal complaints to the Guild headquarters.

13) City Square: The City Square occupies almost the entire northern sea cliff and contains the Parliament, Castle Swept, and the Courthouse/City Jail. A wide cobbled street surrounds the Square on the landward side with a single road leading to the opulent City Hall. The buildings are all constructed of limestone and marble with slate roofs and glass windows. Military patrols are heavy. The soldiers are attired in their dress uniforms and behave very formally. Guests are permitted in the Square to see its many fountains and statues.

In the center of the square is a 50 foot (15.2 m) wide pool of water called the Pool of Heavens. It was a gift to the city from a long-dead Warlock. During the day, one can see stars glittering in the depths of the always still water. Even during the wildest storms the surface of the pool is barely disturbed.

The Parliament is a large, four story building with a flat roof suspended by marble columns. Since its construction, the building has undergone constant cosmetic enhancements. Some are a series of six 15 foot (4.6 m) by 30 foot (9.1 m) lead crystal windows, a grand mosaic of a ship at sea on the entry floor, and the bas-reliefs running around the roof line depicting a victorious army of peasants defeating the hired mercenaries of the last noble ruler of the Groff Estates. For a period of four months each year, the entire parliament meets in New Crest to review laws,



address citizens concerns and advise the Estate Mayor. For the rest of the year, the building serves as city hall with offices for the city's administrative staff and the Estate Mayor.

Castle Swept is home to the Dominion regiment and to the New Crest militia. It is a modern fortress built on the circular **Llornian** design. It can hold twice the number of its current complement of troops. Visitors may not enter the parade yard unless given a pass by the fortress commander, Sir Barnard Sheffield, and accompanied by an armed escort. Relations between the Dominion troops and the New Crest militia are warm. Several times each year, the two troops conduct mock engagements on the mainland and have even held naval engagements in the harbor. The New Crest militia tends to win the engagements. In the event of an attack, the Castle would be held by 80 men (all New Crest militia) while the rest fan out along the cliff walls to turn back the invasion.

14) The Academy: Originally begun as a school for the Navy, it has been turned over to civilians and become a premier trainer of seamanship, shipbuilding and engineering. Further supplementing its program are courses in advanced math, astronomy and economics. All officers of the **Groff** Navy get their training at the Academy, as do many of the senior officers in the Dominion Navy. The shipwright course is top notch and as a requirement of graduation, the students must intern at a shipyard for a full year. Upon graduation, the individual is given the title of Master Shipwright. He can expect to earn 600 gold a month or more as an engineer. The economics courses are jointly taught by the Gold Coast Trading Company and the Merchants' Guild, virtually ensuring that any budding merchants will join one or both of them. Tuition, room and board costs **11,000** gold per academic year (with a three month break in winter rather than summer). The seamanship/ship's officer course takes two years and includes course **work/training in** sailing, sea tactics, navigation, and weapons. The shipwright degree takes six years including the one-year internship, and includes courses in engineering, basic and advanced math, a primitive version of physics, and carpentry. The economics course takes only two years and includes training in trade law, accounting, languages and management.

Residential Ward

The Residential Ward occupies the eastern third of the island and is home to laborers and the wealthy alike, with the more affluent homes being further south. The roads are kept in good repair. Several double-wide avenues cut through the homes, providing easy access to the sea cliffs for defenders should the need arise. Crime is low with the worst of it in the northern half of the ward. Vacation homes and resorts crowd the eastern sea cliffs. It is not uncommon in the winter months to see people from **Llorn**, Haven, the Old Kingdom and **Bizantium** walking the streets.

15) Red Coach: The Red Coach, the one and only carriage service in New Crest, operates 14 coaches, each with a two-horse team. The drivers are schooled in the etiquette of the rich and snobbish and are excellent drivers (typical Teamster skill of 85%). A ride to anywhere on the island costs 12 gold. Passage to the mainland costs 30 gold.

16) Golden Crane Resort(**):** This luxurious resort inn is situated on the eastward sea cliffs with an absolutely gorgeous

view of the sunrise. The Golden Crane rents rooms like an inn but makes most of its money from extended stays of northern vacationers. The owner, Enyas Verdun, is a **Lopan** native who worked in the glittering halls of Ras **Magiras Deseir**, perhaps the most luxurious resort on Lopan. Using the skills learned on his homeland, Enyas (who came to New Crest twenty years ago) has built the finest resort on the isle and to a large degree, the entire South. In addition to its sumptuous rooms and impeccable service, the Golden Crane boasts an indoor swimming pool (kept magically warm), fine dining in the crystal **chandeliered ballroom**, a fleet of three yachts, and a sparring room where visitors can practice blade work and take part in weekly refereed fencing matches.

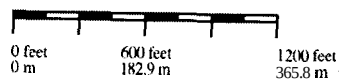
17) Night Lights: The Night Lights has been in business for a little over a year, but is already backlogged for six months. Last spring just after the final thaw, the alchemist brothers, **Virtuan** and **Raggart** Appler, displayed before the courts of the **Tegyn** Kingdoms an aerial display of fireworks which had never before been seen. Dubbing their product Night Lights for their similarity to the stars, they set up shop in the free markets of New Crest and have since made a fortune. As the first, and quite possibly only manufacturer of fireworks on Palladium, the Appler brothers are in a position to charge whatever they like.

Although they claim the Night Lights are magical, they are, in fact, purely chemical. Inspired by the fire sands found only in the Yin-Sloth Jungles and aware that various metals make different colors of flame when put in a fire, they set out to find the chemicals required to make fireworks. It took them nearly two decades but they finally succeeded. Fellow alchemists who have examined the Night Lights are puzzled that the effect looks magical and yet there is no trace of magic on them. Further protecting the true nature of the Night Lights is their tendency to explode unexpectedly. Striking a Night Light or dropping one is 50% likely to set it off, causing 5D6 damage to everyone within 10 feet (3 m) of the blast, 3D6 damage to anyone between 10 and 15 feet (4.6 m) and 1D6 damage to anyone within 15 and 20 feet (6.1 m). Opening the oiled paper wrappings and exposing the chemicals to the air will usually ruin them.

Night Lights come in two forms; the Small Light and the Night Light. The Small Light is the safer of the two and does nothing but make a bright light and a loud bang when thrown to the ground (basically a firecracker). There is no fuse and the item does no damage when it explodes. The light given off is not true daylight and thus has no effect on vampires or similar creatures. Cost: 80 gold each. The Night Light comes in a one foot (.3 m), long oiled paper packet with an additional foot (.3 m) of fuse. To use the item, the Night Light must be placed in a hole or in some kind of pipe. The fireworks soars 100 feet (30.5 m) into the air where loud explosion occurs, showering multi-colored sparks. Cost: 400 gold.

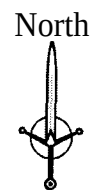
The shop is a small stone structure with stain, glass windows. A single, long counter divides the store roughly in half. Only a dozen Night Lights and three dozen Small Lights are available within the store. The rest are shipped to customers and merchants who have made large orders. Note that the fireworks costs given above are what the Appler brothers charge. Purchasing Night Lights from a merchant is sure to cost 25% to 75% more.

Sandbar extends another
mile



New Crest

Steve Edwards '99



The warehouse where the Appler brothers make the Night Lights is located on the cliffs on the south side of the island and is surrounded by a 15 foot (4.6 m) stone wall topped with razor sharp blades (6D6 damage). The grounds are patrolled by a pack of 12 war dogs that will attack and kill anyone except the brothers. The warehouse has walls over three feet (.9 m) thick and slit-like windows that are far too narrow to squeeze through. The front, and only, door is protected by a complicated ward phrase that inflicts a silent alarm, agony, death and then sleep. There are eight sets of these wards. Inside the warehouse are the vats, burners and other paraphernalia required to manufacture, combine, and package the chemicals.

18) Temple of Ippotomi: The New Crest Temple of Ippotomi is a T-shaped structure with the primary chapel in the center and the priests' chamber in the wings. Running the length of the chapel is a narrow pool of water used in ceremonies and for baptizing new members. The High Priest, a middle-aged human by the name of Father Daniel **Leiner**, is as fickle as the sea. At times, he is the most compassionate and caring person in the city while at other times, he is as harsh as the hurricanes that infrequently savage the coast. He harps on respect and caring for the weak. He particularly emphasizes personal responsibility. The best way to earn his scorn is to blame one's troubles on someone else. When not in the temple, the Father travels around the city blessing newly christened boats. He makes monthly forays onto the mainland to preach at the small temples so popular in the coastal fishing communities.

Assisting Father Leiner are three lesser priests, each between second and fourth levels. It is these lesser priests who see to the care of the temple.

As part of its mission to care for the weak, the temple charges no fee for healing, though those with the means are expected to make some donation in respect to Ippotomi. At least two of the lesser priests can be found in the temple at all times, caring for the sick and needy.

Membership in the church is limited mostly to those inhabitants of the city who make their living on the sea.

19) Temple of the Sun: The Temple of the Sun is the most popular church in the city with nearly 35,000 members on the rolls. Although extravagantly large, the temple can only hold 3,000 visitors at a time so the lesser priests hold services in homes and lesser churches throughout the city.

As a church dedicated primarily to Ra, the priests and the edicts of the church are strict and without compassion for evil. As such, the priests appear cold and distant with an obsession for rules and order. Strangely, the order imposed by the church has struck a cord with New Crest's citizens who look upon Ra and his priests with the utmost respect and reverence. Speaking against the priests could very well cause a fight (sort of like going into a Canadian pub and insulting **the Queen** of England.)

As part of its mission to weed out evil, the Temple of the Sun hosts the Solemn Inquisitors, a group of eight Witch Hunters and a pair of Undead Hunters (all are between fourth and eighth level). The Groff Estates officially sanction the activities of these Witch Hunters, regarding them as experts, and their deductions are seldom questioned. Fortunately, these men are dedicated to the fight against evil and have never abused their authority or judged someone falsely. Although a bit zealous, they have been very successful and highly **respected**. **Adventurers**

who worship gods of evil, witches, necromancers and summoners are likely to have an unpleasant encounter with the Inquisition. Rooting out evil always results in the offending individual's death. Full information on the Witch Hunter and Undead Hunter O.C.C.s can be found in *Adventures on the High Seas™*.

The City of Wisdom

A member of the Domain of Man.

Population: 120,000

Human: 80%

Elf: 5%

Dwarf: 2%

Other: 13%

Military:

City Militia: 5,000

Dominion Soldiers: 7,000

Major Temples:

Church of Light

Church of Light and Dark

Church of Thoth

Ruler: King **Jeffries Hafton**

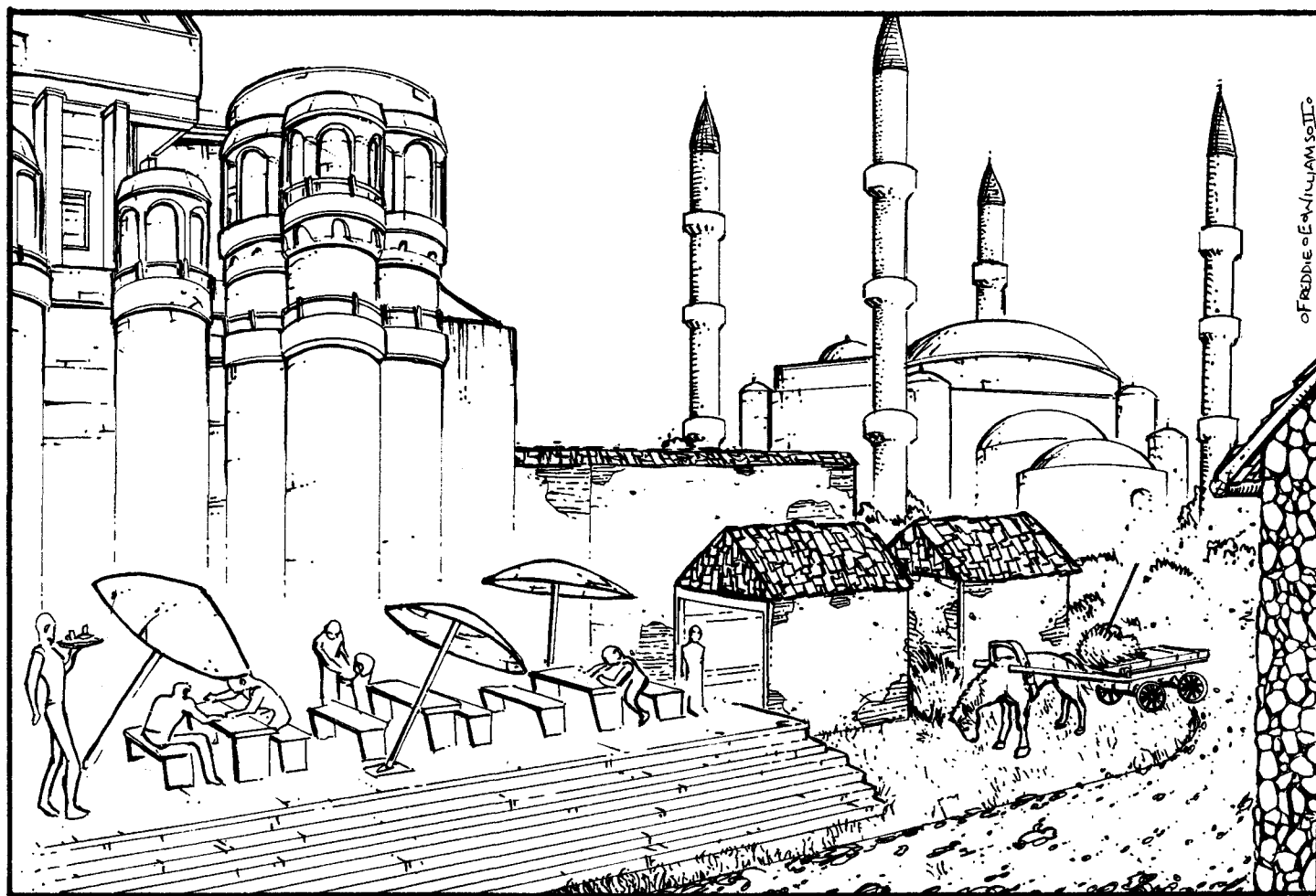
Coinage: Crescent (1 gold), Moon (5 gold), Sun (10 gold). Also honor Merchants' Guild coinage and scripts of credit.

