

FOR ALL ROLE-PLAYING GAMES

1

LENTIA

CAMPAIGNS BOOK ONE:
SKULLY'S HARBOR

All Systems
Catalyst
Series

*The Next Step
in Role-Playing
Adventure!*

H.J. BENNETT
S.S. CROMPTON

TASK
FORCE
GAMES

LEJENTIA

CAMPAIGNS

BOOK 1: SKULLYS HARBOR

*A complete fantasy world
campaign system for all
role-playing systems
Based on the Lejentia
Graphic Novel series.*

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*Produced by
Opus Graphics
Task Force Games*

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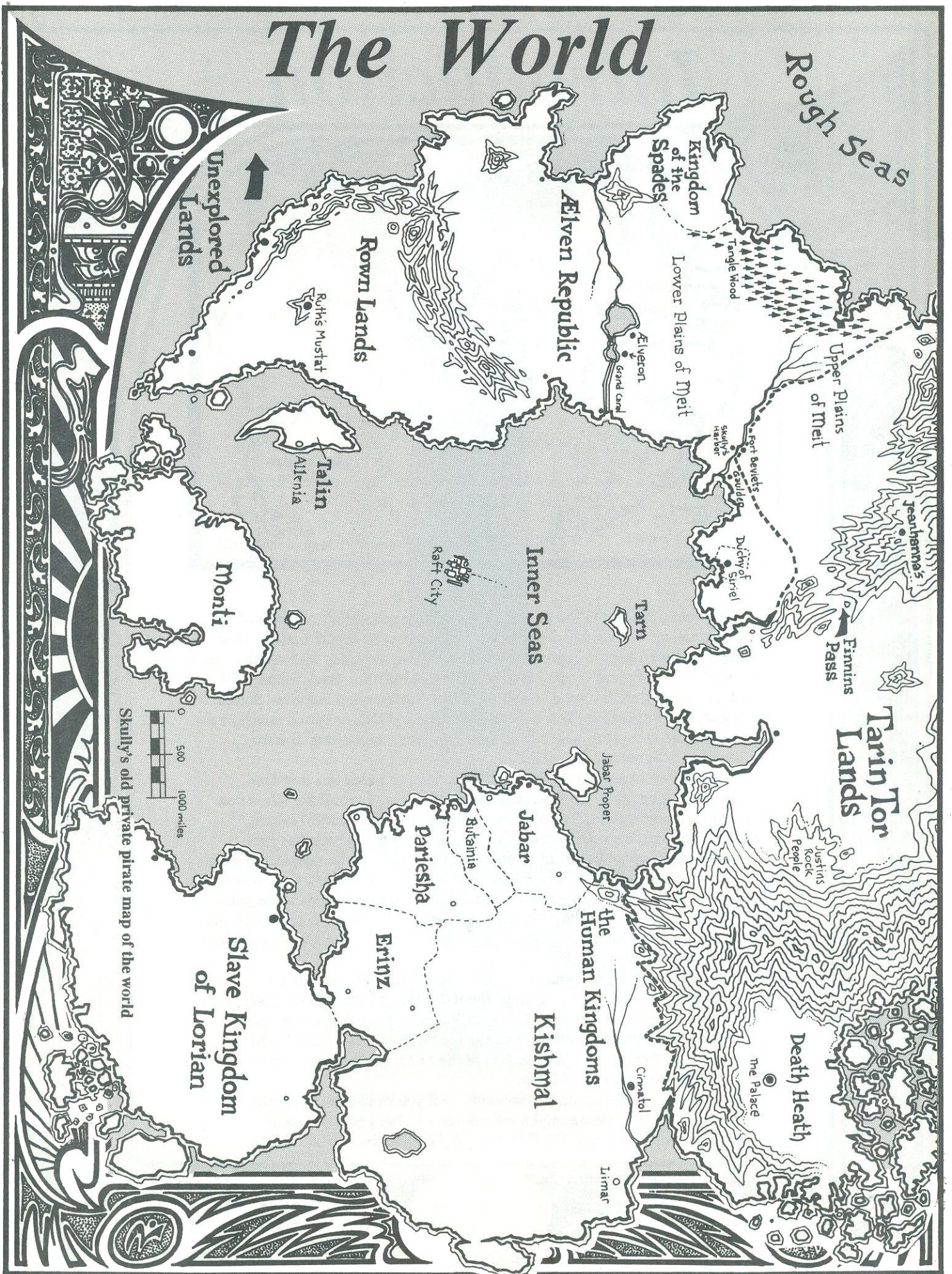
This book, the first in the Lejentia Campaign series, details one part of the engrossing world of Lejentia. The series is meant to supply those of vivid imagination with solid backgrounds and imaginative scenarios with which to enjoy some of the most creative gaming now currently available. Each volume will visit a new territory or nation, exploring unique customs and cultures. Sordid intrigue, treacherous beauties, bold adventurers, and Hell-spawned monsters are all part of the spice that makes Lejentia a dangerous, tantalizing dish for those of an adventuresome palate.

Lejentia can be introduced into a pre-existing campaign as a new land across uncharted seas, or a newly discovered planet or dimension. Or, a new campaign can be designed around any of a multitude of historical events, cultures, or interdependent yet conflicting world views. Lejentia has been developed over several years to be an integrated whole whose people, while not always aware of each other, are caught in intricate webs that link them together in secret ways. Caught in these webs are men and women searching for adventure, riches, fame, and immortality. To join them you need only partake of the book you now hold, and relax as Lejentia's power and mystique begin to flow through your hands...that is, if you dare!

Future releases in the series will follow the sea trading routes from Skully's Harbor and Fort Bebits down the River Styrrm, through the lands of the Tarin Tor, then to the Dargonaths whose College is legendary for its arcane secrets. From there, you will travel to the Ice Palace of Hyl Sudiar, to Monti, the Isle of the Forgotten, The Raft City of the Lonesome Sea, or even to the nation of the Air Masters of Erinz.

If you have any questions or comments, or if you would like to receive the Lejentia Newsletter, please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Lejentia Campaigns, Dept. G1, P.O. Box 30747, Phoenix, Arizona, 85046.

The World



Gaming Statistics

The Lejentia gamebook series is intended to be usable with any role-playing system. Thus, characters in this book have not had their abilities quantified according to any one system. Instead, the author has indicated each character's approximate degree of ability, in physical combat and in the use of magic, on a seven-level scale. "E" means no ability, and "AAA" means deity-level power. This rating reflects a combination of natural talent (strength, dexterity, etc.) and learned skill (rank or level). Game masters are encouraged to adapt this information to their own systems.

MAGICAL POWER

No comprehensive spell lists, or description of how magic works, have been provided in this book. Since it is generic, the game master can adapt the characters to his favorite system, and use the spell lists that go with that system. A few specific spells and spell-like abilities are described, because they have been -- or will be -- mentioned in the Lejentia stories.

AAA. In the Skully's Harbor book, the only character with this level of magical ability is the goddess Ariendale. While not omnipotent, she is a major deity. If so inclined, she could easily incinerate several square miles. She is said to have created the Ælves and the B~rrons out of her own essence. She is known to be able to interfere with the timestream in order to alter the past. Player-characters ought not to take on opponents of this level unless they are seriously insane.

AA. There is considerable variation within this rating. K'el Di Carani and the three white level Dargonaths are at the high end of AA, virtual demigods. Di Carani has been known to open fissures in the sea bed in order to create volcanic islands. Somewhere in the middle of the AA rating is Ramadan the Butcher (mentioned elsewhere in this book, and fully described in the Fort Bevits gamebook). Ramadan is a brilliant telepath, capable of the most subtle manipulation of will and memory, an inventor of fiendish battlefield spells of destruction, and a master of mighty demons. He has other sources of power besides the Aiute of the Dargonaths. At the lower end of the AA range are more "typical" gold level Dargonaths such as Simon (see Knosso's Magic Emporium). Merlin of Camelot would fall somewhere in the AA range.

A. The most highly skilled Ælves do not normally exceed this rating. While military rank does not necessarily reflect magical prowess, a few Lejentia morians have achieved this level. It is equivalent to a silver level Dargonath.

B. A skilled, versatile spell-caster.

C. As magicians go, about average: fairly able, but not fancy.

D. Knows a few spells.

E. No ability.

PHYSICAL COMBAT

Note that many characters specialize in one or two weapons, so their ratings will vary depending on what they are using.

AAA. Deity.

AA. Skill of legendary proportion. Achilles, Lancelot, Conan.

A. Still a very dangerous opponent, capable of great feats.

B. A very good fighter.

C. Competent, but not flashy.

D. Knows the basics, isn't totally helpless.

E. No ability. Couldn't scare your grandmother.

LEJENTIA

AN OVERVIEW

The name of this world is "Lejentia," based upon the Ælven word meaning "the whole" or "for all life." It is also the name given to an elite order of warrior Ælves whose mission is to defend all the peoples of the world from the forces of Hell. It is quite possible that Lejentia is our Earth in the far future, although none are alive to say for sure. This world consists of four known major land masses, three known oceans, and a handful of seas.

The technological level of the world ranges from the primitive tribes in the northwest Plains of Meit to the technologically advanced, steam-powered mechanization of industrial Erinz, to the magically advanced civilizations of the Ælves. Much of the world, especially those areas predominantly populated by Sardins (normal humans), is at the level of technology which spawned the first rifles, the spinning loom, and the horse-powered cotton gin. Most of the lands held under either Ælven or Dargonathian rule have little or no technology, and are wholly dependent on their magical abilities to get things done. Some Dargonathian Houses are so dependent upon their powers that they would probably cease to exist without them. The predominant opinion of these peoples is that their inborn abilities make them worthier than the Sardins.

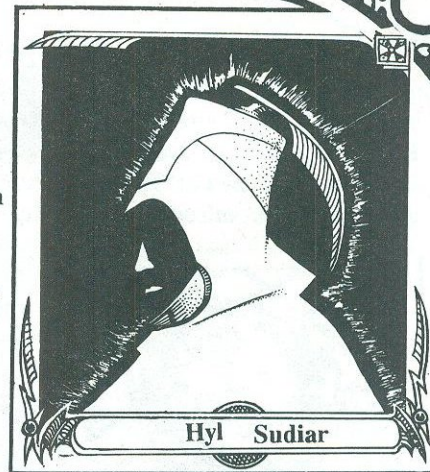
The Sardins, likewise, maintain that their technology is superior to that of the spells used by the "heathen" Ælves. As their technology continues to grow, the Sardins may indeed one day match or surpass Ælven knowledge and power to bend the world to their will.

Within the last hundred years, the steam engine has gone from a vague notion in the minds of "crazed old men" to a viable, though somewhat ponderous, train line through the Hamiarian Heartland. The Ælves helped by laying some mountainous track, their arcane abilities easily engineering a pass through a mountain formation that would otherwise not have been passable at the current level of Sardin technology. On the whole, the Ælves are still not too concerned that the advancement will in any way threaten their survival. Indeed, many of them are both helpful to the Sardin cause, and extremely curious.

Currently, a major world war is going on, involving almost every race and nation. This is the second such war for the Ælves. The first war lasted more than two thousand years. Its cost in lives and property ruined several major Ælven families, and drained the power and presence of the Ælven Army to a mere fraction of its former level. It ended with the imprisonment of Bazaroth, Lord of Hell, on the island of Monti.

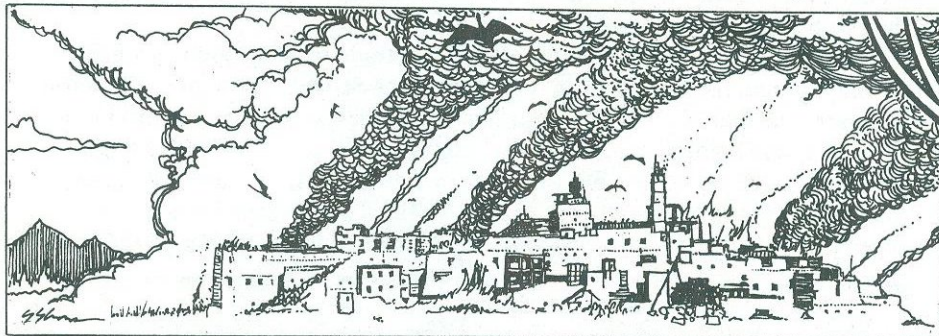
The second war began when an Ælven noble freed Bazaroth from bondage in order to create the Terrin Ki, the mythical "ring of perfect peace." With his power, the new Hyl Sudiar ("Hellish seducer") created the Tarin Tor ("army of peace") and seeks to unify all nations under one banner.

Though only two of his Seits (the highest-ranking officers of the Tarin Tor) have ever seen his true form, he has appeared in many nations. In each place he takes on the guise of that country's most sacred, and trusted figure. Whether he shows himself as a saintly old father or a loving mother goddess, his charismatic speech has charmed thousands to his cause. For this reason he is called the Hellish Seducer, or Hyl Sudiar in the Navvian tongue.



Hyl Sudiar truly believes he will save the world and its people from destruction as reportedly happened in the distant past. But his good intentions have been tainted and twisted by Bazaroth's influence; thus he is commonly referred to as the Hell Lord, as the Tarin Tor is called the Hellish Army. He slowly increases his influence through a steady southward campaign from his major bases in the north. Those nations still free of his iron rule are fiercely against his beliefs. It is for these free nations, and for their own survival, that the Ælven Compact fights.

The Compact Forces are the joint armies of the Ælven Nation, the Sardin kingdoms of Kishmal, Erinz, Jabar, and Free Lorian, the nomads of the Plains of Meit, and the Rowns (riders of great flying mammals). These loosely organized forces are usually outnumbered by a ratio of eight to one. To hold their own, they depend on a great deal of cooperation, which is sometimes hard to obtain at the grass roots level. The assassination of King William the Fair-Handed in Kishmal, and Hyl Sudiar's resulting conquest of that nation, were a grievous



blow to the Compact. The morale of the expatriate Kishmalian armies (still numerically the greatest portion of the Compact) was at an all time low. But there have been a few inroads made into the Hell Lord's territory. Kishmal's neighbor, Erinz, has proven a strong ally, and has reclaimed several small provinces formerly held by Lorian's Kingdom, an ally of Hyl Sudiar. To the northwest, the Compact has made vast gains against Seit Fierced and the Fifth Army of the Tarin Tor. Several Ælven contingents have been able to reclaim lost lands south of the River Styrrm.

The focus of the conflict along the Styrrm is Skully's Harbor. The town was founded by Captain Skully, an old sea pirate who escaped from one of the Hell Lord's slave caravans. Pursued by Hellish troops, he was rescued by an Ælven patrol from Fort Bevits, an outpost on the north bank of the Styrrm. In gratitude, he promised to solve the current supply shortage caused by Hellish



forces waylaying overland caravans from the city-state of Gaulden. Few believed this was possible because of the deadly rapids all along the river's length. These rapids were known as Heathra's Keclish, or Death's Necklace. Skully rounded up a few of his old crew to help him devise a way to turn the rapids into a series of short water locks which made the river navigable.

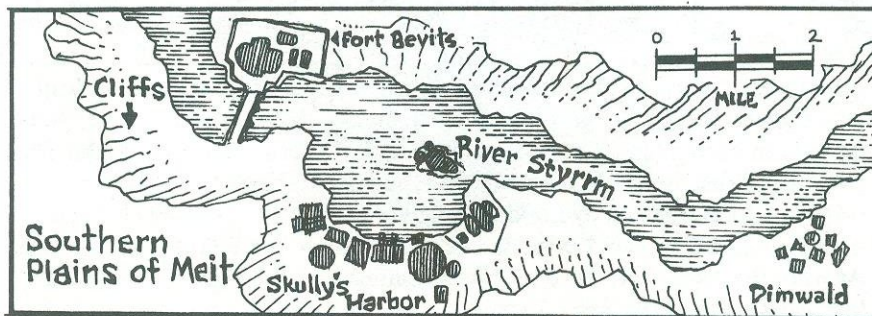
Skully has built by hand most of the town across the river from the Fort. When the Tarin Tor overran the Fort and invaded Gaulden, he shut down his

settlement in less than a day. He led the other inhabitants downriver, leaving booby traps behind and destroying the locks as they went.

After the Ælves reclaimed the town and the surrounding area, and the active fighting for the Fort was over for the time being, Skully returned alone to the town. He rebuilt some of it, repaired the locks, and brought his people back.

This time, he tried to give the town a unified look. It has the feel of an older southern Ælven fishing village, complete with its open square, window boxes, and latticed steeples. He wants everything to fit the image he has created. In this way, Skully's Harbor is unique among the small towns that dot the south shore of the Styrrm.

Despite the war, Skully's Harbor thrives on trade from the gold-rich hills of Tanglewood, the farmlands in the valley of the Styrrm -- even from the Tarin Tor, now that Seit Nigira's administrative brilliance has eased the hardships in the conquered lands north of the river. At any given time, four or five large riverboats or Ælven tri-marans can be seen at the docks, and their crews and passengers throng the streets and shops. To the sons and daughters of the nearby farming village of Dimwald-on-the-Styrrm, Skully's Harbor provides the



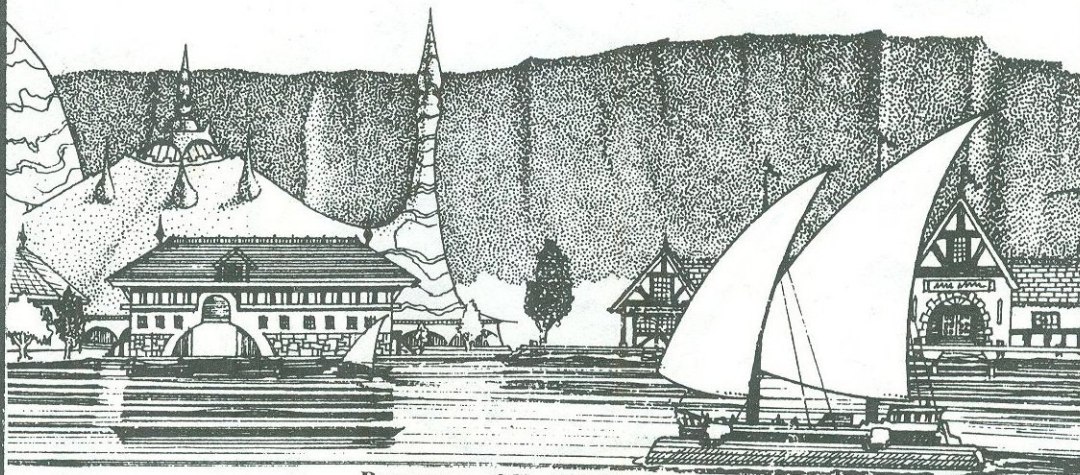
irresistible lure of jobs and excitement. Even the Church Elders, when not denouncing the "heathen decadence" of the old pirate and his Ælven friends, are more than willing to turn a profit in the Harbor.

The Tarin Tor now holds everything north of the Styrrm, including Fort Bevits, and some land on the south side, starting at the Bridge of Tears, which is guarded by Hellish soldiers. The occupants of Skully's Harbor are hardened warriors and seasoned survivors. They have to be, because the Hellish Army is less than five hundred yards away. The Ælven contingent's forces are confident that they will hold the Harbor, as they have taken back all the territory south of the river between the Harbor and Gauden City. Though they are an abnormally small contingent, they are all Lejentia. Moreover, they are reinforced by the extraordinary magical powers of K'el Di Carani, the leader of the Ælven Army, who is in Skully's Harbor on a lengthy leave of absence from his military duties.

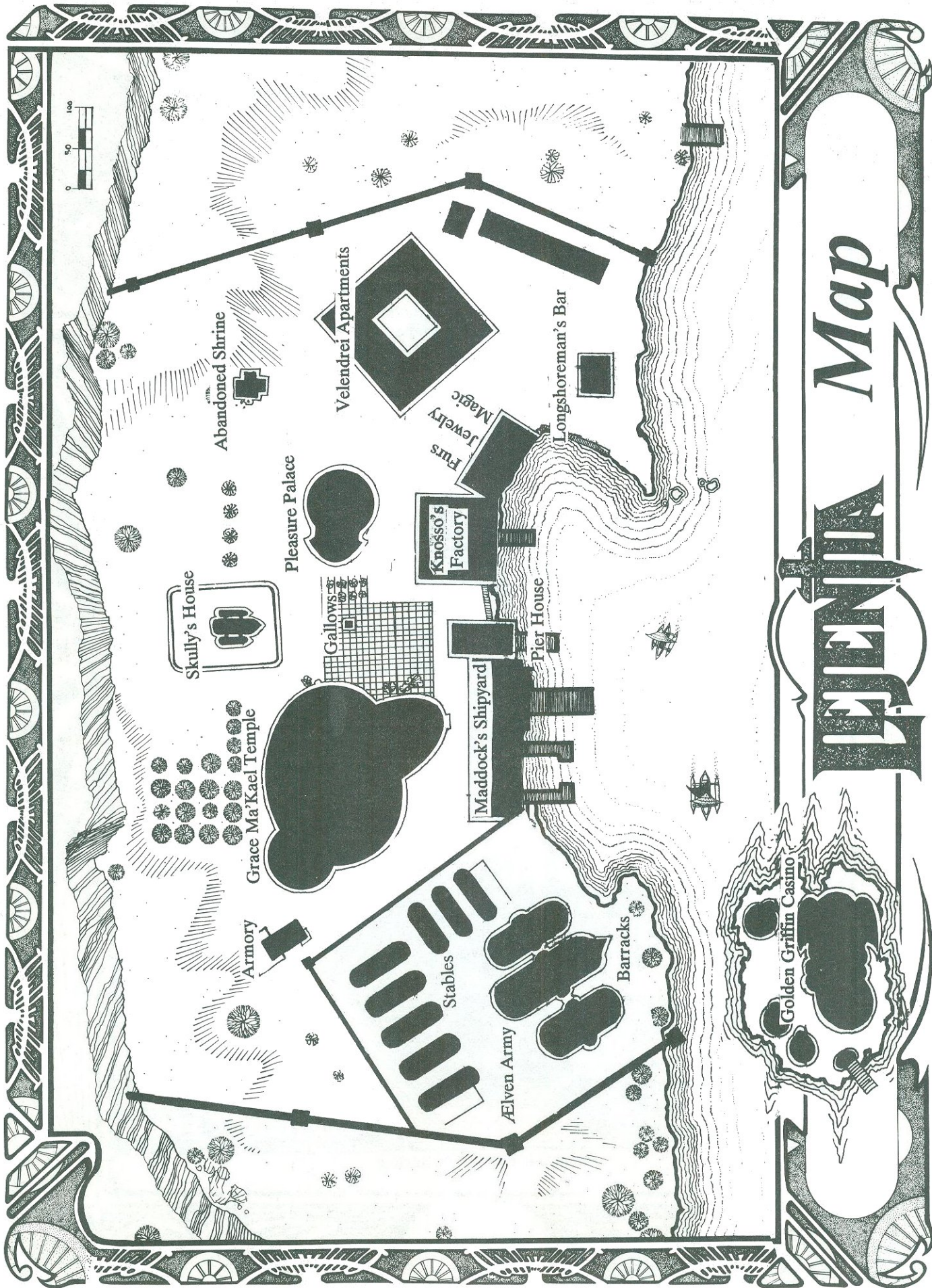
A tension pervades the very air in the Harbor. For losing the territory, Hyl Sudiar has punished Fierced and placed a new Seit in charge of this war front. Seit Nigira, the leader of the Second Army of the Tarin Tor, has a reputation for being subtle and patient, then suddenly striking with a huge strength and wiping out her enemy.

An unspoken truce allows both sides to travel on the river and trade through the Harbor. Both commanders are acutely aware that this "peace" between them is like thin ice over a swift river. But, until the order to attack is given by a higher source, these two sleeping giants slumber fitfully beside each other, with only the river between them.

Skully's Harbor is not a place for the tender of heart. Only those who are tough enough and who can prove they have business here can be allowed to stay.

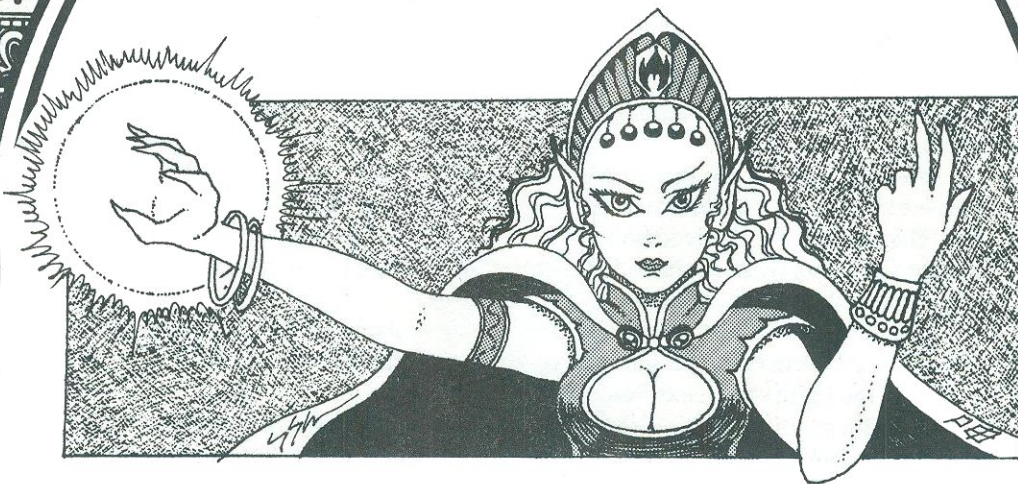


Panorama of Skully's Harbor



LEJENTIA

Ælves



ÆLVES

There are four tribes or houses of *Ælves*, each with special abilities. All *Ælves* worship The Mothers, the four *Ælven* goddesses who each look after a tribe. Navivians worship Ariendale, the fire goddess; Vindrinites worship Vendridie, the earth goddess; Azurinites worship Anawaay, the water goddess; Arielites worship Ariel, the air goddess.

Male *Ælves* range from 6' 8" to 8' 2" in height and weigh from 180 to 230 pounds. Female *Ælves* range from 6' 5" to 7' 9" in height and weigh from 140 to 180 pounds.

Most *Ælves* live over ten thousand years, and some have even lived twenty thousand years. An *Elf* has never died of old age. Because they live so long, they tend to be very civilized, and enjoy the company of other *Ælves*. Most *Ælves* live in *Ælveron*, the capital city, or another of the cities of the *Ælven* Nation. In all, there are only about 208,000 adult *Ælves*. Much of the work of *Ælvendom* is performed by Sardin freemen.

Each tribe has special abilities, but some abilities are common to all *Ælves*. By passing through Everstill, a chill, fluid plane of existence, they can move from place to place very quickly. However, this can only be done every three or four days, as it is very tiring. All *Ælves* also have the ability to mindsend, or telepathically communicate with one another. A form of mental attack, called a mindscreen, is a variety of mindsending and is common between warring *Ælves*. *Ælves* also have an empathic healing ability, but only Lejentia use this talent to any great extent. Lastly, all *Ælves* may use the following spell-like abilities at will: Create Light, See Aura, and Sense Magic.

The final power of the *Ælves* is that of fading. Fading is simply a wish to cease to exist, and the *Elf* does just that. *Ælves* believe they have no souls, and must therefore live each day to the fullest, for no afterlife awaits them.

Ælven Religion

ORIGIN OF THE ÆLVES ACCORDING TO ÆLVEN RELIGION

There are four Goddess Mothers who came into being shortly after the Forgotten Days. Ariendale was the first among the elemental powers to awaken. She is fire incarnate, the result of fire becoming aware of itself and of its own creative/destructive powers. She ruled the natural world for two hundred sixty-seven years before awakening the other natural powers of earth, air, and water.

Ariendale saw herself as a guardian of the world and of all creatures in the world save the race known as the "Ancient's children," who called themselves the "Houses of Men." Ariendale knew these to be ruled by another god, so she sought to protect them as she did all else, but never tried to command them. She remained unknown to them.

Ariendale named each elemental power as she woke it. Thus, she named the spirit of water Anawaay, the spirit of the winds she called Ariel, and the quiet power of the earth she called Vendridie.

The "Houses of Men" flourished in these times, multiplying, breeding themselves into different races and nations each with its own customs and ideals.

In time these different nations began to feud. Their wars brought death and famine to hundreds of thousands over the years as the Goddess Mothers watched. Starvation due to the destruction of farmlands brought on sickness that swept through the feed animals. The disease spread on the winds, killing the beasts of the forests and all who fed from them. Those who survived sought to cleanse their towns and cities of the dead and so threw the bodies into the rivers. Creatures of the water began to die as the sickness spread through the water to all who drank from it.

The Mothers could no longer remain unknown to Men. They appeared to Men in their dreams and in blazing visions in the open marketplaces, but few would believe. Their priests scoffed at the Goddesses who sought to protect the ways of nature. They mocked even their own God's power, daring any to defy their will to rule the earth as they chose. The Houses of Men claimed total dominion over all that was of the earth. They acknowledged nothing greater than themselves.

The Goddess Mothers decided they needed a race of servants who could move among the Men. These servants would have the power to oppose all who sought to do damage to the world, and help those who sought to repair it.

On the wind-blasted cliffs of Malconty, the Goddess Mothers gathered to call into being the race of the "Firstborn." Blessed by the Mothers, they were given a form like Men. Each Mother in turn gave to the race her own gifts.

Ariendale gave them eyes of glittering gold, and bronzed their skin with the glow of her fire. She gave them also a striving curiosity, and keen minds, gifted in riddles and problem solving.

Vendridie hardened their bodies, molding muscles into svelte forms, powerful like the great forest cats. She gave them hair like the flowing manes of the wild horses, and the cunning charm of the fox.

Ariel sweetened their voices, giving them the harmony of the winds. Lightening the weight of their bones, she put great speed in all their

movements. Finally, she gave them the unconquerable, restless spirit of the winds.

Anawaay gave them the grace of the tides and the tremendous strength of the pounding waves. She also gave them the ability to wait and the endless patience of the sea.

It was also given to them to control all the animals of the earth and air. The earth heard their steps, and guarded them in their sleep. They were given powers to heal and cure the illnesses of Men, and to protect all things of the Mothers. Before all creatures of nature the "Firstborn" were acknowledged, and given the name of Benevolents.

The Benevolents believed in the Creed, which the Mothers taught them to obey. The Creed binds the Benevolents to guide, teach and protect the children of the Houses of Men. But, they were not to try to rule over Men as the Goddess Mothers still did not want to control the people of another God. The Benevolents were only created to protect the ways of the Mothers, and fulfill the Creed.

The Benevolents went out among the nations of Men, and healed the wasting illness that was upon the nations. At first they were welcomed as saviors, but as the disease quickly faded from the memories of the Men the wars began again. Several of the Houses turned on the Benevolents, calling them heathens and persecuting them as damned, according to the old laws. The Firstborn would not defend themselves against the violence that swept over them, for it would have been against the laws



ARIENDALE

of the Creed.

The persecution did not end. Men became adept at slaying the Benevolents who still lived among them, but in return the Benevolents started to convert some Men to their cause and sought out protectors, leaders among the Houses of Men. These protectors they called omators, and they blessed these with healing and all manner of magic.

So it might have remained if not for the demon lord Bazaroth. The Mothers had won a duel of strength with Bazaroth in an attempt to protect the world from the Dark Lord's alien evil, banishing him from the world.

To punish the Mothers for meddling with his plans, Bazaroth appeared to the Firstborn in their dreams. The demon lord awakened the latent instincts of hunting and survival that exist in any creature of nature. He taught the Benevolents how easy it was to kill and feed on the Men. He taught them they could have great power over the slower-moving Men. He showed the Benevolents how the nations of Men hunted the Benevolents and told them that they were not betraying the Creed by these acts, for they were only protecting themselves after all as nature had intended. The Firstborn heard these teachings and believed them and followed their primitive instincts.

Ariendale and the others tried repeatedly to gently turn their children from the path they had chosen. But, in the end, the Benevolents heard only Bazaroth's words. Ariendale then visited destruction upon her Firstborn, while the others turned their backs on the cries for help and salvation from the dying Benevolents.

Vendridie alone felt pity for the Firstborn as she reasoned they were perfect in all the ways of her nature. She thought, "Why should they be punished for being what they are? They are perfect hunters as the mountain lion or the panther. The desire to hunt is not against the laws of nature." So, Vendridie defied Ariendale, and opened up the deep places of the earth and hid some of the Benevolents from Ariendale's fury. Ariendale cursed the Firstborn, that they could never behold her or her essence without suffering pain and death.

Ariendale called the others to her. She punished Vendridie, decreeing that the earth Goddess should be subservient to Ariendale, Anawaay, and Ariel. Ariendale also made Vendridie subservient to the nations of Men.

Ariendale then caused another race of children to be created. These were like the Firstborn, only they were imperfect in nature. She gave a breeding pair to each goddess. Each goddess then gave her charges special powers drawn from her own nature. This new race Ariendale called Ælves. She made it their nature to uphold the Creed, as well as to preserve their own civilization. She also instilled in them a hatred of the Firstborn Benevolents, for the children of the Four Tribes are above all bound to Ariendale and her laws. Thus were created the Four Tribes of the Ælves.



Navivians



NAVIVIANS: ÆLVES OF FIRE

The Navivians were given tall, slim forms and fair hair and complexions. They are gifted in wisdom, languages, books and scrolls, and the histories of the Houses of Men, Dargonaths, Ancients and tribes of the Mothers. They are also adept in magic, healing, and the curing of tormented souls. They have excellent night vision, and can easily move through Everstill, the outer chaos, to get from place to place. Navivians cannot be burned. Legends say the elder Navivian Lords are gifted with the ability to shapechange into fire, although it is extremely dangerous should one lose concentration, and the process proves to be very tiring, very quickly. These practiced Navivian Lords can also seek souls after death, and return them to the body if the souls did not wish to die in the first place, and if the body remains undamaged.

The Navivians are devout worshipers of Ariendale, invoking her name often. Unlike the other tribes, the Navivians honor an Hour of Silence each morning just past dawn. This is the time when most pray to their Goddess. None but the most disrespectful will even speak during this time of the day, and few Navivians will acknowledge anyone till the hour is past. They believe that during this time they are not of the physical plane but of the spiritual, and made of the essence. Of course, a Navivian may pray to the Mothers at other times in addition to the morning devotions.

Navivians have a saying that "We are One of One." The scrolls state that the Ælves were created "when the Mothers breathed out, and the life in their breath quickened ours, as we breathe our last breath so it goes back to the Mothers to breathe in, and become again one of one."

Navivians comprise the majority of the ruling class among the four tribes. They also comprise 30% of the Ælven Army. About 45% of the fighting Navivians are trained as Lejentia warriors. Warriors of this tribe are intense fighters, with a will and determination that has often kept themselves and others alive long past the time when such should have been impossible.

Due to their studious nature the Navivians make meticulous craftsmen. Their long lifespans grant them the ability to perfect their art. The Navivians love intricately designed items of flowing symmetry, and this is reflected in everything from their architecture to their jewelry. Navivian cities are the largest and most impressive in the Ælven world. Ælveron and Sycira are looked upon as the jewels of Ælven civilization. These cities are home for more than ten thousand Ælves, of all tribes.

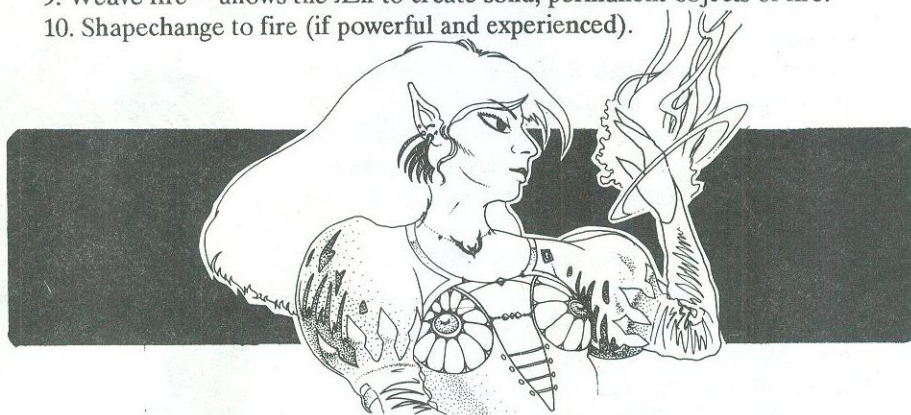


The magical ability most loved by Navivians is the weaving of fire. This starts with a source of fire, which can be woven into a shield, cloak, or almost anything else. It will eventually take on the appearance of cool gold, but those sensitive to magic can feel the power still burning inside.

All Navivians are immune to fire, and have excellent night vision. They cannot shapechange like other *Ælves*, except that very old and powerful individuals can transform their bodies into fire. However, this is both very tiring and very dangerous.

Navivians can use the following spell-like abilities:

1. Psychometry -- learn something of the past of an item or place with which they are in physical contact, once per day.
2. Send language -- allows the recipient to use the sent language for three days.
3. Call fire -- causes fire within ten feet to come to the Navivian.
4. Detect life -- finds the eternal fire of life, anywhere in a twenty-foot radius.
5. Fireball -- throws a fist-size globe of fire at an enemy.
6. Firewall -- creates a wall of fire within twenty feet of the *Ælf*. The fire must have fuel.
7. Fire portal -- teleport from one flame to another.
8. Control smoke -- allows up to 100 cubic feet to be controlled for fifteen minutes.
9. Weave fire -- allows the *Ælf* to create solid, permanent objects of fire.
10. Shapechange to fire (if powerful and experienced).



Azurinites



AZURINITES: *ÆLVES* OF WATER

The Azurinites are very close to their Goddess and speak to her almost anywhere whether by a stream or in the middle of a rain. They take readily to the healing arts, and are far less aggressive than the other tribes. Preferring water to land, they will take any excuse to shapechange into dolphins or killer whales.

The children of the water tribe are gifted with a grace and beauty befitting the wildest seas. Their voices can enchant all mortals, including *Ælves* of other tribes. When they dance, their slim bodies sway as though made

of music. Their height is graceful, despite the fact that they are normally a few inches taller than even the Navivians. Their natural skin tone ranges from a light creamy tan to a deep blue, not unlike that of the deep ocean in the cold Northern waters. An Azurinite's hair is always worn long and free. Those who live in the sea have been known to grow it as long as fifteen feet, a mass of multicolored reflective strands with a soft, rich texture. On land they must cut it to a manageable length (down to the knees). Sometimes they make braided necklaces or vests out of the cut portion. Sardin legends say the shining tresses of the sea breed can be spun into cloaks that will grant the wearer immortality. For this reason there are slavers from Lorian's Kingdom whose sole livelihood comes from hunting Azurinites in the open seas. This makes the Azurinites highly distrustful of Sardins, no matter their claimed intent. The only exception to this is the Sardins of the Raft Cities. These men never set foot on land, and are quite at home with all the dwellers of the seas.

Azurinites have only one city, deep in the ocean. They prefer to travel in large schools of orca or dolphin. Some live near deserted shores as half Ælf and half dolphin, not unlike the mermaids of the Ancients' legends. Many live in the port cities of Sycira and Tarn.

Azurinites are fun loving and seldom worry about the future. Anawaay cares for most of their daily needs. Thus, they are the least likely to be involved with the Compact forces in the war against Hyl Sudiari. Less than 10% of the Ælven Army is Azurinite, and most of them are involved in the Sea Guard.

They use the following spell-like abilities:

1. Call water, in the form of a small shower.
2. Breathe water (this can be cast on other people; Azurinites do not need it, as they breathe both air and water).
3. Weave water, just as Navivians weave fire.
4. Wave. This is a small tidal wave -- or, in a river, a flash flood, powerful enough to sweep away wooden structures in the immediate area. This power takes many centuries of training.



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Arielites

ARIELITES: ÆLVES OF THE AIR

Arielites are gifted in the ways of the wind, and are called "wind walkers" by the other tribes. They worship their Goddess in a very casual manner, and rarely pray formally. Their most valuable gift is that of persuasion. They can effortlessly talk their way into the hearts of Men and Ælves. Arielites very seldom lack for funds. With half a will one of this breed could talk a tight-fisted merchant into giving up his life savings. An Arielite who has turned evil is quite dangerous, as he can twist the viewpoint and opinions of any who might oppose him.

Those born of this tribe find a good use for their talents in sports and gambling. They are superbly swift, extremely light on their feet. Arielites in the Compact Forces are often most comfortable stationed in the Ælven Footmen, or Sprint Forces which depend mainly on speed and agility.

Arielites are also gifted by their Goddess to have good luck in games of chance, secret operations, and procurement maneuvers. They can commune with birds, and can shapechange into some form of bird (early in life, each Arielite chooses what type of bird).

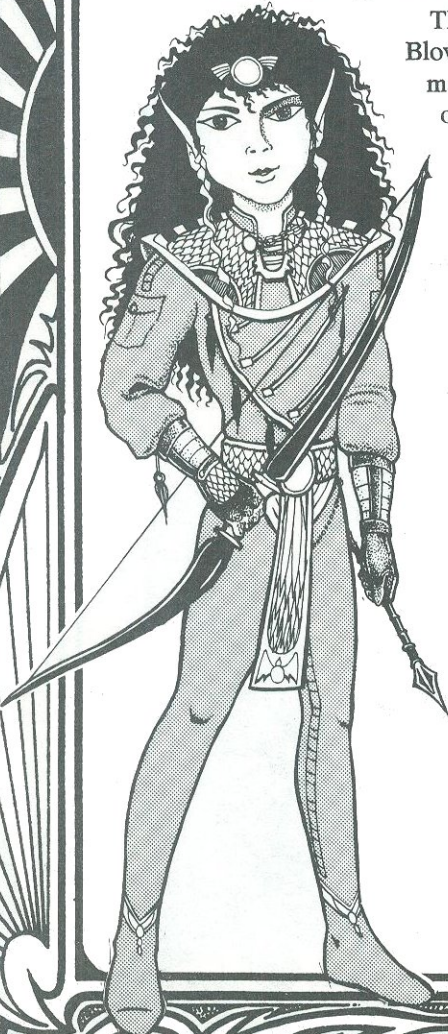
The favorite weapons of Arielites are blowpipes and bows. Blowpipes come in all sizes from a four-inch tube with a maximum range of six feet, to a ten foot pipe with a range of several hundred yards. Usually, the tips of the arrows or blow darts are coated with poison, often claria. For the most part, Arielites fight from a distance as opposed to hand-to-hand combat due to their smaller, more delicate structures.

Arielites have the following spell-like abilities:

1. Call wind -- light breeze to gale force.
2. Speak with wind -- a way of finding out the lay of the land (at least upwind) and getting general information about other travelers in that direction.
3. Wind send -- the recipient hears a whispered message.
4. Echo -- causes any noise to echo as though in a cavern.
5. Prestidigitation -- sleight of hand, useful for stealing small items.

The greatest city of the Arielites is Tal Fehrs, the City of the Seven Winds, built in a mountain canyon on the great Elven island of Monti. The city consists of elegant balconied cliffside homes, connected by more than a thousand bridges. Some of these bridges are hewn of white quartz in honey-combed layers of ornately designed patterns, to accommodate living quarters as well as passage to various levels of the city.

Other bridges crafted from wood and jute link the stone bridges in a continually moving network like strands of a giant web straining in the wind.



Vendrinites



VENDRINITES: ÆLVES OF EARTH

This tribe is graced with darkly handsome looks and muscular bodies. Their hair ranges from deep auburn to jet black and is normally worn shoulder-length or longer, caught back in a silver clasp. Their skin is the darkest of all of the tribes and can be anything from copper to bronze-black.

Dressing style is usually rather basic, consisting of homespun or furs and leathers. Vendrinite priests have a symbiotic relationship with a special variety of vine, whose roots embed themselves in their pores.

These holy individuals never wear clothes, but are completely dependent on the vine for protection, warmth, and cover. They may join with the earth during the rites of the seasons. Vendrinites highly respect their priests, and the holy seers, whom they believe are the only ones able to speak to Vendridie.

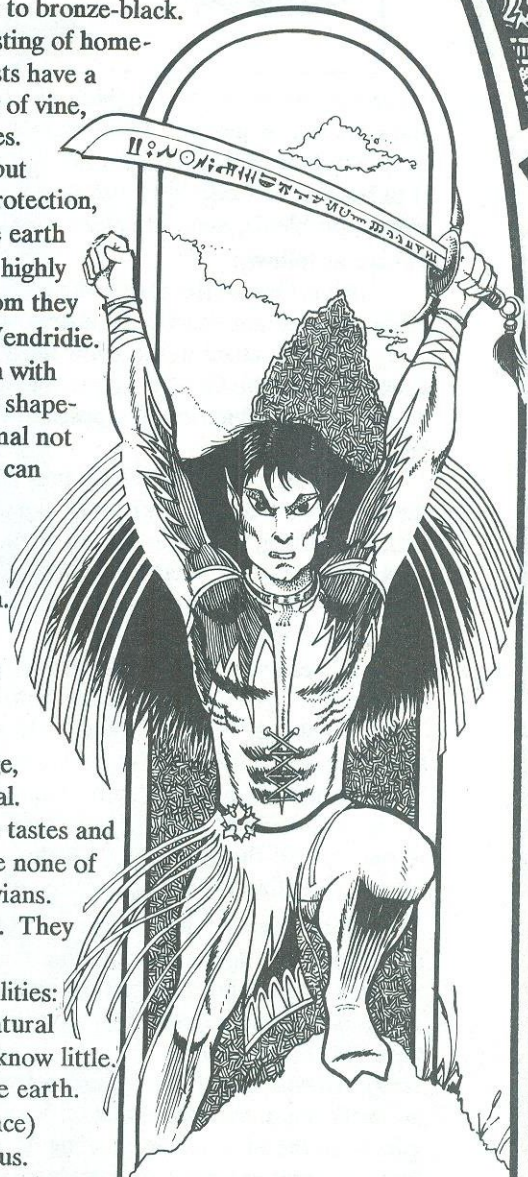
Vendrinites share the powers of the earth with their patron Goddess. At higher levels they shape-change easily, assuming the form of any animal not more than 20% over their body mass. They can speak to such animals and understand their feelings. They can also feel the earth to an extent, and can be hurt by major geological upheavals, or severe attacks against the earth.

Well-trained Vendrinites can call forth the earth to form homes, walls, and roads in muddy or mountainous areas. They can also commune with, perhaps even command, any dead buried in the earth within a certain range, depending on the power level of the individual.

For the most part, Vendrinites have simple tastes and basic homespun ways about them. They have none of the palace-born manners that grace the Navivians. This tribe is the backbone of the Ælven Army. They comprise nearly half of all fighting Ælves.

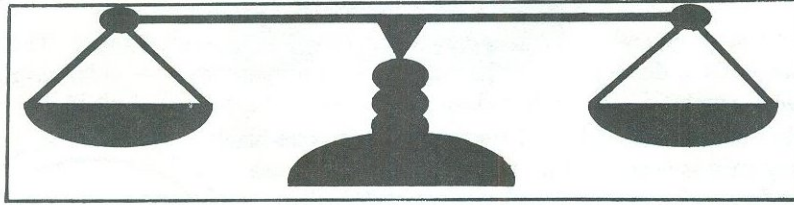
Vendrinites have the following spell-like abilities:

1. Speak to mammals -- this only applies to natural animals, and bear in mind that most animals know little.
2. Earth emotions -- empathic contact with the earth. This will occasionally (depending on experience) locate a specific person within a ten-mile radius.
3. Sense precious metals -- detects precious metals and gems in a fifty-foot radius.
4. Grow crystals -- creates up to one ounce of quartz-like crystal from rock.
5. Shape earth -- up to one ton; almost any shape is possible, but it must be able to support its own weight.
6. Call dead -- up to the Ælf's level in creatures buried in a one-mile radius.
7. Move earth -- allows the Ælf to slowly roll large boulders.



Law & Honor

ÆLVEN LAW AND HONOR



The Ælves of all tribes uphold a common set of laws by which all events of one's life can be judged. The system is called the, "H'th Na Tal." It is a unique system of that has proven to be continually workable over the years. The H'th Na Tal, or Code of Honor and Truth, has ten simple components by which all crimes, problems, and difficulties can be answered. The rules of the H'th Na Tal are as follows:

- 1) All is One of the One. The Code is all; we are created of Ariendale to guide, protect, and teach the Sardins.
- 2) There is never a tomorrow for the soulless children of Ariendale. Enjoy this day the Goddess gives you, for there may be no other. One must thus do the most productive thing possible at every given moment in order to serve his Goddess.
- 3) All who are of the Honor find fulfillment in sharing the pleasures of the spirit and body with others of like mind. Ælven ways should be shared with the willing, but never forced on others.
- 4) Honor is all. Living with honor is the highest service an Ælf can give to the Mothers. All things that mar the Honor, such as deceit in words, deeds, or thoughts, are evil.
- 5) Ælves are given their powers in magic by the Mothers, to be used in their service. All who misuse the power will eventually be consumed by it.
- 6) Fight only when attacked, or to protect others against attack. Pain should never be inflicted for the sake of revenge, or for personal pleasure. Weapon against equal weapon, skill shall decide the winning party.
- 7) Take only what is yours by right: that which has been purchased, given to one by free choice, made with one's own hands, or won under the laws of Honor. Stealing is punished by loss of all possessions save one's life.
- 8) Interference with the ways of other people and their cultures is not of the Honor. To oppose nations that seek to dominate, enslave, or destroy other cultures is the only honorable exception. Ælven warriors can fight only the warriors of these oppressing nations, not their children, their old, or any who have not taken up arms.
- 9) All who are of the Honor seek to join only with those who choose to join with them. It is the female's right to ask first, for such pleasures are gifts from the Mothers and among the holiest of acts. Force, no matter the form, is never accepted, no matter what the circumstances are. Such acts are outside the Honor and punishable by death.
- 10) Cubs are a gift of the Mothers, and each is the joy of the tribe. Force, shame, or trickery should never be involved in the birth of a cub. The Mothers have given the ultimate gift of life to the female, and such is always her choice.

Ælven Abilities

ÆLVEN SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES

This chart gives an overview of some of the basics. Each of the Ælven tribes is given powers that apply only to them specifically, but there are also abilities shared by all children of Ariendale.

This chart can be used with any game system. Players wishing to create an Ælven character should use the information provided on the character sheet first. Add any abilities that seem appropriate (three spells are recommended for a first level character; higher level characters will know far more complicated spells and will be even able to adapt the spells to their specific needs). The game master should use common sense when adapting the characters and charts to his system. The Lejentia campaign books are meant to provide the background of a world to game in, not the rules.

ABILITY	ARIELITE	AZURINITE	NAVIVIAN	VENDRINITE	LEJENTIA
*travel thru Everstill ---	2/week	2/week	3/week	2/week	3/week
Mindsend --	10 mi.	50 mi.	25 mi.	25 mi.	100 mi.
*Mindstream -	100 ft.	500 ft.	250 ft.	250 ft.	1000 ft.
*Heal ---	n/a	n/a	n/a	n/a	by touch
Create light-	candle to bright	same	same	same	same
Sense magic -	10' rad.	10' rad.	25' rad.	10' rad.	50' rad.
See aura ---	yes	yes	yes	yes	yes
Shapechange--	bird	dolphin/orca	*fire	mammal	depends on tribe
Psychometry--	n/a	n/a	1/day	n/a	if Nav.
Send Thought-	n/a	n/a	1/day	n/a	if Nav.
Detect life--	n/a	n/a	20' rad	n/a	if Nav.
*Fireball ---	n/a	n/a	200' rad	n/a	if Nav.
*Firewall ---	n/a	n/a	20' rad	n/a	if Nav.
Weave fire--	n/a	n/a	1/day	n/a	if Nav.
*Fire portal-	n/a	n/a	1/week	n/a	if Nav.
Control smoke	n/a	n/a	15 min.	n/a	if Nav.
Call water --	n/a	1/day	n/a	n/a	if Azur.
Breathe Water	n/a	1/day	n/a	n/a	if Azur.
*Weave water-	n/a	1/day	n/a	n/a	if Azur.
*Form Wave --	n/a	1/day	n/a	n/a	if Azur.
*Call wind --	3/day	n/a	n/a	n/a	if Ar.
Speak w/wind-	1/day	n/a	n/a	n/a	if Ar.
Echo ---	20 mi.	n/a	n/a	n/a	if Ar.
Prestidig. --	30/day	n/a	n/a	n/a	if Ar.
Critter Talk-	n/a	n/a	n/a	2/day	if Ven.
*Move earth--	n/a	n/a	n/a	1/day	if Ven.
*Shape earth-	n/a	n/a	n/a	1/day	if Ven.
*Sense metal-	n/a	n/a	n/a	3/day	if Ven.
*Call dead --	n/a	n/a	n/a	1/week	if Ven.
*Sunstaff ---	n/a	n/a	n/a	n/a	yes
*Etherealness	n/a	n/a	n/a	n/a	for combat

* (needs considerable training; only possible at advanced levels)

EVERSTILL



Everstill is an icy cold liquid, always flowing in strong but shifting currents, illuminated by flashes of eerie phosphorescence. It connects all places -- and, legends hint, all times as well. Ælves and some other individuals find it a convenient way to get from one place to another in a hurry. They do this by taking a step forward while performing the act of will necessary to enter the ever-restless sea of change. Once there, a traveler must keep his destination firmly in mind despite any distractions, lest he become lost. However much time may seem to pass, he normally completes his step at his destination only a few moments after entering Everstill. Sometimes, unpredictably, a little more time seems to have passed in the normal world; and there are stories of travelers through Everstill who arrived, safe and sane, years after their departure, apparent victims of a temporal eddy. Though Ælves are the most frequent users of the freezing sea, other beings may also learn the trick of it. A few Dargonaths can do it, though the creation of teleports is easier for them.

It is possible to take one or two passengers through Everstill, though they must be cautioned to hold on very tightly. Animals, except the specially trained Rhodans known as Shadow Walkers, cannot be so transported. Normally a Dargonathian portal must be used for horses, cargo, or large groups of people.

Because Everstill is the fluid of chaos, it has a mutagenic effect on anything that remains in it for long. Those few travelers lost in Everstill who

do not quickly die will usually become crazed, mutated monsters -- rarely encountered but deadly and horrifying to other travelers unlucky enough to meet them.

Passing through Everstill with open wounds always results in infection, because exposure to the chaos stimulates bacterial growth.

It is possible to fight in Everstill. The battle may be physical, but a more effective combat is that of wills, with the stronger mind imposing change and chaos upon the weaker. Beings equivalent in will or arcane mastery to a purple level Dargonath or better, may dare a duel in chaos.

A very strong mind may even use Everstill as a place to repair some types of damage (not open wounds), reverse transformations, or remove baneful magic, by using the power of chaos to transform and erase that which is not wanted. This is very dangerous and could only be done (at great risk) by beings of the highest power (gold level Dargonaths, seits, demon lords, Lejentia morians if they are of unusual strength).

Portions of Everstill can be guarded, to prevent access through it to some area such as a military headquarters or a treasure vault. This can only be done by extremely powerful individuals (see above), or by certain magical items. Such guarding may take the form of actual creatures placed in the chaos (or summoned from it). More commonly, it consists of a magical shield that prevents passage. A high-powered traveler may try to break through. All others will emerge from the chaos just outside the shield. There is only a slight chance of being repelled and lost in the shifting currents.

AURAS

Almost any sentient creature in the world of Lejentia has an aura, a by-product of the soul or spirit, not detectable by normal senses. Most magic-using people can perceive auras at least dimly, though it is a skill that gets better with practice.

Most auras are perceived as glimmers of light near the body. Some are brighter than others, the colors vary, some have more defined shapes, and some have components that the observer may experience as sound, scent, taste, or touch. It is possible to tell things about a person by studying his or her aura. The more vivid the aura, the more powerful the source. The darker the aura -- so it is said -- the more evil the source.

Beyond that, the symbolism of a person's aura is as unique to that person as the symbolism in his dreams. Aura reading may provide a useful clue to his nature, but it is a mistake to jump to a conclusion about anyone based on no other evidence but this. Not only is the meaning often obscure -- but some very experienced individuals have the ability to disguise their auras.

Most of the characters in Skully's Harbor are not powerful enough to have defined auras. Exceptional individuals such as K'el Di Carani most certainly do have vivid, distinctive auras (which in some cases are included in the descriptions of those characters). The game master may wish to allow players to design auras for their own characters, which will grow in clarity as the characters gain experience and power.

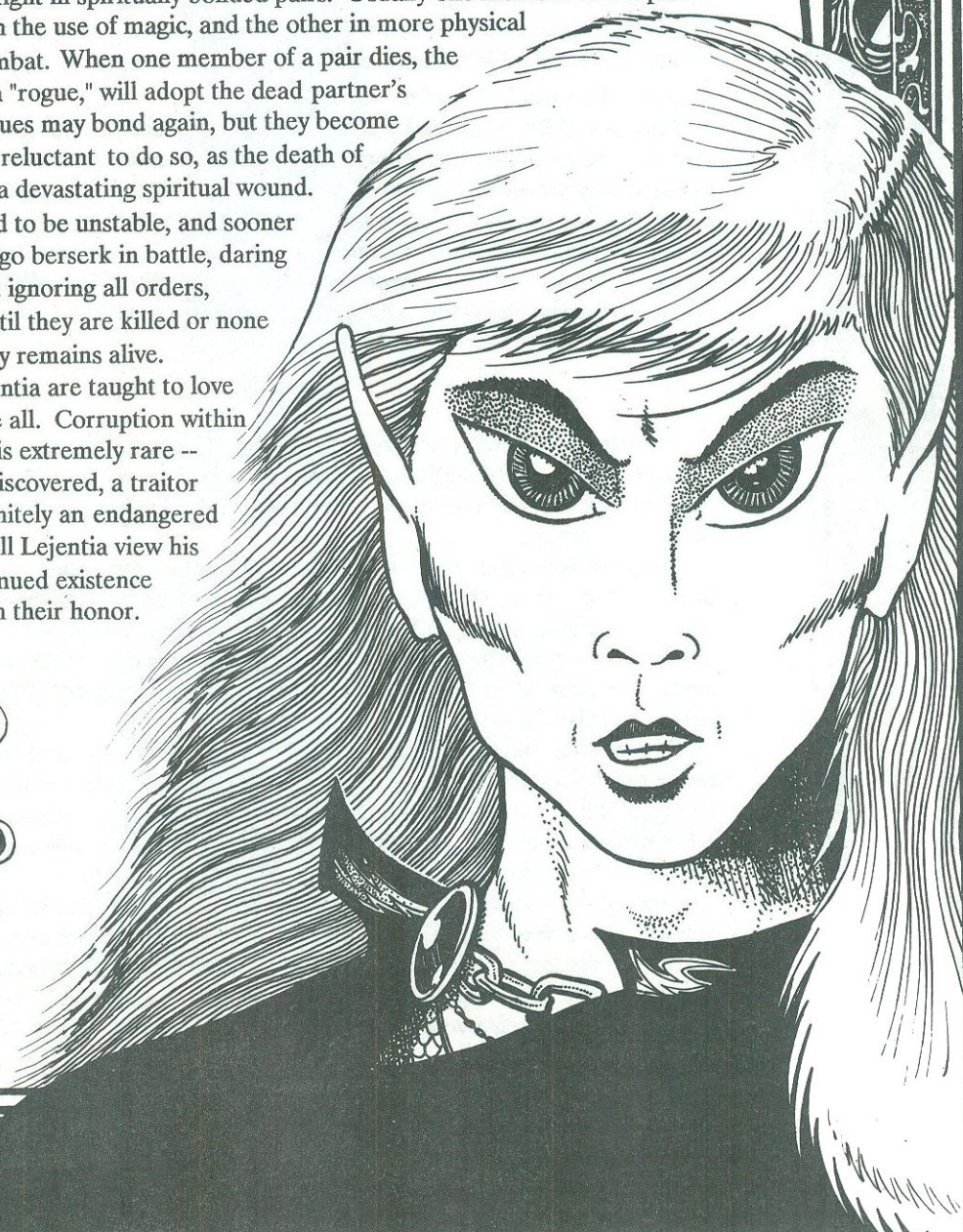
LEJENTIA

The Few, The Proud, The Lejentia.

Elite warrior Ælves, Lejentia are more highly trained in the use of magic than other Ælven soldiers, plus they have sunstaves. A sunstaff is a solid, glowing thing designed by Ariendale and made of the user's pure will. It is stored in the thigh, and may be pulled forth when needed. It may never be completely separated from the body, and cannot be thrown. The staff's color determines what it can do, according to the user's intentions. White is nothing more than an oaken staff; light blue delivers a mild electric shock; azure stuns the target; deep purple causes nerve damage; and black will kill, and can cut through almost any material. Black is the only color that can kill.

Lejentia fight in spiritually bonded pairs. Usually one member of the pair specializes in the use of magic, and the other in more physical forms of combat. When one member of a pair dies, the other, now a "rogue," will adopt the dead partner's family. Rogues may bond again, but they become increasingly reluctant to do so, as the death of a partner is a devastating spiritual wound. Rogues tend to be unstable, and sooner or later will go berserk in battle, daring all odds and ignoring all orders, attacking until they are killed or none of the enemy remains alive.

The Lejentia are taught to love honor above all. Corruption within their ranks is extremely rare -- and, when discovered, a traitor is most definitely an endangered species, as all Lejentia view his or her continued existence as a stain on their honor.



Tarin Tor

TARIN TOR

The goal of the Tarin Tor, also known as the Hellish Army, is to control the world in order to create a stable and organized utopia for all -- all who are important. This "army of peace" is controlled by Hyl Sudiar, sometimes called the Hell Lord (a misnomer; his master, Bazaroth, is Lord of Hell). The Tarin Tor is composed of seven semi-independent armies: one commanded by Hyl Sudiar himself, while each of the other six is run by a seit (roughly comparable to a field marshal). The armies consist of varying proportions of Ælves, Dargonaths, Sardins, Hellhounds (bearlike, semi-intelligent beasts), demons, nix (magically created beings of blood and clay), and Novilles (insect-like beings ranging from nine to twelve feet tall).

To join the Tarin Tor as a common soldier, one must pass a test of basic fighting competence, and take an oath of loyalty to the cause. In an army where most of the officers have lifespans of many centuries, promotions come slowly.

The commanders of the seven armies are:

1. Hyl Sudiar, who usually appears as a Navivian;
2. Nigira, a Vendrinite;
3. Brokallion, a Dargonath;
4. Rorshakka, an Azurinite;
5. Fierced, a Sardin;
6. Armond, an Arielite; and
7. D'Josso, a Navivian.

The common language of the Tarin Tor is Hellish, actually a form of the native tongue of the Novilles, adapted to humanoid vocal organs. It has a creaky, snarly quality that most people find unpleasant. The Tarin Tor force near Skully's Harbor is the Second Army, commanded by Seit Nigira. It is housed in Fort Bevits, just across the river from the Harbor, and can be reached via the Bridge of Tears. Of the seven Hellish armies, the Second is considered the least inhumane. Nigira's troops are quite loyal. The Second Army consists of:

More than 2500 Novilles (proportionally more than any other army);

About 2000 trained Hellhounds (the Second Army breeds them for the entire Tarin Tor);

More than 500 Sardins, Dargonaths, and Ælves;

More than 400 demons, most of them mounted.

Nigira employs no nix.

Though all these troops are theoretically stationed at Fort Bevits, they are usually spread out up and down the border that divides the Plains of Meit.



Dargonaths

DARGONATHS

Dargonaths, like Sardins, are descended from the Ancients. They look much like their Sardin cousins, except for their custom of wearing face paint. They possess handsome features and attractive, well-proportioned bodies. The men tend to have heavier builds with well defined muscles, and are taller than the current Sardin standard. Their voices are schooled from birth to be in tune with each individual's own naturally attractive pitch.

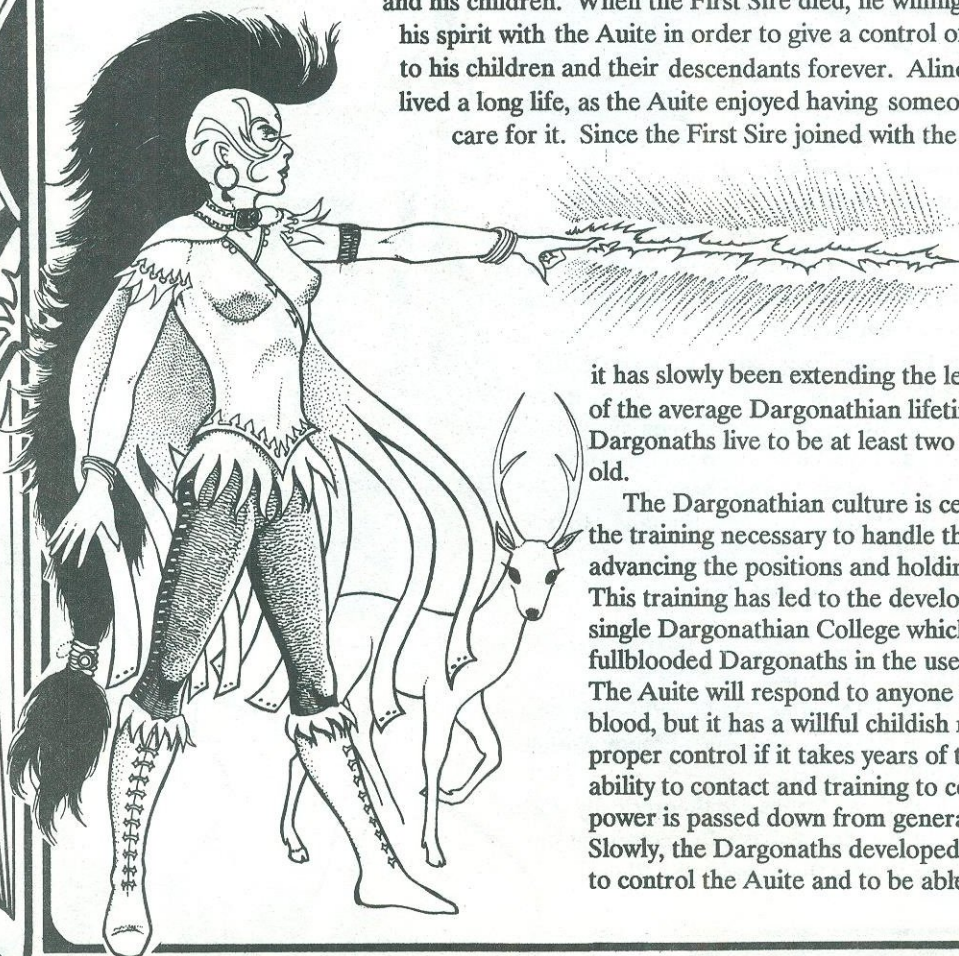
Dargonaths take great pride in their training in survival, manners, and eloquence, and consider themselves a more civilized breed than Sardins.

It is their magic, though, which vastly separates the Dargonaths from their cousins and gives them their unique cultural heritage. A power source known as the Auite, a semi-sentient force accidentally discovered by Alindol, the First Sire of the Dargonaths, draws natural energy from all living things and is mystically connected with the power flow of the universe.

Alindol formed an allegiance with the Auite over ten thousand years ago. He begat eighteen sons and trained each of them to use the power. He created a college for his children on the storm-battered cliffs of Appithieny, just south of the Mountains of Heath. The Dargonathian College was just one of his legacies to the yet unborn generations of Storm Wizards, as he called himself and his children. When the First Sire died, he willingly melded his spirit with the Auite in order to give a control of the Auite to his children and their descendants forever. Alindol had lived a long life, as the Auite enjoyed having someone to care for it. Since the First Sire joined with the Auite,

it has slowly been extending the length of the average Dargonathian lifetime until now most Dargonaths live to be at least two thousand years old.

The Dargonathian culture is centered around the training necessary to handle the Auite, and advancing the positions and holdings of the clans. This training has led to the development of a single Dargonathian College which trains all fullblooded Dargonaths in the use of the Auite. The Auite will respond to anyone of Dargonathian blood, but it has a willful childish nature, and proper control if it takes years of training. The ability to contact and training to control the power is passed down from generation to generation. Slowly, the Dargonaths developed systematic rituals to control the Auite and to be able to repeat a



desired result with fine-tuned accuracy.

The Dargonaths are organized into eighteen clans. Each clan traces its origins back to one of the First Sire's original eighteen sons. The inheritance of family rank, lands, and all possessions flows through the firstborn male of each generation.

Each clan supports the College while maintaining its own training house at the College. The houses, lands and holdings of the clans form what is known as the Dargonathian Nation. These holdings are spread out over the entire world, but are allied for the support of the College and the protection of the individual clans.

The eighteen Clan Masters form the governing board of the College. The Board dictates the College requirements and regulations, which in turn dictate the actions and appropriate attitudes of all the students. Thus, the College wields strong influence over all aspects of a Dargonath's life even long after that individual has ceased formal training.

Dargonaths are taught to fight with their hands as well as with magic. Each clan specializes in a particular weapon, but all are trained in the basics of swordplay, staff work, daggers, throwing stars, exploding gems, sh'ylings (razor bolos), and close-contact nerve manipulation.

