

CODEX OF AHRÖE

EXPANSION
GOTTLAND NE



STEPHEN CHENAULT

Codex of Ahrde

EXPANSION GOTTLAND-NE

BY STEPHEN CHENAULT

EDITOR: DAN CROSS

FRONT COVER: DOUG KOVACS INTERIOR ART: MARK ALLEN

ART DIRECTION/ CARTOGRAPHY: PETER BRADLEY



1818 North Taylor, #143, Little Rock, AR, 72207

email: troll@trolllord.com

website: www.trolllord.com or

www.knightsofthecrusade.com

©2019 Troll Lord Games. All Rights Reserved. Castles & Crusades® is a registered Trademark of Chenault & Gray Publishing LLC, d/b/a Troll Lord Games. SIEGE Engine™ is Trademark of Chenault & Gray Publishing LLC, d/b/a Troll Lord Games. Amazing Adventures™ is a Trademark of Jason Vey. The Troll Lord Games, Castles & Crusades, SIEGE Engine, Troll Lord Games logos are Trademarks of Troll Lord Games. The Amazing Adventures logo is Trademark Jason Vey. All Rights Reserved. 2019.

Art, artwork, cover art, cartography is copyright Peter Bradley of Ravenchilde Illustrations, 2019 or Troll Lord Games. All Rights Reserved. All content copyright 2019 Troll Lord Games. All Rights Reserved.

Printed in the United States of America

GOTTLAND-NE

It is often shortened in the vernacular to Gottland, but this is a misnomer, for its rightful name has an altogether different meaning. Named from the Dwarf, Gottland translates to “the Land of Gods” or “The Land Where Gods Rule/Reside”; Ne means “without” or “an absence of”. In the Vulgate or Common Tongues of men, Gottland-Ne translates into “The Land Without Gods” or “Where no God Dwells.”

OF THE LAND WITHOUT GOD

The Gottland is a broken land of stark hills with little vegetation. To the north and west, it borders the Shadow Mountains. To the east lies the Inner Sea and to the south is the Ington River (called the Deep Flow in the Vulgate). It is best known for the bitterly cold winds which blow off the mountains and through the Kleberock Pass. Here, where the Gottland joins the Moravan Plains to the north, the wind is forever whistling as it coils through the clefts and rocks, mimicking the sounds of the dead. This horrible whistling has given birth to the legends of the walking dead. It is said that those who suffered from the depredations of the Wizard Mongroul, known to the histories as Trigal, but more commonly called Nulak-Kiz-Din and the great, hulking troll lords, are forced to wander the land as the damned. This is borne out in the truth of Dunhollow Wood (see below) which straddles the passes’ southern entry.

It is generally cold in the Gottland. The year round average temperature is about 40 degrees. Winter is harsh. In summer, it rarely gets above 70 degrees. The winters are long, and the springs and summers are short. The temperature begins to drop below freezing in the late autumn and remains there for the better part of the winter.

There is not a great of precipitation in the summer and spring, but the Autumn brings its fair share and winter sees the winds shift, bringing moisture off the Inner Sea. This moisture has nowhere to go as it rolls up the mountain slopes, so it deposits great heaps of snow in the plains, making life deadly and travel hazardous.

The better part of the Gottland lies between the Sorgon and Ington Rivers. The plains here are cut by a great rise of hills called the Troll Downs and further north by a ridge called the Beormot, or Mammoth Ridge. The plains themselves are harsh lands. Scrub oaks, stinging nettle weeds, blackberry, pampas grass, and other bramble are all that grow there. Water is not scarce and is found in many pools and small streams, but much of it is foul and oily. Those who mark travel across the Gottland do so with difficulty. Many have become lost and died in the trackless wilderness. There is a peculiar madness associated with the land. Many have reported that the hills and broken scrub seem to go on forever, that there is no end to the wastes. Some succumb to a madness they call “Seeing the Elephant.” For some, the land becomes so great in the mind’s eye that it drives men mad. This madness is not fatal, but few are cured from it. Those who are overcome generally die horrible deaths in the lonely wastes of the Gottland.

2 CASTLES & CRUSADES

Strange solitary trees dot the countryside, almost always dead, with scant branches and no leaves. Their gnarled husks and spindly limbs make them appear dead, though they are not entirely so, and they remain firmly rooted to the ground. About their roots small flowers grow; these are reputed to have great powers.

The Gottland is a forsaken land where little grows, but monsters abound. It is as inhospitable a place as the world has ever known.

TRAVEL

Travel in the Gottland is difficult for there are no proper roads, only wagon tracks that the Halflings have carved out of the landscape in their constant migrations; but there are many broken trails winding through the twisted rock. The trolls from Nacht hound travelers, as do various orc and hobgoblin bandits. Herds of mammoth wander the wastes from the mountains to the Teifsich river in the south; long fanged “saber toothed” cats, dire wolves and similar beasts hunt them, and do not hesitate to hunt other creatures, man included, as well. Stone giants come down from the mountains to visit their ancestral home on the Mammoth Ridge, and the snows bring frost giants from their kingdoms beyond the winter.

Consult the following charts for average movement rates. These vary with terrain and weather with the months between Summer and Autumn merging until the snow falls. Use these for average movement rates in miles per hour. This assumes an 8 hour travel time.

MOVEMENT OFF TRAIL IN THE PLAINS

MV Rate	Spring/Summer	Autumn/Winter
20	6	3
30	12	6
40	21	12
50	36	16
60	42	24

MOVEMENT ON TRAIL IN THE PLAINS

MV Rate	Spring/Summer	Autumn/Winter
20	8	4
30	16	8
40	32	16
50	48	24
60	64	32

HILLS & MOUNTAINS

If traveling in Hills or mountains reduce the rate above

Ascent Hills: 60%.

Ascent Mountains: 90%

Descent Hills: 20%

Descent Mountains: 50%



LORDS OF THE GOTTLAND

No single prince or power rules the Gottland. There are few towns hospitable to men, only wilderness, where orcs and trolls hunt, where giants walk and other monsters besides. The halfling clans dwell here, far from the reaches of civilization, but they are migratory, moving in their large wagons from one spot to the next. To the north, there are the trolls, ruled by Varucks their King. To the south and west are orcs. On the coast some scattered settlements of humans. Beyond that the land is lawless.

THE TROLLS

Though the Troll Lord Varucks lays claim to the whole of the Gottland he has direct control of little beyond Castle Nacht and the valleys that surround his citadel. Even the Kleberock Pass is a wild place. This huge Troll is slow to act, but clever. He uses the threats of pretended power to cajole the unwary into doing his bidding. He wields two large hammers in combat, calling them by their names, Var and Ucks. Varucks commands a powerful but small troop of trolls in battle. When needed, he forces local humanoid tribes to give warriors and material to raise a sizable, if disorganized, army of orcs and hobgoblins.

THE ORCS

In the far west and south of the country, upon the slopes of the Shadow Mountains and around the headwaters of the Ingtan River, the Olgrack Orcs rule from their fortress of Rackenburg. Their Chief is a thin, wiry orc by the name of Uranoch Scatterskull. His name derives from the split in his skull which is ever visible and forever dribbling puss and blood. Uranoch

is very intelligent and rules his orcs by threatening and cajoling them. They resist the overlord of Varucks and the Trolls.

Within the interior, the scattered humanoid tribes are mostly migratory. They feed off of livestock (cattle mostly) and a tough breed of sheep. They are forced to move from one place to the next, for the grazing is sparse. These groups tend to be small and possessed of little wealth. Their greatest sport is the Cleaver Pits. Once in a while, the smaller bands gather together, dig pits here and there, and throw in contestants who fight to the death. These are often slaves and the unlucky captured on the road. In times of turmoil these orcs and hobgoblins turn to the Troll Lords in castle Nacht for protection, though some have recently begun turning to Rackenburg and their cousin orcs. The most powerful of these tribes are the Bonechewers, numbering a score of bands about 100 or so strong. Lesser tribes move about as well, the Diremonger and Redlup each are smaller, with scattered bands that if totaled, wouldn't exceed 700 each. A fourth notable tribe, the Pikelum ride shaggy ponies; they are the only mounted orcs in the region, and number about 400 tribal members. There are a dozen smaller tribes numbering in the hundreds that roam the wastes and mountains.

BONE CHEWERS

Total Population: 2000+

Warriors: 1100 +/-

Women: 500 +/-

Children: 200 +/-

Elderly: 150 +/-

Overlord: Temur, high level fighter

Military: They can send 1100 armored warriors into battle. These are always backed up by about 100 females with slings and javelins.

Economy: They trade in slaves, pelts, and bones.

Religion: Unklar

Language: Orc, Vulgate

DIREMONGER

Population: 1500+

Warriors: 900 +/-

Women: 350 +/-

Children: 150 +/-

Elderly: 100 +/-

Overlord: Hobogetur, a Shaman, very high level cleric

Military: They can send 900 lightly armored warriors into battle. These are always backed up by about 100 females with slings and javelins.

Economy: They trade in furs, some slaves.

Religion: Unklar

Language: Orc, vulgate.

REDLUP

Population: 1000+

Warriors: 575 +/-

Women: 225 +/-

Children: 200 +/-

Elderly: 100 +/-

Overlord: Cha'Ur, Female, Fighter

Military: They can send 525 lightly armored warriors into battle. Cha'Ur's 50 body guards are heavily armored. These are always backed up by about 100 females with slings and javelins.

Economy: They trade in furs, some slaves.

Religion: Unklar

Language: Orc, vulgate.

PIKELUM

Population: 800+

Warriors: 400 +/-

Women: 200 +/-

Children: 200 +/-

Elderly: +/- (abandon elderly)

Overlord: Yadir, high level Fighter (very charismatic as orcs go)

Military: They can send 400 mounted warriors into battle. These carry spears and bows and arrows. They attack from a distance. Their females are never exposed to battle. Their pony heard numbers in several thousand.

Economy: They trade in weapons or gold. Gain their bounty only through raiding.

Religion: Unklar

Language: Orc, vulgate.

HOBGOBLINS

There are some bands of hobgoblins, but these are the remnants of failed colonies. They are only organized at a local level. Some swear loyalty to the hobgoblin King to the south in Burnevitse (see **Codes of Aihilde** or below **Scariscrag**), but the majority spend their days raiding.

They travel in small bands of 20-100, led by several chiefs and sub-chiefs. They travel on foot as no mount will carry them, nor will the abide being carried. They are generally well armed and 10% of their band will be arbalisters, carrying heavy crossbows. The rest are equipped with heavy mail, and a variety of weapons.

These bands are very aggressive and do not often shy from a fight, particularly if the victim seems to wealthy or possess a great deal of magic. Unlike many humanoids the hobgoblin bands of Gottland are highly organized, working together to follow some well laid out plan or tactic. If beaten they will retreat or ask for terms, attempting to leverage whatever knowledge or power they have to keep themselves alive.

THE HALFLINGS

The Halflings that dwell in the Gottland are migratory. They travel in wagon trains. Each Clan is broken up into Rings, named after the circled wagon formations they take in camp. There are 3 main halfling Clans in the Gottland and one further north in the Moravan Plains. The Clan may gather 2 or 3 times in a year to allow marriages, trade, and exchange news. The 3 tribes only gather when called together. Generally, each Ring is about 1/9th the size of the Clan. Several of the main Clans are listed below.

STAUFENS

Population: 850+

Warriors: 350 +/-

Women: 300 +/-

Children: 250 +/-

Elderly: 100 +/-

Overlord: Franz Baumel

Military: The Staufen Clan can field up to 650 warriors and 50 war dogs. The women generally fight as archers.

Economy: They trade in furs, food, plunder

Religion: Wenafar

Language: Vulgate

BAUML

Population: 700+

Warriors: 210 +/-

Women: 170 +/-

Children: 240 +/-

Elderly: 70 +/-

Overlord: Erul Troll Bane

Military: The Baumls can field up to 210 warriors and possess hundreds of kimer steppe devils. The women generally fight as archers and slingers.

Economy: They trade in skins mostly, some treasure they pick up along the way.

Religion: Wenafar

Language: Vulgate

TUMMEL

Population: 650+

Warriors: 250 +/-

Women: 150 +/-

Children: 200 +/-

Elderly: 50 +/-

Overlord: Derek "Bo-Knuckle" Roder

Military: The Tummels can field up to 350 warriors and 30 war dogs. The women generally fight as archers.

4 CASTLES & CRUSADES

Economy: They trade in raw goods, coal, furs, wild wheats, etc.

Religion: Wenafar

Language: Vulgate

WULFLING

Population: 550+

Warriors: 200 +/-

Women: 150 +/-

Children: 200 +/-

Elderly: 50 +/-

Overlord: Rienald Stock, high level ranger (related by marriage to Franz Baumel)

Military: The Wulflings can field up to 300 warriors and 25 war dogs. The women generally fight as archers.