Flag: White and gold unicorn on a blue field.

If **Llorn** is known as the city of war and Haven as the city of religion, then Wisdom holds claim to the title *City of Learning*. With the largest assemblage of educated people, both mundane and magical, in the Eastern Territory, it has become the heart of the Domain of Man. It is also home to the widely traveled and respected brotherhood of scholars, the *Circle of the Scroll*, the prestigious *Institute of Science and Magic*, and the powerful and influential magic guild, *Tri-Arcanum*. As the "unofficial" capital of the Domain of Man, Wisdom is host to the entire 7th Army and the administrative juggernaut that keeps track of the member cities, kingdoms and states that comprise the Dominion. Twice each year, representatives from every Charter member of the Dominion gather in the *House of Man* to resolve disputes, pay taxes, receive petitioners wishing to sign the Charter of Dominion as well as conduct other business of state. (The original signed copy of the Charter is kept at Wisdom.)

Wisdom is an old city and has seen continual habitation for over 700 years. Contrary to what one may think, most buildings are not exceptionally old. The oldest is the House of Man, a large, domed structure reminiscent of the Winter Palace in Southwatch that is just over 300 years old. Most of the buildings elsewhere are between 10 and 100 years old, with many even newer. Buildings are constructed of both wood and stone, with the wealthier inhabitants having more stone and the poorer folk depending more on wood and plaster. The King has decreed that slate shingles must be used as a fire prevention measure.

The city militia, dubbed the "Green Men" for their green tabards, are well-liked by the general populace. They spend much of their time patrolling the streets, protecting against



thieves and drug peddlers while on the look out for spies from both the Western Empire and the Wolfen. A token force mans the walls but with the overpowering might of the Dominion 7th Army keeping the surrounding countryside safe, there is no real threat.

Typical Green Man (Wisdom Soldier): 95% human, 2% Elven, 2% Dwarven, 1% other; good or selfish alignments, average 2nd or 3rd level, 73% professional Soldiers, 10% Mercenary Warrior, 10% Rangers, 3% Long Bowmen, 2% Knights and Palladins, 2% other (special agents and practitioners of magic). Standard Equipment: Falchion (2D6), Dagger (1D6), Black Jack (1D6) and medium shield.

The city's ruler, King Hafton, comes from a long line of Haftons who took control of Wisdom and 50 miles (80 km) of countryside during the War of Houses in a peaceful coup. The current Kingdom, though able, has largely been overshadowed by the growing strength of other cities in the Eastern Territory. He has enacted a series of laws with an eye to limit the power of the Merchants' Guild and, especially, the Dominion Army. He is fearful of the day that the House of Man seeks to forge an empire in the East rather than serving as the tool of independent nations. Nevertheless, the Dominion soldiers are almost as well liked as the Green Men, and incidents involving soldiers are rare and far between. Of more concern to the average resident is the illicit drug trade that threatens the city's youth and the safety of the streets, especially after dark. The King has tasked the Green Men with stopping the flow of drugs but they have thus far been ineffective.

As the level of crime has increased in the city, so too has their effort to curb it. Wisdom has developed a unique series of punishments, few of which include prison time in the normal sense of the word. Those accused of a crime by the Green Men or any other city official, including the Haftons, are assumed guilty by the judge and must prove their innocence. On the other hand, if someone is accused of a crime by a citizen or visitor, the burden of proof falls on the accuser.

The mildest form of punishment is a fine, usually with time spent in the stocks in the Courtyard of Shame. The last sentence that allows the criminal to stay in the city is flogging, which ranges from three to as many as 10 strokes. Other penalties available to the judge are servitude on a prison ship, banishment to the Dungeon and lastly, death.

Wisdom operates 12 **prison ships** on which to reform those criminals deemed recoverable. That is the official justification, but in reality the prison ships are a convenient way to get rid of criminals without incurring the expense of maintaining large city prisons near the city. Each of the prison ships is an Eastern war galley, powered by the slave-like prisoners much like the Roman slave-driven galleys on Earth. The prisoners are kept chained to the ship and in the unlikely event that the boat is sunk, they are virtually guaranteed to go down with the ship. There is also a lower hold where the prisoners who are off-duty sleep. When not chained to the ship, prisoners are bound in both hand and foot manacles. Unlike the poorly treated prisoners on the ships of Ironshod and other Tegn kingdoms, Wisdom's prisoners are fed twice a day and, unless restricted due to bad behavior, are allowed one hour on the upper deck under the

watchful eyes of the guards. Refusing to row or exhibiting behavior deemed intended to incite a riot means loss of the top-deck privilege and earns the culprit a flogging of five to ten strokes. A second incident means a repeat of the punishment with more lashes. Murder or constant trouble will result in a long walk off a short plank into the ocean while still wearing the arm and leg irons.

The ships are guarded by 50 Soldiers, a pair of Warlocks (one Fire and one Water or Air), and a Wizard, all between third and fifth level. There is also a **Captain/navigator**, a pilot who also can act as the navigator and six sailors who are responsible for the sails. The prison ships travel in **pairs** up and down the coast, carrying cargo for Wisdom merchants at a reduced rate (typically 50 gold per ton of **cargo**). The ships never carry passengers for fear of pirates sneaking on board disguised as paying customers. A number of kingdoms have lost several prison ships in this way and Wisdom has no wish to join them. King **Hafton** has considered disbanding the prison ships, but without a suitable alternative, they seem like the best solution for the internment of criminals.

The ultimate means of permanently getting rid of troublesome criminals, aside from death, is **The Dungeon**. The Dungeon was created during the War of Houses when vast numbers of refugees who had escaped the fighting arrived in Wisdom. Among these refugees were a large number of criminals who had been released by the **Tegyn** Kingdoms in order to free resources for the war effort. Under the direction of **Cheztum**, a Great Horned Dragon who had already lived in the city for 80 years, all of the practitioners of magic gathered together, and with his already formidable magical powers, created a *Time*

Hole Pocket Dimension (see *Dragons and Gods™* page 13, for a complete explanation of the spell). Over the years, **five** other pocket dimensions or Domains, each with a **10 mile (16 km)** radius, have been created, all joined by a series of magical portals to house criminals who are deemed too dangerous to allow to stay in the world. So long as **Cheztum** lives, so too does the Dungeon. When the dragon dies, the Dungeon will slowly vanish, killing the inmates unless some other means of prolonging the prison can be devised.

The only means to get to the Dungeon is for **Cheztum** to transport the new **inmate(s)**. Thus, no one really knows the location of the prison dimension. Wizards, even gods, are unable to transport to it, though if one managed to get into one they could **teleport** out. Everyone sentenced to the Dungeon, whether thief or a practitioner of magic, is first drained of P.P.E. by a **Ley Lamprey** (a six inch, leech-like worm that dwells in soil on or near ley lines that consumes P.P.E. See the *Monsters & Wildlife* chapter at the end of the book for complete stats). Once within the prison, P.P.E. can not be recovered (There is no ambient P.P.E. What a prisoner brings with them is all there is). On the other hand, aging virtually stops, any sickness or degenerative disease stops, as do the effects of poison or wounds received prior to entering. Any priest who enters the Dungeon is separated from **their** deity and thus can not use any of their spells or other magical abilities.

In the Dungeon, there is just one long, overcast day with neither sun nor moon. The landscape is perfectly flat and is covered in 20 feet (6 m) of soil. Beneath is what seems like rock but it can neither be dug through nor even scratched by any means. Originally, stands of trees were transported as well, but the resi-



dents quickly cut them down to build homes. Several small forests, the largest covers a mere 35 acres of land, are all that remain. Otherwise, the land is covered in fields that serve as the primary means of food for the inmates. Shipments of seed and fish are **teleported** to the Dungeon once per year. Water is constantly **teleported** into the third of the Dungeon dimensions, which acts as the only water source for all five Domains of the prison and is also the supplier of meat (fish). There is no wild-life aside from rats and insects, both of which were accidentally imported with the shipments of food and earth.

Currently, there are 2,500 inmates in the Dungeon divided amongst the five Domains. Each Domain is ruled by a lord who is kept in power by bands of thugs. Going against the Domain Lord means a good thrashing. Remember that wounds do not heal, so getting beat up is a serious threat. One would expect this punishment be deemed inhuman, after all, sending a criminal to prison for life is one thing, confining them in a prison where they never age and can be kept for thousands of years is living hell. The authorities and **Cheztum** counter, saying this gives the prisoners as long as it takes to find enlightenment and change their evil ways. Indeed, periodic reviews can lead to the release of those who reform, repent and take on good lives (and alignments of Unprincipled or better), provided the rest of the scum don't kill them first.

A sample of crimes and their punishments at Wisdom:

Practicing Witchcraft: Death by public beheading followed by cremation.

Practicing Necromancy or Summoning: Banishment to the Dungeon.

Operating a Death Cult and/or Summoning Demons to hurt others: Public execution.

Murder: Public flogging, banishment to the Dungeon or 30 years on a prison ship.

Rape: 3-9 years on a prison ship; public castration for repeat offenders.

Assault: First **offense**; 200 gold fine or public flogging. Second **offense**; 500 gold and a flogging. Assault with intent to commit murder, 2-8 years on a prison ship.

Assault on a Green Man: 10 years on a prison ship and a public flogging.

Burglary/Theft: Restitution of stolen property or its worth in gold, flogging and confinement to the stocks for two days. Repeat offenders may get sentenced to 1-4 years on a prison ship.

Armed Robbery or Robbery and Assault: 2-8 years on a prison ship for each conviction.

Slander: Fine of 250 gold and an hour in the stocks.

Bribery: Fine of 500 gold and two hours in the stocks or 30 days in jail. Political corruption or bribery/slander that hurts a career, business or civil leader, 5 years on a prison ship.





Wisdom River District

The Wisdom docks are surprisingly busy given the general lack of a river trade. Dozens of fishermen and a few merchants ply the waters between Wisdom and the **Penington** lands bordering on the **Timiro** Kingdom, and the villages in between. For those willing to pay, occasional river-runners travel the Old Kingdom River between Wisdom and the Inland Sea. The trip typically takes 3-5 days and costs 500-1,000 gold per passenger. Naturally, at these prices the river-runners do not carry many travelers. The route is dangerous because of the many brigands, monsters and monster races (particularly **Orcs**, **Goblins** and **Ogres**) that inhabit the Old Kingdom side of the river. Occasionally a pirate vessel roams the river as well.

The piers are made of wood and poorly maintained. The North Docks play host to the majority of the military transport, merchant cargo and the more successful fishermen. The occasional river-runner can also be found here, but most prefer the poorer but more secluded South Docks. Neither dock has a mooring fee. The North Docks are home to fishermen and to many Dominion soldiers stationed at **Castle Hardrake**. The roads are cobbled and oil lamps are on every street corner. The Dominion Army takes responsibility for patrolling the area, with criminals turned over to the Green Men. The King is not overly thrilled with Dominion soldiers patrolling city streets as he doesn't completely trust the Army of Dominion. However, the additional troops have allowed him to redeploy the Green Men to the South Docks, the Southern Residential District and to University Park; where illegal drugs are being bought and sold.

The South Docks can be a very rough place. Bordering on the South Residential District, where most of the city's thieves reside, muggings and assaults are all too common after sundown. Green Men patrol the streets in force, and oil lamps are finally being installed but neither seems to have much impact on the crime rate. Alehouses, tattoo parlors, pawnshops, secret drug dens and gambling establishments are all found on the south side. There are even rumors that a sisterhood of witches practice on the river front.

1) **Catfish:** The Catfish is a small tavern on the south dock where beverages are limited to ale and rum. The wind-swept wood siding matches the dark and shadowy interior. Moldy straw and wood shavings cover the floor while small oil lamps and sickly-sweet scented candles provide illumination. The owner, **Mithos** Greene, used to be a fisherman. Twelve years ago, after he was attacked by pirates, he sold his boat and purchased the tavern. Since then, the Catfish has become a favorite hangout for river-runner crews. The tavern's drinks are of average to good quality with a mug of ale costing one gold, a glass of rum two, and an entire bottle of rum 15 gold. The food consists of fish and a thin vegetable soup. After downing a couple mugs of ale, the food tastes just fine. A plate of three fish, a bowl of soup and a half loaf of bread costs 5 gold.

2) **The Ferry:** The Ferry is one of a half-dozen permanent ferries that carry passengers and gear across the Old Kingdom River. Passengers are either visitors to the western portion of the Old City ruins, or are Dominion soldiers. The Ferry is owned by

the city of Wisdom and is run by a middle-aged human named Hugh Ruebber. The service is free for city employees, the military and scholars from the Institute. Otherwise, the fee is a low 2 gold pieces per passenger, 8 gold per horse or pack animal and 15 gold for wagons. By order of King **Hafton**, no ferry can operate after dark. However, Hugh Ruebber has an eye towards profit and can be convinced to make the occasional trip across for the triple the usual fee. The Dominion Army doesn't pay any attention to the Ferry unless things are noisy or there is obvious trouble.