Each clan has a distinctive theme, based on that family's specialty. All but one of the clans have also chosen a creature as a totem, such as a wolf, owl, bear, eagle, or dragon. In addition to the spells all Dargonaths learn at the College, each clan has developed its own spells, closely guarded in an enchanted book in its central hall.

Due to the sheer size of some of the clans, every individual wears a silver band on his left arm which is emblazoned with the clan's crest and a mystic image of their totem. Clothes are designed never to cover this emblem. If the individual has distinguished himself in battle, has performed some heroic or honorable act, or holds a birth or trial rank within the clan or College, there may be a small band of colors or a symbol hanging from the band. The armbands are placed on the children on their thirteenth birthday, when they come of age to enter the College. The Dargonaths also use face paint to identify the individual. Each person develops his or her own pattern, using the clan's colors. The art of painting the face is wrapped in mystic meaning. The Dargonaths have chronicles showing each living individual's pattern, as no two are the same. Each Dargonath has his own pattern displayed on anything he owns. This include all underage children, livestock, and slaves, if any. Dargonaths who do not wear the face paint or are not of a clan are considered rogues and outcasts. A Dargonath is also supposed to wear the color of his level somewhere in his costume.

A later book of this series will deal in depth with the Dargonathian clans, their spell lists, and their College. Meanwhile, this overview of Dargonathian levels is intended as a general guideline to their abilities. Note that in the world of Lejentia, it takes a very long time to develop magical ability.

These are the colors of the levels (in order from lowest to highest), and the approximate number of years, counting from the beginning of apprenticeship, required to achieve each level:

1. Yellow.....	2	6. Purple.....	150
2. Grey.....	7	7. Red.....	500
3. Green.....	17	8. Silver.....	1000
4. Blue.....	35	9. Gold.....	2500
5. Brown.....	70	10. White.....	unknown

Yellow Level (E). These Dargonaths can cast simple utilitarian spells of mending, fetching, light, and so on. They do not normally go adventuring, at least not unless they are also very good with weapons. Yellow level students are still being introduced to the Aiute.

Grey Level (D). Though a gray level student might have one or two simple spells of attack and defense, this is still not a viable level for adventuring. At this level the student begins a serious study of the elements.

Green Level (D). Having studied magic for more than fifteen years, a green level Dargonath can shift to at least one animal shape (with considerable effort), perform minor healing, and conjure such minor elemental manifestations as a Dawn Mist or a Rock Man. He also gains the power of telepathy, though it isn't easy to use. Just don't ask him to do too many of these things in the same day.

Blue Level (C). A blue level student is a fairly effective wizard. He can heal serious wounds, shapechange to a selection of natural animal forms, and control any of the four elements to make a respectable attack or defense.

Brown Level (C). A Dargonath of the brown level is perfecting his powers of healing, shapechanging, and control of the elements. He is a skilled telepath, and can open portals over several miles, but not to another plane. The majority of Dargonaths go no further than this, so brown level training re-emphasizes the Dargonathian code of ethics and the teachings of the Prophet Bon Rhedhel, which is "to live well and with honor."

Purple Level (B). At this level, the student begins his study of life, death, immortality, and the realms beyond. He learns to "soul-chase" -- to pursue the spirits of the freshly dead in order to bring them back to life (this consumes much time and energy and is very dangerous, and thus is not practical on a large scale). He develops attacks and defenses based on his telepathy, and on the manipulation of raw magical power.

Red Level (B). The red level student is taught the ways of the Hells. He learns the Common and Deep Hellish tongues, and the summoning and control of demons. His instruction will cover all aspects of demonic contract law in meticulous detail.

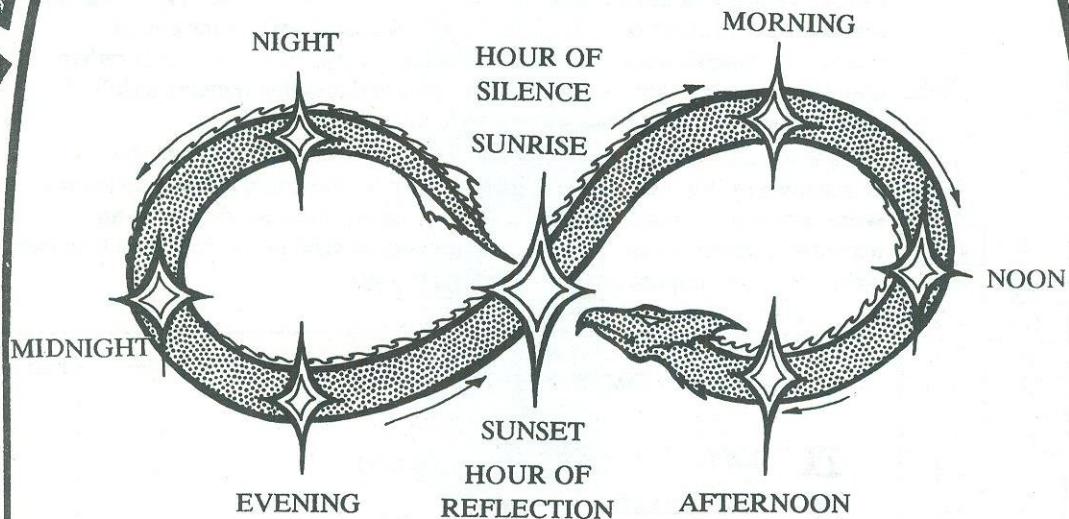
Silver Level (A). Dargonaths of this level are rare, and greatly respected. They normally pick a field in which to specialize; i.e., one may be particularly good with earth-magic, another at soul-chasing. Many teachers at the Dargonathian College are silver level.

Gold Level (AA). There are currently nine gold level Dargonaths in Lejentia. They are awesome in power, comparable to Merlin. A gold level Dargonath can shake the earth, summon the storms and the lightning, command the lesser Ruling Brothers of the Hells, transport armies, and create powerful magical artifacts.

White Level (AA). There are three. By the Dargonaths, they are considered to be justice incarnate. Yellow level students do not like to be called up before them on rules infractions.

Ælven Time

ÆLVEN HOURS OF THE DAY :



HOUR OF THE HORSE: 3:00 A.M.

HOUR OF THE SNAKE: 6:00 A.M.

HOUR OF THE CLOUDS: 9:00 A.M.

HOUR OF THE HAWK MIDDAY

HOUR OF THE LION: 3:00 P.M.

HOUR OF THE DOG: 6:00 P.M.

HOUR OF THE DRAGON: 9:00 P.M.

HOUR OF THE GRIFFIN MIDNIGHT

Time in the Ælven culture is seen as a moving river of magical essence. Their representation of time, when displayed on paper, takes the form of an infinity symbol. It is imagined as a four dimensional object that passes through the fifth dimension due to its unique shape. The shape is responsible for expanding the amount of available raw material that comprises magic for the Ælves to work with.

The hours of Silence and Reflection are not hours of the clock, but a religious reference to periods of time each day that are set aside for meditation and worship. The Hour of Silence begins at dawn and the Hour of Devotion begins at the moment of sunset. Most Ælves, religious or not, will try not to talk or communicate during these hours as a sign of respect.

Ælven Hieroglyphics

Ælves have developed a written language that uses a combination of phonetics and word symbols called hieroglyphics. The language is steeped in mystic symbolism and Ælven tribal tradition which has evolved over the existence of the Ælven culture. In more recent years, it has incorporated many Dargonathian words and concepts, along with even a few Sardin terms, although there is some resistance to the changes in the language among older Navivian purists.

The language can be written left to right, but the traditional manner is from the bottom of the scroll to the top in long narrow columns. A bracing line separates each row or column on the scroll. A triangle marks the end of a statement. Statements are normally presented in the form of concepts rather than in a linear manner. This form of writing and thinking requires a shift of attitude for those non-Ælves wishing to learn to read Ælven.

A word can be spelled out by a set of Ælven letters, if its hieroglyphic is unknown or if it does not have its own symbol. Most non-Ælves who learn to write Ælven use these letters, as they can write any message desired in an acceptable Ælven form. The tens of thousands of symbols in the Ælven language would probably require an Ælven lifetime to learn.

PHONETIC SYMBOLS

eng.	ælven
A	∧
Ä	∧
B	∩
Ca	∩
Cu	∩
D	∩
E	∩
F	∩
G	∩
H	∩
I	∩
KH	∩
L	∩
M	∩
N	∩
O	∩
P	∩
R	∩
S	∩
T	∩
TCH	∩
U	∩
V	∩
W	∩
Y	∩
Tow	∩
Tai	∩
Mica	∩
Th	∩
Chj	∩

ÆLVEN COMMON HIEROGLYPHICS

	LIFE
	SPELLCASTER
	FORE- KNOWLEDGE
	FOUR TRIBES
	NOVILLE
	CHAOS (WAR)
	NOBLE
	LORD
	HIGH LORD
	LEJENTIA
	TO GROW
	HONOR
	TO DISHONOR
	ESCAPE
	SECRET
	HOUSE
	EVERSTILL
	ERRANT

	DEATH
	VENDRINITE
	AZURINITE
	NAVIVIAN
	ARIELITE
	DARGONATH
	TARIN TOR
	END
	ÆLF
	HUMAN
	B~RRON
	GOLD
	SILVER
	IRON
	EXPLORE
	LOVE
	HATE
	SUNRISING
	ÆLVEN COMPACT

	ZERO
	1
	2
	3
	4
	5
	6
	7
	8
	9
	10
	11
	12
	24
	48
	64
	128
	512
	1024
	3072
	6144

Height & Weight





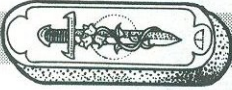



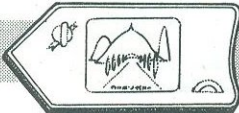
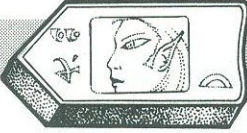



ÆLVEN HEIGHT AND WEIGHT CHART

Males			Females		
Roll	Height	Weight	Roll	Height	Weight
1	7' 11"	217 lbs	1-3	7' 7"	170 lbs
2-3	7' 9"	214 lbs	4-7	7' 5"	167 lbs
4-6	7' 7"	212 lbs	8-12	7' 3"	164 lbs
7-10	7' 5"	210 lbs	13-21	7' 2"	162 lbs
11-15	7' 3"	207 lbs	22-41	7' 1"	160 lbs
16-25	7' 2"	205 lbs	42-61	6' 11"	158 lbs
26-40	7' 1"	203 lbs	62-76	6' 10"	156 lbs
41-65	7'	201 lbs	77-86	6' 8"	153 lbs
66-80	6' 11"	199 lbs	87-91	6' 7"	150 lbs
81-90	6' 10"	197 lbs	92-95	6' 6"	147 lbs
91-96	6' 9"	195 lbs	96-98	6' 5"	145 lbs
97-00	6' 8"	193 lbs	99-00	6' 4"	143 lbs

It should be noted that these are the ideal weights, and many individuals will vary from this chart.

Ælven Money

ELVEN MONEY

UNIT		METAL	DOLLAR EQUIV.
	unidram	copper	.10
	pente	copper	.50
	onci bar	copper	1.00
	quarter quince	silver	5.00
	half quince	silver	10.00
	quince	silver	20.00
	half bar	silver	50.00
	twin bar	silver	100.00
	quarter crown	gold	250.00
	half crown	gold	500.00
	crown	gold	1000.00

ÆLVEN MONEY

The Ælven monetary system is purely metal-based, as the concept of credit or paper money is contrary to the Ælven code of honor. Ælven coins are made of copper, silver, and gold. Copper, the least valuable, is mined primarily in the southern parts of the Ælven lands. Silver, which is the favorite metal of the Ælves and the one they love to wear, is mined in many places. Gold is mined primarily in the large Ælven mine deep within Mount Hassla. Much of it is traded to the Sardins for raw materials and services. The gold crown, the most valuable coin in common circulation, has a ruby imbedded in its center.

Military Ranks

MILITARY RANKS



ÆLVEN ARMY	TARIN TOR	U.S. ARMY equiv.
High Lord	Hyl Sudiar	Commander in Chief
K'el	Seit	Field Marshal
Morian	Sword Prime	General
Regent Morian	Sword Regent	Lieutenant General
(none)	Sword Dexter	Major General
(none)	Sword Sinister	Brigadier General
Battle Marshal	Regent Prime	Colonel
Cavalry/Infantry		
Marshal*	Regent Sinister	Lieutenant Col.
(none)	Archon	Major
(none)	Judge	Captain
Triangle Leader	Blood	1st Lieutenant
Commander	Blood Sinister	2nd Lieutenant
Shard	Sergeant	any non-com
Glint	Soldier	Private

* In a Lejentia Contingent, these ranks will be called Rhodan Marshal and Lejentia Marshal.

ÆLVEN MILITARY DIVISIONS

NAME	SIZE	COMMANDED BY
The Ælven Army	69,350	K'el
Crystal	6,912	Morian
Diamond	1,152	Battle Marshal
Triangle	144	Triangle Leader
Gem	48	Commander
Prism	12	Shard
Hex	6	
Pair	2	

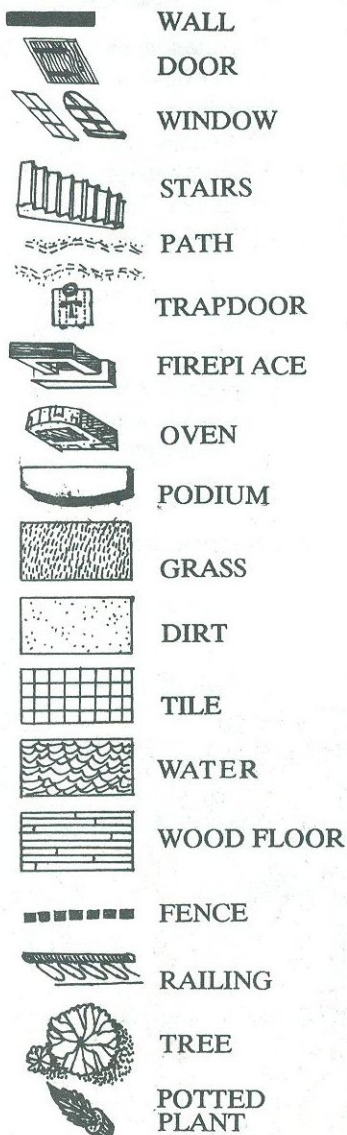
These are ideal numbers. Actual sizes of the divisions will vary, as soldiers are killed and depleted units are merged.

Map Key

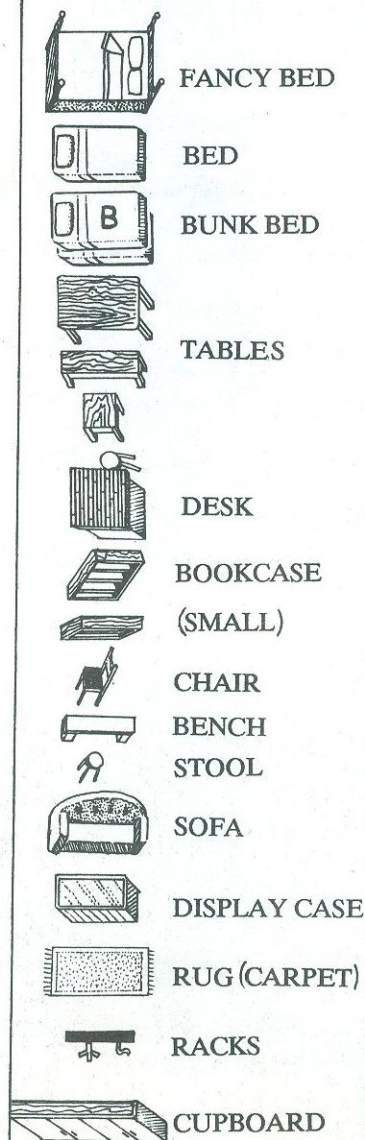
MAP KEY

The symbols listed below are used in the maps for this book. They represent walls, doors, and furnishings of the buildings in Skully's Harbor. They are drawn in a three-dimensional, overhead view to give a more vivid idea of the rooms and their contents than that provided by conventional maps. Specific items in the buildings, that might be of particular importance, are mentioned in the text. Some symbols that are only used in one or two maps are shown next to that particular map.

STRUCTURAL



FURNISHINGS



ITEMS





Golden Griffin Casino

GOLDEN GRIFFIN CASINO

The Golden Griffin Casino is almost as well known along the river as the Harbor. Catering mostly to those of Ælven blood and refined tastes, the Griffin boasts the finest in foods and surroundings anywhere west of Tarn Island itself. Raising her sleek black marble and obsidian head above the river to a height of more than three stories, the Griffin is indeed the Belle of the Harbor.

From its position on the island at the mouth of the Harbor, the Casino commands a fine view of both the town and the Fort. Both sides treat it as a neutral zone. Di Carani protects the neutrality of his casino, and will take drastic steps against any who threaten to ruin its balanced reputation.

Sleek tri-marans shuttle across the water every hour, all day until curfew -- transporting over five hundred people a day, and beginning again one hour after the Hour of Silence.

All manner of games are available at the casino. Tri-cat, Biu-Bi-Bui, and Baccarat are among the favorites. There are also Chance Wheels and Quinn n' Pick stalls. Higher stake, private games are held on a regular basis. Those desiring something which is not publicly offered, need merely ask F'riks for it. He prides himself on arranging intriguing affairs for those with unusual tastes.

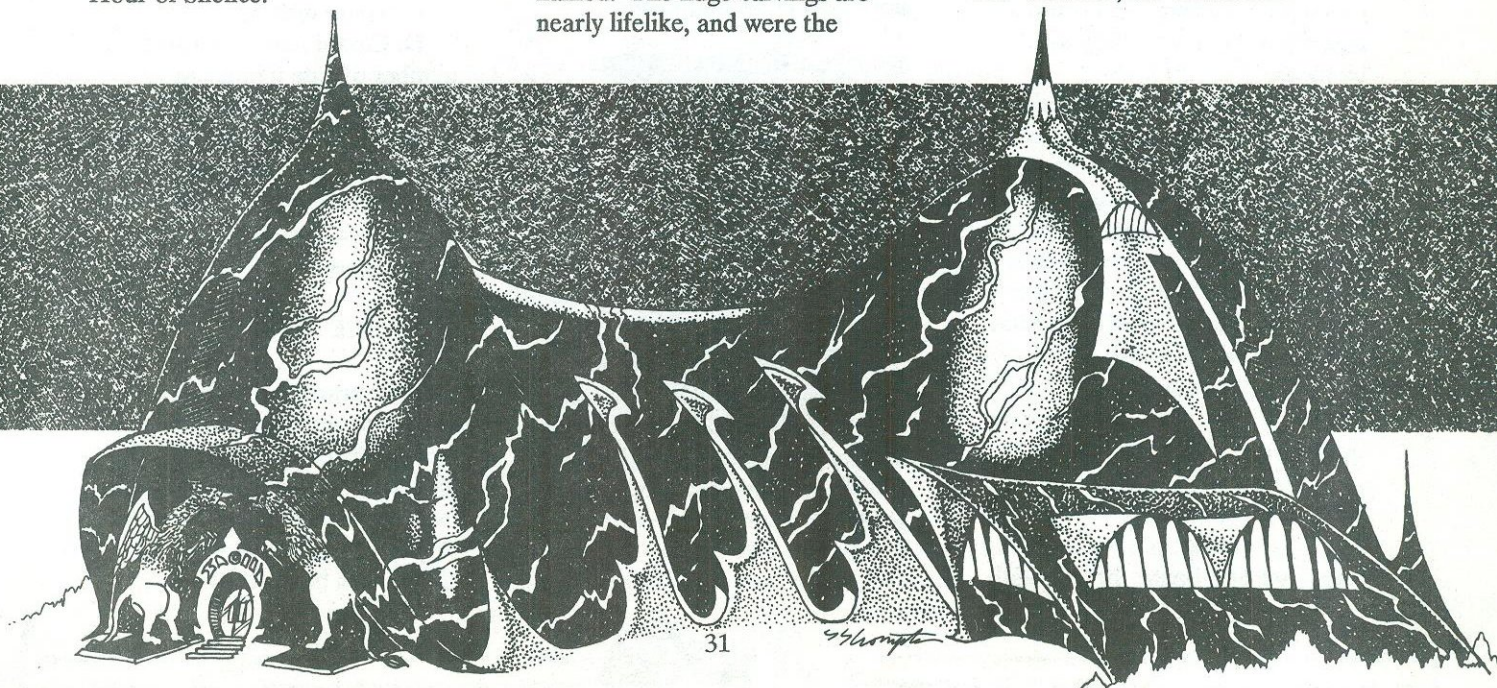
Disembarking from the tri-maran, one first sees the small dock house. Its elaborate columns and life-size statues are cast in soft silver, and are so detailed one might swear they move. A pleasant Ælven maiden greets patrons at the dock and gives each a small handful of tokens, on the House.

Walking up the impressive dark green marble stairs between obsidian pillars, one passes beneath the twenty-five foot wingspans of the two golden griffins for which the casino is named. The huge carvings are nearly lifelike, and were the

mastheads for Di Carani's old trading vessels. A quick look around reveals that the island compound consists of five buildings: the dock house, the main establishment, and three towers which house most of the guest rooms.

Upon entering the dark, heavy double doors, one is greeted by an Ælven House guard who will kindly ask everyone to remove all weapons and leave them with him. He will issue a receipt for them and they can be reclaimed on the way out. It is a House rule that no one may carry weapons inside, due to the often conflicting political views of the patrons.

It should be noted that if someone attempts to deceive the guard and hide any weapon, an enchantment in the casino causes such weapons to take on the animate nature of bloodsucking leeches. The pain from their wounds will continue to grow until they hit a zenith where the poor, stubborn victim will either go insane or die. Thus far, the Griffin has





never lost a patron to such foolishness.

Those who practice the arcane arts will be asked to sip from the Cup of Pleasures. This is a

draught which will dull their powers only in the Griffin. It has no effect outside, or in the arcane dueling arena. The drink also increases the body's sensitivity to pleasure, no matter the source. A multitude of wards and enchantments shield privacy and will prevent a spellcaster from damaging himself or others. F'riks is always available to explain the House's policy if needed.

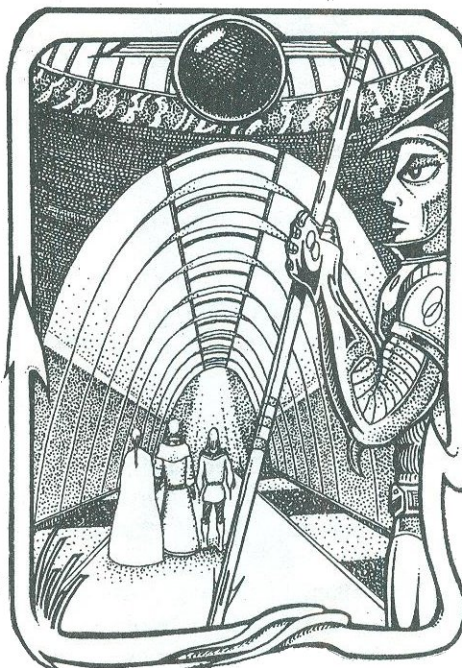
In the main hall, a sweet slip of a girl will take one's boots and offer soft, embroidered shoes. She will explain that the Griffin contains some of the most expensive ancient rugs from all over the world for the enjoyment of its patrons. Descending the twelve dark-green-veined marble steps into the main room of the Casino, one sees a curved, waxed-wood bar along the north side on the room. It is twenty-six feet long, double-sided to allow stool seating as well as booths for three large parties. Built into the northeast wall is small stage where a pair of dancers pantomime ancient Sardin and Ælven legends of heroes and beautiful maidens.

Opposite the bar is a massive registration desk with a helpful and discreet clerk. The rents are as follows: A single bedroom in the towers is one quince. A double bed in one of the tower rooms is two quince. A bath suite on the second or third floor of the casino building is one half-bar, and if available, only a half-quince for one hour's use. The master suites upstairs can also be rented for a twin bar per day. Included in the price of a suite is a fine breakfast and twenty Quinn n' Pick tokens. There are also boats, horses, and

companions available for rent by the hour, half-day, day, or duration of one's stay at the casino.

The casino offers specially priced packages in cooperation with the Pleasure Palace which allow for the best of all worlds, starting for as little as two quince.

Prices increase depending on which



dinner one chooses. There are also special rates by the week, month, or longer. Checkout time is at noon, the Hour of the Dog.

MAIN CASINO BASEMENT

The stairs beside the registration desk lead to the basement, containing a popular combat arena, as well as practice areas, a stable, and storage rooms.

GLADIATORS' ARENA

The arena is thirty feet in diameter, and open to patrons. Fights are scheduled here every night at the Hour of the Owl. The Griffin employs gladiators to fight for the pleasure of the patrons. It is best to arrive early, because these fights are attended by most

of the Sardin men at the casino, and many Ælves as well.

The gladiators put on quite a show, and the blood they draw is real. The fights are tough, but none ever knowingly go to the death. The odds on each man change after each fight. A warrior may fight up to three times in a night. Each night there are seven fights. The first four are elimination trials. The next two are between the winners of the first four.

Then those two winners compete for the championship. For his efforts, the champion will win a bonus from the House.

A patron may fight here, with a chosen partner or with one of the gladiators. If he enters the eliminations and wins one fight, he will be paid a day's wage as one of the gladiators. If he wins the bonus, he is likely to be asked to stay for a week as one of the House gladiators. During this time the training masters will evaluate his potential and may recommend Di Carani hire him as a guard. If hired, his duties will include guarding the casino for a few hours per day and then fighting in the arena five nights per week. The pay is decent, and private living quarters are included.

Di Carani maintains a small number of elite fighters as gladiators, but they could quickly be mobilized as a posse or raiding party if needed. Many of the older ones fought under Di Carani before his leave of absence from the Ælven Army.

PRACTICE ARENA

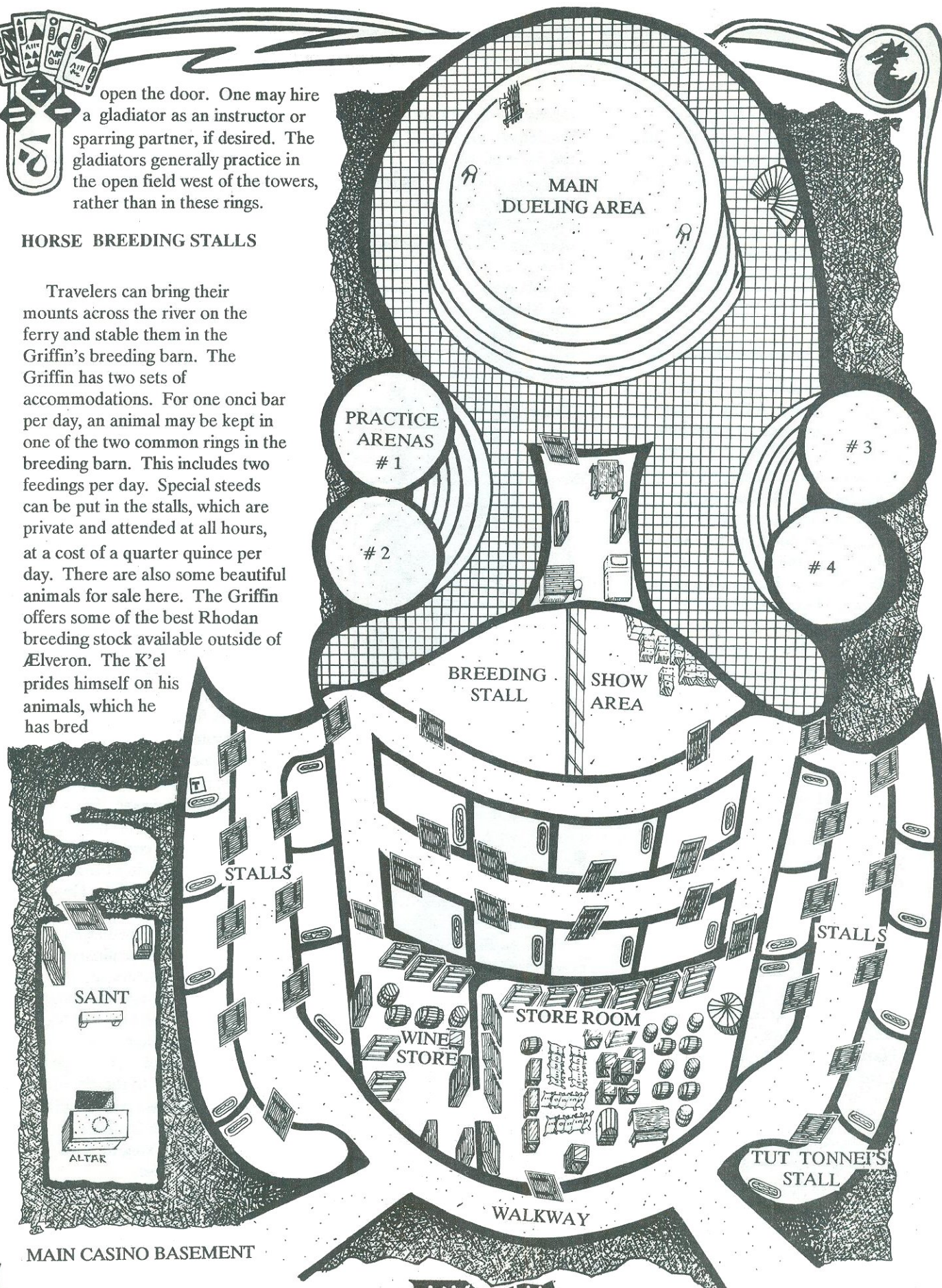
Four practice rings are available for use by patrons at any time of the day or night. Small glowing orbs hover near the gate latch on each of the rings. The sign on the door says to simply slip an onci bar into the orb to



open the door. One may hire a gladiator as an instructor or sparring partner, if desired. The gladiators generally practice in the open field west of the towers, rather than in these rings.

HORSE BREEDING STALLS

Travelers can bring their mounts across the river on the ferry and stable them in the Griffin's breeding barn. The Griffin has two sets of accommodations. For one onci bar per day, an animal may be kept in one of the two common rings in the breeding barn. This includes two feedings per day. Special steeds can be put in the stalls, which are private and attended at all hours, at a cost of a quarter quince per day. There are also some beautiful animals for sale here. The Griffin offers some of the best Rhodan breeding stock available outside of Ælveron. The K'el prides himself on his animals, which he has bred



MAIN CASINO BASEMENT



with great care for over five hundred years. They have the distinctive trademark of a left-handed spiral on the horn. The

K'el also has several sleek, fast horses. Their cost depends on how well he likes the buyer. He will not sell to anyone he thinks will misuse them.

BASEMENT' STORAGE ROOM

The supplies needed to run the Griffin are never lacking. Whatever a patron needs to make him comfortable is quickly and easily obtained, due to the superb organization of the basement's extensive warehouse. Gilda, the housekeeper, does out the supplies and oversees the wine and ale orders from the basement up to the kitchen and the two bars. The supplies are neatly cataloged and easily accessible on the floor-to-ceiling shelves via the rolling ladders that line the forty-eight foot by twenty-five foot room.

BASEMENT -- SECRET ALTAR

A secret altar is embedded in the island bedrock under the Golden Griffin. Only two living beings know of its existence: K'el Di Carani and Vincent F'riks. Di Carani built the altar with his unique earth powers, before he built anything else on the island. He comes here to perform certain rites that require him to unleash his full arcane power. He has done this on several occasions when the Harbor was threatened by the Hell Lord's troops. This altar is the seat of all stoneholdings in the Harbor area.

This roughly hewn chamber is approximately 360 square feet. There is an open grave in front of the stone altar. F'riks dug the hole when a gold level Dargonath tried to kill the K'el. The blood

rite with which he healed Di Carani bonded the two, and the altar is the focus of that bond.

Numerous traps lie along the path to the altar. The pathway is only accessible from a secret doorway in the storage room. No one has ever found it, and there would only be a slim chance that any who did could get out alive. Should any intruder make it out alive, F'riks would hunt him to the ends of the earth.

MAIN FLOOR - CASINO

Entering the casino, the first thing one notices is the row of



Quinn n' Pick stalls in front of the entry stairs, across from the registration desk. The casino on the second floor is visible through a center balcony on the first floor. On the other side of the 128 stalls are 20 Tri-cat tables where one can open with anything from an onci bar to a crown.

A dozen Biu-Bi-Bui tables are near the west wall of the main floor. There is also a High Baccarat table. The Baccarat game starts with a half quince and pays three times the stake.

Di Carani runs a straight casino. He prides himself on an establishment where "anyone can win a little, and a lot win more than that." To prevent tampering, each of the Quinn n' Pick stalls has a magically sealed mechanism. The card games are monitored by roving Basilisk Eyes, creations of F'riks,

through which he can observe the tables at any time.

Cheating by any method is not a wise idea in this casino as one may find oneself personally discussing this unfortunate incident with F'riks or Di Carani. The dealers all know that putting down on the Griffin is a quick way to take a one-way trip across the river.

MAIN FLOOR - GRIFFIN'S LAIR

On the main level, a beautifully appointed restaurant called the Griffin's Lair overlooks the river. This is the pride of Master Chef Frahojn. Here, one may order any Elven dish known and expect to receive the perfect creation of one's heart's desire. Seating out on the deck is ideal for enjoying dinner or breakfast outside during pleasant weather.

The kitchen supplies the restaurant, plus the main level and second story bars. The main level bar serves food, although the dishes available there are simpler in preparation. They also cost about thirty percent less than those in the restaurant. The second story bar serves only appetizers during certain hours. No food is served after the Hour of the Clouds and before the Hour of the Lion.

Frahojn is renowned as far away as Tarn for his culinary skills. He is a high-strung perfectionist who enjoys working for Di Carani as he feels the K'el is "a cultured gentleman in a barbaric wasteland." He sleeps in a small room next to the kitchen. He runs the kitchen with a will of iron, justifying the Griffin's reputation for serving the best food along the river.

One reaches the guest quarters upstairs by way of the main staircase, which is carved in

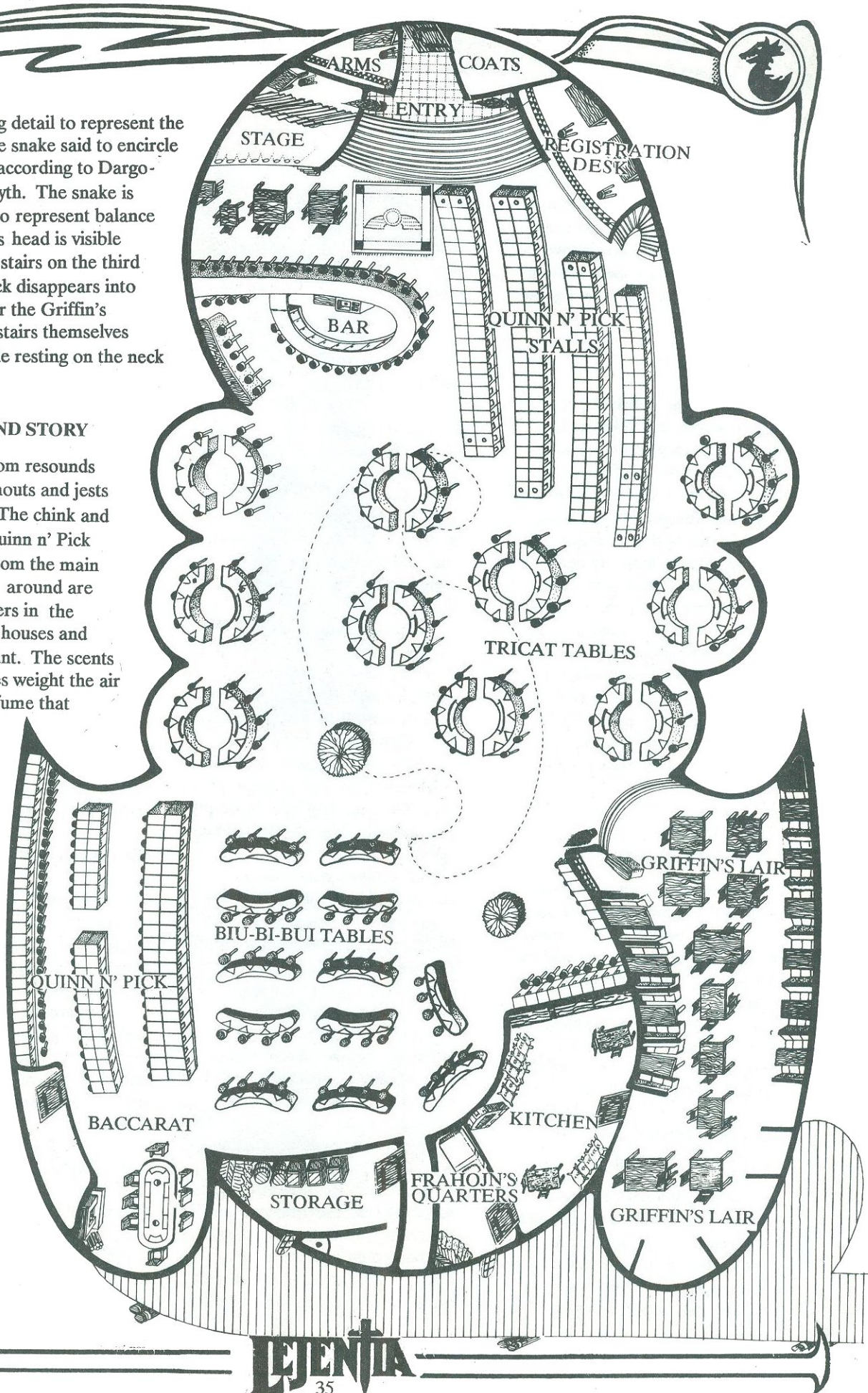


painstaking detail to represent the Ripper, the snake said to encircle the world according to Dargothian myth. The snake is supposed to represent balance and harmony. Its head is visible at the top of the stairs on the third floor, and its neck disappears into the ground under the Griffin's basement. The stairs themselves look like a saddle resting on the neck of the snake.

CASINO SECOND STORY

The game room resounds with delighted shouts and jests of the patrons. The chink and clatter of the Quinn n' Pick stalls drifts up from the main floor below. All around are small silver censers in the shapes of Sardin houses and animals of the hunt. The scents from their candles weight the air with a heady perfume that heightens

CASINO
MAIN
FLOOR





one's enjoyment and anticipation. Pretty women swirl past, calling out pleasantly all night, offering drinks or other refreshments.

Wisps of reddish mist float near the opening to the floor below, giving the room an open, inviting aura to all those who seek a good time.

SECOND STORY -- THE LIBRARY

A handsome collection of ancient scrolls and volumes is in the small library on the second level. This is part of F'riks' personal library that he chooses to share with the general patronage. A few books deal with dagger fighting, but the majority deal with earth-based spells and early Elven history and myth. Each of the scrolls and books has a voice with which to sing out if it is removed from the second story. However, they can be carried into the arcane dueling arena. F'riks may help one learn a spell, if one is nice to him or makes it worth his while to do so.

SECOND STORY -- ARCANE DUELING AREA

A twenty-five foot triangular area on the second floor has been reserved for practicing new spells or settling disputes among patrons in a manner that protects the other patrons. The arena is as large as necessary to perform any spells short of that of a gold level Dargonath. The cost of using the arena is one quince per hour.

SECOND STORY -- MISTS OF MEMORY

One who is lonely, but does not wish to make the acquaintance of a stranger, need not despair. Here in the Golden Griffin, wrapped in the magic of the Mists of Memory, one may spend a little

while with a lost love, an old friend, or a dream. One need only ask any of the sweet waitresses to drifting in from the edges of the wisps of reddish, scented mists drifting in from the edges of the second story balcony are the only tangible evidence of a place hidden from the mundane world.

A narrow staircase is located on the left of the Biu-Bu-Bui games. By paying a half-quince to the attendant in a small booth at the top, the patron may enter the Mists. The attendant will provide a small crystal hung on a golden cord. She will tell the story of a man who believed so much in the memories that he finally became one; and she will warn against removing the crystal while in the Mists.

Stepping onto the landing that overlooks the gaming tables on the first floor, one faintly hears endless music reminiscent of the ocean's restless power. Even here it is impossible to see into the spell's wards. To enter the Mists of Memory, the patron steps off the edge of the landing into the empty air within the space of the balcony opening.

An instant's sensation of falling ends with a hard step down onto a patch of soft grass. Thick, reddish-purple mists billow around. Through the mists, half-seen shapes move closer. There is a slight chance of meeting someone unpleasant from one's past, but normally the patron sees exactly who or what he chooses. A wish will take him anywhere, with anyone. He may seem to spend days in dreamy lovemaking, glorious combat, or simply resting.

Eventually he grows thirsty, mildly at first, then more so until the thirst consumes all pleasure. He need only imagine a refreshing drink, and it will appear. Before the drink is drained, the land of

the Mists will fade away. The crystal will fade with it.

Awakening in the open lounge of the third story, he may feel weak in the knees, and wish to rest on the plush sofa until adjusted to reality again. Any damage received fighting will have vanished. However much time may have passed in the Mists of Memory, only half an hour will have passed in the real world.

The attendant in the booth will never sell more than one crystal per patron. If the patron returns to the Mists, the crystal will reappear. This crystal is the only link to reality while in the land of dreams; to remove it is to become a wraith in the Mists forever.

The Mists of Memory have several practical uses. They are, indeed, an aid to memory: one may ask an old friend for forgotten details of some past experience. In the mists, one may spend days resting and healing while only half an hour passes in the real world. And in an emergency, they make a perfect hiding place.

SECOND STORY -- SUITES

The fifteen suites on the second level are large and quite comfortable. Each contains a dining table, fireplace, oversized round bed, and toilet facilities.

These are the rooms which are included in a dinner package from the Pleasure Palace. At any given time there are may be two or three semi-permanent patrons living on this floor.

MECHANICAL GAMES:

QUINN N' PICK

These mechanical games are loved by one and all for their simplicity and low cost. For just





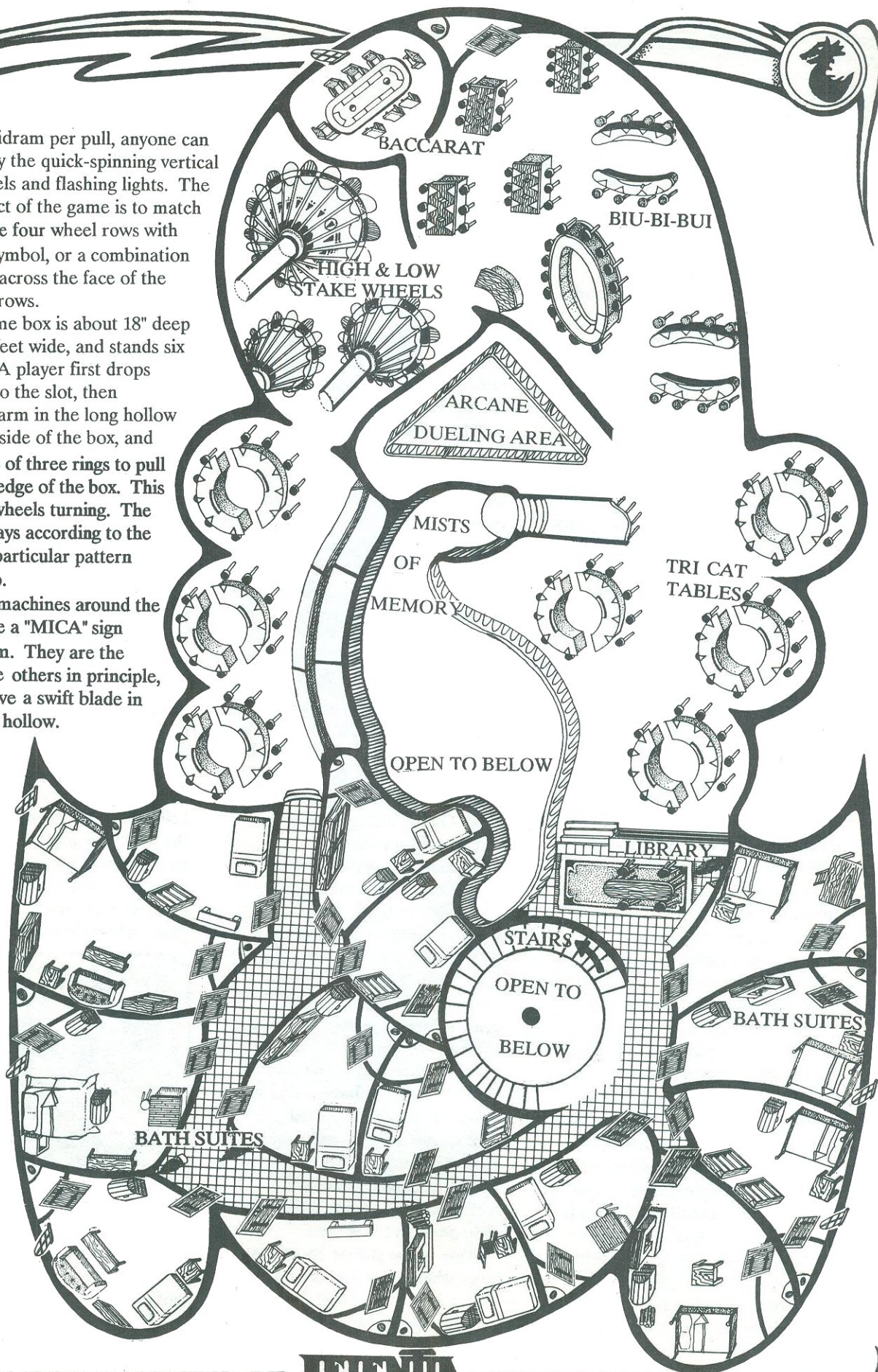
a unidram per pull, anyone can enjoy the quick-spinning vertical wheels and flashing lights. The object of the game is to match

three of the four wheel rows with the same symbol, or a combination diagonally across the face of the five wheel rows.

The game box is about 18" deep and three feet wide, and stands six feet high. A player first drops his coin into the slot, then inserts his arm in the long hollow on the left side of the box, and selects one of three rings to pull out to the edge of the box. This starts the wheels turning. The machine pays according to the odds of a particular pattern showing up.

A few machines around the casino have a "MICA" sign above them. They are the same as the others in principle, but they have a swift blade in the narrow hollow.

CASINO
SECOND
STORY





If a player chooses the wrong ring, he will hear a muffled click and have one second to remove his arm before the bright metal severs it.

This game pays off ten times the amount of the other games. Most always there will be a line of strong, cocky warriors waiting around to play the game and watching. These gutsy games are a definite must for any self-respecting adventurer.

Should the unhappy accident occur while playing, for a quarter-crown the House healer will reattach the hand. Healing is mandatory whether or not the player wishes it. So, unless the party has a healer who can handle it, the House healer will take care of the wound. Players who can't pay the healers will be asked to work off the amount due.

HIGH STAKE WHEELS

At the top of the small staircase near the registration desk is the ultimate in wagering hazard, the High Stake Wheel. There are also two smaller versions that offer a similar thrill without quite as much risk. Reaching through the twenty-foot ceiling, the High Stake Wheel has a mechanical rotating disk, upon which sits a wooden bowl. The bowl is divided into a number of slots whose edges taper up to the ceiling, spiraling around the central core. The slots are alternately colored black and maroon. There is one golden slot. Bettors can bet on which slot, or which color, the prize will come to rest in; but in any case the Wheel will not be spun until one and only one bet of some type has been placed for each slot. The minimum bet is one half-bar. Should the prize come to rest in the golden slot, the winner can collect either

ten crowns or the use of the prize, winner's choice.

Bettors who wish to risk only money can bet either for or against the actual bettors, or in a different combination, betting on either the color that will win or the slot number. The payoffs are matched for winners of this side game. For the cautious, it is a safe way to learn the subtleties of the game.

The prize on all three wheels arrives normally with a hearty yell and large amounts of cheering from the bettors. Scantly clad women or brawny male warriors slide down the slots to land at the feet of the winners. Anyone who is a prize on the large wheel is obliged to do whatever the winner requests. The Lower Stake Wheels flank the larger wheel and operate the same way except for one minor difference. The winner has the right to ask one request of the prize, and the prize cannot refuse. But, on the smaller wheels the winners can only ask for information or a day's service or task. On the lesser wheels, there can be no requests of assassination, sexual services, or any task which would endanger the prize's life or limb.

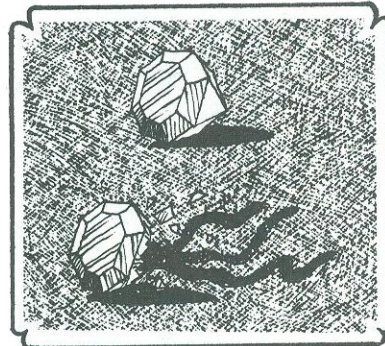
On the big wheel, anything goes. This game proves it can be both profitable and thrilling to wager all you have. Should the prize refuse to pay up, the House will be called in to exact the appropriate justice. To refuse an obligation on the large wheel means a fight to the death against F'riks, who always acts as the House's champion. To refuse to pay up on the smaller wheel is to forfeit all possessions, which are then given to the winner.

One of the stories about the large wheel goes that once a malevolent winner told the prize to commit suicide by jumping off the

cliffs above the Harbor. The House made the prize follow through with the agreement, but the K'el resurrected the poor girl and paid her well for her trouble. Thus, the reputation of the Griffin was upheld. When the winner then ran the wheel, he was won by the K'el. No one ever saw that man again. The House expects both the winners and the prizes to act with honor.

The winner of each wheel game will get his request. After it is fulfilled, he has five days to return to the casino and run the wheel again, this time as the prize. This is where the risk comes in, but according to some of the regulars, it is worth everything to play it, as it is such a thrill. The game has a built-in safeguard to insure compliance with the rules, due to the fact that it can often lead both the winners and the prizes to far-off lands on wondrous quests and glories.

The safeguard is called the Crystal of Service. As the winner helps the prize out of the slot, the prize will grip the winner's hand, passing on the Crystal of Service, a small slightly glowing gem, to the winner. The gem painlessly melts into the flesh of



the winner's palm. This living bud of crystal will be dormant through the time the winner is having his wish fulfilled.

When the winner has enjoyed



his spoils, the shell around the crystal starts to decay. It takes a full five days to release the bud, which the House expects is enough time to return to the Golden Griffin. Should the winner decide to welsh on the agreement to return, he runs the risk of death, no matter which of the wheels he played. By the end of the sixth day, the winner's palm will grow a bit tender. By the end of the seventh day, the bud will have caused a reddish sore on the hand. On the eighth day, it will be free of its containing shell. The hand will become impossible to use due to swelling and excruciating pain. The crystal will crawl through the winner's flesh on its painful trek to the heart. Only a few hours after it arrives, the crystal will devour the heart and breed its young. Should the young hatch, they will immediately seek the earth and melt into the crystal structure of the earth. From buds such as these, legend says, one can obtain a nest of diamonds.

CARD GAMES:



HIGH BACCARAT

There are two baccarat tables in the casino. This game will often be played by well-bred Sardin lords or Dargonaths. Both tables have what is considered a high ante of half a bar, but the payoffs are at least twice table stakes. The basic gist of the game is that there are two rounds in which cards are distributed. The winner is the

one holding the cards closest to the number nine when adding up the face values of the cards, which are all numerical. Two cards are dealt each round, but of the four cards at least one must be "burned," or thrown out. Only one card may be burned each round. Bets are placed before the game is begun, and an additional bet can be added just before the second hand is dealt out. After that the betting is closed.

Every third night, at the second story table, beginning at the Hour of the Owl, F'riks plays a slightly different version for higher stakes. The difference is that the number played for is seventeen, and there are a total of five hands, each of which can be bet on save the last hand. It is a closed game. One must reserve a place at the table, and arrive exactly on time. It is a quick, exciting game, where good amounts of silver and gold change hands quickly. If an adventurer plays Baccarat at the Griffin several times, the dealer will mention the private game -- and, for a small tip, make the necessary arrangements, providing the gamer with an engraved invitation.

TRICAT

This card and dice game is a favorite among the Lejentia. It is relatively simple and can, with experienced players, move very fast. The rules are simple. There are two packs of Tri-cat cards, shuffled together. Tri-cat packs contain odd-numbered cards, plus five wild cards. Eight cards are dealt to each player. The goal is to get the number ninety-six. Any player drawing naturally to it wins, along with anyone else who can build to that number. The House rolls two ten-sided dice to





determine the number that must be matched or beaten by each player in that hand, to draw another card or to discard. If the House naturally draws ninety-six, it will only pay another natural draw.

The numbered cards of the deck are all odd-numbered multiples of three or five (3, 5, 9, 15, 21, etc., up to 95). The use of a wild card multiplies numbers together.

Players must stay in each round in order to stay in the game unless they draw to ninety-six, and withdraw to await the outcome of the other players. They will be paid at the end of the game, not during the continuation of play. At each round they must bet the going amount, and may raise if they wish.

Anyone going over ninety-six, which is determined by adding each of the numbers in his hand, must declare himself "bust." This means he is out of the game until the next hand, and forfeits his bets.

Should no one get ninety-six, the House will pay none.

BIU-BI-BUI

This *Ælven* dice game uses three six-sided dice in a sealed crystal globe to prevent tampering. Numbers are etched in the brass sheet on the tabletop. To play, one bets on the added number of the three dice combined.

CASINO THIRD STORY

The third story contains the personal quarters of Di Carani and F'riks, twelve Bath Suites, the machinery for the wheels, and an open lounge for patrons. There are also two luxurious guest suites for personal friends of the House.

THIRD STORY -- BATH SUITES

There are twelve rooms with private hot tubs, dressers, toilets, and goose-down suspended pillow beds. Each room is furnished like a small suite, though its twelve by fifteen foot space is much smaller. The rooms are decorated like the elaborate interiors of the nomadic love tents from the Plains of Meit. Heady incense and soft *Ælven* music combine to set a dreamy, hedonistic mood. These rooms can be rented by the hour or by the day.

THIRD STORY -- WHEEL MACHINERY

The prizes due to run the wheels report to this room, located on the third story, in order to have the Crystal of Service loosened so it will transfer to the hand of the next winner. The slides extend out of the floor to height of three feet. The prize merely needs to settle himself securely on the ridge, and give a light shove to get going as the wheel begins to turn. Everything else about the wheel is automatic. The trap door will open as soon as the wheel has spun its round twice and then the prize will drop into one of the slots. Prizes are encouraged by the attendant to shout as they slide down, to show they are having a great time. Most of the prizes do indeed yell at the top of voices as they slide down.

THIRD STORY -- DI CARANI'S QUARTERS

Di Carani's suite has much of the opulence of his casino. His library contains many of the items he has collected in his strange wanderings. There are several magic tomes, as well as hundreds of books from the time of the Ancients. There are many volumes of his journals, as he writes a

brief description of the events of each day. He also records any interesting trade movements along the river.

The furniture is ornate and some of the most valuable paintings in the world hang here. All items hold some extremely personal attachment for him, but if available on the open market most of them would be worth a rich king's ransom. The records likewise would be worth several lives to the right people. He does most of his paperwork for the casino here at his ancient, oversize desk.

His sleeping chamber is divided from the library by a rice paper wall whose door slides to one side. The chamber is decorated in deep green and earth tones with accents of maroon and orange, and hung with thick rugs to keep out the winter's damp chill. His favorite, intimate paintings adorn the wall. Most of them depict beautiful women or lovers in tender embraces. A long, low bookcase holds tomes of the Ancients' mathematics and sciences, and their magic. Next to the fireplace, a door leads to F'riks' chambers. His bed is made of thick hides sewn together and oiled to hold water. The bed moves under a body's weight, and ladies who have had the pleasure say it is the softest bed they have ever slept in. The skin lies inside a wooden framework of sleek black lacquer, engraved with screens reminiscent of the paintings. Heavy velvet quilts and silk sheets can keep sleepers warm even on storm-torn nights.

A small staircase at the foot of the bed leads up to a crystal-domed chamber on the roof where the K'el often communes with his powers.

There is no kitchen in the apartment, as the K'el takes most



of his meals in the restaurant or has them delivered to his door. Most late afternoons it is possible to find him sitting on his balcony taking tea. He normally drinks tea

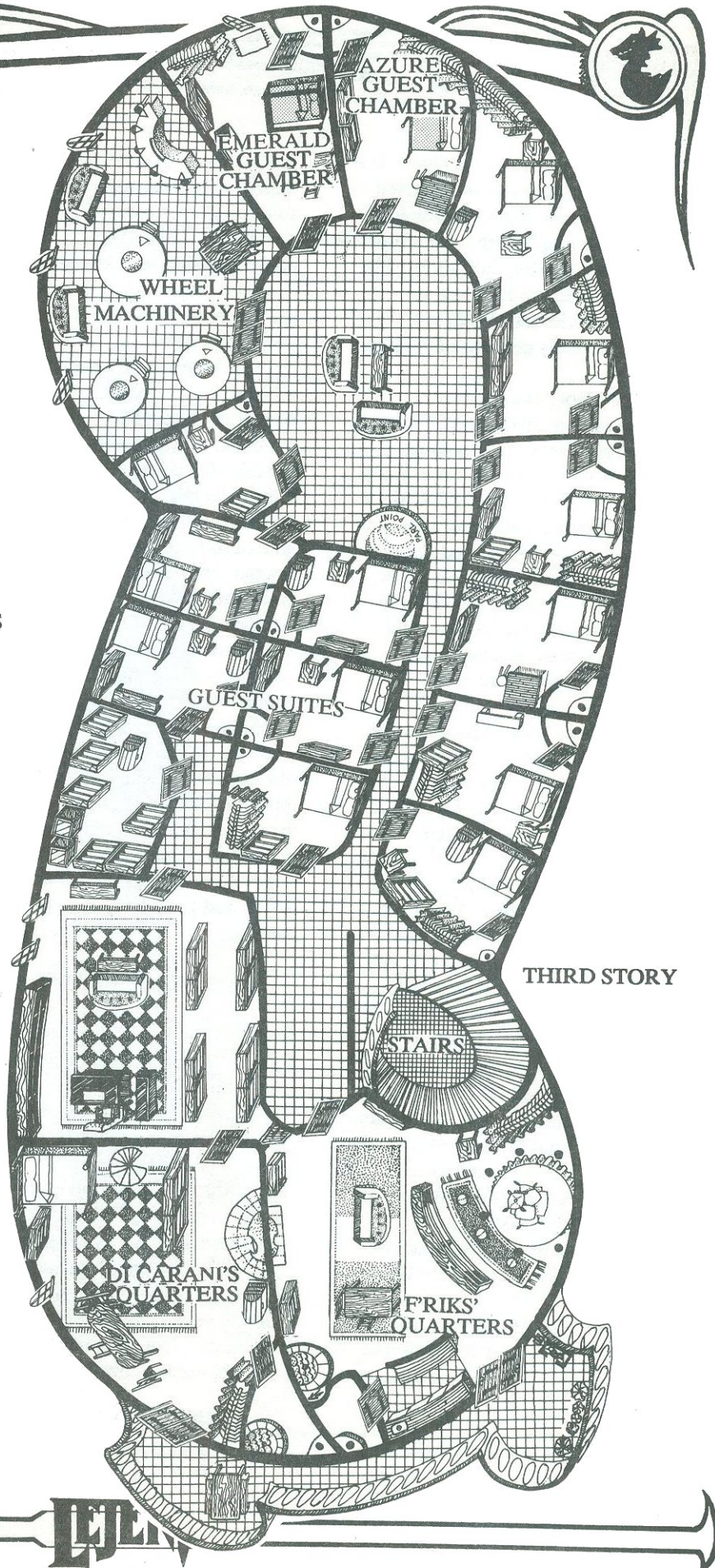
alone, but has on occasion has been known to entertain lady friends for dinner. The lights of Skully's Harbor reflect off the blackness of the river at night, making it a beautifully private place to enjoy the night. A hot tub awaits use in a corner of the balcony just to the side of the tea table. The tub is kept magically hot even on snowy nights as the K'el enjoys using it every night. In the summer the water is pleasantly cool.

THIRD STORY -- F'RIKS' QUARTERS

F'riks' chambers are laid out for entertaining as he often invites women to spend some time privately with him. His reputation as an excellent casual lover is well known to most women around the Harbor. A visit to his quarters proves his reputation is well earned. F'riks' suite, though a little smaller than the K'el's, is equipped with great luxury.

One enters through a tall, narrow hallway formed of whisper-thin, opaque obsidian. Unique and beautiful paintings hang along the entry wall. Their rich variety of styles sometimes seems to clash if looked at separately, but taken as a whole they form a subtle harmony. The furnishings reflect his appreciation for the many cultures of the world.

Surrounding the entire wall of the room is a seven-foot balcony which holds private books and papers. He keeps other books of more general information down in the Casino Library. Nestled between two scroll racks is a small green marble fireplace which is the most light that F'riks ever uses at night.





Tucked into an alcove is an impressive statue of carved obsidian depicting Vendridie, standing before a wood tub filled with swirling hot water. The statue appears to be about to bathe, and the tub she stands before is really good sized bathing pool.

The alcove is paneled in highly carved cherrywood depicting a hunting scene. The carving, which is the work of his own hands, shows a mounted band of flintlock-armed Sardins, following a pack of hounds in pursuit of what appears to be an Ælf wearing a cat mask. The quarry clutches a book to his chest with one hand and a child with the other. His tattered clothing flutters as he leaps across a raging river.

Vincent F'riks appreciates the dramatic. Nowhere is this more evident than in his bedroom. His bed, in an alcove across from the fireplace, is a great circular antique made of ancient brass with geometric accents of red lacquer inlaid into the metal. The whole piece is draped with black and maroon velvet, embroidered with silver threads. A sliding shutter under the domed skylight can be opened to let in the moonlight or closed again to keep the sun from fading the velvet. The dome of the window rests on six massive pillars spaced around the bed. A grouping of velvet and satin pillows is centered in the middle so the bed has no head or foot. The bed is also located in a hollowed alcove on the far wall across from the fireplace.

F'riks works the graveyard shift, from the hour of the Horse till the Hour of the Snake. Almost

every night after his shift, he enjoys making an early breakfast for some young lady he met on the floor that night. He is a very good cook, as he has had lessons from Frahojn. Some evenings before he goes to work he occasionally prepares a private supper to impress his guest. The dining table is one he acquired at great risk from Hyl Sudiar when the Hell Lord was visiting the plains outside Vernermoth. He enjoys telling the tale of its liberation.

His balcony, facing the Fort side of the river, has an open brazier, and an actual yard, with well-tended flowers and greenery hanging from baskets surrounding a woven white hammock. A variety of colorful scarves hang from the threads of the hammock and blow attractively in the soft Harbor breezes. If a man asks him about the scarves, he will smile and tell him that each one was given to him by a woman he was with, as a memento of their pleasure. If asked by a woman, he will merely shrug and politely change the subject.

PRIVATE GUEST CHAMBER

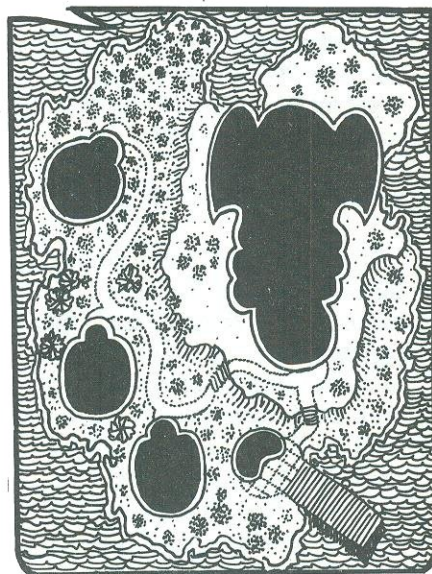
The chamber is hung with ancient tapestries, and decorated with dramatic silver and emerald furnishings. The paneling is deeply carved cherrywood, whose light scent fills the room. The lamps that adorn the intricate ceilings are always filled and religiously lit every evening at dusk.

Dominating the room is a pedestaled bed. Draped by deep emerald velvet curtains, it is made of solid obsidian spun into an intricate, open webwork.

PRIVATE GUEST CHAMBER #2

This room has a large bed with a dark blue spread, and a soft, handwoven white rug under the window. The desk, chairs, and wardrobe are light-colored oak. A blue silk bathrobe hangs on a hook on the whitewashed wall.

GUEST TOWER # 1 # 2 # 3



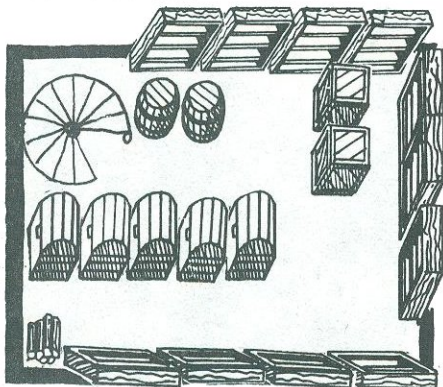
The three towers are all arranged the same and have twenty-eight rooms on each of five floors. The rooms are equipped with bath facilities, and wood burning stoves. The furnishings are simple, yet elegant. Each room has a large bed, a set of soft chairs, and a small writing table located by the door. Each floor has a small lounge just off the staircase. Guests wishing to stay in clean, pleasant, moderately priced rooms will find the tower rooms a pleasant change from what usually passes as moderate accommodations.



THREE TOWER BASEMENTS

Storage cases line the walls in each of the three basements.

They are for dry goods used by casino staff to keep the establishment spotlessly clean.



Keys keeps a checklist for all things that come and go from the storage rooms. In the third tower's basement is a small armory for the gladiators in case a real war comes up.

PERSONALITIES

K'EL DI CARNI



Kindred: Navivian
Deity: Gei
Sex: Male
Age: Very, very old.

Height: 6' 7"

Weight: 158 pounds

Hair/Eyes: He wears his shoulder-length snow-white hair parted in the middle, with a silver headband to hold it out of his brilliant gold eyes.

Appearance: He usually wears a light-weight tunic and tight riding pants, often in the house colors of burgundy and black, or occasionally the light blue uniform color of his former contingent. He wears the silver vambraces of a Lejentia Lord, flashing with gems of many colors, and the signet ring distinguishing his rank of K'el. The black, mystic Amulet of Emil hangs around his neck. He wears no visible weapon. His abnormally distinct aura looks like curves of shining white scales; meeting his eyes, one perceives his aura as the image of a great white dragon.

Position: He is the principal owner/operator of the Golden Griffin Casino. He is also, under High Lord Jerand, the supreme commander of the Ælven army, currently enjoying an indefinite leave of absence due to a disagreement with the High Lord.

Physical Skills: His prowess in combat is staggering. He practices and exercises daily, and spars with Ki'own at least once a week (AA).

Magic Ability: He a master at the skills of healing, telepathy, and shapechanging. He openly worships Ariendale, but in secret he prays to the dead goddess Gei, and maintains her

altar in the heart of the island's bedrock. From his link to this Goddess he gains unique powers over the Earth. His arcane mastery is comparable to that of a gold level Dargonath, due perhaps to his worship of Gei, or to sheer age. His blood-bond to F'riks effectively increases his constitution, as F'riks will take half of any damage done to Di Carani (AA).

Addendum: Di Carani is a man with a violent past, which, despite his outward appearance, still rules his life. The K'el is a friend of Ki'own, the Ælven contingent's commander, and often is asked to lend a hand during raids or to give advice on planned maneuvers. He rides a Rhodan war stallion named Tut Tonnei, "loyal one." Though he appears content with what he has built, he was active in the war until seven years ago, and is still deeply involved in its strategy. He has outlived six of his seven Lejentia partners, breaking his bond with the seventh when he became K'el. He still maintains eight Lejentia bond families in Ælveron, wives and husbands of his former partners. Each family is cared for and has its own house, but none of them have seen the K'el for many years.

Di Carani became the K'el seventeen hundred years ago, at the beginning of the second war against Bazaroth. He was already ancient then; he never speaks of his life before the first war, and no one seems to know how old he really is. He



made a superb K'el, until an Elven traitor betrayed his personal, trouble-shooting contingent into a trap. They were crack warriors with whom

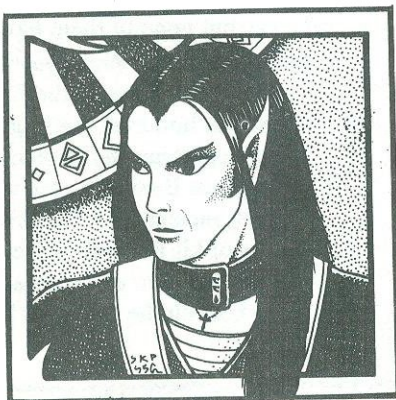
he had spent much of his military career, but very few survived Fierced's ambush. Some of those killed were members of his family, and their deaths placed a greater burden on him. He resigned to devote more time to his secret arcane activities. High Lord Jerand chose to view his departure as a leave of absence.

It is rumored that this was when he embarked on a death wish, which has led him through many occupations in strange places, and numerous adventures as a gambler and mercenary.

His closest friend is F'riks, whom he privately calls "Fang." Recent shared experiences have made their friendship very deep. Di Carani likes having a friend strong enough to fight beside him.

