

Player's Secrets of

TUORNEN



BIRTHRIGHT™

DOMAIN SOURCEBOOK





tuornen

table of contents

Missives From Your Subjects	2
History of Tuornen	4
The Lands of Tuornen	8
Tuor Society	14
Important NPCs	20
Holdings of Tuornen	24
Rumors, Secrets, Plots	28
Strategy Tips	32

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Welcome to the Duchy of Tuornen, precariously balanced between powerful neighbors poised to conquer the land for their own. To lead the proud people of Tuornen, you must learn the delicate steps of intrigue—yet never let the strength of your meager armies wane. Who can say what plot will herald an invasion by the wicked Duke of Alamie or the vengeful Rhuobhe Manslayer? Whatever comes, you must be prepared to defend Tuornen with guile and courage.

what you need to play

This domain sourcebook is designed for use with the BIRTHRIGHT™ campaign setting. You can use this accessory in any campaign, but to make full use of it, you or your DM should have the BIRTHRIGHT boxed set. You will also need the *Player's Handbook* and the *DUNGEON MASTER® Guide*.

how to use this sourcebook

So you think you're ready to rule Tuornen? If so, this sourcebook is for you. It describes your domain from the Seamist Mountains to the war-scarred banks of the Tuor River. Here you will find vital information about the politics, history, holdings, and people of your land.

While this book provides you with the information you need to play the ruler of Tuornen, feel free to change or ignore any part of it. For instance, you can play Laela Flaertes as the duchess of Tuornen, or you can decide that she never existed and your own character became regent instead. Or you can let someone else worry about the demands of rulership and play a noble, commoner, or adventurer in the realm.

Once you've finished reading about Tuornen, share this book with your DM. Point out what—if anything—you'd like to change or add, and then trust your DM to run a great adventure. **Remember:** The DM makes the final decisions about which parts of this information to accept as truth and which to ignore or alter. After all, even the ruler doesn't know *everything* about his domain!

commander tuare's report

With mingled sadness and joy, I celebrate your assumption of the regency, my liege. My grief at your father's overwhelming infirmity is mitigated by the knowledge that his noble heart yet beats. That his courageous spirit rallied long enough to invest his regency in you is a tribute to his nobility. May his twilight years be spent blissfully, while we defend the land he maintained.

missives from your subjects

You don the mantle of leadership at a critical time. To preserve Tuornen, you must vanquish the terrible forces that endanger the land and its people. Surely none can doubt that Rhuobhe Manslayer poses the greatest threat to Tuornen.

Your other counselors might busy themselves in the petty politics of our neighbors, but these realms offer no real danger to Tuornen. It is the Manslayer who desires nothing more than to still every human heart on Cerilia, and those of Tuornen beat closest to his wicked ears.

You can best serve Tuornen by allowing me to take the field against this abomination before he can murder more of your subjects. To this end, Tuornen must gather its martial strength. While the hearts of our soldiers are brave and firm, they are too few, spread as they are on multiple fronts. We must maintain our vigil against the Five Peaks, and regrettably also against your estranged cousins in Alamie. But Tuornen faces no threat more dire than that of the Manslayer. Allow

me to muster a host great enough to ride into the Seamists and raze Ruannoch to the ground! From the goblins, orogs, and brigands of the Five Peaks, we have far less to fear. The base nature of

these brutes is such that they shall never gather in civilized opposition to our sovereignty. We must maintain our patrols in Ghonallison,

but with our friend the archduke's aid, our northern border shall remain safe.

The bandits along the river are another matter. Despite speculation among your courtiers, my own men report them to be common robbers, however well organized. The notion that they scout ahead for an Alamien invasion is conventional and obvious. If your cousin the duke is known for any quality, it is neither of those. In any event, these river rats are bold blackguards, not trained soldiers.

Our border with Alamie remains as secure as ever, which is to say that incursions are rare enough to be dismissed. Your diplomats can sufficiently handle most of these complaints. But I must confess some concern about recent rumors of a growing military presence in Sorentier. It may be that the duke merely strengthens his own defense against the goblins of the Five Peaks. Or perhaps his purpose is more sinister. No greater tragedy could visit Tuornen than a return to the bloody business of fighting its sister domain. Joining Boeruine and Alamie in a combined defense against the Five Peaks could help heal old wounds between Tuornen and Alamie. You might turn your gentler counselors to this problem while we prepare against the Manslayer.