The Barracuda is a merchantman owned by Gabriel **Kavanaugh**, one of the more notorious and successful of the river-runners. He has been investigated at least a dozen times by the Green Men for drug running and comes from a long line of Inland Sea pirates. He has supposedly given up the pirate life and works as a private ferry service up and down the **river**. In reality, he makes a comfortable living carrying the drugs for Delquiff, **Fansolin**, **Gorvon** and Vetch. On the side, for 600 gold, he carries passengers between **Llorn** and Wisdom. The vessel typically makes one drug run per month from **Lopon** and two to eight to or from Llorn.

Gabriel Kavanaugh is a 6th level, human Pirate of Aberrant alignment. Attributes: I.Q. 14, M.E. 11, M.A. 14, P.S. 15, P.P. 24, P.E. 15, P.B. 14, Spd. 13; Hit Points: 59, S.D.C.: 38. 3) Castle Hardrake is the headquarters for the 7th Dominion Army (6,400+ soldiers) and is the training center for its legions. The castle has seen continuous construction for the past 120 years and currently sports two curtain walls, a stable, 12 four-story barracks buildings, an armory and the keep. In addition, a second keep for practitioners of magic has just finished construction, making Castle Hardrake the only two-keep fortress in the East. There is ample room for the soldiers and support staff for the 7th Army, and twice that many could be squeezed behind its walls without serious overcrowding.

a. **Curtain Wall**: The outer curtain wall is 23 feet (7 m) thick and 50 feet (15.2 m) tall. The towers are 18 feet (5.5 m) thick and 65 feet (19.8m) tall. The inner curtain wall is 33 feet thick (10 m), and 65 feet (19.8 m) tall with towers 25 feet (7.6 m) thick and 80 feet (24.4 m) tall. Forty archers man both walls at all times. During the night, Elves or Dwarves, never both, walk the walls. In the event of a siege, 20 ballista and 12 catapults can be hoisted onto the walls from storage below. The archers shoot anyone caught climbing the walls. Visitors are only allowed into the outer courtyard unless on legitimate business and accompanied by a guard.

b. **Gatehouse**: Castle Hardrake has two gatehouses similar to those found at **Southwatch**. Three portcullises guard each gatehouse with heavy oak doors behind each. The floor of the gatehouse is rigged to collapse into a **teleportation** circle that will whisk an invader into the middle of the Old Kingdom River. 12 archers are permanently stationed in each gatehouse.

c. **Barracks**: Each of the ten barracks can house 700 soldiers comfortably, but twice that when filled to capacity. They are constructed of stone with slate roofs. In addition to sleeping space, the buildings have two indoor drill areas, an outdoor drill yard, a small armory on each level, an attached **cafeteria**, and a shrine dedicated to the gods of Light. In four of the ten, a statue of Rurga has been added to the shrine even though she is not a part of the Pantheon of Light.

d. **Stables**: The stables currently hold 600 horses and can hold up to 850 horses in a pinch. In addition, the outer courtyard can be used for stabling another 1,500 horses or more. The castle keeps enough feed for 1,000 horses for four months.

e. **Armory**: This two-story building serves as the primary armory for the entire fortress. It is required to hold two short swords for every soldier in the castle, a spear for every soldier, a long sword and a battle ax for every four soldiers, a shield for every six soldiers and a chain mail shirt for every 10 soldiers. The task of inventorying and maintaining all this gear is left to the Chief Arms Master, a dour Dwarf who acts as though the entire inventory is his personal property. The Arms Master is assisted by a rotating staff of 20 soldiers taken from the regular infantry for week-long tours. Assignment to the Armory is typically a punishment for poor behavior.

f. **Hardrake Keep**: This is the older of the two keeps and is the Army's headquarters. In addition to acting as office and living space for the senior officers, the keep also holds the dungeons and storage for the emergency food stores. 600 soldiers can be housed within the keep for up to six months. An abbreviated version of the war-maps found in the House of Man is kept in the Hardrake war room. Admittance to this chamber is limited to the commanding officer, General **Whitmer** Konaston, the regimental commanders and his intelligence staff.

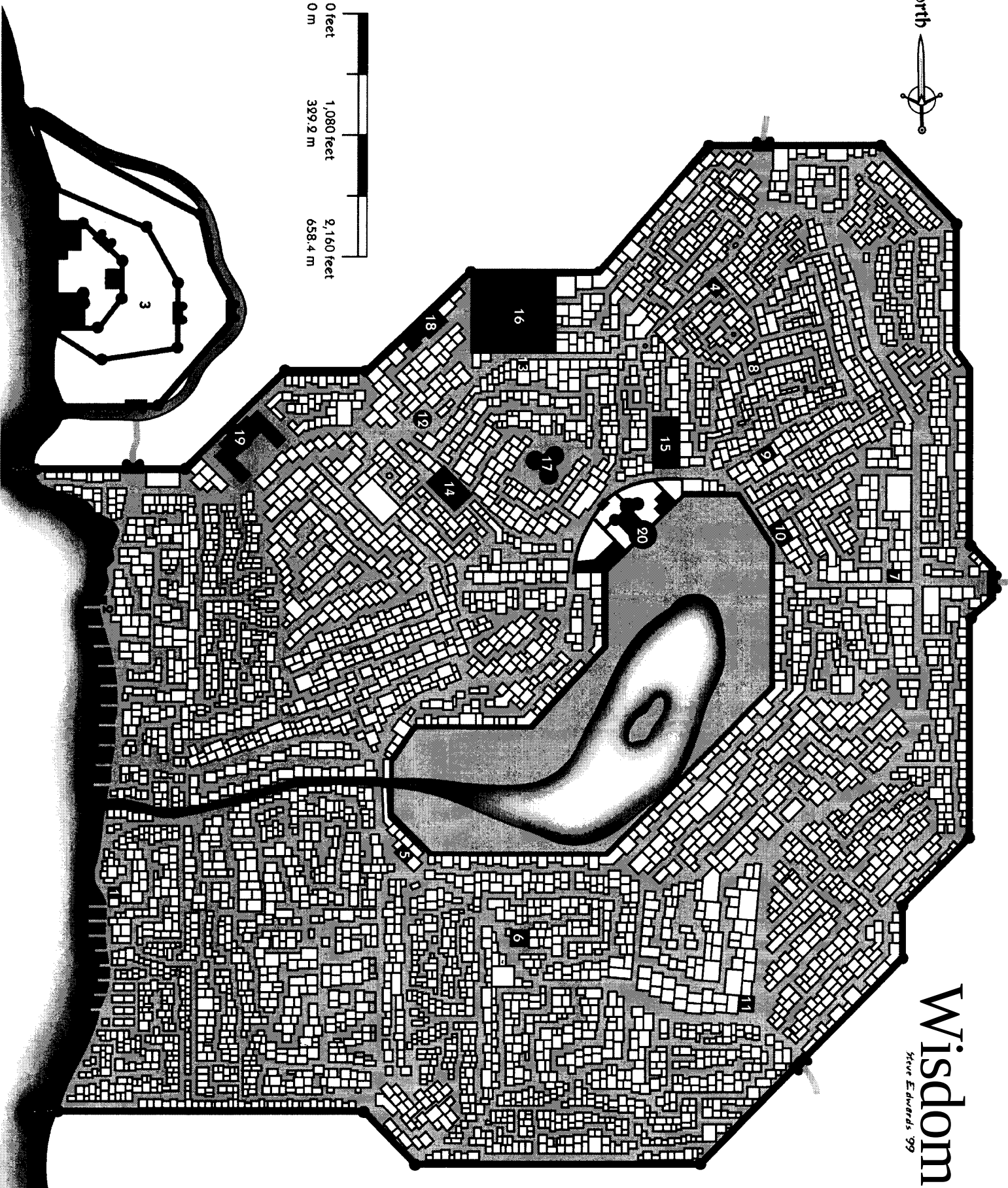
g. **Mendenhall Keep**: **Mendenhall** named after the Wizard **Krastaus** Menden, who helped to establish the Magic Division, and military training program. The Keep is school and dormitory for the 300 practitioners of magic, men and women, who are a formal part of the Army. Visitors are never permitted inside the keep. Anyone caught inside or poking around the outside are subject to arrest and charges of spying. Currently, the Dominion Army is not recruiting for more sorcerers although the recruiters keep a list of interested individuals.

Business District

The business area typically has two or three story buildings, most with many of the owners living on the upper floor. Only the wealthiest of business owners can afford to maintain a separate home and shop. Likewise, most shops are either divided between a shopping area in the front and a workshop in the back or have a fold-down shop front that doubles as a table. The cobbled streets are wide enough to support the crowds that frequent the business district each day. Large oil lamps, like those on ocean-going ships, are on every street corner, along with benches for weary marketers. Crime, particularly theft and pick pocketing, is high in the district, but large-scale burglaries and violent crimes are decidedly uncommon.

4) **Blue Steel Armories**: The Blue Steel is owned and operated by the **Kobold** Master Craftsman Sev **Hainvl**. Sev runs a small but profitable business with his four sons, Tain, **Theon**, **Hadran** and **Dort**. Aside from the blue color of the steel, the Kobold's work is considered some of the finest in Wisdom. All of their work is for custom items, each named and decorated with intricate knot work engraved on the blade. The shop has no inventory so an adventurer can not walk in off the street and purchase a Blue Steel broadsword. They never make armor. Prices are per the book. Items typically take two weeks to make.

5) **Herbal Concoctions**: Hazel Honeywell, a widowed woman, owns the business, and caters mostly to the poorer folks



who can't afford magical or psionic healings at the hospital. She carries an ample supply of herbs to speed healing, deaden pain, and increase energy, as well as medicines for sickness. Aside from the medicinal herbs, she offers Skunk Cabbage (so named for its putrid smell) as an amazingly effective contraceptive. Small doses will render a man incapable of siring children for up to four days. Care must be taken though as imbibing too much or too often will cause permanent sterility. The herb has no effect for women. The cost is 40 gold per leaf.

6) Yesterday's Treasures: The shop is owned by Leopold Vartuce, a scholar turned entrepreneur. In his younger years as a member of the Circle of the **Scroll**, Leopold traveled over the world visiting ancient ruins and the deepest wildernesses. During one trip to the ruin outside Wisdom, he remained within the city after nightfall. He was attacked by a **Moord-Sith** and was very nearly killed. The scholar escaped, but his left leg was broken when he tumbled down the hillside. Priests attended to his injury, but it has never been the same. His left leg is stiff like wood and Leopold is forced to use a cane. To make a living he buys and sells artifacts. The Circle, which he is no longer a member, frowns on his operation, but Leopold doesn't care. He will buy most any artifact that is old and in relatively good shape. He tends to get a large share of items taken from the ruins by treasure hunters. In return, he resells the artifacts to the Institute, the Circle, or to collectors. Sometimes, he hires adventurers to deliver or guard items.

7) Glittering Stone Jeweler: Makes most of his living appraising, polishing and cutting precious stones. Stones that are not good enough for fine jewelry are often used as bulk currency. Unknown to anyone, many of the stones coming from the shop are smuggled out of **Adriana**, and **10%** are clever fakes! Thus far, his deceptions have gone undetected.

8) Meyer's Cartography: Randall Meyer is one of the best cartographers in the East and is frequently away surveying new parts of the land. Depending upon where he is mapping, Randall will sometimes hire adventurers to assist him. Currently, he has the **Tegyn** Peninsula lowlands mapped, excluding the White Rock Mountains and the Wyndglade Marsh. He also has maps of the Eastern **Highback** Plains and a series of rough maps covering the western portion of the Disputed Lands. He is considering mapping the Howling Lands or the rest of the Disputed Lands as his next big project. Undoubtedly, an accurate map of either location would earn him enough gold on which to retire.

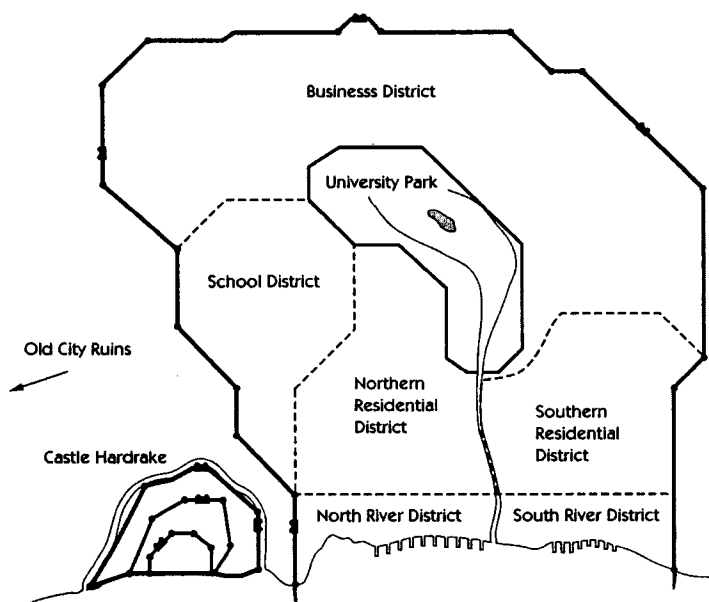
His maps show dominant land features, towns, rivers, gorges and the locations of dangerous monsters. Each map comes in a protective wood scroll case. The cost is 500 gold. Second-hand maps of most places in the Palladium world are 250 gold. The second-hand maps are of dubious quality and no warranty is given for their accuracy. When Randall is away, his wife runs the shop and makes copies of the master maps, which are kept locked away in a secret vault. Randall Meyer: 8th level human Ranger, **Uprincipled**, I.Q. 17, M.E. 22, **M.A.** 11, P.S. 12, P.P. 15, P.E. 18, **P.B.** 13, **Spd.** 16.