Economy: They trade in furs, food, plunder

Religion: Wenafar

Language: Vulgate

HUMANS

There are scattered human communities in the interior. These are generally small towns, villages or communities nestled in the hills or along river banks. Squalid, lawless places for the most part, they offer refuge for the weary but are not safe. The towns of Most and Ossford lie upon the coast, they are both large. Grandbridge Fort is the only human community in the interior of note.

COMMERCE

At times, the brave or desperate merchants bring caravans into the region. Recently, these merchants have expanded the towns of Most and Ossford. Here goods come from the interior and move on via ship to the realm of the Hobgoblin King of Burnevitse and to the Hanse City States. This has led to some pitched battles with the inhabitants of the Gottland, as the humans and southern Hobgoblins strive to defend their growing trade and the northern Humanoids seek to plunder it. These twin ports do not exercise any real power in the interior, however.

Trade has brought even more disreputable characters to this area. The owners of the trading posts exercise little control over the inhabitants, letting them do as they please so long as the ships sail on time. This, of course, has attracted hosts of would-be adventurers, thieves, bandits, ruffians, explorers and any other breed of man who seeks to leave the perfumed comforts of civilization behind them. The towns are rough affairs where only the strongest survive.

In this thankless place on the edge of the world, nothing is manufactured other than terror and slavery. The creatures here are self-sufficient, depending on hunting, fishing, and farming. The orcs mine gold from the mountains and have recently begun carting it to the coast for trade of arms. One thing that

brings the wary merchant to the Gottland are the flowers found around the roots of the "Gottland Trees." They are reputed to have great healing powers and be the source of the troll's regenerative powers. For a full description of the trees, see below.

OF HOW THE GOTTLAND CAME TO BE

The Gottland comes into the annals of the world during the great migrations of the Ethrum peoples. They came to the Kleberock Pass and passed through it, entering the lands of the stone giants. Here, from the mountains to the sea, the giants ruled, shaping the earth as they saw fit, and making use of stone to honor Burol the Mason. The men amused them and they befriended them, guiding them over the rough country to the Coal Range. There the people of Ethrum promised the giants everlasting friendship and gave them many blessings.

The greatest of these was the knowledge of Mordius, who lately had fallen to the Red God. They gave of her what they knew and the giants wove the knowledge into the crown of their king, and ever after those people were bound, one to the other.

When the Ethrum moved into the south the giants took up the charge of guarding their northern borders and so they did for many long years until the god-emperors of Aenoch overthrew them and drove them into the mountains. After that they returned and dwelt in the lands, if only shadows of their former selves.

Early in the age of Winter's Dark, Nulak Kiz Din, called Mongroul established his great spired tower, Graugusse, in the Moravan Plains. These plains lay beyond the Shadow Mountains and were, as they still are today, accessible by crossing an overland trail. The Kleberock led into the heart of his domain. In those days, when Unklar slept much, his minions warred one with the other, so much so that they built towers and walls against each other. Mongroul built a wall to guard his own tower. As further protection he summoned the great troll lord, Hasryck, to his side and bid him to gather a host of his fellows to encamp upon the southern end of the Kleberock and block egress to the Moravan Plains beyond.

Mongroul's voice, laced with spells, captured the mind of Hasryck and that troll set about doing the wizard's bidding. He took mounds of gold into the Shadow Mountains to bribe others of his kin from their holes and come to the Kleberock. The trolls who gathered there served the gold of Hasryck, if they did not serve the troll himself. He bid them build a fortress for their dwelling place, but trolls abhor work of any kind, and they refused, but instead convinced Hasryck to gather slaves for the labor. They entreated him to lead them to the halls of the stone giants where they could "bind the very stone of the earth to serve us." Hasryck smiled, for this was his intent all the while.

The trolls gathered themselves for war, entering the mountains beneath clouds of snow. They came upon the stone giants' king in one of their many halls in the mountains. Hasryck bid them to quit the dark recesses of their holes, "Come with us, children of Burol; bind your-selves to us and serve the trolls of the Kleberock. If you do this you will know only happiness and contentment, for we shall allow you to build halls of stone for

us.” Unmoved at this speech, the giants laughed at the trolls and threw rocks at them.

The war which ensued shook the mountain to its core. The giants hurled boulders the size of houses onto the heads of the trolls. The trolls in turn, threw spears and axes at the giants. Many giants fell to horrible wounds, but too, the trolls could not stand against the rocks from above.

When they came to grips the slaughter was great, for neither trolls nor giants gave ground. The war spread through all the Plains of the Gottland as stone giants took up arms against the trolls and orcs. For years the war raged across the mountains and the plains of the Gottland, leaving much to ruin.

In the end a great wolf came upon the field and bid Hasryck to cease his attacks on the caves of the giants and wait for the giants to come forth. The wolf was Mongroul, and in this guise he stole into the cave of the stone giant king. Once the dread wizard entrenched himself there he summoned arcane magic and unleashed it upon the giants. They fled from him, for those giants bore superstition like a shield, tumbling out of the cave in wild abandon. The trolls pounced upon them, bound them in chains, hauling them soon thereafter down the mountains and into slavery.

Hasryck ordered the giants to build a castle for the trolls. They set about this task reluctantly, but they gathered slabs of rock and piled them on high, shaping them at the Troll Lord’s direction. It took them many years, but in time a fortress of jagged rock took shape at the very mouth of the Kleberock. They called it the fortress of Nacht. There, Hasryck ensconced himself, declaring himself “Keeper of the Graugusse,” a title seldom heard in these days, but one still dear to the trolls. Orcs and hobgoblins settled in the surrounding country, building villages and squalid moat-and-bailey castles. The Kleberock became a gateway to the Gottland, serving as the entrance to this realm and reflecting the evil of its dark master.

So Hasryck ruled the Kleberock for many hundreds of years until he fell in battle with a mammoth of such proportions that a single tread could break boulders to dust. From the northern glaciers it wandered into the fields south of the castle. Hasryck made to attack the beast, for such a trophy could not be passed. The fatal contest did not last long. The beast trampled Hasryck, gored him with its great tusk, and finally tore the unfortunate troll asunder. Hasryck’s guard killed the beast, though not before many more troll kin fell, and its corpse they hauled back to the slag castle.

There, another troll lord rose in Hasryck’s place. Rodzek by name, he took the corpse of the mammoth to the great hall, where he ordered all to feast upon it. He then took the bones and built a monstrous chair, upon which he declared, “All trolls who rule the Kleberock must sit here, upon the elephant’s back.” The trolls rejoiced by drinking great quantities of beer. Rodzek ruled in the Kleberock until the Winter Dark Wars.

None dared assail the trolls or their fortress of Nacht until Mongroul’s tower fell in ruin. When the lords of the west gave

battle to Malikor the dragon upon the heights of Eedelmere Mountain, it ended in disaster for the archmagi. As is written, “So great was the dragon’s fall that Edelemere broke asunder and that most ancient of mountains was cast down. The quake drowned a host of Mongroul’s trolls in rock and slag and ended their days forever. A great shuttering went through the world and the hosts of darkness were everywhere dismayed and hid themselves for a time.” By these acts and others, the power of the mage passed from the north and the trolls of the Kleberock found themselves without guidance.

A hero born gnome came to castle Nacht soon after the Winter Dark Wars concluded. Olaf Tryggvason sought to treat the troll lord with death for crimes against his own clan years in the past. By stealth he avoided the guards, coming to Rodzek’s hall by secret ways. He called out to the troll, bidding him come down from the “Elephant’s Back” and give him justice. “But you are not but a little thing, gnome. How can I give you any justice.” Olaf swore at him to come down, “You will give me justice or I’ll pay the passage!” Olaf smote the troll a blow on the foot which roused him to anger, but even before Rodzek could lift his great bulk from the chair, Olaf struck him again with his hammer, cracking the bones in his knee. Rodzek toppled to the ground where Olaf Tryggvason slew him with repeated blows of his mighty hammer.

The trolls of Nacht scattered at the death of their lord and for many years the place remained a wild, dangerous country, and stood abandoned by folk. Only recently has some order returned. The troll lord, Varucks, harking back to his younger years when he served Hasryck, has reentered castle Nacht and conquered much of the region from the Kleberock pass to the Ingon River, in the south. He bound trolls, orcs, and hobgoblins to him and so they ruled in their small corner of the Gottland, creatures of ill intent and dangerous evil.

After the death of Rodzek and the breaking of the trolls, the wider land had no governance and thus it stood for a great while. Eventually men came to the Gottland, men seeking a refuge from kings and princes and from justice. They built towns and villages upon the wilds. First they settled the coasts and then followed the rivers until a mixed bag of towns and villages dotted

6 CASTLES & CRUSADES

THE LAND WITHOUT GODS

The land of Gottland-Ne is an ancient land where many people have dwelt. The dwarves trafficked here, the stone giants made peace with their gods here, wild men from the north trekked through the wastes here, and in more recent times, the trolls have occupied its innermost regions. All these peoples have left their marks, so that Gottland-Ne is ripe with ancient dungeons and long-abandoned fortifications.

As noted, Gottland lies between the mountains in the west and north, the sea in the east and the great Ingtong River to the south. All the lands between are marked by several major features.

AERALUTH WOOD

This forest stands upon the northern banks of the Cealuth River, across from the City of Lynth. It is not a large wood, but its trees are ancient, with gnarled roots embedded deep in the earth. Travel through the wood is difficult, for the ground is much abused and torn by the trees. The trees are tall, 60 to 70 feet in height, with broad canopies that hang almost to the ground. There are few trails, as the ground is moved and torn by the trees roots that seem to shift with each storm and over time. Sheep abound as do lesser game, rabbits, squirrels and the like. Fey also occupy the wood, including strange woodland faeries, the pandareen, whose breath invites sleep. Many brave souls have fallen to their swooning calls to never awaken, bound in the webbing of the fey for all time (see New Monsters).

The forest grows right up to and in the river, allowing few sights of the wonderful City of Lynth.

ASHLAND (TOWN)

This odd town set miles from the Sorgon River and the Inner Sea has its origins in the scholarly pursuits of a wizard named Talmut. In the latter stages of the Winter Dark Talmut came to the Gottland, fleeing his masters in Aufstrag. He was tracked down by the assassins of the Crna Ruk and a wizard of the Crna Ruk. He and his party fought the agents of Darkness and slew them. The wizard was set aflame with Runes of Chaos and burned to ash. Talmut, confused as to the origin of the magical runes that destroyed his enemy settled upon the battle field to study it. In time, his comrades deserted him, but before they did, they constructed a hall for him to dwell in and set guards and wards about him so that he might live in some peace.

There Talmut remained until his passing from the world to the Endless Pools, but in those intervening years a town sprang up around him. At first it was some of his comrades who returned to him and retired. Then others came and a trading post of sorts sprang up. After that it was only a matter of time before a bustling town lay of the Northern Gottland.

Ashland is very different than other towns in the Gottland. It is walled with an 18-foot-high stone wall. Its houses are largely made of stone as well, with slate shingles. The town is fueled largely with coal and because of that the soot from many chimneys has settled on roofs and walls. There are crews constantly cleaning the town.

It is also far calmer, for no thieves' guilds have settled here and the riff raff of other kingdoms do not generally settle in Ashland. It does however attract wizards, sorcerers, sages and the like, for many seek the mysterious power of Talmut. Some hold that there is an ancient dwarven dungeon beneath the town, others that Ornduhl left great stores of his thought there, others still that Unklar left Unklar's Iron and rested for a time upon the hills of Ashland. Whatever the case it attracts more reputable, and some disreputable, people who seek its comfort or its secrets.

Total Population: 3,500

Human: 3,350

Orc: 0 +/-

Hobgoblin: 0 +/-

Gnome: 125 +/-

Halfling: 300 +/-

Dwarf: 200 +/-

Elf: 100 +/-

Government: The government of Ashland consists of the Five Elders, wizards, both men and women. They govern all aspects of the town. Though they do occasionally fight amongst themselves, they generally work well together.

Military: Their town is garrisoned by a small army of armed men, roughly 100 in number. These include a dozen scouts and a dozen or so cavalry. In times of need citizens are required to man the wall, and generally another 300 are raised that way.

Economy: Ashland has a Tier Two economy; one can get some manufactured goods here and the stores are usually filled with most goods. There is a paucity of wood here however, for it is hard to come by and people generally burn coal.

Religion: There are several temples here, one to the Og Aust. The others are standard temples to the gods. The largest is to Tefnut.

Language: The Vulgate is spoken here.

Major Guilds: The trade guilds are all in Ashland, the stone masons being the most powerful.

AUST RAVINE

This deep valley cuts through the southern-most range of the Bleached Hills. It runs east-west for close to a hundred miles, and is marked by steep cliffs on either side. The ravine is narrow, roughly half a mile wide and has no water, nor do any plants grow there but for some prickly brown underbrush that burns fast and hot. It is a desolate road, and though it offers the traveler a quick and easy path from east to west, it harbors its own dangers for it is a wicked place, home to creatures of the old world. Long ago it served as a road for the servants of Ornduhl and the goblins that served him. It kept them from the arrows and slings of the Ethrum that dwelt south in the Estvold (now long gone). And though those wars are finished and the rule of the Red God ended, the memory of it remains, particularly in the Aust Ravine. There creatures of his making and others beside remain, preying on any who dared the passage.