Aeric, Archduke of Boeruine, sends his greetings and wishes to express his pleasure at your assumption of the regency. As you know, your noble father was too troubled with other matters to address the issue of Empire. Perhaps now is the time to second Talinie's recognition of the archduke's claim to Avanil.

The Duke of Avanil sends his own greetings, of course. But I urge you to beware his proffered friendship. It cannot be as strong and genuine as that of Boeruine's, no matter that his holdings and influence seem greater at present.

Finally, Caine of Endier sends his hopes that you will maintain your predecessor's arrangement concerning Tuornen's sources. I fear he shows a face of friendship only so long as he gets his power from our land. Will he stand upon the field with us when the Manslayer descends again from his dark and twisted tower?

The days of courtly manners are past; now is the time for bold action. Tuornen needs the strength of a sword forged in the flames of bravery. Let yours be the hand of the smith, let our army become that sword, and—I pray you—let mine be the hand that carries it against our foes.

Your Loyal Servant,
Braedonnal Tuare, Commander

an official letter

May Haelyn smile upon your reign as he did upon your father's. The support of the Western Imperial Temple of Haelyn is yours as it was Gilgaed's, and I trust you shall perpetuate his traditions of justice and integrity. Tuornen needs a firm and cautious hand, a careful and pious ruler. I pray to Haelyn to give you strength of spirit and wisdom of judgment, that you may preserve and defend this land and all its people.

The citizens of Tuornen, from the meanest field grub to the noblest members of your court, are a proud people. In many hearts, this pride resolves itself in strength of purpose and unvanquished loyalty. In others, pride burns too brightly, impelling even the most highly regarded servants of the realm to rash and even foolish action. I implore you to keep a cool hand on these feverish hearts, lest they plunge us all into a sea of destruction and dissolution before they are quenched.

Of Tuornen's foes, the most threatening is certainly Alamie. Your most potent weapon against Carilon Alam's schemes is a keen mind and a willing diplomacy. While both Boeruine and Avaniil offer you compelling alliances, I caution you against pledging yourself to either the archduke or the prince. It is far too soon to see which of them will prevail in their current struggle for the Iron Throne, and woe to Tuornen should we be found on the wrong side.

Any alliance with the reprehensible Baron of Ghoere is inconceivable, of course, and Alamie remains unresponsive to our most sincere efforts at reconciliation so long as the plotting Carilon Alam rules in Lofton. Endier remains a friendly neighbor, but not a very dependable one; Caine's control of Tuornen's sources has long benefited the wizard of Endier, but he has yet to reciprocate. Do not place your trust in his promises.

Before his present infirmity, Gilgaed Flaertes established slight but promising communications with Elinie and Mhoried. Both the Patriarch of Elinie and the Mhor praised Gilgaed's careful neutrality, and doubtless they would value the same in you. I encourage you to pursue these friendships with all seemly haste. Though these realms do not border Tuornen, their strategic value must not be dismissed.

To guide the hearts of Tuornen's people, you may always trust the Western Imperial Temple. While your predecessor chose, in his discretion, to grant the Military Order of Cuiraeén increased holdings throughout the northern counties, they operate mainly to bolster our modest armies. In that capacity, they shall serve you well. But has it not always

been the Imperial Temple of Haelyn that has best knit the wounds of past wars? Is it not this loyal church which has most fervently supported the rightful regent of Tuornen? I beg you consider our history of service when next allotting lands for temples and monastic holdings. Your wisdom shall repay you in this decision.

Your Humble Adviser,
Rhobher Nichaleir, Archprelate
Western Imperial Temple of Haelyn

a sheriff's message

My liege, I don't know what to make of the enclosed words. Mott the Swineherd found them on the outer wall of his barn yestermorn. I visited the spot to confirm his report, and he spoke truly: These words do indeed appear arranged as by pixies, in lines of tiny red mushrooms growing out from the boards of the building.