9) Magical Wonders: This shop has the dubious distinction of being the only alchemist shop in town whose operator is *not* an alchemist. The owner, Vonda Neileen, purchases the items produced by student alchemists, then resells them with a substantial mark-up that is still lower than the prices charged by full-fledged alchemists. Magical Wonders has a variety of po-

tions and powders, scrolls, jewelry items, and spare weapons. All items are described as being less powerful and reliable than normal (half the normal duration and some items may misfire or have unexpected results). Needless to say, prices are half the rate listed on pages 253-254 of the *Palladium Fantasy RPG® 2nd Ed.*, and there is no guarantee that they will work as advertised. Vonda does not sell spells, clothes or circles.

10) Halzard's Blade: This stone and glass structure is home to the first chain store for the famous weapons of Halzard's Blade. The shop's owner is Halzard's brother-in-law, Lythos, a member in good standing of the **Tri-Arcanum**. To differentiate those weapons **crafted** and enchanted in *Hadrian's Cove* from those made in Wisdom, a stylized W is added before the number inscribed on the blade. The shop has three **Dwarven** Master Smiths who make the weapons. Lythos does the enchanting.

11) Skin Art: This is a large tattoo parlor that caters primarily to soldiers and college students. The shop employs five artists. A typical tattoo costs 10-140 gold depending on the size and level of detail and artistry.



University Park

University Park is a beautiful stand of trees complete with crushed red gravel walkways, flowers and tastefully manicured bushes. A large pond, called University Lake, dominates the south end of the park and is kept stocked with a variety of gold-fish. During the day, the park is a favorite play spot for children and a quiet place to study for Institute students. At night, despite the patrols that walk the footpaths, thieves and druggies tend to gather under the covering branches.

University Park is a symbol of Wisdom's prosperity. An eight foot (2.4 m) stone wall with at least a dozen gates surrounds the park. The gates are closed but are not locked nor guarded. Anyone caught in the park after sunset is subject to arrest and appearance before the court. Unless the **individual(s)** are engaged in criminal activity at the time of arrest (i.e. drug use, association with known felons or resisting arrest), the usual punishment is a fine of 150 gold or 150 hours of community service (generally picking up garbage or whitewashing public buildings).

School District

The School District is one of the most famous parts of Wisdom as it contains, among other things, the Institute of Science and Magic, the House of Man, and the twisting towers of the Tri-Arcanum. The roads are in excellent repair and are lined with small trees protected by iron rails. The shops in this part of town tend to cater to the more educated. Green Men walk the streets in pairs though there is very little crime. At night, large iron oil lamps illuminate the streets, with those near the Tri-Arcanum bearing magical light spells instead of **flame**. In all, the place has a feeling of sophistication and culture.

12) Art Gallery: This three-story structure looks vaguely like an immense shell. Instead of stairs, a winding ramp wraps around an open central lobby. Paintings occupy the first two levels with such artists as **Hedraus Vanderpole** of the Western Empire, famous for his portraits, Heillas Grace of the Timiro Kingdom, noted for her depictions of mounted knights, and **Sean** Michael for his stunning landscapes. The third floor, which is still not full, holds sculptures. Pieces of note include a one-eighth size depiction of a Great Horned Dragon, the ancient bones of a bipedal dinosaur-like creature, and a magical green glass sphere that contains motes of sparkling red and yellow light inside. Whenever the sphere is touched, the sparkling lights change color depending upon the individual's alignment: gold for good, silver for selfish and a deep midnight blue for evil. The gallery is not intended as a place to sell artwork but in practice, many pieces displayed are indeed sold. A typical painting by a well known artist can cost as much as 5,000 gold, while the rare magical items like the glass sphere are not usually for sale.

13) The Smoking Room: The Smoking Room is a popular coffee house and tobacco shop located across the street from the Institute. It offers a variety of coffees and tobacco grown all over the East and several varieties from Timiro. In addition, the store offers a selection of fine wines, baked **goods**, and chocolate. Both students and faculty frequent the Smoking Room at all hours. The owner, **Alex Monderhoss**, is a retired professor who taught biology at the Institute for 30 years. He is content to live out the rest of his life in the comfortable confines of his small shop. He loves to hear tales about the Yin-Sloth Jungles and the Great Northern Wilderness.

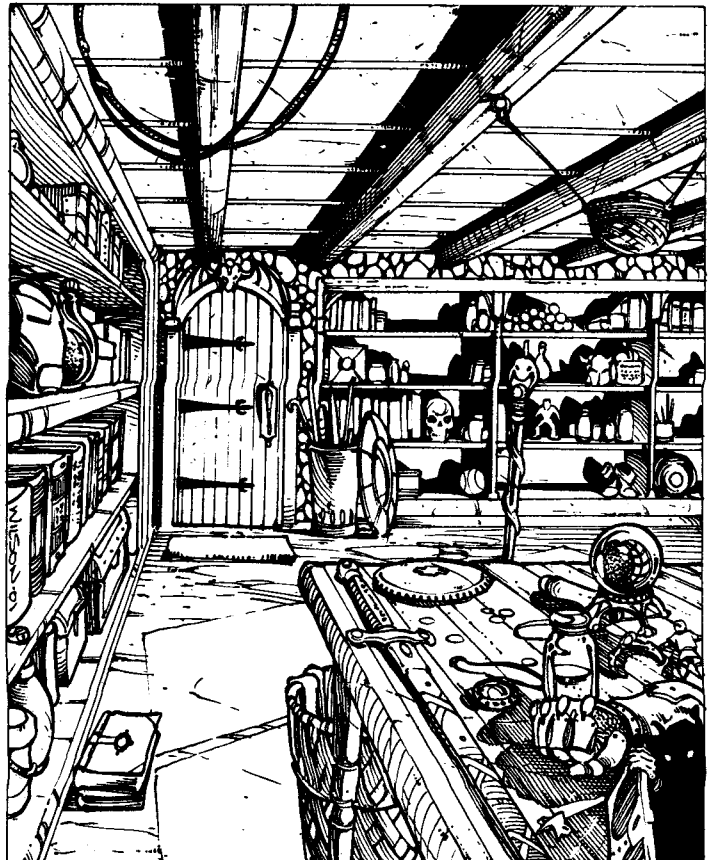
14) Opera House: The Opera House is owned by Kenneth **Seanada**, once a bard of great renown. The building has two stages, one at either end of the theater, and can accommodate up to 800 guests. Twice each month, the Opera House hosts visiting musicians and performing troupes. In between these *well attended* events, the stages play host to a variety of local talent and student productions from the Institute.

15) Library of Renown: This is a large, well-stocked **for-profit** library. Visitors can pay either a per visit fee of 10 gold per day or 200 gold for a month. The library is extensive with a large number of rare and unique texts from all over the world. Its most prized possession is a partial copy of the Elvish Tristine Chronicles. The librarian, a thin old Elf, has memorized every book and scroll and can tell a visitor exactly where to find most any item. Guests who are loud or who are rough with the texts will be asked to leave. To prevent theft, each book is inscribed with protection **alarm** wards on the outside cover, or in the case of scrolls, on the parchment itself.

16) Institute of Science and Magic: The Institute of Science and Magic is one of the oldest institutions of learning in the East. The school first opened 500 years ago with only two faculty and 12 students. For its first 300 years, the Institute taught only science, history and languages. Eventually, law was added to the curriculum. With the discoveries of mysterious items of magic in the **Old City** ruins and the corresponding need for **qualified** magic researchers, the first magic theory courses were added. As ever more practitioners of magic came to Wisdom, the Institute's offering of magic education increased, eventually offering individualized instruction that was little more than an expensive apprenticeship to a practicing person of magic.

Today, the Institute is just one of several schools in and around Wisdom. With the rise in power of the Tri-Arcanum, a magic guild that has a virtual monopoly in town, the Institute's magic instruction has largely returned to magic theory, the study of enchantments, circles and wards, as well as **Geomancy** and ley line lore. The head of the school of Magic is an elderly Wizard who occasionally takes on an apprentice as part of their studies at the Institute.

The School of Science encompasses the rest of the ordinary subjects and as such, is the larger of the two. The Institute offers degrees in botany, chemistry, archeology, astrology/astronomy, engineering, medicine, law, history, languages, and military science. A degree from the institute is very prestigious and the competition to enter is high. Most degree programs take three years of continuous instruction. Some programs, notably engineering and medicine, also require a two year internship. Tuition costs 22,000 gold per year and includes room, board, and supplies. Although rare, the Institute on occasion gives scholarships for exceptional students who would not otherwise be able to afford to attend.



Structurally the campus is very well maintained. The school has eight buildings: the Administration, science hall, history, law and language hall, magic hall an open gymnasium and an extensive library jointly maintained by the school and the Circle of the Scroll. For more information on the Circle of the Scroll see the Lake Hurst description below.

17) **Tri-Arcanum:** Situated in the three twisting Towers of the Arcanum, the Tri-Arcanum is an incredibly powerful guild of magic practitioners and psionics. The Tri-Arcanum holds the unique belief that magic has three faces, Internalist Magic, Weavers' Magic, and Granted Magic. **Internal magic** is what everyone else calls *psionics* and is the most common form of magic in the world. The Internalists include Mind Mages, Sensitives and **Psi-Healers**. They believe that psychics use some form of internal magic but have no connection with outside ambient magical energies. **The Weavers** include Wizards, Diabolists and the arts of Summoning, Necromancy, and Alchemy, the latter three of which are banned at the school. Weavers learn to harness the ambient magic in the environment by the use of words and, in some cases, symbols to weave the magic into a desired effect. **Granted Magic** includes Warlocks, the clergy (there are no clerical members at the school) and the banned practitioners of Witchcraft. The **Gifted's** magical powers are "given" or lent by another source, such as **Elementals**, gods or demons.

Not **surprisingly**, the Weavers are by far the most organized amongst the Tri-Arcanum, followed by the Gifted, and lastly by the ever independent Internalists. Each group is represented by a single elected representative who sits on the Council of Three, who make decisions, administer punishments and act as advisors to King **Hafton**.

Admittance to the Tri-Arcanum is done in one of two ways. The first method is through an apprenticeship. One or more members of the Tri-Arcanum train an individual, during which time the apprentice is little more than a well-educated servant. The apprenticeship lasts from three to as many as 12 years, with the average between 6-8. At the end of the apprenticeship, the new member is presented to the entire assembly in the central Hall of Magic. Thereafter, dues of either 15% of the individual's total annual income or 500 gold, whichever is greater, are payable during the annual mid-summer Conjunction.

The second method of gaining membership is by paying a one-time donation of 4,500 **gold**, paying the first year's dues and getting a member to act as a sponsor. A sponsor may require a fee, a service, or nothing at all. The new member gains all benefits of membership so long as the donation and dues are paid. Any new magic item found or purchased must be brought to the appropriate representative to be examined.

Benefits of membership include use of the Tri-Arcanum library. New spells can be purchased at the bargain rate of 500 gold per level of spell up to a maximum of seventh level. Scrolls of common first through fifth level spells can be purchased at the rate of 300 gold per level. Psionics can purchase Soul Gems at the rate of five gold per I.S.P. Storage capacity. Other benefits include a **10%** discount at most restaurants and magic shops, the use of guild books, access to faculty and lastly, a say in the politics of the city.

18) **Lake Hurst:** Lake Hurst is an old mansion that serves as the headquarters for *The Circle of the Scroll* (see below). An ex-

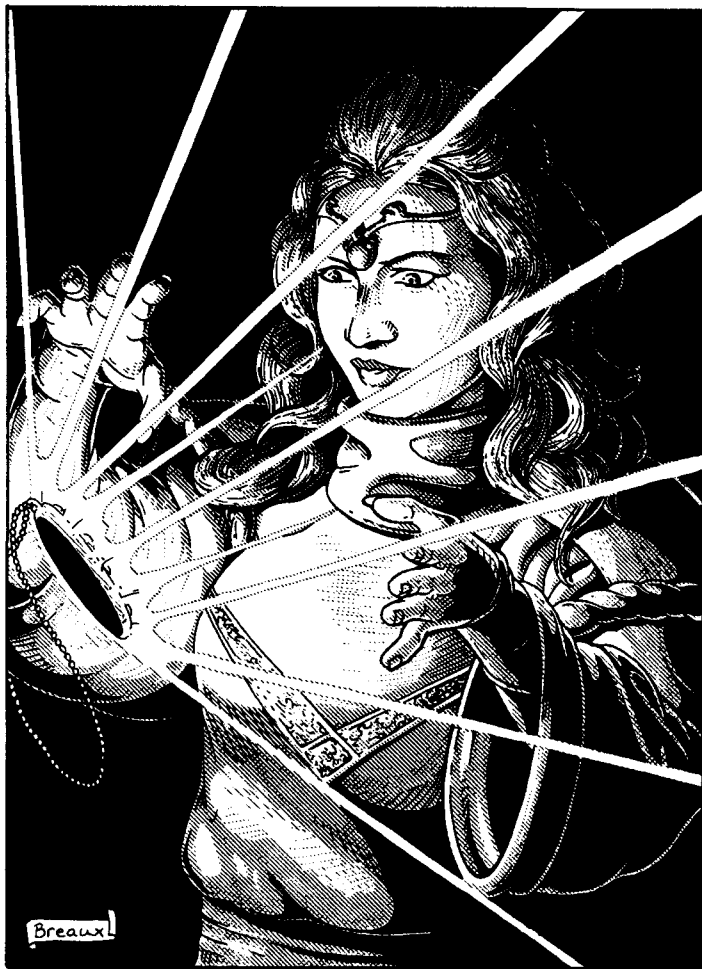
pansive yard is surrounded by an eight foot (2.4 m) stone wall that encompasses, in addition to the mansion, a small shrine to **Thoth**, a fish pond, a library, and an observation tower that affords an excellent view of the Old City.