A group of adventurers could not find a more powerful mentor -- but he plays for keeps. He will take great risks to get what he wants. And there are those who say that what he wants is death.

VINCENT F'RIKS



Kindred: Appears to be a Vendrinite

Deity: Vendridie
Age: 31,944
Sex: Male
Height: 6' 2"
Weight: 189 pounds

Hair/Eyes: It is his eyes that one notices first, and always remembers. They are raven black, with a deep liquid quality that can unnerve even a seasoned warrior. His gaze is hypnotic, especially to women and to those untrained in magic. His thick jet hair cascades down past his waist; usually he lets it hang loose, though when preparing for combat he pins it close to his neck with a golden clasp, so it cannot be grabbed. His skin is very pale.

Appearance: He always wears the House colors of burgundy and black. His trimly cut jacket and pants are of burgundy velvet. The tight-fitting gold brocaded vest is worn with a white silk shirt. A golden crucifix of considerable value adorns his throat. His high black boots finish the picture of the perfect gaming host. His aura makes one feel thirsty, and a bit hollow inside.

Position: F'riks is half-owner of the Golden Griffin Casino, and Di Carani's closest friend. He served under the K'el in Cardense. Di Carani knows F'riks' secret, and still accepts and protects him, which is one reason F'riks is so loyal to him.

Physical Skills: He is an excellent fighter: strong, quick, untiring, and savage (AA).

Magic Ability: Unbeknownst to most people, F'riks is of the Firstborn of Ariendale, a Benevolent. He differs from

the stereotype of a vampire in several ways. His race is entirely unaffected by religious artifacts, and are little affected by running water. They can shapechange to a wolf, bat, raven, mist,





water, or big cat. All Wilders (a type of vampire created by an infected bite) can ultimately attribute their condition to a Benevolent.

The infecting bite of either a Benevolent or a Wilder will pass on the wasting thirst, which is the disease's main symptom. It takes three bites to transform a healthy person into a Wilder. Benevolents can choose whether or not to infect their victim. A Benevolent's will is always stronger than that of a Wilder. Those few Benevolents who have managed to stay alive this long are normally very good at survival. Friks' arcane prowess is excellent, due to natural aptitude and long experience (A).

Addendum: Friks has practiced with his favorite forms of the "hunt," one of those being in the shape of a black panther, for thousands of years. He must feed on the blood and strong emotion of a human or Ælf. He controls his red thirst on a daily basis by drinking wine mixed with hog's blood. His wine curbs his thirst, allowing him to feed on people only about once per month. When he does need to hunt, he will try to drink from a lover during lovemaking without infecting her, then heal the wound so she does not know what he did. He prefers this to killing an innocent. On those infrequent nights when he is forced to hunt to kill, he is a frightening apparition as a great ebony cat slinking through the shadows. On these occasions, he will seek out slavers or other evil beings.

For millenia, Friks has forced himself to face the

pain of going out into the sunlight, until now he can bear to walk the streets in the bright daylight for nearly five hours at a time.

Normally, his kind would be close to death after one hour in the sun, and dead within two hours. Wearing protective clothing he has been known to fight out in the sun from dawn to dusk, when he served the K'el at Cardense -- but not without severe damage to his skin and his sensitive eyes. He still prefers to go out only in the early morning and late afternoon, or on cloudy days, if he has to go out at all.

Friks has been known to create a Wilder once in a while. He once selected a beloved from among Ælves, but she was killed in a raid of his crypt when he lived on Tarn. He is lonely for a real love, not just someone to warm his bed. He is currently searching for someone. His honor will dictate that he ask the chosen to become one with him. Then, only if she accepts will he bite her a third time. Because of the Benevolent/Wilder relationship, he would then become her Hunt Master. This means that Friks would be her lord, and she would follow his will no matter what else she might think or feel. He does not consider this to be an ideal type of relationship, but it is an inevitable part of the chemistry between a Benevolent and a Wilder.

He is Hunt Master to seven Wilders, one of whom lives at Fort Bebits. The others live in or near Skully's Harbor. A few years ago on Tarn, he had a crypt of



thirteen Wilders and one other Benevolent. When his crypt was attacked, only three escaped the Sardins.

He has found the woman he thinks he wants to make his mate. She is currently in the Harbor. He has already bitten her twice. She does not yet know what he is, but he plans to tell her, and ask her consent, before he bites her a third time. If she says no, he will erase her memory of him and release her without harm. If she says yes, he will bite her again and then stay with her for the next three weeks as the disease incubates. During this time she will be ill and very vulnerable, and he will feed her from his own veins. His chosen will share many of his powers, and he will bestow on her all manner of gifts the world has to offer.



RIE STAR



Kindred: Dargonath

Deity: Ariendale (when it suits her)

Sex: Female

Age: 777

Height: 5' 10"

Weight: 118 pounds

Hair/Eyes: Her shoulder-length black hair is worn loose, at F'riks' request. Any man holding her unusual grey-eyed gaze, will feel nearly hypnotized. When she is angered, tiny red flecks seem to grow and glitter dangerously, causing her eyes to glow with a frightening reddish light.

Appearance: Rie Star dresses in traditional Dargonathian or Ælven style. Her armband is etched with the eagle of the Xiether Clan and she wears red clothing denoting her arcane level. Her aura is a clear, golden-bronze glow that sometimes seems to hide a flame at its center.

Position: She is F'riks' mistress.

Physical Skills: Rie is skilled in fighting with the dagger, both thrown and hand to hand, but she mainly relies on her magic. She is a poor fighter (D).

Magic Ability: She is a fully capable red level Dargonath. Due to her fascination with death and the underworld, she has very few compunctions

about killing, if threatened (B).

Addendum: Rie does not know F'riks is a vampire. She also doesn't know she has been bitten twice, as he healed both bite marks. She simply thinks that a rich, handsome Ælf has taken an interest in her. She enjoys staying in the casino in a suite for free, as long as she is friendly to F'riks. She cares for him, but is not sure yet if she is really in love with him.

SERANI



Kindred: Arielite

Deity: Ariel

Sex: Female

Age: 802

Height: 5'9"

Weight: 95 pounds

Hair/Eyes: Her long mane is the color of dark molasses, worn loose with little adornment, but she is far from plain. In the sun or by candlelight her hair has a reddish-copper cast, which accents her bright green eyes.

Appearance: Serani is a beautiful girl with deep brown eyes that give a patron the feeling she is kinder and much wiser than one might initially expect from a tavern maid. When she

is at work at the Golden Griffin she dresses in a short black, off-one-shoulder dress, with a Griffin necklace and bracelet. In private she loves to wear long soft gowns imported from Sycira, as they remind her of home. She favors cool pastels accent her hair and eyes. She is most radiant in them.

Position: She has been a waitress at the Golden Griffin Casino for over four years. She desperately wants to go back home to live, but is staying on a while longer because her lover is a Lejentia officer due to be sent back to Sycira in eight months. She also stays because the pay here in the Harbor outpost is more than twice what she could make in Sycira. In all, though, she likes the town and most of its folk, and will miss them when she leaves.

Physical Skills: She is handy with a dagger, but is unknown to the play of sword or staff, and trusts her Goddess to keep her from grievous harm. She lives in the Velendrei Apartments, and walks to and from home each night with either T.J. or Yaavn. Serani's fighting skill is poor at best when pitted against a trained warrior (D).

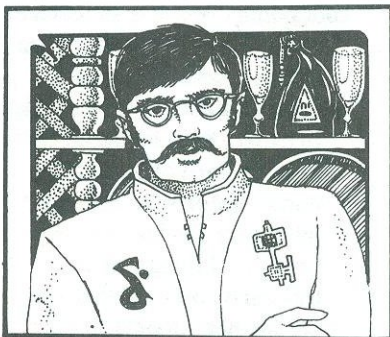
Magic Ability: Sometimes at night she sees in a dream something that might come to pass in the near future. In these dreams she never sees herself, and often hears her own voice as that of a man. Twice she has foreseen an attack on the contingent's positions; once about the barracks where a bomb had been planted and once in a cliff outpost where a surprise raid was going to



take place. Her dreams have saved the lives of almost twenty Ælves. Once she foresaw the premature birth of a Rhodan foal. She saved its life, and now it has grown into a fine stud. It is one of the animals that has been promised to them when Yaavn's tour of duty is through. Her overall magical ability is poor (D).

Addendum: Serani makes a point of never mentioning her dreams to anyone but Yaavn. She is frightened that something will happen to one or the other of them before they can get back home to Sycira. She hopes desperately that Yaavn's request for an early transfer will be honored. She likes to play it safe and shies away from any possible trouble like a rich man from the tax collector.

KEYS



Kindred: Sardin

Deity: Agnostic

Age: 38

Sex: Male

Height: 5' 10"

Weight: 170 lb.

Hair/Eyes: He keeps his black hair short and out of his way. His dark eyes glint with amusement behind the lenses of a pair of wire-rimmed spectacles imported from Erin. His one vanity is a luxuriant handlebar mustache.

Appearance: Keys wears a tunic and pants in the House colors, with a large ring of keys at his belt. His posture is military.

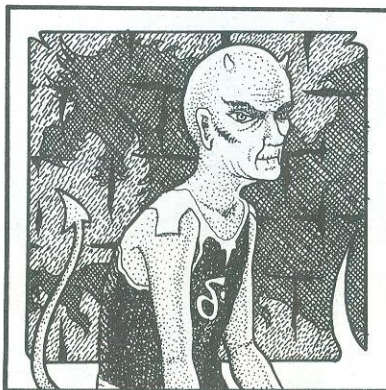
Position: Officially the purchaser and supply clerk for the casino, he actually runs the place, as the K'el spends most of his time on Elven Army business despite being "on leave." Keys works closely with F'riks, who is in charge of security, and Frahojn, the chef. He is often at odds with Gilda, who manages the hotel and tries to run the casino as well.

Physical Skills: A veteran of the army of Erin, Keys is good with a sword or crossbow (B).

Magic Ability: Though he has reluctantly admitted the existence of magic ("I only believe what I see!"), Keys has none (E).

Addendum: Most of the time, Keys moves slowly and speaks little, choosing his words carefully. When trouble threatens the casino, his speed of thought and action will surprise an unwary miscreant. If a troublemaker seems too tough for him, he will not hesitate to call F'riks.

SAINT



Kindred: Demon from the Fifth Level of Hell

Deity: Gangyi Dark - Prince of Hell

Age: Unknown

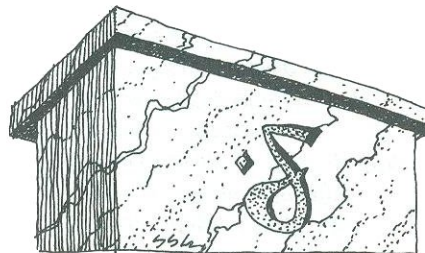
Sex: Variable

Height: Variable

Weight: Variable

Hair/Eyes: Variable. Usually he has no hair and his eyes are watery grey with an unfocused look.

Appearance: He most often looks like an old Sardin man. His body looks frail and gnarled, with bluish grey skin. His expression is unpleasantly shrewd. His aura sounds like the hissing of a great snake, with a background of muffled moans.



Position: He is the demon that guards the K'el's secret altar. Sometimes he also guards the K'el or F'riks when they are unable to protect themselves for some reason.

Physical Skills: He fights like a demon in any form, but will normally shapechange to something big and poisonous if threatened (A).

Magic Ability: Aside from shapechanging, he is particularly good at telepathic combat (B). Other than that, his magical abilities are limited (C).

Addendum: No one has seen Saint except for K'el, F'riks, and those poor unfortunate souls foolish enough to try to kill or rob the two.



FRAHOJN



Kindred: Navivian

Deity: Ariendale

Age: 2238

Sex: Male

Height: 7'1"

Weight: 149 pounds

Hair/Eyes: His short white hair barely frames his square jaw. His bright sky-grey eyes seem to hold an eternal wisdom.

Appearance: Frahojn always wears a chef's uniform and skullcap of stark white. When serving a meat dish to a special customer he will come out and carve the meat himself, wearing long white cloth gloves.

Physical Skills: He can throw a wicked butcher knife, but little else. He is a barely passable fighter if his life depends on it (D).

Magical Ability: He is said to have a magical touch when it comes to food. Most who dine regularly on his dishes will agree. Other than this he has few "magical" skills (D).

Addendum: Frahojn has not always been the renowned chef he is today. When he first met the K'el, he was the short-order cook at a gambling bar on the Island of Tarn. The man he "worked" for had bought him from a man to whom he owed a

good deal of money. Di Carani, then on leave from the Ælven Army, won several large bets which Frahojn's employer could not cover. The man tried to drug Di Carani and have him shanghaid in order to get out of paying; but Frahojn tipped off the K'el. Di Carani forced the bar owner to free Frahojn and another slave, Gilda, as restitution for what he had tried to do.

The day Di Carani liberated him from that hovel, Frahojn considers the best day of his life. He served as Di Carani's cook when he opened his original gambling establishment on Tarn, quickly establishing a solid following and managing twelve other cooks in what became the best restaurant on the island.

Frahojn enjoys good books, and occasionally gambles in the casino. He is never asked for money when he loses, nor does he bet with any. It is an arrangement Di Carani has made with him. He is the best at what he does, but is incapable of managing the casino as Keys does. He and Gilda are still good friends.

GILDA



Kindred: Sardin

Deity: Jehovah - Islander

Sex: Female

Age: 38

Height: 5'3"

Weight: 130 lb.

Hair/Eyes: Short black hair crowns her face. She fixes it in tiny curls every night, and it always looks clean and smells fresh. Her eyes are dark, twinkling brown.

Appearance: She wears neatly pressed print dressed when working. Her Sunday best is one of several solid colored dresses.

Physical Skills: Gilda has a bit of a temper when provoked, as Father Ferguson of Dimwald often does. She has excellent aim with her right fist, and though she is no fighter, once several years ago she actually floored Father Ferguson after one of his outbursts against Di Carani (E).

Magical Ability: She has none (E).

Addendum: She has an islander's view of religion, which often conflicts with the stricter inland Church. She was raised to expect both men and women to work hard to get things done. Before she was captured by slavers she had a very set opinion of things. It is to this early teaching that she credits her survival though the slave camps and the final sleazy bar in which Di Carani found her. It is doubtful that the Father will ever humble her "as is best befitting a woman" and she will never "enlighten his pig-headed bias." She respects Di Carani as an honest man and a poor, troubled soul. She takes care of him, F'riks, Frahojn and Keys, and makes sure there are always adequate



supplies on hand for everything. F'riks has sworn to care for her until her death.

SCENARIOS:

1) F'riks has chosen as his lover a female party member. He has bitten this woman before in another town, though she did not know it. This time he will approach her and offer her his love, and the kind of immortality that is the life of a Wilder. He will explain that he is not the stereotypical bloodthirsty, ambushing, common vampire. He will offer her his devotion, his protection, and his considerable wealth. If she refuses him, he will mesmerize her to make her forget what he has told her.

2) The party is walking toward Dimwald when they hear a lot of shouting and a man crying out in pain. Turning to see what it is, they see F'riks of the Golden Griffin Casino being beaten senseless by a group of twenty or so Sardin farmers. F'riks is down on his hands and knees by the time the party gets there. He has been stabbed with a claria-tipped spear. One of the farmers has his enchanted sword. He has been accused of being the killer of the children around the Harbor. Possible developments if the party saves him:

- A. Di Carani may hire them to prove his friend is not a vampire, i.e., make up conclusive evidence that will get the Churchmen off F'riks' case;
- B. Di Carani may hire them to pay a "friendly" visit to the Elders and persuade them to shut up about F'riks;
- C. F'riks may pay the party to go to a lost temple in the north to get a stone that, if

ground up and consumed while performing certain rites, will supposedly free him from his vampire's curse (actually, it will drive him temporarily berserk with thirst).

3) Gilda falls in love with a Sardin member of the party (preferably over forty) and makes a quiet pass at him. If he returns her affections, he will find that he can suddenly start winning at one of the Quinn n' Pick stalls. If F'riks or Di Carani finds out about the rigged machine, Gilda will lose her job, and the adventurer will have to make restitution for his theft before being expelled from the casino.

4) Di Carani has suddenly disappeared, under very curious circumstances. The common rumor is that he has been murdered. His heir, F'riks, appears to be the likely suspect. Knosso is fueling suspicions against F'riks, as he wants to take over the Golden Griffin. He tells Skully that if F'riks owns the Casino on the death of Di Carani, he should produce the will. F'riks doesn't want to open the box that contains the will, as he doesn't believe his friend is really dead and the box will kill anyone who opens it if he isn't. F'riks will hire the party to either bring Di Carani back alive or find concrete proof that he is dead. There will be a reward of several thousand quince for who ever finds him. Note that the party members will not be the only people looking! The Ælven Army and the Tarin Tor will also be highly interested in Di Carani's whereabouts.

In fact, the K'el has gone to deal with a family crisis. He will be totally unreachable for nine days. Then one evening an earth

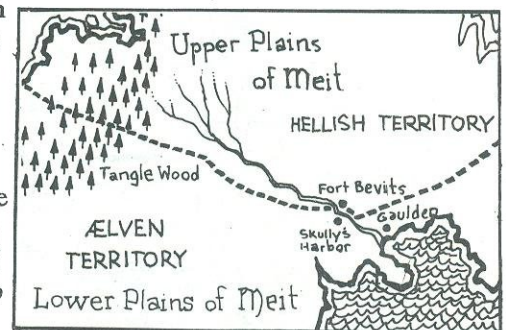
tremor will herald his reappearance on the bluff above the Harbor. He will speak to no one, and may strike out if bothered. When the wind blows his hair away from the back of his neck, it will reveal white, snake-like scales. These will be gone the next day, and he will be his usual suave self, but will not discuss where he has been.

While he is gone, a number of things may happen:

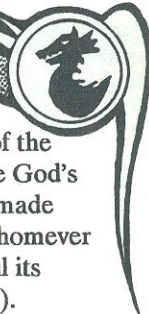
A. Ki'own may hire the party to fake some plausible explanation of the K'el's whereabouts in order to prevent a near-panic in the contingent. When Di Carani reappears, Ki'own will disavow any knowledge of the party's actions.

B. If any party members have previously been seen with Di Carani, they may be kidnapped by Tarin Tor assassins, taken to a deserted farmhouse, and personally questioned by Seit Nigira.

C. At Hyl Sudiar's command, Nigira may take advantage of the K'el's absence to overrun Skully's Harbor. The odds



would be so overwhelmingly in her favor that Skully would evacuate the town and Flander Macson would immediately surrender. Nigira's troops would bloodlessly overrun the town, and with relatively few casualties lay siege to the Ælven Army compound. The



casino would remain neutral. If the party resists, they may be driven into the besieged barracks, driven completely away, taken prisoner, or perhaps killed. If they fight well and are captured, they may be invited to join the Tarin Tor. In any case, when the K'el returns, the Golden Griffin will no longer remain neutral. There will be war, and the party must either leave, or pick a side and fight for it.

D. To avoid being ordered to conquer the Harbor (as it does not suit her personal plans), Nigira might transform some member of the party into a likeness of Di Carani and pay him well to impersonate the

K'el. F'riks would help. It would become evident to the party that Nigira and F'riks know each other well and have worked together before . . . E. Jerand, High Lord of the Ælves, might send Council Lady Morath to investigate the K'el's disappearance. Morath, a powerful and arrogant Navivian Lejentia of considerable arcane prowess (A), would be inclined to suspect any newcomers who had been hanging around town.

5) Di Carani wants to have one last grand adventure, for which he will gladly foot the bill: to find the lost gold in the Dead Horse God's caverns. He has a small golden statue, acquired in his

travels, that is really one of the guardian priestesses of the God's tomb. The statue can be made animate and it will lead whomever follows to the tomb and all its gold (and right into a trap).

6) One of the Quinn n' Pick stalls with a Mica symbol on it gives a soft cry for help as a party member walks past it. If he inserts a unidram and tries to play it, he has a 33% chance of discovering that the top ring has a small flute jammed through it. The flute was put there by a thief who had just lifted it from the pocket of a Hellish officer, then noticed F'riks staring a little too hard at him and got rid of the evidence by hiding it in the machine. The instrument is made of woven flame and is semi-living. It will play only sad songs (though with surpassing beauty) until reunited with its creator, an Ælven prisoner at Fort Bevits. Its power is such that anyone hearing it has a chance (depending on the relative levels of the listener and player) of being moved to tears. Its creator, a Navivian Lejentia named Kaia, is scheduled to be sacrificed to Bazaroth in two days.

8) Someone has been rigging the games very obviously so as to make it appear that the casino is dishonest. It is obvious that someone wants to give the place a bad name. There has also been rumor of Yellow Jack, a fever, at the casino. Di Carani wants to put an end to these rumors quickly. He puts the word out that he will pay one hundred quince to everyone in the party that finds the person behind the smear campaign. ✧



Pleasure Palace

PLEASURE PALACE

Just off the main street, a sign showing a candle framed by an open doorway points the way to the Pleasure Palace. This place is the closest thing to heaven for some of the men of the Harbor, as it is the one and only brothel of Skully's Harbor. But, like all things in the Harbor, the Pleasure Palace has developed a unique twist: It is set up and operated as a very exclusive restaurant. As a matter of fact, the restaurant overlooks a garden where one may dine on some of the best dishes served anywhere in the outlands.

A newcomer will be pleased with the restaurant's decor. It is staffed with some of the prettiest girls in the Harbor. Fortunately for these girls' mothers, they do

not work in the private dining suites. The nine ladies who work in the private suites are exquisite cooks, representative of almost every race and nation among the free people. They serve unforgettable meals for their guests, along with taking care of their guests' other, more personal needs.

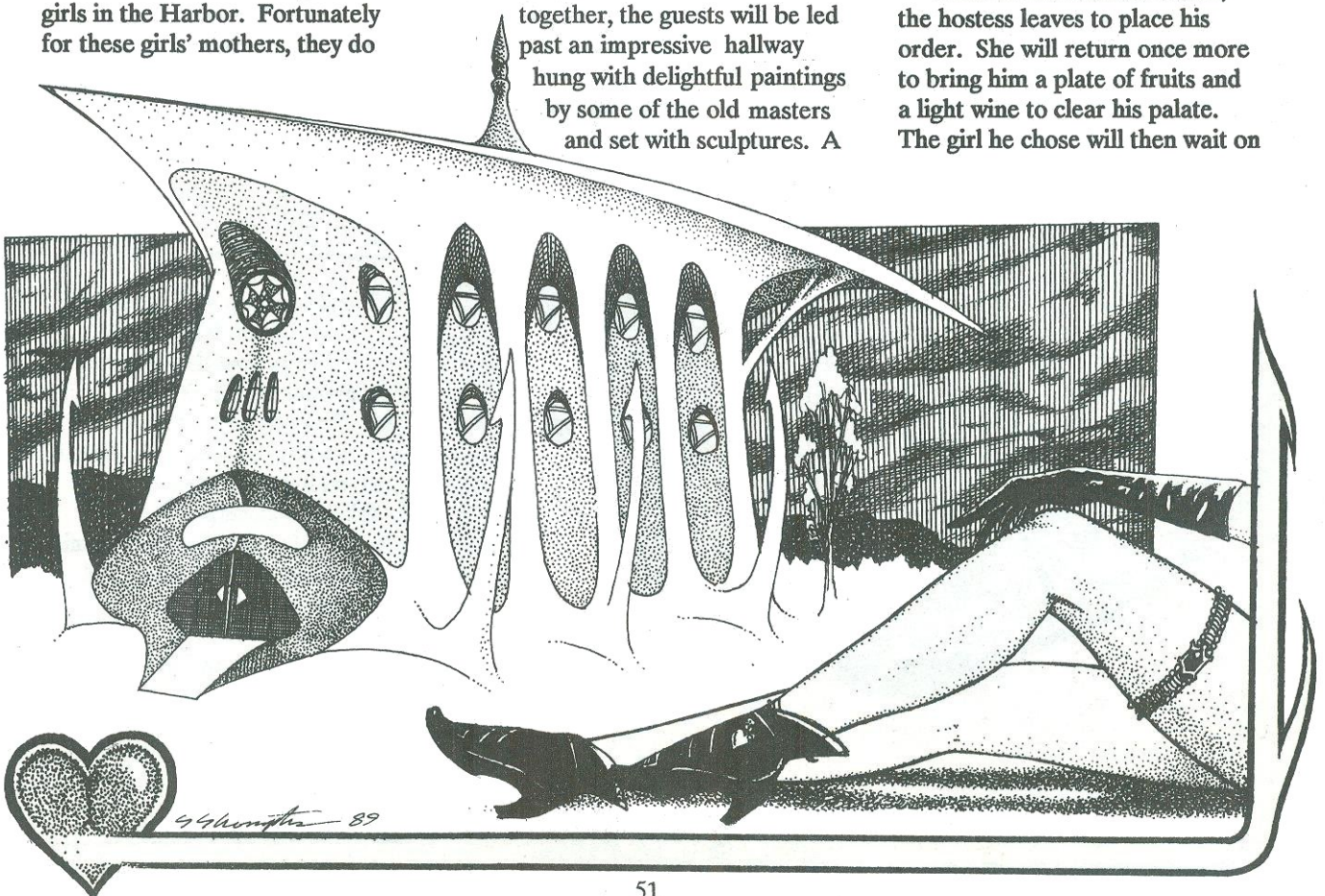
The building itself is three stories. Guests are greeted by a pleasant looking chap who requests that everyone please leave all weapons with him. They will then be escorted into a large two-story rotunda with a sweeping circular staircase and asked if they would rather dine alone or with companions in the garden restaurant. If they wish to dine

together, the guests will be led past an impressive hallway hung with delightful paintings by some of the old masters and set with sculptures. A

hostess will seat the party in the garden restaurant. The average dinner will cost approximately four quince for two people.

A client wishing to dine alone will be shown upstairs to a small, exquisitely decorated ten by twelve room, and instructed to have a seat. A large ornate mirror faces the sofa. Unbeknownst to the guest, he is being scrutinized by Madam Renue. She has a keen ability to spot someone who could be potentially dangerous to her girls, or who might carry an illness. She does a light thought-scan of the customer, undetectable to any but the most skilled telepaths. If the client passes, a young hostess will attend him and show him a menu.

Once he has selected a dish, the hostess leaves to place his order. She will return once more to bring him a plate of fruits and a light wine to clear his palate. The girl he chose will then wait on

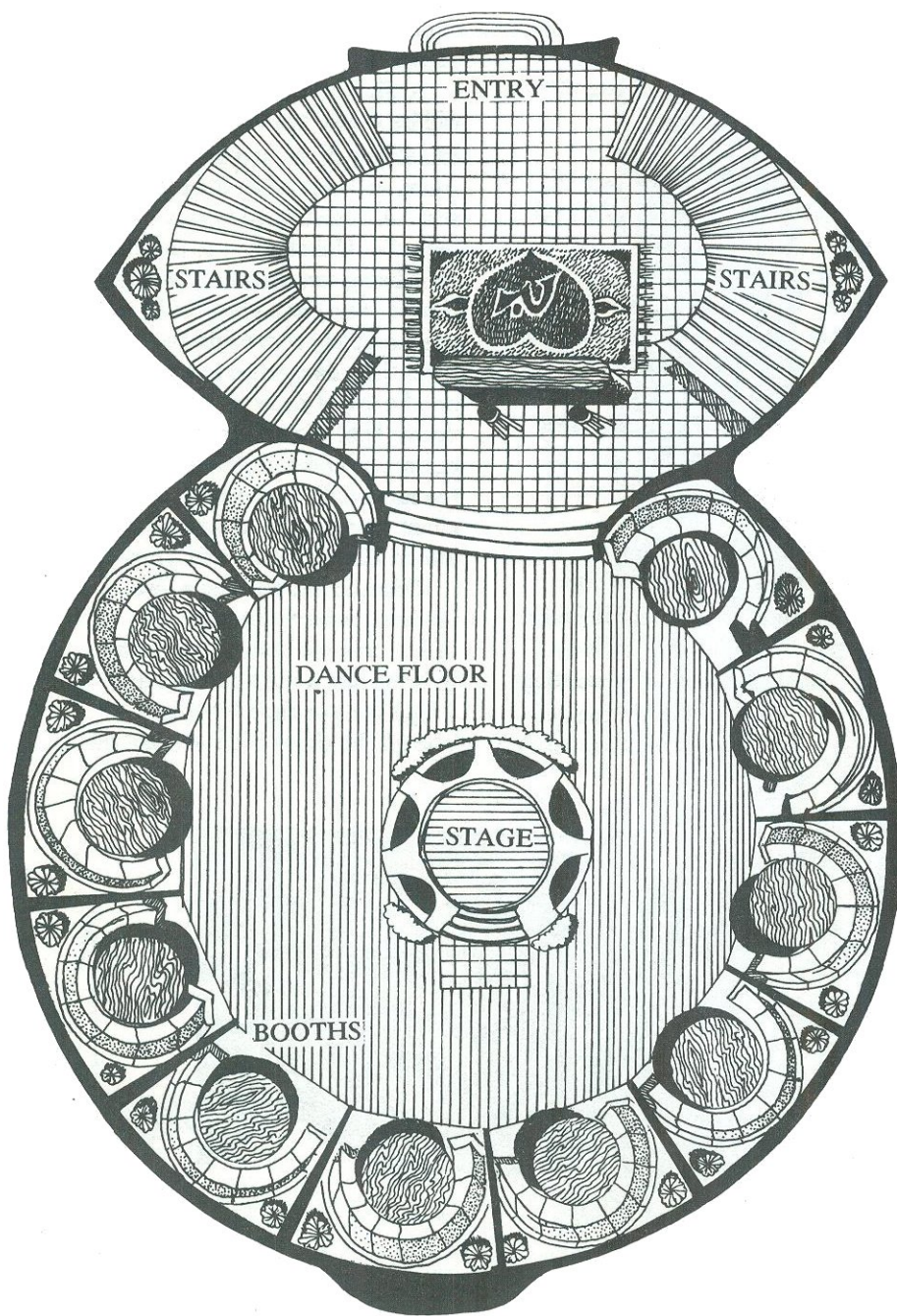


him in the room, and later, escort him to her private suite. The cost may run from a quarter-crown for a four-hour meal to a full crown or more for an all-night feast.

PLEASURE PALACE INTERNATIONAL MENU

WELCOME TO THE WORLD'S MOST VARIED HOME OF PLEASURE
EVER BUILT ON THIS SIDE OF THE STRAIT OF TARN!

Nine fine dishes await you to be served by the most beautiful creatures ever molded by the hand of Ariendale herself. Each dish is lovingly prepared by the server, and presented for you to savor.



- (1) Corren Shrimp with the far-off taste of the Corren Isles, served with a fine wine and the care of a loving maiden by the name of Tishil. You will find yourself swept away by the dream of eternal joy served in every mouthful of this delightful shrimp. The multicolored mane of your Azurinite angel will engulf you as you thrill to the dark spicy taste of a fantasy beyond compare.
- (2) Rolled Parieshan Sweetbread will bring you home to the loving arms of Willetta. This vivacious red-haired beauty will tend you

with a care you haven't felt since you were in the safety of your first love. The sweet lingering taste of your meal and the sweet wine will haunt your dreams for weeks to come.

(3) Kishmal Chicken braised to a delightful tenderness is served by Loret. This willowy blonde has served the royalty of Kishmal, and will be just as attentive when waiting on your every command. The light sauce of spices and creams covers the pale, delicately cooked chicken as Loret will cover you with the warm feeling of the gentle city of Cinnatol.

(4) Red Flaming Tricot will burn you with the delightful combinations of spices and blended wines. Sophia will serve each spoonful with an extra ration of spice designed to burn your senses. Spicy hot wine is presented in cups of gold wrestled from the very paws of Hercon the Dragon. Sights and scents will delight the mind and stimulate the palate.

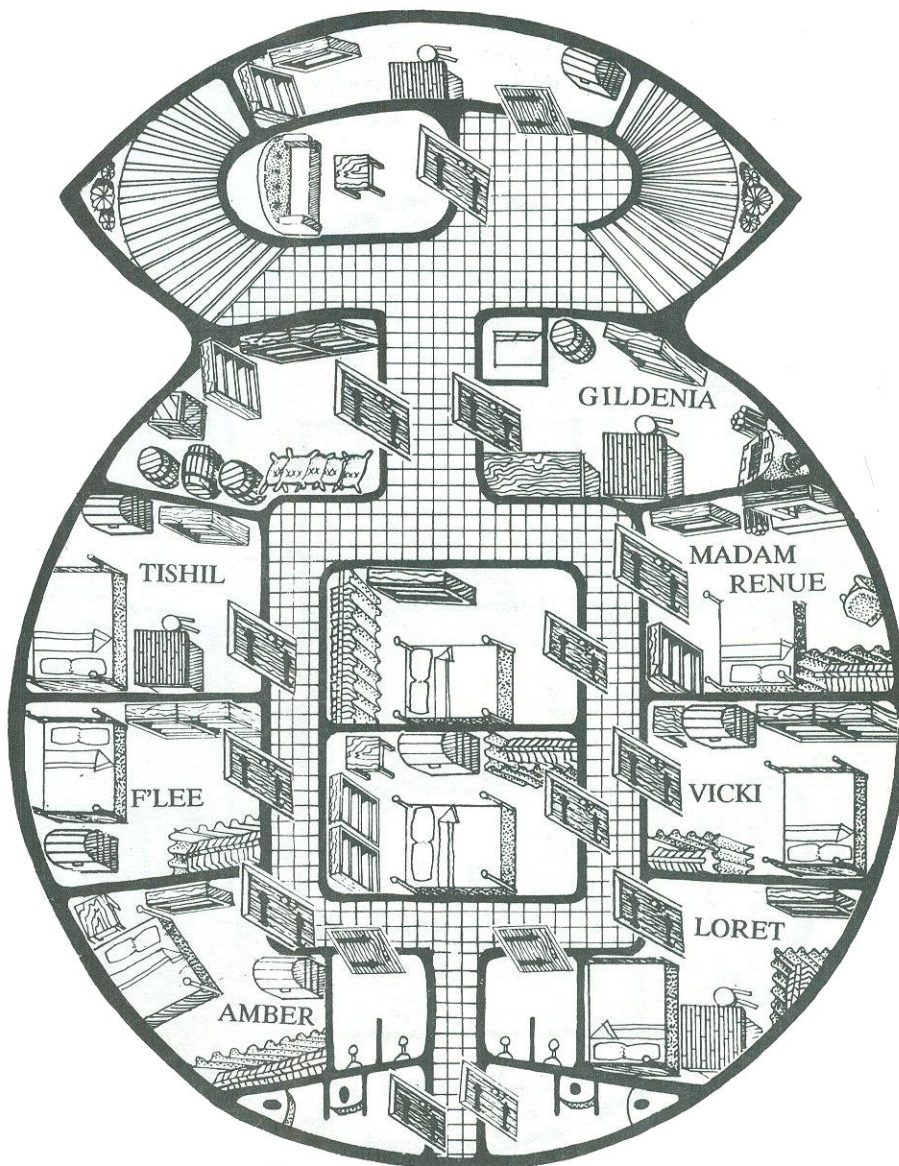


(5) Mau-Shano Beef is served with a delicate sauce of wines and butter, braised over mild spicy beef before your very eyes. The meat is then engulfed in a tender, protective outer wrapping of wheat crepe. The plate is then covered to steam while Mi Ling massages your tensions away before sharing this carefully prepared dish.



(6) This homespun meal of Beef Stew and Cottage Bits will comfort your longing for home with its authentic sauce and robust fragrance. Vicki will dish out ample portions till at last you feel satisfied with the best meal you've ever had. This brunette will assure you of the good feeling of a welcome homecoming each time you come back.

(7) If you are a steak lover, Amber will cook you the best



Elven steak and red wine meal you have ever eaten. She braises each piece with an ample coating of her special sauce to ensure the rarest taste ever to tempt your palate. Her blonde mane will accent your meal as she feeds each morsel to you. Traditional biscuits with whipped cream and honey will be lovingly served for dessert.

(8) If you are a pasta lover from Erinz, you will be right at home in Gildenia's private sanctuary. A bit of Erinz moved here when this voluptuous black-haired lady came to town. A plate of warm, hand-twisted pasta sauteed in a thick, rich red wine sauce awaits you on



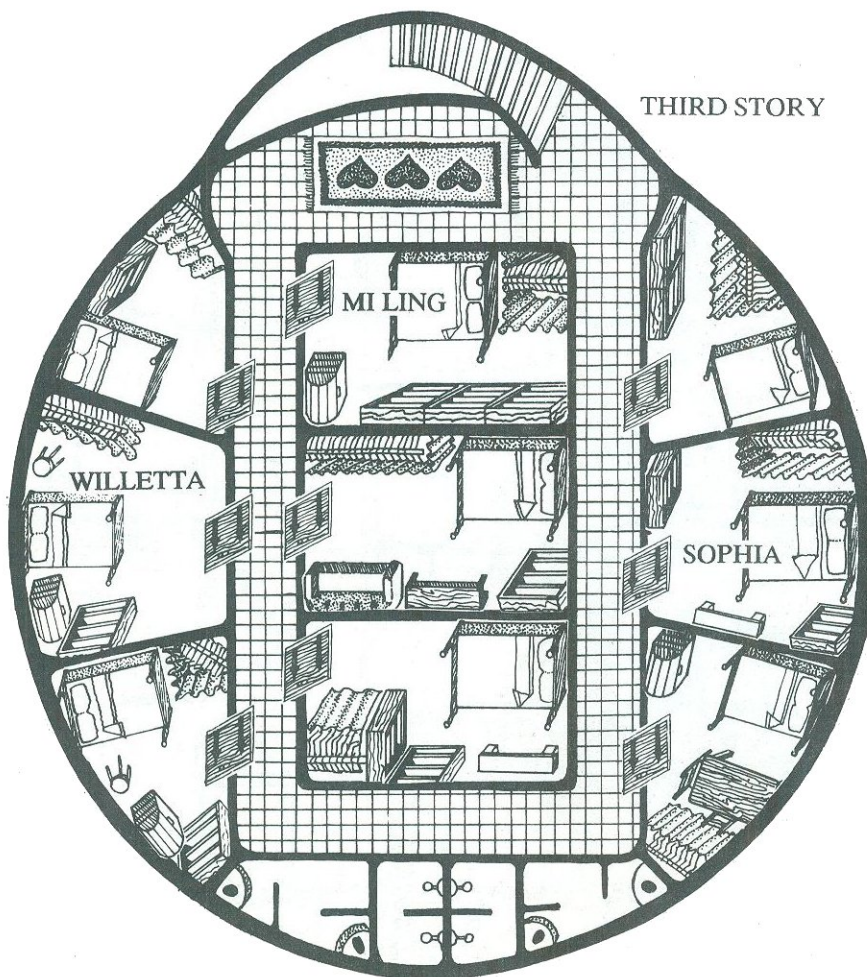
an appetizing bed of dark greenery. This dish will remain in your thoughts until the sun grows cold; such is Gildenia's skill.

(9) Wrapped in a thin delicate crepe of rice meal, a blend of cheeses and fresh fruit will delight the shyer tastes, filling the mind and the body with a floating sensation of well being. These crepes are served with light pastel pastries and fine ale. F'lee makes sure that you will want for nothing, pillowing your head against her soft side while she feeds you each delectable, unforgettable morsel.



MADAM'S GIRLS

At the moment, Madam has sixteen girls who live with her in the Palace (not all are on the menu). Each of the girls uses her own room for her clients, but is allowed complete freedom as to how it is decorated. This is an incentive for the ladies to keep everything spotless and neat, yet allowing them the freedom to create their own private sanctuaries. Some of them who have travelled with Madam have beautiful tapestries and ornate furnishings. Some of the younger girls have simple pretty rooms with ruffles and fine fabrics. With this type of freedom there is a side benefit to the clients of the Palace, which is that they can live out their fantasies. They can pretend to be in the far wild reaches of the Rown lands with a Queen of the B~rrons, or they can be in the civilized capital of Kishmal with one of the gentle duchesses there. Either way it is fun for the men who attend the Palace.



PERSONALITIES

MADAM RENUE



Kindred: Sardin

Deity: Agnostic

Sex: Female

Height: 5'4"

Weight: 121 lbs.

Hair/Eyes: Auburn ringlets crown her head and fall the length of her back. When she goes out, she enjoys wearing jeweled pins amidst her tresses, and always wears a beautiful hat to match her outfit. Her eyes are green.

Appearance: When at home in the early morning, she dresses in an ornate gown of thin satin or opaque silk with lace. She loves beautiful clothes, and wants the same for her girls. Only the very best will do, especially in her going-out dresses of finest cloth, imported from Cinnatol, the capital of Kishmal.

Position: She is Madam of the Pleasure Place, and "mother" to her girls, all sixteen of them. Most of them have been with her for a long time, some since she was Skully's lover onboard the Reaver. Madam Renue is a pillar of the community and is not looked down upon in the least, except

in Dimwald-on-the-Styrrm. She is well liked by Ki'own and the K'el, not so much as a recreational director as a valuable asset who keeps them abreast of all goings-on at the Fort.

Physical Skills: She is a hellion with a sword when she has to be. She fights out of anger, with a practiced skill of many years aboard ship as a pirate's lady (B).

Magic Ability: She has no innate magical powers, but among her many "gifts" are a large assortment of trinkets that can do anything from read truth to heal minor wounds, change water into wine, and detect poison. Her most prized item is the dark star-sapphire ring that allows her to scan someone's uppermost thoughts, three times per day. She is very organized and keeps a complete list of all her trinkets and their value tucked away in a box hidden in her bedroom. She will occasionally award an insignificant piece to someone who has done her a good service. She is well versed in how to use each of her toys and one can never be too sure what she will come up with (C).

Addendum: In her capacity as a spy she protects her girls well, and she proves to be a most devious opponent when playing this deadly game with those of the other side. Seit Nigira knows of the Madam's exploits and is not overly concerned as she respects the Madam's style. The two have met upon occasion and have a mutual understanding, which keeps the Madam from having a house full

of dead girls. In turn, the Madam only criticizes Nigira's troops and not Nigira herself.

KAIL MENDOSY



Kindred: Mestizo (Sardin and Vendrinite)

Deity: Agnostic

Sex: Male

Age: 24

Height: 6'3"

Weight: 208 pounds

Hair/Eyes: His short-cropped brown hair and steely grey eyes add to his air of toughness.

Appearance: Dressed in the light-armored uniform in Pleasure Palace house colors (gold and crimson), he cuts an impressive figure that most patrons choose not to trifle with.

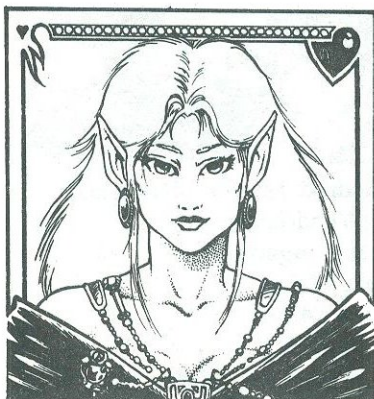
Physical Skills: He is especially good at swordplay and all heavy weaponry. He is excellent at a steel barb and cycle staff (A).

Magic Ability: His ability to use magic is limited to illusions and detecting lies. Both, though, are helpful when fighting a better master of arms or a spell-user (D).

Position: He is the Madam's bodyguard. He currently guards F'lee almost exclusively, as the Madam fears for her life.

Addendum: He has fallen in love with F'lee, and hates seeing her in the arms of another man, especially D'Kahr. F'lee will not let him stand guard in her room at night, and this makes him think there is something is going on. He desperately wants to kill D'Kahr, as he thinks D'Kahr is threatening F'lee in some way.

F'LEE



Kindred: Arielite
Deity: Ariel
Sex: Female
Age: 370 years
Height: 5'6" (She has not achieved her full adult growth)
Weight: 87 pounds
Hair/Eyes: Her icy blue eyes accent the thick, snowy mane cascading to well below her waist.
Appearance: She is usually scantily clad, dressed in only an abbreviated tunic or thin shift, laced boots, and various gold and silver belts that chime softly as she walks.
Position: She is a prostitute for Madam Renue at the Pleasure Palace, and is being trained in all the delights of the trade.
Physical Skills: F'lee has no special fighting abilities,

but the Madam is teaching her how to use a dagger in close range conflicts, such as one of her clients might give her (D).

Magic Ability: F'lee has no outwardly visible magical qualities, but the Madam and Skully both know of her phenomenal ability to soulchase. Some trained Ælven healers can chase a soul beyond death and lead it back if the person has just recently left his body. But F'lee has the special ability to contact the soul of one who has gone beyond the final wall as long ago as twelve thousand years. She did this once when she accidentally uncovered a skull washed down from the Dead Horse Caverns far to the east of the Harbor. Skully and the Madam, the lone observers, have told her never to do that in front of anyone again, nor to breathe a word about her abilities to a living soul (E/special).

Addendum: F'lee is as happy with the Madam as she has ever been in her life. She was sold to the village blacksmith when a slaving ship from Lorian's Kingdom was forced to replace a broken keel. Arakkon immediately turned her over to Skully, who found a place for her at the Pleasure Palace. She has been well cared for here. She does not mind the work, and finds it fun to be able to pick and choose the men she wants to spend time with. The only dark spot in her life is D'Kahr, a Regent Prime in the Tarin Tor. The Ælf seems to enjoy publicly humiliating her, such as the day he ripped off her dress

and shouted obscenities at her as she ran home through the crowds. Neither Kail nor Madame Renue understands why she continues to see him.

The Madam fears he will succeed in ruining the girl's self-confidence, and might be so crazed as to hurt her physically. She has ordered Kail to be F'lee's bodyguard. Skully has promised that if D'Kahr bothers her again he will have him "taken care of." What no one knows is that D'Kahr, a powerful telepath, has virtually enslaved the mind of this younger and weaker Ælf. She believes he will kill the Madam and Skully if she complains about him in any way. F'lee lives in terror of the Regent, and would jump at any chance to be permanently free of him.

TISHIL



Kindred: Azurinite
Deity: Anawaay
Sex: Female
Age: 1800 years
Height: 6' 1"
Weight: 131 pounds
Hair/Eyes: Her deep green eyes seem as fathomless as the sea in the soft candlelight of her room as she lays her head back against the pillow. Her long,

vibrantly multi-colored mane frames her face.

Appearance: Her tanned skin glows with an inner warmth. She accents it with soft oranges and golds of thin gossamer. She wears thin, flowing gowns and strings of black pearls. She wears a silver shell belt of precious sea stones about her slim, pale waist.

Position: She has been with the Madam since the years when they were together aboard the Reaver. She is one of the senior ladies at the House.

Physical Skills: She is skilled with a short dagger in quick hand to hand combat (C).

Magic Ability: She has great skill at shapechanging to an orca, and was very helpful to Skully by holding warrior Azurinites in his command when he was on the open seas. She is not, however, any kind of mage (D).

Addendum: She is fairly satisfied here at the Harbor, but she does miss the action of the open seas. She would be interested in any adventure that might involve a medium amount of danger, and the possible thrill of glory or pleasure.

SCENARIOS:

1) Madam spies on the behalf of the Ælven Contingent because of her dream for Skully's Harbor to be free. Once rid of the dark shadow looming over the bridge, she believes the small town could turn into a mid-size city.

She has learned that a group of D'Kahr's men plan to frame Nigira as a traitor. Having a strong desire to rid herself of D'Kahr, Madam wants to pass on her information to Seit Nigira. She will hire the party to deliver the message.

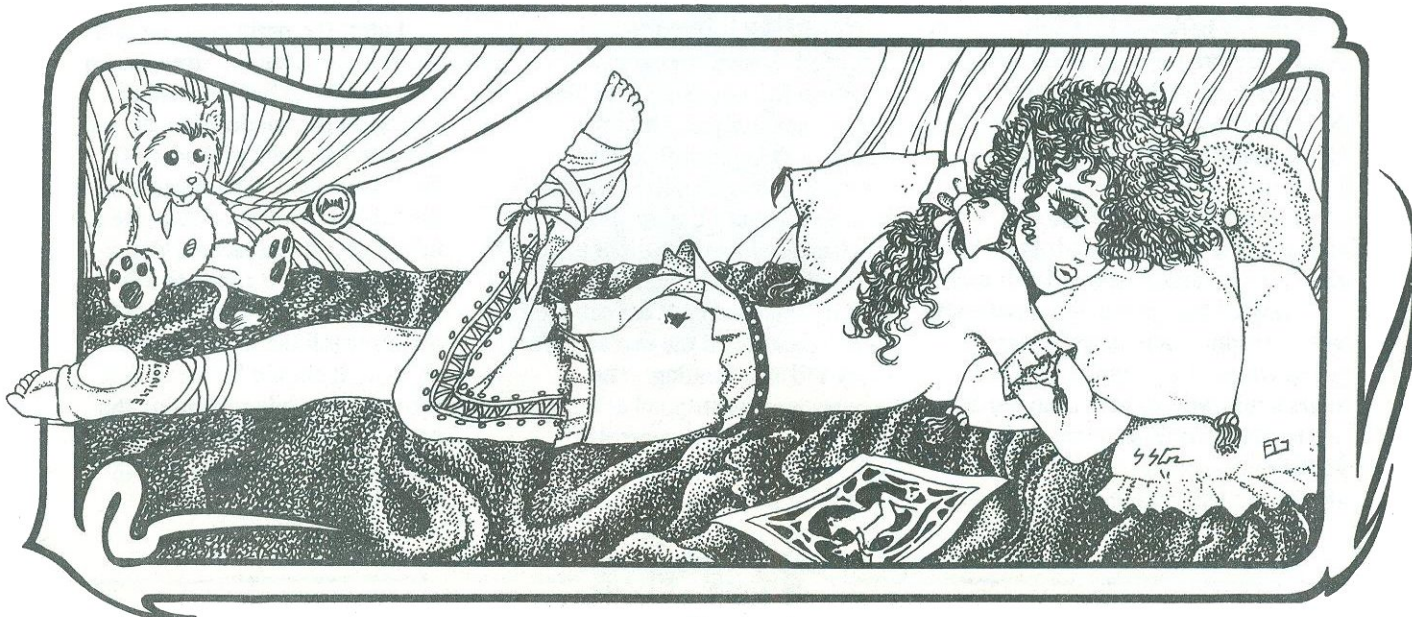
The Madam would naturally prefer to use adventurers to deliver the message in case D'Kahr learns of her plot. With paid adventurers delivering the message, she could simply deny any accusations linking her with them.

2) Sophia falls in love with one of the party members and wants to elope with him. She swears she no longer wishes to be a prostitute. She will avoid telling the Madam, though, that she is leaving (to avoid hurt feelings). The Madam will believe she has been kidnapped and will either hire someone else

to go find the party and retrieve Sophia, or will offer a bribe to the other party members to return Sophia to her, no questions asked. Should Sophia return to the Madam, there is a good chance she will change her mind and stay. However, she may not mention her decision to her lover (so as not to hurt his feelings).

Sophia is rather fickle. There is only 30% chance that she will really stay with the player; when with the Madam, she was often bored and frequently threatened to quit. The Madam always worries about her, though. There is a 40% chance that Sophia, who has been a spy for the Madam, will come under Hellish attack while she attempts to elope. Should any harm come to her, the Madam will have men waiting to fight the party over their carelessness with Sophia's safety.

3) On a night of joy in the Pleasure Palace, F'lee falls in love with one of the members of the party. D'Kahr suspects this adventurer has been plotting with the Madam to take F'lee away from the Harbor. He will send assassins in two or three subtle attempts to



rid the world of this meddling adventurer. If the attempts fail, he will threaten and/or attack the party member in person. If the party member is not alone when D'Kahr appears, D'Kahr will probably have several Hellish assassins along with him.

4) The party is enjoying a night at the Pleasure Palace. During their revels, they hear a disturbance going on downstairs. The noise will continue to grow as it becomes more and more evident that the Palace is under attack. The Churchmen of Dimwald are attempting to "rid the Harbor of the stain brought upon it by the existence of a house of ill repute."

5) Tishil is a spy for the Hellish side. The woman has been with Madam Renue for a long time, and is one of her better "producing" ladies. She enjoys all the gossip and tender tidbits that her clients reveal in their delicate moments. She will immediately pass on any useful information to her ladyship, Seit Nigira. She sees the Seit once a week, when she goes into the Fort to provide her services there. It is generally believed that Seit Nigira prefers women, as she always reserves time with the prostitute. Nigira often gives Tishil false information to take back to the Harbor.

In the course of a pleasant evening, she manages to drug one of the party members and lull him into speaking of his upcoming employment with Maddock, and how they are going to test a new type of tri-maran that will make it even harder for the Hellish ships to catch the Ælves on the open sea. Come the day of the trip, as the tri-maran

is returning home, several Hellish gunboats will appear around the bend, more than the usual number of hecklers which escort the Ælven ships but do no damage. At least five enemy ships will block the tri-maran's passage. Depending on the general melee, it is possible that the party can manage to save the ship from enemy hands even though they have been boarded by the Hellish forces. The party should think it is fairly obvious that there was a tip-off. If they live, they will be likely to realize who betrayed them.

5) After returning from a day at the Fort, one of the ladies develops a slight cold. The healer tells her to rest for the day, then return to work the next day. The next day she and someone in the party are in contact. The next day, he feels ill. Two days later, she is sick in bed. The house doctor can't determine the cause of her illness and asks the Healer for advice. Merriwin, the healer, tells a horrified Madam and Skully that the girl has contracted a fatal disease, probably created for the sole purpose of being introduced to the Ælven army via this means.

The healer is upset to hear that she has seen over thirty clients in the last three days. He tells an anxious party that the disease will begin with a few common cold symptoms, steadily progressing until the nerve centers are affected and the patient begins to have difficulty breathing and holding fluids. About a week after he has contracted the disease, his heart will stop beating. The process may be stopped at any time before total muscle control is lost, but once the person can longer lift his head, he is too far

gone to help. The healer offers to help find the cure, a rare herb found in the high mountainous pass just above the Fort. He is sure the disease is based on a magical spell derived from this herb.

6) The Madam takes a fancy to one of the party members and graces him with her multitude of talents one evening. The next morning, as he



leaves, she gives him a small token of her gratitude. The amulet she places around his neck is ornately carved gold with a small handsome emerald in it. She admits she does not know the nature of its magic, except that it is a subtle and non-harmful kind.

Later, the party member will be walking along the street and a flower pot will fall just behind him from the windowsill where a child accidentally pushed it off. Now it begins... The Amulet of Near Misses will probably give the adventurer a headache trying to figure out who is trying to kill him. There is no spell that will precisely tell the nature of the amulet. It should be noted that the amulet, while protecting the one member, may cause another to have misfortunes not originally intended for him.

Velendrei Apartments

VELENDREI APARTMENTS

Welcome to one of the nicest places to stay in Skully's Harbor! This pleasant, two story red brick apartment house was built by Skully less than two years ago. Its rich design and *Ælven* country architecture lend an airy feeling to the whole structure, so that despite its bulk it seems to rise gracefully out of the dark red earth.

With forty-seven units, the complex houses many townspeople. Most of the apartments are one bedroom affairs with interior baths, as is the way of the *Ælves*. The eight corner apartments on the lower level have two bedrooms and are bordered by studios on each side. Eight more studios are

arranged on the corners of the second level. The dimensions of a studio apartment are approximately 16' x 22'; a one bedroom apartment at approximately 32' x 36' could easily house two people who are economy minded. The two bedroom apartments are a roomy 32' x 44'.

The rents are as follows:

Studios -- 9 quince per month.

One Bed -- 15 quince per month.

Two Bed -- 18 quince per month.

There is usually a low vacancy rate in these apartments, but one or two may be available when the party needs them. For a minor reservation fee, refundable at time of rent, the manager will be willing to hold an apartment for them.

PERSONALITIES:

ROGER TOWNHOLD

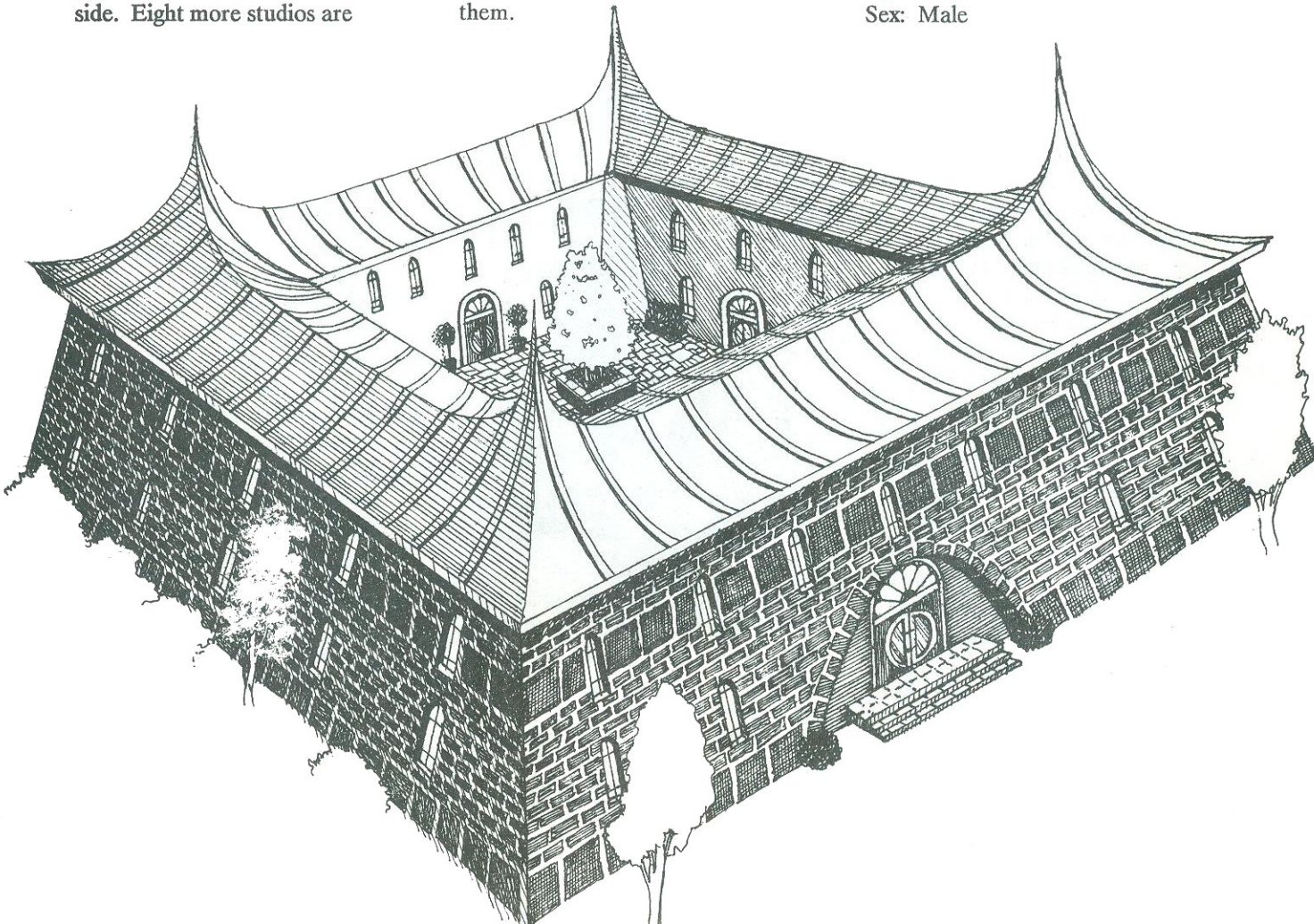


Kindred: Mestizo - Half Sardin
and half Vendrinite

Deity: Jehovah

Age: 37 years

Sex: Male



Hair/Eyes: His lank reddish-brown hair is worn parted in the middle. He wears a full beard and mustache which give him a comfortable, mature look. This is his main attraction for the women of the Harbor. His brown eyes have a disturbingly intense gaze.

Appearance: He wears soft, homespun shirts such as the Sardin farmers prefer, along with tough pants of stiffened wool. On his belt hang a short sword and a set of keys to the various empty rooms and storage closets of the apartment house.

Position: He is the resident manager of the Velendrei Apartments. He used to work for Skully on his pirate ship.

Physical Skills: He is skilled with his sword (B) but is unused to most other weapons (D).

Magic Ability: He has none. He could have been trained in the Elven ways, but Roger has seen fit to deny that heritage, mostly through ignorance. He is virtually untrainable now.

Addendum: Roger is hopelessly in love with Cio, but she barely even notices him, and when she does think of him, it is only as a friend. This situation is a source of never-ending frustration to Roger. He feels secretly unworthy of Cio, and any other woman is just a tramp to be used and discarded. He believes Cio is the only "lady" in town, and he cannot understand why she treats him the way she does when he knows she really loves him. His perverse fascination with women is a well-guarded secret, but Skully has noticed that Roger is sometimes preoccupied. This occasionally affects his work, but not to the extent that Skully minds enough to

reprimand him. He is blind to the fact he has an admirer in his tenant, Kijsi. She thinks of him as an attractive lover if he would just open his eyes and see her.

Roger sailed with Skully on the Reaver until the old pirate retired. Still young, he hired on with another pirate named Blajd, who was later waylaid by slavers of Lorian. In return for his freedom, the captain sold over his crew to the slavers. Roger endured hard bondage for almost three years before he and another man escaped. They later found the old Captain Blajd, and after torturing him for several days, killed him.

It was several years more before he found Skully again. This time he accepted the older man's protection and leadership with few questions. He is quite content to live in the Harbor, and thinks he would be perfectly happy if Cio would only love him.

CIO



Kindred: Dargonath
Deity: Orijha, the Moon Goddess
Age: 246
Sex: Female
Height: 5'5"
Weight: 131 lbs.
Hair/Eyes: A thick mane of deep

auburn trails far down her back. She normally wears it bound in loose loops, ornately decorated with slender pins of amethyst. Her eyes are blue-green.

Appearance: Cio is often seen in soft, triangular robes with purple silk scarves. She also wears on her left arm a silver armband of her clan, emblazoned with the symbol of the crow. When she goes into town she wears loose shifts with delicately wrought silver belts of small bells that chime as she walks. She is fond of pretty, shiny things, and cares little for their value, whether diamond or trinket.

Position: Cio is a resident of the Velendrei Apartments, occupying the two bedroom unit facing the river on the south side. She holds no rank, nor seemingly has any real purpose binding her to the Harbor.

Physical Skills: Being well trained in the arcane arts, she relies little on her physical powers, although it should be noted that in the folds of any outfit she carries several glass daggers filled with a muscle paralyzing poison. The drug will not kill, and is ineffective against her, but it might cause an attacker to go into rather painful convulsions. The daggers are her insurance policy against those who think ill of her in the town. Her fighting prowess is poor (E).

Magic Ability: She is a purple level Dargonath. Her familiar is a crow, eighteen inches tall with a wingspan of six feet, whose piercing golden eyes tend to disconcert most

Sardins. She does not use her powers unless truly needed. Having no wish to kill even if attacked, she will try to use her daggers or protection spells before using anything life-threatening. Her arcane skills are good (B).

Addendum: Cio is still in training for her red level, yet she has temporarily stepped back from her studies and tries to live by the words of the Prophet, "To live in serenity, and bring order to that which has been wronged... to teach by example, seeking out disciples among those who believe in the truth."

Overall, Cio is a mystery women. She seems to have friends all over town, and often entertains a few in her apartment. Some of the townsfolk of Dimwald believe she is a witch, come to prey on their children by night. If asked about this subject, she will refuse to answer, as she feels any retort only serves to prove the accusations.

She has been drawn to Skully's Harbor for a single reason. Her lover died in this area almost a hundred years ago, while crossing the river Styrrm in a torrential rain. He was an officer in the Ælven navy, a Lejentia Lord, coming to a secret tryst with her. Such unions are outlawed, as the Dargonaths seek to keep their lines pure, and openly practice a prejudice against inter-species relationships. Having achieved the purple level, she has returned to Skully's Harbor to enact a ritual that will free his ghost from the shrine he now haunts due to

the intervention of Orijah, who favors the two lovers. He will then travel with her, mortal by night and spirit by day, until her death, when they will be together forever.

She seemingly takes little interest in the doings of the town, but she always knows what is going on, and more importantly, who is behind it.

She often visits friends also living in the Velendrei Apartments or around town. Most especially, she favors a young girl named Maggie who lives on a farm owned by by Skully not far from Dimwald-on-the-Styrrm (the nearby Sardin village). She is teaching the girl some basic skills, and they keep it their secret. The child's mother is convinced Cio is a saint, as are several townswomen whom she has helped. Cio would probably watch any newcomers from a safe distance until she decided that they pose no threat.

MAGGIE



Kindred: Sardin
Deity: Jehovah
Age: Eleven years
Sex: Female
Height: 4'6"
Weight: 92 pounds
Hair/Eyes: Her deep chestnut brown hair is parted down the middle

and worn in two long braids that reach several inches below her waist. Her mother usually ties the ends with bits of colored scrap ribbon to match her dress. Her eyes are bright green.

Appearance: Her blouses are starched white with button-down fronts and long sleeves. She has a several different prim skirts, and a pair of soft black leather shoes, her birthday present from Cio. When working in the fields, she wears a thick ankle-length skirt and sweater made of coarsely woven wool.

Position: She works with her father in the fields, and is responsible for the tending of all livestock, since the death of her brother a year ago last winter when he froze to death in a blizzard while looking for a lost calf.

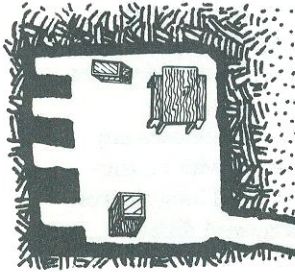
Physical Skills: She can run well, but has no fighting skills (E)

Magic Ability: She has none by nature, but Cio has taught her to write with "Finger Spelling" and how to throw hot sand and rocks at anyone trying to hurt her (E).

Addendum: Maggie is very fond of Cio, and looks upon her as a big sister who teaches her and looks out for her. The things Cio teaches her are kept as a secret between the two. She believes Cio would never hurt or lie to her. She doesn't believe the tales she hears in school about Cio being an evil witch who is stealing children out of their beds at night and eating them. But, Cio has told her to never publicly defend her, because it might reflect badly on her parents, especially her mother.

0 5 10 FT.