The wise in Croaker Norge—which is to say those much less learned than your highness, but wiser by good measure than me—say the words can come only from Mad Maeve. For myself, I daren't venture such a guess. But who else can command the faeries?

My most excellent scribe, Norton, writes these lines for me. He also copied the words on the barn, which I pray are untrue—or at least so far past my own understanding that I read bane for boon.

Your Obedient Servant,
Willam Redstaff
Sheriff of Monsedge

*One thin supper
One still dreamer
Two wan candles
Two dire brothers*

*In the worm's pot
On a cold bed
In a pyre hot
On a field dead*



birth of a regent

Although now separate and distrustful realms, Tuornen and Alamie once existed as a single country under the banner Alamie. The Alamie of old counted itself among the greatest of the Twelve Duchies of the Anuirean Empire. But then arose a fateful conflict between two brothers which rent the realm in two.

Tuornen's history began 140 years ago when Kaeduric Alam, Archduke of Alamie, dallied with a beautiful but unblooded woman named Calle.

history of tuornen

Although marriage between Kaeduric and a commoner was unthinkable, no courtly sensibilities prevented the birth of their son. Calle named her child Dalton, for fond memories of her own youth in Avani's city of Daulton.

Kaeduric obeyed his counselors' advice to pay Calle a modest annuity in exchange for her leaving Lofton. Carrying only her son, a small pouch of gold, and a ring adorned with a leaping stag (a gift from Kaeduric), Calle took a boat to Lofton's sister city, Haes. There she could look across the river toward the duke who once loved her.

Three years later, Kaeduric married Morissa Berran of Sorelies, presenting his subjects with an eminently appropriate duchess. Within a year, Morissa bore a son of her own, Berric Alam. Berric grew to manhood surrounded by royal grace and splendor. He became a willful heir to the throne, subject to no one—until he met Lanelle Flaertes. Like his father, Berric fell in love with a woman of low birth. Unlike Kaeduric, however, Berric intended to obey his heart instead of bowing to social constraints.

Across the Tuor River, Dalton had also come of age. Choosing to find his own path in the world, he joined the Alamien military. On the day he left for Lofton, however, his mother told him the secret of his birth: "If ever you find yourself in peril, show this ring to the archduke. His love for you will get

any favor a father can grant." Dalton understood what Calle meant, but resolved never to use the secret unless his life depended upon it.

In the army, Dalton quickly distinguished himself—at least, as much as a common man could. But station concerned him little, for he found love. Whenever he had leave, Dalton walked along the river with Lanelle Flaertes. He knew her charms had drawn the attention of other suitors, some well-placed. But he saw in her eyes that she loved him alone.

Just as Dalton was confident in Lanelle's affection, Berric feared losing it. On the night that jealousy overcame discretion, Berric confronted Lanelle and Dalton. The two men soon exchanged swords for words, and only the intercession of two city guards saved Berric from a serious wound, or worse.

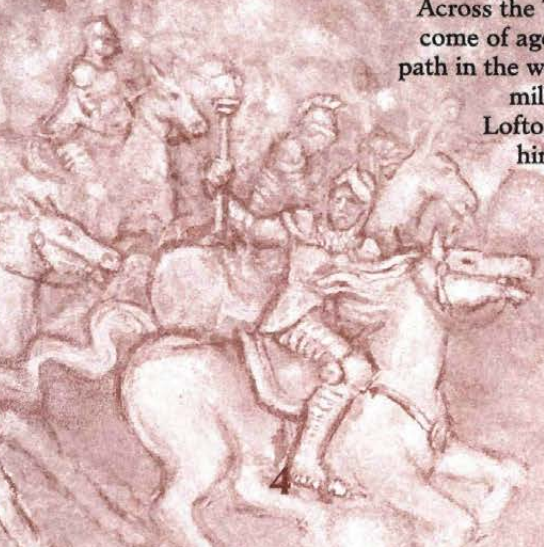
Dalton faced the death penalty for assaulting the heir. Despite Lanelle's pleas, Berric refused to pardon his rival. But before he could be dragged to the gallows, Dalton persuaded his commander, Braedonnal Tuare, to deliver the stag ring to the archduke. With reluctance but growing wonder at his soldier's story, Braedonnal brought the ring to Kaeduric.