BLACK RIVER

This small swift running stream originates in the Halmsroof. It serves as the northern border for the Dunhollow Wood and feeds the giant flow of the Sorgon River. It is difficult to cross for the banks are steep and the water cold and fast. It is said to hold gold in its bosom, washed down from the giants who dwell in the high mountains visible from much of its length.

CEALUTH RIVER

The headwaters of this larger river lie in the Lesser Marl, just to the east mountains that ring the Kanu Basin. There huge glaciers, left over from the Winter Dark and fed every winter, supply clear cool run off. The waters tumble down a series of small streamlets and run offs, over water falls and through rocky gulches until they gather in a single course, the Caeluth. The river feeds all the grasslands to the east as well as the Aeraluth Wood. The elves call this river home and many dwell along its banks or in the lands that surround it. The City of Lynth sits upon the southern bank. The river is a peaceful place little plagued by the evils of the Gottland proper, this largely due to the elves the hunt its shores.

CROOKS BEND

This wide, long, slow moving river was named after a hill giant that dwelt upon its banks many long years ago. The miles wide depression that houses the river is filled with rich grasses and home to all manner of birds and herbivores. It is a favored hunting ground for griffons and the fiedoth (see Monsters & Treasure of Aihrede). The river is generally easy to cross for it is only a few feet deep, only in the rare pool is it much deeper.

CROWLEY'S RIDGE

This spur of rock juts-out into the Gottland from the Shadow Mountains. It has little to offer the world but the barrows of the dead that line its high ridges. In hollowed out caves, some ancient lineage buried their people, sealing them with stones carved like giant wheels. Each stone is fashioned to blend with the rocky wall it guards, but they are noticeable by the holes, 3 inches in diameter driven into the center of the wheel. Inside the barrows are placed, along with the bodies of the dead and their worldly wealth, large iron poles that fit the hole in the wheel. These poles are meant for the dead, to provide a way to leave their resting place. Who they are or who buried them is lost to history. Few travel to the ridge unless in desperate need of wealth or magic.

CROWLY RIVER

This small river begins its course in ridge to the west that bears the same name. It is a clean, shallow river that snakes through the grasslands. Its basin is wide as it floods frequently in spring and autumn. It is a slow moving, rocky river home to many fish and otters. It is a quiet river, largely due to the belief that it is haunted by wights of the barrows of the Ridge. It is inhabited by a few settlers however, those who wish to live far from the haunts of man and government. It is a favored hunting ground

for elves who come up from the south to sport along its banks. It is good water until it joins the Ingtong.

DANTE'S PASS

This pass is the only known crossing through this northern portion of the Shadow Mountains. It consists of a high, narrow saddle ridge between the twin Mountains Iseldrim and Gardrim. When not covered in deep snow, it is broken, rocky country. For long years the pass lay hidden, bound in snow and ice, but the recent explorations of Wilson Dante discovered the pass. The eastern trade winds rise from the Inner Sea and cross the uplands of Gottland, to thunder through the pass. This makes traversing the saddle ridge a difficult task. There are no refuges there. There is no water and no vegetation aside from tall, old yellow pines. These offer some firewood to the weary traveler, but little protection from the elements. Large bears and some yeti stalk the high pass. Twice a year, the great mammoths of the Moravan cross over the saddle, traveling north in the spring and south in the fall. It takes a man on foot about 8 days to cross the whole. The wind is always blowing, averaging 20mph. The Pass is very treacherous in the Winter months and snow drifts averaging 8-12 feet.

Dante himself disappeared in the pass during one particularly harsh winter. He and his party came from the north with a great treasure they stole from the Graugusse. Only one of the twelve who set off on that deadly journey came back. The rest died in the frozen tundra and Dante himself was lost (and with him the artifact he bore from the Gray tower). Rumors abound that the artifact lies there still, clutched in his ever frozen hands.

DOOST

The Doost Plains lie north of the Beormot Ridge. They are well watered from the mountains to the north and as such, sport deep grasses in the Spring and Summer months. They are home to an extremely large herd of buffalo that range throughout the Doost when the grass is fresh. The buffalo are particularly aggressive as the cows are in heat and the bulls are constantly fighting amongst themselves and any who approach. The herd moves south over Crowley Ridge in the Summer. The buffalo attract hunters of all stripes. Humans seeking their hides, halfings for the hides and meat, orcs and hobs for the same reason. Large saber-toothed tigers and wolves come down from the Shadow Mountains to hunt as well. All this makes the Doost a dangerous place during the warm months. As temperatures drop, the plains settle into the quiet of abandonment.

THE DRAB SINKS

The Drab Sinks stretch from the walls of Most to roughly 30 miles south of the Ingtong. These are cold moors, filled with strange beasts of wild disposition. Tales relate how that dread lord of Chaos, Thorax, the Red Bull, in the days of his power, sat upon the mouth of the river and drank from the stream. He choked on the water's oily brim and vomited much of it back up. What came from the black tar of his bile were strange creatures. Wild chaos beasts haunt the Sinks to this day. There are deep tar pits here that trap the unwary.

8 CASTLES & CRUSADES

DUNHOLLOW POOLS

This river tumbles down from the pass with great speed, but rapidly loses much of its force in the pools of the eastern Dunhollow. These pools are deep, carefully crafted by the stone giants in the days of yore. They

were built as great reservoirs for fish, but have since become entangled in the horrors of the Dunhollow Wood. They are strange and are stained a dark blue. Fey dwell in them (particularly sirens and dryads) and they are known to be dangerous to cross.

DUNHOLLOW WOOD

“Dun” is the Dwarven word for deep. Thus, the bearded folk named this strange forest many years ago, the Deep Wood, for it stood at the deeps of the feet of two great Mountain chains. The forest is old beyond reckoning and has survived many thousands of years of turmoil. It has shrunk and grown depending on its usage. Remnants of it can be found as far south as the Ington River. Today its borders straddle the Sorgon River. The forest is filled with creatures of the land of fey and many believe that the planes of Aihilde and Fey cross over in this very wood.

The trees here are a strange mixture of oak, hickory, black locust and beech. The greatest and oldest of the trees grow on the southern bank of the wood near the Dunhollow Pools. These are almost all white oak, towering 120 feet into the air, their shaggy bark easily seen from great distances. In their wide, dome shaped canopies dwell all manner of pixies and sprites. The forest is old, the trees grow sparsely, and travel is easy. Little underbrush clogs the paths, except where the forest borders the plains and mountains. The Dunhollow serves as a nice wind break for the high passes to the north and the plains to the south. Those who travel through the wood are given some respite from the winds. But the forest is prone to deep fogs and roving mists, which often linger until late in the afternoon. Called the Dunhollow Fog by the locals, the mist is annoying at best and dangerous at the worst. Visibility at such times is often as little as 10-15 feet.



The fog however is not the true danger of Dunhollow. The true danger lies further north upon the slopes of Gardrim Mountain, in the bowels of Castle Nacht. Here the Troll Lords have, for centuries, tortured and murdered countless thousands of folk. The Trolls strip their victims of humanity and drive them mad with pain.

Almost all die who enter that dread place and those who live speak little of their sufferings. But the tale does not end in death for these tortured souls; they are bound to Aihilde and leashed to the Trolls. They wander from the Castle, hapless spirits whose souls are wracked with the memories of forgotten happiness. The souls of the dead wander south to the Dunhollow and drift through the forest. In truth, the mists and fogs that bother that wood are often gathered hosts of the dead, not unlike those that haunt the Mistbane River in the far south.

The ghosts are not necessarily malicious. They usually drift by, often mistaken as a mournful wind carried through the thick fog. Encounters with these dead can be very dangerous, however; some of the ghosts are terrifying and move to slay the living out of rage or jealousy. One in four of these encounters are violent and end in them attacking a party. The level of the ghost encounter corresponds to the number of ghosts in the fog.

25-50 are equal to a 5hd ghost

50-100 are equal to a 10hd ghost

101-150 are equal to a 15hd ghost

150+ are equal to a 20hd ghost

Turning the whole fog is impossible. Turning any ghost that attacks a party is very possible. If a ghost cloud should attack the party, treat it as the level of the overall ghost encounter. It only gets one attack, but those being attacked should be made to feel as if they are all being attacked with the dead flying to and fro, screaming malevolent shouts of pain and rage. Physical combat is against one entity, but again, it appears to be against the roving mob of spiritual nightmares. A successful turn reduces the ghost cloud by 1d8 hit points. The cleric may turn multiple times as if they were turning single entities.

The Maiden of Dunhollow lives in the south-eastern eves of the forest. She wanders that wood looking for her two sisters, both of whom she believes are lost in the mists. These are the Maiden of Winter's Night and Valyana, the Maiden of Sorrow.

The Maiden of Dunhollow is kindly and helpful to strangers. She can control the weather, countering the ghost mist while weaving her own fogs that search for her sisters (see Monsters & Treasure of Aihilde).

EASTERN SPUR

This low range of hills offers travelers a safe haven. The rock here is old, worn and broken. Thousands of caves line the fractured earth, providing refuge for monsters and men alike. The weather can be unforgiving, but the caves ride atop huge aquifers of fresh water. The hills themselves play host to black jack oaks, small gnarled cousins of the greater oaks. These trees are tough and yield to the axe with great reluctance, but their wood burns hot, while putting off little light and less smoke. The abundance of small game makes the Eastern Spur even more attractive.

It is a favorite haunt for giants and other monsters.

FAINGASZ RIVER

This river originates at Rodzek's Falls. It is narrow but very swift, tumbling down the mountains until it crashes into the waters of the Sorgon river. The water is clear and clean.

FEADOR PLAINS

Between the Gray Coast and the Holmgrad Mountains lies a broad expanse of open prairie. The land here is flat with little in the way of elevation. In spring and summer, the grass grows deep and green in the loamy soil. In the colder months, the grass wilts but clings to earth, offering the large herds of grazing buffalo plenty to eat. Large herds of stocky ponies dwell here also, alongside the buffalo. These creatures are stout, with good stamina. They have long manes and tails and a crown of hair around their hooves. They come from old dwarven stock and are prized by all who live in the north. Mammoths, wooly rhinos and similar beasts, also come upon the Feador to eat and graze.

The wind forever blows here in the warmer months, rising from the south. In the colder months it comes from the north and west, through the Kleberock.

This is a favored hunting ground for pelt traders, but it is a dangerous place, for it is also a favored hunting ground of the Jolmuen (see Monsters & Treasure of Aihrede) as well. With the bodies of large boars, and the torsos of giants, these massive creatures take great sport in hunting herds of buffalo and the human hunters who follow them.

The Feador Plains sport a few communities on the coast. These are mostly small villages established by the Northmen. They are welcoming communities, though guarded against evil. They generally traffic in pelts and fish taken from the Inner Sea.

GRANDBRIDGE FORT (TOWN)

This stone edifice sits upon the banks of the Ingtun River, its main gate facing north, its south gate leading to Grandbridge. Any who wish to use the bridge must pass through the castle. It is huge, with four walls and large round towers. The road to the bridge passes through the north gate's barbican, through a walled tunnel in the castle and out the south gate to the bridge itself. The road lies within the castle walls. There are no exits but the north and south gates of the castle proper and

one small door that opens into the tunnel. The castle surrounds and hems in the road; if the gates are closed, any in the tunnel are trapped. Murder holes line the roof, allowing knights quick access to those within.

The castle is held by a troop of Knights who call themselves "The Father's Band." They pay homage to the All Father. These knights control the bridge that crosses the Ingtun. A town of about a thousand stands a mile north of the fort. It houses a number of people, travelers, merchants, some farmers and the like.

The Grand Bridge in the can hold four wagons abreast, and skirts the river by a mere 20 yards.

Total Population: 1300

Human: 800 +/-

Orc: 0 +/-

Hobgoblin: 0 +/-

Gnome: 50 +/-

Halfling: 200 +/-

Dwarf: 200 +/-

Elf: 50 +/- (unusually large for this region, but due largely to the proximity to the Mithlon Eves)

Government: The Knight's Marshal, Henry Martinson, rules the castle and the order.

Military: There are 100 mounted knights in the castle and 300 men-at-arms. These are well equipped with heavy armor and pole-arms.

Economy: They take tribute from any who pass the bridge, be that orc, dwarf, man or elf.

Religion: The All Father.

Language: Vulgate, the Common tongue.