SECRET ROOM

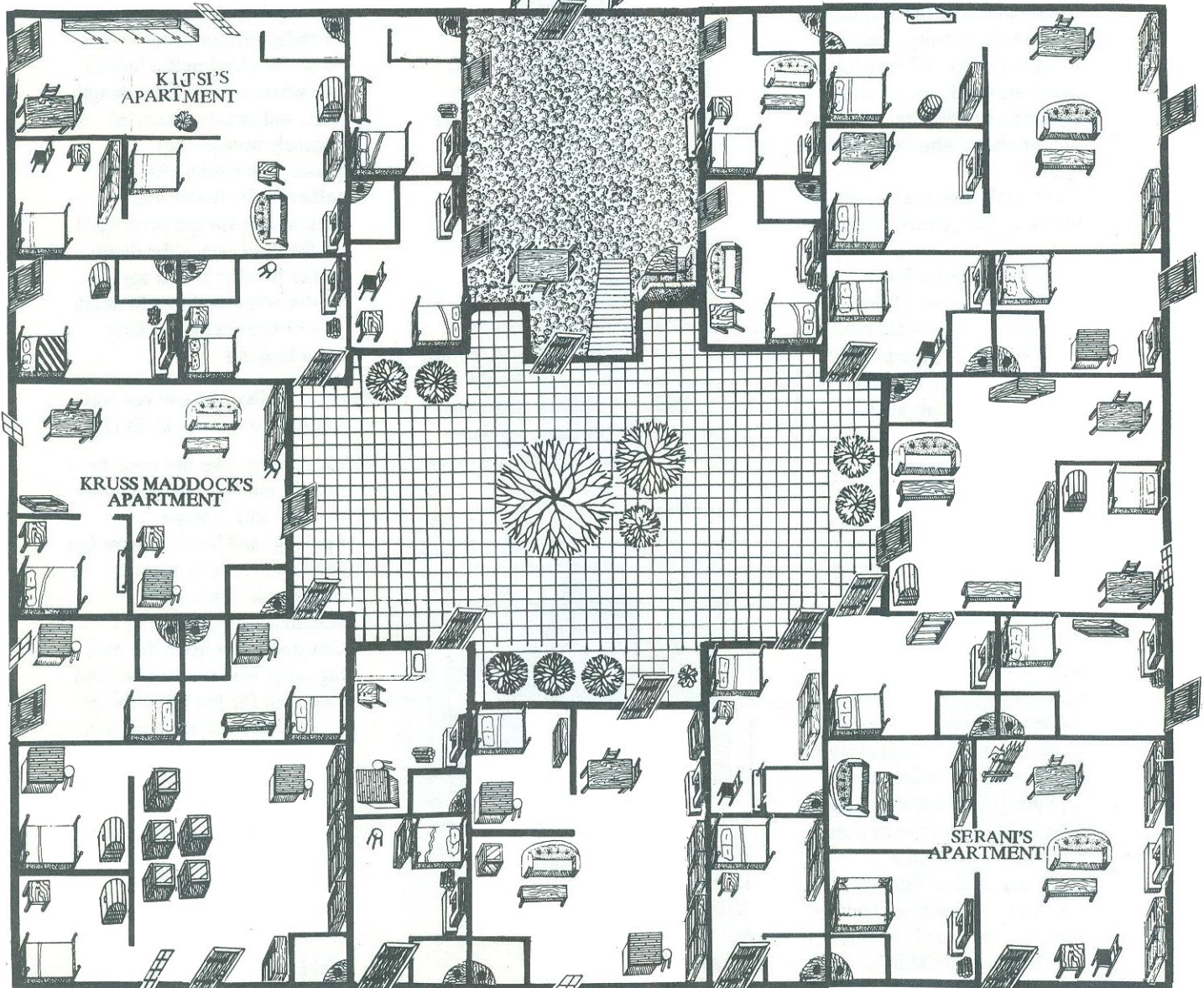


Following are some of the people living at the Velendrei Apartments:

Rhodan Marshal Kijsi (Barracks)
Maddock (Shipbuilder's)
Kruss Maddock (Shipbuilder's)
Tina Maddock (see the Fur Shop)
Mendozy (see the Pleasure Palace)
Serani (Casino)

SCENARIOS:

1) One of the apartments next door to the party's rooms is sealed up. There is also a rumor about a beautiful woman who used to live here at the apartments, who was murdered. The legend goes that her ghost still roams the Harbor. If the party members sleep lightly,



TO 2nd Floor

1st Floor

LEJENIA

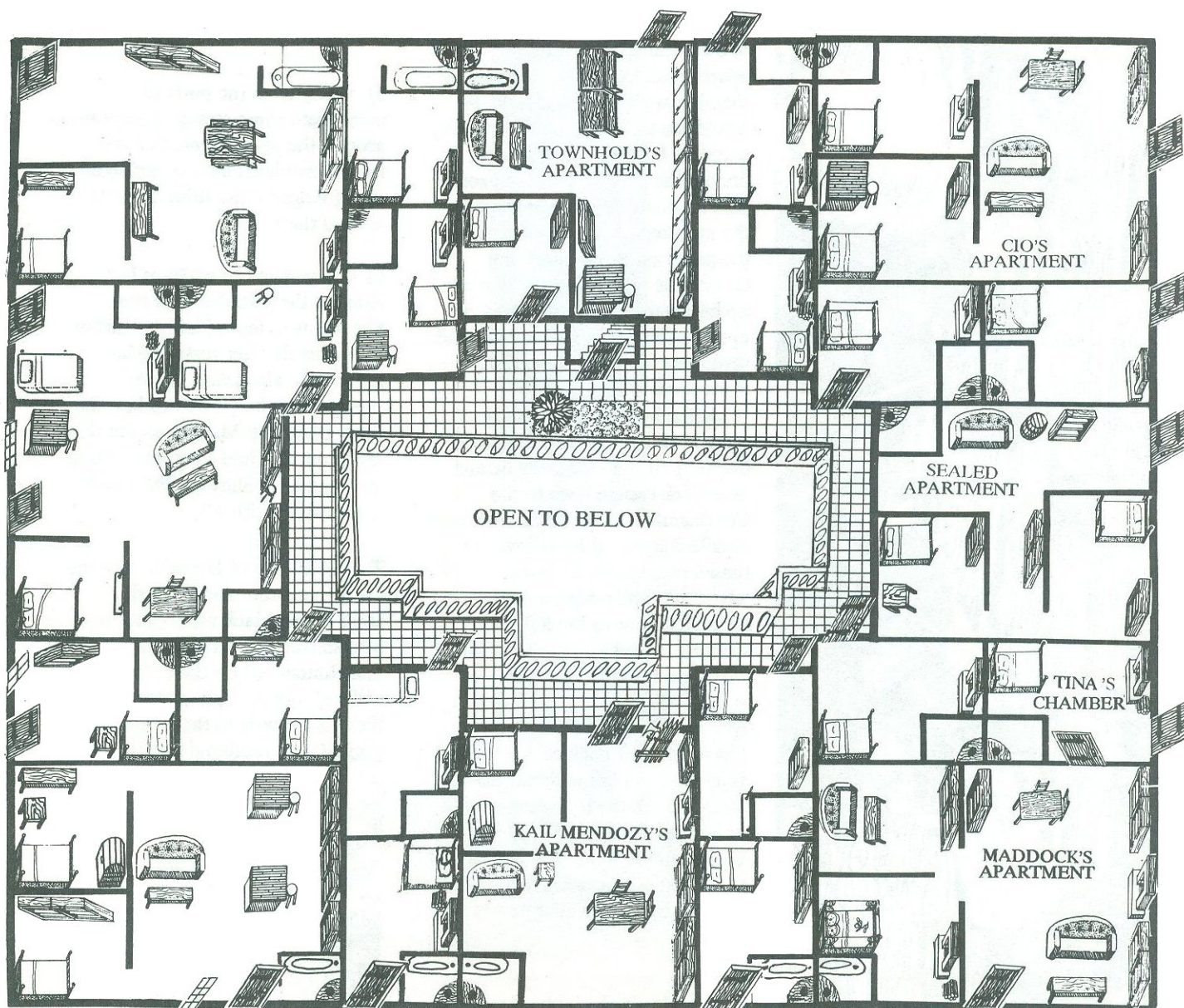
they might hear a muffled sobbing coming from the room next door. If the party investigates, they will be told by Roger that he has sealed off the room as it has a bad roof leak, and he has not been able to patch it well enough yet. Skully has bought this excuse for a time.

Should the party break in, they will find a fully furnished

room. There will be several pieces of personal clothing and jewelry lying about the room as if someone has just stepped out. There is the ghost of a young woman in the room and she can only be laid to rest when it is discovered that Roger killed her because she refused to love him. He has the same fate planned for Cio. The ghost will

only be seen if someone sleeps the night in the room.

2) Roger falls for a female member of the party. He invites her for a one week free stay at the apartments; he is slow, and would probably buy her dinner and the like several times before he tries



2nd Floor



anything more serious. The party member will find that once she gets past Roger's rather shy attitude, he is a very able and competent lover. If she spurns him, she will find herself being followed by Roger. He may become intent on killing her if she does not return his love.

3) There is a carving of a lion in the main entry hall of the apartments. If a sharp-eyed party member were to look closely, he would see a bit of paper protruding from the bottom of the carving. Should the party member, at some discrete time, say, two or three in the morning, care to try to slip the paper out from under the carving, he would find the lion can tip backward. When it moves, an opening thirty-two inches wide and seven feet high will appear. It leads down a steep stairway.

At the bottom of the stairs, a tunnel leads to the third barracks building. It was originally meant as a quick escape back to the Contingent, if the Harbor were ever attacked again. If he follows the tunnel twenty feet or so, the adventurer will notice a mud-encrusted door to the left. It is securely locked.

Inside the small earthen room is a ghastly sight. A small cot, spread with soiled linens, and a low table lie at back of the room. But, what will immediately draw his attention are the four caverns dug into each of the room's side walls. Upon examination, he will find three bodies of evidently young women, each in a separate notch.

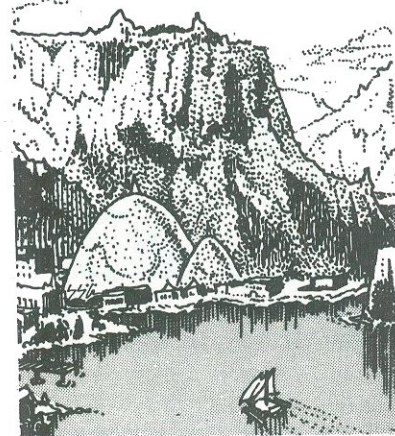
4) A notice in the lobby reads, "Looking for strong-willed, fearless warriors to do lost and found work for local. If

interested contact Mendozy at the Pleasure Palace." Upon inquiry they will find that Mendozy wants to discretely hire them to find a young girl the Madam had hired, who never returned to start work. Mendozy suspects foul play, as he had sent the girl to rent an apartment in the Velendrei apartments before reporting for work. He will pay for solid information and proof of her whereabouts.

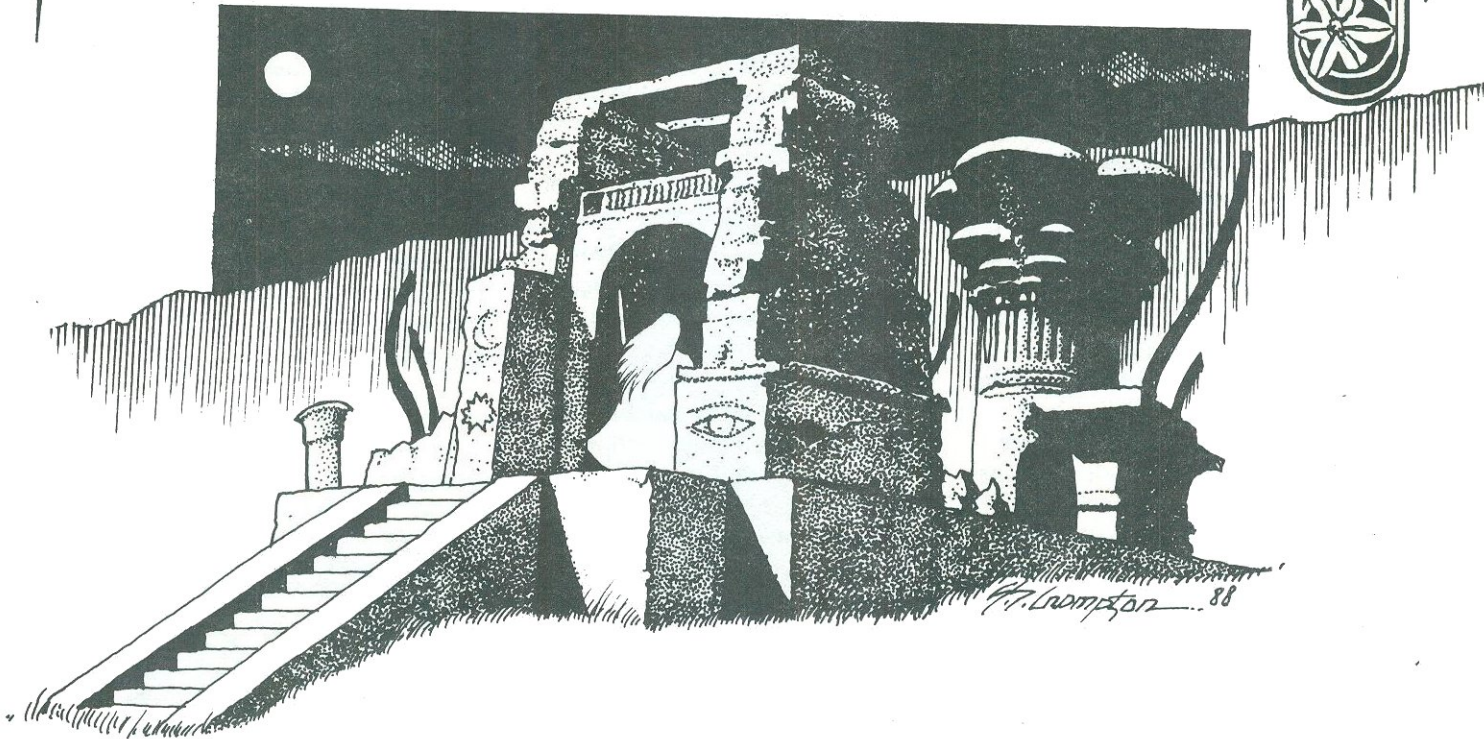
5) Skully hires the party to investigate some strange goings-on around the apartments, as a few female residents have complained about Roger's unsettling attitude toward them.

6) Cio is about to perform her ritual at the abandoned shrine. She wants to leave Skully's Harbor immediately after restoring her lover. She also wants to take Maggie with her. She will hire the party to kidnap Maggie, as she does not want the child's parents getting in trouble for allowing their little girl to leave with Cio.

7) The Elders of Dimwald hire the party to capture and bring the child-killing black witch (Cio) to trial so she may receive her proper punishment before their God. They will pay fifty gold pieces for her, if she is brought to them bound and gagged, and rendered harmless by claria.



Abandoned Shrine



ABANDONED SHRINE

The abandoned shrine is wrapped in mystery as impenetrable as the river mists at dawn. It would seem that the shrine predates the creation of the Ælves, though none knows for sure. All that is really known is that the Shrine is a skeleton of the building it once was. Thick steel beams, melted and bent like candles in the hot sun, spiral upward nearly forty feet. The Shifters of long ago called the Skully's Harbor area the Mantor, or "Place of the Beginning." They believed the Shrine was the center of all that was. They built onto the steel skeleton heavy arches of rock spanning the doorways of the prayer chambers. The wooden walls deteriorated ages ago, leaving a myriad of interlinking stone bridges that raise their withered faces to the sky.

The surface of the shrine is an unadorned rock slab. Eight curving pillars reach to the sky. Six feet from the corner pillar on the northwest side is a small metal door. At one time this was a bunker, but now it is covered with several inches of loose, mossy dirt.

Under the door is a small stairway in which an Ælf would have to duck. The stairs go down underneath the shrine into a dark, musty room with boxes of small grey cylinders piled on one side and a table and chairs in the center of the room. There are the dusty remains of cots and some very fragile looking bones and skulls. In the dark they seem to glow faintly green.

A desk lies on the far right side of the room. Should a party member lay his hand on the desk, his weight will activate a speaking

hologram. A moving image of a handsome Sardin in a strange uniform of deep blue and gold will appear. He is sitting at a large desk talking earnestly about something. The message will finish speaking after a few moments, and then will repeat over and over again. Leaning on the desk will not turn the image off. It will continue about a quarter of an hour. There are only a few trinkets lying around the room, none of which is recognizable to the party members. Better gold is to be found elsewhere.

A legend says that the goddess of the shrine was once very angry and blew a fiery breath at the building, hot enough to melt steel. The Ælves, as a rule, do not like this place, as they have no great love for steel. There is another, more recent, legend that a very attractive giant with the face of a

god haunts the shrine. He is a gentle spirit, although any who act discourteously may find he can bring swift and unpleasant reprisals.

This is the Shrine of the goddess Orijha, a benevolent moon goddess who has fallen from popularity. She still has a few steadfast believers, mostly star-crossed lovers, as she is very forgiving of unasked yet undeniable loves. One such couple was Lord Terrigon, an Azurinite in command of an Ælven fleet, and the wizardess Cio of the Dargonathian College. These two fell in love accidentally, and when they were forbidden to marry by the customs of the Dargonaths, they came to the wise old Goddess of the Skies. It

was here at this shrine that they were married by her laws.

Standing on the seamlessly flowing stone with no walls or ceiling and only the stars and trees as witnesses, they were wed, after which they returned to their normal lives, swearing to return on the moonrise of each solstice. Perhaps it was some conspiracy of the Dargonathian College or of the Crow Clan or even Hammil himself who crushed Terrigon in a raging flood in order to separate the lovers; or perhaps it was just a fluke of the river Styrrm, out west where it is still untamed; but Cio found his nearly-dead form washed up on shore. Orijha so pitied the couple that she stole his spirit from his dying body and preserved

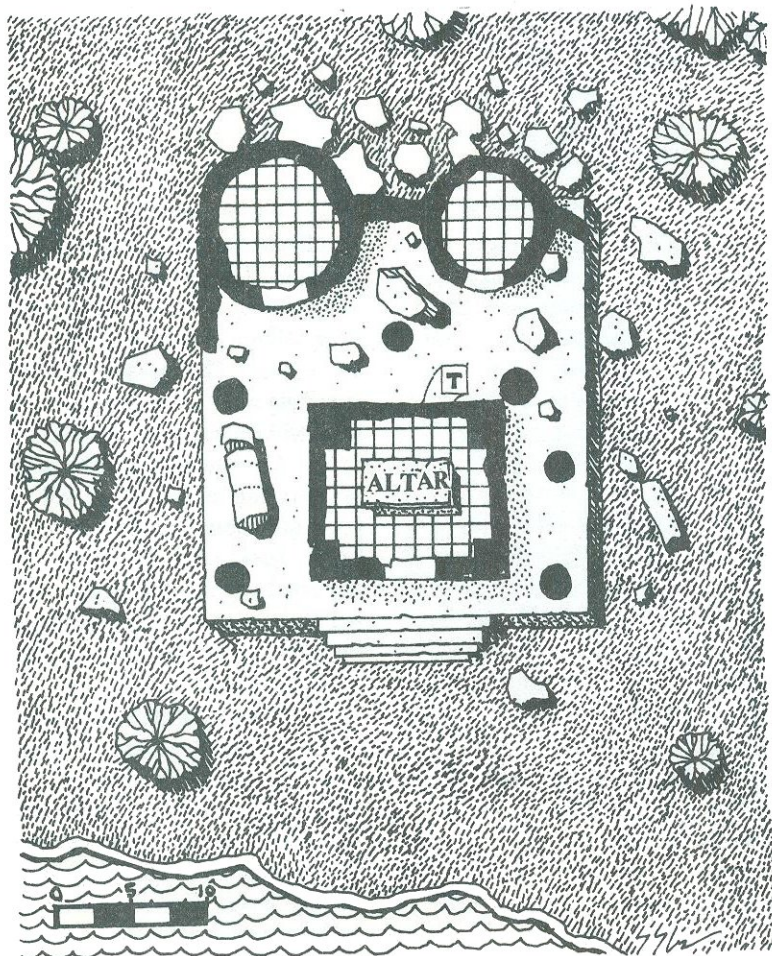
it in the temple. The Goddess told the two that she by herself was not a powerful enough deity to deny death, but if Cio would continue her studies, she would grow to a level where she could, with the help of the Goddess, bring Terrigon to be mortal by night and a guardian spirit by day who could travel with Cio until her death. Thereafter, Orijha would take them to live forever with her. Thus, the shrine is haunted until Cio comes to free her lover's spirit.

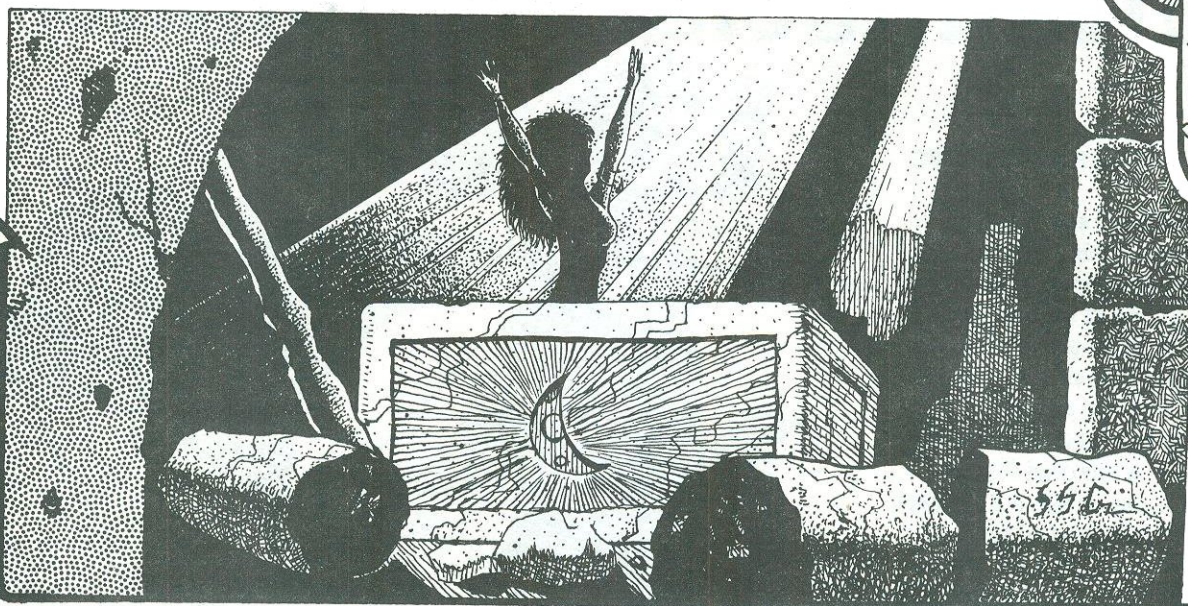
PERSONALITIES:

LORD TERRIGON



Kindred: Azurinite
 Deity: Orijha, the Moon Goddess
 Age: Eternal
 Sex: Male
 Height: 7' 2"
 Weight: He is weightless.
 Hair/Eyes: His flaming white hair seems to blow in a breeze that only he can feel. His eyes are vacant, reflecting unseen mists of another place.
 Appearance: His long white tunic extends to just above his knees, and is belted with a woven-silver sash. From his belt hangs an empty scabbard (his sword was washed away when he was killed). A simple amethyst circlet holds his long hair in place, and he





wears a marriage necklace on his chest. On his forearms are the silver vambraces of a Lejentia Lord, set with sapphires to denote the marine branch of the order. He wears no shoes, as his feet never touch the ground. His aura is curving shapes of black and white, reminiscent of the colors of a deep-sea dolphin or orca, constantly in slow, arching motion.

Physical Skills: He was once a great Lord with a wide range of physical skills at his command, but now his physical prowess is nonexistent (E).

Magic Ability: He no longer seeks to do harm, as he can no longer be harmed. The only exceptions are if Cio is in danger or the shrine is threatened, and then few mortals can match his magical skills. His powers are roughly that of an angel, as he is a guardian for the Goddess (A).

Addendum: He is kind, and will harm no one who poses no threat to Cio or the shrine.

He is patiently waiting for Cio to come and free him so he can hold her in his arms again. He says, "I will live again soon, when the sun's face hides itself, and I will guard her as she walks the world by day. Thus, am I not one of the Lost Tribe now?" A faint smile might cross his lips as he whispers, "I can't wait..."

SCENARIOS:

1) Knosso hires the party to chase the ghost from the shrine, as he has just recently acquired title to this "worthless scrap of land," and he wants to tear the shrine down. Terrigon will not disturb the party in their adventuring so long as they do no harm to the shrine and they take nothing.

2) One of the party members, after having been in the shrine, dreams that one of the silver cylinders has ghosts of dead men floating out of it. He will hear the voice of the Goddess Orijha telling him to seek out Cio and "Help her perform her rite, which

will end with the destruction of the shrine. The souls of the dead should be freed." He sees great Sardin cities, and sees the Sardin souls caught in the cylinder as burning white light so hot that it burns their shadows into the ground. He will wake up sweating and trembling, convinced the party has only three days to find Cio and free the "hungry waiting light."

Orijha is mistaken about the cylinders and what they contain. Give the party clues as to what is in the silver containers, as you don't want them to glow. The spell can be laid from outside the shrine, or Cio's lover could help activate it.

3) The churchmen of Dimwald have seized custody of Maggie (for her own good) and plan to send her away to a convent school in the city of Gaulden. Her frantic parents ask Cio to rescue their daughter and take her somewhere safe. Cio promises to do so, but must now hire the party to do it as she will soon be too involved in the Rite to be able to rescue the girl, or protect either Maggie or herself.

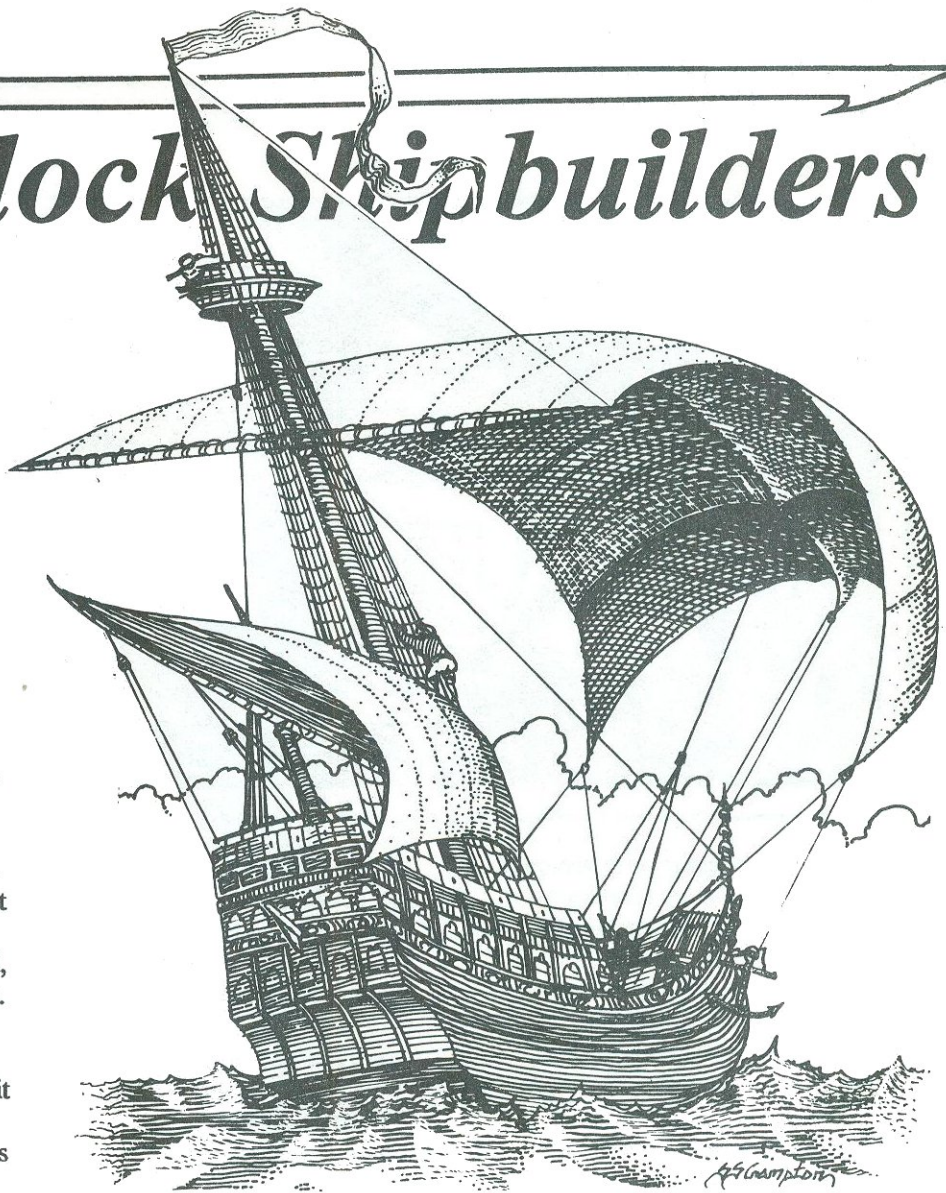
Maddock Shipbuilders

MADDOCK SHIPBUILDERS

With 12,600 square feet of interior space, this well-equipped building can accommodate three nearly complete ships or parts of several ships at any given time. There is always at least one full-size trading ship under construction. The roof soars up more than a hundred feet to accommodate finished dual-level, and nearly finished tri-level traders. These ships are then hauled outside and completed with their bellies up, until the hulls have been finished, coated, and sealed to be completely seaworthy. Only then are they upended and set afloat. The inside detailing is then done and the masts are raised, which takes about two more weeks. When the ship is finally ready, Maddock proudly takes it for a glide around the Harbor and runs it just under the Bridge of Tears, violating the Tarin Tor boundary as his personal act of defiance.

The shop itself bustles with activity, with winches churning, steam-powered lathes chugging, and the incessant banging of the chisels, axes, and split hammers against wood. Traffic is not heavy through the locks of Skully's Harbor, but it is very steady, allowing ample support for such a business. The shop is always open to receive, or tow in if necessary, any damaged vessel.

The high roof rests on two tremendous columns that support three vaulted arches over each of the three bays. A balcony in the main building completely encircles the first of the three bays. It holds six offices, one for each of the three main crew chiefs, one for Maddock, one for



Oridur, and one that serves as a buyers' conference room. The smaller railing of the office balcony is intricately carved with dragons and other legendary creatures. Maddock oversees all the construction from his office high in the rafters, often initiating changes after a stroll along the catwalks which cross the three bays.

There is one particularly odd thing about Maddock's office. As one enters, one steps on a solid oak floor for about three feet. From that point on, it seems to have no floor. Upon closer inspection, one sees that the ten by twelve foot space is covered by four-inch-thick glass. Most people who enter this office for the first

time will stay on the wooden part of the floor which encircles the sides of the room in a three foot width to where his massive, carved, oak desk sits on a twelve by fourteen foot oak floor.

It should be noted that Maddock judges people on the way they walk into his office. The glass is cleaned each day, so it is hard to detect its presence. If a man walks in and comes around to the desk via the wood walkway, Maddock thinks he is cautious and unimaginative. Most of those who buy ships from him fall into this category. He usually charges them a little more, figuring they will not balk at his prices since he is the only shipwright this side of Gaulden.

A man who walks on the glass and still worries about falling will not receive much respect. Maddock takes that sort for a braggart or "big brass", because he believes that a man should make a decision and then live with it, whether it be right or wrong. In his opinion, a man who can't accept the responsibility that comes with making a decision cannot be trusted.

Anyone who looks at the glass floor and decides to walk on it without giving it another thought will usually win Maddock's respect as a man who minds life's details yet takes most things in stride.

Only one man ever entered the office and walked across the glass without even looking at it. When asked about his seeming carelessness, he said only that he was in the hands of his god, Oden, and he would only die when the god so willed. So why worry? Maddock took all of two minutes to hire the man who now oversees the entire project. His office is next to Maddock's.

Another small office on the end of the first pier is the boat rental office. The rental craft are mostly small boats that Maddock has made on order for people who

either couldn't pay for them when he was finished or who never came back for their small craft after Maddock had fixed them. The rents are cheap, as Maddock cares little about them one way or the other. He keeps the business as a way to please his father, who is too arthritic to work in the factory.

PERSONALITIES:

MADDOCK



Kindred: Sardin
Deity: Jehovah

Age: 43

Sex: Male

Height: 6'2"

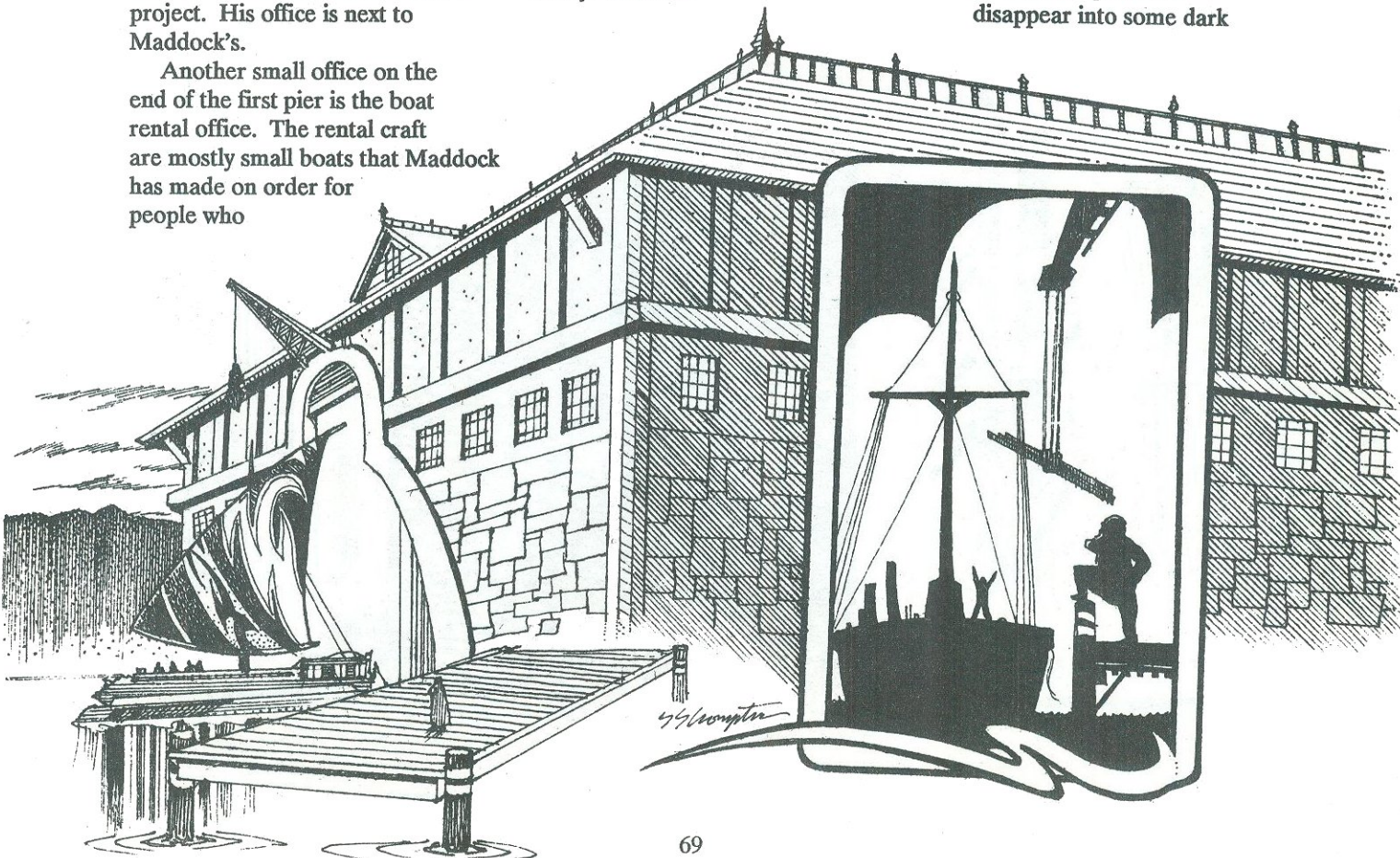
Weight: 285 pounds

Hair/Eyes: The silvery strands of his short hair are slicked back from his faintly receding hairline. His hooded brown eyes are difficult to read.

Appearance: As an Elder of the Church in Dimwald, he always dresses in a conservative manner. His seaman's jacket is all black, and very full. It is always neat and clean, with sharply pressed black shirt and polished small brass buttons. He also wears a large seaman's bow of fine black silk under his collar.

Physical Skills: Maddock is too fat to fight well. He is more of a strategist, and can orchestrate a small battle very well. (E).

Magic Ability: In the dead of night with only the night shift working, he will disappear into some dark

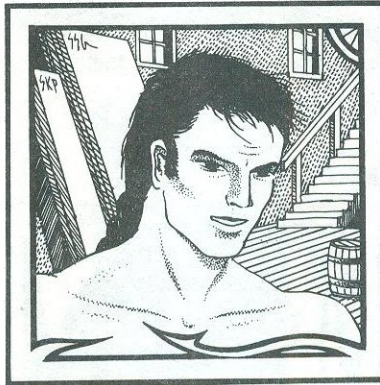


corner for several hours to recite some scrolls. These deal strictly with shipbuilding and strengthen the materials from which a ship is built. There are also two protective charms and a spell to help a vessel repel any direct cannon attack. As a Sardin and a believer in Jehovah, he has no personal magical skills (E).

Addendum: No one alive knows of these scrolls. Father Fergeson of Dimwald would throw Maddock out of the church if he knew. Maddock would kill a thief to protect his secret. He cares a great deal about his father and is very concerned about the old man's dreams of going adventuring in the plains far to the west. He will carefully watch any adventurer

who talks to his father too much or starts the "dreams of glory" again. He may even ask the adventurer to leave his father alone.

ORIDUR



Kindred: Sardin
Deity: Oden, the Earth God
Age: Late twenties
Sex: Male
Height: 5'10"

Weight: 167 pounds

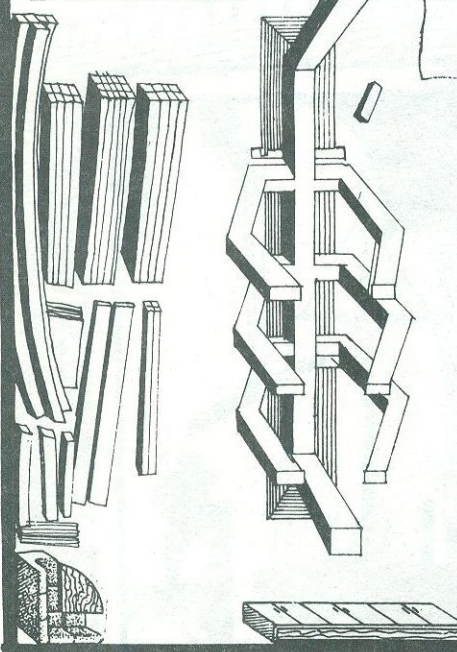
Hair/Eyes: His long braids are tied together, and hang straight down his bare back. His eyes are dark.

Appearance: He usually wears a tight-fitting pair of buckskin pants, which blend perfectly with the tan on his bare upper body. He seldom wears a shirt and always wears short heavy boots.

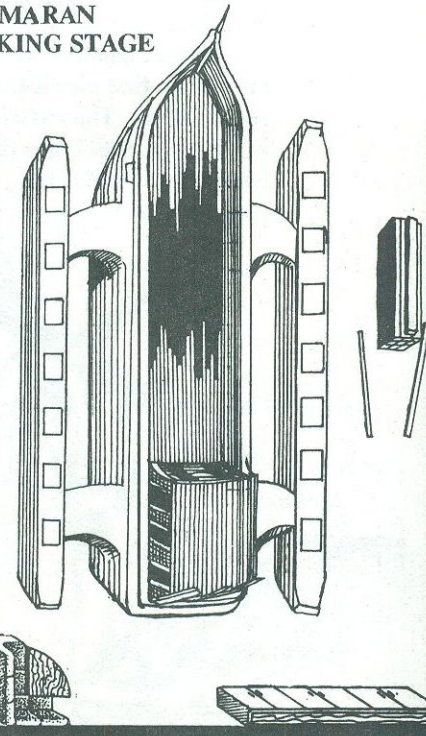
Physical Skills: He prides himself on his ability to handle his body like a weapon. His empty hands are more deadly than most men's holding a sword. He owns no weapons, nor would he fight with them if offered. His fighting abilities are are very good (A).

Magic Ability: He has a very good power of bluff that is not magical, but he can frighten a good many into thinking it is.

TRI-MARAN
IN FRAME STAGE



TRI-MARAN
IN DECKING STAGE



His God watches out for him, he believes. He is a fearless fighter due to his belief that he cannot die until his God calls his soul name (E).

Addendum: He enjoys working for Maddock, and has helped the shop to turn out better products at a faster rate than ever before. He is good at designing things, as Maddock found out once accidentally, and has proven to be Maddock's best employee.

KRUSS MADDOCK

Kindred: Sardin

Deity: Jehovah (After a fashion!)

Age: 64

Sex: Male

Height: 5'8"

Weight: 182 pounds

Hair/Eyes: He is completely bald, except for a short, scraggly

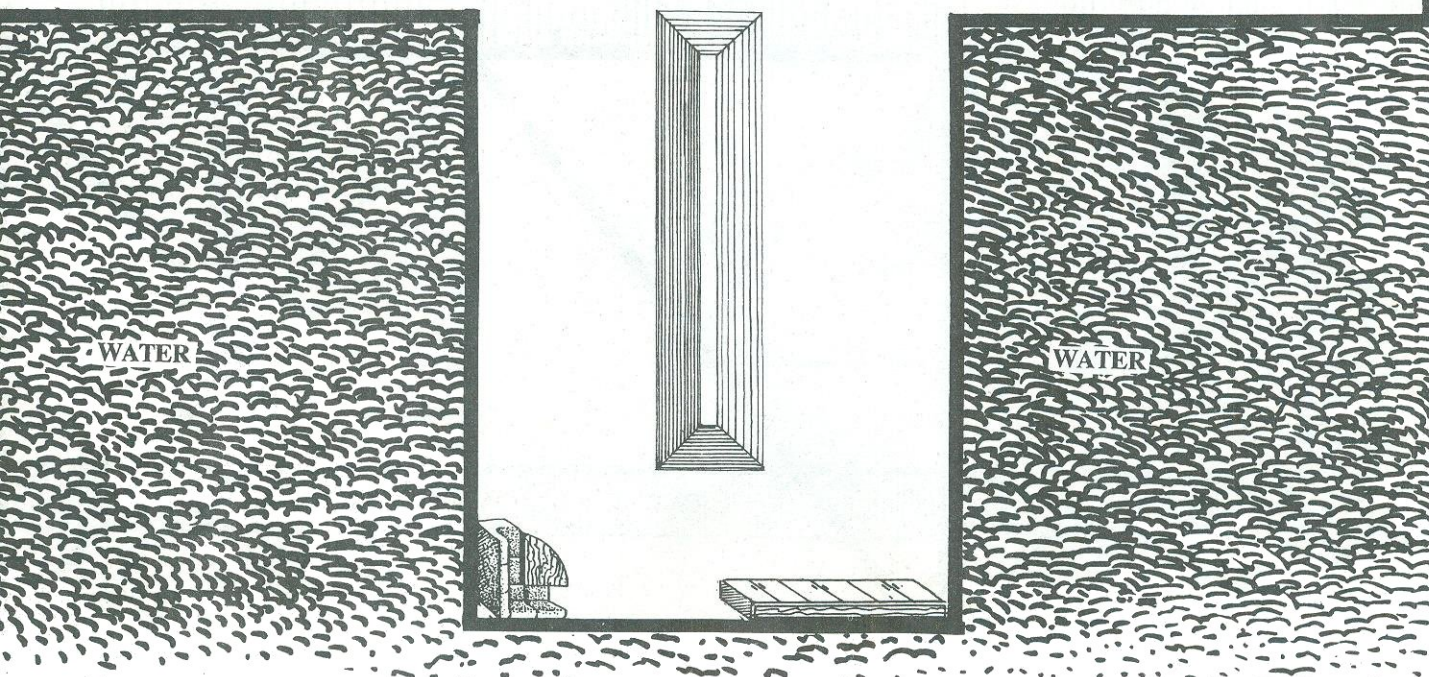
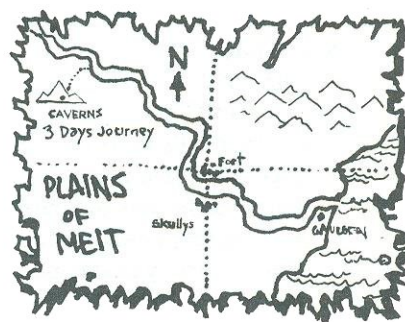
beard. His eyes are grey.
Appearance: His clothes always look tousled, but they are clean and show no holes in the fabric.



Physical Skills: He can still wield a short sword, although he's been out of circulation a bit (C).

Magic Ability: He is Sardin and hence has none (E).

Addendum: Kruss wants to go on one last adventure to the Caverns of the Dead Horse God to drink from the Well of Life. He will pay for the adventure with some loot he has saved from his old pirate days. He has a map to the caverns and a knowledge of the guards there that could get him in with a minimum amount of trouble. He believes that a spring there, the enchanted Well of Life, would add to an old man's years.



E. GADDIN SNILL



Kindred: Sardin

Deity: Jehovah

Age: 51

Sex: Male

Height: 5'3"

Weight: 140 lb.

Hair/Eyes: His fluffy silver-white hair is tied in a ponytail, but when he gets excited the top strands, which are too short and wiry to stay bound, tend to rise like a rooster's crest. His dark brown eyes

peer aggressively from under bushy black brows.

Appearance: From his shiny black boots and mustard-colored wool pants to his multicolored shirt and purple, heavily embroidered satin vest, Gaddin is the epitome of a wealthy gentleman of Tarn, enjoying a vacation from the duties of his social station and good taste.

Position: A former judge from Tarn, Gaddin retired fairly young after inheriting a large fortune from a distant relation no one had ever heard of before (right after he acquitted the infamous Brandin Hyras of eighteen counts of piracy). While sailing the Styrrm on his new yacht, the Justice, Gaddin encountered a Hellish ship called the Singing Skull. He commanded his captain not to yield right-of-way; Seit Nigira

would simply have to wait in line and go through the lock after the Justice. He now waits impatiently for Maddock to finish repairing the extensive damage to his ship.

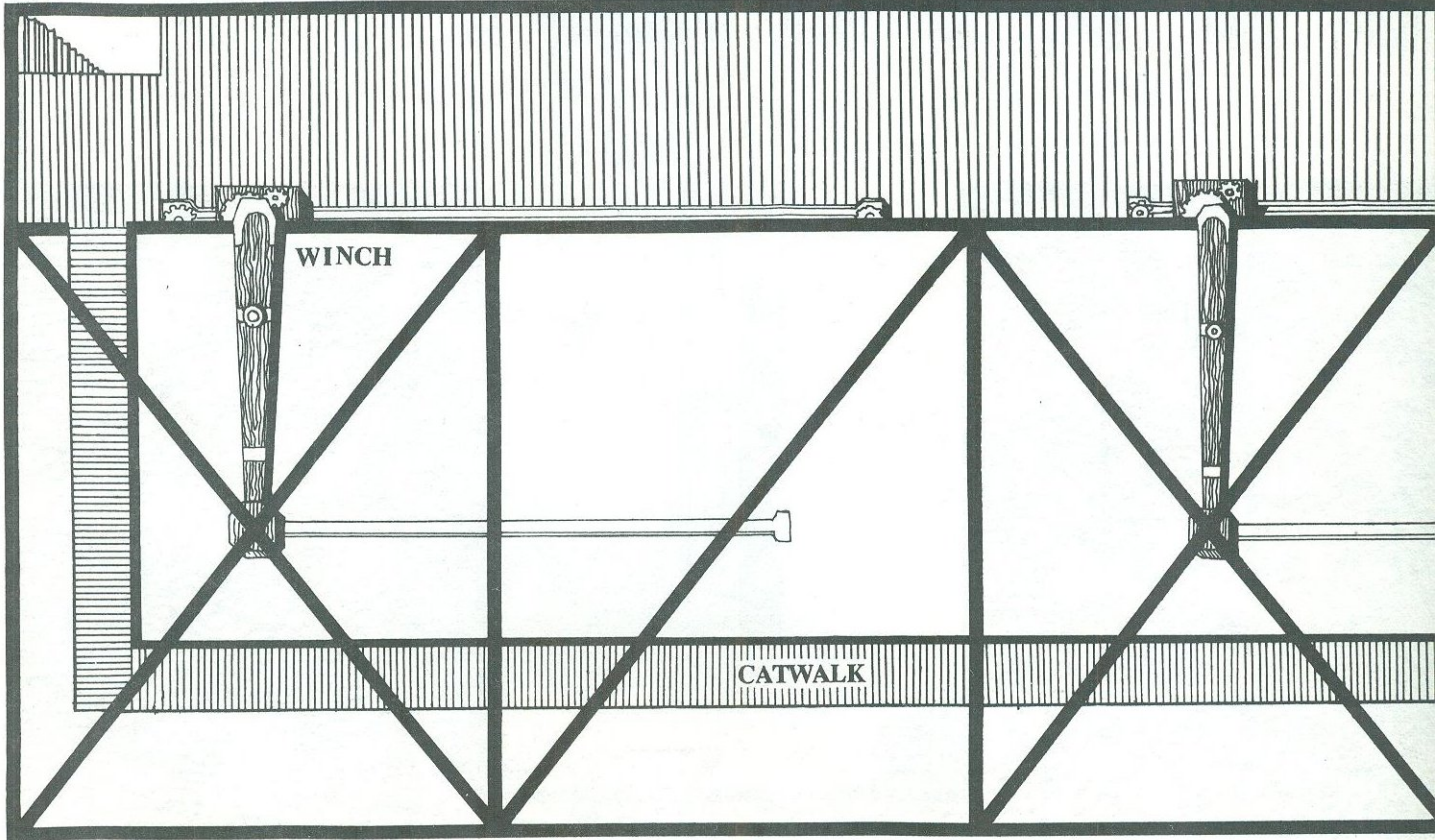
Physical Skills: A sword is concealed in his gold-handled cane. A duellist in his youth, Gaddin is surprisingly capable with it, but is more likely to reprimand fresh youngsters with a sharp slap from the cane itself (B).

Magic Ability: He has none (E).

Addendum: E. Gaddin Snill has a grudge against Seit Nigira, and will pay anyone to deliver to her, in person, a bill for the damage to his yacht.

SCENARIOS:

1) While out one day in a boat, the party witnesses a small band of men in Tarin Tor uniforms going in and out of a mountainside. These are Seit Nigira's men, preparing a



new nest for some Noville troops. If they realize they have been seen, they will immediately attack.

Though only seven men are active outside, two hundred troops are at work in the cave. They include nine Dargonaths, seven Sardins, twelve Ælves, thirty soldier Novilles, fifty-three soldier/worker Novilles, and eighty-nine worker Novilles (non-combatant, but they look dangerous).

2) Maddock hires one or all of the party as crew members on his newest creation. His tradition states that he must always sail a new vessel under the Bridge of Tears. The Hellish guards usually attempt to damage the vessel, and have even on occasion launched a boarding party from the bridge.

The party would be paid half a quince per day for a ten day trip

down to Gaulden, with a brief detour under the Bridge. After delivery, they may stay in Gaulden or return with Maddock to the Harbor, free of charge.

3) The party wishes to command a ship of their own, a sixteen foot schooner. Maddock tells them he will charge them only three crowns for it. However, should they care to work off the amount, they could go and rescue Skully's son from the tanning mill in Gaulden. Maddock will give the party a twenty-two foot schooner, and Skully will give them an unlimited free stay and food in the Harbor in addition to 200 quince each. Skully's undying favor should also be worth a great deal.

4) The party makes friends with old Kruss Maddock. He tells them he knows how to get into the Dead Horse Caverns, and if the party

will take him, he will foot the bill, including the use of the ship they will need.

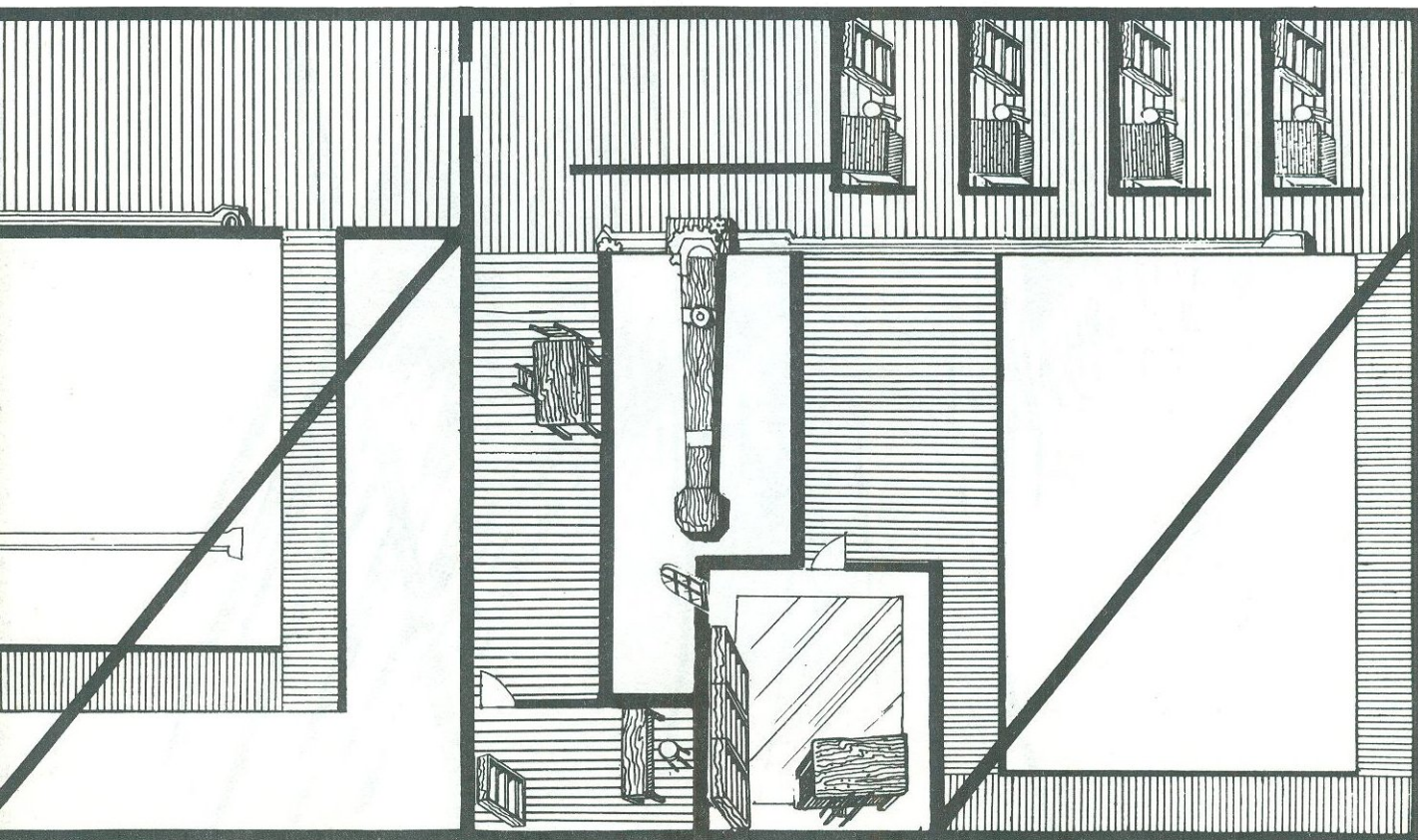
5) Maddock will pay dearly to find his father, who has gone off adventuring into the Dead Horse Caverns. He hires the party to go find him.

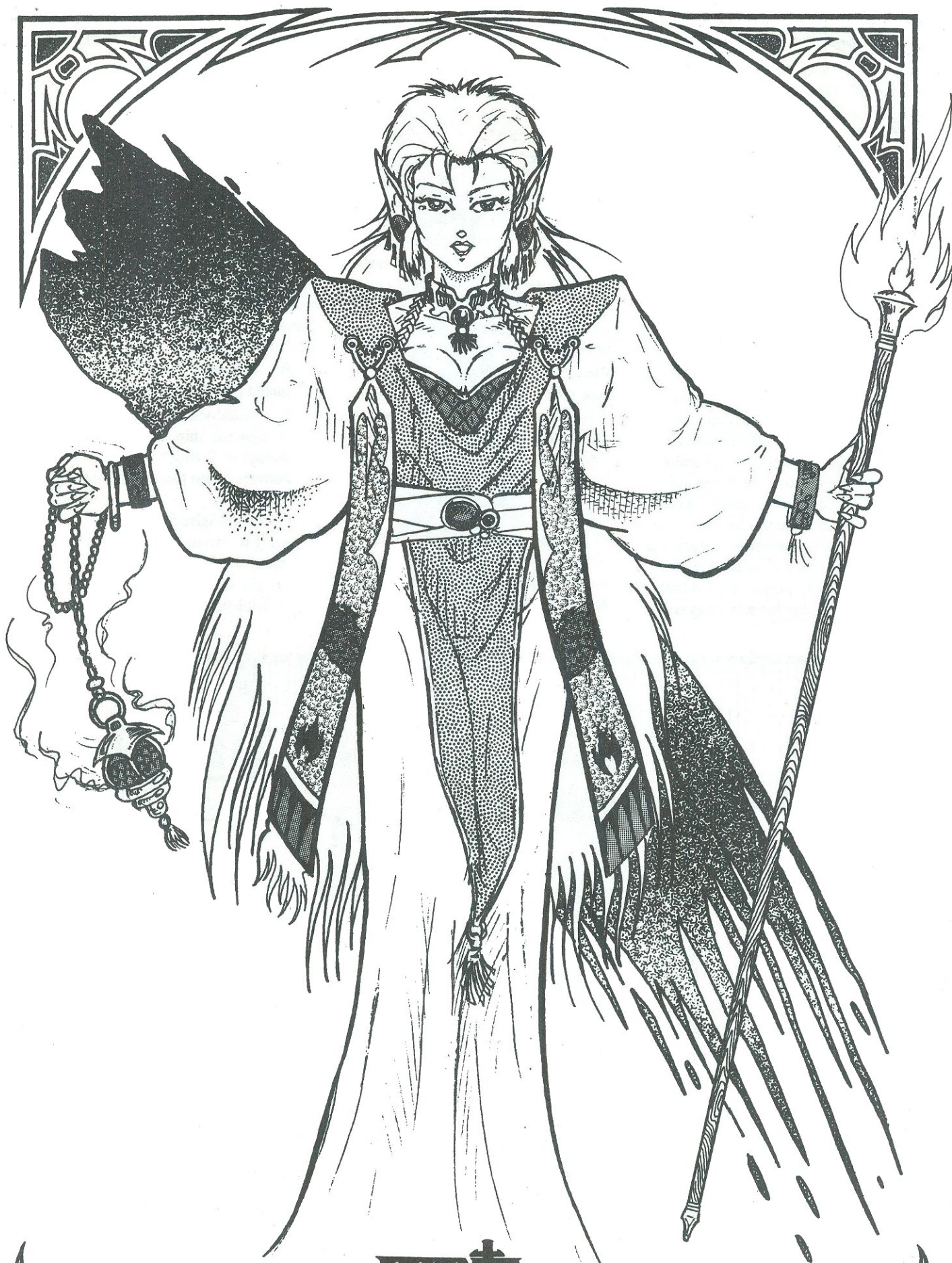
6) Maddock has developed a new experimental ship, a tri-maran war barge, made to withstand the attack of a crystal cannon.

A) Maddock hires the party to guard this ship.

B) Maddock hires the party to crew the ship on its maiden voyage to Sycira, to be delivered into the High Lord's service.

C) Seit Nigira hires the party to use any means to learn the ship's secret, and tell her of the new technology.





Grace Ma'Kael

TEMPLE OF ARIENDALE

"The temple was created as a place where Ælf and Human can come in peace to find whatever their lives are missing, so they may become whole. For only as whole beings can they leave this place with the hope of bringing the world closer together through peace and understanding of one another."

-- The Holy Son

"FEEL WELCOME AND COMFORTED, ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE." This Ælven philosophy is inscribed on a dark stone plaque in every known language, even Hellish, on the left side of the ornate archway leading into the Grace Ma'Kael Temple. This is the opulent temple of the Ælven Mothers, where all races and beliefs are welcomed.

Immediately within the courtyard, a small suspended urn flickers with lavender and green fire. This eternal flame serves as the first guardian of the temple.

To open the heavy bronze door, one must run a hand through the heart of the fire. It represents the will of Ariendale, Matron of all the Ælven Goddesses, and will not burn any who truly mean no harm to those who dwell inside. Let those who plan harm, beware -- for the flame will surely be fatal.

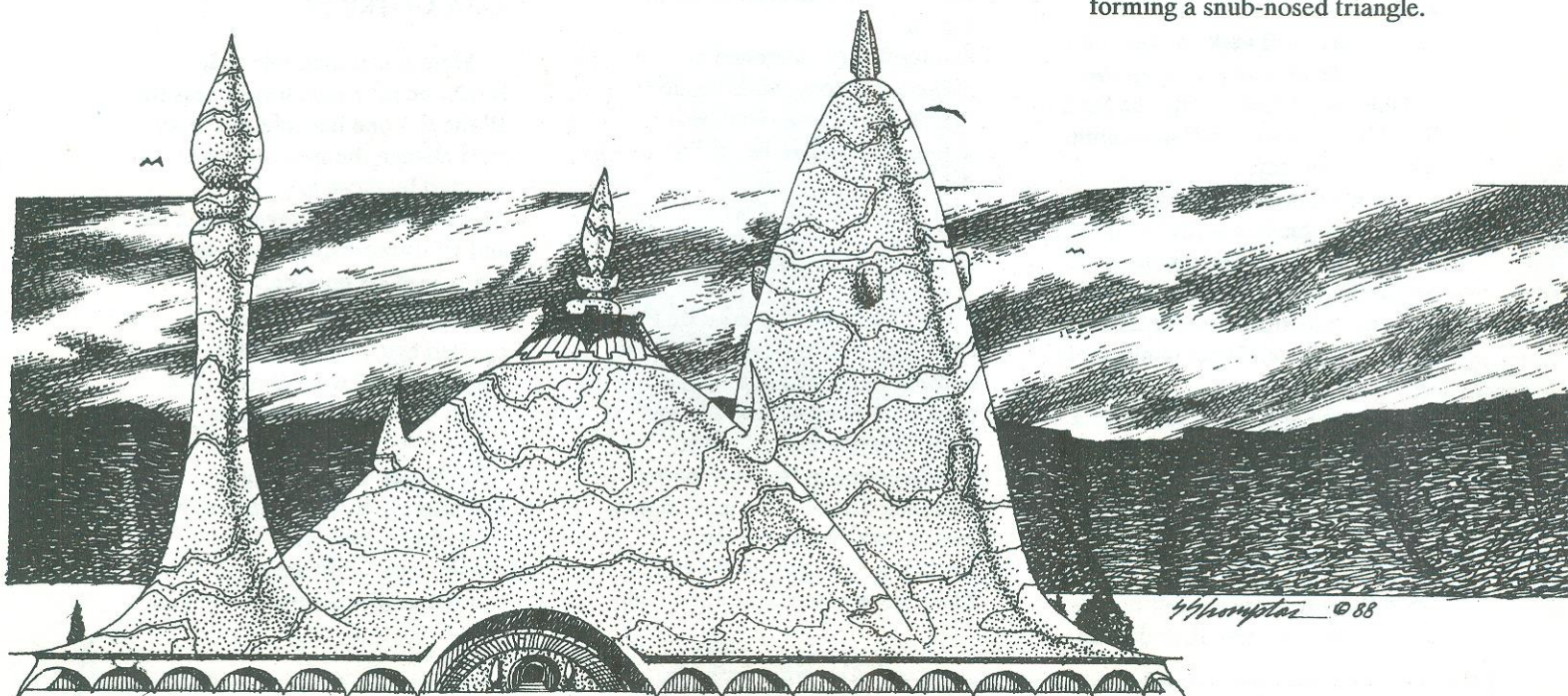
In this courtyard stand an altar and a statue for each of the Mothers. Above the arched doorway is a statue of Ariendale in armor, holding a child in her right arm and a sword in her left, and standing on a burial pyre.

The heavy bronze doors will quietly slide aside, waiting until their guests are through the doorway before closing again.. Within is a world of sensual peace, complete with lilting Ælven music and the pleasing scents of night blossoms and gardenia. Ascending the three wide steps and strolling down the tunnel, one is

surrounded by a pleasant mist with random sparkles of color.

The tunnel ends in a beautiful courtyard bathed in the late afternoon light of a mild spring day. The courtyard is full of robed Ælves passing by on errands. It opens onto the courtyard in the Master Temple of Ariendale on the Island of Monti, over nine thousand miles away. It is not an illusion or a deception. The temple here in Skully's Harbor is so much a part of the Master Temple on Monti that they actually share the same space and time in many parts. This courtyard, like the glen encampment and the Garden of Secrets, is part of Monti, and Monti's temple is a part of it. One cannot travel to Monti permanently by entering this temple, but one can overlook the events on that other continent.

From the outside, the whole temple is a moderately sized building enclosed by four walls forming a snub-nosed triangle.



Yet, inside are mountains, vast fields of grain, flowing streams, and several smaller shrines and temples.

The courtyard is shaped like a heart. Five passages lead out from it to the Garden of Secrets, library, glen encampment, front entrance, and garden, and stairs lead down to the Field of Sleep.

In the courtyard, a Brother or Sister will welcome newcomers and ask them to follow the rules posted on plaques around the temple. He or she will ask the visitor's purpose here, and will direct the visitor through one of the eight doorways.

RULES OF THE TEMPLE

The plaques posted here and there on the walls state the rules of the Temple in several languages. These rules are as follows:

1. No weapons shall be openly displayed or used to threaten other guests. Anyone so doing will lose his weapons for the duration of his stay.
2. No guest will make a home at the temple without giving up the outside world and joining the Sect. The High Priestess will determine who is so worthy.
3. No guest will initiate danger to another guest, whether in "jest" or not. No overtly threatening gestures will be tolerated, nor will any deliberate harm inflicted on the brethren. Strict punishment will be exacted.
4. No guest should try to entice a Brother or Sister away from the temple, or try to make him/her do something against Ariendale's creed.
5. Guests are welcome to enjoy all the gifts of the temple, but may not remove any item they did not



own when they entered the temple. A strict punishment will be exacted for crimes of theft from the temple.

6. Guests may not stray into areas where Brethren have cautioned them not to go, as their lives might thus be forfeit.
7. The Brethren of the temple are not responsible for acts of retribution inflicted by Ariendale for acts of blasphemy inside the temple.
8. Guests are cautioned not to make hasty vows while inside the temple walls, as Ariendale is always listening to her childrens' words.

GARDEN OF SECRETS

Through the first door on the right, one passes down a dimly lit hallway with walls of pale grey mist, then climbs three shallow steps into the twilight of the Garden of Secrets, home of the Weeping Statue. The garden does have a roof, far above the spreading branches of the trees. The foliage is dense and the night

flowers bloom everywhere, their sweet perfume filling the air. Listening carefully, one may hear soft sobbing coming from just ahead in the bushes. Around a bend on the little path, one comes upon the Weeping Statue.

Once she was a living woman. She is a captive of Ariendale and must truthfully answer any question put to her. She is free to move around on top of a granite pillar, and will converse until asked a question. At that point she will answer and then freeze, not to move or speak again for one hour.

Past the statue, the pathway leads to what looks like a golden staircase leading up to the mighty Hall of Truth. Around the stairs flit ghostly images. They live in the Garden of Secrets, and are the memories of the lies one has told in one's life. It is best not to listen to their whispers, as their sounds have driven some men as mad as wild dogs. They may consume anyone who listens too closely, or gives in to fear.

HALL OF TRUTH

Here it is impossible to lie. Here one may seek forgiveness for all the lies one has told, and may even change the past as it has been affected by those lies. If Ariendale grants forgiveness, a lie and all its consequences, even death, may be undone.

The Hall is shaped like a pointed egg, about sixty feet long, and thirty feet wide at its widest point. It is divided into two rooms.

The larger area, for major ceremonies, is illuminated only by a pit of holy blue fire. Here, staring into the flames, one may commune with Ariendale, or watch

the High Priestess perform the spectacular rites of this ancient faith. A table next to the fire pit holds objects to be blessed, and incense to be added to the flames. Six curved pews face the jeweled triangular altar, where stand statues of Vendridie, Ariel, and Anawaay, carved respectively from brilliantly striped agate, clear quartz, and crimson coral. The wall behind the altar is a large mosaic of Ariendale in chips of glittering blue stone, her arms outspread in benediction.

The small area at the point is for more intimate services. The platform at the tip, used as a dais and as an altar, is actually the top of the crypt of the Guardian, a Sardin whose devotion to Ariendale moved him to help build the temple when the Ælves first settled here. Carvings on the side of the crypt illustrate and tell the story of his sword, Hymil the Righteous, which is said to protect the wielder as he sleeps. It can only be wielded by a man, but a virgin can call the sword forth from its resting place by singing the Hymn of Hymil over the crypt. The sword was laid to rest by Tet Ton Aih.

She would be slightly disturbed if it were taken without her permission, as it is the greatest sword in all the land. It can heal mortal wounds if its wielder is reverent enough. It prefers the hand of a swordsman of the highest honor and devotion to Ariendale -- but it is frustrated at having been out of action for several centuries, and might allow itself to be used by almost anyone long enough to get out of the temple and find itself a worthy warrior. It will not harm an innocent person.



LIBRARY

This crescent-shaped room, reached from the second passage off the main courtyard, is filled with shelves of books, scrolls, and seemingly endless knowledge. Some say this library connects to the library of the Mothers on Monti, where the sum total of Ælven knowledge is said to be preserved, but none to date has proven it.

The library is closely watched by Sister D'bb Ykiel. The moment a visitor quietly voices a question, she will be there. She has been the guide here for as long as the temple has existed. Before that, she was a guide at the library on Monti.

There are twelve rooms and two lounges for reading and study. No book may be removed from this library, and all books, scrolls, and maps have voices with which to sing out if someone attempts to steal them.