A pull-chain at the front gate rings a bell in the mansion. It is the Butler's responsibility to answer the gate and escort visitors to the guest sitting room near the front door. Here, whomever the visitor has come to see will meet with them. On occasion, the Butler, Harden Yosavick, will return to inform them the individual is busy and that they need to arrange an appointment. Attempting to step beyond the double doors leading into the rest of the mansion from the sitting room will cause the trespasser to be instantly **teleported** back out into the street beyond the front gate. Likewise, attempting to enter the mansion through any door or window other than the front door will have the same effect. **Teleporting** into the building is possible assuming the individual has seen the desired location. Once beyond the entry ways there is very little protection. The Circle has no guards and the magical defenses are located only at entrances, at some members' offices, the mausoleum, vault and library. Note that not all members of the Circle are mere scholars. Many are practitioners of magic including Wizards and Diabolists.

The rest of the three story mansion is occupied by offices, bedrooms and several study areas with their own small collections of books. In the basement is the mausoleum where members of the Circle are interred. The entrance is a carefully concealed secret door in the side of the hallway leading to the vault. Once beyond the secret door, there is a short hall and then another door that is covered in a variety of protection by infliction wards. These protection wards are set to activate in sequence, one per touch, with death, agony and burning agony being the most common. There are thirty wards in all. Regardless of the ward activated, an alarm will sound upstairs.

Located beside the Mansion and facing the cobbled courtyard is the Library, a circular building some 35 feet (10.7 m) tall, 60 feet (18.3 m) wide and surrounded by marble pillars. The only entrance is a pair of gold colored double doors. There are no windows. The doors are protected by several enchantments that make them indestructible, impossible to open unless the proper password is spoken and lethal to touch. Anyone not wearing the *Scroll Pendant* (an item that every member of The Circle is expected to wear on themselves at all times) who touches the golden doors must save versus spell magic else turn to stone. Inside are tall book shelves, scattered tables and comfortable chairs. The Library holds only rare and extremely valuable texts that can not be safely left in the Institute of Science and Magic's library. In addition to treatises on history and lore, the library holds an impressive array of old maps, and a few parchments bearing unknown languages (**Danzi** among them). As a last line of defense, the inside door frame is inscribed with protection by infliction wards, all permanent. The wards go off at the same time and include Agony, Burning Agony, and Sleep, all at 8th level effect. The ward set is tailored to not affect any living member of The Circle. No one outside the Order, regardless of how favored by the Circle of the Scroll, is permitted within the Library.

Circle of the Scroll: The Circle of the Scroll is an elite cadre of scholars, Wizards and Diabolists who have dedicated themselves to uncovering the secrets *of the past*. The Circle has some



85 members scattered across the Eastern Territory and abroad researching, cataloging, and preserving ancient text and artifacts. Each member has a specialty or thesis that ranges from a particular time period, a place or historical figure who has had a dramatic impact on history.

Twice each year, members doing similar studies gather in what are referred to as Conventions. *The Conventions* are typically held in the same place every year and last for four days. Once every **five** years, the entire Circle, or as many as are able, gather in Wisdom for *the Assembly*. Even though most of them are not members of The Circle, scholars from all over the world eager to put forward new theories and bring to light recent discoveries may attend the Assembly. Only scholars who are known and respected or have a sponsor within The Circle are permitted to make **presentations**. In addition to the general sessions, there are a number of closed-door sessions at which **ONLY** members of The Circle are permitted to attend. During these sessions, information The Circle wishes to keep secret is shared, research funds are distributed and new initiates are reviewed. At the end of the **Assembly**, those initiates who are deemed acceptable are formally invited to join The Circle of the Scroll. Prospective initiates into the Circle must have a proven dedication and experience in researching and preserving the past. Secondly, another of The Circle who has been a member for six years or more must sponsor the initiate. Everyone reviews the individual's qualifications and a vote is taken. A three quarter majority is required for acceptance.

Benefits of membership include free and unlimited access to the Institute of Science and Magic's science labs, unrestricted

access to the Institute's library, reduced tuition at the Institute for family members (as much as 60%), and access to the Library at Lake Hurst. Extensive financial backing from donations by retired members, wealthy benefactors and the Circle's own investments enables The Circle to grant research funds to offset the costs incurred in field work. These funds vary from as little as a 1,000 to as much as 120,000 gold. Although nearly all members make a comfortable living as professors, advisors and consultants, The Circle gives them a stipend of 200 gold per month.

19) House of Man: As the keeper of the *Charter of Dominion* and administrative heart of the Merchants' Guild and Dominion Army, it should stand as no surprise that the *House of Man* is the largest and most decorated structure in all of Wisdom. Even King **Hafton's** palace is dwarfed by the monolithic size and scale. The building is five stories tall with a central circular chamber and two immense wings on either side. A massive set of steps climb between the wings and end in a large foyer between the white marble columns that line the circular Dominion Council Chamber. Unless otherwise stated, all walls in the building are made of granite and are two feet (.6 m) thick with an overlay of white marble. The windows are lead crystal with decorative but fully functional iron bars preventing entry. Inside, the floors are covered in alternating black and white marble tiles. The sitting rooms and offices are carpeted. Rich wood paneling is everywhere and crystal chandeliers light the halls and main rooms.

From the foyer, solid oak doors lead to the administrative and military wings. A pair of golden double doors, blazoned with images of trees, eagles and boars, face the front entry. Beyond the double doors is a smaller sitting chamber with seating for 50 people. A carpeted staircase leads into the official Council Chamber. A second, smaller stairwell leads to a balcony that overlooks the Council Chamber, allowing important visitors to view the proceedings. High overhead, the domed ceiling is painted to look like a night sky. Large stained glass windows provide light during the day. The entire chamber is warded to prevent the use of any form of magic. It is impossible to **teleport** in, out, or to magically pass through the stone. In addition, a team of ten Psychic Sensitives led by a pair of Mind Mages are present during each of the biannual meetings of the Council. Eight **Palladins**, each between fifth and eighth level, guard the door leading directly into the Council Chambers. Twenty soldiers of the Dominion Army, each between third and sixth level, guard the golden double doors. When the council is not in session, the golden doors are magically locked with four soldiers stationed before them. Note: Visitors are never permitted beyond the second floor of the Administrative Wing. Anyone caught above the second floor is subject to arrest and charged with burglary and treason. Anyone resisting arrest is killed.

The Administrative Wing is occupied by offices, meeting rooms, record vaults, and an in-house cafeteria. Each member of the Dominion Council (representatives from each Charter Member) has a team of administrators and accountants whose sole function is to ensure that their clients are meeting the tax and military obligations of the Charter of Dominion. In addition, detailed records are kept regarding the Charter Members' military forces, major imports and exports, government officials, temples, investments abroad and a variety of other information. Also within the Administrative Wing is the headquarters of the

Merchants' Guild with its corresponding administrators, ambassadors, accountants, lawyers and Collectors.

On the fifth floor of the wing, protected by 40 soldiers, six Wizards, and a Psychic Sensitive are three immense money vaults holding a total of 150 million gold, the original Charter of Dominion, an ancient copy of the **Tristine** Chronicles and other irreplaceable documents and magic items. The walls, floor and ceiling of each vault are constructed of granite that is eight feet (2.4 m) thick with a further six inches of magically tempered steel on the inside. Each vault is entered by a single two foot (.6 m) thick steel door that has four tumbler locks and a fifth combination lock. Failure to open any of the locks in the wrong sequence will cause a series of wards to activate, affecting everyone within 10 feet (3 m) of the door with burning agony and death at 12th level effect. Additional magic protection includes a permanent mystic energy drain targeted at Wizard and Warlock magic and a Stone Golem that will attack anyone entering who does not bear one of the six Keys. The Keys are magical pendants worn on the outside of the tunic. Currently, the Keys are held by the Director of Finances, the Chief Accountant, and four other individuals whose identities are kept secret for security reasons.

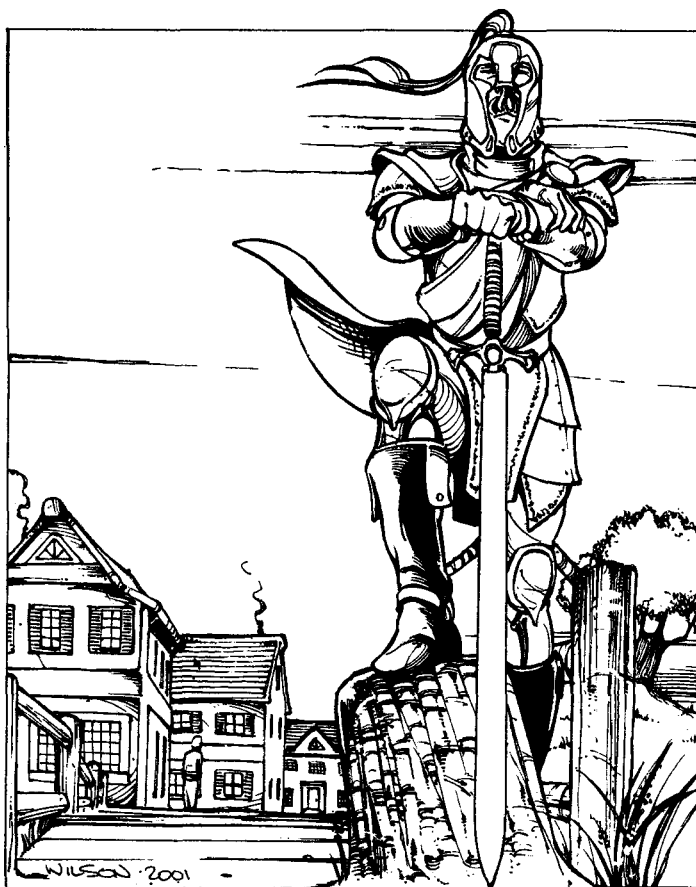
The Military Wing is the Domain of **Man's** equivalent of the Pentagon. Here, the Dominion Army and considerably smaller Navy, keep military records, plan strategy, and receive orders. The fifth floor is one large room with an immense map of the Eastern Territory and the lands surrounding it. Every known military unit, Dominion and non-Dominion, large or small, including mercenaries, freebooters and pirates, is plotted on the map. The Armies and militias required by the Charter Members are also kept here and plotted on a map. The walls are covered with smaller maps detailing possible battle strategies primarily involving the Wolfen in the north and other monster races in the south, and include a theoretical Western Empire invasion and a combined **Orc** and Ogre invasion from the Old Kingdom. The bottom four floors are occupied by offices, record **rooms**, a cafeteria and barracks space for the 500 soldiers tasked with securing the House of Man. **In** addition to the soldiers, several knightly orders and noble houses keep recognized representatives on staff. Access to the Military Wing is strictly controlled and visitors are never allowed entry unless accompanied by a senior officer. Any unauthorized personnel caught within the Military **Wing** are subject to arrest and charges of spying. Resisting arrest will mean a swift death.

Southern Residential District

This is, without question, the most dangerous section of town. Here, Wisdom's poor are congregated in homes built of wood and plaster. A series of public fountains provides drinking water and only a few street lamps illuminate the streets at night. After dark, the entire area is virtually pitch black. Green Men walk the streets, but their presence has a minimal effect in deterring villains and blackguards. The drug trade is rampant.

Three **thieve's** guilds compete for control of criminal operations **in** the city. The oldest is *the Blades* who up to a decade ago, were the underworld power **in** Wisdom. Their members tend to be ruffians and bullies. *The Fingers* are the smallest guild of the three and don't do much work in the residential areas. Instead, their members make up the pick-pockets and small-time burglars of the Business and River Districts. The

Fingers tend to be young, average age is **14-19**, and are prone to run rather than fight. The last of the three guilds, *the Scarves*, are the newest and most deadly. They arrived ten years ago, virtually taking over the drug trade through undercutting the Blades and violence. Although not as openly belligerent as the Blades, the Scarves are nonetheless feared on the streets. Unknown to most of its own membership, they are a front for the Wisdom *Thanatos* organization, with agents infiltrating the **police**, army and city officials. Members of the Scarves tend to be quiet and would prefer to fight from the shadows. Roughly half their membership is comprised of assassins.



Northern Residential District

This is the area where most of the military personnel, professors and the more successful of the working class live. The district is **in** good repair with wide, well-lit streets and is patrolled by Green Men. The crime rate is very low, though recently a crew of professional cat-burglars has begun casing several of the more prominent homes. The buildings are mostly constructed of wood and stone. This is also where the old Hafton Palace is located.

20) Hafton Palace: As the seat of government, the Hafton Palace is a combination mansion, court and military base. The keep is a luxurious affair with flying buttresses and stained glass windows. The larger of the two outbuildings is for city government and the other is for guests. The main palace is home to the King, his family, the ever present courtiers and to the King's chief advisor, Master **Grinspath**. Separated from the royal palace, but still within the palace walls, is the city defenders. Here, roughly half the soldiers are housed. The other half are married and live **in** the surrounding area.

Magic & Monsters of the Eastern Territory

By Steve Edwards & Kevin Siembieda

Beads of Soul: Beads of Soul look like thumbnail sized jade marbles. If one looks closely at one, it will seem as though dark clouds are whirling deep within it. The Beads are P.P.E. batteries that hold 30 P.P.E. that can be tapped by any practitioner of magic who can draw magic from other sources. They can not be recharged and once used, turn black. The beads are typically worn as a necklace or bracelet. Maximum number of beads for a necklace is 12, or six for a bracelet. Cost: 50,000-75,000 gold per "bead." Rare in the south, most common in the Eastern Territory, Great Northern Wilderness and **Bizantium**. First created by Elves during the Time of a Thousand **Magicks**.