Major Guilds: The Father's Band

GRAY COAST

This stretch of coastland lies upon the north-western Inner Sea, extending from the estuaries of the Sorgon River to the Broken Fingers. Its low-lying beaches make it a favored spot for travelers to pull in their boats. No harborage is needed, at least for the shallow drafted boats of the Northmen. A string of islands guards the better part of the coast from the ravages of the sea, making the region even more desirable. A half dozen small villages line the coast, some on the small islands, others on the actual coast. These are mostly Northmen. The Gray Coast earned its name from the peculiar color of the water adjacent to the land, the cold and earth casting it in a grayish tint.

GRUNDLE'S KNOB

A series of low-lying Mountains in the Perrin Breaks, part of the larger Rhodope Mountain chain to the south, Grundle's Knob is best known for the Ogre King who dwelt there some years past. Grundle was unusually intelligent and organized for his people and he carved a kingdom out of the mountains for

10 CASTLES & CRUSADES

himself. The Suz River marked its northern border and X River its southern. It extended out into the lands between those two rivers as well. Grundle enslaved many men and orcs and forced them to construct large castles and dungeons for he and his people. He ruled there for many years until slain by chimera he was hunting. After Grundle's fall the ogres fought amongst themselves and scattered, leaving their abandoned fortifications behind them. Since those days the place has become a haunt for any number of creatures, mostly foul, and has attracted many a would-be adventurer as it is rumored that Grundle's gold lies there still. The hills themselves are broad, affairs with gentle slopes and few high peaks. Only in the interior where the realm is protected by four large peaks do the mountains truly begin.

HALMSROOF

The Halmroof is a twisting narrow path that was once a road of some repute. During the great battles of the Horned God's minions, the lords of the land fought grievously against one another. Nulak used his armies of Trolls to hold the Kleberock, but in time these defenses were shattered when a Mogrl carved a road through the razor sharp ridges and highlands between the two mountains Skaelin and Eoyotten. Halmsroof became a road that armies used to cross over and besiege the Graugusse, the Gray Tower.

Halmsroof means "Roof of the World" and is today little more than an abandoned track. The pass never dips below 12,000 feet. Because of snow, ice and time, only one or two can walk abreast. It snakes between the two mountains, across lengthy narrow ridges and hugs the peaks in dangerous places. It is a deadly trail to follow. The booming voices of the white dragons, a nest of which have occupied the heights over the pass, cause many rocks and snow to fall. In winter, the pass is extremely difficult to cross. Only the most seasoned mountain climber even tries, and they must be skilled in weather survival to make it through the unbelievable cold. The giants Umyard and Sklecome make their home there.

HORNS OF UNKLAR

See Valley of Stone.

HREALAND FOOTHILLS

The Hrealand are named for the ruins of an ancient city that lies upon their southern slopes. The city of Hrealand is an ancient monolith, its halls of alabaster stone and cobbled streets crumble. Here a great people dwelt and flew dragons for steeds, or so the tales relate. The hills themselves are low and easily crossed. There are several villages of Jolmuen spread throughout. The hills adjacent to the Holmgrads, are rich in marble.

HUNDRED FALLS

See Naebar River.

INGTON RIVER

This foul mess flows from the Shadow Mountains. Its origin is unknown, but many surmise it flows from deep pits carved by

Trigal (Nulak) in days of old. This lumbering giant of a river winds its way through the Shadow Mountains, passing foul orc, hobgoblin and troll holes and dens, collecting refuse as it goes. When it spills into the plains of Gottland, it gains in width what it loses in speed, averaging 150 yards across. Several hundred miles into its course, the Teifsich River joins its run to the sea. That clean water does little to dilute the Ingtong's foulness. After this juncture, the river widens, deepens, and gains speed. From here to the sea, it is generally 250 yards wide, possessed of deadly currents and tide pools. It dumps its impurities into the Drab Sinks near the Inner Sea.

Nothing but foul creatures live in the river. Yet, the orcs, ungern, hobgoblins and others live close to its banks, fishing out dead animals and muck dwellers for food. They fear not the seasonal flooding, and have houses and small towns built behind great river walls or upon high stilts.

The river is not easily crossed. From the mountains to where the Teifsich joins it, there are only two bridges. Their names are lost to history but the orcs call them the Grand Bridge and the Urlpalls. Both are stone and in decent shape. The Grand Bridge in the west can hold four wagons abreast, skirting the river by a mere 20 yards, while the Urlpalls is far more narrow and high. This span, with its huge abutments, towers 60 yards above the water, but only two may walk abreast.

There are no easy crossings after the juncture of the two rivers. However, travelers relate tales of a ferryman of the Ingtong Woods who crosses its course. There is also some river traffic from Most, but these are folk of ill repute who lust for gold. They are often aligned with the orcs on the banks and they charge a great deal for any services they grant.

KALOGREANT CASTLE

Kalogreant Castle stands upon a long narrow finger of a ridge overlooking the Winter Wood. Looking up one can see the white walls of the tower itself. The castle consists of a high curtain wall, 22 feet high and 15 feet wide at the base, and large gates, beyond are the keep and three towers, each taller than its neighbor. The walls and towers are white, the double gates and shingled canonical roofs are blue. A single pennant flies from the high tower. It is blue with three stars emblazoned upon it.

Visitors must travel up a long, winding road, roughly three miles in length, that coils back on itself three times. Those further up the road can easily see travelers coming up, and those in the tall white main tower of the castle can see much of the whole road. The path is open on both sides, though steep and narrow.

It is the home of the Maiden of Winter's Blight, one of the three sisters, Ainoja. She is neutral they devoted to the Winter Dark and the grip of winter. She possesses the Winter Rune. She welcomes, cautiously, most to Kalogreant Castle but the place is sparsely decorated with few furnishings. In its mountains about she has a small army of ungern, a few hundred strong, who she calls upon need. She also employs many invisible stalkers as she is a magi of no mean ability.

KANU BASIN

The Basin is surrounded by forbidding peaks and tall cliffs. Few know of it, and even fewer come here. It is a haunted place, for in the Days long ago the Dwarves dwelt here and built a mighty home. Indeed, one of the dwarf realms of old, Madgul-Hohle, is said to lie beneath the western slopes of the basin. That kingdom was laid waste during the fourth Goblin-Dwarf War (see Codex of Aihilde) and her people put to death or scattered. In those days the Dwarves mined deep and peopled all the valley of the Basin, but nothing of that remains now, only shadows and memories. Some caves dot these walls of the cliffs and these lead, or so it is said, to the depths of that wonderful Kingdom. But the basin itself is haunted, the goblins left their filth behind, the demons of Ornduhl.

The basin itself contains the large Lake Hul and in the spring and summer springs to life with deep green grasses that wash up on the cliffs and hills like the waters of any sea. Shielded by the basin walls little wind plagues the area, but snows pack deep in the winter and melt off into the might Lake Hul.

KLEBEROCK PASS AND CASTLE NACHT

Where the fingers of the Shadow Mountains and the Holmgrads meet, lies Kleberock Pass. The pass is narrow and deep and offers a passage through the mountains safe from mountain weather. Upon the northern side of the pass are towering cliffs, high ridges, and narrow gulches. These overlook the waterlogged Wolf Runs, fens that bridge the mountains with the Great Northern Forest. The mountains rise in staggered layers of such heights that they defy the imagination. They eventually give way to the sheer, ice bound rock faces and the jagged steep cliffs of Mount Eoyollen. In the south, the terrain is only slightly better. The Shadow Mountains end in a host of long, narrow ridges splayed out in a circular pattern from the heights of Gardrim Mountain. These narrow capped ridges are cut by deep gulches. Those who are so unfortunate to fall into one of these gulches rarely return. The southern end of the pass enters the Dunhollow Wood, a haunted forest.

The pass itself is wide, about three quarters of a mile at its widest, and extends roughly 40 miles. The pass is crowded by the Sorgon River. The Sorgon is dammed in three places, heaps of stone and earth tossed into the current by the trolls, and these dams have created two small lakes. These lakes narrow the passage even further so that it can only hold two wagons abreast.

Few travel the Pass for the Orcs of Gardrim and the Trolls of Nacht watch over it and the plains to the north and south. They hunger for war and desire treasure. Little passes this way and few adventurers travel into these lands. Some rangers know the lands and some hunters as well. They pass through to the north and back again, but only at great hazard. The last of name to do so was a grim faced Gnome who slew present Troll Lord's ancestor with his hammer in vengeance for his fallen comrades.

Overlooking the Pass sits the great burg of Castle Nacht. It stands upon the slopes of Mount Gardrim like its own hill. The giant, squat, flat-roofed building looms over the countryside.

Here the Troll Lord Varucks dwells and rules his small kingdom. His castle, like a northman's great hall, is long, rectangular, and filled with a host of rooms, halls, tunnels and the like. Much of this fortress is empty, as the power of the Trolls was broken years ago when the Dragon Malikor broke the Mountain of Thangondrim and the rubble fell upon the hosts of the Troll Lords. In addition, the killing of a Troll Lord by a Gnome has done much to diminish the reputation of the Trolls. So today, Varucks commands only 60 heavily armored trolls. He can call on a further 300 from the surrounding mountains. In truth, there are several thousands more in the valleys to the south and north, but these heed him little and he would need a power of the old world to gather them.

The Gardrim orcs war with the trolls and frequently hound those folk who dwell in the Dunhollow. They are not in any way as organized as their cousins to the south (in Rackenberg) and only gather in small bands. They are hounded by the trolls, giants, and other monsters that climb from up from the dark crevices of Gardrim's feet.

LAKE HUL

Lake Hul lies in the Kanu Basin and once stood at the doorstep of Madgul-Hohle. It is a deep blue-silver, water, several hundreds of feet and more. Fed by the snows and rain the water often spills over its banks until it has time to drain off and feed the might waters of the Suz and Cealuth Rivers. Much of the lake freezes in the winter months, allowing one to cross with ease, but during the Spring and Summer the waters are still and placid. The lake is home to several species of large fish, but is also haunted by demons of the Wretched Plains.

LAKE TEIFSICH

This broad deep lake plays home to the village of Tersp, a human community built on stilts out on the water. They are a friendly people and always welcome like-minded strangers to trade news and goods. They have a headman, but no government. They have a number of boats for sailing on the lake. The lake itself offers good fishing.

LIFFORNNI (TOWN)

This small town sits upon the edge of the Ingtan River in the midst of the Drab Sinks. It's a dangerous backwater that many seek to avoid. Its residents are almost wholly refugees from the law, rouges, thieves, murders and cutthroats. They have done something and earned enough of a name that they are not welcome in most towns. The town has no central authority or leadership, no guard or overlord. Its only real asset is a deep hiring pool if one is in need of employees for some foul job.

Liffornni perches on the northern bank of the Ingtan as much in the water as in the Sinks behind it. The houses are generally ramshackle affairs and the streets little more than mud. Several larger houses of stone and wood lie on the norther edge of town and are occupied by the few wealthy who live here. Otherwise the town has no discernible shape or organization. Its most notable attraction is Bottle Cap Row, a street lined with more

than a dozen taverns and houses of ill repute where people drink to excess, fight and rob one another.

The population of the town ebbs and flows, but is generally several thousand people of all races. The mortality rate is very high and a large cemetery is set on the west side of town. Many bodies are buried there, but since it is wet and the ground moist, they often sink into the morass and others are buried on top of them. The actual number of dead in the graveyard is far greater than the number of tombstones or markers.

Total Population: 1,000-3,000

Human: 2000 +/-

Orc: 200 +/-

Hobgoblin: 100 +/-

Gnome: 50 +/-

Halfling: 50 +/-

Dwarf: 0 +/-

Elf: 0 +/-

Government: There is no government here.

Military: There is no military here. In times of trouble, mobs gather around whoever incites them and attacks or scatters as the situation changes.

Economy: This is a Tier One economy, only basic goods and services are available or for sale.

Religion: There is no religion here.

Language: Multiple languages are spoken here, but the most common is Vulgate.

Major Guilds: There are no guilds here.

LYNTH & THE WHITE TOWER

Lynth is home to an Elven Lord of the Fontenouq. These Elves are well known for their warlike tendencies; they revel in the destruction of evil. Haralyth of the White Tower is just such a Lord. She is tall with unusually dark hair for her kind. She is forever girded for war, in chain and plate and carries a great shield in combat. She prefers the lance and sword to other weapons as she rides her warhorse into battle. Her steed is armored in chain and plate barding as well.

The town of Lynth is built upon a bluff of the banks of the Caeluth River. It is shielded by the forests in the south and the Aeraluth wood across the river. No road leads to Lynth; the forests block all but river traffic. A traveler can enter the woods but the maze of growth directs them far and away from the town. The town is walled with thick blocks, standing 18 feet high and twice as thick at the base. Inside the buildings are stone and wood with shingled roofs. The town is paved throughout (an oddity in these regions). People who travel to Lynth must surrender their weapons upon entry, or else they are barred from the town. Otherwise, the town is open and friendly with a thriving market place.