FIELDS OF SLEEP

The Field of Sleep surrounds the guest rooms on all sides, and looks like a freshly ripened field

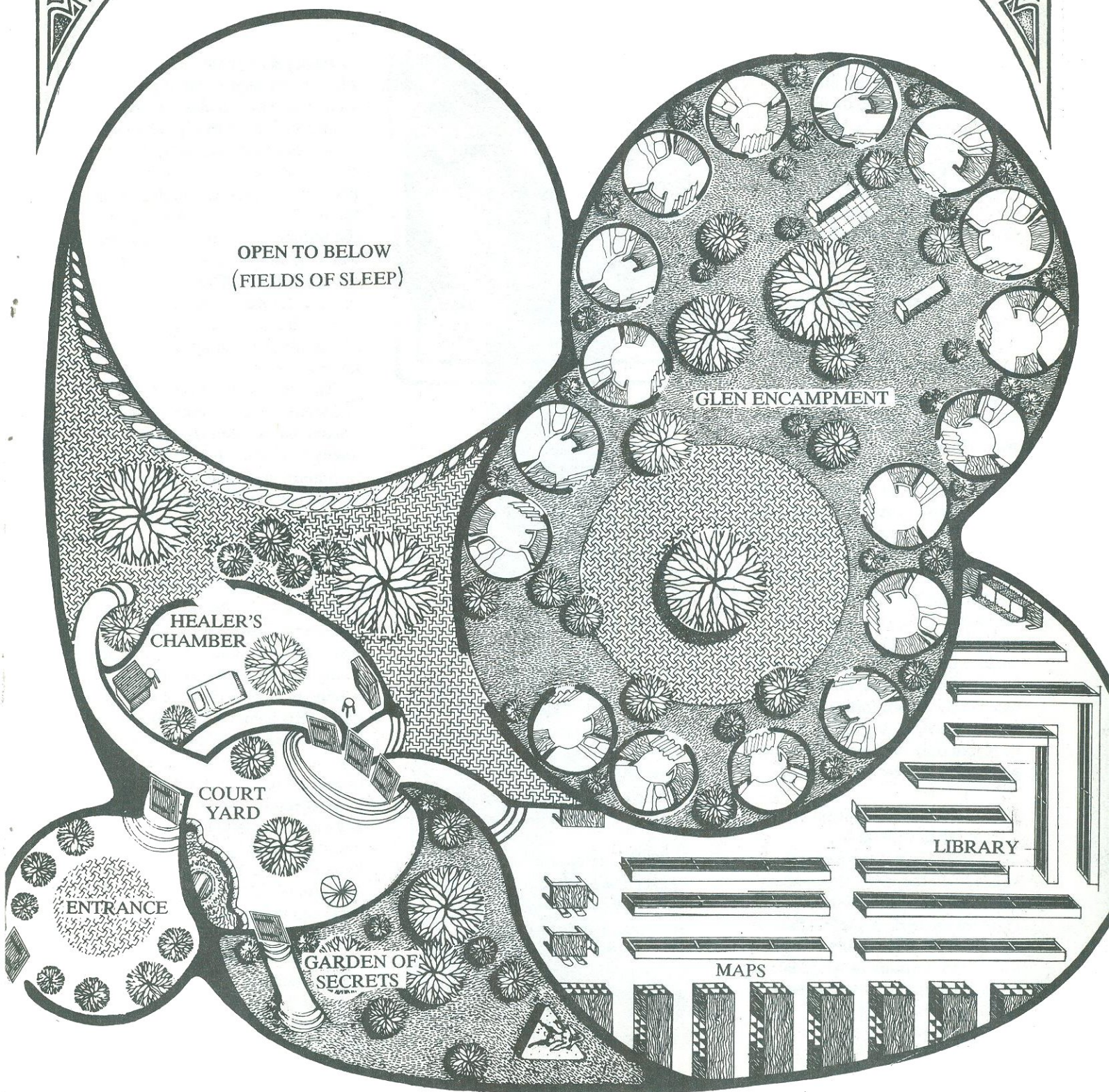
of canary seed ready for harvest. Flowing through its heart is the stream of Rendail, the source and strength of the Ælven people and their Goddesses, according to legend. By performing the prescribed ceremony on the banks of the Rendail and then drinking of the waters, a Sardin or Dargonath will be granted everlasting youth like that of the Ælves -- though, the legend warns, the price is one's immortal soul; one then shares the oblivion of the Ælves upon death.

The field is akin to the Mists of Memory in the Golden Griffin Casino, but without the same intensity of pain. It is possible to conjure up people who are lost or who have existed only in one's mind, but they are always an illusion to the creator and appear built of mists and memories.

The guardians of the Field are a mortal couple, Paolo and Francesca, who were blessed by their Goddess. Paolo is a handsome young man clothed in a stola, leaning back on a cloud of soft mists. His beloved lies against him, dressed in a thin golden gown, with her head resting on her lover's chest, her arm outstretched in quiet repose. They will answer any questions except the way to immortal life or how they came to be as they are. Should either question be asked, they will fade away and the Field will grow dark and dangerous, populated with all manner of monsters to plague the hapless visitors.

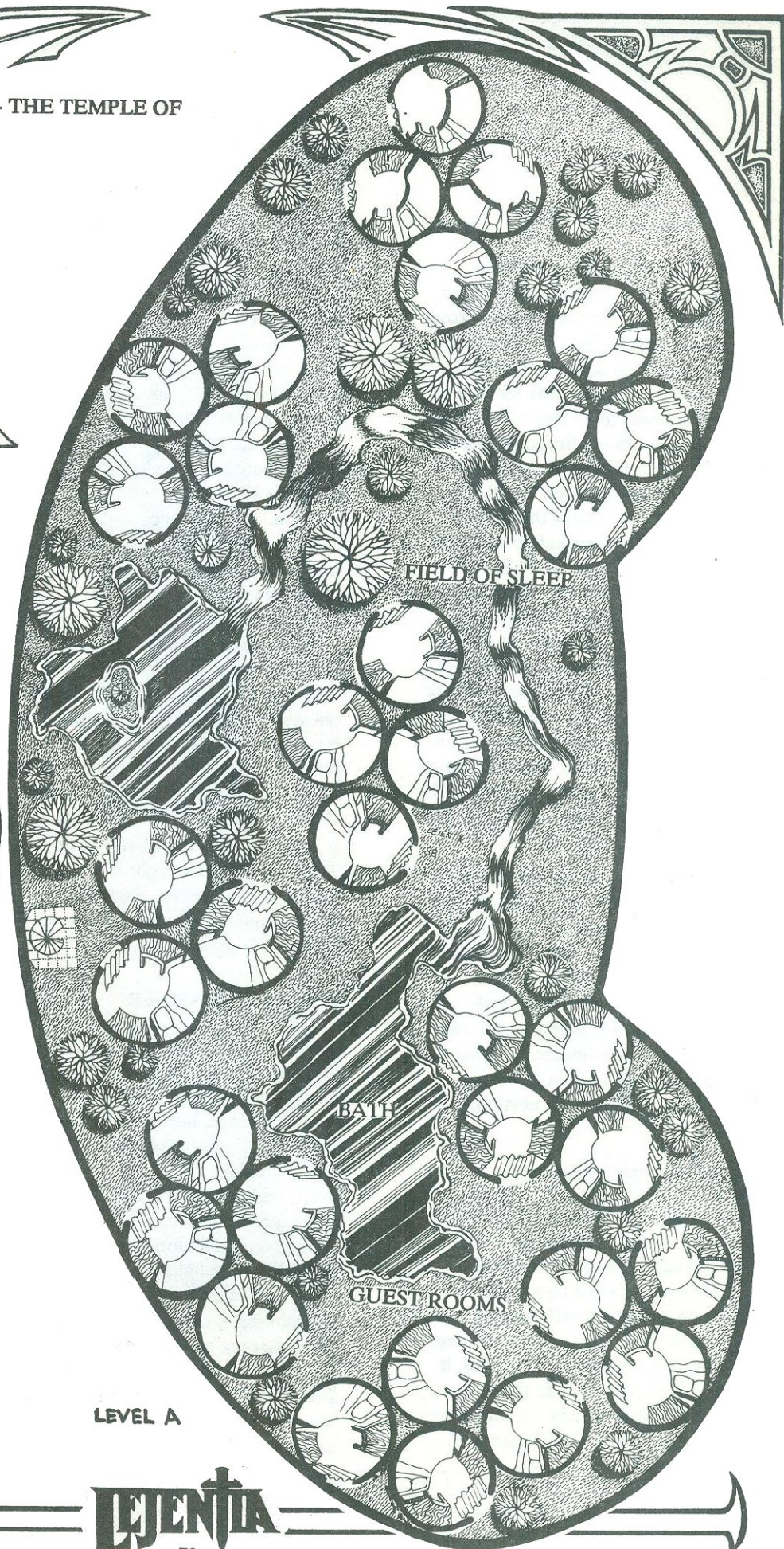
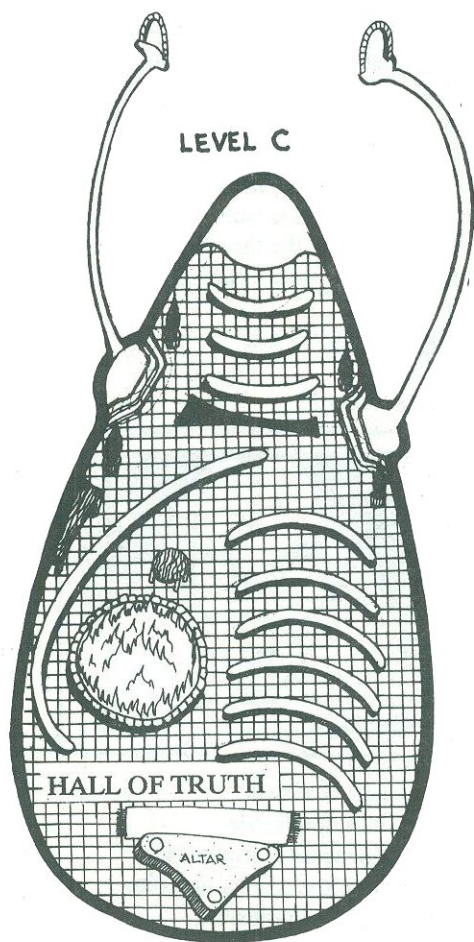
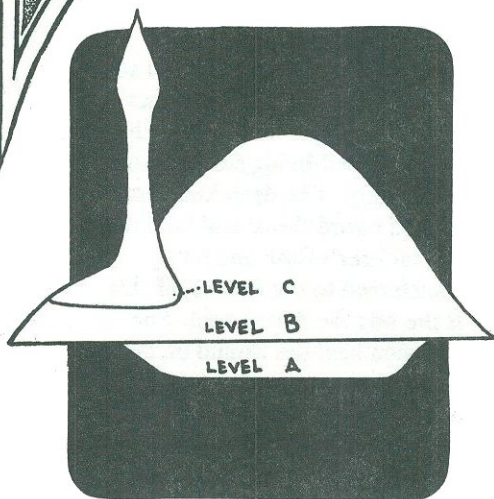
A spiral stair, incongruous in the seemingly endless field of grain, rises to disappear into thin air. It leads to the heart-shaped main courtyard. This is the only way out of the field. Walking, one would end up going in a big circle.

GRACE MA'KAEL TEMPLE



LEVEL B

GRACE MA'KAEL -- THE TEMPLE OF ARIENDALE



LEVEL A

THE GUEST ROOMS

For those who are weary, injured, or out of money with no place to go, the temple may prove the perfect haven. The Brother or Sister who greets a visitor will say that he is welcome for as long as he needs to be there. Leading the visitor down the softly glowing halls, through the Field of Sleep, and to a guest room, the acolyte will explain, "We of the temple wish you rest and safety while you stay beneath our roof." He will say which places may safely be explored, and which should be avoided. He will offer to serve as a guide, if need be. "The temple is not a house for the homeless or a sanctuary for the cowardly, but a house of strength and truth when it is needed by those who will repay us. Repay us not with gold, but by returning our kindness to others as you pass through life."

The guest rooms are arranged in groups of four. In each ten-foot diameter chamber are two large windows and a curtained doorway. Each room holds a curved bed, a table and chair, and a small cabinet which doubles as a wash stand. From time to time, an acolyte will look in to see if a visitor is in need of anything.

GLEN ENCAMPMENT

The glen encampment is where both paired and single Brethren of the temple have made their huts. It is located in a large woodland glen, complete with flowing stream, main village fire, and mountains off in the distance. However, it is impossible to ever reach those mountains, as they are reflections of another continent over nine thousand miles away.

Chyreil guards the small white gate at the west side of the encampment. Guests are free to wander about the frail huts, which are made of reeds and delicately painted paper. Each hut is large enough for only one person to live in. It is about ten by twelve feet, divided into a greeting room and a sleeping room. The greeting room is equipped with a pile of pillows and several mats spread out to form a comfortable flooring. There is usually one low legged table, meant for use when the person is kneeling or in a sitting position. All meals are eaten alone and at the low table. There is also usually a low bookcase, on which sit the occupant's most cherished items.

The sleeping room is at the back of the hut. A mat of rush is rolled up every morning and rolled out with pillows on it every night. Besides being a place to sleep, this serves as a private temple where the occupant will observe the Hours of Silence and Reflection. It is not unusual for a Brother or Sister to spend the night in a lover's hut. However, each will be alone come the Hour of Silence, for that is Ariendale's wish.

HEALER'S CHAMBER

The softly glowing hallway gives one the feeling of an unnatural suspension of time. Simply taking a breath seems to take hours here in the world of the Elven Healer. The stained glass doors will pull silently aside as one's guide bows in deference to an unseen master before disappearing back down the hallway.

Alone, one draws in the air of the glowing green chamber, tasting all manner of sweet herbs and long-forgotten scents. She will appear from somewhere just behind, dressed in veils of green and black. Her long, flowing hair is said to have

magical powers all its own. It billows about her, thriving on some unseen breeze. As she lays her pearly hands on wounded flesh, warm waves of well-being sweep through one's body. The deep knife cut or wicked sword thrust will fade from the sufferer's flesh and be transferred to the Healer, as this is the way the Ælves heal. She will then heal the wound on her own body. A great weariness will encompass the patient as the last vestige of his wound vanishes from her pearly flesh. He may reach out to touch her, but the warm mists of sleep will overtake him before his hand reaches her and his fingers will fall away.

Awakening on a bed in one of the guest rooms, he will find that, unless one is wounded, there is no hallway in the Temple leading to the Healer's secret world. She lives in the world she has created for herself, and is summoned into reality by the Brethren. So she has been for over a thousand years.

PERSONALITIES:

ARIENDALE



Kindred: Goddess
Age: Not applicable
Sex: Her spirit is maternal, though she can be anything.
Height: Not applicable
Weight: Not applicable
Hair: Her flowing blue flame sometimes stretches out more

than twenty feet, framing her in the ultimate of auras.

Appearance: She is the Goddess of flame, and was responsible for awakening the earth, air, and water. Hence she often appears in flowing robes of glittering gold and precious stones, caped by the north wind and wearing the crown of the sea on her brow. But she has been known to take the form of a simple Ælf and walk among her people.

Physical Skills: She has no physical skills, but she needs none (E).

Magic Ability: Her magical skills are subordinate only to the Sardin God. (AAA)

Addendum: She calls the Sardin God the "Firstborn of the Sardins". His people are not under her domination, but as she tells it, Her people were created because He abandoned his children on the "Day of Forthcoming" and was absent long enough for fire to learn the ways of life.

TET TON AIH

Kindred: Navivian

Deity: Ariendale

Age: 2786

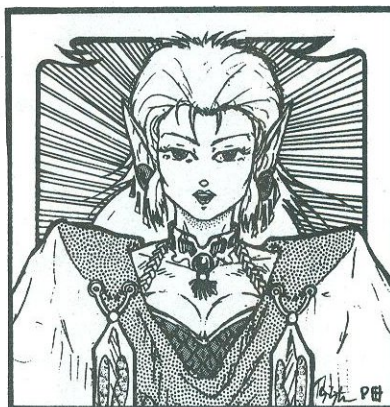
Sex: Female

Height: 7'4"

Weight: 178 pounds

Hair/Eyes: Her silver-grey hair hangs loose well past her waist and is trimmed with small golden bells tied to seven slender braided strands that lay over the rest of her mane. She wears a ruby circlet on her brow as a symbol of her position as High Priestess. Her eyes are gold.

Appearance: Her flame-colored gown has tight sleeves which billow out at the very end near her wrists. The neckline is low and the hem length is a few inches past the ground. The garment opens down the front with 177 buttons, the last few always open, allowing the dress to form a beautiful chapel-length train. She wears no jewelry except the ruby circlet, which has a faint luminescence. There is a feeling of calm power about her. Her aura resembles long smooth waves on a sunset sea.



Physical Skills: If she possesses fighting skills, only her Goddess knows, as she has never handled any situation in a violent manner. She relies on her powers of communication and empathy to deal with all problems.

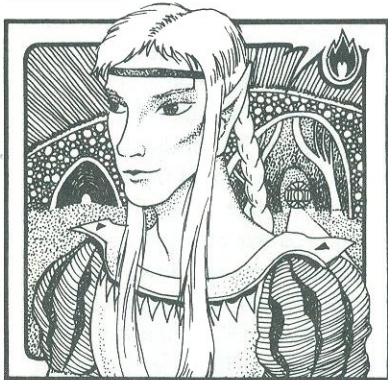
Magic Ability: She is the chosen of Ariendale. There are only seven High Priestesses of the Circle. Above her are three other women who form the Secret Circle; above them is the Rown Queen Lothmeirl, who was saved from death by Ariendale to help establish the race of Rowns.

She can speak with the voice and words of Ariendale. It is believed that she cannot lie, else she will be struck dead before the lie could leave her mouth. (AA)

Addendum: Tet Ton Aih is a brave woman. She was the priestess at the temple when the Hellish troops overran the town. When Skully warned the temple, he received a surprising answer: The temple and all the Brethren would stay. They had enough faith in their Lady that they felt no fear. For the first few weeks they were correct, because the Hellish forces could not get past the door. But Seit Fierced persuaded a little girl meant for sacrifice that she would free her if the child could get into the temple. The doors opened when the child cried to be let in, and Seit Fierced cast a spell to keep them open. The child ran into the courtyard and into the arms of Tet Ton Aih, who sent her down one of the hallways to safety. Tet Ton Aih waited for Fierced to come in, welcomed her in the name of the Mothers, and thanked her for a disciple. Seit Fierced ordered her men to sack the place. They ran down the tunnels, but none returned. Shrieks could be heard in the distance. When Fierced asked rather unpleasantly what became of her men, Tet Ton Aih told her that the tunnels were semi-sentient and could shift their positions at will. Anyone unfortunate enough to be in a moving tunnel could be crushed. Fierced and her men attacked Tet Ton Aih and although the priestess tried to protect herself, she would harm no one. Finally a dart silenced her voice and powers. She was horribly abused and dragged off to be sacrificed to the dark powers.

She awoke on a black altar. Seit Fierced's voice intoned the black oaths, and the air around Tet Ton Aih boiled until it formed a solid, hideous mass. As the blade pierced her body, she cried out to her Mother. Ariendale answered swiftly. The Painted Cliffs are still scarred by the fury unleashed that night. Fierced's men were slain by the hundreds. Tet Ton Aih was dying and Ariendale asked whether she wished the peace of oblivion or life under the illusion of beauty, for she was hideously cut up and burned. She chose to live and now hides her secret by Ariendale's grace.

CHYREIL



Kindred: Navivian
Deity: Ariendale
Age: 2130
Sex: Male
Height: 7'9"
Weight: 210 pounds
Hair: Long gold braids hang down his back. A slim band of bluish stone gleams on his brow, holding his two side strands of loose hair. His eyes are pale yellow.
Appearance: He wears the gold tunic of a priest. His soft white leather boots tie up to his knees, and he wears a

ceremonial dagger on his left hip. He always smiles and is pleasant in appearance and attitude.

Physical Skills: He is a skilled warrior and was a rogue Lejentia before joining the priesthood. He is very devoted to his duty of guarding the gateway to the Inner Shrine and the Hall of Secrets (B).

Magic Ability: He will kill anyone who tries to sneak past him. If tricked, he will shapechange into a raging banshee and run screaming after his prey. In this form he is deadly and cannot be reasoned with. One can only escape him in two ways. The first is by crying for Ariendale's forgiveness and swearing one's life to her if spared. The second is by fleeing back across the little gate, as the banshee will not follow. Aside from this ability, his powers are those of a typical Lejentia (C).

Addendum: Chyreil is a devoted believer in the Mother Ariendale. He is Sheitana's lover, and their young son is being schooled at the main Temple of Monti. His only item of value is a collection of rare stones in a small box inside his hut, a gift from Sheitana. He would greatly miss it, and would defend it if someone tried to take it.

SHEITANA



Kindred: Vendrinite
Deity: Ariendale
Age: 3107
Sex: Female
Height: 6'9"
Weight: 172 pounds
Hair: Her wild reddish mane is usually going in all different directions, giving her the look of someone who just burst out from under a bush in the Bonding Wood. Her disheveled look is a good part of her charm. Despite her light-hearted and airy manner, she worries about those whom she loves and about her devotion to her "Infinite Lady".

Appearance: She dresses in the pale tunic of a priestess. When she goes out, she wears a long, soft sari.

Physical Skills: In her normal form, she is not a trained fighter (E).

Magic Ability: She is mild-natured and loves to have fun, but when defending those she loves, or Ariendale's shrine, she will shapechange into a banshee. In this shape, she is quite capable of killing several well-armed men, if they are not careful. She knows this, but tries not to think about it because she is not wholly proud of the results of her gift. She refuses to talk about it.

Other than this, her magical powers are not great (D).

Addendum: She is plagued with horrible dreams about a man in black clothes cutting a child's throat, and about "a man from outside who tries to stop him. They fight, and the stranger is killed. I can almost save him, almost..." The vision disturbs her. More and more she finds herself watching the newcomers in

town, looking for the man in her vision. Tet Ton Aih tells her to keep looking, and to seek Ariendale's help, as there must be a reason for the vision.

She owns a few valuable pieces of jewelry, most of them given to her by Chyreil. She hides them in a clay pot made for her by a small child. The pot sits on a small dresser in her hut.

SISTER D'BB YKIEL



Kindred: Arielite

Deity: Ariendale

Age: 2602

Sex: Female

Height: 6'2"

Weight: 112 pounds

Hair: Her shoulder-length, dark brown hair curls under slightly. Her eyes are dark blue.

Appearance: She wears the tunic, belt, and high boots of one of the Sisters. She is not a priestess, but as one of the main historians of the temple she never leaves the premises, so she does not own street clothes.

Skills: D'bb has never been trained to fight (E).

Magic Ability: She is a very good historian, partly due to her

arcane ability to read papers which have been nearly destroyed. She has a "feeling" for words once they are conjured into being through writing; even when the writing no longer exists, the memory of their existence remains and she can see that memory. She is a very useful person to know if there is a map or a letter that needs to be deciphered. She can even read spell scrolls (D).

Addendum: She is a very shy woman with a retiring personality. She lives among the scribes and never goes outside the temple's walls. She finds worlds enough in her books. She could be drawn into an intellectual conversation by a knowing adventurer, but there is only a 2% chance that she could ever be seduced. Her best friend, Sk'oly, being the outgoing girl she is, is always trying to trick D'bb into going out on the town, but as yet it has never worked.

SK'OLY



Kindred: Nomad of the Plains of Meit (Sardin)

Deity: Ariendale

Age: 19 years

Sex: Female

Height: 5'8"

Weight: 139 lbs.

Hair/Eyes: She wears her short black hair cut close to her

ears, and often ties it back with a white leather thong.

Her eyes are brown.

Appearance: She wears the belted tunic of an acolyte, with soft white slippers.

Physical Skills: She has only limited knowledge of how to fight with a dagger. She would react to most violent situations with disbelief, as though it were only a staged test. She does not yet understand her own mortality (E).

Magic Ability: She has a very limited spell range. The best she can do is "Night Letters" (E).

Addendum: She was given to the temple by a nomadic caravan that strayed too far north. The master of the caravan fell ill and the Healer of the temple cured him. In thanks, the master gave the girl to the temple. She is having some difficulty trying to adapt to a new lifestyle, as she has only been here one year and three months. She is too wild and reckless for Tet Ton Aih's liking. However, the priestess believes the girl will come around, and she fosters the girl's friendship with D'bb, hoping it will do both of them good.

WEeping STATUE

Kindred: Navivian (at one time)

Deity: Ariendale controls her

Age: Unknown

Sex: Female

Height: 7'9"

Weight: Nearly one ton

Hair: It used to be long and blond; now it still appears

SCENARIOS:

long, hanging down her back in finely sculpted curls.

Appearance: She is now solid stone, a softly glowing granite with veins of precious emerald. If she were only a statue, she would be worth a king's ransom for the precious stone alone. Most of the time she is an inanimate statue, posing in the quiet of the



Physical Skills: She is incapable of being hurt by a sword thrust or similar blow. She will not engage in a fight if the person in the garden is sincere and does not attack her. She will only weep continually in a soft, low, murmuring voice. She will attempt to answer any question asked of her, though. She has no real fighting skills (E).

Magic Ability: She has only the magical ability that she uses to speak and move around (E).

Addendum: Her name was Fkeil Ana, one of Ariendale's seven High Priestesses. She fell in love with Bazaroth in *Ælven* form while he was imprisoned, aided another traitor to free him, and betrayed four other priestesses, resulting in their imprisonment in Hell as Bazaroth's slaves. She will know no peace until her victims are freed.

1) Should one of the party be wounded, he may visit the Healer. The Healer, Honoria, is a beauty who lives in her own world, but she is not immune to love. She is simply waiting for the one true love she can enjoy and devote herself to. She is very shy -- but if the adventurer insists on trying to win her, he will succeed. She is looking for a perfect man. Once the "honeymoon" is over, if the adventurer does not measure up, she will try to perfect him. Though always sweet -- perhaps even too sweet, if such a thing is possible -- Honoria can be quite insistent. After all, it is for her lover's own good.

2) While looking for adventure, one of the party hears about the Weeping Statue. He can learn from Tet Ton Aih that by journeying to Hell, he may be able to rescue the four enslaved priestesses (NOT an adventure recommended for low-level characters!). Ariendale would be willing to grant any request (within the limits of her law) as payment for the safe return of her followers. This would also free Fkeil Ana, the statue, from her torment. In her gratitude she might very well devote herself to the rescuing party member, if that party member desires. After she is freed, she will retain her great knowledge of the world and all things in it.

3) While travelling through the Garden of Secrets, one of the party members listens to the whispers. Thin wisps of mist will gather around him until his entire body is hidden. The mists will weigh him down to the ground and continue to wrap around him until, in the last shudder of death, he suffocates. The mists will then harden to become grey stone.

If other party members attempt to break the stone to free their friend, they will succeed only in chipping it. They will also hear a soft moan echo up through the rock, and the stone will bleed where it is wounded.

The only way to free the petrified adventurer is for his friends to go to the Hall of Truth and make restitution for him by undoing all the lies he has told in his lifetime. The party member will, upon his salvation, be bound to Ariendale not to lie again, lest he return to what he was: a cold grey stone, lying friendless in the eternal Garden of Secrets.

4) An *Ælven* acquaintance of the party goes to the temple to pay respects. Later, he comes back describing all the grandeur of the temple. Most of all, the Weeping Statue impressed him, because she is made half of emerald that must be worth a king's ransom. "Even her littlest finger," he laughs, "would keep us all in women and fine clothes for several months." It is possible to attack the Weeping Statue, perhaps when she is **thinking of the answer of a difficult question**, and lay her on her side. She, like any other statue, will break into pieces if hammered with enough force. Although she could run from an attacker, she could not get up if laid on her side. Nor would she call for help, as Ariendale, she thinks, has abandoned her. There is a 15% chance of such an attempt succeeding. Keep in mind the numerous temple guards.

5) One of the party dreams that a tall raven-haired man visits him. His black armor and scythe insignia tell the dreamer that he is one of Seit Nigira's men. He seems to

radiate menace and evil as he says, "Fear me not, brother, for I do not seek to harm you. You and those with whom you travel are the best adventurers who have passed this way. I need an outsider's help. I am Ramadan, Sword Prime of the Second Army. I play another game which I keep secret from my mistress. If you wish to serve your people well, then I have a task to set on you."

The tall vision shifts closer to the dreamer, whispering, "Bring to me the sword of Hymil the Righteous. It is the only blade that can kill the Hell Lord. And only I can wield the fatal blade. I will richly reward you if you bring it to me in the pass beyond the River Styrrm on the evening of the third day from the morning you wake up. Tell only your party, but no other can know. I will strike you and the others down if you betray me." The vision fades and

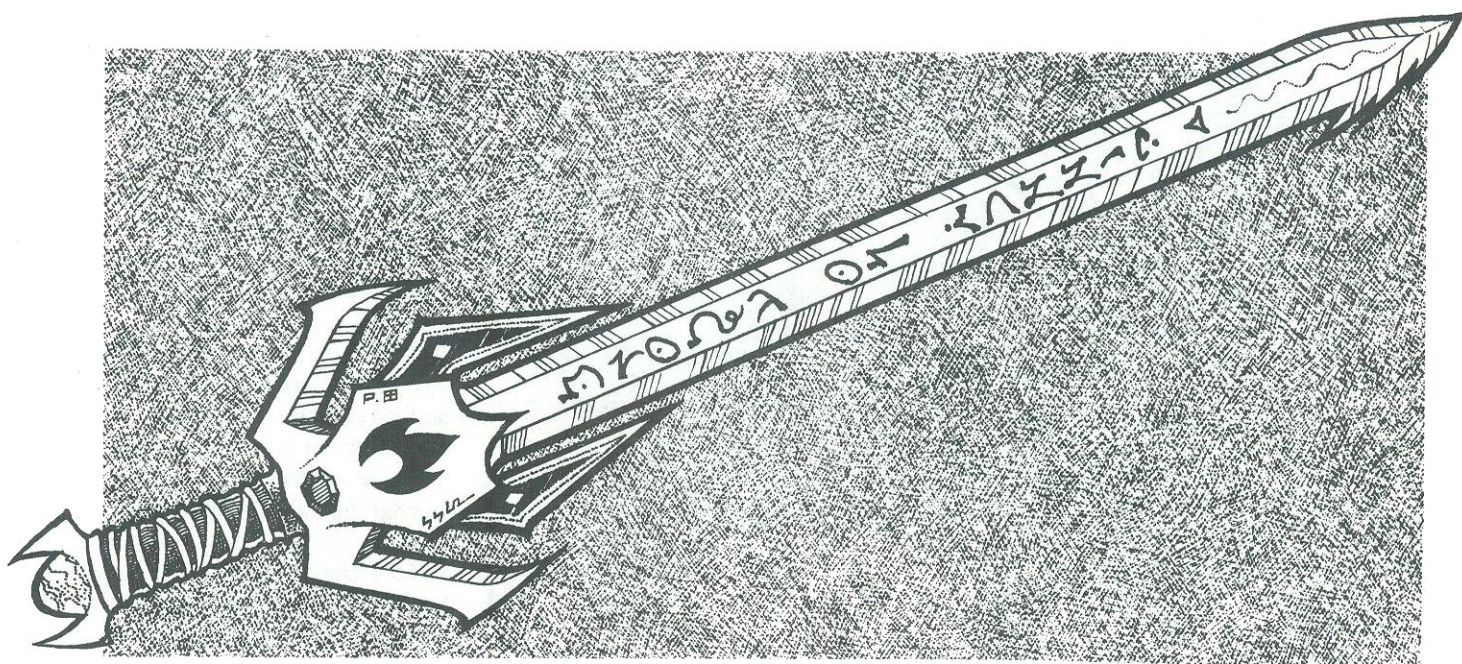
the dreamer will find himself in the arms of party members who heard him crying out but could not wake him.

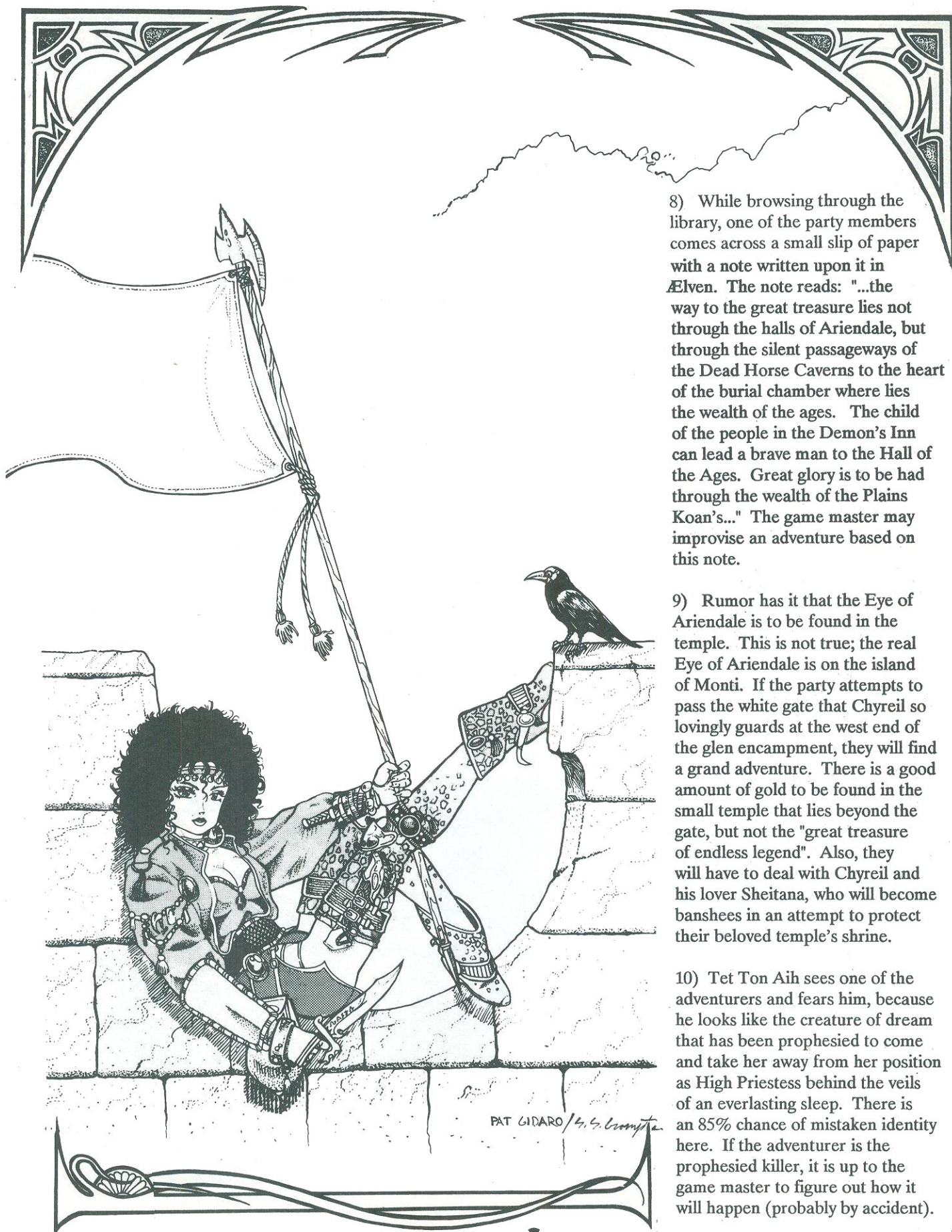
If the party attempts to steal the sword, they will have to take it against the wishes of those in the temple because they cannot explain their reasons. Should one of them try to explain, there is an 85% chance that the person speaking will be struck unconscious by a telepathic bolt. Upon recovering, if he tries it again, he will be struck harder, taking considerable damage, with a chance of being killed.

6) A party member wishes a lie undone for his own reasons. He hears through rumors in the Harbor that one truly repentant of such a deed may change it by praying at the Hall of Truth in the temple. If he goes through with his plan, something that happened previously in the campaign will be undone. The effects will be the same as if someone went back in time and changed the events. It could lead

to surprises. Not all of the results may be what the repentant adventurer was counting on.

7) The High Priestess summons the party to the temple because the sword of Hymil the Righteous has been stolen. She explains that the sword is the only weapon forged on this planet with the ability to kill the Hell Lord. Ariendale has put her in charge of guarding the weapon until the rightful heir should claim it. But the signs have not been right and she doesn't believe the thief was the rightful heir. She is offering ten quarter-crowns if the sword is returned. Ramadan is the culprit, and should the party win a clue, tell them, "The avenging sword is in the hands of the Butcher." Further inquiry around town will reveal that Nigira's second-in-command, Ramadan, is known as the Butcher. He is also known as a gold level Dargonath and the High Priest of Bazaroth.



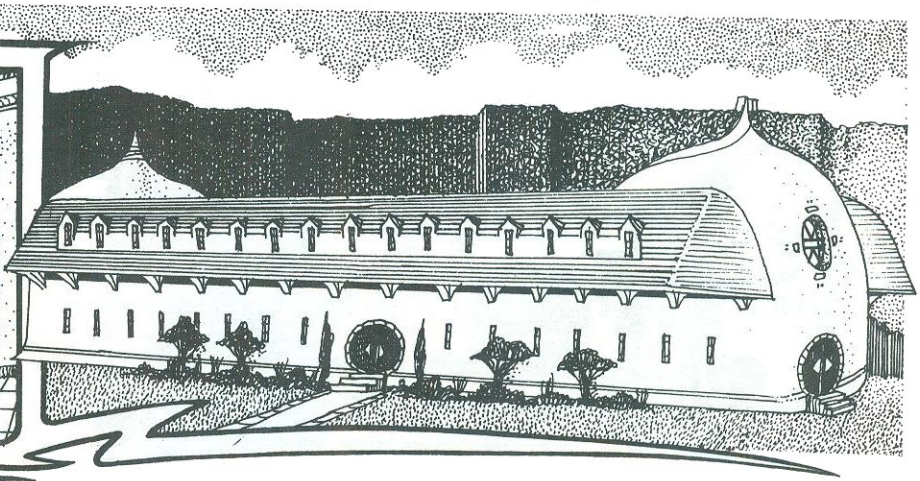
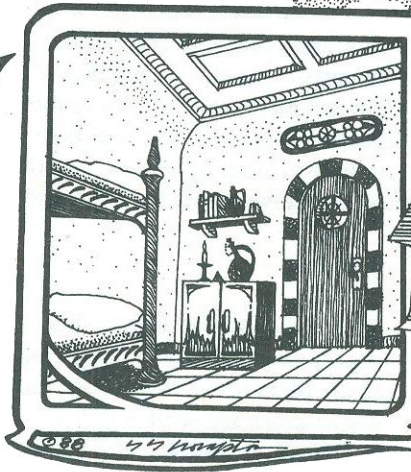


8) While browsing through the library, one of the party members comes across a small slip of paper with a note written upon it in *Elven*. The note reads: "...the way to the great treasure lies not through the halls of Ariendale, but through the silent passageways of the Dead Horse Caverns to the heart of the burial chamber where lies the wealth of the ages. The child of the people in the Demon's Inn can lead a brave man to the Hall of the Ages. Great glory is to be had through the wealth of the Plains Koan's..." The game master may improvise an adventure based on this note.

9) Rumor has it that the Eye of Ariendale is to be found in the temple. This is not true; the real Eye of Ariendale is on the island of Monti. If the party attempts to pass the white gate that Chyreil so lovingly guards at the west end of the glen encampment, they will find a grand adventure. There is a good amount of gold to be found in the small temple that lies beyond the gate, but not the "great treasure of endless legend". Also, they will have to deal with Chyreil and his lover Sheitana, who will become banshees in an attempt to protect their beloved temple's shrine.

10) Tet Ton Aih sees one of the adventurers and fears him, because he looks like the creature of dream that has been prophesied to come and take her away from her position as High Priestess behind the veils of an everlasting sleep. There is an 85% chance of mistaken identity here. If the adventurer is the prophesied killer, it is up to the game master to figure out how it will happen (probably by accident).

Ælven Contingent



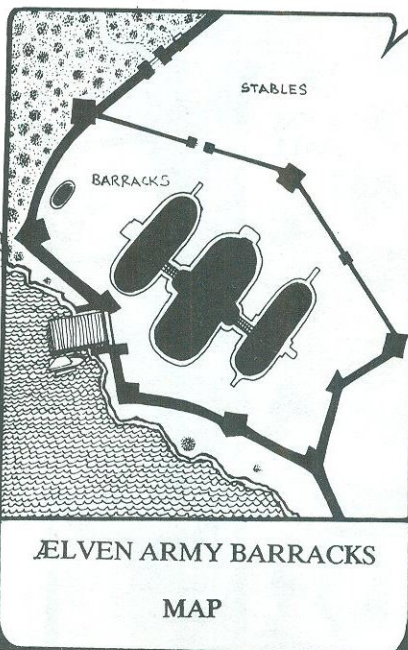
ÆLVEN ARMY BARRACKS

The Ælven barracks have a long and stormy history. Originally, they housed the Ælven construction workers who built Fort Bevits and Skully's Harbor. After that, the buildings were used nearly 500 years by Lejentia, who lived apart from the regular Ælven Contingent across the river. When the Fort and Harbor were attacked by Seit Fierced's army a little over eight years ago, the regular troops at the Fort were quickly swept aside by nearly four thousand Tarin Tor warriors. It was not long before the Harbor followed suit.

In the days of the Hellish occupation, the Ælven barracks were used to house Novilles, officers, and elite troops. The buildings were nearly destroyed in a magical booby-trap left by the fleeing Ælves. The trap successfully killed two hundred Hellish warriors.

The barracks were reclaimed, along with the rest of Skully's Harbor, when the current Ælven Contingent pushed Fierced's troops back across the Bridge of Tears.

The barracks were rebuilt according to the old specifications. Presently they house an abnormally small contingent of just 720



Ælves. Though greatly outnumbered by the Tarin Tor army across the river Styrrm, they are all the High Lord can spare -- and they are backed up by K'el Di Carani.

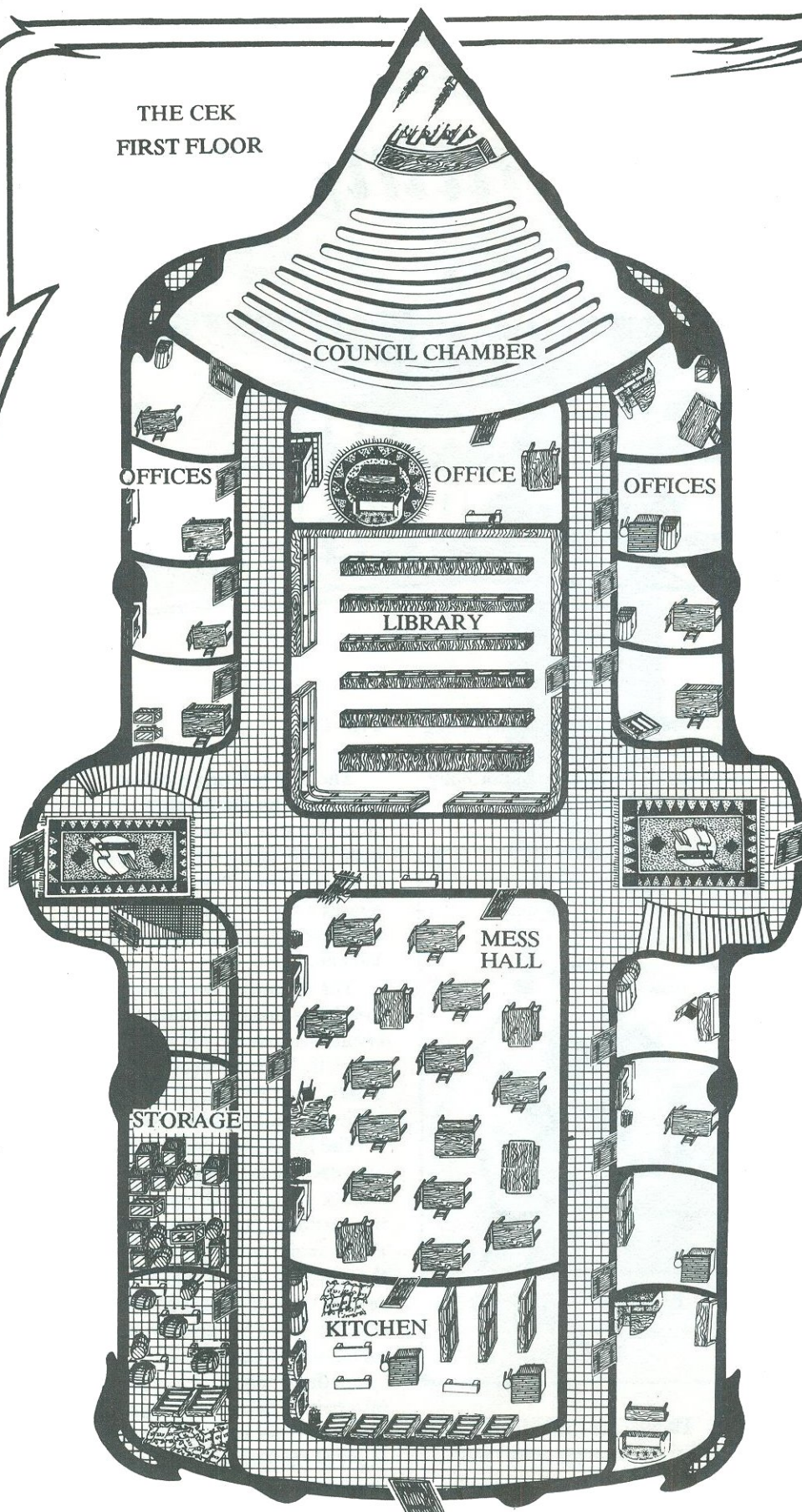
THE CEK

The first building is called the Cek. The contingent's administrative offices are on the main floor, along with two rows of living quarters. The building also houses a library the council chambers, the mess hall, and the kitchen.

The triangular north end of the Cek is open in a thirty-five by twenty-six foot council chamber where the officers meet every month. Battle Marshal Ki'own calls additional meetings here as needed.

The library was converted to its present state from a set of storage rooms, as Ki'own believes in education. It is equipped with all the major training manuals of the Ælven Army. It also has several rows of general pleasure reading, and a few select volumes on the use of herbal and sympathetic magic. It is staffed by a pair of Lejentia from just after the Hour of Silence to the Hour of the Dragon. The staff rotates on a daily basis throughout the entire Contingent. This procedure is also part of the

THE CEK FIRST FLOOR



Triangle Leader's educational program.

The mess hall and kitchen are very plain. Only seventy-two eat at any one time due to space limitations. The entire camp is broken up into ten groups on a rotating eating schedule, which changes every month, for each of the two meals served. The first of the day is at one hour after dawn (after the Hour of Silence) and the second is two hours before sunset.

THE TUI

The second building, or Tui, is primarily used as barracks. Each of the plain rooms houses one pair, whose areas are divided into a sitting alcove and the actual beds.

In the far south side of the Tui is a large room accessible through a basement door and down a narrow stair. It can also be reached through a tunnel from the alley. The storage area holds five-by-ten-foot crates of supplies as well as all linens needed by the camp. It is used primarily as a lovers' rendezvous. Ki'own disapproves of this activity, as he believes it does not befit the dignity of Lejentia. He has threatened all personnel with a stiff fine should they be caught there without a good reason. He has made arrangements with the Golden Griffin Casino for special rates on the Bath Suites whenever his troops need the use of a pleasant, private surrounding.

THE KIV

The third building, the Kiv, houses not only Lejentia cavalry, but any visiting dignitaries from Elveron. Each room holds only two Elves, a bonded pair. On the second floor of the Kiv is a large storeroom where the archers, most of whom are Arielites, meet nightly to fleece each other and any others foolish enough to play. Ki'own

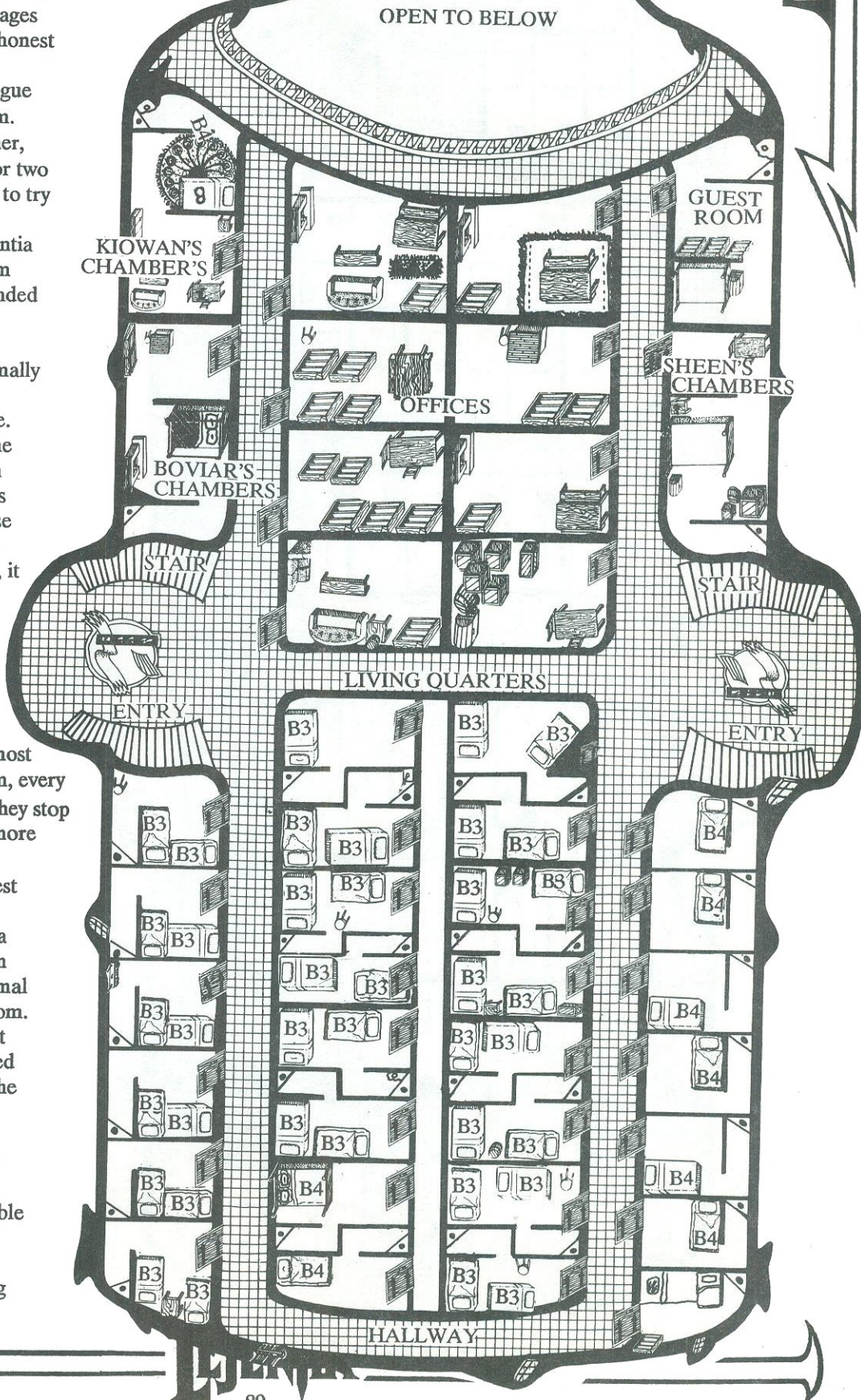
doesn't seem to mind the gambling so long as it stays friendly. Occasionally, he even engages in a game, but he also sends messages through the grapevine about honest dealing.

Ki'own insists that each rogue Lejentia have a private room. Having recently lost his partner, he now knows how hard it is for two warriors who have not bonded to try to live together. This type of mistake could lead to one Lejentia killing the other, or one of them leaving the Contingent. Unbonded Lejentia are very unstable, compared to their partnered brethren. Paired Lejentia normally put a good distance between themselves and a fighting rogue. But, when it comes to battle, the rogue is the toughest fighter on the field. Usually the rogue has lost his partner in battle because the partner was not as strong a fighter. When the partner dies, it is as if something inside the remaining Lejentia's soul dies also. Rogues who have had several partners are not likely to bond again. These warriors fight only to die on the field of battle, which makes them the most feared by the enemy. For them, every battle is a battle to the death; they stop fighting only when there is no more enemy left on the field to kill.

The chapel is in the southwest corner of the Kiv. An altar to each of the four Mothers is on a separate wall. There is a pew in front of each altar and a baptismal fountain in the center of the room. The back of each pew has a seat facing the fountain, which is used when a child is born to one of the Contingent before it is sent to Monti, or when a Lejentia dies.

The infirmary is located just over the chapel, but is seldom used, as most Lejentia are capable of healing their fellows. Ki'own feels that in the event of an attack or some disaster resulting

THE CEK SECOND FLOOR

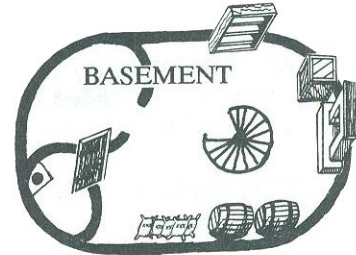


THE TUI AND THE KIV BUILDINGS

in heavy casualties, the injured could be brought here to await healing. A pair of Lejentia is in the chapel or infirmary at all times, as the Battle Marshal is never one to be caught off guard.

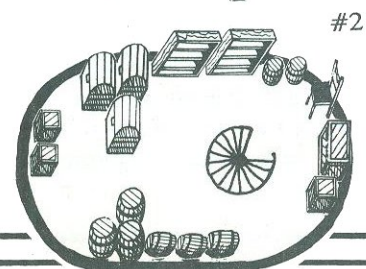
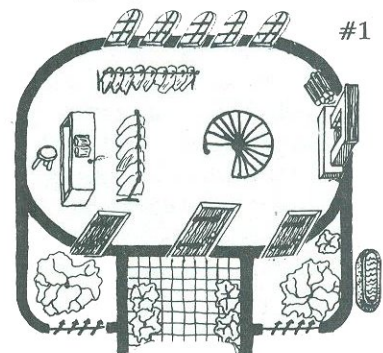
STORE

A three-story camp store is located on the south side of the barracks. The basement is used for



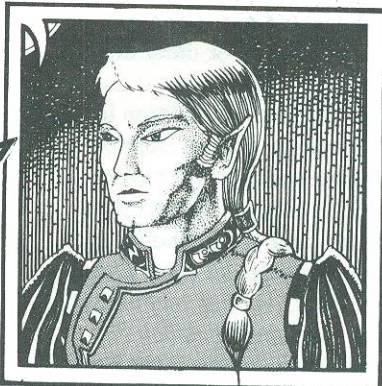
storage of merchandise, along with a small smoking room and toilet. The store is run by Triangle Leader

Boviar, and carries strictly Ælven merchandise that might be unavailable elsewhere. The fine silks, perfumes, spices, and personal furnishings are imported up-coast from Sycira, through Suriel or Tarn, then through Gaulden to finally reach here. The items are expensive, but the store always does a steady business on the first three days each week when it is open. The store is open to townsfolk, but they seldom shop there.



PERSONALITIES:

BATTLE MARSHAL KI'OWN



Kindred: Arielite
Deity: Ariel
Age: 4709
Sex: Male
Height: 5'8"
Weight: 137 pounds
Eyes/Hair: His brown, sunstreaked hair is pulled into a tight braid and clamped with a silver bracket on the top and bottom. Each strand is in place as if it has grown used to its style over hundreds of years. His steely grey eyes are his most impressive feature. These eyes are difficult to lie to, and have silently commanded many a warrior to be stronger than he thought he could be.
Appearance: There is something comforting in the stern military demeanour Ki'own presents to the world. He projects a feeling of order and structure that draws his men closer to him. From the heavy, shiny black boots that seem to gleam even in a mud bog, to his tight-fitted pants and double-breasted green-grey tunic, to his family plaid sash, his clothes reflect the immaculate discipline of his life. His aura is reminiscent of a cold, pine-scented mountain wind.

Skill: If you are not a Hellish

soldier or a Hellish supporter, you have very little chance of Ki'own killing you in a competition of arms. All the same, he is not the fellow to try when you get to feeling too good after a brew. He is a rogue Lejentia, having lost his last partner five years ago after a long battle, and has vowed never to re-bond. He is an excellent fighter (AA).

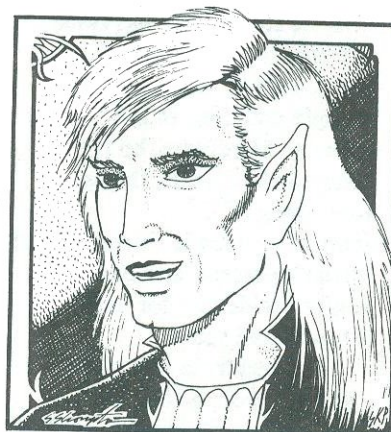
Magic Ability: Ki'own has been trained as a healer, and knows several spells given him by a wizard friend. These include the magnification of his shapechanging power. He often takes the form of a bird and flies over to the Fort to spy on things directly. He is even so brazen as to assume the shape of a falcon and come to Nigira's call. A cloaking spell protects him, for the most part, from her probing mind. In this way he has often learned of things about to happen. He also has the power to mind-share with another living creature such as a swift-winged crow. This ability is invaluable to an Ælf whose life and those of many others depend on his ability to gather information <C>.

Addendum: Ki'own has had five partners, and has nine children and three wives. His personal wife and two wives of former partners, along with all but one of the children, live near Ælveron on his family lands. He has only two children of his own blood, a boy and a girl. The boy, Sheen, is Lejentia Marshal of the Skully's Harbor Contingent. The girl is still away on Monti, in the Time of Wild Feasting. He expects her to return to her

family sometime within the next century. Ki'own is very proud of his son, although he hardly ever acknowledges it in public.

Ki'own has a sixth sense for danger and he has a feeling something big is about to happen in the Fort. Odd things have been going on there, and he is gearing up for whatever might happen.

LEJENTIA MARSHAL SHEEN



Kindred: Mestizo (Navivian and Arielite)
Deity: Ariendale
Age: 1935
Sex: Male
Height: 6'4"
Weight: 165 lbs.

Hair/Eyes: He has his father's piercing stare, which soldiers instinctively respect. He wears his pale blond hair loose to his shoulders.

Appearance: He is usually dressed for duty as he is on call at all times. He wears dark green leather pants, knee-high shiny black boots, a wide leather belt, and a grey-green double-breasted shirt with a swatch of finely woven plaid fabric of deep hues. The silver falcon pin, whose wings hold the swatch in place, denotes his rank as Lejentia Marshal. His aura is rather abstract, but has been

compared to a pale sun streaked with clouds.

Position: Sheen is Lejentia (infantry) Marshal of the Skully's Harbor Contingent.

Physical Skills: He is a highly proficient warrior, most deadly with his sunstaff. Despite his youth, he is also a good strategist, which accounts for his rank at such a young age (A).

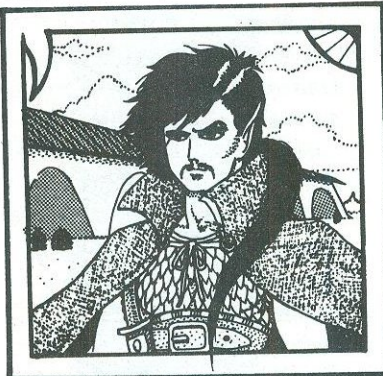
Magic Ability: He has the same uncanny power as his father, to detect a man who is not what he claims. He has twice detected a traitor in the ranks, once in his own triangle and once in his father's. Otherwise, he is a competent Lejentia, though very young (C).

Addendum: Sheen is Triangle Leader Boviari's partner, and has fought beside him for nearly two hundred years.

He is madly in love with a young Sardin girl by the name of Tina Maddock. He has received his father's blessing on their union, and is currently remodeling a two-room apartment for them in the Cek. He understands the hardships caused by his love for her. Once their intentions are publicly announced, Tina may be placed in a potentially dangerous situation. He hopes Dimwald-on-the-Styrrm will take the news without causing too much of a fuss, so Tina can keep her job at the Fur Shop, and feel free to walk around outside the Ælven compound. If not, she will be safely guarded from danger and given a job in the Contingent's store working for Boviari. He has secretly obtained Tina's mother's permission to marry her, and will have to make it appear as if Tina had very

little choice in the matter. The Ælves are used to the "Hell and Brimstone" spouted by the Sardin Churchmen. They are also used to the names the Sardins call the Ælves, so if the Churchmen think they have stolen a young woman away, little will change. Captain Skully knows the truth.

TRIANGLE LEADER BOVIAR



Kindred: Vendrinite

Deity: Vendridie

Age: 2818

Sex: Male

Height: 7'2"

Weight: 240 pounds

Hair/Eyes: Thick, smoky-black braids frame his face. His dark eyes are hooded in a secret, quiet manner. They have given many a man a cold chill, and few can hold his gaze for long.

Appearance: He wears the uniform of the Lejentia infantry. His troops colors are reflected in his light gray-green double-breasted shirt and dark green leather pants. A wide, dark belt, high black boots, and woven sash complete the uniform. His aura sounds like the slow, endless ticking of a great clock.

Position: Boviari commands one hundred fifty-one Ælves, one of the five triangles of the Skully's Harbor Contingent. He also runs the camp store.

Physical Skills: He is at his best

when fighting with a sunstaff or longbow. He is good with a bowulit, a type of throwing chain, and can hold his own with a sword or other deadly weapon (B).

Magic Ability: In addition to the standard Lejentia abilities, Boviari has studied mesmerism. He is only an average spell user, and would find it hard to hypnotize an experienced subject. He has very limited shapechanging ability (C).

Addendum: Boviari is the bonded partner of Sheen.

He is well known for his silent manners. A raised eyebrow or harsh look from Boviari is as stiff a reprimand to an erring warrior as the commanding roar of Sheen. A rumor says that Boviari has the power to hypnotize an enemy by getting him to look into his eyes for one and a half seconds during a fight. After hypnotizing his enemy, he can cause him to either stop fighting long enough to kill him, or make him impale himself, depending on how strong-willed the opponent is.

RHODAN MARSHAL KIJSI



Kindred: Navivian

Deity: Ariendale

Age: 3152

Sex: Female

Height: 7'1"

Weight: 172 pounds

Hair/Eyes: When she is not wearing a helmet, she allows her

unnaturally long hair to flow freely around her. Loose, it can cloak her whole body in a silvery mist extending down to just four inches above her knees. Her silvery eyes mirror the shine in her hair.

Appearance: When working, she normally wears heavy battle gear, as she all too often takes the outer reaches as her chosen area of patrol. She has earned the name "Golden Knight" due to her armor. She wears standard Lejentia armor, except that such armor is not normally made out of brass. Her brass helmet covers her entire face, leaving only eye slits and a mesh grill. A net of woven brass holds her hair in a tight bun at the nape of her neck. The breastplate and groin skirt are likewise made out of thick brass, as it is one of the few metals that will turn an enchanted Hellish blade.

Off duty, she wears only a thin, short-sleeved gown. Every night just after dusk she rides Ryabaj, her black war stallion, nearly twenty miles out into the forests along the south shore of the Styrrm. At such times, with her silver hair streaming behind her, she is often taken for a ghost.

Her aura is sharp flashes of white light, always in motion; it reminds some of sunlight on galloping hooves.

Position: Kijsi is second in command of the Skully's Harbor Contingent, as well as commander of the cavalry in battle.

Physical Skills: She has been taught to fight since she was a cub on the battlefields of Cajohn where she was born. She has known only fighting all her life and can handle

any weapon almost without thinking. She is not a lady to cross, but would make a great person to fight beside (A).

Magic Ability: She has ignored this side of her training in favor of hand-to-hand combat. Only moderately skilled in the arcane arts, she can touch a person or animal track and know in what condition the creature was in and maybe get a mental picture of where it is heading. She can heal minor wounds (C).

Addendum: She is supposed to live in the second building barracks, and does in fact maintain a room there, but seldom sleeps in it. She likes her privacy and enjoys living at the apartments. She has a general liking for Roger, the apartment manager, but can never seem to attract his attention. She is unsure as to the source of his preoccupation, but it often gets on her nerves. She is not used to being ignored by men. She has little practice in the subtleties of female charms as she has been used to fighting all her life, but what she lacks in this area she makes up in other ways.

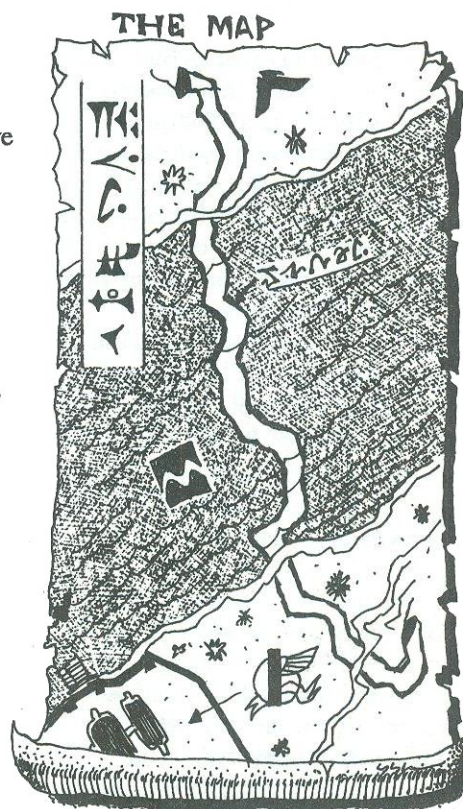
She is searching for her bond-mate. She would be a good lifetime partner and fighting companion.

SCENARIOS:

1) If one of the party members is an unbonded Lejentia and does something heroic, he or she may get an invitation to bond with either Kijsi or Ki'own (more likely Kijsi). Neither would be willing to leave their duties at Skully's Harbor. The party member would receive orders from Elveron, assigning him or her to this Contingent.

2) Ki'own hires the party to go on a spy mission to find out what is going on at the Fort. He will pay one hundred gold for any good solid information that might save a few Elven lives.

3) One of the party observes Triangle Leader Boviarr meeting with D'Kahr, an officer in the Tarin Tor, behind the Golden Griffin Casino. Should the party member



try to interrupt the meeting, both conspirators will fade into the shadows as if they were never there. But, if the party member continues to watch from an inconspicuous place, he will see Boviarr hand a set of papers in a skin pouch to the Hellish soldier. When the two part, Boviarr will go into the Casino, while D'Kahr will vanish along the shore.

Boviarr is in fact a convert to the beliefs of the Tarin Tor, and is passing along a map of a nearby, unknown cave complex which he stole from Ki'own (who had borrowed it

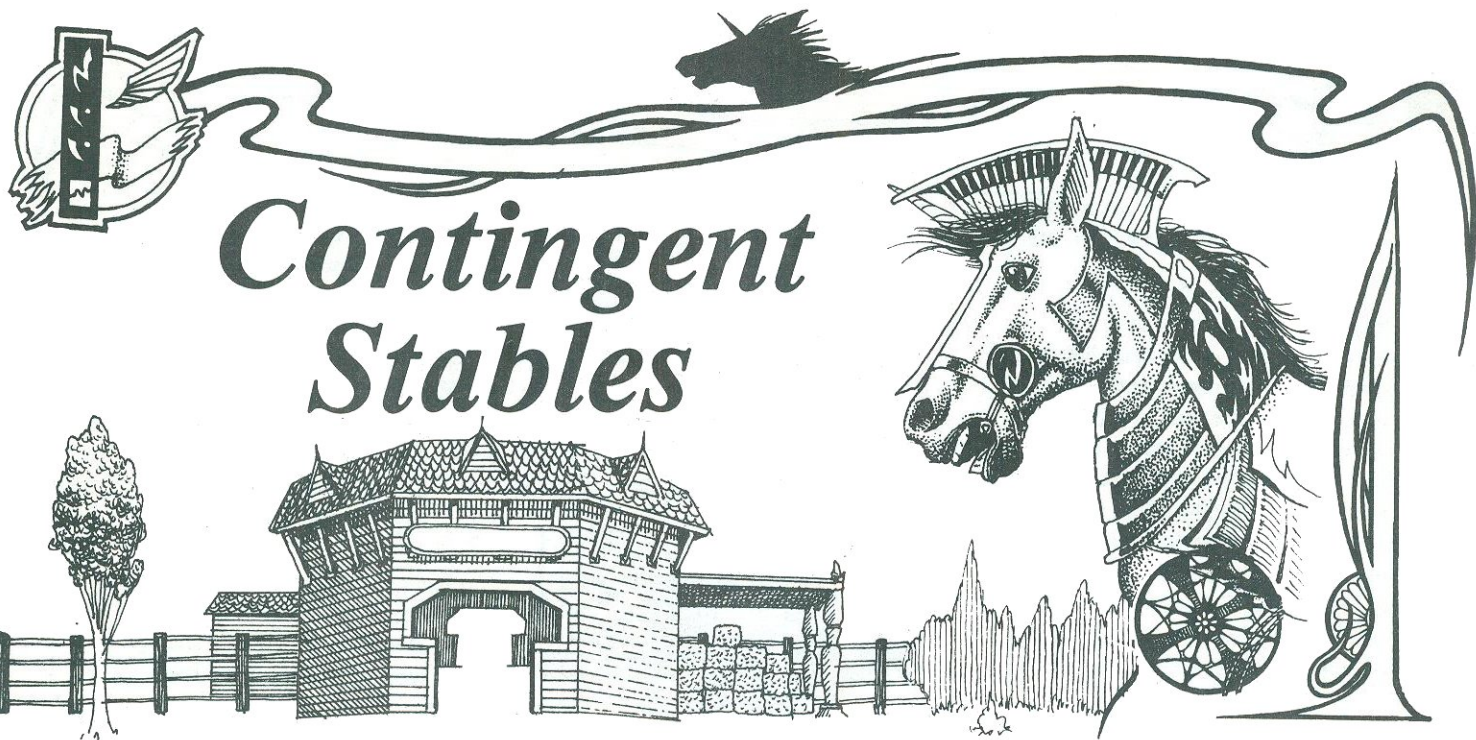
from the K'el). The cave passes under the Styrrm not far south of town, and is big enough to be used to move troops.