Flute of Charming: A magical wind instrument that plays a (literally) charming tune. Its magical effect can be unleashed three times per 24 hour period. The effect is identical to the Wizard spell. The flute's music sounds enchanting to all who hear it (-1 on initiative) but it will "charm" only one individual. That person must have eye contact with the flute player and will effectively be mesmerized by him or her forgetting everything else. The enchanted character responds to the flute player's hand gestures, nods, and expressions of the face and follows wherever he goes (probably dancing). Duration: First, the enchanted individual will remain charmed as long as the magic melody is played (maximum of 30 minutes). When the music stops the character will remain charmed (as per the Charm spell) for another 20 melees (5 minutes). Saving Throw: 16 or higher. Cost: 65,000; very rare.

Ivory Throne of Penington: The Ivory Throne is an immense construct of bleached and polished **Orc** bones that was commissioned by Sir Aaron Penington following his victory over the Blood Eye **Orc** horde. The throne was used as the seat of power for the short-lived "Empire of the East" (and included the entire Tegyn Peninsula). Though the Empire fell apart upon King **Penington's** death, the fabled throne remained. Over the centuries, the nobles of the Southern Kingdoms have dreamed of reuniting the peninsula once more beneath the Ivory Throne. Today, the throne still rests in the grand hall at the *Palace of the East* and is still owned by a Penington, though the kingdom controls less than half of the peninsula.

Unknown to most, the Ivory Throne is a powerful magic item and its magic will function for whomever sits on it, provided that individual is consumed with a lust for power, war, revenge, **and/or** conquest of the Tegyn Peninsula **and/or** the Old Kingdom. It can cast the following spells upon "he who sits upon the throne" four times per day (24 hour period), equal to a 10th level spell: Oracle, Second Sight, Sense Traps (and in this case, conspiracies that are in motion), Sense Evil, Tongues, Eyes of **Thoth**, Protection Circle: Simple, Invisibility: Superior, Charismatic Aura, and Sanctum (all powered by the chair itself).

Link (Old City Ruins): A magic item discovered in the Old City Ruins, the Link looks like an oversized twisted iron chain

link that is 6 inches long and weights 40 pounds (18 kg). The item's sole function, at least so far as the **Tri-Arcanum** and Circle of the Scroll have been able to discern, is to allow Wizards to combine their knowledge and P.P.E. in casting spells. The effect is akin to a ritual. The owner of the *magical link of chain* holds one end, another mage holds the other. If there are two links, a third mage may hold the end of the other link, effectively connecting two fellow spell casters to the mage in the middle. The "link" makes the P.P.E. of the other two mages available to the central figure as if they were participating in a ritual, but more than that, the link offers other amazing powers. One, the central figure can cast any spells known by the sorcerers! This knowledge is available only so long as they are "linked." Two, the central mage can "give" his P.P.E. to one or both, if he so desires, and three, can give one or both any amount of his Hit Points! Relenting one's P.P.E. leaves the mage magically impotent. Giving up his Hit Points leaves him physically drained, and if all H.P. are transferred, he can die! Duration: The link of spell knowledge and P.P.E. is available only as long as the link is maintained. Once P.P.E. or Hit Points are transferred, the recipient has them for 24 hours, or until they are spent, whichever comes first. The character who gave them away recovers them normally, but only after the recipient has used them or the 24 hour period elapses.

Cost: 500,000 to a million gold, maybe more! **Super-rare!!** Only four magical Link Chains are known to ever have been discovered. The two in the possession of the Tri-Arcanum, one said to have been taken from the Old City by an adventurer, and one said to have been found in an ancient **Dwarven** citadel in the **Old Kingdom**.

Note: The Link is believed to have been forged by ancient Rune Masters during the Elf-Dwarf war, although some believe their design may originate from the Time of a Thousand Magicks. The Link is typically only 4-5 interlocking links of heavy chain about 6-9 inches long. They are indestructible and can not be separated.

Medallion of Dreams: These rare and powerful items must be worn on the forehead while sleeping to activate. When in use, they allow whomever is inscribed on the medallion (usually etched on a waxy film placed on the medal) to access the wearers dream for 15 minutes. During that time, the wearer will believe what he is experiencing is absolutely real and wonderful. The vision is usually a spiritual experience in which the wearer believes he has seen a glimpse of paradise or visited with departed loved ones or the gods. A lack of focus and anxiety, stress or fear can cause a nightmare that will seem horribly real (may cause a phobia or obsession; G.M.'s call), and if the character dies in his dream, he will slip into a coma and die in the real world. Death is a rare occurrence, but it does happen. The item was originally created by a Wizard-Alchemist as an in-

structional aid for his students, but has since found its way into the marketplace. Mind block will prevent the item from working. Psychics have a 01-50% chance of getting a clairvoyant vision or flash of insight. Cost: 80,000 gold; rare.

Mystic Sands (also referred to as the Dusts of Nickodemous): The Mystic Sands are a new creation by an alchemist in the East. Although the various sands have differing effects, they all share a few common elements. First, they come in a fist-sized ball that looks like a glittering snowball. To protect against accidental damage and premature activation, the "sand ball" is kept in a padded bag. The bag itself varies in appearance and materials though they all have the mystic symbols of magic, protection, and the four elements: earth, air, water and fire. Though not a true ward sequence, the symbols aid in the enchantment of the bag and in some way, the creation of the dusts themselves. Also on the bag is the name of whatever type of Mystic Sand is contained in the bag.

To use the magic item, the sand ball must be taken from the bag and then thrown at a target. Once thrown, the ball erupts on impact in a shower of glittering flakes that look very much like sand crystals in the sun. The cloud of crystals spreads to its maximum area of effect within two seconds, before falling to the ground. Anyone caught within the *cloud* is affected. The one weakness of the item is that a stiff breeze (**10-15 mph/16-24 km**) will scatter the dust over a wider area, effectively doubling the area of effect, but halving the duration and overall effect. A strong wind greater than **15 mph (24 km)** will render the dust totally ineffective. Breezes below 10 mph (16 km) have no noticeable effect.

In the event that a sand ball is removed from its bag and is dropped, crushed in the wielder's hand or otherwise damaged, the magic is destroyed and the physical remains turn into a pile of pillowy dust and fuzz. Maximum Effective Throwing Range: **100 feet (30.5 m)**; closer is better. May be hurled up to **200 feet (61 m)** but is -1 to strike for every 10 feet (3 m) beyond 100 (30.5 m).

Mystic Sand: Sands of Burning: The "sand ball" is made of glittering flakes of silver and crimson. The ball must travel at least 10 feet (3 m) when thrown and explodes on impact, affecting an area 10 feet long and 5 feet wide, beginning at the point of impact extending away from the thrower. Once they touch something solid, whether it is the ground, a building or a living being, they burst into a hot burning flame. Everyone caught in the fire cloud takes 2D6 damage, the eyes and throat burn, and it is difficult to breathe, almost as if they were gulping in smothering smoke from a burning house. Penalties: Everybody caught in the cloud is -2 on initiative and all combat bonuses, and attacks per melee round and skill performance are reduced by half. They will continue to choke and wheeze, be unable to catch their breath for **1D4+1** melee rounds thereafter. Cost: 4,000-8,000 gold.

Mystic Sand: Sands of Immobilization: The "sand ball" is made of metallic blue and silver flakes. Once thrown, the ball must travel 15 feet (4.6 m) and then explodes in a shower of glittering flakes that fill a 20 foot (6 m) diameter and then hang motionless in the air for the duration of the effect. Any and every thing caught within the cloud is instantly stopped in mid-action whether it be an animal, insects, other characters and even projectiles such as arrows and bolts. Magic attacks such as light-

ning bolts and fire balls are not affected. The immobilizing effect lasts for one melee round (15 seconds). A dispel magic barrier spell will instantly end the Sand's effect. Cost: 30,000-50,000 gold.

Mystic Sand: Sands of Frost: The sand ball is comprised of very fine gold and silver flakes. The ball has no minimum throwing distance and is activated the moment it strikes. This includes the item being dropped or crushed in the owner's hand. Once broken, the snowball erupts in a thick cloud of twinkling dust that fills a 20 foot (6 m) diameter and covers everything caught within it in an inch of solid ice. People are chilled to the bone and suffer 3D6 damage from the intense cold (double damage to those vulnerable to cold). They also lose **1D4+1** melee attacks/actions breaking free of the ice and gathering their wits. During this time (about one melee round) they can not attack and are -4 to parry and dodge incoming attacks. Cost: 3,000-6,000 gold.

Mystic Sand: Sands of Visibility: The sand ball is made of golden particles. The ball must travel 10 feet (3 m) and explodes on impact in a shower of golden light filling a 20 foot (6 m) diameter. As the motes of light fall to the ground they stick to the first thing they touch, thus coating everything in glistening **practices** and making anything invisible or concealed by chameleon magic visible. Moreover, it sticks to the bottom of the feet of everyone who walks across, giving those trying to prowl a -30% penalty (crunches with every step). The Sand can not be removed for **1D4x10** minutes, after which it can be brushed or washed away with ease. Cost: 2,000-4,000 gold.

Crystal Portal (Old City Ruins): First discovered in the Old City Ruins, the technique for constructing these arches is being studied by the **Tri-Arcanum** in the hope they can be duplicated. They must be created in pairs, with each linked to the other and only to the other. Stepping within the arch opens a doorway to its twin regardless of how far away it is or even if it is not in the same dimension. Although the original is made from a crystalline substance, the Tri-Arcanum is trying a variety of different materials including the wood of the Yellow Tree found in the Disputed Lands. One set of the original portals are still located in the Tri-Arcanum vaults in Wisdom, another is set up to connect **Lopan** and Wisdom, and **Southwatch** and Wisdom. If any others exist (perhaps in the subterranean ruins of the Old City?) they are unknown. Meanwhile, the Tri-Arcanum has yet to duplicate the Portals.

The ancient portals are each 10 feet (3 m) tall, 8 feet (2.4 m) wide, have an A.R. of 15 and 600 S.D.C. Destroying one portal does not prevent its twin from working but does essentially create a doorway without an exit. Anyone stepping through a Portal whose connecting Portal has been destroyed will be lost forever in a limbo between worlds! To use a Portal, one must merely step through the archway. The traveler will experience a falling experience as they pass through and can not see where they are going until they arrive. The trip takes about 5 seconds. Once someone breaks the plane of the archway, they will be pulled through even if only a finger breaks it. Anyone watching someone use a Portal will see the air within the arches shimmer as the person passes through it. Likewise, the arriving end shimmers when the Portal is active, giving the guards five seconds to get ready.

Due to the security risks involved in having a two-way gate leading into sensitive areas of a city or having the enemy create a portal and then march an army through it, their existence is a closely guarded secret. If how to build one is ever discovered, it too will be a closely guarded secret. The Portals at Lopan, Wisdom and South Watch are under constant guard and known about by less than a dozen people total. Cost: Priceless super-rare artifact.

Staff of Cobras (Old City Ruins): This potent magic item is one of the few magic weapons discovered in the Old City. The staff is 5 feet (1.5 m) long and made of an iron-hard ebony wood. The butt end is encased in a pointed steel and silver spike. The business end of the weapon is adorned with a stylized cobra's head, hood spread and mouth open. The cobra's eyes are dark blue sapphires that glow with a purplish blue light when the magic of the weapon is activated.

In combat, up to four snake like energy tentacles shoot from the cobra's maw. Each is 8 feet (2.4 m) long and ends in a biting cobra-like snake head. The number of these magic energy cobras is subject to the willpower of the wielder (one magical cobra per every 6 M.E. points; round down) and their tails remain attached to the staff, so their reach and movement is limited. Even if the user can summon as many as four, he can choose to make fewer, but most go for the full power.

To attack an opponent, all the wielder of the staff has to do is point the staff toward him and one or more will come whipping out. Each cobra can attack a separate target or they can concentrate all their attacks on a single target. When multiple tentacles attack the same target, they strike from different angles, making it virtually impossible to parry them all. A defender with the paired weapons skill and armed with a weapon and a shield or two weapons can parry a maximum of three attacks. Someone without the paired weapons skill may only parry one of the attacks.

Attacks per melee round: Each cobra head has two attacks per round (8 total if all four heads are activated).

Damage: Steel spike: 2D6 damage (double to those vulnerable to silver).

The magical cobra heads/tentacles inflict 2D6 damage with each biting attack, but inflict double damage to creatures of magic and triple damage to Entities, Spectres and other energy beings. In turn, the magical cobras, staff and its wielder are impervious to energy, including magic fire, lightning and energy bolts. Moreover, the cobras can bite through magical energy armor (like the Armor of **Ithan**) and energy barriers as if they were not there! (In an M.D.C. **environment**, the cobras are impervious to energy blasts and do double damage to force fields.)

S.D.C. & Bonuses: Each magic cobra has an A.R. of 15 and 30 S.D.C.; destroy its S.D.C. and the magical serpent vanishes. Each is +2 on initiative and +3 to strike, but they have no parry or dodge nor can they parry an incoming attack for the wielder although the staff itself can). A severed tentacle takes 24 hours to regenerate.

Cost: 300,000+ gold.

Note: Only two are known to exist and one is the property of the **Tri-Arcanum**; the second is in the possession of an Ogre Warlord in the Old Kingdom known, appropriately **enough**, as The Cobra. A third is rumored to be in the clutches of a mysterious assassin (and worshiper of **Panath**) known as the **Viper**, in

the Land of the South Winds. A cache of over one hundred of these staffs was recorded in documents during the Age of Purification, but all were supposedly destroyed. Others are believed to exist but the secret behind their creation is lost to modern men.