The White Tower, the home of the Lady Haralyth, is a refuge for the elves and their allies. It is built upon a high spur of the

Shadow Mountain, overlooking the valley below and the town of Lynth, which lies under Haralyth's protection. The Tower is built in the fashion of the Fontenouq, the walls are thin, tall, and magically enhanced. The golden-colored keep surrounds a high silver tower with a minaret. Haralyth welcomes visitors and aids those in great discomfort. If they are not filled with a desire to destroy evil, however, then she treats with them only a little.

She can raise an army of 400 elves from the Mithlon Eves (a mixed bag of Wood Elves and High Elves) and about 800 woodsmen from the same area. Her House Guard from the White Tower consists of 12 powerful Knights. She takes great pleasure in hounding the orcs of Rackenberg.

Total Population: 3400

Human: 2000

Gnome: 50 +/-

Halfling: 250 +/-

Dwarf: 15 +/-

Elf: 1000 +/-

Government: The Lady Haralyth rules as Lord, 17th level, female, knight

Military: The township can field up to 400 elves and 800 woodsmen

Economy: Lynth produces arms and armor of masterwork perfection as well as finely worked art in silver and platinum. A number of powerful magic items come from Lynth as well. They do not openly trade on any market.

Religion: They pay homage to the god Aenouth.

Language: Elvin, Vulgate.

Major Guilds: No guilds operate here.

MAENLUTH PLAINS

The Maenluth are fertile prairies. They encompass the southern lands of the Gottland and border the Tar-Kiln Forest in the south, and the Mithlon Eves in the west. The many rivers and their tributaries invite hosts of animals and their predators to stalk the deep grasses. Hunting is good, though dangerous. Wolves, bears, and other creatures hunt these grasslands. There are few towns and villages in the Maenluth. The City of Lynth and Twin Rivers are here in addition to a few frontier communities and the few small thorps.

There are, however, several tribes of wild elves. These tribes hunt the prairie, paying heed to no king or lord. They travel in small bands, mounted on small, long-legged, swift horses. The wild elves here use the bow and lance, long sword, and long-hafted axes. They wear no armor but have a litany of magical charms and spells that give them protection against the ravages of battle. The wild elves trade at Twin Rivers and the City of Lynth. The halflings count them as their friends and many goods are bartered between those two peoples. They have no central organization, though they have an affiliation with the elves of the Mithlon Eves. The Lady of the White Tower calls them friends as well.

MAIDENSBERG (TOWN)

This town lies at the center of Teifsich River. It was settled by various trappers and fur traders who hunted the Gottland. They used the river as a major avenue, traveling up and down it by small boat. Many slept on the river, in their boats, for safety. Up from the confluence of the Ingtong and Teifsich Rivers, the water was extremely wide, almost lake-like. There, men frequently dropped anchor to rest and recuperate. In time an enterprising trapper by the name of Gregor constructed a floating trading post. After several floods the post was set on pilons in the middle of the river. The town came soon after. Now over 200 houses and shops, taverns and inns give refuge to some 1,500 regular inhabitants.

The town sits upon large wooden pilons, set deep into the river bottom. They are connected through small bridges and walkways. Though sturdily built to withstand the harsh weather of the Gottland, the houses are a ramshackle collection of structures, one as different from another as light and day. They are however built in a semi-circular pattern, with the outer buildings close set together creating a wall of sorts. This offers the town some defense against any bold enough trow attack from boats. To further aid in defense and to allow its inhabitants a chance to climb even further above flood waters, the houses sport hatches that lead to the roof above.

The town is run by a Mayor, a hereditary office that lies with the Gregor family. The current Mayor's family established the trading post long ago and has retained power over the inhabitants ever since.

It is a common stop-over spot in the region. People come here to escape the weather and monsters, to recuperate and to occasionally sale some of their wares, though generally a better price can be had in the town of Most. Maidensberg has several lively taverns, that tend to be on the rough side and a number of Inns.

Total Population: 1,500

Human: 1,500

Orc: 0 +/-

Hobgoblin: 0 +/-

Gnome: 20 +/-

Halfling: 100 +/-

Dwarf: 25 +/-

Elf: 0 +/-

Government: The Mayor, Jos Gregor runs Maidensberg. His word is law. He is a kindly affable man until crossed. He is grooming his daughter Irmel Gregor to follow in his footsteps. Like him she is an accomplished fighter.

Military: The Mayor commands a small troop of about 20-25 warriors. The town itself can raise another 200 if absolutely necessary. Each militia member is required to bring their own arms and armor at muster, but as there are no specific requirements they are equipped in all manner of fashion.

Economy: Most has a Tier One economy, producing little. It imports manufactured goods from Most. It is largely a trading center.

Religion: There are no specific gods worshipped in Maidensberg, but there are several temples. One to Ore Tsar and another to Ynul. There are frequently clerics to one god or another in town.

Language: The Vulgate, the common tongue, is spoken here.

Major Guilds: No guilds operate houses here.

MAMMOTH RIDGE "THE BEORMOT"

This wide, low ridge is known by many names. The Halflings call it "Mammoth," the orcs "Klugtak", the Northmen the "Beormot". But it is best known as Mammoth Ridge, for here is where the great Troll Lord, Hasyrick fell to a tusked mammoth that he sought to slay. The ridge stretches from the sea to the mountains, and divides the Gottland in two. There is little wealth here, just some scattered orc and hobgoblin villages and small ramshackle human communities. There are a few farmsteads. Most of the humans who live here are drifters and homeless who have found themselves at the end of the world and at the end of their tether. They are generally rough, but sometimes friendly to strangers.

A large group of Halflings live here as well. They are nomadic, traveling in large covered or box wagons; they welcome strangers and give them refuge in their tall wagons. There are three bands, all belonging to the Staufens family. Their chief is Franz Baumel. When pressed, Baumel calls his cousins to him and in about three weeks they can field a small army of about 350 men, 500 women and children. The Halflings employ war dogs and use specially trained red tailed hawks to communicate with each other.

Travel on the Mammoth Ridge is only slightly more difficult than in the lowlands. The ground is broken into small hills, and there is grass for grazing and enough scrub and underbrush for campfires and the like. The Halflings rarely follow the same paths in order to keep their enemies from tracking them.

The greatest danger on the Mammoth Ridge lies in the winter months. The Mammoths who migrate from the Moravan come across the Dante Pass and down into the lowlands. They work their way to the Ridge where the bulls vie for the attention of the cows. These great lumbering beasts are often worked into a fury and attack at the slightest provocation. To make matters worse, the trolls of the Kleberock gather from time to time to avenge their long dead master, Hasyrick. They come to the Ridge to hunt the giant beasts. During the winter, it is not uncommon for a raging Woolly Mammoth to be locked in combat with a dozen, thick-bodied trolls. Neither the trolls nor Mammoths pay attention to what gets in their way and many a party of adventurers have been trampled to death when they are caught up in these titanic struggles.

MAMMOTH SPRINGS

This large lake rides the plains south of Mammoth Ridge. In the north and west the lake possesses no shallows, the water hemmed in against steep rocks. Around the east and south, the lake shoals are normal, sliding gracefully into ever deeper water. Large fish abound in the lake and the Halflings use small flat

14 CASTLES & CRUSADES

bottom boats to fish. The center of the lake is warm, fed by hot springs beneath the lake, so that steam rises several dozen feet above the lake's surface. Legends speak of the lake's bottom being ripped open, tearing a gash between this world and one of fire. In any case, the warm waters offer bathing opportunities for those so inclined.

During the deep winter the lake freezes over (except for the heated center of the lake). Sometimes, travelers camp on the ice and use the central water for fishing and swimming.

MANY DOMES

This range of hills juts out into the plains of the east. It is marked by a small host of Hobgoblin villages. These creatures mine the Many Domes for various ores and have built watch towers on the heights to keep a watch for any army that may come from Anglamay to the east. There are a number of paths that wind up and down their course, but these are often patrolled.

MONCHKREUZUNG (TOWN)

This small town was founded by adventurers from the Kingdom of Trondheim some years back. Seeking their land, they explored the Gray Coasts, raided along the Warden Planes and even sailed up the Ington River as far as Relich (sacking and burning Liferinnin en route). Finding no hospitable land, they returned to the cold waters of the north and settled on the fast moving Rieslfahiges River. There, tucked back in a deep fjord they built a walled town.

The town has grown considerably since those early days. Her wall, 15 feet high, is now stone and marked with several high towers. Her great wooden gates, called the Forndown Gates, play host to a number of traders and merchants, adventurers and travelers, all coming to reap the harvest of Holmgrad Mountains. The town subsists on fishing, hunting, and raiding, though a lively trade exists as it is a stepping off point for many adventurers who travel north the Holmgrad Mountains to plunder the ancient dungeons.

The people here are friendly and welcoming to any come, so long as they behave themselves. They are largely of the Fruetungi people (human tribe from Trondheim), and are large, boisterous, violent and filled with mirth.

Total Population: 4,875+

Human: 4,000 +/-

Orc: 0 +/-

Hobgoblin: 0 +/-

Gnome: 100 +/-

Halfling: 250 +/-

Dwarf: 425 +/-

Elf: 100 +/-

Government: The town is run by Earl Ingolfr. He holds his thrown by power. He is served in this by the Shield Maiden, his wife, Aesa. Though like many of the northern Kingdoms their people gather once a month to vote on certain measures that impact the entire town. The Earl settles all disputes and has the final say on anything the Thing chooses.

Military: The Earl commands a stout body guard of about 40 warriors. These serve as the town's police and his immediate guard. He can call on a further 450 warriors and shield maidens, another 100 from the elderly and retired. The demi-humans are required to serve in any battles the town finds itself in, and are forced to send in 10 warriors from each of their groups. The elves are exempt from this for the men fear and do not trust them.

Economy: The town is a Tier One economy as it is wholly based on fishing, farming and raiding. The only manufacture here are swords, other weapons and light armors.

Religion: Like all the Engale the people here worship the All Father, who they call Odin One Eye, but they worship other gods by different names. Narrheit they call Loki, Corthain is Thor and so on.

Language: The Vulgate is spoken by most, but they speak their own Engale here as well.

Major Guilds: There are none.

MOST (TOWN)

This town sits on the edge of the Drab Sinks, next to those pestilent, chaotic pools. Most is slightly larger than its northern neighbor, Ossford, boasting a population of some 5,000 people, and a remarkable 18,000 during the high trading season. These are mostly men, a smattering of women, some, often orphaned, children. There is generally a 10 to 1 ratio in men to women. It is walled, 18 feet of stone keeping it safe from the marshlands and raiders from the interior. It resembles Ossford in many respects, with narrow twisting lanes fronted by the host of ill gotten establishments. Sin is the trade of the day and many come from far and wide to partake of "the Most" as it is generally known.

The town is run by two competing barmen, William of Web and The Gray Giant. These two run bars appropriately named William's Bar and the Gray Counter. William commands a small army of ruffians and the Gray Giant is known for his size. The Inns face each other across the city's main square, and are both large, three story establishments. They decorate themselves in bright colors (William's in Green and the Giant's in Orange) and frequently fight it out in the streets. Getting caught up in one of these brawls is dangerous and often deadly. The winner, whether William or the Gray Giant, takes the loot and divides it up amongst his fellows, after keeping a healthy portion for himself.

Note: What few know is that both William and the Giant are in business together and frequently meet in a secret chamber beneath the square to drink and count up their combined loot. Only their inner circles know of this; the mass of ruffians and citizens are wholly in the dark. Both know that if word got out, it could cause a riot of such proportions that "the Most" would become the least, so they guard the secret well.

When threatened by outsiders, William and the Giant have a 'public' truce, combine their armies and defend the walls. They have no ships of their own, but can put an impressive 850 men in the field. In the campaigning season they can call up volunteers and a number of adventurers take to the walls.

Total Population: 4,500

Human: 3350

Orc: 300 +/-

Hobgoblin: 200 +/-

Gnome: 150 +/-

Halfling: 250 +/-

Dwarf: 175 +/-

Elf: 175 +/- (unusually large for this region, but due to the proximity to the Mithlon Eves)

Government: There is a very loose government Council in Most. It consists of 15 “elected” officials. All of them are hired by either The Grey Giant or William. The officials do not know that the two are in cahoots. They try to run the town, but generally the chaos caused by the gangs is too much for them.

Military: An army of 850 is generally fielded in times of trouble. These men are poorly armed with leather, scale and shields, wielding spears, forks and the like.

Economy: Most has a Tier Two economy. Generally, long range trade of industrial goods though very little is made here. Like its northern neighbor, there are extraordinary items for sale once in a while.

Religion: There is no official religion or church.

Language: All languages, generally Vulgate, the Common tongue.

Major Guilds: No guilds operate open houses. Though, several Thieves Houses, the mercenary order the Cult of the Swords and the wizard order, the Paths of Umbra.