4) Sheen becomes friends with one or several members of the party. One night, after too many ales, he invites them to go with him on a lightning raid of the Fort. It is a suicide mission, because there is a "mole" somewhere in the ranks of the Contingent. The Hellish forces have been alerted. He knows this for certain, but in order to find out who the mole is, they must go through with the raid. Different bits of misinformation have been fed to suspected spies, and the manner in which Nigira has prepared for them will reveal the culprit. Sheen will mindsend the information to his father; he does not expect to survive. He wants to take hired mercenaries into this trap instead of wasting the lives of trained Lejentia; however, he will then try to defend the mercenaries with his own life. He'll pay one hundred $\frac{1}{4}$ crowns each (in advance).

5) Two beautiful silver and gold inlaid lamps have come in one of Boviar's shipments of finery. The lamps were originally ordered as a birthday gift for Ki'own, but the giver was sent home before the lamps arrived. Assuming one of the party members has good taste and only a third of the money that the lamps originally cost, he can buy them. As he cleans the wick in preparation for lighting the lamp, he will find a small package of powder in the base of the lamp where the extra wick should be. Shortly after he makes this discovery he will be attacked by several assassins, dressed in black Hellish tunics. They will try to steal the drug, arashni. This is the party's close brush with the drug ring of the Longshoreman's Bar.



Lythompson 88



Contingent Stables

CONTINGENT STABLES

Of all things of beauty, the *Ælves* most cherish the horse and its brethren. The well muscled, loyal Rhodans serve as sturdy war stallions for the mounted Lejentia pairs. These huge beasts bear the holy single horn of legend upon their imperial brow, but in all truth they are related to the humble plow horse stock of the Sardins. These beasts have little fear of sound, fire, or anything else and thus are of great use in the heat of battle.

The Rhodan stallions and their mares are magnificent examples of *Ælven* breeding skill. With over ten thousand years of breeding, the Rhodans hardly resemble their ancient ancestors who beat the foothills of Meit into dust under their mighty hooves. Those that are bred at the Harbor are children of some of the best bloodlines in all the four tribes. These creatures are Marshal Ki'own's passion. He rides Tut Ti'Tonnei, the well-bred son of K'el Di Carani's retired stud, Tut Tonnei. The mounts of Ki'own's elite contingent are of the specially trained type known as Shadow

Walkers. They are capable of surmounting overwhelming obstacles, and their high-stepping prance routines and graceful jumps are legend. Of all steeds, only Shadow Walkers are brave and steady enough to be transported through Everstill.

Rhodans have been bred for courage as well as power. Some of the previous contingent's mounts saved hundreds of lives by dragging men out the raging waters and sinking mud when the floods destroyed part of the Harbor, and they rescued many from the now-closed Dead Mines by charging through several miles of fire-choked tunnels. Some even whisper that the *Ælves* have trained them to deny reality so that they can walk through walls and never die. Such stories point to legendary studs such as Tut Tonnei as examples. The chronicles mention him in accounts of several battles a little over fifteen hundred years ago. While the K'el denies this is the same beast, as their lifespans are only twenty or so years, the markings and tattooed number have been proven to be the same. Many of the stories told about these magnificent beasts are true, but

they are mortal and often die in the heat of war.

Currently, there are one hundred twenty-two Shadow Walkers at the stables along with regular Rhodans for the other cavalry triangle. The south stable holds forty twelve-by-fifteen-foot stalls, storage lockers for tack, and an apartment for the two Lejentia who supervise the grooms and stablehands.

The apartment is a shambles, as both of the *Ælves* are young and like to party. When one entertains a lady, the other usually bunks in a birthing stall in the north barn.

There are eight stables in all, much the same in design except that the space where the apartment fits in the south stable is used for feed and supplies in the other buildings. The northernmost is the breeding barn, containing pregnant mares and young, untrained horses. There are no special stalls for stallions. Male Rhodans are never gelded, but their high intelligence and intensive training make them easy to handle -- at least for the Lejentia with whom they are familiar.

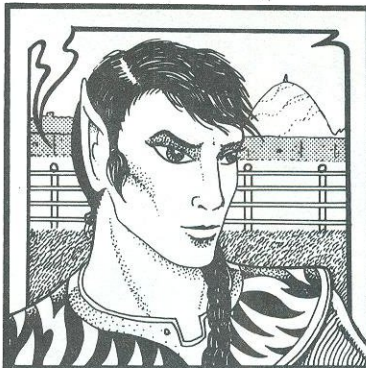


THE PERFORMANCE RING

This multiple-use ring is normally set up for field trials with brush and water hazards, but it can be easily converted to a javelin hunt or practice mode with a few cover boards across the water and some quick touch-ups. Now and then, a show is given for the amusement of the townsfolk, but normally only Elven warriors and the stablehands are allowed near the north barn. The ring itself encompasses almost two acres.

PERSONALITIES:

LEJENTIA SHARD YAAVN



Kindred: Vendrinite

Deity: Vendridie

Sex: Male

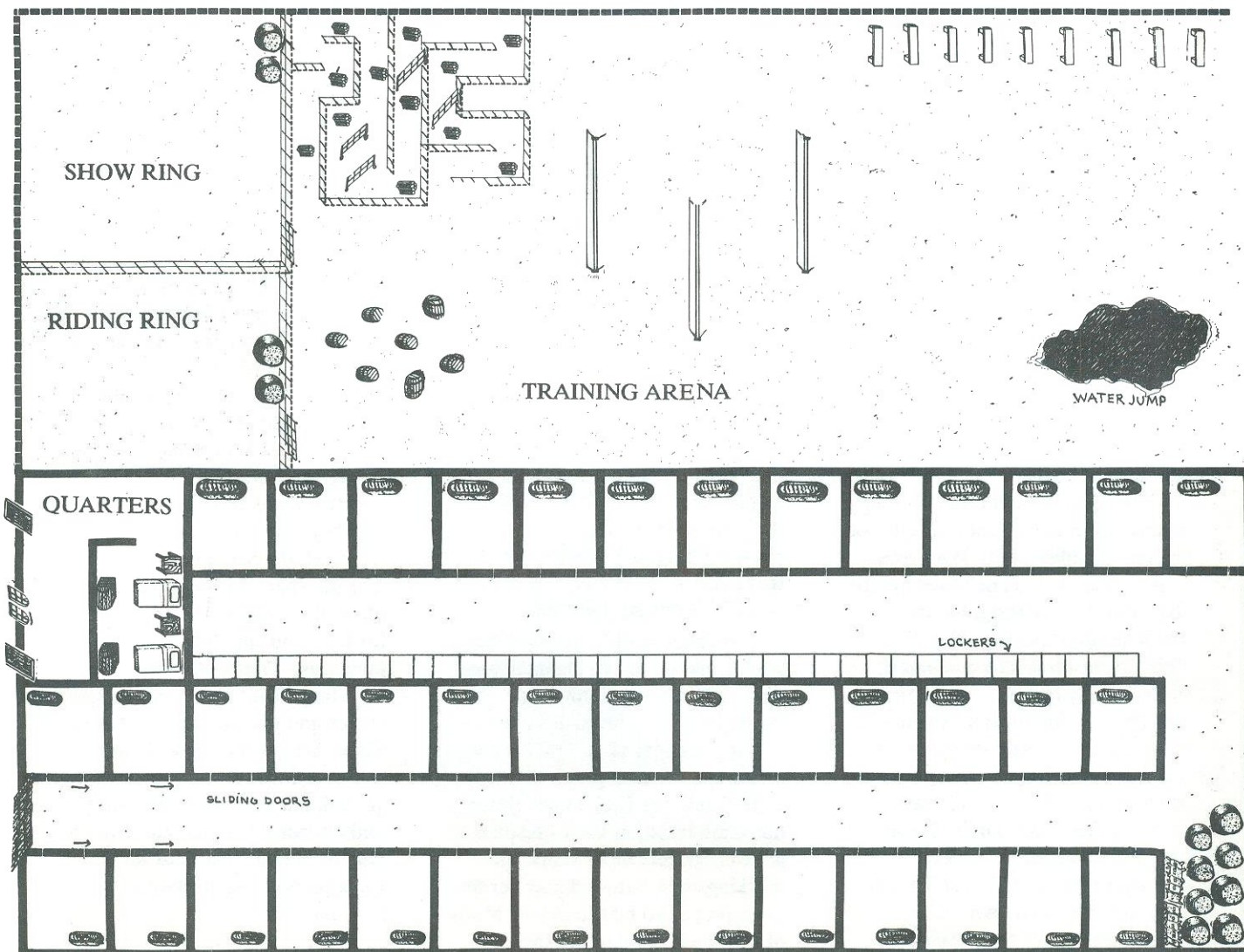
Age: 1357

Height: 7'1"

Weight: 226 pounds

Hair/Eyes: He binds his dark hair in a thick braid worn down his left side. His bright, dancing eyes are vivid green.

Appearance: He wears the light green uniform of his contingent. He is a strapping young fellow who carries





himself with a quiet confidence that makes most folks instinctively trust him.

Position: He holds the rank of shard in Ki'own's Shadow Walker triangle. As a groom, he is responsible for the horses. It is also his job to take care of the stablehands and be sure each does his job. He must also tend to any sick or injured animals and protect the grain and feed from sabotage.

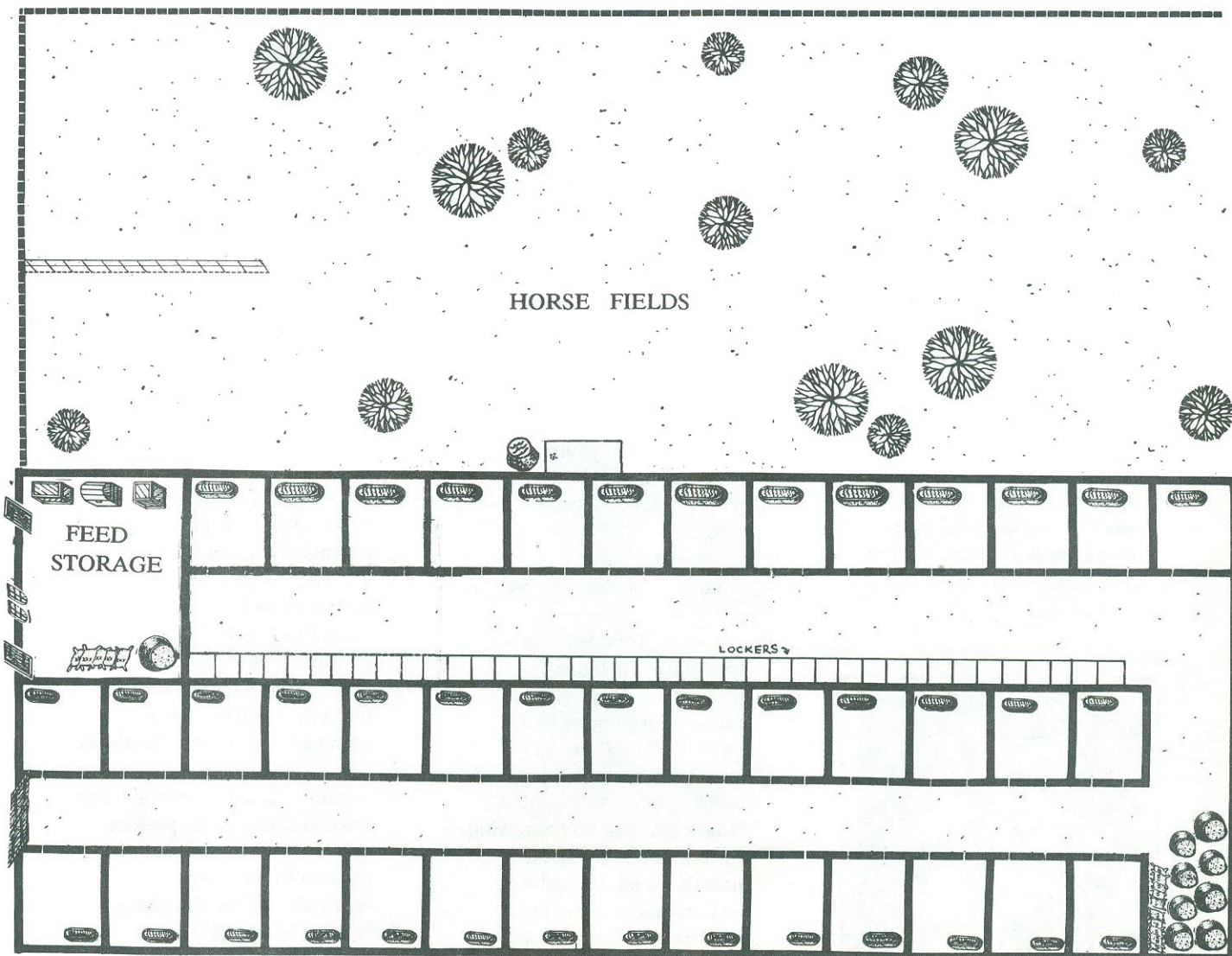
Physical Skills: He has the basic training of a Lejentia cavalry trooper. He would be especially aggressive if he were fighting for his "four-legged children." He is an average fighter with his sunstaff (C).

Magic Ability: He has a gift for communicating with horses and very young children, which allows him to accurately judge an enemy's animal or send a suggestion into the creature's

mind. He is a good animal healer. His overall skills, including the healing of the two-legged, is minimal (D).

Addendum: Yaavn likes children and horses. There is a six-year-old girl in the village whose parents allow her to visit him and the Rhodans twice a week. He often takes the child for rides on Fliskhi, one of the gentle breeding mares. He looks forward to these visits, and has often joked that the

HORSE FIELDS



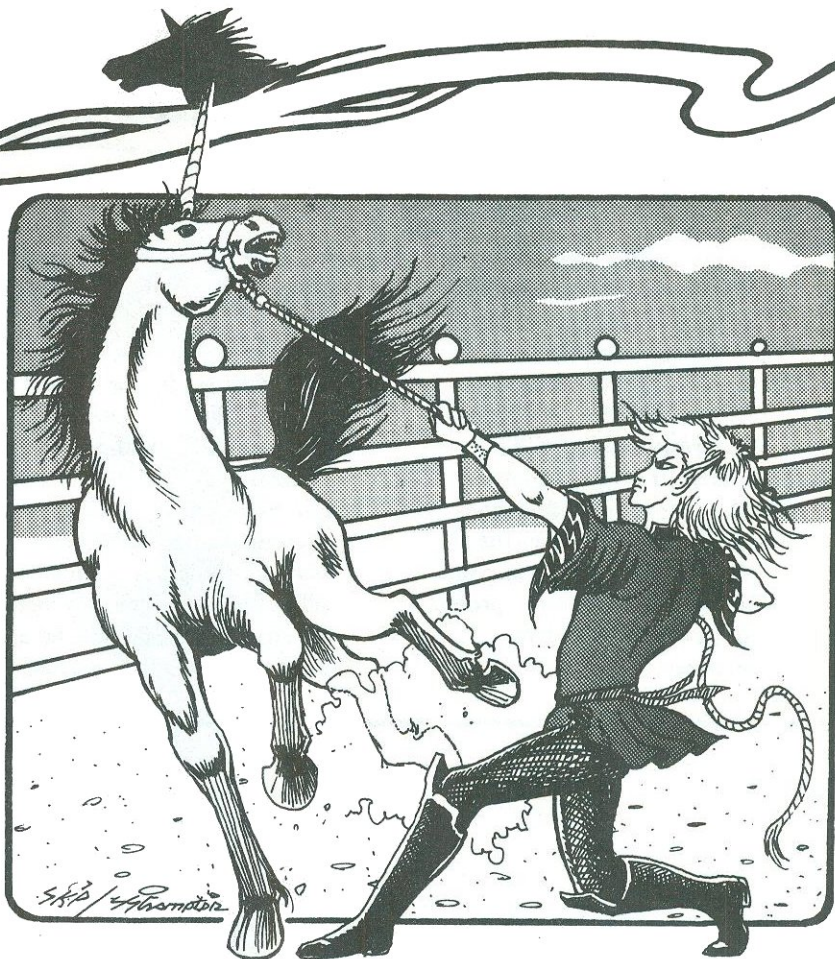


child is his, even though he first arrived in the Harbor when she was four.

He enjoys his work as he seems to get on better with animals than his own kind. He checks each stall in the morning, the north stalls again at noon, and all stalls again in the evening and once again before he goes to bed. He knows each animal's idiosyncrasies, and speaks about each as if it were a personal friend.

Yaavn has a sweetheart in town named Serani, who works at the Golden Griffin Casino. They will be married as soon as Yaavn is off "alert guard" which prevents him from taking a wife as he might be easily killed. He has requested an early transfer because he has an uneasy feeling that the war is about to heat up again. His lover is concerned about his safety, and her hot tears when he leaves her to go on missions often make him moody with his bonded partner. He will happy when he can take his beloved back to Sycira. He will take a pair of Rhodans with him, as he plans to start a breeding farm when he retires from the army.

LEJENTIA GLINT T.J.



Kindred: Arielite

Deity: Ariel

Sex: Male

Age: 1934

Height: 6'7"

Weight: 158 pounds

Hair/Eyes: Dark bluish-grey angel hair frames his youthful face. He keeps it cut short so it is hard to grab in a brawl. His eyes are pale blue.

Appearance: He wears the contingent uniform of light green.

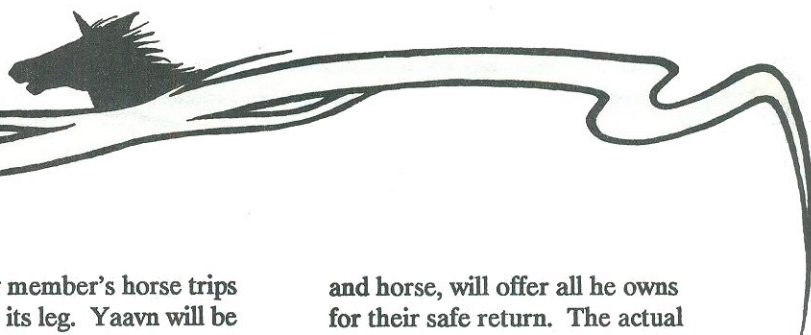
Position: An ordinary Lejentia glint, he is the bonded partner of Yaavn. As the assistant groom, he looks after the Rhodans and supervises their training, and helps Yaavn when needed. Yaavn lets him do the talking for both of them, and it is usually his job to deal with any townsfolk or visiting officers who have questions concerning the operation of

the stables.

Physical Skills: His training as a cavalry soldier has given him all the basic skills he needs, but he has chosen to perfect his abilities with a staff and sword as he hopes to one day to be promoted (B).

Magic Ability: He has a very undeveloped gift of precognition, which sometimes gives him a moment's warning before an ambush, or the second before the cards are to be shown. Most often, however, he subconsciously fights it, which results in nothing but a massive headache (D).

Addendum: T.J., whose real name is unknown, enjoys his position as it makes him look like a big shot in the town, especially among the young ladies. He usually rides a retired stud named Dev'uilaire



into town. The Rhodan is gentle enough that T.J. can let his favorite lady (which changes daily) ride on the great beast of war. This is a delight to one and all. Even the Sardins of Dimwald, who are skeptical about so large an armed force being so close, like and trust T.J. He has little to do with the political dealings as does Marshal Ki'own, but he has orders to observe Knosso in his actions and would like an opportunity to kill the man on general principle.

SCENARIOS:

1) One of the more valuable Rhodan studs has been stolen, and Yaavn suspects a party member. The entire party is sought for questioning and possible arrest. The party, has two choices: Leave the Harbor completely, or solve the crime themselves and bring the Rhodan and actual thief back to the stables.

The thief is one of the stablehands who has become disgruntled with the strict discipline of Marshal Ki'own. He has already arranged to sell the horse at midnight to an unscrupulous river merchant named Bilgewater MacMann.

The thief must load the horse via the docks, as that is the only way he can get it onto the ship. Should the party catch him and return the Rhodan undamaged, they will of course be cleared of any wrongdoing, and will receive five quince each for their trouble. They may also be offered jobs at the stables, or Skully might hire them as troubleshooters to solve some other mystery.

2) A party member's horse trips and sprains its leg. Yaavn will be more than willing to heal the animal for a small fee, five onci bars. While tending the horse, Yaavn continually stares at one of the male members of the group in an odd way. Yaavn is almost certain that the man is Stak Al'var, a known enemy of all *Ælves*, currently being sought by the *Ælven* army in Sycira for many crimes. One of those crimes was the murder of Yaavn's younger brother. Yaavn will not tell anyone about his suspicions, but when he is not working at the stables, he will watching this character discretely. If the adventurer does anything illegal or dishonest, Yaavn will immediately confront him. If there are more than two adventurers with the suspect, Yaavn's partner, T.J., will probably be present.

3) One evening after sneaking out on a long ride, Yaavn's young friend, Terri, and Fliskhi, the Rhodan mare, are spotted on their way back home over by Piney Hill. Some Sardin farmers see the child pass into the hill's shadow, but none see her come back out on the other side. After about half an hour, they get suspicious and go to the area. All they find is signs of a minor struggle, with no horse or little girl to be found. The Church Elders immediately suspect Yaavn of doing away with the child through black magic. Commander Ki'own hires the party as impartial outsiders to clear Yaavn, who is currently being held by Skully's personal guard. Yaavn himself, frantic with worry for the child

and horse, will offer all he owns for their safe return. The actual culprit is Knosso (see Factory), who has imprisoned the little girl in a cave in the bluffs above the Harbor until three days hence, when he will sacrifice her to Beelzebub.

4) Seit Nigira wants to increase her breeding program at the Fort. She lets it be known she will pay well for one of the Shadow Walker studs, if one can be delivered across the Bridge of Tears. The rumor is that she will pay upwards of seven hundred quince -- or better, depending on the animal.



Pier House

Facing out over the Harbor, the Pier House is where the organization and administration of Skully's Harbor take place. The town council meets here, people come here if they have a complaint or dispute, and the Shore Patrol is here as well. The Harbor's records are kept here. The Pier House is always bustling with activity, with people coming and going on business with the Harbor.

The Pier House itself is a large stone and brick building which is about 80' x 80' and has the same small country AElven look as the buildings around it. Directly attached to the building is a long wooden pier at which the shore patrol and other ships dock. There are two entrances to the Pier House, at different ends of a long hallway which runs through the building. The arched hallway with its fifteen foot high ceiling gives the interior of the Pier House a majestic, regal feel. The hallway

is shared by four different departments, much like a city hall only on a smaller scale.

COUNCIL CHAMBER

In the northwest end of the building is the Council Chamber, where the Harbor's inhabitants gather once a month. It can seat about 150 people in the pew-like seats. Meetings are attended mostly by business or land owners, and by people who think a current issue affects them. Everyone is invited to give his or her opinion, and a general consensus is usually reached by vote. All the council meetings are chaired by Skully, Flander Macson, and Di Carani.

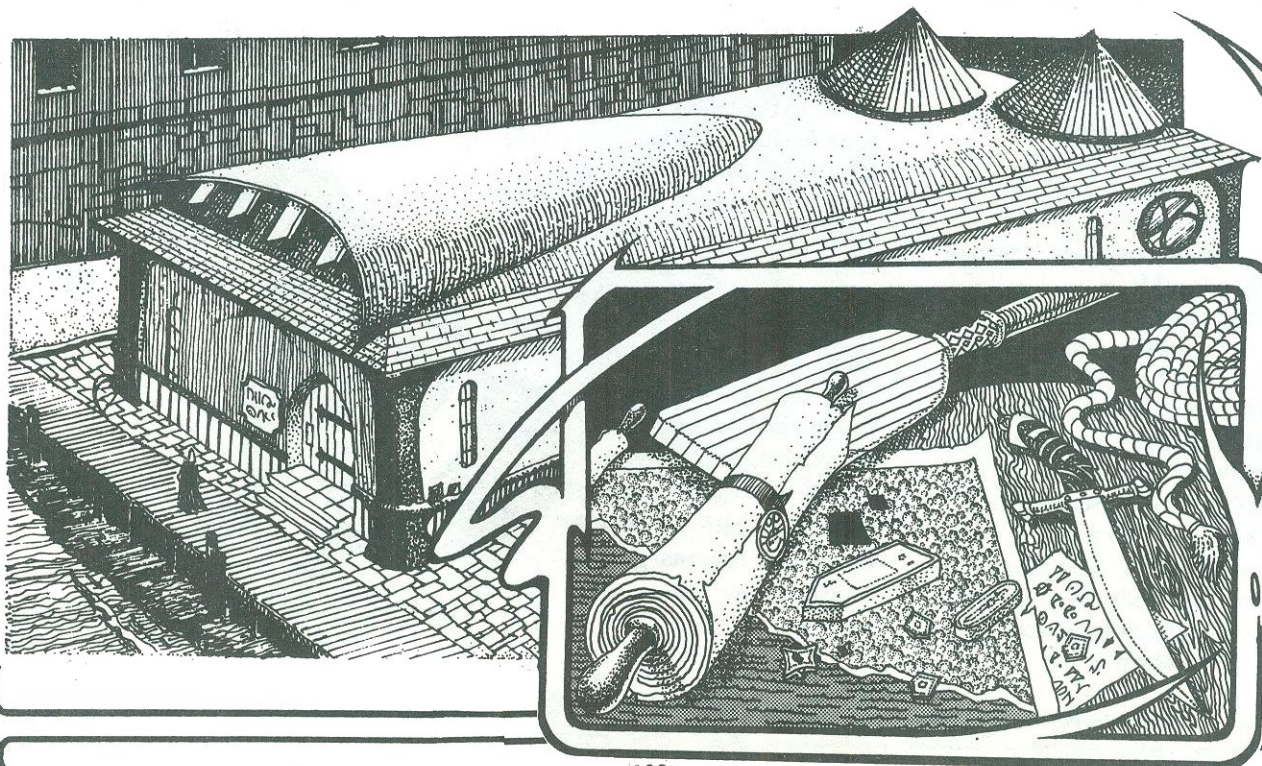
RECORD STORAGE OFFICE

The Southwest corner of the building contains the town Records Office. This is where all the records of births, deaths, land ownership, and events in Skully's

Harbor are kept. Any information pertaining to the Harbor, and well-made maps of the surrounding area, can be found here. This would be a great place for the adventurers to start their search for the Eye of Ariendale, or other possible treasure locations.

The Records Office has a small reception area and counter. To the left, a half door attached to the counter leads into the record storage area. Behind the counter is a very cluttered desk with papers and parchment strewn across it in no particular order.

Ords Talar keeps the records in a rather confused state, so it is difficult to find anything at all. Every several months, he decides that the records are horribly disorganized and embarks to transfer all the information into a master system. Unfortunately, before Ords has finished with his new master system, he has decided on a better one. This causes quite a mess, as he has some of the information



in large books, some on 4" by 3" lambskin cards, many of which are lost, and some of the information on parchment scrolls. The scrolls are the original system which had been used for many years, but many were destroyed in a fire in the last attack by the Hell Lord's forces.

The net effect of all this is that anyone looking for information about anything in the Harbor must look through three different collections of papers. It is completely possible that the information was never recorded at all, or that it was destroyed in the fire.

Ords will usually be as helpful as he can in finding information for anyone who comes in, as he doesn't get too many people into his office. He will also be able to tell the party many pieces of "family gossip" about the events and people of Skully's Harbor. If he is unable to find any of the information, he may suggest trying the temple, or someone in the Harbor who might know. Of course, if the person is requesting

information that seems to be the least bit unscrupulous, or not to Ords' liking, he may not be quite as helpful. He answers directly to Flander Macson, who is very deeply involved with other interests and is rarely at the Records Office.

FLANDER'S OFFICE

This 20' x 20' office is where Flander conducts all of his business. Various aides, informants, and other people with whom Flander deals, come and go in a steady stream. He does business rather informally. If he happens to be speaking with someone, anyone else who wishes an audience will just have to wait.

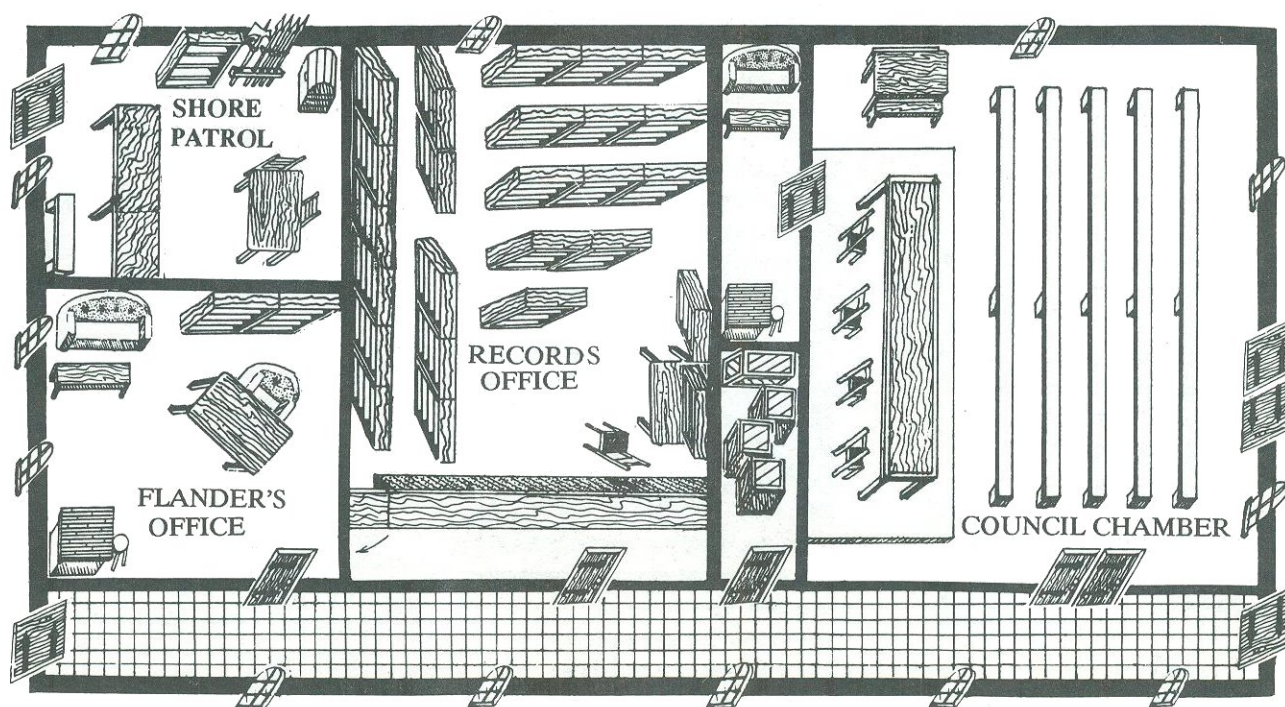
His office is a nice one, with a large, uncluttered desk, big comfortable armchairs, tall cases containing various books and artifacts he has collected, and a large area rug from the nomads of the Plains of Meit. For his safety, the tripwires to three traps are located in the wall by

the door. He has only to pull on the wires to activate them.

Flander stores all his land deeds and other important papers in the finicky, double-warded, magically fireproofed safe in the corner of the room. Only Flander knows the confusing and complicated ritual required to open the safe, which involves cutting an onion in half, doing a mid-level Dargonathian opening spell, correctly selecting a five number combination (60-6-16-63-36), and then using a small key to open the lock. Through a small slot, one can drop items into the safe without actually opening it. An enchantment will keep anything except silver, gold, or paper from entering the safe through this slot.

SHORE PATROL OFFICE

This is the base from which the men of the Shore Patrol conduct their daily business of cargo inspections, chasing off river thieves, saving boats and ships in distress, and keeping track of how



many ships pass through the Harbor or under the bridge. At least one person will usually be there every day from sunup to sundown, and while the Shore Patrol is closed at night, directions to the home of the nearest officer are tacked to the door. During the day, a good number of river merchants and ship captains will come and go. Early morning and late afternoon are the busiest times in this small 15' x 15' office. Extra equipment such as rope, floaters, large paddles, and blankets are shelved on the walls.

A long counter runs along the front quarter of the room, and a couple of benches lie along the wall. Behind the counter are a couple of small desks. In the bookcases in the northwest corner of the room are ledgers recording all ships that pass through Skully's Harbor.

A quick look through the Patrol's ledgers will tell you two things. One, the traffic flow of ships is very respectable and has increased steadily over the years, and two, the Shore Patrol is obviously understaffed, with only two men who don't have enough time to make fully accurate or complete records on a daily basis. The office is cluttered and somewhat disorganized, yet functional. The usual course of events throws the men into a permanent state of emergency, which makes it difficult for them to keep track of paperwork.

Two highly competent men work here, although one or the other is usually out on patrol. The Shore Patrol is overseen and subsidized by Flander Macson.

PERSONALITIES:

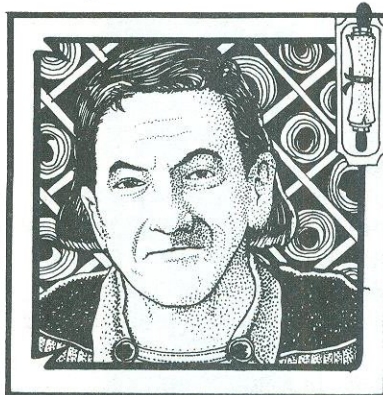
ORDS TALAR

Kindred: Sardin
Deity: Jehovah
Age: 42

Sex: Male
Height: 5'1"

Weight: 150 pounds

Hair/Eyes: The gaze of his pale, watery blue eyes never seems to stay in one place for very long. His thinning grey hair is messy, as Ords doesn't worry about how it looks.



Appearance: Ords wears loose tunics and overcoats. His pants are baggy, as he feels more comfortable and less stuffy this way. His clothes are well worn yet very clean. He always wears pair of scuffed leather boots, and one couldn't notice the five quince he has in a concealed pocket on the inside of each boot.

Physical Skills: Ords has been keeping records and shuffling papers at various places for at least the last twenty years, and here in the Harbor for the last two years. His fighting skills are very rusty, and he would be a pushover in any kind of hand to hand combat (D).

Magic Ability: Ords has no magical ability, but he owns an amulet that allows him to stay invisible for one minute every 24 hours (E).

Addendum: Ords is a hard working and somewhat paranoid gent who is a little eccentric but tries to do his appointed tasks as best he can. His meager pay allows him to live

in a cottage not far from town, and he keeps very much to himself. He can often be found at the library in Grace Ma'Kael, researching the Ancients, a supposedly superior civilization which pre-dates both the Sardin and Elven civilizations. He sometimes will conduct archaeological digs near the river or cliffs. To date, Ords has not found any artifacts of significant nature.

Ords has studded the Pier House with traps capable of disabling a strong intruder. He built these devices late at night, and they are well hidden. All can be set off by wires located in his office. The only other person who knows about them is Flander, who saw Ords building them one night. Ords does not know that Flander is aware of the existence of the traps.

FLANDER MACSON



Kindred: Mestizo
(half Sardin, half Vendrinite)

Deity: Agnostic

Age: 37

Sex: Male

Height: 6'1"

Weight: 175 pounds

Hair/Eyes: Dark black with grey temples, his hair is cut short for an Ælf, and is full and

thick. His eyes are slightly slanted, but have a very open, friendly feeling to them.

Appearance: Flander has been a very successful merchant, and dresses accordingly. He wears dark jackets and long silken robes which give him an almost mystical or sagely appearance. He is one of the best-dressed men in the Harbor, and has many female admirers.

Position: Though he holds no special rank or title in Skully's Harbor, Flander considers the town his responsibility because he is a major investor in it.

Physical Skills: Flander is a robust fellow and is fairly good with a sword. He also learned a form of barehanded combat many years ago. His defensive abilities are far better than his offensive (B/C).

Magic Ability: He has no magical abilities, but he always seems to be in the right place at the right time. Almost all his investments and business decisions work out well, and many people believe he is blessed by Ariendale or Jehovah. However, his success is based on a keen, analytical mind and an extremely sharp intuitive sense (E).

Addendum: Flander is co-owner of most of Skully's Harbor. He is a silent partner and only exercises his authority via the council meetings or through closed door sessions with the other movers and shakers of the Harbor (i.e., Skully, Di Carani, Knosso, and Ki'own). Through his contacts on both the Ælven and Hellish sides, Flander has learned of a treaty under negotiation which would allow open trade on the river, benefiting both sides by bringing in toll fees

and increased trade. Learning this, he bought land all along the river Styrrm. He also paid most of the cost of rebuilding Skully's Harbor. In exchange, he got a quarter ownership of most of the rebuilt properties. Should the treaty be approved, Skully's Harbor would become a major trading town, and his share would be worth much more than it is now. Flander would make millions of quince in profit from rents and sales of the land. He spends most of his time trying to ensure that the treaty will go through, and nothing bad happens between the Fort and Skully's Harbor. If anything does go wrong, Flander will do almost anything to smooth it over, including paying off whoever is in the way.

JAMISS WECK



Kindred: Sardin

Deity: Jehovah

Age: 29

Sex: Male

Height: 5'3"

Weight: 155

Hair/Eyes: His hair is thick, brown, and wavy. He keeps it fairly short. His eyes are brown.

Appearance: Jamiss dresses with style, as he has many lady friends in the Harbor. His leather pants and vest are

oiled to resist water.

He is quite attractive and definitely a lady's man.

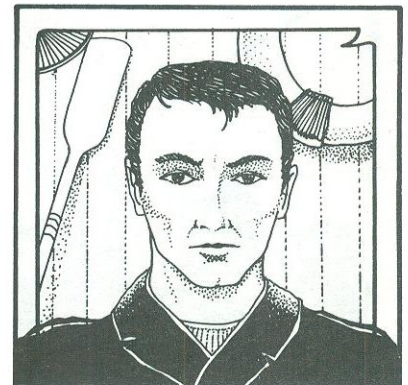
Physical Skills: As the spokesman for the Shore Patrol, he has very good diplomatic skills and will always try to negotiate rather than fight. But he is an excellent warrior, when necessary (A).

Magic Ability: Jamiss has no magical abilities, but in his pocket he carries a tiny brass chest no bigger than his thumbnail. At a magical word of command, it will grow to about one cubic foot in size. Inside are lockpicks, matches, a magnifying glass, a compass, a knife, and other items (E).

Addendum: Jamiss feels part of his job is to soothe tensions between Skully's Harbor and the Fort across the river. He always tries to work things out with a minimum of difficulty or violence. If necessary, however, he will prove to be tough, and is very well prepared for any situation.

He reports directly to Flander about the general mood on the river Styrrm. If the party does anything that might upset the balance, Flander will likely hear about it from Jamiss.

PARTAR MC GONIN





Kindred: Sardin
Deity: Jehovah
Age: 37
Sex: Male
Height: 5'10"
Weight: 168 pounds
Hair/Eyes: His hair is brown,
neatly trimmed, and short.
His eyes are green.

Appearance: Partar always wears a black merchant seaman's jacket with brass buttons and white trim, neat and well-pressed.

Position: He keeps the Shore Patrol boats repaired and equipped, and takes his turn patrolling the docks.

Physical Skills: He is very good with a staff, or barehanded (B).

Magic Ability: Partar has no magical abilities and does not really believe in magic. In fact, he prides himself on being able to explain most small spells as mere chemistry or sleight of hand. He has never seen any large magical spells cast, and if he saw such, he might change his opinion (E).

Addendum: Partar is a loner, sharing his thoughts with very few people. He works well with Jamiss, but is somewhat distant. He keeps the Shore Patrol boats in good repair. He enjoys working on and around ships and finds his position relaxing as compared

to his previous job as a spy for the country of Pariesha. After being betrayed by a woman to whom he had trusted his life, he vowed never to trust again.

SCENARIOS:

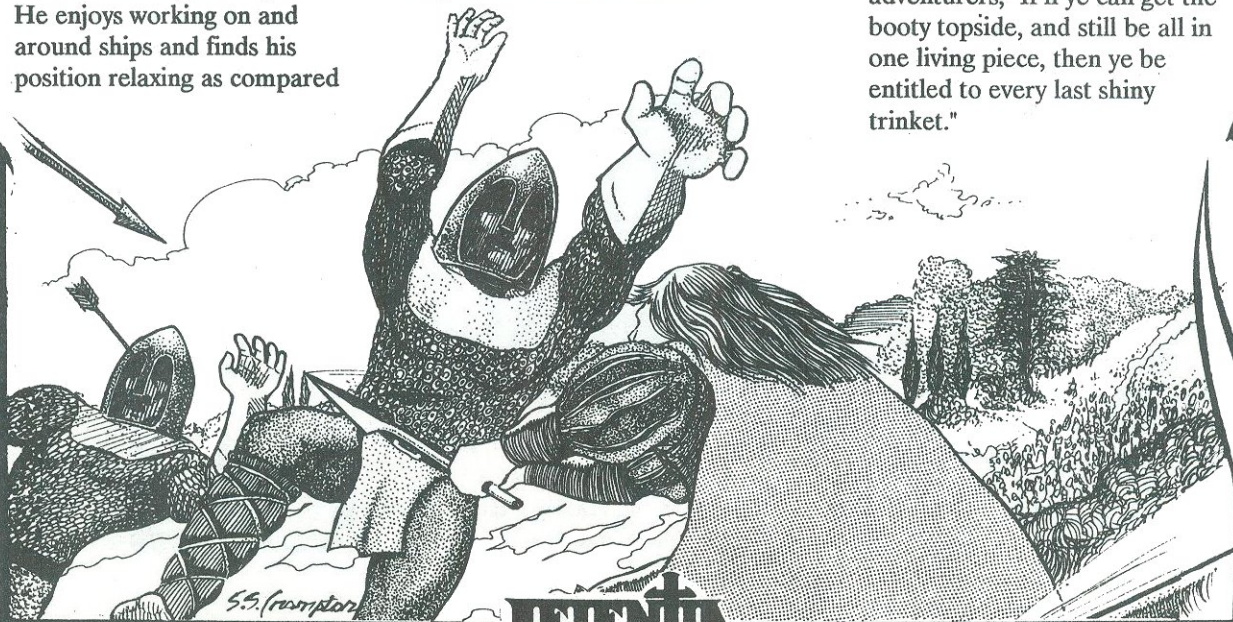
1) The Shore Patrol uses small, one-man tri-marans to patrol the river. Maddock houses the light vessels each night. One night, a fire in the storage area where the ships are kept badly burns both ships, one of them beyond repair. There was a note tacked on the main office door, which claimed the burning as "A Glory of the Hyl Sudiar, Lord of the Tarin Tor, and a Blow for Freedom of Passage for All True Believers of the Way". Flander Macson offers a reward for any information leading to the capture of the person or persons responsible for this act of terrorism. The posted reward is five quince for any information, but there is a strong hint that substantially more would be paid for the terrorists in person.

2) A Hellish soldier is murdered in the Harbor, and the murderer has not been caught. Rumor says Seit Nigira will exact retribution

against the Harbor if the murderer is not delivered to the Bridge of Tears, bound and gagged, by sunset two days from now. Flander Macson offers one hundred quince for the murderer to be delivered alive to the Harbor Guard.

3) The adventurers hear that a merchant ship, carrying a load of valuables, including a fortune in Tarin Tor blood crystals bound for Butainia to be exchanged, sank in the middle of the river during a Hellish attack on the Harbor. The rumor goes that it has never been salvaged. Skully remembers seeing the ship's log, and he thinks it carried at least eighty blood crystals, besides all the foreign currency from the Harbor that needed to be exchanged. A huge white shark that lives in the deeper waters of the Styrrm is the reason the treasure has never been rescued -- thus far, all who have tried have died in its jaws. Skully will recommend the party check with Ords Talar at the Records Office if they are interested.

"As far as I'm concerned," Skully says as he leaves the adventurers, "If'n ye can get the booty topside, and still be all in one living piece, then ye be entitled to every last shiny trinket."



ARMORY AND BLACKSMITHY

The Armory is located directly north of the stables, at the end of Armory Road. The outside fits Skully's country Ælven style well with its deep sea colors and bright lattice work. Inside, the color scheme is the same deep blues and cream. There is a feeling of age about the place, although everything is freshly painted and spotless. Glass-fronted display cases hold finely crafted metal objects of all kinds, from door hinges to daggers to jewelry, including magical items such as Shooting Star necklaces and Jumping Cricket belt buckles. There are open display racks for heavier equipment.

Arakkon runs the armory as well as the smithy, so the shop is usually empty when one enters. Those of a liberating nature will find that all his pieces are content with their rightful owner. If taken without payment, they may magically attack, or scream out in an unearthly voice known to drive some men mad. The ceiling is hung with some beautiful pieces, just out of reach. Arakkon will gladly bring down anything to be examined. He often changes his display to show off more of his goods and because he sells things very quickly. He offers a little something to please every taste and every pocketbook.

Behind the south counter is the door to the back room. Here is a

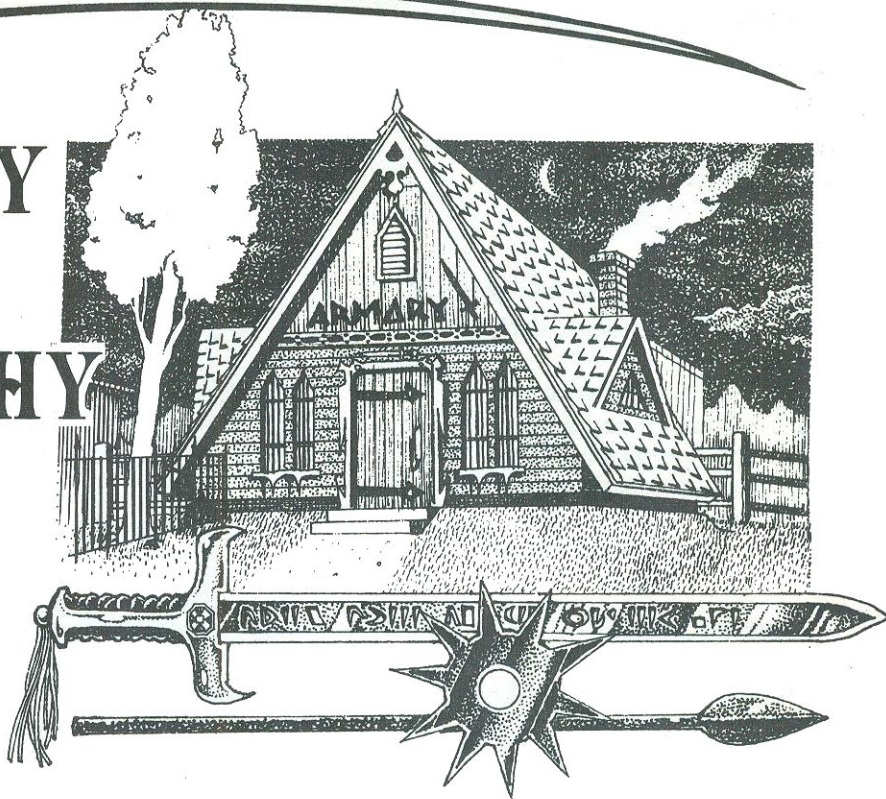
narrow walkway with shelves stretching up to the tall ceiling, filled with bits and pieces of every metal available in hundreds of shapes and sizes. A small ladder is used to reach the boxes. A stairway leads up to the catwalk over the ceiling.

The smithy itself is about fifty by twenty feet, with a dirt floor. The three stalls on the east side are where horses waiting to be shod may be left for a few hours or overnight. He keeps his favorite old mare, Cozy, in the southwest corner in an ornately decorated stall. She used to be a circus horse, and he feels she is more comfortable in such gaudy surroundings.

On the tables in the smithy are many half-finished bits of things, as the children of Dimwald find this a pleasant place to spend the afternoon, learning metalworking. A large number of specialized tools hang all about the smithy. Arakkon's selection of rawhide hammers fills a six-foot rack on the north wall. Below them is a

selection of ball and flat-headed metal hammers, saws, and files. All his tools are neatly organized, each in its place, marked by a red-painted shape on the wooden panels. The forge stands against the west side and the bellows are mounted before it. A barrel of pickle (a chemical bath used to remove scales from metal) stands near the annealing grill, with a tub of water beside it. Two large doors in the west wall are large enough to admit a carriage. His chicken coop is just outside.

His living quarters, located just above the smithy, have two windows so he can see the forge and the doorway from inside his home. The forge chimney vents smoke from his upstairs fireplace as well. He is a good cook and hence has a large kitchen. His apartment is decorated in warm greens and comfortable blues. He keeps a good sum of money tucked away in the seamed legs of his metal-framed couch, chairs, and dinner table. He will often ask a good friend to join him for a tasty meal and





enjoys designing small pieces of jewelry for friends in his spare time.

He keeps his favorite old mare, Cozy, in the southwest corner in an ornately decorated stall. She used to be a circus horse, and he feels she is more comfortable in such gaudy surroundings.

PERSONALITIES:

ARAKKON THE BLACKSMITH

Kindred: Dargonathian Half-Blood

Deity: Motteir

Sex: Male

Age: 852 years



Height: 5'8"

Weight: 167 lbs.

Hair/Eyes: He is a tough-looking old man with a short grey mane and merry dark eyes that are nearly lost in the wrinkles at the sides of his cheeks when he grins.

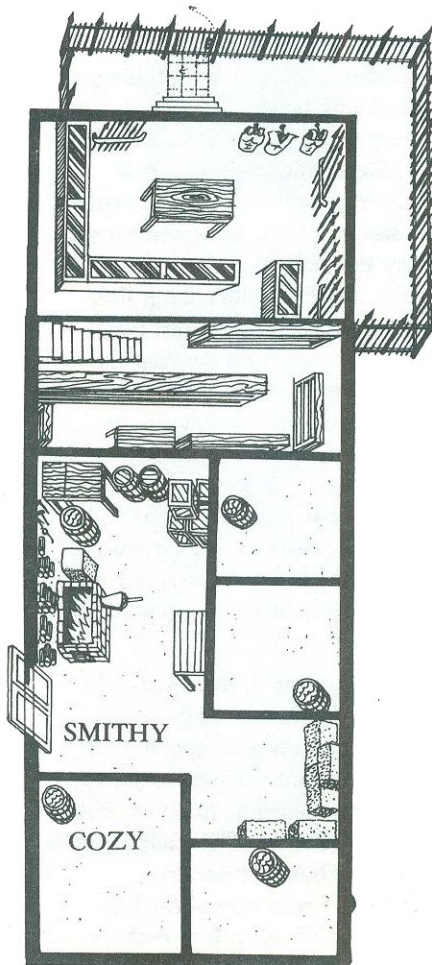
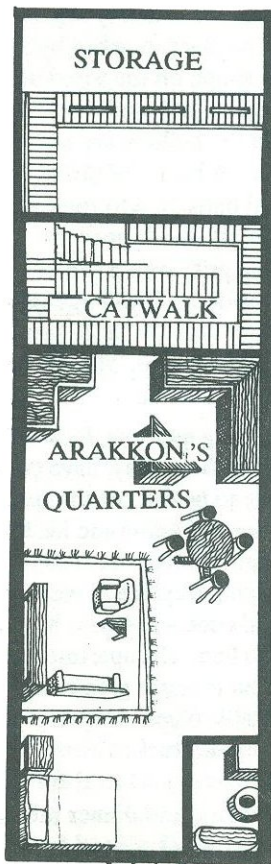
Appearance: He is always seen in

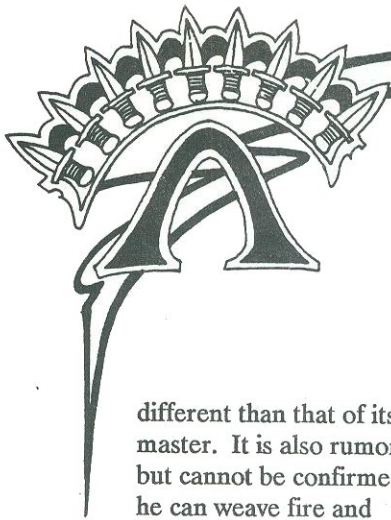
his smithy's apron, as he works continuously from dawn to late in the night. He wears leather upper arm coverings, coarse fabric pants, and four or five wide bracelets of silver set with precious stones of his own design on each wrist. One of his famous Shooting Star necklaces hangs from his thick red neck. His powerful build keeps most folks from trying to take advantage of him. His aura glimmers red like dying embers, to the sound of metal clanging on metal.

Arakkon seems to have been a smith for more years than the tides have turned on Tarn Island. The man is ageless, looking for all the world to be in his fifties. There are many legends about Arakkon the Slayer, an avenger who worked for the King of Kishmal as a mercenary, fighting the slavers of Lorian who plague the southern borders. He denies that those tales are about him, saying, "They nay hav' aught to be a du'ing with me, ya hear."

Physical Skills: He is an extremely good swordsman both with a broadsword and a fencing foil, and there is probably none in the Harbor save Ki'own or Di Carani who could best him. He knows much about the subtleties of weapons. He can feel if a blade will be true or will break at the time of greatest need. With a sword in his hand, he is not one to be lightly crossed (AA).

Magic Ability: He says he can speak to metal and learn its nature. He can also enchant metal to do something, i.e. bend a certain way or shatter under the use of a hand





different than that of its master. It is also rumored, but cannot be confirmed, that he can weave fire and transmute elements. His magic ability is only average (C).

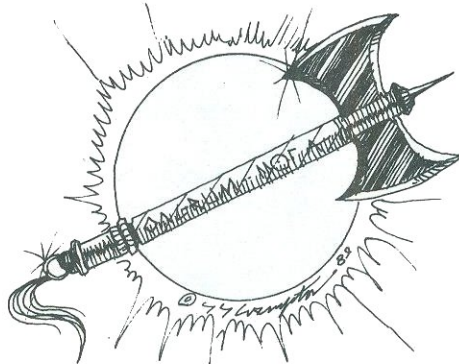
Addendum: He is the Slayer of legend, but does not admit this to anyone as he feels a great guilt about the deaths he has caused in his past. He has repented and taken up a quiet life, being content to read by his hearth fire at night, because of an accident that happened several hundred years ago which resulted in his killing a young Sardin boy and wounding his sister.

After that he gave up his mercenary life, but he has never forgotten it. Nor has he forgiven himself, and as penance he sends a portion of each month's profits to the descendants of the girl. He has never seen her heirs, nor has he given them any explanation. As a result the legend behind the money has taken on enormous magical traits and most Sardins believe the heirs are descended from an archmage or other such nonsense. The money actually arrives by ship and is delivered in the dead of night by an associate of Arakkon.

He doesn't think much of folks prying into his past, and an adventurer doing so may well answer to steel for his efforts.

SCENARIOS:

1) Some adventurers come to his shop and notice the huge black iron war axe hanging over the fire pit. The heavily carved runes on its handle mark it as "OAGRUM -- HELL CLEAVER", the legendary weapon of Arakkon the Slayer. The deaths of twelve thousand men are reputed to have been caused by this blade.



The goodwives of Dimwald have a tale which says that a demon lives in the axe. The story keeps their children in bed at night.

Indeed, a demon does live inside the weapon. Arakkon made a pact with it to provide it with souls of evil men in return for its aid in battle to defeat the armies of Lorean. The axe served him well for hundreds of years until by accident Arakkon wounded a young girl child. The blade found that the power and purity of a clean, innocent soul made the taste of anything else pale and sour. The blade over took Arakkon's will during the heat of battle, making the warrior turn on the young girl's brother and slay him. Arakkon has never picked up the axe again for fear that he might lose control and kill another child.

Arakkon might respond favorably to a party member who knew the true tale of the blade, such as another old warrior against Lorian. Any flip young brat who asks him if it's some type of magical item will find himself eating the dirt outside the smithy.

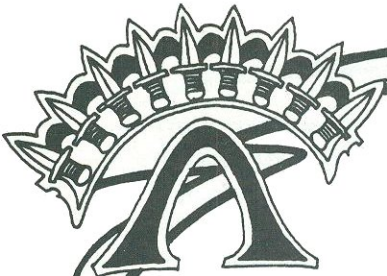
2) While at the armory, the party notices some fine daggers displayed in an old case on the far side of the showroom near the back door. They seem to be of an alien work as compared to the rest of the items around the store. One of the party members takes a fancy to one of them. Upon asking the price, the party finds that Arakkon is reluctant to sell the items in that case. He says if the adventurer really wants the dagger, to come back alone that night as the hour of the Dragon chimes (the hour of midnight).

Should the adventurer return at the appointed hour, he will find that Arakkon is waiting for him and that the shop has a strangely dangerous feel about it. Arakkon is now dressed head to toe in ornately tooled red leather Kishmalian war armor.

As the party member approaches, the smith will ask a question: "If there were a treasure to your right, a murderer of children in front of you, and a sensuous woman to your left, and you could only reach out for one of the three, which would you reach for?"

These daggers were given to him by a demigod of Orija, who believed that only duty was honorable. They will give enhanced strength to a warrior who fights the injustices of the world, but they will attack any who are unworthy, and then return to Arakkon. The demigod gave them to Arakkon after he fought off looters in the abandoned shrine by himself for three days.

Should your party member answer the gold, Arakkon will sell him the dagger for one quarter-ounce. It will test its new owner by immediately informing him the first time he encounters a murderer. If he does nothing brave, it will not speak again; and will vanish from the new owner's hand in the middle of the first serious fight in which he uses it.



If the adventurer answers the woman, he will be told he can have the weapon for free if he will bring a prostitute to Arakkon and give her to the smith for the night. The dagger will cause all women to detest the adventurer, and will cause him other personal problems among his friends until he finally gets rid of it. It will return to Arakkon within three days after the adventurer disposes of it.

If the party member answers that he would go after the murderer to punish the man, Arakkon will hand him the weapon, saying the piece will become hot in his hand when he is near a powerful evildoer.

3) One of the party members recognizes Arakkon, he thinks, as one of the avengers who worked for King William during the final years of the Settlement Wars, when Kishmal tried to regain lost territory from Lorian's Kingdom. Arakkon staunchly denies his ever being on that side of the world, ever! Let alone being Arakkon the Slayer!

The party member could make a few inquiries and has a 40% chance of finding out Arakkon's true past. Arakkon would then do one of three things:

1. Publicly deny his past and then seek to bribe the adventurer to forget the whole thing.
2. Deny the past and then quietly arrange an "accident" for the unsuspecting party member. It would not be intended to be fatal, but as a warning.

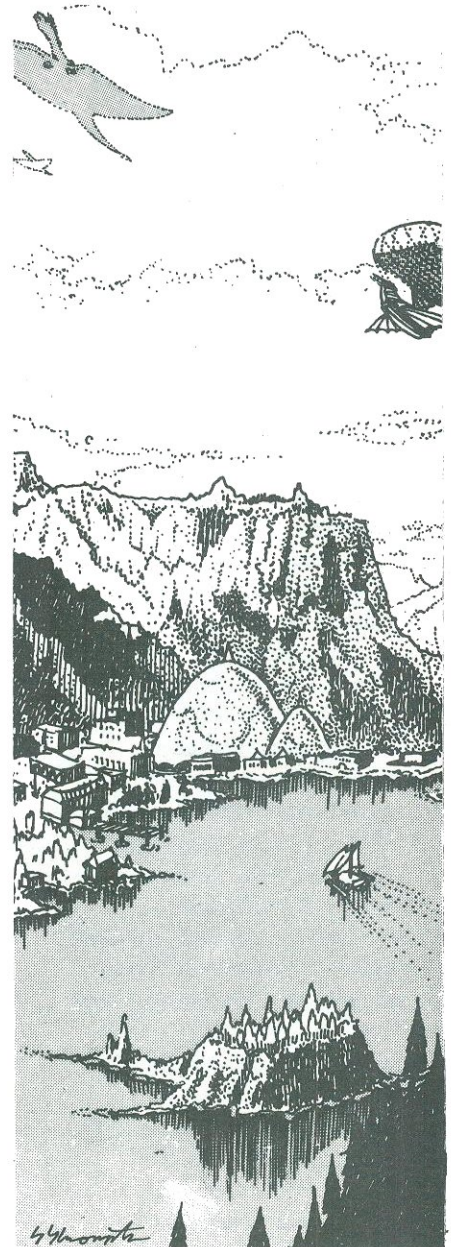
3. Admit that he is the Slayer. Overnight he will strip the shop, taking only his best things, and flee from Skully's Harbor, never to be seen again.

4) Arakkon's past has finally caught up with him. He was the relentless avenger of people who had been wronged, especially the victims of a coven of witches known as the Sisters of the Blood, who aided Lorian with their foul magic. These women performed hideous crimes on innocents. Unlike most mainland witches who believe in the powers of the earth and worship the gods of nature, these obeyed the Dark Ones and were often helpers of the Tarin Tor. Arakkon the Slayer was their greatest fear for years, as he successfully killed twenty-seven of their high ranking priestesses, women responsible for the sacrifice of many children.

The Sisterhood is after Arakkon's life in retaliation, and he has received several threats from them. These warnings have come in the form of a burning bird in his bedroom and a newly slaughtered hog's head, and the one he receives while the party is present in his shop is an arrow shot through the shop window with a flaming tuft of horsehair and a scroll on it. The scroll makes it clear that the coven is set on killing Arakkon in the next twenty-seven hours. If the party offers to help the smith find the women and save himself, he will make each adventurer an enchanted bracer which will increase resistance to disease.

5) Arakkon wakes up with nightmares, ever since he heard that children are being slain in Skully's Harbor. He secretly fears that the demon in the axe has taken control of him and is causing him

to do the slaying while covering his actions with nightmare-like blackouts. If he saw a group of strong, trustworthy adventurers he might hire them to find the killer of the children without telling them whom he suspects. He will make them swear on their own blood to kill the murderer, no matter who it turns out to be.



Skully's Estate

SKULLY'S ESTATE:

When you are invited into Skully's house, you will find many pleasant surprises. The house is located just off the Last Road, beside the Haunted Shrine. It looks like a beached *Ælven* trimaran. It really isn't, but it is built to the exact detail of Skully's old pirate vessel, the *Reaver*, with only a few modifications to adapt it to land use.

The building comes complete with a horse stable, six bedrooms, two offices, a library, a painting studio, and a sun deck which completely covers the upper roof of the living quarters. Skully seldom asks people into his inner domain. But when he does, they are assured of the best treatment they have ever received. First, you will pass through a small enchanted gate which will keep all unwanted visitors out of the compound. As you climb the stairs to the door, you may allow your gaze to wander down to the open breezeway under the house, where horses watch you from their stalls.

When you knock, the door of the house will open silently

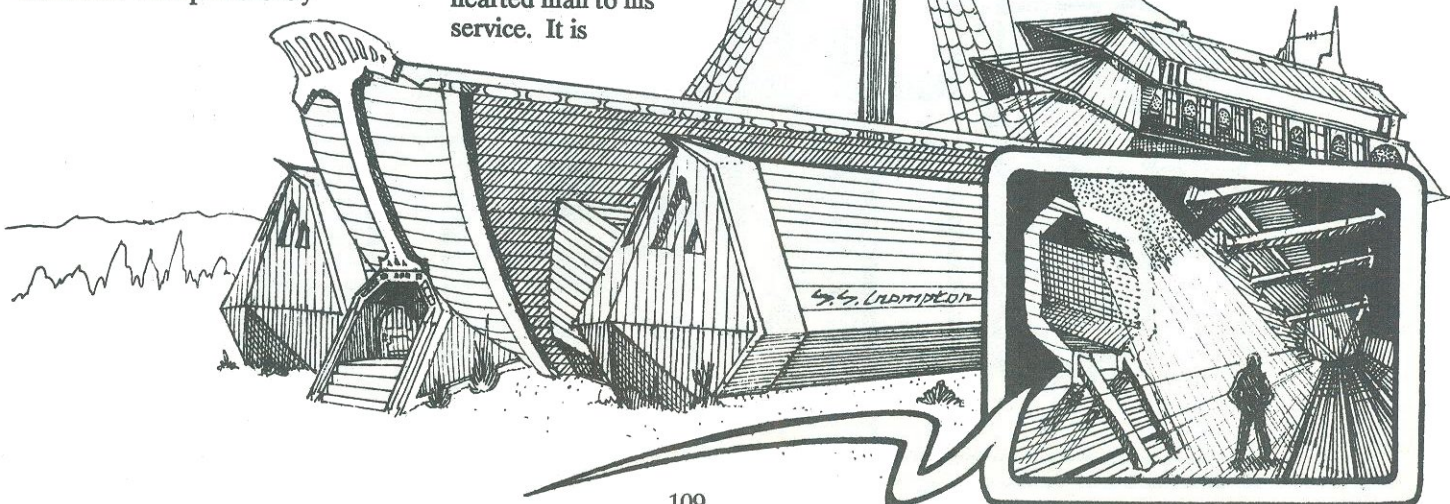
outward. Upon entering, you will find yourself still alone, looking down a long dimly lit hallway with a distinct scent of the sea and of salt in the air. You notice that the hallway is devoid of doors on both sides, and the only thing you can see is a T-intersection and a door at the end. This second hallway is about thirty feet long in either direction. To the right is a nearby door on the right wall, a slightly more distant door on the left-hand wall, and another door on the right just before the passage turns left. In the other direction, there is one door in the left-hand wall and an opening at the end. At the end of this hallway you will step out onto a second story balcony which completely encircles a large library. You descend the stairs with your hand on the smooth, hand-carved brass railing. Your host, dressed in comfortable looking pants and a loose long-sleeved white shirt, will emerge from behind one of the long bookcases and greet you softly. His mild smile and booming laughter have won many a stout-hearted man to his service. It is

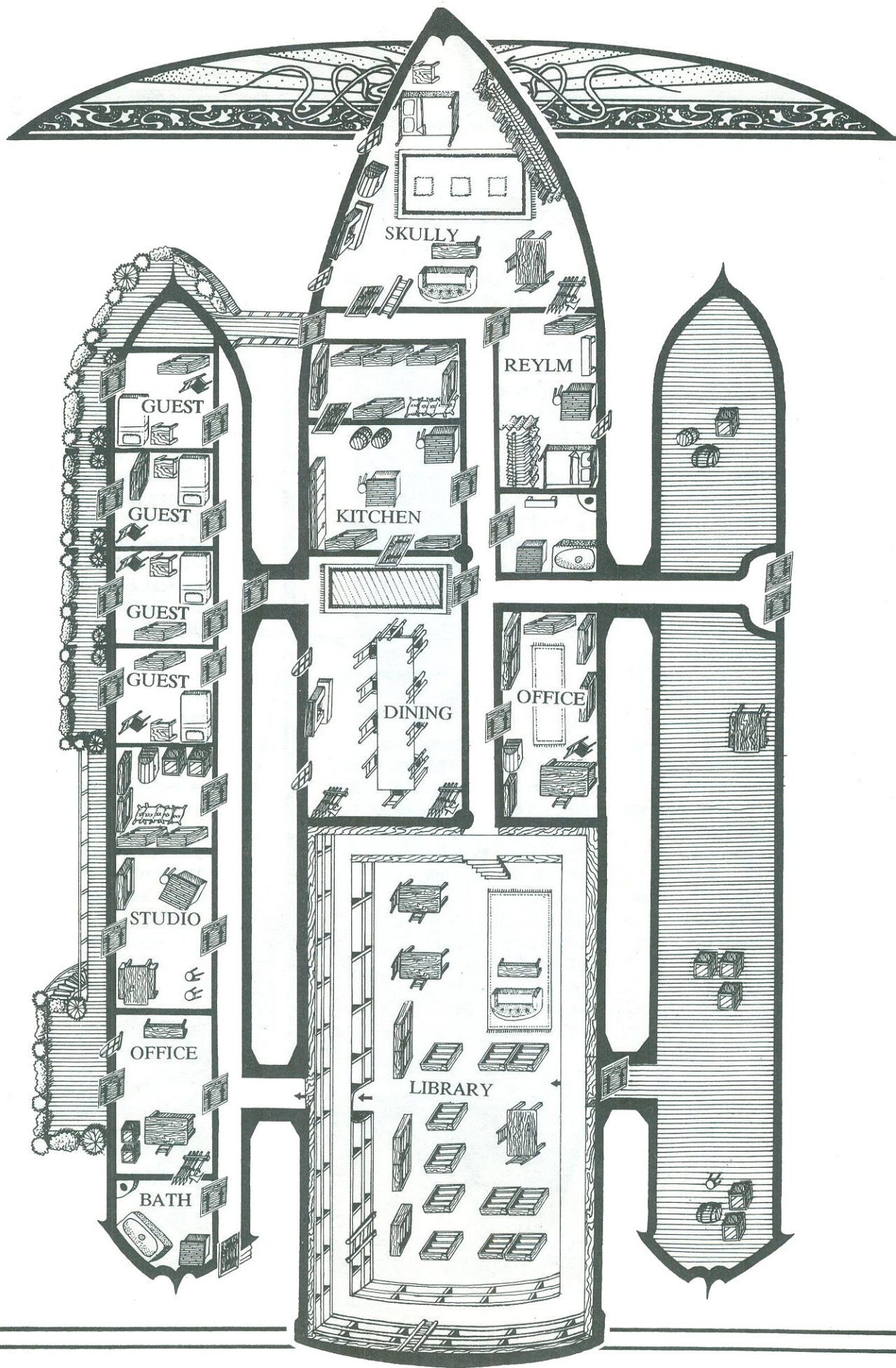
said that once you make friends with Skully, you are one of his men forever. There is something that will endear him even to the dirtiest pirate.