Spirit Stones: An **opaque**, rose-quartz crystal that, when infused with four P.P.E. or eight I.S.P. and then looked through, lets the owner see the auras of people (functions exactly like the See Aura psionic power) for 5 minutes (20 melee rounds). A psychic will not only see an aura, but can also see ghosts, Elementals and invisible energy beings. The item is rather rare and is only in widespread use in Southwatch. The Spirit Stone sometimes has a hole drilled through it so it can be worn as a necklace. Cost: 15,000 gold.

Striker Stones: Originating in the Western Empire, the Striker Stones have become a very popular security measure for the wealthy elite of nobles in the Tegyn Peninsula, as well as **Timiro** and the Western Empire. Related to Guardian Stones, though not as strong, Striker Stones look like 3 inch statues of either a predatory animal or a lizard-like bipedal monster. The lizard was the original version imported from the West and is still considered "the classic." Animal versions have become available over the past decade in the form of bears, tigers, lions and wolves. Regardless of appearance, each Striker Stone has the same basic powers, though the classic lizard is still the most powerful of them all.

To use the stones, the owner must place the statue on the ground while saying the correct power word. The power word can be most anything and is usually "**acba**." Once activated, the statue grows to three feet (.9 m) tall and attacks whomever or whatever the person who called it out indicates. The attack order must come within one melee round (15 seconds) of activation and can only be against a single target, else it will change back into a statue and will have to be called out again. Once given a target, the Striker will attack without mercy until it or its target is killed. Note: If the target escapes and can not be found for longer than an hour, the Striker will return to the person who activated it and change back into a statue.

In combat, the Strikers shows intelligence and tenacity. They will avoid obvious traps and pitfalls as well as other defenders while pursuing their target. Regardless of the danger to itself or how long the chase takes, the Striker will not give up unless it completely loses the trail of its victim. Any injury sustained by the Striker is completely healed the next time it is called upon. The Striker can be activated once per day. If it loses all its **S.D.C.**, the creature turns into dust and is permanently **destroyed**. Once its target is killed, it returns to its master and turns back into a statue.

Of the two general types, the newer animal version is more in vogue in the East, even though it is punier. Exactly why they are weaker is a mystery, even to the alchemists who make them.

Striker Animal: The animal can be most any large predator. The form it takes is whatever the statue looks like, so a Striker Stone shaped like a wolf will turn into a life-size wolf. Striker Animals can not fly or use any special animal abilities.

Attributes: P.S. 14, P.P. 16, Spd 22, A.R. 12, S.D.C. 50, (H.P. not applicable), Horror Factor: 9.

Attacks: 2 by bite or claw.

Damage: Bite: 1D6+2 or claws: 2D6 damage.

Bonuses: +3 to strike, +2 to parry or dodge, climb 50%,

nightvision 120 feet (36.5 m), and can see the invisible.
Cost: 75,000 gold

Striker Lizard-Man: The Lizard-Man Striker looks like a bipedal lizard with a large head, a thin body, human-like arms and hands, and a tail that is as long as its body, giving the creature a total length from snout to buttocks of 6 feet (1.8 m), 12 feet (3.6 m) including the tail.

Attributes: P.S. 17, P.P. 22, Spd 22, S.D.C. 80, Horror Factor: 11.

Attacks: 3 by bite, claw or whipping tail.

Damage: Bite: 1D6+4, Claws or Tail: 3D6+4

Bonuses: +5 to strike, +4 to parry or dodge, climb 80%, nightvision 120 feet (36.5 m), and can see the invisible.

Cost: 130,000 gold

Note: Although the strikers can see the invisible, the person who activates them must be able to see the target at the time the order is given. Otherwise, the Striker will ignore the invisible individual(s) except to avoid their attacks.

Web Armor: This magical suit of armor consists only of a pair of spider like bracers worn on both arms and covered in runes. In battle, the armor only becomes tangible when it intercepts a blow, at which time the spot where the weapon hits flares blue and ripples outward in a spider-web like shape. The armor can absorb an unlimited amount of physical damage and has an A.R. of 15. Thus, only strike rolls of 16 or higher by pass the Web Armor and strike the individual; all other attacks are absorbed by the magical armor.

The only way to destroy the armor is to target the metal bracers/bracelets/wristbands (each has 200 S.D.C. and they are small, difficult targets to strike, requiring a called shot and a deliberate effort to hit them). Cost: 75,000-150,000 gold; rare.

Danzi Magic Items

(Dedicated to the Tavern. You know who you are.)

The Danzi are innately a magical people and some of this magic infuses itself into the items they create. This is particularly true for their cloth and bone weapons. Think of it like someone knitting a blanket with dye on their hands. The dye rubs off on the thread so by the time the blanket is completed, it is colored even though the yarn itself was not when the blanket was begun.

Danzi Chuna-Cloth: The Danzi weave clothing from the seed pods of the Chuna plant. The plant grows abundantly along the Old Kingdom River, Great River and the western sections of the Highback Plains. The cotton-like seed pods are spun on a loom and then woven. Amazingly, much of this work is done while traveling, as the women carry large baskets and hand-held looms. The work is slow. Each woman makes roughly four yards of cloth per month.

The cloth is usually dyed in various earth shades of brown, gray and green. Brighter colors such as reds, yellows and blues are reserved for ceremonial garb and for the shaman. Chuna-Cloth is used not only for clothes but also for blankets, bags and tents. The cloth is waterproof, and is exceptionally resistant to cutting and tearing. Provides an A.R. of 9 and has 15 S.D.C. Cost: 30-60 gold per yard (about enough for a tunic). Only the Danzi know about this material, so the cloth is not often sold and very difficult to find.

Danzi Bone Weapons: Many of the weapons crafted by the Danzi are slightly magical. According to the Danzi, a bit of the maker's "spirit" is placed into the weapon as he carves it into shape. For most weapons, this "magic" is limited to making them nearly as strong as steel (but only about half as heavy) and able to injure creatures that are only affected by magic (does normal damage). This means a "Thain" or "Spirit Bone" will do the same damage as an equivalent metal weapon and can parry metal weapons.

Damage for Typical Danzi "Thain" Weapons: Short Knife: 1D4, Long Knife: 1D6+1, Short Sword: 2D4, War Club: 2D6, Tomahawk: 2D4, Staff: 2D4, Spear: 2D6, and Long Bow Arrow: 2D6. If it is not listed, the Danzi don't use it (such as battle axes, large swords, chain weapons, and pole arms). Note that although the bone is strong, it is not flexible and is much more likely to break if misused (i.e. prying open a door, etc.).

Great Bone Weapons require binding a spirit into the weapon, thereby granting them increased damage. The method of binding spirits is a closely guarded secret known only by the Danzi shamans, and will never be shared with anyone. The Ta'Thain can only be made from the bones of the Wolfen, Giants, dragons or bears. The bound spirit can only be released if the weapon is broken. Unlike rune weapons, which contain the life essence of a being bound within them, whatever bit of "spirit" the Ta'Thain contains does not have an independent intelligence, identity, awareness, alignment or capability to communicate, nor do they provide spell-like abilities

Damage for Typical Danzi "Ta' Thain" Weapons: Short Knife: 2D4, Long Knife: 2D6, Short Sword: 2D6+3, War Club: 4D6, Tomahawk: 3D6, Staff: 3D6, Spear: 3D6+3, and Long Bow Arrow: 3D6. If it is not listed, the Danzi don't use it (such as battle axes, large swords, chain weapons, and pole arms).

Bonus: An opponent's *Natural Armor Rating* is effectively half against a Ta'Thain; so a demon with a Natural A.R. of 14 is effectively a 7 against the Great Bone Weapon. Thus, a strike roll of 8 or higher will hit and damage the demon. It will inflict the listed damage to all things, including creatures of magic and the supernatural. (The A.R. of man-made armor is NOT circumvented by these weapons; same as always.) Missile weapons such as a spear, arrow and **Tomahawk/hatchet** are +2 to strike when thrown or fired.

Note: The weapons can be broken by suffering 120 points of damage in a single attack. (On M.D.C. worlds, the Ta'Thain do Mega-Damage and have 120 M.D.C.)

Monsters

Great Northern Eel

Size: 5 to 30 feet long (1.5-9.1 m); roll 5D6 for random determination.

Weight: 10-100 pounds (4.5-45 kg)

Natural A.R.: 6

Hit Points & S.D.C. Combined: 3D6 +2D6 per additional five foot (1.5 m) length.

Attacks Per Melee: 3

Damage: Bite: 1D6 per 5 foot (1.5 m) length of the eel; the bigger it is the more damage it inflicts (round up).

Bonuses: +2 on initiative, +4 to strike and dodge.

Natural Abilities: Swim 98%, prowl (underwater) 70%, only has fair vision but is sensitive to movement within 400 feet (122 m, can not be surprised), navigation (underwater) 95%, and can survive on dry land (slithering like a snake) for 1D4+2 hours before dehydrating and dying. The eel rarely leaves the water for any reason.

Speed: 22 swimming, 6 on dry land.

Average Life Span: 15-50 years

Value: None in particular.

Habitat: Underground lakes and streams as well as deep lakes throughout the Eastern Territory and Great Northern Wilderness.

Range: Eastern Territory and Great Northern Wilderness, particularly in the underground waterways of the **Bruu-Ga-Belimar**, Shattered Mountains and **Algor** mountain ranges.

Behavior: This predatory animal lives on the bottom of underground lakes and rivers. They hunt by waiting motionless on the bottom until prey swim near. When within range, the eel darts forward, biting two or three times, and then backs away while the victim bleeds to death. Strikes again and again, after a 1D4 melee round pause between each **attack**, to hasten its prey's death (and to feed, trying to take a bite out of its prey with each bite). Fights relentlessly and without pause if cornered or trapped.



Ley-Lamprey

The Ley-Lamprey is a leech-like worm with a slimy purple body and a mouth filled with tiny hooks. These creatures typically live on or near ley lines in loose soil and require P.P.E. for nourishment. However, while they are attracted to ley lines and

places of magic, they cannot consume ambient P.P.E.; instead the creature requires a host organism to feed upon. They attach themselves to their prey, preferably in a concealed location such as on the back of the neck, groin, leg or anywhere under clothing, and consume the individual's P.P.E. just as a leech would feed on blood. It consumes 1D6 P.P.E. per minute until it is full (36 P.P.E.), at which time it will drop off. If it does not eat at least once every three days it will die.

Once attached, a Ley-Lamprey can be tremendously difficult to remove. Although the bite is not painful (the Ley-Lamprey injects a mild anesthetic to the site of the bite), attempting to pull them off does 1D6 points of damage as the flesh is bruised and torn in the process. Further, it's slime-covered body is difficult to grasp (01-70% chance of it slipping free), and one must roll the equivalent of 19 or higher to strike to grab and pull it away. Killing them while attached to the body is even more dangerous. The creature has only 1D4 Hit Points, but killing it causes its toxic blood to fill the wound, causing another 1D6 points of damage, and an additional 2D6 P.P.E. from its victim is discharged into the air in its last gasp. Note: The Negate Magic spell will cause the little parasite to drop off without pain or difficulty.

For ordinary people, Ley-Lampreys are a disgusting pest, but represent little danger. They rarely attack anyone with less than 10 P.P.E.; but to practitioners of magic and mystical creatures such as Faerie Folk and dragons, the monsters can drain them of substantial amounts of their P.P.E., making them weak to downright powerless. Ley-Lamprey, attack day or night, but are most active at night and usually strike when a character pauses to rest or sleep. They also tend to travel in groups of 5-100 and can rapidly deplete a host of all but one point of P.P.E. They will not attempt to attack a magic weapon or any magic items, instinctively knowing the difference between them and live prey.

Size: 6 inches. **Weight:** A few ounces.

A.R.: Not applicable.

Hit Points: 1D4 **S.D.C.:** 1

P.P.E.: Up to 36 when completely fed.

Attacks Per Melee: One

Damage: Drains 1D6 P.P.E. per minute, and does damage only if forcibly removed.

Horror Factor: 6 to most people, and a half dozen or more has an H.F. of 13 to those with great P.P.E.

Natural Abilities: Can sense P.P.E. source up to 100 feet (30.5 m) away, burrow in loose soil at the rate of ten feet (3 m) per minute, and move with a Spd. 4 once on the surface.

Habitat & Range: Found in the Land of the Damned, Great Northern Wilderness, Disputed Lands and locations throughout the Eastern Territory, Phi and **Lopan** where there are places of magic/ley lines. Prefer warm or temperate climates and hibernate in the winter.

Value: Used by some to contain and control magical beings and sorcerers; worth 100-200 gold each to those in the market for such creatures, which isn't many.

Moord-Sith

The Moord-Sith are mysterious creatures of the night who appear as mere shadows until the moment of attack, when they assume the form of a bipedal monster with obsidian teeth, claws, and glowing green eyes. Next to nothing is known of



their social structure, if indeed one exists. Nor is anything known about where they come from, why they stay in the Old City, or even how many exist. The only commonly accepted facts are that they only appear at night and will kill anything living. It is believed that they are related to Shadow Beasts or may be the demonic spirits of the original builders of the Old City.

In truth, the Moord-Sith are P.P.E. vampires who kill the living in order to consume their P.P.E. They will always attack the largest source of P.P.E. first, which usually means a practitioner of magic. Each creature can consume up to its maximum P.P.E. at one meal. Moord-Sith can leech a minimal amount of nourishment from the environment, similar to how the Tree of Life consumes P.P.E., and they will never drop below 5 P.P.E. They sometimes hunt in packs to pull down a stronger creature and then share in the final meal.

Alignments: Diabolic.

Attributes: I.Q. 7, M.E. 15, M.A. 4, P.S. 20, P.P. 20, P.E. 15, P.B. 3, Spd 22 (15 mph/24 km).