MOUNT BREGA

Deep in the Shadow Mountains looms Mount Brega. It is a massive, squat mountain that sprawls across the western slopes of the range. Though it only stands 10000 feet high, it is imposing as it is capped in snow and glacial ice, remnants of the Winter Dark. Brega is home to a small kingdom of dwarves, the Brega. The Brega dwarves have dwelt here for many thousands of years, and their halls, though poor compared to their cousins, are deep and tangle far beneath the mountain slopes. The Brega are generally friendly, and traffic with the wild tribesmen of the west. They occasionally enter Gottland though high mountain trails to regions north of the Rackenberg Fortress (near the Naebar River) to raid and battle.

MOUNTS EOYOTTEN AND SKAELIN AND THE HALMSROOF

The peaks of Mount Eoyotten and Mount Skaelin are covered in snow year round. They are two of the tallest mountains in the Lands of Ursal and flank the Halmsroof Pass (see Halmsroof above).

At 26,000 feet, Mount Eoyotten lords over the Kleberock Pass. Her bulk marks the end of the Holmgrad Mountains. The Faingas River finds its source from the glaciers on the mountain. The jagged slopes and tumbling cliffs of the mountain

are not impossible to climb, but very difficult. Snow clings to the upper elevations year round and a large glacier clings to the deep valleys of its southern face. There is little life in the upper reaches, but Sentients (see Monsters & Treasure of Aihrde) grow there, some foul minded and bent more toward their trollish kin. Other creatures live in the deep and dark crevices and broken cliffs.

Skaelin is a little shorter than her southern cousin, standing 23,000 feet high. Her slopes are stark however, and climbing is extremely difficult. Long cliffs with clinging frost and ice tower into the skies. Few dwell at these heights except for some foul minded Sentients, trolls, and a brood of white dragons. The dragons are seen once in a while in the heavens spouting blanketing clouds of mist and frost upon the snow covered slopes. On clear days, their thundering voices can be heard far away in the valleys of the pass. They have dwelt here for many centuries. They do not relish leaving their mountain homes, and only hunt in the lowlands once every few years.

MOUNTS ISELDRIM AND GARDRIM

Both the peaks of these mountains are covered in snow year round. Iseldrim is 14,000 feet high and Gardrim slightly taller at 16,000 feet. Because of their shape the mountains are frequently called the “Shoulders of God.” They are inhospitable slopes inhabited by a few rhemoraz, cave bears, and yetti.

Gardrim itself is a huge mountain that squats upon the edge of the Shadow Mountains. It rises from the broken ridge lines of the pass, and Castle Nacht, in several large slopes. Her lower slopes are covered with thick pine forests, where orcs dwell; the forests break apart at about 8000 feet, thinning the higher one goes. The mountain becomes a long gentle series of slopes after that, easy enough to climb but unforgiving in their height.

Upon its upper most reaches, lost in the heaps of ice and snow lie the ancient abode of the Father of the Trolls, Ineng. His tale is a long one, but this first of trolls built a great smithy in the caverns upon the slopes and housed it with all manner of his creations. He made war on the dwarves from these heights and thus began the long hatred of those folks for each other. The caves are hard to find, tucked upon a broad ledge that overlooks the southern mountains. Upon that ledge is mounted the greatest of the Troll Lord’s creations, what men call Ineng’s Wind, a large horn. The Troll Lord poured wondrous magic into the horn. He blew mournful notes, sounding the world’s doom. He placed it upon a stand before the gates of his realm and there it remains, or so men say.

NACHT, CASTLE

See Kleberock Pass.

NAEBAR RIVER

The Naebar is named after a Dwarf King of the western realms. The legends speak of his crossing the Shadow Mountain at the head of a large party of his kin. He was old, fourth in his line, and beyond his years. Upon the eastern cliffs of the Shadow Mountains, he heard the tumbling noise of the many sparkling

16 CASTLES & CRUSADES

water falls that serve as the river's source. He saw then the Hundred Falls, where clear water fell many times, many hundreds of feet into frothing pools. Step by step these falls led the ice melt to the plains below. Naebur never left the land, climbing down the treacherous cliffs to the pools below. None of his guard could immediately follow him, so nimble were his steps. When at last they came to the pools, their King was gone, never seen on Aihilde again. They set a guard there, 100 of his kin who had volunteered, to watch for their King. There they stayed until they passed from the world and returned to stone (as the dwarves are wont to say).

So they named the water the Hundred Falls and the river took the King's name. Its waters move swiftly and are clean and clear until they spill into the ruin that is Ington River.

NECTENEBO'S TROUGH

In the days before the rise of the Horned God, Unklar, the goddess Imbrisius, The Mistress of Pain, was served by the High Priestess Nectanebo. The Priestess was powerful and ruled in the halls of Al Lioch in the east. But her home, the temple of her power was not there, it was hidden from her Lord upon the western slopes of the Shadow Mountains.

There she built a palace of wondrous dimensions and the gardens she made temples for the dark worship of Imbrisius. It was filled with chaos and madness. This spilled into the mountains and valley beyond so that all became a land of evil. The Trough is a large wide valley, encompassing all the lands between the two great arms of the mountains. It is deceptive for it seems a peaceful grassland, sheltered in the arms of mighty rock, but it is not so, for the land is one of chaos, where things may change on a whim and what seemed real becomes false and what is false is real.

NGOLINGA

See Rodzek's Falls.

OSSFORD (TOWN)

Ossford is a trading post built upon the remains of an abandoned city, laid waste in earlier wars. It sports an 18 foot-high stone wall around the whole of the township, a port facility which can hold up to 40 merchant ships, and a whole nest of warehouses, taverns, brothels, and trading establishments.

The most populated town in the region, its regular population consists of 6,000 people, but can swell to four times that number in the spring and summer. Many of these are traders, explorers, and adventurers set to plunder the 'hidden' wealth of the Gottland. They trek off into the wastes continually, many never returning. The town is rough, filled with pirates, ruffians, thieves and the like. Many come to Ossford to hide from crimes committed in far-off lands.

A great host of warrens and sewers lie under Ossford, remnants of the old city. These are dangerous places that only the hapless or daring enter. Monsters of the old world dwell here, creatures of law and evil. Some tales relate of a great Mogrl dwelling in

the halls far beneath the town. Why a greater devil of Aufstrag would choose to dwell here is beyond anyone's understanding.

The town is ruled by the Constable Leopold Duckett. Leopold keeps the peace and is paid for by the wealthy merchants. He answers only to them. He has a small army of thugs ranging from 20 to 150, depending on his needs, the seasons and circumstances. He is a big fellow, well-liked by all, and is fair but resolute. He is famous for raising an army from the ruffians of Ossford and defeating an Orc raiding party at the battle of Two Forks bend. Some 40 of the orcs were drawn, quartered, and hanged about the town's walls and gates.

Anything goes in Ossford so long as the gold is good. The town's epicenter is Clark's Bar, where two businessmen, both named Clark, bother each other and their clients with their drunken debauchery. Clark the Tall is, tall, dark-haired and meticulously clean. Clark the Stout is shorter, wild haired with a great beard to match. Both are friendly unless roused and helpful to those passing through.

Total Population: 4,000

Human: 3,000

Orc: 200 +/-

Hobgoblin: 200 +/-

Gnome: 100 +/-

Halfling: 350 +/-

Dwarf: 150 +/-

Elf: 10 +/-

Government: The town has no government but is ruled by Constable Leopold Duckett.

Military: The town calls upon up to 500 men, all outfitted by the town with scale and pole arms to defend the city in time of need. They are not well organized but serve under a single Captain, Eric the Tall (14th level fighter), a northman and ex-pirate. They have three small men-of-war that carry roughly 20 sailors apiece. The largest ship has a small 4 pound canon.

Economy: The economy of Ossford varies. Generally, it is a Tier two, trading community. Little is actually made here, but on an occasion, extraordinary things surface for sale in the town.

Religion: No religion. There is a small church to Ore-Tsar the god of peace, nature and agriculture.

Language: Most speak Vulgate, the Common tongue.

Major Guilds: No guilds operate open houses. Though, any number of Thieves Houses, the mercenary order the Cult of the Swords and the wizard order, the Paths of Umbra.

PERRIN'S BREAK

This narrow, treacherous pass snakes its way through the mountains following cliffs and mountain peaks. It is snow bound much of the year, requiring careful navigation over ice covered ravines and cliff faces. In the west it ends in a narrow stair with many switch backs until it comes to the Valley of the White Tower.

RACKENBERG FORTRESS

Uranoch Scatterskull rules here. He is the chieftain of the Olgrack Orcs and bares the title of Sanjak, the same title which his forefathers bore when they ruled as Lords of the Empire of Winter's Dark. He is known as Sanjak Uranoch, or more commonly as Scatterskull, due to the bleeding, puss filled wound on his head that defies healing. Uranoch commands the whole of the Olgrack tribe who dwell in a dozen or so small towns and villages around Rackenberg Fortress, in the lowlands between two of the Ington's tributaries. This area, the rivers as well, are collectively referred to as the "Horns of Unklar" or the Valley of Stone.

The orc numbers vary with the season and fortunes of war. But generally, there are 12,000 living in the valleys of the Horns of Unklar. At any time, Uranoch can field an army of three to four thousand well-armed and dedicated infantry, though they can call on many of the inner tribes to swell their numbers. Aside from the Trolls in the Kleberock, the Olgrack Orcs are the most powerful folk in all the Gottland.

They are held in check by the few stone giants who still stalk the upper heights of the Shadow Mountains and the small bands of elves who come north from the Mithlon Eves (particularly by the Elven Lord of Lynth).

Rackenberg itself houses about 6,000 orcs. It is a huge fortress carved into the flanks of the mountains. Its tall, spired, towers jut into dark skies above. Its walls are thick and high. The fortress is a layered monstrosity and its dungeons stretch to the very roots of the mountains. The walls are shaped in a great half circle encompassing the fortress. It is well defended against incursions from the mountains by a series of walls and battlements. It is well maintained, with sources of water in the fortress itself and winter crops in the guarded highlands above.

Some few come here to trade, but they are very brave and very foolish, for the orcs hate the world. They long for the days of the Winter Dark when they ruled as Lords over men. Their oldest members remember the glorious days of the Horned God. That said, Uranoch is wise and will treat with almost anyone, if he feels he can gain some measure of power from it.

Total Population: 18,000 +/-

Human: 100 +/-

Orc: 300 +/-

Hobgoblin: 200 +/-

Goblin: 500 +/-

Slaves: 2000 +/- (mixed races)

Government: Uranoch rules as a king here. His house guard, 200 heavily armed orcs, keep the peace.

Military: Orc men outnumber women by 4-1 and they can therefore field a larger percentage of their people as warriors. Generally, Rackenburg fields 3,500 heavily armored warriors from the fortress and these combine with roughly 7,000 from the valleys and mountains around them. In times of trouble, Uranoch can call upon orcs dwelling on the Ington and up into plains.

Economy: Rackenburg is self-sustaining; it trades iron and gold for items from the outside world. They are in constant need of slaves.

Religion: The orcs worship Unklar. There are several temples built to the horned god here.

Language: Vulgate, the Common tongue, orc.

Major Guilds: The Crna Ruk assassins have a house here as do the wizards of the Paths of Umbra.

REDLICH

This squalid dump of a town sits upon the Ington River, trafficking in goods carted from west and south. The town is walled in stone with one large gate. It once served the Aenocians in the Empire, but no longer. It attracts the worst of all peoples, and resting so close to the bleached hills, it is routinely sacked and burned by hobgoblins.

It is ruled by a Lord Mayor and his stalwart "Worthies," armored mercenaries. The town is rough and filled with frontier types, its population rising and falling like the tide. A host of taverns line the streets, adding local brew to a mix of anger and desperation. Breaking the law brings a sentence of death. Rarely does a day pass that someone is not beheaded, and their head set upon a riverfront spike.

Total Population: 2,000-10,000 (seasonal)

Human: Mostly Human

Gnome: 1-200 +/-

Halfling: 1-200 +/-

Dwarf: 1-200 +/-

Elf: 1-100 +/-

Government: Mayor, King of the Red Hill

Military: The town's standing army lies in the Mayor's Worthies, 400 mercenaries. A militia can be called up but it is utterly useless and collapses at the first sign of battle.

Economy: This is a boom trade town. Anything can be had, nothing is made.

Religion: Any and all

Language: All

Major Guilds: Cult of Swords, Path of Umbra, Demeter, most guilds.

RIESLFAHIGES RIVER

This stream runs a narrow path from the mountains to the north to the sea. It feeds the fjord where the small town of Monchkreuzung lies. The waters are swift and cold. The river itself has cut a deep gulch into the plain, easily 40-50 feet deep, the sides of which are steep and difficult to climb. The river is little used and difficult to cross.

18 CASTLES & CRUSADES

RODZEK'S FALLS

This gigantic waterfall marks the beginning of the Faingasz River. High up in the mountains, the glacial ice of Mount Eoyotten melts, pooling into a glacial lake that is in turn fed by many underground streams. The water of the lake overflows down a long steep divide before it plunges over a cliff 120 feet high. The water falls thunder into a narrow river basin where it then hurtles down the mountain slopes until it finally spills into the Kleberock Pass.