He will show you around his two story library, telling you there are over ten thousand books here, "captured" from all over the world. If you stay as his guest, you may even read some. The room is nearly twenty-five feet at its apex, and measures nearly forty by sixty feet. A solid oak ladder runs on tracks all the way around the room. The floor is made of highly polished redwood and smells like freshly cut wood.

Motioning you out through a ground level door across from where you entered, he will lead you into down a short hallway to a T-intersection. There, a door opens into a twelve by twenty foot room with a close flat ceiling. This is Skully's personal office. It is sparsely furnished, in contrast to the room you just left.

His desk is small and two filing boxes sit beside it against the wall. He will tell you a little about his past as



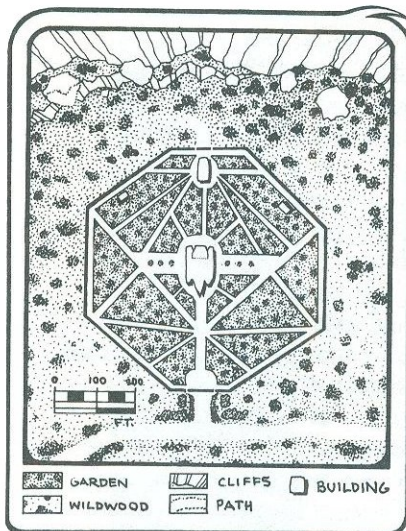


a pirate. A young girl will enter and offer to take you to your quarters.

Leaving as you entered, you will find yourself in a hallway that runs along the side of the "ship's" outer hull. From the vaulted ceiling hangs a beautiful crystal lamp. Five foot high by three foot wide windows flood the hall with light and fresh air. Toward the short end of the hall, doors lead to a bathing chamber and to the outside. In the other direction, as you pass a door marked "CYTL," the girl says this is her painting studio. She offers to show you her paintings later on tonight if you would like. The next door leads to a storage room which contains miscellaneous tools, parts, and items used around the house. As you continue down the hall, the girl will pause and show you a door marked "TER." This, she tells you, is the dining room, or galley as Skully calls it. Four other doors open off the hall.

Reylm, the young girl, will tell you to pick any of these four rooms; they are all alike. Bowing and backing away, she tells you she will ring you for dinner. Each of the four rooms measures twelve feet square. The rooms are filled with a type of hand-made furniture seen on the Mainland in the country of Erinz. The furniture is heavily built with high arches and a multitude of open carvings. Due to the size of the furniture, there is only room for a double bed, a tall narrow chest of drawers, and a lamp table and chair. Watch your head as you go through the short, six foot glass panelled door that leads outside to the balcony.

The door opens onto a porch of beautifully inlaid black oak. Multitudes of potted flowers hang from the rafters. The porch goes to each room, then moves on to a

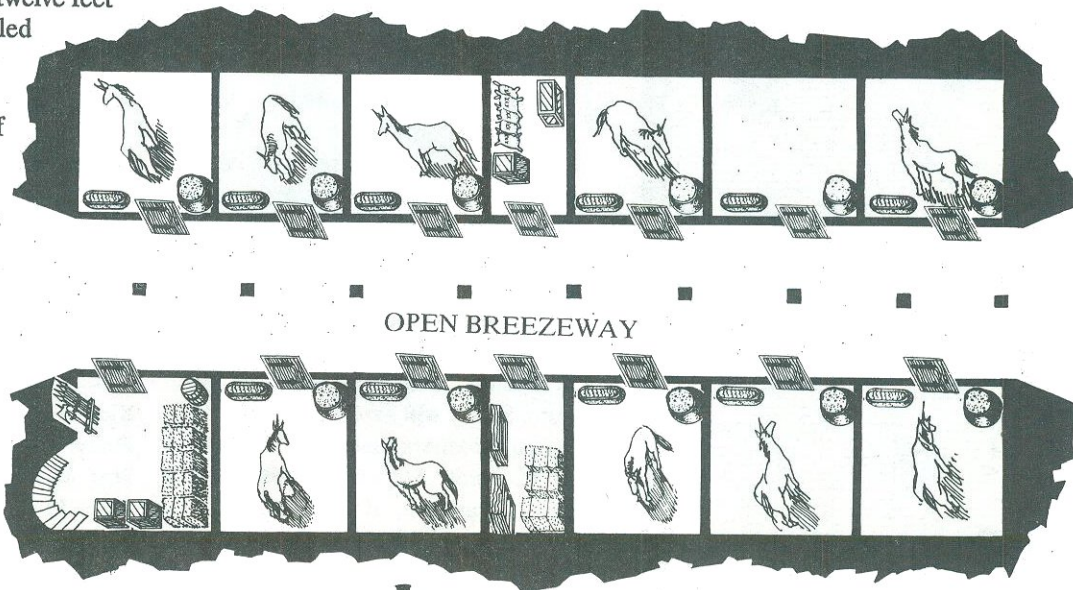


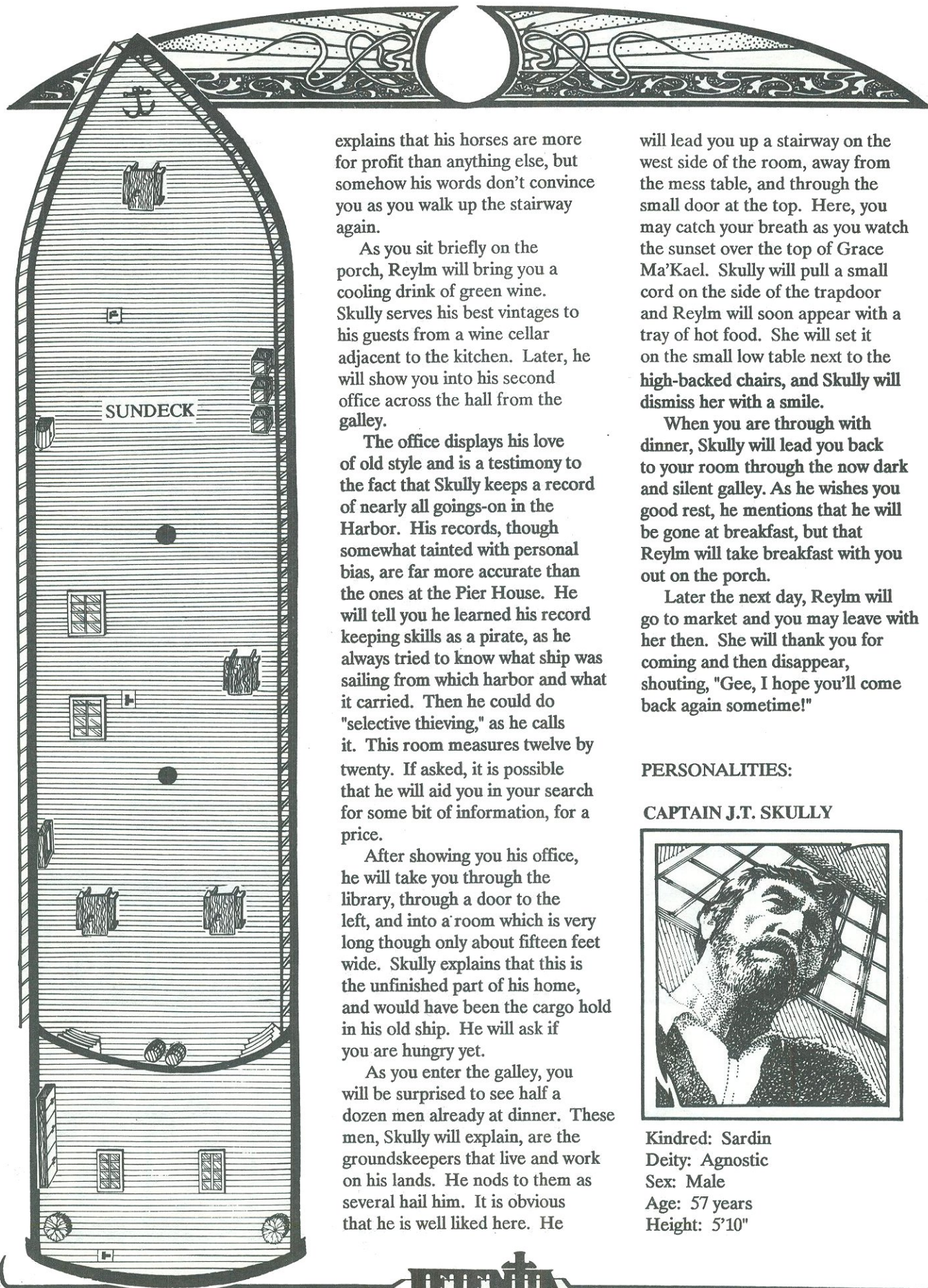
larger sitting area overlooking the horse training arena.

Walking down the stairs, you will find yourself in the heart of Skully's breeding barn. Well-groomed mares will reach their silky necks out to you, eagerly hoping for some stray tidbit. Some of these animals are breeding mares of a strain of Highland mountain

horse, some are mixed breeds whose owners abused them and then angered Skully, and a few are solid-hoofed draft breeds kept by Skully for a little extra income. He will breed them to his draft stud and sell the offspring to the farmers. About halfway down the length of the barn, you will pass two small-framed mares in stalls lined with fabric and silken drapes covering each of the stalls' windows. Their creamy white coats are nearly identical, and their high nervous whinnies echo up the breezeway. The halters that hang on the pegs below these stalls appear to be made of braided gold. There is an airy magnificence about these mares. As you turn around, Skully will be standing just behind you. "Like 'm beauties? Don't ya be thinking them to be well bred?" Should you ask him about their breeding, he will rattle off some names you have never heard of.

The other breezeway, also ten feet wide, houses Goliath, his main draft stud. Each of the dozen horses here is in a separate twelve by fifteen foot stall, and the tackroom is the same size. Skully





explains that his horses are more for profit than anything else, but somehow his words don't convince you as you walk up the stairway again.

As you sit briefly on the porch, Reylm will bring you a cooling drink of green wine. Skully serves his best vintages to his guests from a wine cellar adjacent to the kitchen. Later, he will show you into his second office across the hall from the galley.

The office displays his love of old style and is a testimony to the fact that Skully keeps a record of nearly all goings-on in the Harbor. His records, though somewhat tainted with personal bias, are far more accurate than the ones at the Pier House. He will tell you he learned his record keeping skills as a pirate, as he always tried to know what ship was sailing from which harbor and what it carried. Then he could do "selective thieving," as he calls it. This room measures twelve by twenty. If asked, it is possible that he will aid you in your search for some bit of information, for a price.

After showing you his office, he will take you through the library, through a door to the left, and into a room which is very long though only about fifteen feet wide. Skully explains that this is the unfinished part of his home, and would have been the cargo hold in his old ship. He will ask if you are hungry yet.

As you enter the galley, you will be surprised to see half a dozen men already at dinner. These men, Skully will explain, are the groundskeepers that live and work on his lands. He nods to them as several hail him. It is obvious that he is well liked here. He

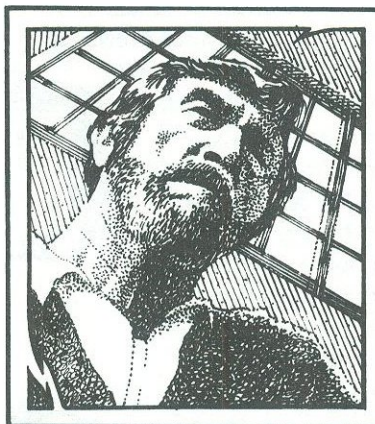
will lead you up a stairway on the west side of the room, away from the mess table, and through the small door at the top. Here, you may catch your breath as you watch the sunset over the top of Grace Ma'Kael. Skully will pull a small cord on the side of the trapdoor and Reylm will soon appear with a tray of hot food. She will set it on the small low table next to the high-backed chairs, and Skully will dismiss her with a smile.

When you are through with dinner, Skully will lead you back to your room through the now dark and silent galley. As he wishes you good rest, he mentions that he will be gone at breakfast, but that Reylm will take breakfast with you out on the porch.

Later the next day, Reylm will go to market and you may leave with her then. She will thank you for coming and then disappear, shouting, "Gee, I hope you'll come back again sometime!"

PERSONALITIES:

CAPTAIN J.T. SKULLY



Kindred: Sardin
Deity: Agnostic
Sex: Male
Age: 57 years
Height: 5'10"

Weight: 160 pounds

Hair/Eyes: His bright sea-blue eyes and iron grey, wavy hair give him the distinguished look of a town Elder.

Appearance: Skully usually wears casual linen pants and a loose tunic of fine Jabarian cloth with a wide leather belt. His short boots are made of soft leather, the kind the sailors of Tarn wear to steady themselves on board ship. His aura reminds one of a kaleidoscope in shades of blue and green, with fine white lines crisscrossing each spinning shard.

Position: Captain Skully is the patriarch of the town, and a "gentleman" farmer. He is involved in most of the trade deals in town, in one way or another. He is responsible for the Skully's Harbor exchange tax which is one half of one percent on all items that pass through the Harbor. He is also the main town Elder, and is consulted for advice on all disagreements or other problems concerning the Harbor. He is well respected and looked up to by most who know him. Anyone who lives in Skully's Harbor for more than a few months will recognize him on sight.

Physical Skills: As he is a former pirate, his skills with a broadsword and dagger are excellent, and only the best swordsmen can hold their own against him in combat (A).

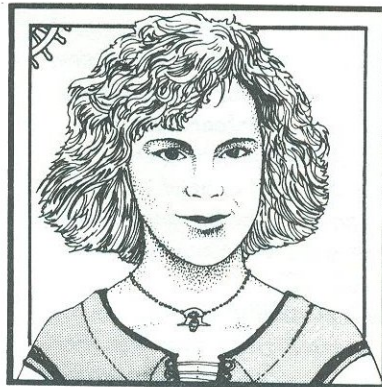
Magical Ability: Skully has no natural abilities. However, he owns a large collection of magical items and potions collected over his many years as a pirate captain. He keeps

most of these items in a large oak cabinet in his bedroom chamber. The cabinet is always magically locked and will only open at Skully's order. He also carries a number of them with him at all times, usually jewelry. Some of these charms allow him to detect lies, see auras, deflect magic attacks, and beguile people.

Addendum: For most of his life he searched the high seas for true contentment, and has found it in his Harbor. However, his Harbor is in a very tenuous position and could be crushed by warring sides. Skully will do anything to preserve it and has had to make some concessions to both the Tarin Tor and the Elven Contingent to insure the continued existence of the Harbor. He knows that Knosso is creating "evil armor" for the Tarin Tor, but he is unable to do anything about it. To keep the Tarin Tor from overrunning the Harbor, Skully has promised to allow Knosso's factory a completely free hand in its business, with no interference and no questions asked. As further security, Knosso has kidnapped Skully's young son, and is holding him somewhere downriver at a tanning mill.

Skully is an engineering genius, a very tough man, and honorable in all his dealings -- at least, since retiring from piracy. His loyalty to friends, and their fierce devotion to him, proves that he is a man to be trusted and sought after for help and advice.

REYLM URILORI



Kindred: Sardin

Deity: Jehovah

Sex: Female

Age: 15

Height: 5'4"

Weight: 106

Hair/Eyes: Reylm wears her clean, flaxen hair about shoulder length. She is not familiar with the use of the brush or comb. Her curls hang in soft perky waves close to her cheeks. A small provocative lock hangs enticingly over her warm baby blue eyes. She is the image of youthful exuberance and charm.

Appearance: Reylm has a very childlike demeanor, and is well liked by everyone in the Harbor. She is often seen on some errand for Skully. Although she has a keen wit, she seems to be in a constant state of hyperactivity. Given the chance, she will talk the ear off of any hapless person who starts a conversation with her. But her innocent wide-eyed view of life brings a smile to any who listen.

Position: Reylm is Skully's personal assistant. Her main duties are to run errands, keep track of Skully's appointments, and make the meals at home. In exchange,

she is given food, lodging and five quince a week.

Physical Skill: Reyml is somewhat skilled with a bow and arrow, but she would be completely unable to defend herself (other than kicking and screaming) in hand to hand combat. She is a gentle soul who is more likely to cry than fight (E).

Magical Ability: She has no natural ability, although she owns a small necklace which will softly glow if Skully needs her (E).

Addendum: Reyml is Skully's niece, and she is devoted to him. He

took her in three years ago when her parents were lost at sea and presumed dead. She has just reached the age where she is looking at boys in a more romantic light, but she is quite happy to just enjoy the days as they come, and practice her archery and painting.

SCENARIOS:

1) Skully hears about the new

adventurers in town. If they have behaved with courage and honor, he will send a message to them, inviting them to meet him at his home for some food and a business proposition. If group is interested, they will be escorted by Reyml up to the Galleon House and treated to a fine meal. Later, in the sitting room, if he has determined that the adventurers are trustworthy and skilled enough, Skully will bring to light the business proposition that he has in mind.

He will offer the party 200 quince each, if they go to the tanning mill down river to rescue his son from Knosso's clutches. If the group accepts, they must tell no one of their mission or of their connection to Skully.

2) Skully has a secret which he will go to great length to protect. He has written a letter of explanation which he wants his son to have at his sixteenth birthday should anything happen to him.

The letter has been stolen, and news of its existence has hit the black market. It is a hot item as it names dates, places, and

people involved in several illicit operations, including assassinations, drugs, and the trade of Knosso's war leather.

A) Skully hires the party to find and retrieve the letter.

B) Someone from the Longshoreman's Bar hires the party to buy the letter for them. The employer will be selling the letter to a "client".

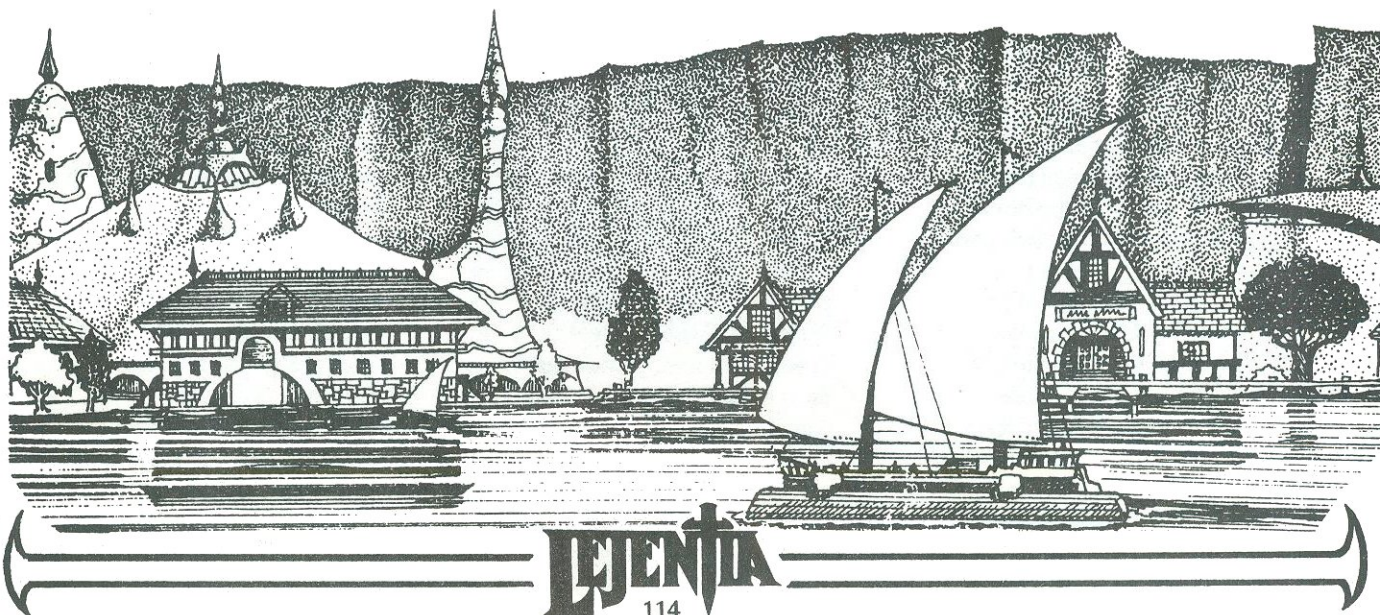
3) Knosso (see Factory) suspects that Skully is planning a way to rescue his son. He is willing to pay good money to ensure that any attempt at rescue fails.

4) One of Knosso's men tricks Reyml Urilori into a dangerous situation one night. Due to an intervention of one or several party members, a greater injury was not done to Reyml. But, when he goes to tell Knosso to keep his men under control, Skully is badly beaten up. He decides to hire the party to:

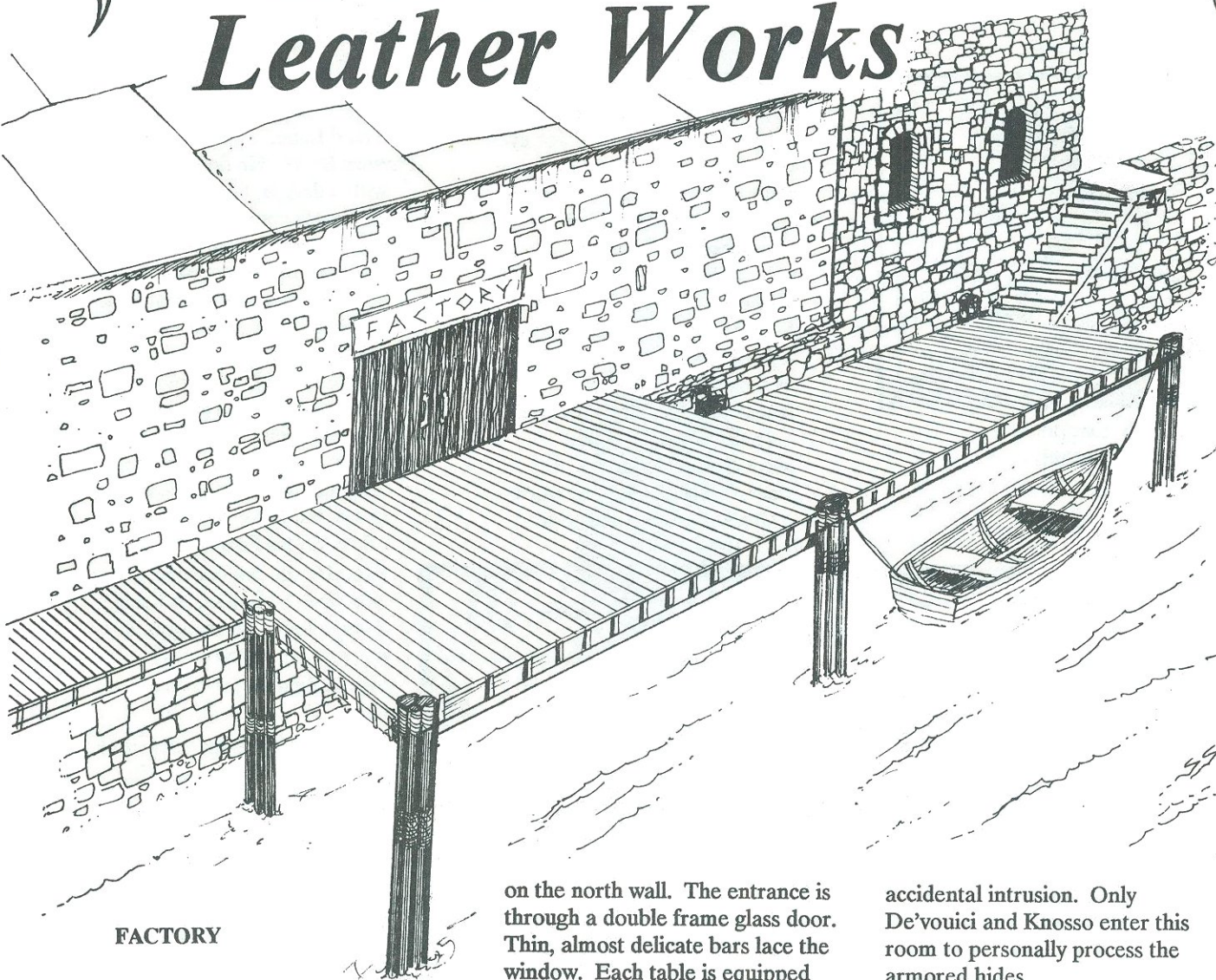
A) Protect Reyml from further harm.

B) Be his bodyguards.

C) Go kill Knosso.



Knosso Leather Works



FACTORY

The factory is a seventy- by seventy-foot building. A small 12' x 12' office, where De'vouici works throughout the day, is located on a small perch only eight feet from the ceiling in the northwest corner of the room. The vantage point allows him to keep tabs on all sixty workers below. There is enough room, with the door open, for a small, sealed upright box to stand beside the desk, and a slim bookcase behind the desk.

The rest of the factory is a big, stark room with thin windows

on the north wall. The entrance is through a double frame glass door. Thin, almost delicate bars lace the window. Each table is equipped with all the instruments the women need to complete custom designs.

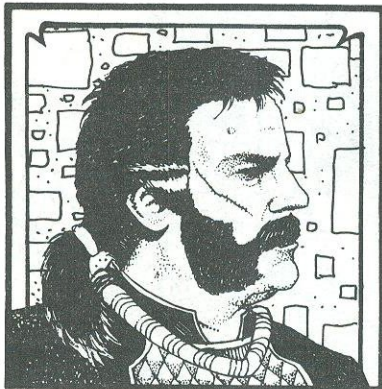
On the west wall behind the thirty-seven sewing tables is a door of solid metal which leads to the Fur Shop. This door is magically sealed at night by De'vouici. Also on the west wall, within the processing room, is a sealed and reinforced laboratory. Here, De'vouici can work without interruption among the large vats of hideous smelling, deadly chemicals. The laboratory is magically warded to prevent any

accidental intrusion. Only De'vouici and Knosso enter this room to personally process the armored hides.

The specially treated hides, highly prized because they can turn any unenchanted blade, embody a very dark secret indeed: they are made of many layers of human skin, treated with an alchemical fluid which was given to Knosso by the dark powers he serves. The origin of the hides is well-disguised: neither psychometry nor most other types of divination will reveal that they come from human beings. Thus, even Hyl Sudiard, with the tremendous magic at his command, has been unable to duplicate the leather.

PERSONALITIES

ALATIR KNOSSO



Kindred: Sardin
Deity: Beelzebub
Sex: Male
Age: 40

Height: 6'1"

Weight: 287 pounds

Hair/Eyes: Greasy black hair frames his face, ending in a neatly trimmed mustache and sideburns. His beady black eyes are enough to turn even a strong adventurer's stomach.

Appearance: He wears rich, dark, flowing robes with high collars to hide the scar on his neck where he was once hung for inflicting himself on a young girl in Cardense. He carries a small pouch, containing spending money and a small dagger, strapped across his left shoulder. He wears a black onyx ring, worth a king's ransom, on his right

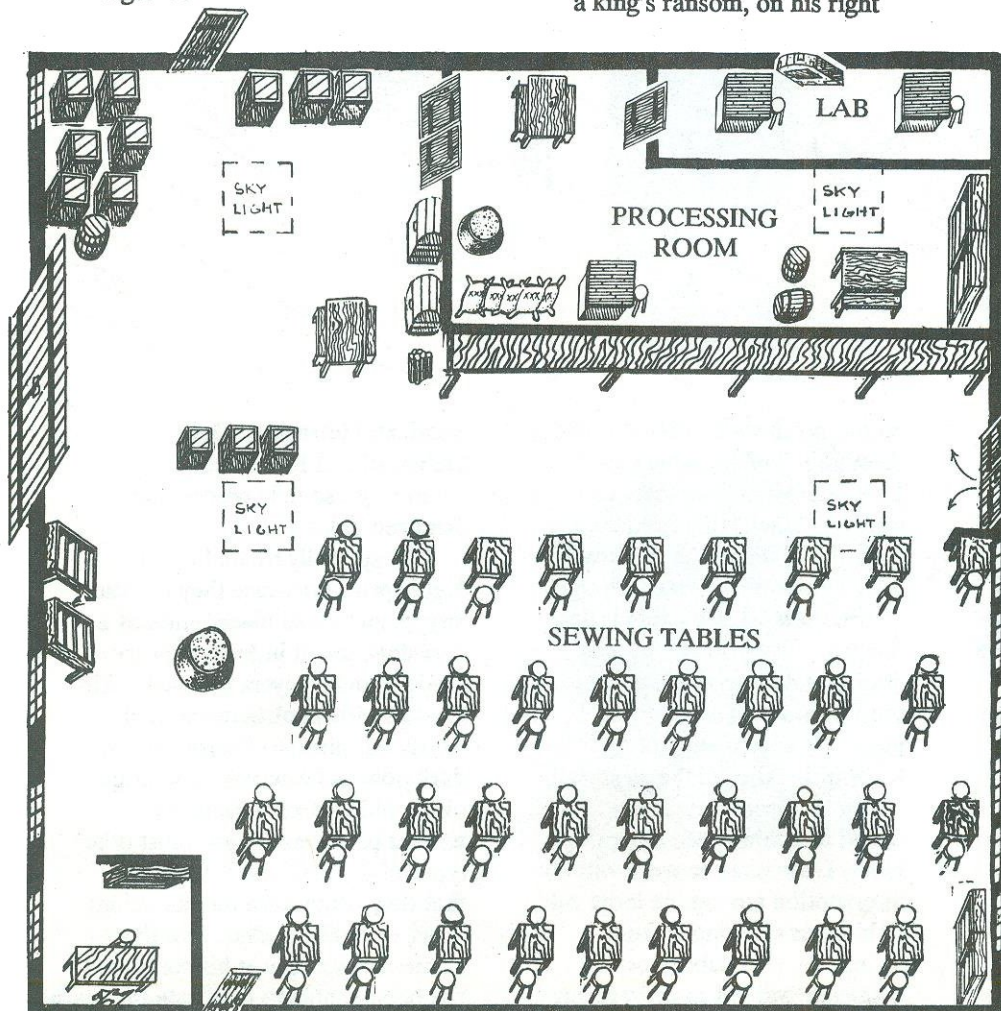
hand.

Position: He is the owner of the Jewelry, Fur, and Magic Shops, and of the factory, which are located on the south side of Tread Lane.

Physical Skills: He fights well with a dagger, but is extremely clumsy with any other weapon, and would probably try to run away from any dangerous confrontation if possible. This man is not one to offend when he is drinking because he will tear your heart out if he can get his hands on you. When sober, he will remember any slight done him, and will pay it back in blood, but he prefers to have others do his fighting for him. He did not become so rich, and so bloated, by being a brave fool. He recognizes no rules but his own. His overall fighting prowess is poor (D).

Magic Ability: He has a few tricks up his sleeves, such as having bound to him, after killing the previous owner, a demon with a one-track mind. All the beast knows is to follow the bidding of whomever wears the Black Signet. This is a ring out of legend which is reported to have the Frithnoy Keeper Of Hell bound inside it. Ariendale bound the demon for all eternity to service in the stone. The demon can come forth only for an hour per day. It hates all living things, including Knosso. Its magical prowess is very good (A). But, Knosso's own magical prowess is poor (E).

Addendum: A nobleman from the slaver Kingdom of Lorian, Knosso owns much of the real estate in Skully's Harbor,





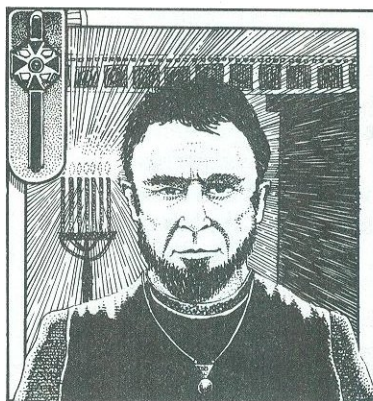
namely the factory, the jewelry store (the only one in town after the one owned by Old Man Weiss mysteriously burned down), the fur shop, and the magic shop. Currently, Knosso is playing shopkeeper to cover his black market operations. Having recently arrived in Skully's Harbor, he quickly obtained Skully's blessing and set up his operation. With the right words in his shop one can buy magic items that would be illegal almost anywhere else. With some other words in the leather shop one can buy pouches and vests sewn of the finest of leathers guaranteed to turn a normal sword, blow dart or arrow.

As a worshiper of Beelzebub, Knosso believes in making Sardin sacrifices to his god. Every sixth full moon he roams the hills just above Dimwald in search of his child offering. The townsfolk are alarmed at the disappearances, but have blamed them unjustly on those living in the Fort. Skully suspects what is going on, but can do little to stop him as his son has been kidnapped by Knosso and taken to one of the slave tanning mills. Knosso has threatened the child's life unless Skully steps aside and ignores his actions in the Harbor. Skully has reluctantly agreed until he can think of some way to eliminate Knosso. So, for the time being, Knosso goes on with his exploits as if nothing were out of the ordinary. However, he is a man very quickly running out of time, though he refuses to realize it.

Knosso is playing games with the Hell Lord, as Hyl Sudiar wants to buy the tanning process, but Knosso has refused to sell it and promises instead to supply him with plentiful shipments at at cheap prices. This has appeased Hyl Sudiar, but only for the time being; he does not like being refused when he is nice enough to ask for something.

Knosso has potential dangers closer to home. He has addicted the jeweler's retarded son to poison in order to keep the old man under his thumb. He also holds a crystal containing the soul of a powerful Dargonath, thus keeping the wizard bound into slavery. Either of these two men would love to kill him, given the chance.

DE'VOUICI



Kindred: Sardin
Deity: Beelzebub
Sex: Male
Age: 37
Height: 5'5"
Weight: 156 lbs.
Hair/Eyes: Plain brown hair, pulled back in a short, stumpy braid. His eyes are grey.
Appearance: This man has a fetish for black. His tight livery leaves no room for anything

not built of muscle. He carries his sword under his right shoulder where it can be easily reached. His high black boots of the finest imported leather are tipped with steel toes and equipped with several hidden daggers. A long cape covers him most of the time, sewn with small steel balls in the hem. He uses it in whip fashion to catch an opponent's weapon.

Position: He is Knosso's bodyguard. He oversees most of the procurement proceedings for the fine leather that Knosso makes from his Sardin slaves in Gaulden. De'vouici has invented a streamlined system for the killing, storage, transportation, tanning, and design of Knosso's creations. The market for his products is extremely brisk, and De'vouici enjoys his four percent commission on the sale of each piece sold.

Physical Skills: De'vouici likes to fight. He frequently tests his skills on drunken youngsters at the local tavern to "stay quick on his feet." He seems to care little that he leaves his opponents dying in the street while he goes back in to finish his ale. The man is honorable only when Knosso tells him to be. He is also quite greedy, and those who flash great sums of money in his presence will no doubt later pay for the privilege of staying alive (A).

Magic Ability: He has none (E).
Addendum: Having just returned with a load of tanned hides ready to be cut and sewn by unsuspecting farmwives, De'vouici intends to buy a farm just outside of Skully's



Harbor. The house and lands he wants belong to a young widow who is a seamstress in his factory. He intends to take the girl for his wife, as a soothsayer said that when he found a child with a devil spider tattooed on her arm he should wed her and give their firstborn to Beelzebub. In this way De'vouici believes he will obtain immortal life.

De'vouici's driving desire is to outwit death by serving the dark forces, and thereby obtain an unending life filled with riches and pleasures.

WIDOW SIERIN



Kindred: Mestizo (Sardin Vendrinite)

Deity: Jehovah

Sex: Female

Age: 20

Height: 5'3"

Weight: 116 lbs.

Hair/Eyes: Long blonde hair could hang down the length of the widow's back, but she believes that such a display would be a sin, so she keeps it pinned up in a large bun at the nape of her neck. Her peaceful eyes are green-gold.

Appearance: As is the tradition of her people, she wears a long dress in all weather. Her belief does not even allow her to see herself naked, let

alone anyone else, so there are no mirrors in her home. The colors she wears are those which will help her attain heaven, namely dark blue and white.

Position: She is one of the seamstresses who works for De'vouici preparing the fine leather garments that are exported from Skully's Harbor. She takes great care in her work and enjoys the creative freedom De'vouici allows her.

Physical Skills: She has almost no fighting ability other than the possibility she could scream, or pray an opponent to death (E).

Magic Ability: She has none, nor does she believe in it, save that of her God (E).

Addendum: She was the child of an Ælven woman and a Sardin man. She is ashamed of her background and does her best to conceal her Ælven heritage. Her Reverend burned the mark of a holy spider into the back of her arm as proof to the Lord that she had renounced all taint of her black blood. She has the utmost respect for De'vouici. Often she cannot understand why some of the other women say evil things about him. She cannot abide such talk and once told him what she overheard her best friend say. She was later appalled to hear that her friend had run away with a passing sailor, whose ship was bound for a slave camp, leaving behind a husband of twenty-six years, and four children. She is looking forward to marrying De'vouici as soon as this next shipment is marketed. She dreams of their wonderful life together.

SCENARIOS:

1) The party is walking past the factory when a beautiful young girl comes screaming out of the building, running right into the arms of the closest party member. Looking up at him with big blue tear-filled eyes, she begs him to protect her. She says she isn't crazy, but because she has discovered that they are killing people to make the leather goods, Knosso and his men are trying to kill her. There is a shallow two-inch cut on the left side of her neck where -- she claims -- they tried to slit her throat. No sooner has she told the party this, than De'vouici tears out of the factory with several armed men behind him. Rushing up to the girl and uttering the foulest of curses, he grabs for her, telling the party members she is a dangerous lunatic and the Patrol is coming to take her away for attempting to murder Knosso.

The girl is quite sane and they are doing what she thinks they are. If the party defends her, it should prove an easy battle against De'vouici's men despite their being armed. However, should the party members rescue her, they will be attacked repeatedly in an attempt to kill them and protect the secret.

2) There is a rumor that the men at the factory are indeed using people to make their leather goods. An anonymous person contacts the party and claims to have a recipe for the manufacture of the tanning material they use to toughen the leather so it will turn any blade. The source says that if the party would like to put an end to Knosso and De'vouici once and for all, they could sell the recipe to Seit Nigira for about three hundred

quince and once she has the formula, she will kill Knosso. All the source wants is a cut of the sale price, not much, only a hundred quince.

3) The party members are looking for work and the factory is always hiring (De'vouici is so unpleasant that most people quit after a few weeks). The party, after taking jobs at the factory, could have these adventures:

A. They could learn Knosso's secret about the process of the hides.

B. One of the members could fall in love with a young girl. She is frightened about some events that have been going on around the Factory. She says she is in love with the party member. She may even make arrangements to go away with him. But, when he goes to pick her up from work one night he is told she did not come to work that day. Upon checking with her parents he will be told that she ran away. The next day or so, when he is stacking uncut leather, he will recognize her birthmark from a sensitive place. At this point, the ball is in his court, as he could do anything from killing De'vouici to exacting a slow and precise revenge.

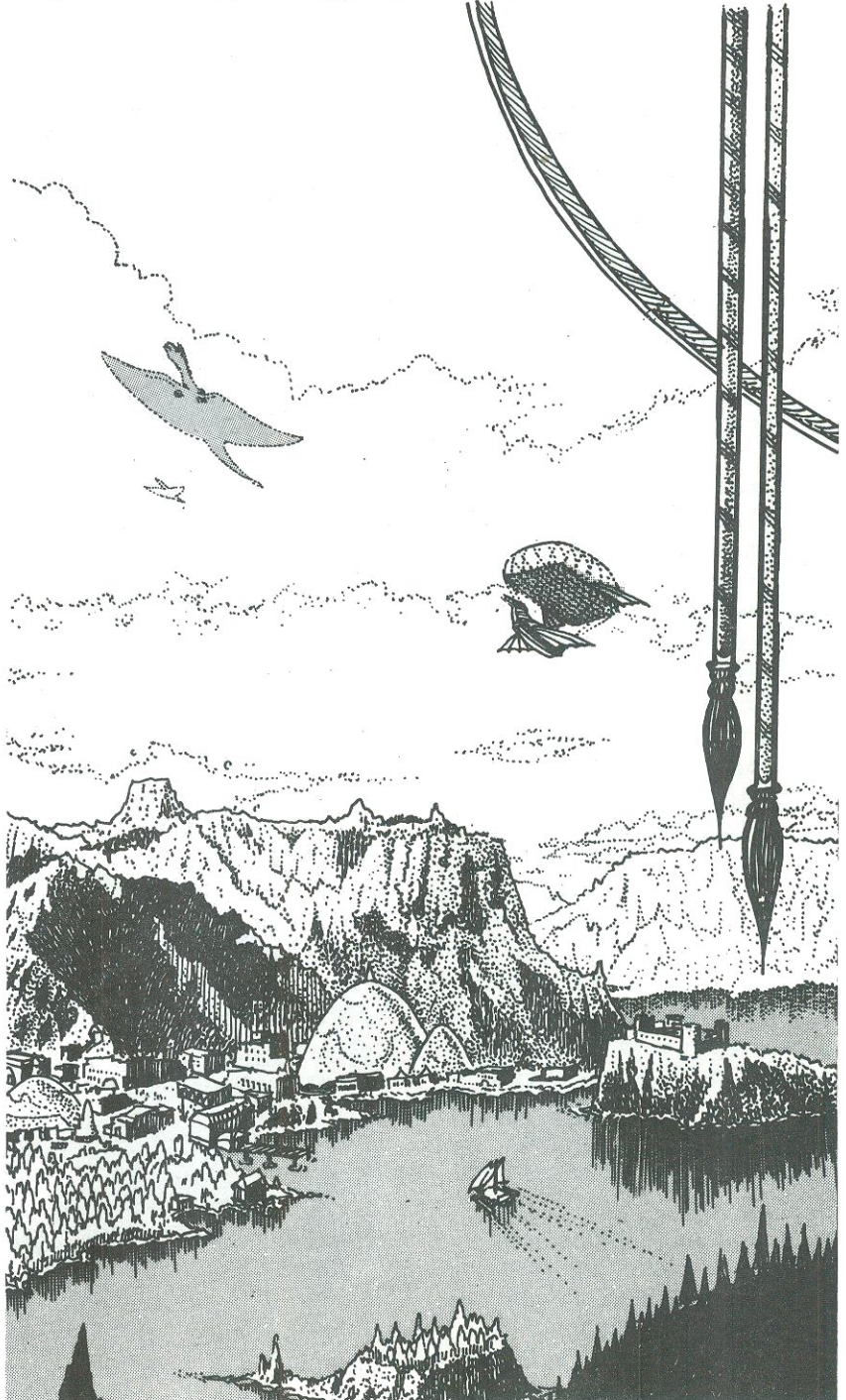
C. The party could work for several days and then have De'vouici refuse to pay them their just wages, and back it up with armed men.

4) De'vouici gets it into his head that the party members are a group of meddlers that he knows from way back. He has his little widow spy on them, with instructions to "do whatever it takes to gain their confidence, and report everything they do back to

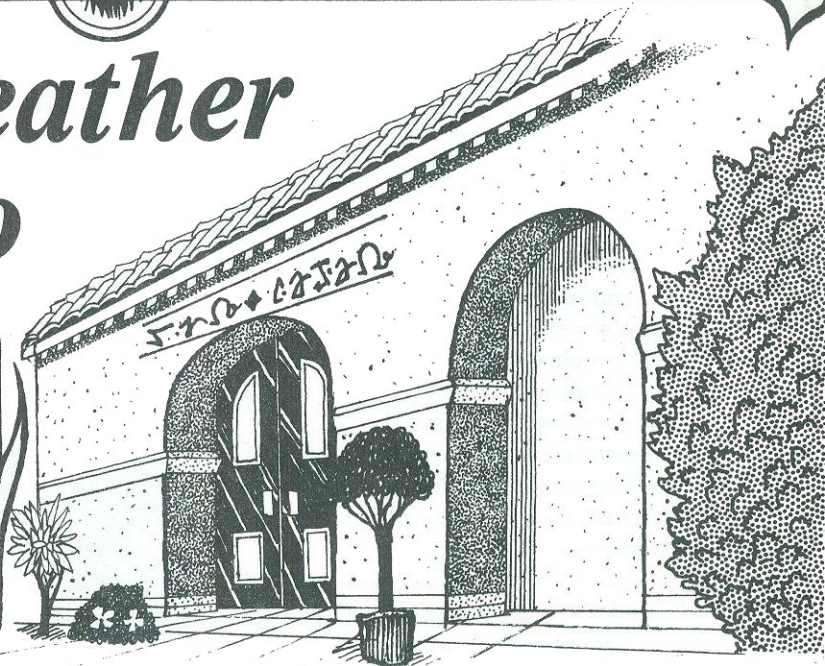
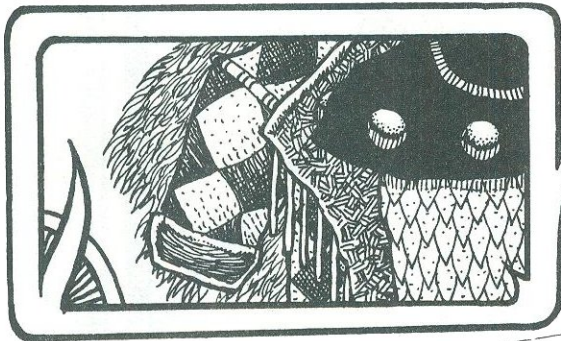
me." Then he will seek a way to kill the party without any unnecessary loose ends.

5) One or more party members, enjoying a drink at the Longshoreman's Bar, are drugged and

kidnapped by De'vouici's men to be made into the next batch of skins. Sobering up quickly, the captured party members will have to try to get a message to the rest of the party to come and save them before they are next winter's fashion coats.



Furs & Leather by Knosso



FURS AND LEATHER BY KNOSSO

This quaint shop with a warm and inviting atmosphere makes many a visitor linger here until his purse is nearly empty. A helpful Sardin clerk will wait on you and quickly show you the twenty-six foot rack of clothes and war goods sewn from Knosso's fine imported leather. She will explain how these unique skins are processed with a specially invented fluid which gives the final product the ability to turn a wicked sword thrust, or deflect an unseen dagger. For these properties, the Hell Lord himself buys many war goods from Knosso. Were the secret of the processing ever discovered, the spy would be fairly and richly rewarded for his or her efforts. As Knosso guards this process more than anything else in his life, a spy might find the effort too great for the prize.

The 27' by 47' store is filled with several racks of fur capes, clothes, and bedding made of various furs and rare skins. Two small cases on the east wall form a display counter of small objects such as scabbards, coin bags,

necessity sacks, and fur adornments. Several heaps of rabbit pelts, bear coats, bison and bull hides, and wildcat skins lie on the floor just inside the east door. That door, leading to the Jewelry shop, is usually open during business hours. It is possible to have a custom garment sewn out of any of these loose furs for a nominal fee. The young clerk will tell you that a custom order usually takes between two to four working days, depending on the complexity of the design. Knosso's design is renowned even on the mainland, and such a garment would certainly enhance any adventuring soul.

PERSONALITIES

TINA MADDOCK



Kindred: Sardin

Deity: Jehovah

Age: 18

Sex: Female

Height: 5'9"

Weight: 116 pounds

Hair/Eyes: Her beautiful waist-length blonde hair, always wavy and just on the verge of curling, is worn long and free. This is contrary to the normal dress code for young women, but Tina's mother allows it as she differs from the Church on several points. Her eyes are blue and innocent.

Appearance: She wears pretty skirts with starched white or light blue shirts, and soft slippers. Unlike most of her friends, she seems comfortable with her beauty, though she is not vain.

Physical Skills: She doesn't know how to fight, although if attacked she would be more willing to defend herself than other Sardin girls, as she believes that her rights as a person should not be violated. Her father taught her this. She can also run surprisingly fast. She practices running

up the cliff road with her fiancée. (E).

Magic Ability: Sheen is teaching her the spell of controlling smoke. She thinks such things are a part of her God, as he made the world and they are in the world and nothing can exist in God's world that He doesn't want to exist. So, she reasons, Sheen's spells can't be evil. Her father, Maddock, is relatively tolerant of other races and creeds, as "all were made of God, whether they know it or not." (E)

Addendum: Tina is a bright, inquisitive girl who likes trying new things so long as her mother approves. She loves Sheen (though she likes flirting with other attractive males). She and Sheen have even spoken to Ki'own and Maddock about the effects their marriage might have on her parents, although Maddock says he can handle whatever the Church might try, were she to marry the Ælf. She knows her parents would privately approve, but would have to publicly denounce her if she marries Sheen. But she could live in the Cek with him, and her mother could visit. That would be good.

Tina works at the fur shop and loves all the things she gets to sell. She dreams of becoming like one of the "fine Ælven ladies, whose husbands let them dress in fine clothes and work about the Harbor doing all manner of good things for folks."

Tina would help an adventuring party with any gossip she might hear around, if she were given a good reason why they needed the

information. She would also carry messages between the Ælven officers and the party if there were a need to do so.

SCENARIOS:

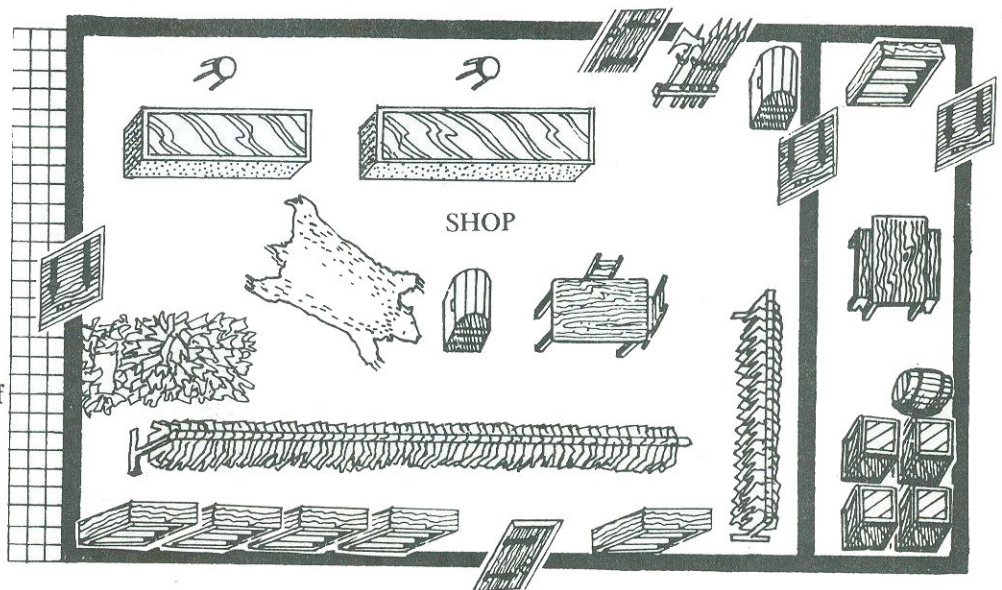
1) An adventurer is looking through the fine leather products that are said to repel a sword thrust. Among the vests he comes across a piece that has a very distinctive tattoo on the inner lining. It is his own handiwork, done on the arm of his childhood friend, with whom he lost touch some years ago. The man was last known to be living peacefully on a farm in Erinz, half a world away. Rumors or even Skully might be sources of more information.

2) A party member buys a gray fur coat from the shop and enjoys it for several days, until he wears it outside late one night. He hears a strange noise once or twice on his way back to his place of residence. It sounds for all the world like some large unfriendly beast. The next time that adventurer is out at night, with or without company, the ominous growling will follow him.

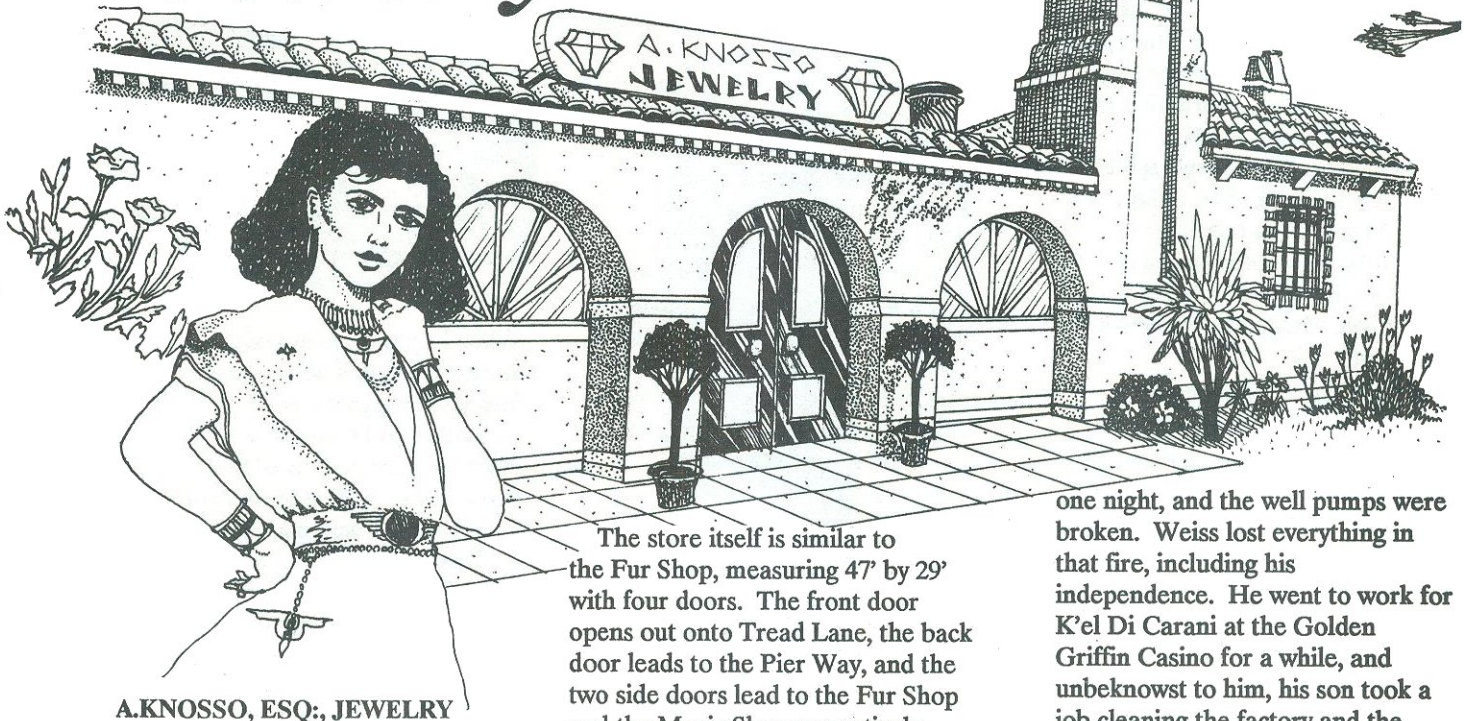


When he comes to a straight, dark stretch of road, it will charge into view: a gigantic wolf (actually part Hellhound). All eight hundred pounds of this furious beast will be hurled at the party member wearing the fur coat.

The coat is made of the hide of this particular monster's mate, which De'vouici killed after it had been caught in one of the traps he had set for tou powi, the horned lions of the mountains. Wolves mate for life, and this one is out for revenge. Because of its mixed heritage it is semi-sentient, with a foul disposition.



A. Knosso, Esq. Jewelry



A.KNOSSO, ESQ.; JEWELRY

The jewelry in this store is not your average "run of the mill" stuff, offensive to both the eye and the purse. Knosso knows his buyers' tastes and supplies the demand for fine pieces at a reasonable price. His cases are filled with golden pins, bracelets, and rings ranging from simple, slim bands to ornate four-ounce treasures. Two cases are devoted only to silver, and another for other fine metals. Loose gems are available upon request. A young woman waits on customers, counseling as to the best investments. One may choose from a variety of semi-custom designs, or Old Man Weiss, the jeweler, can execute one's wildest dreams in cool metal and fiery stone. Though quite competent with ordinary gemstones, he specializes in the rare and unusual.

The store itself is similar to the Fur Shop, measuring 47' by 29' with four doors. The front door opens out onto Tread Lane, the back door leads to the Pier Way, and the two side doors lead to the Fur Shop and the Magic Shop respectively. As in the factory, each door is locked with a charm each night by De'vouici.

Weiss has lived a stressful life, but enjoyed hopes of a peaceful retirement when Skully invited him to come live in the Harbor and open a jewelry shop. Jumping at the chance for a stable, quiet life, he collected Jo, his retarded son, from the monastery where he had placed him, and moved to the Harbor. Six years drifted by, and he made a nice living with his small shop.

One day, a pale-faced Skully came into his shop with a man set on destroying him. He is still unsure of Knosso's hold over Skully, but his old friend stood by and allowed Knosso to first rob him of business, and then of his shop when he refused to sell out. The shop was mysteriously set ablaze

one night, and the well pumps were broken. Weiss lost everything in that fire, including his independence. He went to work for K'el Di Carani at the Golden Griffin Casino for a while, and unbeknownst to him, his son took a job cleaning the factory and the other shops. Knosso started a habit of sipping tea with the boy each morning, placing a drug in the boy's cup which the child now requires to stay alive. The boy still does not comprehend his precarious position.

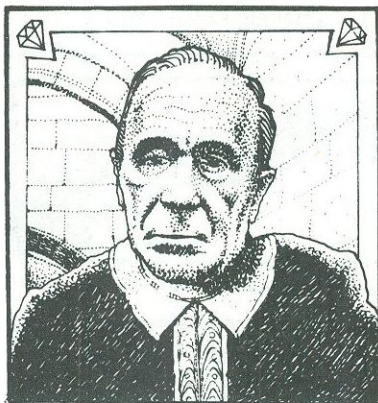
Knosso asked Weiss to work for him, and when rejected he showed Weiss his power by forbidding Jo to come to to work. By the fourth day the boy was burning up with fever. Weiss took him to the mountains to lay him in the stream to cool him, but to no avail. The healer told Weiss to let the child die as it would be the kindest thing he could do for him. On the seventh day, Weiss gave up to Knosso, who revived the boy. From that day on, Weiss has been Knosso's unwilling slave, serving him in his jewelry store.



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PERSONALITIES:

OLD MAN WEISS



Kindred: Sardin

Deity: Jehovah

Age: Late fifties

Sex: Male

Height: 5' 10"

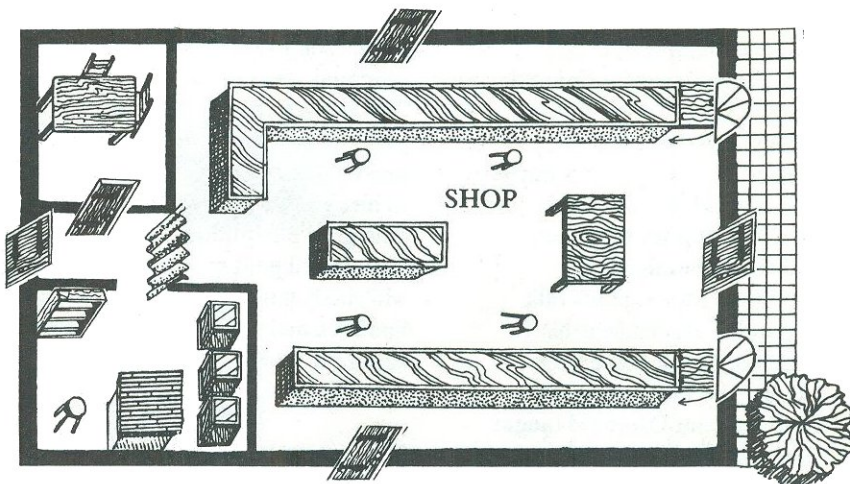
Weight: 162 lb.

Hair/Eyes: Short grey hair covers most of his head, leaving a small bald spot near his forehead. His troubled brown eyes belie his smile.

Appearance: Weiss looks like a man in his eighties. At work, he dresses in a clean apron, which protects his clothing against the rouges and acids he works with.

Position: Weiss works for Knosso at the Jewelry Shop.

Physical Skills: He is good with a sword or staff. Few can stand against him in Heaven or Hell when he is fighting for his son's life. There is enormous



strength in his arms, and he was once accused of crushing a man to death. His prowess is good (B).

Magic Ability: He has no magic abilities, and comprehends little of spells or "witchcraft" (E).

Addendum: Weiss is desperate, locked in a trap and looking for a way out. Each day of his current life kills him piece by piece. He is watching his son slowly fail in front of his eyes. He knows that one day he will wake to find Jo dead from the cumulative effect of the poison. But he also knows that to deny his son the potion would cause his death. To the person who could overcome Knosso or provide an antidote or even the recipe from which an antidote could be created, he would give riches beyond that person's wildest dreams. Weiss knows of a hidden treasure in an abandoned mine that he has only used twice, once to buy a ship, and the other time to start his store. He would willingly ally with anyone claiming to be Knosso's enemy, if he thought he had half a chance of winning. He is almost to the point where he

will try to destroy Knosso alone; if he fails, he will give a quick death to both his son and himself.

JO



Kindred: Sardin

Deity: Jehovah

Age: 17 years

Sex: Male

Height: 6' 1"

Weight: 180 lb.

Hair/Eyes: Weiss keeps Jo's blond hair neatly braided. His clear brown eyes are as innocent as those of a deer.

Appearance: He usually dresses in a clean work suit of light blue like that of his father. Jo takes great care not to dirty it unnecessarily.

Position: He works as Knosso's janitor and handyman for the various shops. The boy is well paid and likes his work. He especially enjoys his morning



tea with one of the pretty salesclerks from the Fur and Jewelry Shops. He does not understand that he is in danger. He only knows things "are of God" or "not God like." He is easy to talk to and very friendly with strangers, although his talk is simple. His voice is his greatest gift and he enjoys singing the hymns that the Fathers from Dimwald taught him, although to him they are just noises that make him feel good and are "of God." His singing is his father's joy and he sings a few hymns every night before going to bed.

Physical Skills: He has none. He does not understand any type of conflict, and is easily frightened by quick movements or loud voices (E).

Magic Ability: None (E).

Addendum: Jo is in all ways a complete innocent. He never tries to hurt, and does not understand even simple things like rain. His mother was Weiss's wife for nearly twenty years, before her family's "tainted blood" showed. She deteriorated from a completely sane, quick-witted woman into a gentle child who spoke of dreams in soft whispers. Jo has known only kindness and gentleness from the monks and his father. What Knosso is doing is beyond the scope of his reality. He will always obey his father, because, above all men, he is "of God."

SCENARIOS:

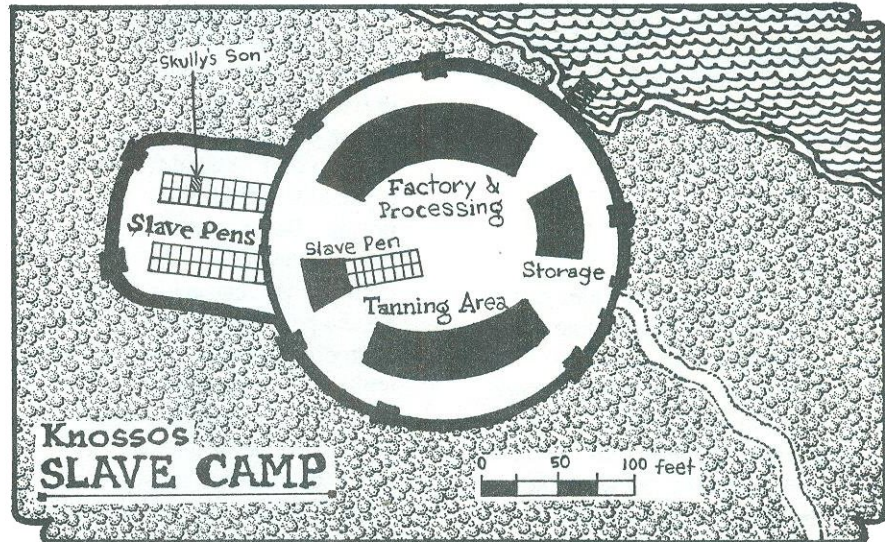
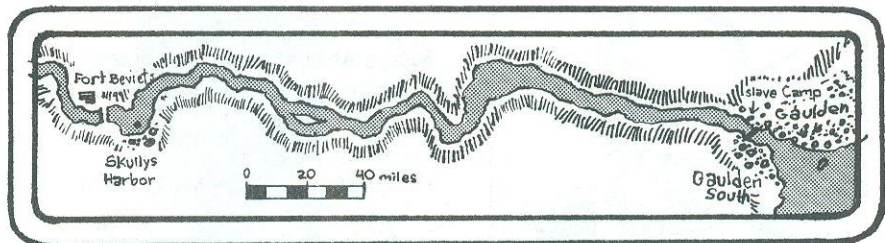
1) Weiss is at the point of desperation, and would be willing to work with another enemy of Knosso, even if it means that he will risk his life to do it. He needs the recipe for an antidote

for his son immediately. That procured and his son safe, he will then enjoy taking Knosso apart piece by piece. He is actively looking for some adventuring souls to hire to find the recipe of the poison or an antidote. From an abandoned gold mine he knows of, he will richly pay anyone who can help him. A fraction of the wealth there could set up even the most generous in a luxurious lifestyle.

2) Knosso hears about Weiss's gold mine, and wants it. If Weiss does not tell him where it is, Knosso says, he will kill the boy.

3) Weiss' trouble all began shortly after he bought a beautiful emerald, which has a bad reputation. Disaster is said to follow the owner of this gem. Weiss is now convinced that this is true. He will sell it at a good price to some unsuspecting adventurer. Some resulting possibilities are:

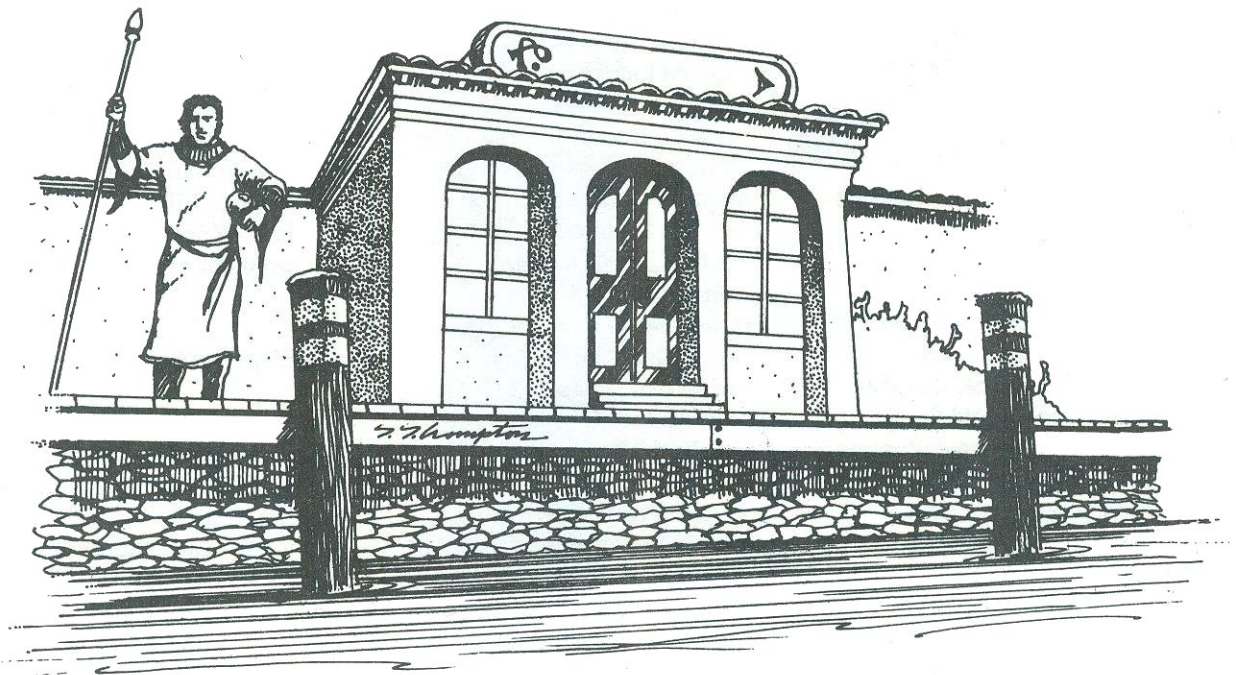
- A. The adventurer is accused of thievery and arrested by Skully's house guard.
- B. He is accused of cheating in the Golden Griffin Casino.
- C. Triangle Leader Boviar, of



Weiss goes to Skully seeking help and Skully reveals that Knosso also has enslaved his son in Gaulden. Together they hire some mercenaries (our adventurers) to raid and destroy the slave camp and rescue Skully's boy. During the raid, they could discover the secret to the special tanning process.

the Ælven contingent, challenges him to a duel to defend his honor. The possibilities are endless, but the poor adventurer is about to have a turn of luck -- all of it bad!

Knosso's Magic Emporium



THE MAGIC SHOP

This establishment is also the property of Knosso. Here a spellcaster will find, nestled within its 47 x 39' walls, all kinds of useful items. Various healing potions, herbal love tonics, poison-detecting stones and a handful of spellcasting gems line the shelves. There are amulets of all shapes and sizes, whose powers increase with the price. Enchanted weapons can be bought here for a fair price, and if one asks nicely, there might possibly be a few more exclusive pieces in the back storeroom.