Natural A.R.: Not Applicable, can only be injured by magic and psionics.

Size: 7-8 feet (2.1 to 2.4 m) tall.

Weight: 250 pounds (112.5 kg).

Hit Points: 60

S.D.C.: 6D6+6

Horror Factor: 14

P.P.E.: Can hold as much as 330 P.P.E. (this is the amount they can consume).

O.C.C.: None

Natural Abilities: Prowl 80%, track by P.P.E. scent 85%, **nightvision** 1,200 feet (365.8 m), leap up to 15 feet (4.6 m) high and 60 feet (18.3 m) long. Can only be damaged by magic, magic weapons, psionics, and items that affect the supernatural or energy beings. **Daylight/daytime** will render them invisible and harmless, but a globe of daylight will only hold them at bay, keeping them 100 feet (30.5 m) away. Likewise, holy symbols that represent "light" (such as Ra and Isis) or "life" will hold them at bay the same as a vampire, but only at arm's reach. Immune to Horror Factor.

Bio-regeneration: The Moord-Sith regenerate 10 Hit Points or S.D.C. per point of P.P.E. expended.

Shadow Strike: The Moord-Sith are invisible in darkness and shadow the same as Shadow Beasts, and can strike without warning.

Track by P.P.E. Scent: A Moord-Sith can literally smell as little as 15 P.P.E. at a range of one mile (1.6 km). When prey is found the Moord-Sith emits a high-pitched screech that can be heard a mile (1.6 km) away, sometimes farther.

Attacks Per Melee: Five

Damage: 3D6 by claws, 2D6 by bite, 5D6 by power punch (counts as two attacks).

Bonuses: (Includes attribute bonuses) +3 on initiative, +7 to strike, +3 to parry and dodge, +5 to damage, and only magic and psionics can hurt it.

Vulnerabilities: Magic and psionics, including the punch, bite, and breath attacks of dragons and other creatures of magic as well as magic weapons.

Magic: None.

Psionics: None.

Value: None.

Average Life Span: Unknown.

Habitat: Limited to ancient ruins and places of magic.

Range: Thus far, they are only known to exist in the Old City ruins (where they appear to abound) and Wyndglade Marshes (less than two dozen) of the Eastern Territory, but may inhabit ruins and places yet unknown, including the ruins in the Old Kingdom, Land of the Damned and possibly Ophid's Grasslands.

Languages: Can speak telepathically to taunt victims

Enemies: Everything living.

Allies: None whatsoever. Even **Summoners** have great trouble controlling these primal beasts of death and darkness.

Shadow Wolf

The Shadow Wolf is a night predator who survives in two different dimensions simultaneously. Its home dimension is the same dark place of the Shadow Beasts. Infinitely more intelligent than its Shadow Beast cousins, the creature almost always kills those who dare to Summon it, then wreaks havoc on the world it has been brought to. In some **instances**, certain powerful magic brings the two worlds closer. So it is with the *Pool of Corruption* and the entirety of the *Howling Lands*, both of which are just close enough to the Shadow Wolves' home dimension that they can cross over at night. **Fortunately**, the rising of the sun sends the creatures in retreat to their dark home dimension.

While on the Palladium world, the Shadow Wolf can become insubstantial and pass through solid non-living objects, such as rock. This is a distinct advantage amongst the boulders of the Howling Lands, as it can merely run through them rather than over or around them. Prior to attacking, however, the monster must assume corporeal form in order to strike its prey.

Alignment: Miscreant

Attributes: I.Q. 14, M.E. 9, M.A. 8, P.S. 25, P.P. 30, P.E. 25, P.B. 4, Spd. 45 (30 mph/48 km).

Size: Body: 6-7 feet (1.8-2.1 m), tail: 20-30 inches (51-76 cm).

Weight: 130-160 pounds (59-72 kg)

Hit Points: 1D4x10+48

S.D.C.: 4D6+12

Natural A.R.: 10

Horror Factor: 12 (16 when howling).

P.P.E.: 25

O.C.C.: None, not recommended as a player character.

Natural Abilities: Can become non-corporeal like a ghost to move absolutely silently and pass through rock, walls, etc. Prowl 90%, climb 70%, land navigation 80%, track 85%, can understand and speak **Elven**, **Dwarven** and Gobblely. Nightvision 800 feet (243.8 m) and can regenerate 2D6 Hit Points per melee round.

Attacks Per Melee: Five by bite or claw.

Damage: 3D6 +10 from P.S. bonus from claw and 3D6 damage from bite.

Bonuses: (Includes attribute bonuses) +3 on initiative, +8 to strike, +2 to parry, +6 to dodge, +10 to damage, +6 to pull **punch/bite**, +6 to save vs Horror Factor.

Vulnerabilities: Ordinary weapons can only hurt it when the beast is tangible, while magic and psionic attacks will hurt it in both physical and intangible form. Holy Weapons and Demon Killer Weapons do double damage; holy symbols have no effect. The Globe of Daylight hurts their eyes (-2 on all combat bonuses) and forces them to become solid, but it does not hold them at bay.

Habitat: Limited to places of dark magic.

Range: Thus far, they are only known to exist in the Howling Lands and Pool of Corruption, although nobody knows what may exit in the Land of the Damned and other dark places.

Languages: Can speak telepathically to taunt victims.



Enemies: Dislikes mortals and is the natural enemy of creatures of magic and goodness.

Allies: **None**, per se. Powerful Summoners (7th level and up) and Gods of Darkness (as in those who symbolize "the dark") may also command them; rare.

Stone Golems (Quick Stats)

Attributes of note: I.Q. 6, P.S. 25, P.P. 15, P.E. 25, P.B. 3, Spd 8.

Size: 15 feet (4.6 m) tall

Horror Factor: 16

A.R.: 14

Hit Points/S.D.C.: 250

Attacks per melee round: 4

Damage: 3D6+10 by punch, kick, or stomp

5D6+10 by **flamberge** or battle axe

Bonuses: +2 to strike and parry; fearless. Only magic weapons and supernatural P.S. inflict full damage to it, while magic energy, fire and cold attacks do half damage. Normal weapons and punches also do half damage.

Skills of Note: Magically understands all languages 96%, knows basic math 80%, land navigation 60%, track **humanoids** 30%, and climb 80/75%.

Special Abilities: **Nightvision** 200 feet (61 m), supernatural P.S. and endurance (never fatigues), impervious to poisons, drugs, disease, heat, cold, Horror Factor, phobias, fear magic, illusions and most psionics (including empathy, telepathy, and bio-manipulation). Furthermore, a golem doesn't need to eat, drink, breathe, or sleep, and has no emotions, desires or personality. A stone golem will rise again 24 hours after the moment of its destruction, completely regenerated and at full strength, unless its heart is removed. Otherwise, a stone golem regenerates 10 S.D.C. per hour.

Appearance: The **Southwatch** stone golems have been fashioned into the likeness of 15 foot (4.6 m) tall humans dressed in ornate stone plate armor. Each carries a steel **flamberge** (two-handed sword) or a battle axe. Each weapon is **Dwarven** made and is considered a giant-sized weapon. Note that anyone with less than a 25 P.S. trying to use these weapons will lose one attack per melee and be -2 to strike, parry and dodge due to their size and weight. The weapons can not be lifted by anyone with a P.S. lower than 18.

Trees unique to the East

Honey Tooth Tree: Also known as "fenrie's fangs" or the "penance tree." The Honey Tooth is a tall tree (35 feet or 10.7 m) that is particularly common in the Disputed and Howling Lands. It only grows in temperate climates. The wood is not suitable for construction (the thorns grow all the way through) nor does it burn tremendously well (puts out a lot of foul-smelling smoke).

The Tree's one claim to fame is its icepick-like thorns. The thorns are black and grow in tight clusters on both branches and the trunk (averaging from two to six inches in length), and are covered in a slightly tacky yellow substance that some think looks like honey. This "honey" however is actually a sap that is mildly toxic to humans and most **humanoids** with a typical P.E. attribute of 3D6. If pricked by a thorn (all have a little sap residue) the character must make a save versus non-lethal poison (16 or higher) else the wound swells and causes a burning pain. Damage: Only one point of damage, but the pain and irritation is very distracting: -3 on initiative, -1 to strike and -10% to all skill rolls. The pain and penalties last for 1D10 minutes for a prick, while a deep puncture or numerous pricks will cause the penalties to last for 1D6 hours. If the thorns are removed from the tree, the "honey" will lose its potency within 20 minutes and the prick, though still unusually painful, will not cause the debilitating effects.

Yellow Wood: Also known as Yellow Iron, this is yet another temperate tree that is common in the Disputed Lands. The wood is incredibly strong, requiring 3-4 times as long to chop one down with conventional tools (magic axes and saws are best for harvest). Due to the difficulty in shaping it, the wood is not widely used in any type of construction or furniture. However, there is a small market for the wood as axe and tool handles as well as staves and walking sticks, as they are nearly impossible to break under normal usage, but are also rather expensive. Yellow Wood's second use is for fires. Although the wood is difficult to light, once it starts to burn, it burns very hot and for twice as long as charcoal.

Axe handle: 50 gold (adds to the cost of weapon)

Staff: 300 gold but does 2D6+2 damage; a walking **stick/cane** costs half as much and does 1D6+2 damage.

Shield: 1,000 gold but adds +100 S.D.C.

Burster Tree (Corrupted Tree): Also known as the Burster Thorn Tree, this is another tree with long thorns, perhaps a magically corrupted Honey Tooth. In this case, the tall tree fires 1D6 thorns at anything that moves within 15 feet (3.6m) of it. Each thorn does 1D6 damage. How exactly it sees or senses targets from a distance, or why it would attack, is a mystery.

If anyone tries to cut the tree down or even break off a branch or attempt to climb it, the Burster Tree will fire 2D4+2 thorns at that one individual — actually it can target as many as three different targets that are touching or have just touched it.

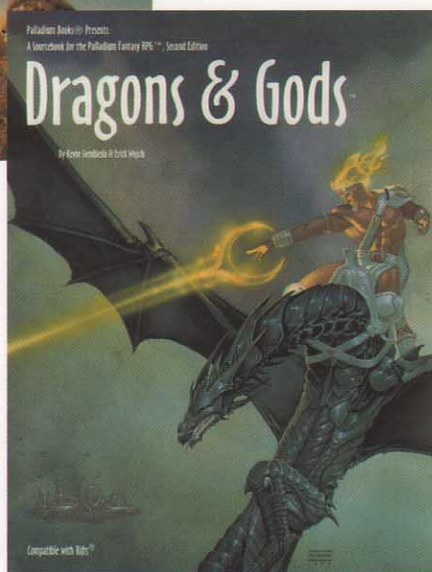
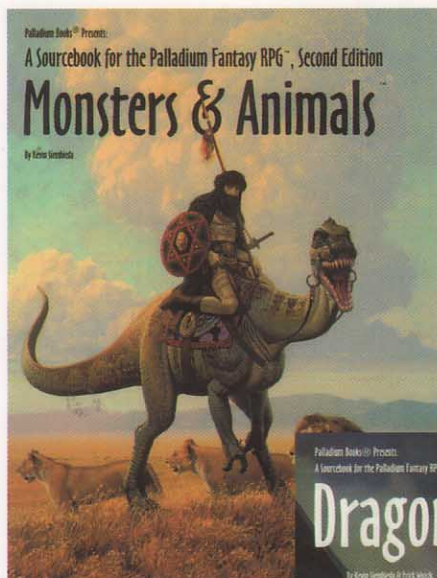
Attacks per Melee Round: Three either with one thorn or a volley of 4-10.

Note on Volley Attacks: Roll once to see if the entire volley of thorns strikes or misses. If a hit, roll damage for each thorn in the volley (4-10). A character may try to dodge (as normal) or parry (-3 to do so) the attack. A miss means not one thorn hits (lucky). +1 to strike anyone within 10 feet (3 m) of it, and +4 to strike anybody touching it, climbing it or holding a piece of the tree.

Strangler Tree (Corrupted Tree): Looks like a stunted oak tree with black bark tinged with rust. The bark is constantly shedding, so the ground around these trees tends to be covered with a thick, crunching layer of it (prowl is impossible within a 10 foot/3 m radius of the tree trunk). The bark can be powdered, mixed with vinegar, then boiled to a thick paste to form a strong glue. The paste is used both as glue and as a component in a number of herbal and magical salves and ointments.

The tree gets its name from its defense, for when someone moves within its reach (within 10 feet/3 m), one or more branches whip out and wrap around the victim and begin to squeeze. Attempting to pull away will only cause the entire limb to constrict, thus dragging the victim closer up into the tree and within reach of 1D6 more limbs. Damage is 1D6 per round, per limb. Limbs have an A.R. of 12 and have 25 S.D.C. The main trunk has an A.R. of 12 and 400 S.D.C.. Cold does no damage, fire does only half. Lightning does full damage but also does half damage to anyone held by the tree. Each limb has a strength of 26. Its victims are often found dangling from the tree as if they were hung.

Whipper Tree (Corrupted Tree): The Whipper tree looks like a normal weeping willow tree and grows along streams and rivers. The best clue to the tree's true nature is the tattered ends of its limbs and the bones that litter the ground under it. Unlike the **strangler**, which strikes immediately, the whipper waits for its prey. Once a victim has moved under its limbs, the tree lashes out violently with a torrent of whip-like branches causing 4D6 damage per round (1D6 for the initial 4 second lashing). The only defense against the assault is wearing a full suit of metal armor, huddling on the ground beneath a body shield or, running away as fast as possible. The assault comes from all directions and a dozen or more lashing branches, so parrying them all is absolutely impossible and only a fool or an idiot will try to do so.



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