Goblins dwell here. Their great love of moving water drew them here long ago and they have tunneled a small kingdom for themselves beneath the falls. They call their realm Ngolinga. Their numbers are unknown, but suspected to be vast. They are ruled by an eldritch goblin, Maideya.

SAWBONES RIVER

This nasty stretch of water begins its run in the Hobgoblin Kingdom of Burnevitse. It is sluggish river that has, over time, carved a broad depression in the plains. It once housed many Ethrum settlers, but that was long ago. The Winter Dark and the arrival of the Hobs ended that. Now only ruins dot its bank. It derives its name by the wicked sawgrass that grows along much of its banks and beyond. The grass ranges up to 5 feet deep, its blades lined with sharp ridge-like teeth that can mangle unwary flesh. The river is home to huge fish and other less savory creatures, such as the luvandgaurn (see Monsters & Treasure of Aihrede) that hunt them.

SCARISCRAE (TOWN)

The capital of the Hobgoblin lands of Burnevitse, Scariscrae sits at the feet of the eastern slopes of a long valley. The town is walled with a huge 20+ foot wall that is easily 15 feet thick at the base. Towers of stone are generously sprinkled throughout its whole length.

Two gates offer entrance; a west facing portal and an eastern. Both are circular in shape and blocked by large wheels moved with iron poles by enslaved giants. The western portal is called the Eye of Vistenodge and is used by all those coming and going. The eastern portal is called the Vomit of the God King and opens to deep pits where the victims of the Hobgoblin King are cast, either dead or to die. The city is generally well constructed with fitted stone. Her houses and mansions, barracks, and shops, stables and so forth largely of stone or worked brick. Wood from the forests to the south offer roofs, fences and other such constructs.

The hobgoblins are relatively well organized and keep some order in their streets. Traders from the Hanse City States come to the city often for a bustling trade exists between these regions (see Codex of Aihrede). Others are less welcome. Some outlaws come here from the Gottland and other strangers come to meet the God King. But most outsiders are killed and cast out the Vomit of Vistenodge. A small neighborhood is set aside near the eastern portal where humans, gnomes and other dwell as they trade or bargain with the hobgoblins.

The town is well supplied with farms from the valleys beyond and materials taken in raids in Anglamay, Ceanna, and Kayomar. The spoils of their victories are everywhere upon the walls and towers, the doors and along the streets. It is a brutal place with short lives for many but wealth in trade from those in power.

Total Population: 10,000+

Human: 150

Orc: 0 +/-

Hobgoblin: 10000 +/-

Gnome: 50 +/-

Halfling: 0 +/-

Dwarf: 0 +/-

Elf: 0 +/-

Government: The city and Kingdom of Burnevitse are ruled by the God King Vistenodge. He claims sovereignty over all that is or has been. His rule is despotic and cruel.

Military: The city is well defended with a garrison of over a thousand heavy infantry and some thousand light infantry and 500 arbalesters. These numbers vary wildly as the God King can call upon troops from across his Kingdom.

Economy: This is a Tier Two economy. There is a great deal of trade in raw materials and some manufactured goods.

Religion: The hobgoblins worship the Great Dragon, Inzaa. There are many who follow the Red Bull as well, Ornduhl.

Language: Though Vulgate is spoken here, few of the Hobgoblins speak it. The primary language is their own.

Major Guilds: There is a large presence of the Traders Guild here. They organize and manage the many caravans that troop back and forth from the city to the Hanse City States.

SHADOW MOUNTAINS (CODEX)

See Codex of Aihrede.

SOLNEGANGHAVN (TOWN)

Much like the town of Monchkreuzung, Solneganghavn is a settlement built by humans from the Northern Kingdoms. Shielded by barrier islands the coastal town is a thriving port and way station. The town is walled on the landward side. The walls encompass a small but busy harbor. Made of wood and stone the houses are tall and long, but generally consist of only a great hall or one or two rooms. It has dirt streets, that turn to mud in rain and snow.

The people here are generally affable and welcoming of strangers.

Solneganghavn does a thriving trade with the people of Ashland, being responsible for much of their wood, hides, food stuffs and other basic goods. They have not utterly abandoned their barbarian roots however, they often take sail in their long ships and head south on raids in the Hanse City States and into the Sea of Shenal.

Total Population: 3,350

Human: 3,000

Orc: 0 +/-

Hobgoblin: 0 +/-

Gnome: 50 +/-

Halfling: 300 +/-

Dwarf: 100 +/-

Elf: 100 +/-

Government: The town is ruled by Earl Freyleif, a warrior of some repute who made her wealth on raids in the south. Like other barbarian towns hers is not an absolute rule for the Thing meets, all the property-owning citizens and warriors, gather once every six months to rule on those things that impact the whole community. The Earl does however, have final say in disputes that cannot otherwise be resolved.

Military: The Earl's personal guard number roughly 50, but she can call on another 300-350 warriors from the townsfolk.

Economy: The town has a Tier One economy, it deals mostly in fish, hunting and trade.

Religion: Like all the Engale, the people here worship the All Father, who they call Odin One Eye, but they worship other gods by different names. Narrheit they call Loki, Corthain is Thor and so on.

Language: The Vulgate is spoken by most, but they speak their own Engale here as well.

Major Guilds: There are none.

SORGON RIVER AND THE POOLS OF DUNHOLLOW

The Sorgon is a broad shallow river originating in the Great Northern Forest. It cuts through the Kleberock pass and marks the boundary of the Troll Lord's realm.

This river tumbles down from the pass with great speed, but rapidly loses much of its force in the pools of the eastern Dunhollow. These pools are deep, carefully crafted by the stone giants in the days of yore. They were built as great reservoirs for fish, but have since become entangled in the horrors of the Dunhollow Wood. They are strange and are stained a dark blue. Fey dwell in them (particularly sirens and dryads) and they are known to be dangerous to travel through.

The river passes through this haunted forest, breaks free in the west, and then spills out across northern Gottland. Here it winds its way down to the Inner Sea. The waters are dark and cool. Years of filth have made the Dunhollow Wood an ugly place and the river reflects this. Many orcs and trolls make their home upon its banks.

After the pools, the river ranges from 60 to 120 yards wide with a gentle current. Though there are places where deep clefts of rock have made the river difficult to pass over, the whole of it is fairly easy to ford until it widens and spills into the Inner Sea upon the Gray Coast.

SOUTH FEED

The small South Feed meanders through the grasslands of Maenluth until it spills into the Upper Ingtong River. It's a lazy, slow moving river with banks that range from the very steep to nonexistent. It is largely clean and good water. The mouth of it is located in a jumble of old rocks and Gottland Trees. Many believe that it served the trolls of old as a holy place. Now the flowers that dot the rooted feet of those old trees offer travelers some comfort in their healing powers (see Codex of Aihrede, Gottland Delphinium).

STONE BAND

This ancient site was built by the stone giants several thousand years ago. It is huge, consisting of 12 large rectangular stones set in a semi-circle, the open ends facing the mountain. It commemorates their greatest defeat; during the great Troll-Giant Wars, the stone giants fell here in the final battle against the Troll Lords of Nacht. The last of their lords died in the center of the stone semi-circle. The body of the giant lies there still, a misshapen monument of red laced stone. The place is a holy site for both stone giants and the servants of Unklar. They are encountered there from time to time.

A great magic settled upon Stone Band, it seeped from the very rocks of the earth, derived (or so the wise reason) from the blood of so many trolls and giants. But this is not the case. The stone giants set the ring of stone upon a Ring of Brass, one of the magical gates built by the dwarves in ages past. The Rings of Brass serve as gateways to the planes. So Stone Band became a place where powerful magi could step from this world to another.

It is from Stone Band that The Lord of Sorrow (a Captain in Unklar's armies) cast his great spell of passing, activating the Paths of Umbra, to move his armies into the far-east during the Winter Dark Wars.



20 CASTLES & CRUSADES

SUZ RIVER

Like its sister river, the Cealuth, the Suz is a clear stream whose origins lie in the glaciers of the mountains to the west. It passes beneath the White Tower and feeds the Valley of the same name. It is held a wonder as the southern border of their realm by the elves of that region and as it sits upon the door steps of Grundle's Knob it is carefully watched. The bounty is plentiful from these waters and the elves do not allow others to hunt or fish its banks without permission.

TERSP

See Lake Teifsich.

TIGU MURES

The northernmost range of the Bleached Hills the Tigu Mures consist of stark rocky hills that tumble down to the plains below in so many cliffs. The highest peak is some 5000 feet, called Mount Lithum, and it towers over the rest of the range. The range is known for its many caves and fissures offering the weary climber shelter. In previous ages the Tigu Mures were used by hermits and monks who sought the quiet heights to contemplate their philosophies. This became double so during the Winter Dark and men and women came to this forgotten corner of the world to escape the horrors of those Long Centuries.

The memory of these savants lingers still and some remain, and they are a forbidding people who it is assumed know such secrets as the world has yet to divulge. Because of this the Hob Goblins, who rule in the Bleached Hills, avoid the Tigu Mures, coming here only under great duress.

TROLL DOWNS

These low hills lie upon the eastern flanks of the Shadow Mountains, in a great depression between Umbraga's Spire in the south and Mount Gardrim in the north. They are broken, with little vegetation but stunted pines and the Gottland Trees. Scattered amidst the hills are a few small orc encampments, but no true towns or villages. It is held to be a cursed place and is holy ground to the stone giants. In the eastern portion of the hills stands Stone Band (see below, Encounters with Giants) where the greatest of their Chieftains fell to the trolls of Kleberock.

There are the occasional trolls here and stone giants as well. The giants are likely to befriend any who are actively at war with the trolls. They also hate the orcs of Rackenberg and slay them on sight. Enterprising parties can gain some very powerful allies if they work with these tired, brooding folk. In any case, there are not many giants here and they do not possess much wealth. Large packs of dire-wolves also come to the Troll Downs to mate and raise their pups.

TROLL TONGUE RIVER

This slow moving plains river's origins lie in the Eastern Spur, rising from the many deep aquifers that lie beneath that range of hills. It serves as the border for the Dunhollow Wood in the

south. Before it spills into the unclear waters of the Sorgon River the water of the Tongue, is clear and good to drink.

TWIN RIVERS

The largest town in the region, Twin Rivers attracts travelers from the Gottland and the Wilds to the south. It serves as the only safe refuge in the region and sits upon the confluence of the Big Mud and Teifsich Rivers. It is a frontier town however, rough and unpredictable. There are no laws but those set by the Master Isaldrum, a young man, who rules from the town's citadel. His force is commanded by Captain Radzjek, a grizzled veteran of many adventures. The town has only one law: disturb the peace and suffer death.

Twin Rivers possesses a huge market place, attracting adventurers as well as tradesmen. Almost anything can be bought at a price in Twin Rivers.

The town itself is walled, sitting between the two rivers, upon a bluff that rises to 60 above the water. The largest wall spans the space between the two rivers. The other two stand with feet firmly planted in the water. Some of the town is paved. It has only one main gate that faces to the south. A second, smaller gate, leads to a series of lifts on the north side overlooking the river. River traffic must disembark and enter through one the main gate. Outside the walls, crowded against the stonework like so much mud, are a host of small houses of waddle and dab. Here a vast array of people make a living through one manner or the other.

Total Population: 12,000

Human: 9,000

Gnome: 400 +/-

Halfling: 1,000 +/-

Dwarf: 700 +/-

Elf: 900 +/-

Government: None

Military: In time of need all citizens are required to take up arms. Twin Rivers can field a motley army of about 2,000, of which about 500 have decent arms and weapons. However, the Captain commands a force of well-trained men-at-arms that numbers 180 strong.

Economy: This is a boom trade town. Anything can be had, nothing is made.

Religion: Any and all

Language: All

Major Guilds: Cult of Swords, Path of Umbra, Demeter, most guilds.

TWR ISLAND

The Teifsich River marks the southern boundary of the Gottland. It is a long river, originating in the Shadow Mountains to the west. Its course is wide and its current is brisk. Deep in the Maenluth Plains the river widens into a broad lake, at

the center of which is Twr Island. The island once served as a crossroads and the remnants of bridges lie in ruins leading north and south of the island. Several ruined castles crown it as well. Little or no traffic crosses here, only the wild elves of the plains.

UMBRAGA'S SPIRE

When Nulak Kiz Din set himself the task to master the rune lore he had many apprentices. Umbraga was one of the most dedicated. But Umbraga, a warrior woman from the south, turned on Nulak and took knowledge of the runes to the mountains. There, in a great hollow of a mountain, she cast her sorcery, attempting to fashion creatures of her own design. She failed utterly and the magic went awry, consuming her. Where she attempted to create life, she managed only to merge hers with a phase spider. Part spider, part woman she raged in her madness. In time, her webs came to blanket the long slopes of the mountain and the deep hollow. Her children came to occupy the hollow, beastly creatures with 8 legs, massive hairy bulbous bodies, and with the heads and arms of men.