The back room is plain, with nine-foot-tall shelves on each wall, even above the door. A middle shelf runs down the length of the room.

Simon, the clerk, is a grizzled old Dargonath who is amused by the uncomfortable feeling he gives people.

There are many reasonably priced trinkets to enchant or dazzle one's favorite barmaid. For the more experienced, there is almost nothing a customer could dream up that could not be specially ordered, given the time and a small deposit. Visitors will be impressed by the completeness of the inventory and the expertise of the clerk.

If an adventurer should approach the counter at the back of the room, he will see a three-foot griffin statue that looks as if it is carved from solid ruby. If he returns later he will notice that the griffin has changed both color

and position on the counter. Yes, it is alive. It is the familiar of Simon and will change to the color of any precious stones near it. It moves several times a day, according to its whim.

SIMON, ARM OF HAMMIL

Kindred: Dargonath
Deity: Hammil, God of the Mountains, Guardian of the Eternal Tomb

Sex: Male

Age: 2710

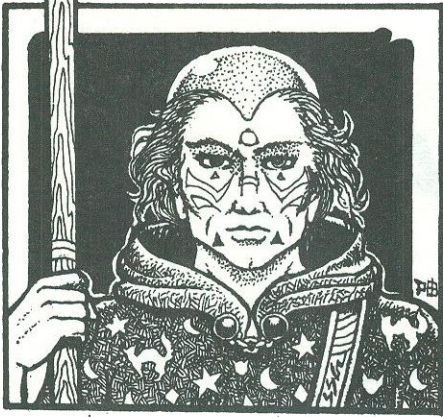
Height: 5'8"

Weight: 154 lbs.

Hair/Eyes: His eyes are dark grey.

He wears his grey hair in a long braid.

Appearance: While in the store, he dresses in a colorful wizard's



robe, complete with half-moons and black cats sewn on it. It appears almost comical, until one notices his dark eyes and the small gold skullcap, and silver wristbands heavily inlaid with amethyst. He also wears black-and-gold face paint. Dargonathian customers will notice that he does not wear the sign of any clan. His aura is reminiscent of shiny, silvery-blue cloth fluttering in a strong wind; one can almost hear it snap. In all, he seems an unlikely store clerk.

Position: He is a captive of sorts through Knosso's possession of a crystal containing Simon's soul. He works as Knosso's private source of magic. Some years ago, as a renowned

teacher in the Dargonathian College, Simon made the mistake of putting his soul in the crystal for safekeeping. It was stolen, and eventually fell into Knosso's hands. Knosso has hidden it somewhere, with the threat that it will be destroyed if he falls victim to foul play. Simon longs for a chance to get the crystal back and then exact a slow and excruciating revenge on the merchant.

Physical Skills: He has little or no use for physical fighting skills and relies completely on his arcane prowess (E).

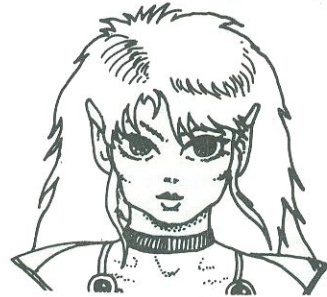
Magic Ability: Simon is a gold level Dargonath. He is capable of some of the best fireworks and high-powered spells this side of the Mountains of Hun'iuut. There are currently only nine gold level Dargonaths in the world. He can and often does haunt Knosso with nightmares which wake him up screaming in the middle of the night. Simon is not a man to go head to head with in an arcane duel. He is excellent at what he does (AA).

Addendum: Knosso holds onto Simon, knowing full well that Simon will one day succeed in either

killing him or driving him crazy. He persists because Simon is the most powerful creature Knosso has ever seen, and he would not have been able to control this person if it had not been for a fluke of luck. Simon allows himself to be humiliated as he knows he will eventually win this battle of wits, and for a man who has lived more than twenty-seven centuries, it is easy to wait a little while longer. Still, if he can hurry Knosso's death a bit, he would be pleased.

SCENARIOS:

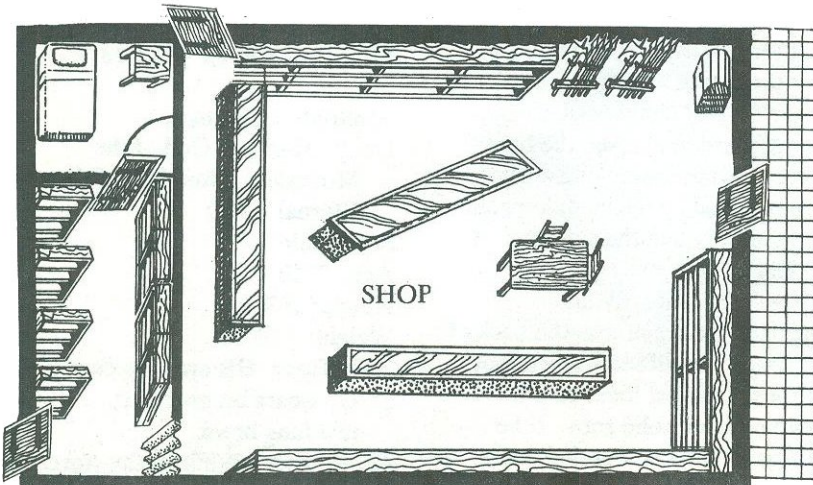
1) Simon often shapechanges into a lovely maiden, who promises her hand in marriage to the man that will free "her father" from his imprisonment. This deed of bravery involves simply killing Knosso. In all truth, Simon would probably



create a permanent illusion for his rescuer to wed and live with, were some daring soul to take up the challenge.

2) One of the party members obtains an amulet that he wants to have tested and explained to him. He takes it to Simon in the magic shop. Simon can have one of two reactions:

A) He could recognize the amulet as being capable of a soul saving spell such as he needs to free himself from



Knosso. He may offer to buy the piece in exchange for either money or his services (once freed) for an agreed-upon amount of time; or he will try to sneak up on the party later and steal it; or he may attempt to deceive the player as to its real worth and get him to take some other items in return for putting this "worthless" charm up for sale at the store.

B) He could recognize the amulet as a deadly charm that houses the beastly soul of one of the Dark Ones. Simon will quickly recompose himself, and will:

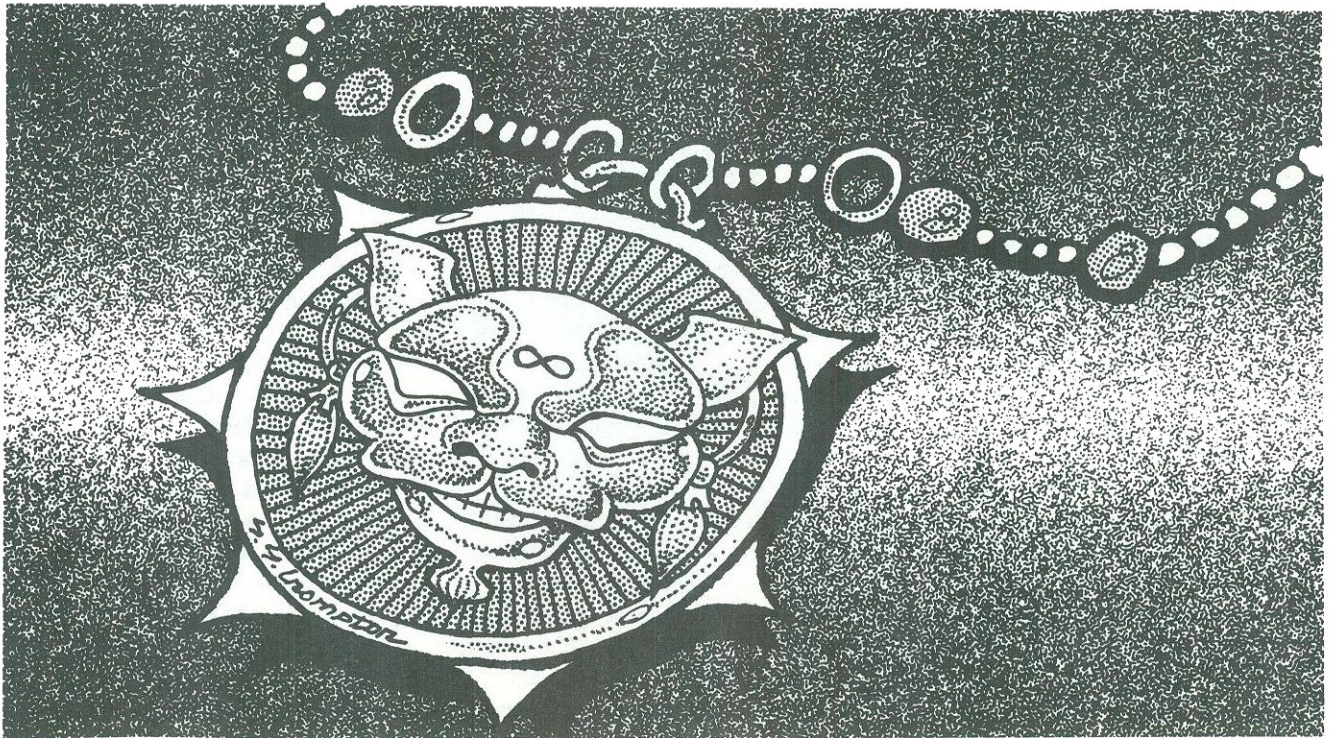
1. Without touching the piece, tell the party what it is, and suggest they have him quickly send it away to the mighty wizard from whom it was stolen three hundred years ago;

2. With a smile, say that it is a very specialized item and the man willing to pay the most for it in town is Knosso, who will pay several quince for a "protection from magic";

3. Disappear without touching the amulet and appear at Knosso's house, telling him that a party of adventurers has a powerful amulet and Knosso should buy it before the fools know what they really have and its true value. Simon tells him this is the great charm he has been looking for. Knosso need only say the four words, "Free thee, Great God." Simon knows these words will free the Dark One, who will kill each "owner" of the amulet in

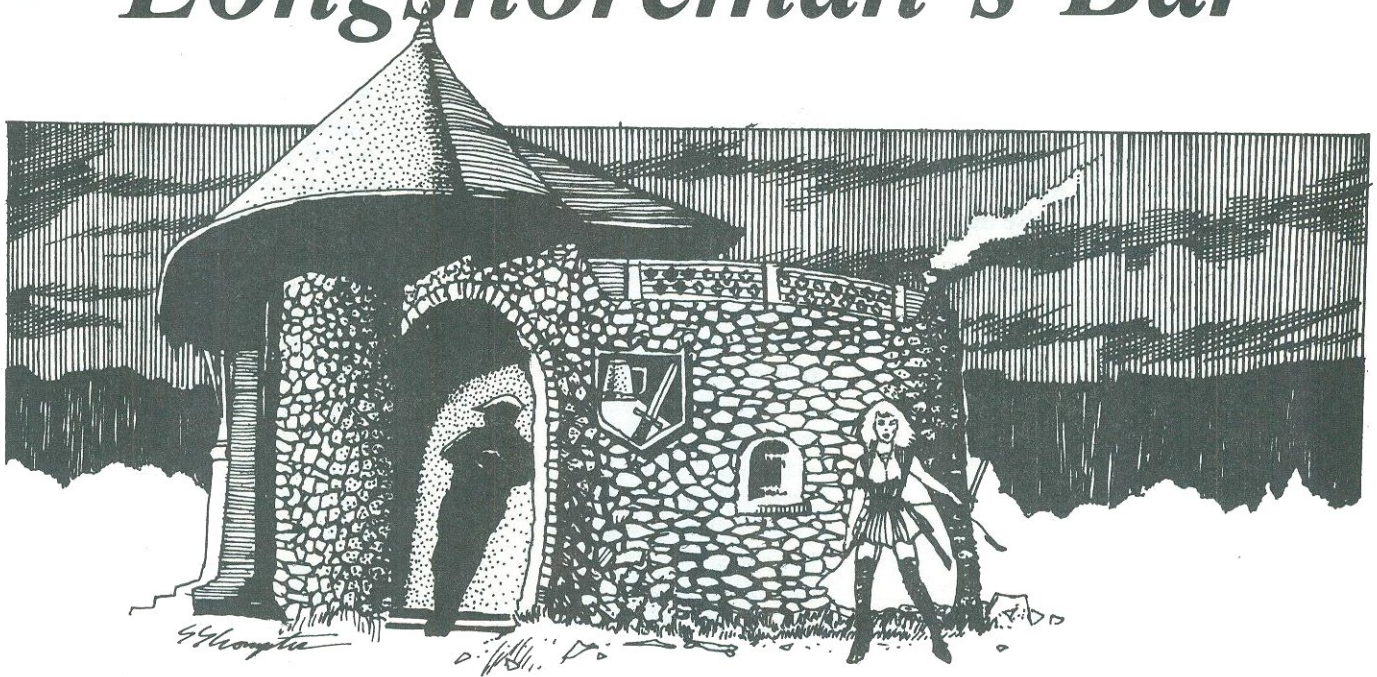
turn (anyone who touched the piece) before going about a systematic destruction of the region. Simon could tame the evil one if he would be assured of his soul being freed by Knosso. He would have to be persuaded, but it is in the party's best interest, since one of their party, if not several, may at some time have touched the amulet.

- 3) It is possible that a party member will try to make a fast quince by telling Knosso of how Simon tricks unwary people into trying to kill him. Knosso will pay him off, and then reveal to Simon that he knows about the little scheme of his. From that moment on, Simon is out to get the party member who told on him, and will kill anyone who tries to stop him. Only a promise of help against Knosso can stem his attack.





Longshoreman's Bar



LONGSHOREMAN'S BAR

This small bar is located along the dock area near the Shipyard. Here, many dock workers, merchant ship crews, and smugglers spend their spare time while in port. Fights are frequent, as drunken patrons lose bets or have disagreements over the sale and price of black market items. The furnishings are in terrible condition and will break quite easily, having been broken and repaired many times (due to being smashed across the backs of opponents during fights). Mostly they consist of oddly matched handmade tables, chairs and benches with the exception of the 25 foot bar, which is made of worn cherrywood.

The feel of the Longshoreman's Bar is dark, dank, and dirty. It is cloaked in the smell of liquor and the smoky haze of arashni, the powerful and dangerous drug sold in the back room. The bar usually has between two and twelve patrons milling about, drinking, or

slipping into the back room for a "shot" of arashni or to buy something from the black market.

The main attraction of the bar is betting on the gladiator fights that take place across the river at Fort Bevis. Maxar, the owner of the bar, reasoned that most of his potential patrons were frequenting the Golden Griffin Casino because of the gambling and decided to give his customers the chance to gamble over a life and death event. One of the bar's regular patrons is Oregae, the Arena Master at the Fort. Maxar asked Oregae if they could take bets on the outcome of fights and have some official notification as to the winners of the fights directly from the Fort. Oregae managed to obtain Seit Nigira's permission, and to his surprise, she even sold the bar an unusual magic item, a flat shiny metallic disk about three feet wide, which allows the patrons to watch the combat live. The disk is unbreakable and has not been damaged during any brawls when it has been knocked over or had things

thrown at it.

The "fight disk", as it is called by the patrons, is hung on the far back wall of the bar so it can be seen by everyone in the room. Everyone at the bar enjoys the gladiator fights and the bar is "packed to the barnacles" twice a week. The ale flows as does the bloodlust when the fight disk lights up and the betting starts.

Maxar himself takes in the bets and makes odds at the table right next to the disk. He wouldn't trust anyone else with all the betting money, and enjoys being in the middle of the action. Maxar almost always stays honest with the betting, but of course the odds are heavily in his favor, no matter how the patrons bet. Once out of about hundred fights Maxar and Oregae fix a fight and split the take. They don't dare do this more often because someone might discover their secret, and then they would be torn apart by first the bar patrons and then, if there was anything left, by Seit Nigira. In fact, Maxar and Oregae are so



worried about being caught that they don't even discuss it anywhere near the bar, preferring to meet late at night at some more private place.

The Longshoreman's stocks a wide selection of ales and whiskeys available at various prices from cheap to moderately expensive. The lowest priced ale is Gauden Gold, at three unidrams a pint. It tastes like wet earth; you definitely have to acquire a taste for it. The most expensive liquor is Tarin Tor Noville Juice, which will send any naive, unknowing adventurer screaming mindlessly into the night. Perhaps its not as bad as all that, but it tastes very much like garlic and cinnamon mixed with pure alcohol. It's not for the faint of heart, and it costs 29 unidrams a cup.

All drinks are served in metal cups or tankards to avoid broken glasses, which used to be a problem. When Maxar first took over the bar, he got rid of all the

glasses and replaced them with the non-breakable ones he now uses.

The bar also serves dried beef, fish and scuttle crackers (a local favorite). Scuttle crackers are very salty round tidbits that actually taste fairly good. A large bowl costs two unidrams. The beef and fish cost five unidrams a plate and are filling, but not particularly tasty.

Overall, the bar area at the Longshoreman's is the type of place where lower class and bawdier characters go to get drunk, bet on a fight, and get in a good fight.

The patrons of the bar have a hard life -- and strangely, they are proud of their lot. Adventurers who are obviously rich or standoffish will quickly be robbed and beaten to a pulp. Anyone who can get on their good side, however, may be able to get a good deal of interesting information: where the black market action is, what is going on in Skully's Harbor, all sorts of

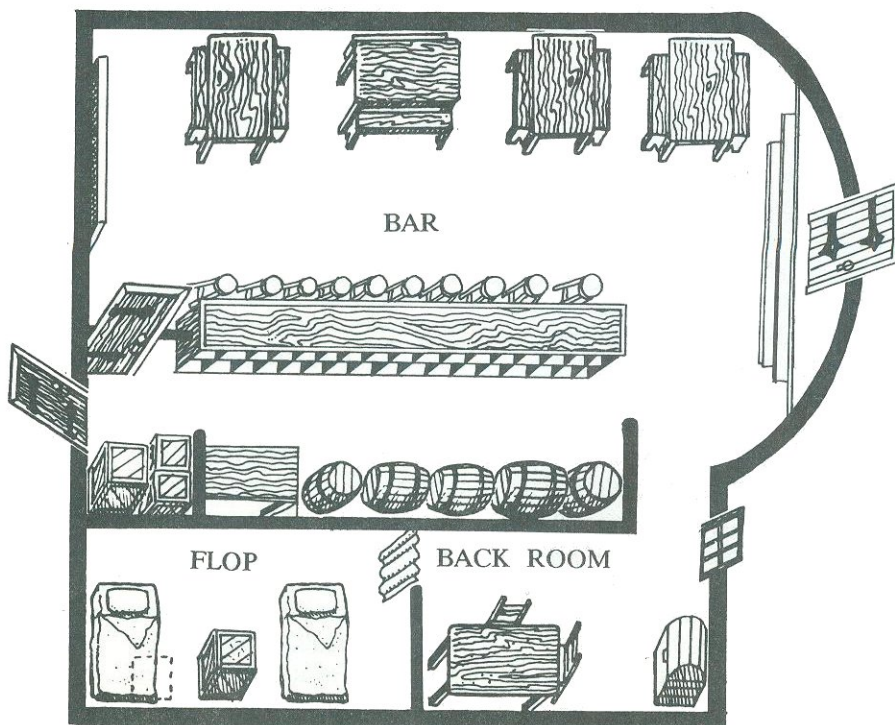
true (and untrue) rumors flying around town, and information about many of the people living in the Harbor.

BACKROOM

Behind the bar area is the back room, where black market deals are made and drugs are sold. The twelve by thirty five foot area is cluttered with debris as it is very rarely cleaned. The room is divided in half by a moldy curtain. On the side closest to the entrance is a bench table where the black market dealers do business. On the other side of the curtain a couple of filthy beds lie along the wall, usually containing either a drunk who is "drying out" or an arashni addict going through withdrawal. The only other item of interest is the poorly hidden trapdoor in the far corner underneath the bed, which opens to a four foot high tunnel that runs from the bar straight to the River Styrrm about fifty feet away. Maxar and the dealers have used it on occasion to escape touchy situations.

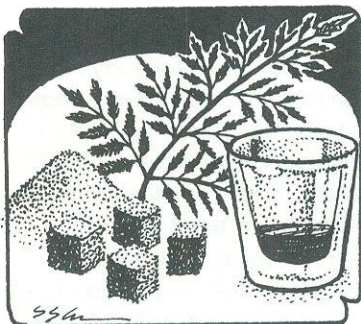
The main black market dealer to be found at the Longshoreman's is Enilka Lei. She seems to have access to just about any type of contraband available and has a vast network of informants and thieves who keep her well supplied. Her most popular items, by far, are arashni and hy'claria.

Arashni is a concentrated, powdered herb smuggled in from the Kingdom of Lorian. The drug is usually added to whiskey and taken in "shots". Arashni is very addictive and brings on euphoria. It is so powerful that there is a 15% chance of becoming addicted to the drug the first time one takes it. Additionally, there is a 10% chance of dying of an arashni overdose the first time one takes it. As one gets use to the





effects, it takes more and more to get the same feeling of euphoria, which means having to take larger doses and increasing the chance of an overdose. Every third time it is taken, the chance of dying increases by 5%. Eventually, death by overdose is inevitable, as the addict's body can no longer withstand the drug. Only complete losers with a death wish get involved with this stuff.



If one becomes addicted to arashni, he will experience arashni withdrawal after the effects of the drug wear off. There are only two ways to break the arashni withdrawal. One way is to obtain more of the drug, which will abate the withdrawal, and bring back the euphoria originally experienced. However, more and more of the drug will be necessary, and eventually, the victim will die of an overdose. The second method is to tie the addict up (preferably on a comfortable bed), and wait four to six days until he has overcome the effects. There is a 10% chance of heart failure and death, but either way, the victim will be completely cured of the arashni addiction. So far as is known, the addiction cannot be cured magically. The price starts at about fifteen quince per shot, and quickly rises to fifty quince: probably one of the most expensive deaths one can buy, considering how many people would be willing to kill you for your pocket change.

Hy'claria is a poison banned

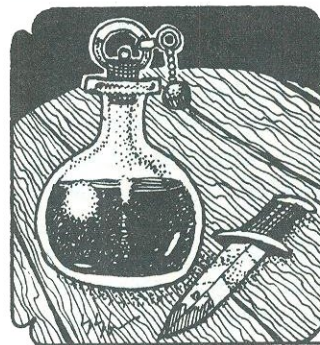
by Ælven decree as too barbarous for use by civilized peoples. However, this doesn't stop it from being sold on the black market. Hy'claria is the more potent and deadly version of a similar poison called claria. Claria, which is legal and can be bought at any good magic shop or apothecary, causes temporary loss of magical abilities when absorbed into a magic user's body. It is usually a thick liquid poured into a magic user's drink, and the effect lasts for about three hours.

Hy'claria is much more debilitating, and not only causes loss of magical abilities, but brings on racking headaches, dizziness, the inability to bring one's vision into focus, and severe stress to the cardiovascular system. The effects usually last about twelve hours, but the residual effects, occasional dizziness or the complete loss of powers for a short time, can last for weeks. Only rarely is magical ability completely lost. After two to twelve weeks, it will be completely purged from the victim and the residual effects will cease.

Claria and hy'claria are the only known anti-magical potions in existence and affect all users of magic, especially Ælves. Hy'claria is usually mixed with an oil-based gel and smeared over the blade of a dagger. One need only be pricked with such a dagger for the drug to enter the bloodstream. Within seconds the victim will feel dizzy and will be unable to stand up or cast a spell. At that point, the hy'claria will have taken full effect, and attempting to cast any spell will be completely futile for eight to twelve hours. Magic items which require no concentration or spellweaving will still work. For example, a crystal that explodes when thrown will still work, but a

magic carpet that responds to the user's thoughts will simply not operate for the affected person.

Hy'claria is normally quite expensive and hard to find, as Dargonaths and Ælves try to limit the supply and transportation of the drug in as many ways as possible. Rich Sardins especially like the idea of being able to disable an Ælf or other magic user so easily.



Though arashni and hy'claria are the main items sold here in the back room, several other minor drugs, poisons and weapons (undoubtedly stolen) can be purchased.

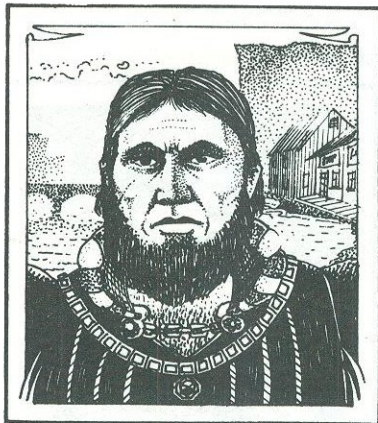
Magic throwing daggers that have a 10% better chance of hitting a target are currently fairly popular. The daggers also mindsend short messages to their owners, usually advice or taunts, and are available for about half a crown.

One could also try to sell something to the black market. Black market dealers will offer about 25% of the retail value of any item, assuming, of course, that they are interested in it at all. They are usually pretty firm in their price, and will have no hesitations about putting a wise-cracking or difficult person into a quick grave if that person becomes a nuisance. Of course, everything comes with a lifetime guarantee: "If you don't like what you've bought, bring it back, and we'll end your life."



PERSONALITIES:

MAXAR OF TOMIL



Kindred: Sardin

Deity: Agnostic

Sex: Male

Age: 43

Height: 5' 10"

Weight: 196 lbs.

Hair/Eyes: His eyes are grey, and his hair is black, oily, and mop-like. He doesn't care much about his appearance, as his customers aren't the type to worry about cleanliness or fashion.

Appearance: Usually he wears old pants and a loose shirt covered with a greasy apron. He doesn't shave often, and has a dark, thick beard. On rare occasions he will wear a nobleman's outfit, which is probably stolen. The dark velvet outfit is old and stained, but it looks better than what he usually wears.

Position: Maxar owns and operates the Longshoreman's bar. He won it from Skully several years ago in a Tri-cat game. At the time, the bar was a nice place where anyone could go, but since Maxar has taken it over, the bar has gone downhill in appearance and the sort of clientele it attracts.

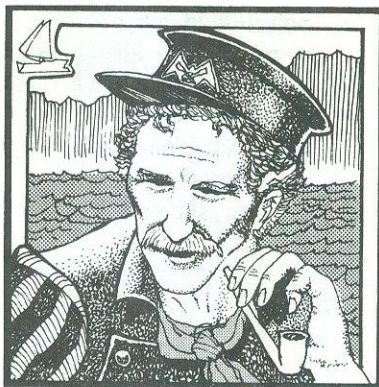
Physical Skills: Maxar is an ex-adventurer and has moderate skill with sword and dagger.

He always keeps a sword behind the bar just in case. The sword is magic and will deflect thrown objects (B).

Magic ability: He has no magical abilities, and believes magic and gods are for wimps, even though he uses a magic sword (he believes in cheating) (E).

Addendum: Maxar adventured for a number of years, but he grew tired of it and came to Skully's Harbor to settle down. The bar has become a hang-out for the seediest people in the town. Maxar is fully aware of the drug and black market dealings taking place, and takes a cut of sales as rent for the back room. He is usually gruff with his bar patrons and isn't much for idle chit-chat. If you want information from him, you had better lay down a few onci bars.

CAPTAIN ARVIN MacMANN



Kindred: Sardin

Deity: Agnostic

Age: Around 50 years

Sex: Male

Height: 5' 11"

Weight: 170 pounds

Hair/Eyes: His eyes are yellowish. His hair is sandy brown, shoulder length, curly, and unkempt.

Appearance: An ugly son of a seagull, with well-worn clothes and a gap between his

two front teeth, MacMann is a crafty riverboat captain who is always on the look out for a good time or a quick quince. Even though he is plainly only concerned with his own profits, there is something about him that makes him likable. MacMann wears an older dark blue ship merchant's coat and old captain's hat. His rough, craggy features and odd Sardin accent make him a memorable if somewhat untrustworthy person.

Position: MacMann ("Bilgewater" to his friends) is the owner of a small fleet of three merchant ships. He usually pilots the "Merchant 3" up to Skully's Harbor to trade. He is an accomplished pirate who buys and sells "merchandise" of any type with no questions asked. Usually his merchandise is slaves, contraband, or those who wish to travel incognito or on very short notice.

MacMann will work for anyone, from the Tarin Tor to the Aelven High Lord, as long as they will pay him in advance.

Physical Skills: MacMann is no longer in his prime and is a poor fighter. He usually has at least one bodyguard with him to help him out of rough spots. He always has several hy'claria-treated daggers hidden in his coat, and will not hesitate to use them at the first hint of trouble from any wizards (D).

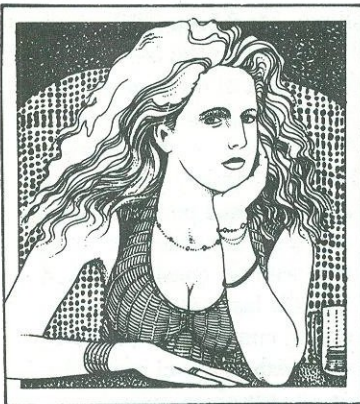
Magic Ability: He wears a magical amulet which deflects magic spells cast against him. He stole it from the body of a former rival and it works only about 25% of the time, but it gives him the extra edge that can often put an attacker off guard when a thrown spell fails to have any effect. Otherwise, he has no magical



abilities (E).

Addendum: Although MacMann hangs out at the Longshoreman's Bar, and is involved in various illegal dealings, he is not one of the poor patrons. Through the years, MacMann has amassed a small fortune with his three ships and questionable business practices. He lives aboard ship and keeps his treasure well guarded in the ship's hold.

ENILKA LEI



Kindred: Half blood

Deity: Agnostic

Sex: Female

Age: 34

Height: 6'0"

Weight: 177 lbs.

Hair/Eyes: She has big green eyes with long lashes. Her long, straight, auburn hair reaches midway down her back and is Enilka's most striking feature. She also has a long qbraid which she wears in front. She keeps her hair meticulously clean, and often comes into the bar with it still damp from being washed.

Appearance: Enilka likes to wear leather vests with brass trim and long-sleeved linen blouses. She often wears worn leather pants, with rounded openings along one hip and leather fringes on the other leg. She likes these pants, as they're comfortable and

most provocative. She always wears knee-length black leather boots. Enilka has a somewhat Ælven appearance, as her grandmother was Ælven.

Position: Enilka is the main black market contact at the Longshoreman's Bar. She is well liked at the bar and is considered to be just "one of the guys." She knows many of the smugglers and pirates who travel up and down the river Styrrm, and deals with them on a basis of mutual distrust and profit.

Enilka denies that she uses feminine wiles to get her way, but when necessary, she can demurely charm the gold out of a miser's fist.

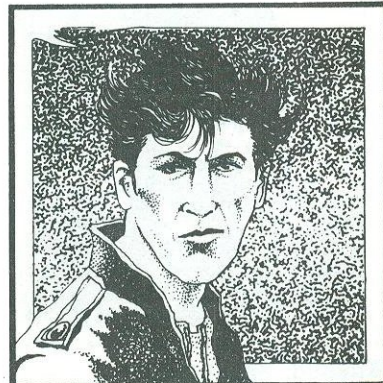
Physical Skills: An accomplished warrior, she is very good with a short sword, and can best most fighters in combat. She always carries several daggers which have been treated with hy'claria. Enilka also has a ruby ring which has a deadly poison hidden in a hollow compartment. She keeps it as a backup in case she is ever caught in a hopeless situation. If she couldn't use the poison on her attacker, she would use it on herself (B).

Magical Ability: She has none (E).

Addendum: Enilka is a tough, friendly sort of person who lives by the creed of "leave well enough alone." As a dealer in dangerous drugs, she maintains an attitude that allows her to not feel responsible for the death she sells to the arashni addicts at the bar. However, deep down she knows that she is an accomplice to de-facto murder. Late at night, home at the Velendrei Apartments, she will wake up crying out in horror as she dreams once more of the

dead she is responsible for. On the job, however, she is not unduly bothered by pangs of conscience.

SCRAG



Kindred: Sardin

Deity: Beelzebub

Age: 28

Height: 6' 1"

Weight: 150 lbs.

Hair/Eyes: His eyes are brown. He wears his brown hair in a long braid.

Appearance: Scrag dresses in old pants and a loose shirt, as do most of the other patrons of the bar.

Position: Scrag serves as a contact for the black market.

Physical Skills: He is an accomplished assassin/thief and has excellent knowledge of any assassination or thieving abilities. At personal combat, he is fair (C).

Magic Ability: He knows a little magic (D).

Addendum: Scrag no longer actively steals, as he is well paid by the black market dealers to act as a contact for buying and selling. He learned his magic from a lover whom he later killed. He is an untrustworthy man who has no scruples and should be treated with caution, as he may offer you a drink or just kill you outright.



SCENARIOS:

1) Seit Nigira claims she lets the fights be seen by the bar patrons so they can watch the glory and honor of the Tarin Tor for themselves, so the worthy might be persuaded to join her army for the greater good of all.

When Oregae asked Seit Nigira about letting the bar bet on the outcome of the fights, Nigira suggested that the bar buy this magic disk from her so they could watch the fights for themselves. What she didn't tell them was that she can see and hear all that goes on in the bar any time she wishes, including private conversations between anyone within sight of the disk on the wall. Obviously this tips her off to all sorts of illicit plans, gossip, and important things going on in Skully's Harbor.

The adventurers could easily get into a lot of trouble if they started talking about:

- A. Tarin Tor secrets they had discovered.
- B. Plans to attack or sneak into Fort Bebits. The conversation might be started by **Arvin MacMann**, who would be willing to hire some adventurers to sneak into the Fort in an attempt to steal a shipment of magical weapons that had been delivered to the Fort several days earlier.
- C. The rumor that the **Ælven** contingent was about to attack the Tarin Tor and regain the Fort.
- D. Personal insults about Seit Nigira. Depending on the insult, she might have the loudmouth conscripted into fighting her in a hand to hand duel. Of course, the duel would be shown on the disk, much to the surprise of the other party members.

Any one of these overheard conversations or many others might bring swift action from Nigira: from attacking the group outright, to offering them the chance to join the Tarin Tor (if they have said good things about her or the Tarin Tor).



2) Arashni is "accidentally" slipped into one of the adventurers' drinks. The drug would take about three minutes to work, and would have some quite interesting effects. The hapless adventurer would become totally unafraid, confident and willing to fight anyone over anything and willing to do just about anything on a bet. This will cause no end of problems for the rest of the party as they run around trying to keep their fearless friend from killing himself on a three unidram bet that he can jump off the nearby cliffs and be undamaged. On the darker side, there is a chance that the adventurer may become addicted to Arashni and go through terrible withdrawals about a day after taking the accidental dose. The victim will have no idea what it is that is making him feel so horrible and will not know what it is that he needs so badly. Anyone familiar with the drug (i.e., most of the bar patrons) could tell what is wrong.

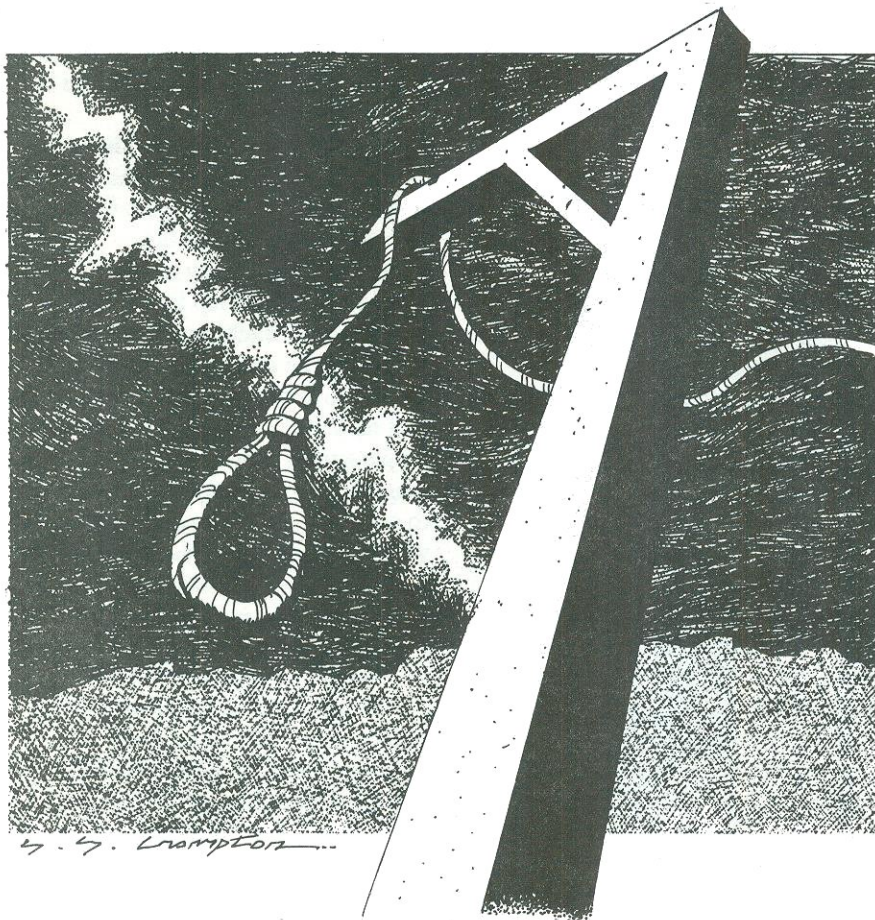
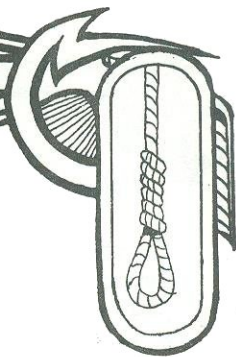
3) MacMann is about to embark on a merchant cruise to the slave kingdom of Lorian with a ship full of prisoners he plans to buy in Tarn. While in the bar, MacMann

meets the adventurers and involves them in his dealings. Exactly how he involves them depends on the actions of the group. If the party members look capable and tough, and are friendly toward MacMann, he is very likely to offer them employment on board his ship as either bodyguards, shiphands, or slave guards. This may give the group a chance to free the prisoner/slaves if they feel so inclined. If the group looks weak or harmless, MacMann will attempt to kidnap the entire party and sell them into slavery. Keep in mind that he and his bodyguards have an ample supply of hy'claria for any magic users. He may only be able to get a few members of the group, which will leave the others behind to hire another ship and try to locate their missing friends.

4) While the group is in the bar, Enilka emerges from the back area with a grand announcement. "Someone or something is killing off my dealers in Skully's Harbor, and I'll give a hundred quince to the person who brings me the killer!"

Over the last several weeks, two of the dealers in town have been brutally murdered by what would appear to be an animal of some sort. Enilka wants the culprit alive so she can deal out justice herself. The murderer is none other than F'riks of the Golden Griffin Casino. The only way the party would be able to find evidence would be to keep a constant watch over the black market dealers (specifically Enilka) and wait for an attack. F'riks is feeding his blood lust on what he considers to be a danger to everyone else in the Harbor. It will be very difficult for anyone to easily capture F'riks, but his main weaknesses are fire, sun, and hy'claria.

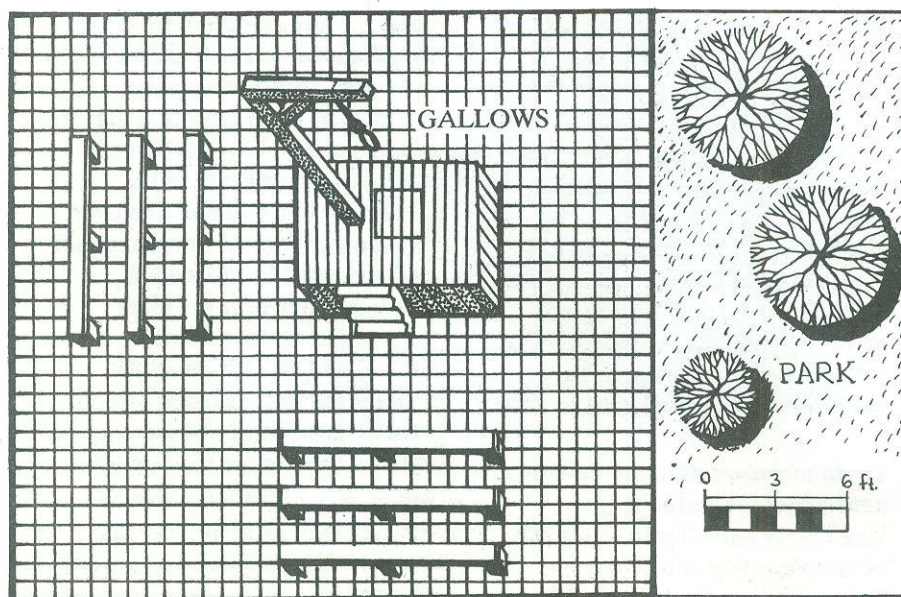
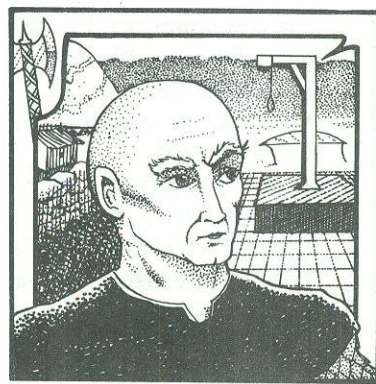
Gallows



GALLOWS

The Gallows were built by Skully's old on-board executioner, Borice. There is very little to say about the gallows except that they are efficient, owing no doubt to the fact that excellent care is taken of them. They are used very little. Skully prefers various forms of public humiliation to the finality of a hanging. But he has them well maintained so outlanders will think twice before committing a crime in Skully's Harbor.

BORICE



Kindred: Sardin
 Deity: Convert to Jehovah.
 Sex: Male
 Age: 47
 Height: 6'2"
 Weight: 183 pounds
 Hair/Eyes: Completely bald, he shaves his face and head every morning, as if a hanging were planned for the day.
 Appearance: He wears dark shirts and pants, with no jewelry.
 Position: He is the town executioner, but when off duty

he tends Skully's garden. He lives in a small house in the garden near the cliff, where he enjoys his view of the town and the beauties of the abundant garden. He usually has Skully's red setter following at his heels. He often eats dinner with Skully.

Physical Skills: His fist alone has been known to kill a man when it struck him just right. He is a formidable killer with or without a gallows (B).

Magic Ability: He has none (E).

Addendum: He is not a simpleton, as is rumored. He is always kind and courteous, and appears for all the world a sane man. Yet the rumor persists, perhaps for no other reason than as a way for the mundane town folk to rationalize how a man could kill in cold blood without remorse. He has no lovers and lives as far apart from people as he can. He feels them watching him as he walks along a street, or sees the morbid curiosity behind their eyes as they shift away from his gaze, frightened they will give themselves away and not realizing that they already did. He gets on much better with dogs, horses, and cats.

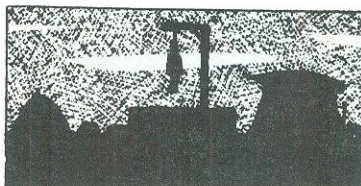
SCENARIO:

1) Borice is accused of raping a young girl in the town, and the only one who can prove him innocent is a young adventurer who played cards with him on the night the crime took place. The young adventurer has since headed north and has not been seen since. Borice and Skully ask the party to find the real culprit so he can be

brought to trial. Borice has no wish to try out his prized instrument personally.

2) Tina likes Borice, but she can't get his attention. She will pay the adventurers a small amount of silver to befriend him and then ask him and her to dinner, officially introducing her to Borice. Though happily engaged to Sheen, Tina would also like to "play the field" -- at least up to a point. (This could be a way to get the players feeling friendly toward Borice, and thus personally concerned about him if he were accused as in scenario #1)

3) One fine crisp morning the townspeople find the body of a young adventurer hung on the



gallows, his neck broken, pockets empty. One of the party members had been playing cards with the youngster the night before, and thus is questioned in the morning. While being questioned, the party member accidentally learns that the dead man had in a hidden compartment of his belt some small, valuable possession belonging to another member of the party. Skully, as the final authority in the Harbor, decides that:

- A. The young man committed suicide;
- B. The man was murdered, and the killer is unknown; or
- C. The man died of foul play and the party member is suspected.

The party of adventurers could aid in finding out the whys and wherefores of the situation.

4) Someone burned the gallows to the ground. Borice is distraught. He has posted handbills around the Harbor offering a reward of fifty quince to anyone providing information that leads to the capture of the arsonist.

Last night, while in the Longshoreman's Bar or the Golden Griffin (GM's choice), one of the party members saw a man at the bar who had black soot on his hands and smelled of lamp oil. The adventurer would be able to recognize this person again. He was obviously some sort of warrior or adventurer, a Sardin with tough, hard features and light blond hair.

The culprit is Rion Turill, and he can be found in a well-hidden camp south of Dimwald. His brother was hung for murder on that gallows one year ago. He plans to kill Borice, Flander Macson, and Skully. He and several members of his family are old enemies of Skully, who once pirated three ships of theirs in a row, ruining the family fortune. If Rion is killed, five more Turills will come in search of revenge within one week (they are in Gaulden, awaiting word of his success). If they fare badly, fourteen more will come in a group from Tarn, arriving one month from the death of Rion. If those are defeated, the rest of the family will lay low for a while -- though, if the adventuring party was involved, they had better watch out for Turills from then on.

Rion has no magic except for his enchanted sword, and a set of magic stones he places in a circle around his camp, making it look like a bramble thicket. With his sword, his prowess in combat is AA. With any other sword, it is A. He is a skilled woodsman as well, good at hiding his tracks and moving noiselessly.

Glossary

Ælf: A descendant of the four tribes created by Ariendale. Ælves are tall, slim, and point-eared, with big slanted eyes, high magical potential, and lifespans of thousands of years.

Ælven Army: The 69,000-plus Ælven troops under the command of High Lord Jerand and K'el Di Carani. The Lejentia are an order within the Ælven Army. Ælven naval forces are also included.

Ælven Compact: The forces allied against the Tarin Tor, including the Ælven Army, the Rowns, and various Sardin lands.

Ælven Nation: All Ælves ruled by High Lord Jerand (about 210,000), and their lands.

Aiute: A semi-sentient body of magic discovered by Alindol, which is attuned to the commands of the race of Dargonaths.

Anawaay: A sea goddess, one of the four Mothers.

Ancients: Ancestors of the Sardins and Dargonaths, said to have had a highly advanced civilization.

Ariel: An air goddess, one of the four Mothers.

Arielite: An Ælf of the tribe of Ariel.

Ariendale: A fire goddess, ruler of the four Mothers.

aura: A magical side effect of sentience, which can be sensed by magic-using people. A person's aura will often reveal something about him.

Azurinite: An Ælf of the tribe of Anawaay.

B^rron: A sentient, flying mammal created by Ariendale to oppose the forces of Hyl Sudiar. Each B^rron will bond with a Rown, its rider.

banshee: A fast-moving mist with razor-sharp claws, deadly in physical combat although it cannot be damaged by most physical means (A), with a piercing shriek that can deafen, madden, or kill.

Bazarothe: Lord of Hell, the biggest and strongest of the Ruling Brothers, creator of Hyl Sudiar, enemy of the Mothers and all that is clean and decent on earth.

Beelzebub: A former lord of Hell who has not been heard from in several centuries. He still has worshipers among the Sardins, however, and they still draw power from somewhere.

Benevolent: One of the Firstborn of Ariendale, an Ælf who kis not of the four tribes. The Benevolents were cursed with vampirism when, after Ariendale forbade them to defend themselves, they began worshipping Bazaroth. So few remain in the world that most Ælves believe they are a myth.

blood crystal: An edible crystal filled with magical power, used to pay demonic troops in the Tarin Tor. Blood crystals are pale blue, veined with thin red lines. Highly prized by demons, they are usable by anyone, and have become a popular trade item.

bonding: A spiritual link between paired Lejentia, or between a B^rron and a Rown.

Bridge of Tears: A bridge across the river Styrrm, just upriver from Skully's Harbor and Fort Bevits. It marks a boundary, as the Tarin Tor holds land south of the river from that point on west.

Clan Master: The ruling elder of a Dargonathian clan. The eighteen Clan Masters jointly rule the Dargonathian College.

claria: A drug which temporarily deadens a person's ability to use magic. Relatively safe for Ælves and Dargonaths, it behaves as hy'claria on strongly magical creatures such as demons and uriels.

Common Hellish: The language of the Tarin Tor, a modified version of the Noville tongue, which in turn is a corruption of Deep Hellish.

Compact Forces: Another name for the Ælven Compact.

contingent: An Ælven Army base, and the troops composing it: normally about 1152, the unit known as a diamond, and commanded by a battle marshal.

crypt: A "family" of Benevolents and/or Wilders, living together and commanded by a Hunt Master. Though they are not dead or undead creatures, vampires in the world of Lejentia usually live underground due to their bond with Vendridie, and are commonly believed to be undead, hence their dwellings are referred to as crypts. They themselves have adopted the term.

Dargonath: One of a race of wizards founded by Alindol the First Sire, capable of drawing on the power source known as the Aiute.

Dargonathian College: A place far in the north, in the mountains of Hun'iuut, where Dargonaths are trained.

Dargonathian Nation: All the Dargonathian clans, considered as a group; however, aside from running the College, they seldom cooperate.

Dark Ones: Another name for the Ruling Brotherhood of Hell, a family of brothers (or sisters -- they have no absolute sex).

Dead Horse God: Ur, chief god of the nomads of the Plains of Meit. He is seen as a man with a horse's head. A possessive deity, he looks after each of the tribal houses of the nomads and provides for all their needs.

Deep Hellish: The formal language of Hell, potent in conjuration and summoning.

demon: A native of Hell, whether one of the Dark Ones, or a lesser creature.

Dimwald-on-the-Styrrm: A small Sardin farming village near Skully's Harbor.

Erinz: A free Sardin nation across the sea from Gaulden, known for its advanced technology and relatively open society.

ethereal plane: Another dimension, mostly uninhabited. The souls of Novilles reside on this plane, which is why they must be attacked simultaneously on the normal (material) plane and on the ethereal, in order to be thoroughly killed. Novilles travel through the ethereal plane rather as Ælves travel through Everstill.

Everstill: A dimension of chaos, experienced as a cold, swiftly-moving sea illuminated by flashing sparks.

Eye of Ariendale: A place where much of Ariendale's magic resides. Mighty spells can be cast from here, and items of power can easily be made.

Fierced: A female Sardin witch, Seit of the Fifth Army of the Tarin Tor.

Fifth Army: The branch of the Tarin Tor that conquered Fort Bevits -- and, briefly, Skully's Harbor.

Finger Spelling: A simple spell enabling one to write without a pen.

fireweaving: A power given to Navivians, to shape a flame into some object and harden it in that form, so it resembles gold.

Firstborn: Another name for a Benevolent.

Fort Bevits: The former Ælven fort on the north side of the Styrrm, across from Skully's Harbor.

Free Lorian: A small independent island off the coast of Lorian's Kingdom, Free Lorian has outlawed slavery and joined the Ælven Compact.

frithnoy: A sort of potato with a rotten smell, the only vegetable that grows well in Hell, and a dietary staple of demons.

Gaulden: A city-state at the mouth of the Styrrm, with strong political ties to Lorian's Kingdom.

Gei: An ancient, long-dead earth goddess whose powers passed to various unique individuals, including Vendridie and K'el Di Carni.

H'th Na Tal: The Ælven code of honor and truth.

Hammil: God of the Mountains, Guardian of the Eternal Tomb. Worshiped by some Sardins and Dargonaths.

Hell: Six alien dimensions ruled by the Dark Ones.

Hellhound: a vaguely hyena-like species, originally bred from demons and grizzly bears.

Hellish Army: A common term for the Tarin Tor.

Hell Lord: A common term for Hyl Sudiar.

High Lord: Jerand, ruler of the Ælves.

Hunt Master: A Benevolent who commands a crypt.

hy'claria: A drug like claria only more concentrated, hy'claria causes intense pain and is stressful to the cardiovascular system. It can kill if administered repeatedly, or if the recipient is not healthy.

Hyl Sudiar: The "Hellish Seducer," commander of the Tarin Tor, an Ælven noble who was corrupted by Bazaroth.

Ice Palace: the far northern headquarters of Hyl Sudiar.

Jabar: A free Sardin city-state across the sea from Gaulden.

Kishmal: The largest Sardin nation, recently conquered by the Tarin Tor. The army of Kishmal has not disbanded. Numerically the largest part of the Ælven Compact, it is commanded by Sarah, a farmer's daughter from the island of Tarn.

Lejentia: This word has three meanings. (1) The whole (meaning, the whole world). (2) For all life. (3) An elite order of very tough Ælves.

Lejentia Lord: A Lejentia of the rank of regent morian or higher. They wear silver vambraces, set with gems that denote the branch of the army they command.

Lord of Hell: Bazaroth.

Lorian's Kingdom: A Sardin nation across the sea from Gaulden and far south, allied with the Tarin Tor. Its economy is based on slavery.

mestizo: A name given to Ælf-human half-breeds, or to mixed-tribe Ælves.

mindscream: A telepathic attack.

mindsend: To use telepathy.

Monti: A large island in the southern sea, where the main temple of Ariendale is. Ælven children are sent to Monti to be cared for during their centuries-long development. The Ælven nation is so adapted to war, with nearly one-third of its adult population actually serving in the Army and the remainder supporting the effort economically and through volunteer work, that the cities of Ælvendom are considered neither safe nor suitable for children. Also, this is a way of indoctrinating Ælves very thoroughly with Ariendale's Creed, insuring that they do not go the way of the Benevolents.

Navavian: An Ælf of the tribe of Ariendale.

Night Letters: A simple fire-based spell which creates glowing letters in the air.

Nigira: A female Vendrinite, Seit of the Second Army of the Tarin Tor, current commander of Fort Bevits.

nix: A creature created from blood, clay, and demonic energy. Nix will obey their creators (unless they "spark" and develop free will), but they are capable of independent thought, and do have the bodily functions of living beings. The intelligence and appearance of a nix depend on how much energy and effort were put into its creation. The ones mass-produced as common soldiers in the Tarin Tor tend to have the looks and wits of gorillas.

Noville: An insect-like alien, ranging from nine to twelve feet tall. Worshipers of Bazaroth, Novilles have a hive-like society. They may be workers, soldier/workers, soldiers, drones, princesses, or queens. Workers are the most common and do not fight. Soldier-workers are moderately effective fighters. Soldiers are winged and deadly, sweeping down on a battlefield in clattering black clouds. Only soldiers steal souls when they kill. Drones, princesses, and queens are extremely rare. There are also a few specialized types of Novilles, not found on earth.

orca: A killer whale.

Orijha: An ancient moon goddess who looks kindly on star-crossed lovers.

Painted Cliffs: The cliffs above Skully's Harbor.

Plains of Meit: Rolling prairies surrounding Skully's Harbor. The fertile valley of the Styrrm cuts through them.

psychometry: The power of touching an object, or occupying a place, and picking up mental impressions of important, emotion-charged events that have been associated with that object or place. This can sometimes be used to identify the nature of an object, or its owner.

Rhodan: A specially bred horse with a horn. Rhodans are massive beasts with great strength and courage.

rogue: A Lejentia whose partner has died. Often suicidal, rogue Lejentia are most dangerous in battle.

Rown: A member of the society of B^rron-riding warriors, ruled by the five Rown Queens. Anyone may be recruited into this society. Thus there are full-blooded Ælves, Sardins, and Dargonaths among their ranks, although, since they intermarry freely, Rowns born into the society tend to be mestizos.

Ruling Brothers: The Dark Ones.

Sardin: Anyone of human stock who is not a Dargonath. They tend to be short of stature, with relatively little magical potential.

Second Army: The branch of the Tarin Tor commanded by Seit Nigira. The Second Army, consisting mostly of Novilles, currently occupies For Bevits and other positions along the Styrrm.

seit: The rank in the Tarin Tor directly under Hyl Sudiar, roughly equivalent to the Ælven rank of morian. There are six seits.

Shadow Walker: A specially trained Rhodan, so brave and steady that it can be taken through Everstill.

Skully's Harbor: A trading outpost on the Styrrm, at the farthest point upstream that the south bank is still Ælven-controlled.

soul-chasing: The ability of some Ælves and Dargonaths to follow a human soul, or Ælven spirit, beyond death, where they can attempt to persuade the dead person to come back. Of course, the body must be healed to provide a livable shell. Soul-chasing only works within the first few hours of an Ælf's death, after which there is no individual spirit to be found, only the power of Ariendale. For Sardins and Dargonaths, the potential time limit is however long the body can be magically preserved -- although, the chance of locating the soul diminishes with time. People who have been killed with enchanted Hellish blades cannot be soul-chased, as their souls are channeled directly to the Dark Ones.

stoneholding: A spiritual bonding with a portion of the earth, to hold it stable. The world of Lejentia has suffered major damage in the geologically recent past, and must literally be held together magically, or it would become uninhabitable.

Styrrm: (pronounced "storm") A major river that runs through the Plains of Meit.

sunstaff: A staff made of pure will, used by Lejentia and stored in the thigh when dormant.

Tanglewood: A hilly forest west of the Plains of Meit, technically controlled by the Ælven Compact though they have no troops there. It is a gold-rich area, but very wild, inhabited by ancient, unfriendly forces.

Tarin Tor: The "Army of Peace" commanded by Hyl Sudiar, with which he intends to conquer the world for its own good. Also known as the Hellish Army.

Tarn: A large island east of Gaulden, a major trade and slave center.

Terrin Ki: Literally, "Ring of Perfect Peace," a feature of the socio-political theory of the Ælven philosopher Li'Trel. Li'Trel's formula for utopia was to unite the world under one government, then abolosh the government.

tou powi: A gigantic and dangerous sabre-toothed arctic cat, the tou powi is always hungry and therefore always in a bad mood. In the autumn, tou powis will migrate south, though none has ever seen them quite so far south as Skully's Harbor. They have no magical properties.

tri-maran: A type of boat favored by Ælves, with three parallel hulls fastened together by bridges.

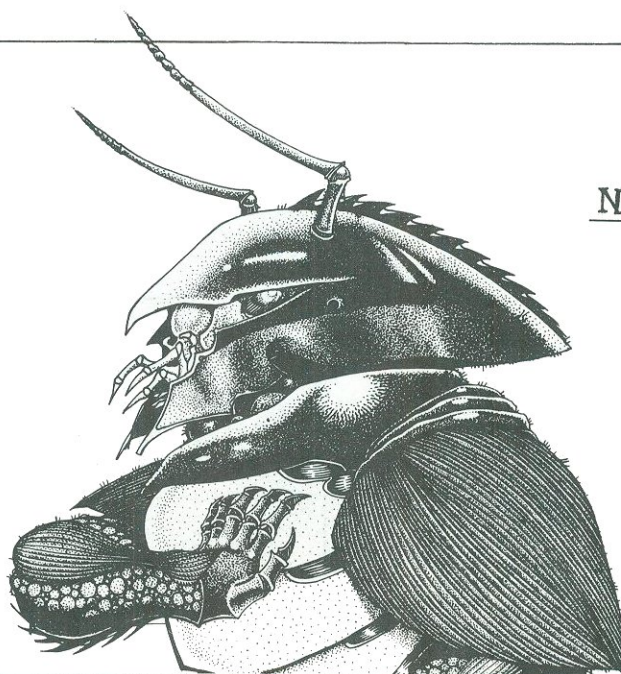
uriel: A being created by a powerful Ælf, out of clay, the Ælf's own blood, and energy from the Ælf's spirit, to act as a servant -- or, occasionally, a stand-in for its creator. Uriels may or may not be humanoid, but they are usually beautiful, and have the powers of a relatively inexperienced Ælf. Like nix, they occasionally "spark" to become fully independent beings.

vambrace: Metal armor worn on the forearm (see Lejentia Lord).

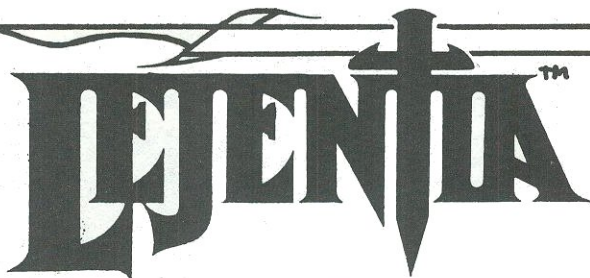
Vendridie: An earth goddess, one of the four Mothers.

Vendrinite: An Ælf of Vendridie's tribe.

Wilder: A normal human or Ælf who has been infected with the disease of vampirism, either by a Benevolent or by another Wilder.



Noville



CHARACTER DIARY

Usable with most role-playing systems

RACE		STATION	NAME	YOUR CHARACTER'S PORTRAIT
NIVIVIAN (ælf) AIRELITE (ælf) VENDRENITE (ælf) AZURIANITE (ælf) MESTIZO HALF-BLOOD DARGONATH SARDIN OTHER _____		LEJENTIA CLERGY WARRIOR ERRANT SPELLWORKER FREE ÆLF SKILLED CRAFTER MERCHANT OTHER _____	WRITTEN NAME (ÆLVEN)	
STATISTICS				
ST _____	IQ _____			
LK _____				
CON _____	SP _____			
CHR _____	LEVEL _____			
WIS _____				
INT _____				
DEX _____				
AG _____				
PSI _____				
QUINCE = \$ _____			ARMOR AND SPECIAL ITEMS	
SEX _____				
AGE _____ (choose equivalent human age and add two zeroes.)				
HAIR COLOR _____ HAIR LENGTH _____				
EYE COLOR _____				
GENERAL DISPOSITION (rate on a 1-5 scale with 5 being high)			WEAPONRY	
— Rowdy — Quick to React				
— Scholarly — Brave				
— Easily Angered — Patient				
— Concern For Others — Self Protective				
— Slow But Thorough				
DESCRIPTION OF SELF (how would you look while walking down the street?)			ITEMS CARRIED (or owned)	

CHARACTER DIARY

CONTACTS: (important people I know)

person: _____	how met: _____	friend or foe _____
person: _____	how met: _____	friend or foe _____
person: _____	how met: _____	friend or foe _____
person: _____	how met: _____	friend or foe _____
person: _____	how met: _____	friend or foe _____
person: _____	how met: _____	friend or foe _____
person: _____	how met: _____	friend or foe _____
person: _____	how met: _____	friend or foe _____
person: _____	how met: _____	friend or foe _____
person: _____	how met: _____	friend or foe _____
person: _____	how met: _____	friend or foe _____
person: _____	how met: _____	friend or foe _____
person: _____	how met: _____	friend or foe _____
person: _____	how met: _____	friend or foe _____
person: _____	how met: _____	friend or foe _____

CITIES OR AREAS VISITED	MAGICAL ITEMS	SPELLS
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[illegible]

CITIES OR AREAS VISITED AND ALLIANCE*

* T=Tarin Tor Æ= Elven
S=Sardin O=Other

[illegible][illegible]

* T=Tarin Tor Æ= Elven
S=Sardin O=Other

Credits



Executive Producers

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and
Seit Nigira

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Thanks, all.

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Adventure Gamebook
No. 2!

Seit Nigira

Kindred: Elven - Vendrinite

Deity: Vendridie

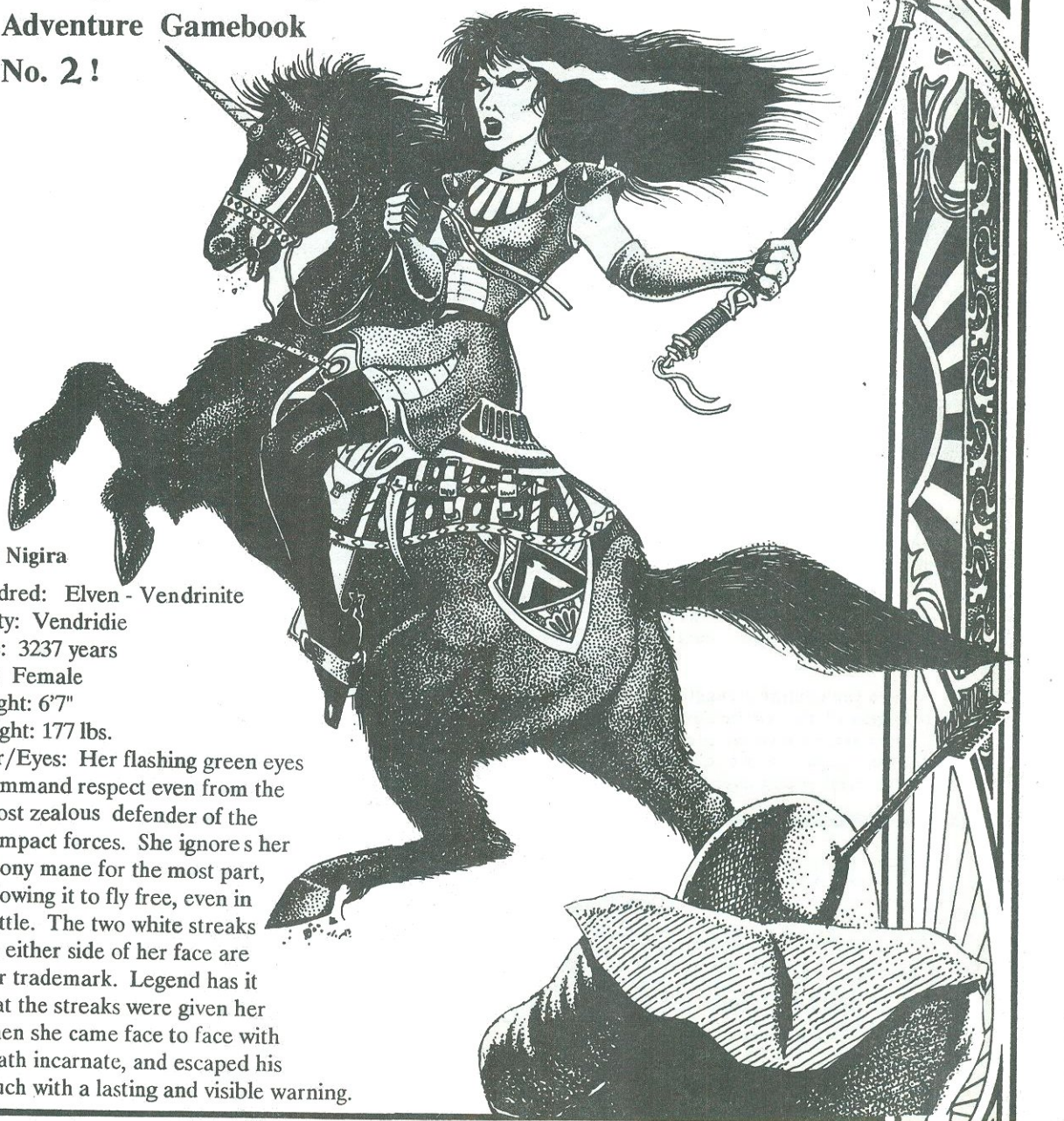
Age: 3237 years

Sex: Female

Height: 6'7"

Weight: 177 lbs.

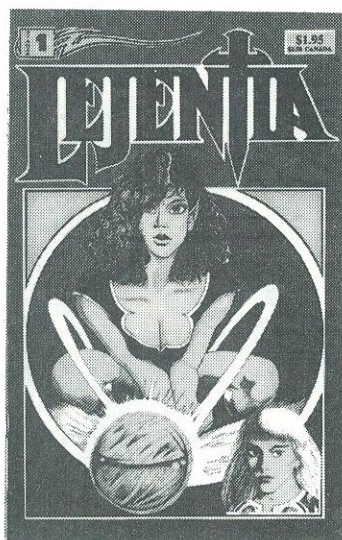
Hair/Eyes: Her flashing green eyes command respect even from the most zealous defender of the compact forces. She ignores her ebony mane for the most part, allowing it to fly free, even in battle. The two white streaks on either side of her face are her trademark. Legend has it that the streaks were given her when she came face to face with death incarnate, and escaped his touch with a lasting and visible warning.



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Stanza I

The young twin Lords, Knytling and Rayn Boh, are set to be parted by the Elven High Lord.

They will fight the Hounds of the Tarin Tor and protect the Heart of Ariendale.

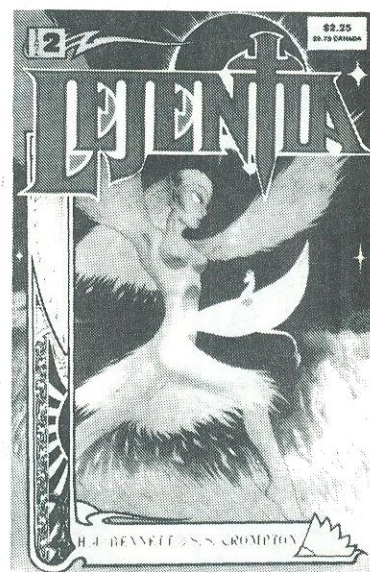
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Sample page from Stanza II



Stanza II

The twin Lords are delayed by the attack of a Dargonath, who is a wizard of terrible power, and his monstrous ally. Both twins are gravely injured, and their eventual parting is fraught with uneasiness.

Seit Nigira has meanwhile exercised her Hellish army's awesome power by crushing an undefeated human stronghold in a single day...

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