Umbraga's Spire is a deep, dark hollow in the Shadow Mountains. Webs cover the cliffs, hanging like ruined curtains in some stone dwarf's hall. She haunts the land still, destroying all that enter her realm.

UNKLAR'S IRON

Unklar Iron lies in a small cleft at the feet of the Holmgrad Mountains. The cleft is flat, roughly a half mile in diameter, and grows a thick loamy grass in the spring and summer; in fall and winter it is protected from the wind coming off the planes and warmer for it. It is surrounded by broken rocks and jumbled cliffs. A horse path leads from the south into the cleft; an old dwarven trail climbs the jumbled rocks on the north side winding its way in the Holmgradsd. In the middle sits Unklar's Iron.

Unklar's Iron is a large iron pedestal that stands about 12 feet high. It marks the spot where Nulak Kiz Din first etched his rune of Mirrors, the nexus of all his planar sorcery. This primary rune opened a mirror through which he could travel to other destinations. As his power grew, he constructed a pedestal over it and around it, a pylon that is square and tall. Every new mirrored door he opened, cast with the rune mirrors he marked by carving a glyph to represent that particular mirrored plane.

The square pillar is 12 feet high, 4 feet wide at the base, and enormously heavy. It is black, covered in 110 glyphs (not magical runes, but glyphs). It is immovable and radiates magic. the original rune, the Nexus lies upon the ground beneath it. The top of the pillar has a single hole in it; the top is smooth without glyph or design upon it.

In order to activate the primary rune, the nexus, that opens the portals one must place the Winter Rune staff in the hole and speak the command words: hiega is eh tu.

Once the staff is placed within the top of the pillar the runes begin to glow, starting at the top and working their way down. An orange light lances from each rune with the whole pillar is surrounded by a warm glow.

When the command words are spoken, the whole pillar takes on a translucent look. One can see through the pillar, beyond the runes, even to the grass and rocks on the far side. Simultaneously within the center of the pillar a mirror materializes, standing 6 feet high from the ground, and four feet wide. The mirror is opaque. Looking at the whole the viewer can see the mirror, the pillar, the runes, and the ground around it all at the same time.

If one enters the pillar their view changes; once they pass through the pillar they can step through the mirror, whereupon they find themselves standing on a ledge, somewhere in the inside of a long dark tube. Looking up or down there are scores of similar mirrors in the tube, some far off, some closer to hand. There are 110 in all. But one dominates their view— it is directly in front of the viewer, and is connected to the mirror they just passed through by a bridge of flames. On the far side is an identical mirror.

Furthermore, small reddish, flat tethers rise from the ledge, snaking through the inky blackness to the various mirrors in the tube.

This is heart of Nulak's mirror runes and from where he traveled the planes. They all go to similar mirrors on other planes, set there by the arch magi. Each mirror is a gateway to another plane or a spot on the material plane, connected to this primary mirror/portal by a tether. From within the pillar, surrounding the viewer on four sides one can see all 110 runes on the pillar. To operate the planes one simply reaches up and touches a glyph and pulls it to the position in front of them, the tether then becomes a path to that plane. Only one has a flaming bridge, that is the one that leads to the Void. For more see runes, mirrors.

UPPER INGTON

See Ington River.

URIPALS

This deep depression on the northern regions of the Maenluth Plains is blessed with exceedingly rich soil. The grass here is deep, green, and full of nutrients during the warm months. The winter sees it blanketed in snow, but it is the first of the area to bloom again in spring. The wild elves (see Maenluth) hunt here, this being the furthest north they travel.

The land is held sacred by those who pay homage to Wenefar for it is believed that when her brother slew her, that a great portion of her blood soaked into the Uripals.

Under the Winter Dark, however the Uripals suffered when the Lords of Darkness made the fertile fields a land of slaughter. Many prisoners were taken here and slain. The Lords of Aufstrag erected stone alters in later years, and brought all those of the old religions that they captured to sacrifice them. Many died here, slain upon the altars of their own gods.

Many of these alters remain, standing abandoned now in the empty grass, haunted only by the ghosts of their past horrors.

22 CASTLES & CRUSADES

USTASKIAN COAST

The coastal waters here are rich in fish and shipwrecks. Multitudes of islands and reefs make the waters here difficult to navigate and only the most experienced captains brave these waters. The wealth in fish and crab drawn from these waters pulls many fishermen closer to the rocks than ever they should go. The islands are also a haven for pirates who raid the shipping lanes to the east and who also prey on the growing traffic between the towns of Ossford and Most. These pirates are not the northern breed of Viking warriors, but rather foul minded desperate mercenaries who seek nothing beyond worldly gain.

To make the Ustaskian waters worse, a small cove of sirens ply the waters in search of slaves. Their songs often follow a wreck when they lull men into the Deep Quiet where they strangle some and enslave others.

VALLEY OF STONE

The Valley of Stone sit upon the doorsteps of the Rackenberg fortress and lies between it and the Winter Wood. It is a long, wide valley and houses a great host of orcs. They dwell deep beneath the ground in hollowed-out tunnels and caverns. The valley itself is dangerous to cross and is covered in a short bladed, tough grass. The orcs have hundreds of openings that they crawl from in times of need. It is haunted by other creatures as well; huge beasts tread from beneath the eaves of the Winter Wood and others come down from the mountains.

A large remnant of a wall cuts the valley from north to south, connecting the two spurs of mountains that mark the Valley of Stone. The orcs of Rackenburg built the wall, though in recent years it has suffered from a large earthquake (the dragon shook her scales so they say), and much of it fallen into ruin.

These lands are called The Horns of Unklar by the orcs.

WARDEN PLAINS

These plains are similar to the Feador and possess the same deep grasses, wild pony and buffalo herds. They are far more haunted by the traffic from the Kleberock Pass however, and also the dire wolves of the Troll Downs. The lands here begin to break up as well, rolling into long, broad valleys. Further south they break up even more, the prairie split into washed-out gulches with a low brush. These areas offer plenty of room for ambush and most travel here with caution.

WEBB ISLE

This large, narrow island runs a great length of the coast between Ossford and Most. It offers ship traffic refuge from the battering waves of the Inner Sea. It is largely flat, rising from the waters in gentle slopes to only a few hundred feet at its highest point. In the warm months, the grass here grows deep and long. There is plenty of water from small streams. Webb Isle is home to several large herds of very stout ponies, the same as found on the Feador Plains (see above). These beasts have no natural predators but for dragons and other flying creatures.

WINTER WOOD

In the foothills of the Shadow Mountains lies the Winter Wood, a strange forest from a bygone era. The wood and the land about it are locked in a world of winter. Here the sun never shines, and snowy clouds hang over the land as a constant curtain of cold. The forest itself consists of peculiar pines, the Winter Larch, that thrived in the Winter Dark and still do in higher climes and forgotten places of the world. These tall, thick trees stand well over a hundred and eighty feet high, have thick bark, and wide spreading canopies. They are spacious, requiring a great deal of room to grow, so that passage through the forest is easy. The needles of these trees are generally green but turn yellow in the late winter. They are edible as well, and when cooked, make a fine, nutritious stew. The orcs and trolls routinely make bread from these needles and both peoples are often found in the Winter Woods harvesting these foodstuffs.

Few openly live here, for the Maiden of Winter's Blight has her abode upon the high slopes of the hills that overlook the wood. She is feared far and wide. Her lands are commonly referred to as the White Kingdom. It is well known that she often comes to the wood to ride her mighty steed beneath the eaves. What she dreams, few can say. But she snares the unwary and takes them to the depths of her castle where certain death awaits them.

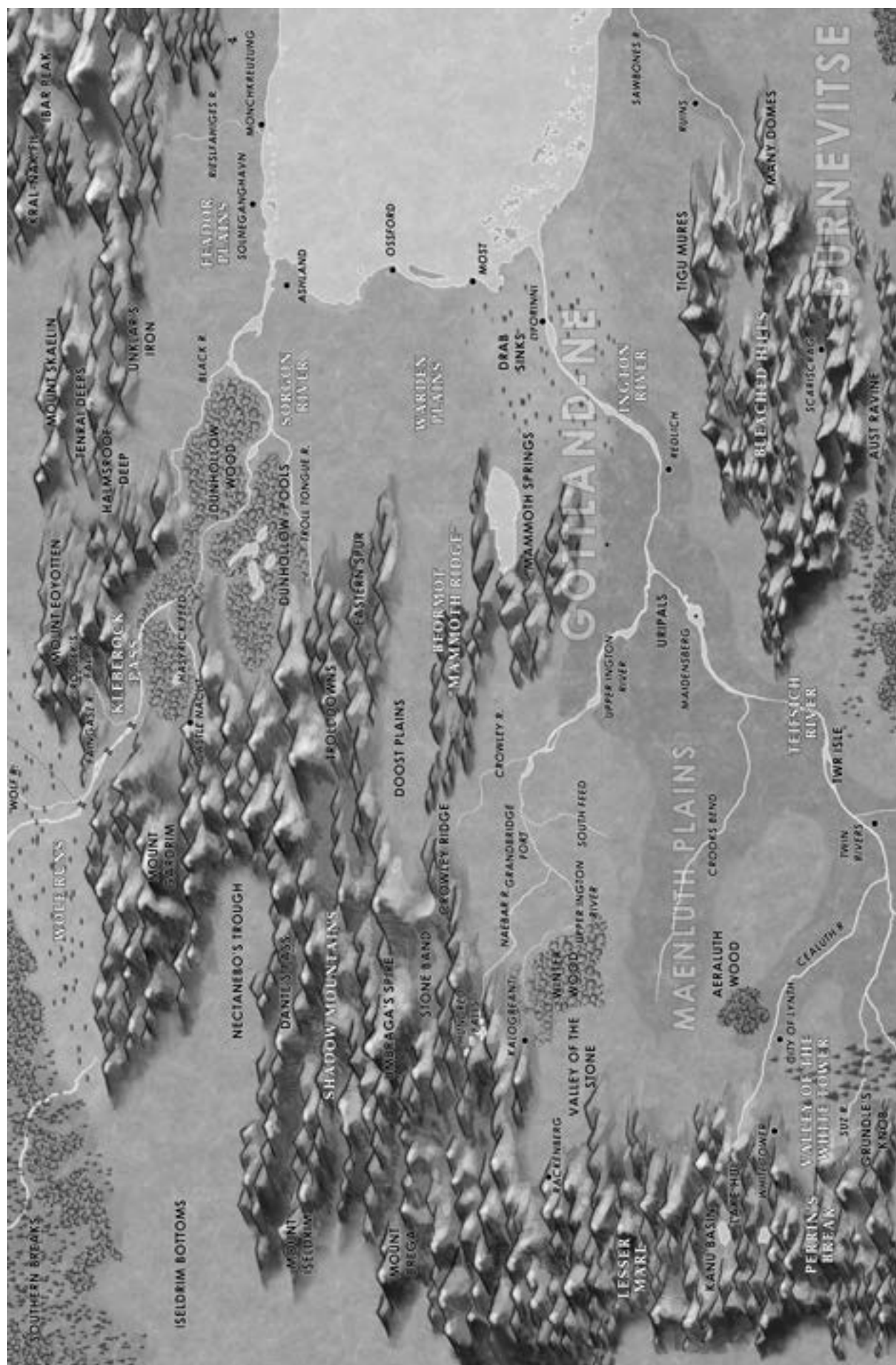
Strange creatures haunt the forest. Many of them are refugees from Aufstrag or the Winter's Dark. It is sometimes occupied by Dark Ungern, Eldritch Goblins and powerful beasts. In all, the wide, expansive, and snow-covered floors of the forest are dangerous for those of good intent. The beauty of the wintery world masks a sorrow which only death can encompass.

WHITE TOWER_

See Lynth.

WOLF RUNS

This broad swamp stands between the mountains and the Great Northern Forest. The Runs are more like Pete bogs and marshes than traditional swamps. There are few trees here, just countless miles of wet sod and peat, all growing in countless miles of shallow water. In the colder months the Runs are blanketed in thick fogs making visibility difficult. The summer sees these fogs burn off relatively quickly, but unleashes hordes of stinging insects. The lands are favored hunting grounds to large, very aggressive wolves.



Codex of Ahrde

WORLDS OF EPIC ADVENTURE

It is often shortened in the vernacular to Gottland, but this is a misnomer, for its rightful name has an altogether different meaning. Named from the Dwarf, Gottland translates to "the Land of Gods" or "The Land Where Gods Rule/Reside"; Ne means "without" or "an absence of". In the Vulgate or Common Tongues of men, Gottland-Ne translates into "The Land Without Gods" or "Where no God Dwells."



1818 N. TAYLOR, #143, LITTLE ROCK, AR 72207

WWW.TROLLORD.COM

PRINTED AT CHENAULT & GRAY PRINT
IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TLG 8090
\$9.99