As Calle had foretold, Kaeduric spared Dalton's life. In joy at having saved his own son from death, Kaeduric rashly and publicly acknowledged Dalton's lineage. Berric grew full wrathful, and Dalton grew perhaps too proud. The people of Lofton found themselves joining camps, some celebrating Dalton as a romantic hero, others denouncing him as a threat to Berric's rightful heritage.

the war of brothers

Upon Kaeduric's death, Berric assumed his father's title and as his first act declared Dalton an enemy of the state. Fortunately for Dalton, the order came through Braedonnal Tuare. The elf commander's sympathies lay with Dalton, whom Braedonnal admired far more than he did Berric. Forewarned, Dalton escaped and fled to Monsedge with Lanelle, his new bride.

There they could have lived anonymously, and so Lanelle pleaded with Dalton. But fear of Berric, and Dalton's growing ambition to be archduke, held sway. With Braedonnal's help, Dalton quietly gathered support among the army. He believed that the common people would support him and that a united opposition would force



Berric to step aside.

In the time that Dalton spent mustering support, Lanelle bore a daughter, whom she named Telaena. Berric kept as calm a public face as he could manage and did not allow his jealousy to prevent him from taking a bride of his own.

By the winter of 447 MR (Michaeline Reckoning), Dalton believed he had enough support to force Berric from the throne without bloodshed. But the archduke, apprised by his intelligence agents of Dalton's plans, thwarted his half-brother. Berric surprised Dalton's supporters with a carefully orchestrated series of attacks and arrests, and put to the torch whole villages thought loyal to Dalton. Had he not attacked the villages, Berric might have ruined his rival in a single stroke. As it was, however, his rash cruelty swelled Dalton's armies.

Alamie divided neatly along either side of the Tuor River, since most of the villages Berric attacked were in the west. Berric fought from the relative strength of Lofton; Dalton, from the rebellious city of Haes.

After a year of staining the land with the blood of siblings and cousins, the war continued with no end in sight. Dalton offered a compromise: He would rule the lands west of the Tuor River, a land now known as Tuornen. Berric refused his terms.

The war continued, its number of casualties swelling to include Dalton's wife. Lanelle fell prey to an opportunistic horde of goblins that descended upon the provinces of Ghonallison and Monsedge while the War of Brothers raged to the south. Word of the invasion reached Dalton too late for him to send troops to protect his family and others who lived in the invaded provinces. Telaena, mercifully, had been rescued by fleeing farmers.

The final battle of the War of Brothers was fought in Alamsreft, a new province formed at the secession. In a sea of struggling bodies, past blood-slicked armor and shattered spears, Dalton and Berric fought toward each other. When they met, they exchanged terrible, unrestrained blows. At the last, Berric smashed Dalton's sword away. But as the archduke raised his blade for the coup de grâce, Dalton drew a dagger from his belt and plunged it deeply into his brother's heart. Berric's eyes widened in surprise as his life ebbed, his bloodline power surging into Dalton. Dalton met his brother's gaze, his own expression revealing both triumph and sadness. The war was over.



dalton's rule

Tuornen had won its independence; Dalton did not press for reunification of the two lands. Families on both sides tried to put the war behind them, but could not forget the violence and death that had come between those on either side of the Tuor River. Berric's heirs, robbed of the opportunity to be invested with their father's regency, grew to hate Dalton and the rebel land.

The noble houses of Tuornen wasted no time in constructing a new court in Haes. Dalton's rule, however, was short and undistinguished. In melancholy over Lanelle's death, he shouldered full responsibility for all the devastation the war had brought. He took long walks on the moors, during which he allowed none of his guards to follow—though some did, from a safe distance.

Telaena Flaertes (who took her mother's surname) received an education worthy of any royal heir. A child of war, however, she excelled on the field far more than at diplomacy or government. Neglected by her despondent father, Telaena followed the lead of Braedonnal Tuare and became a superlative military leader.

In 457, Dalton Flaertes died upon the moors. Witnesses claim that he met a woman on the edge of Croaker Norge. After a short conversation, he gave her some sort of parcel, then fell to the ground. By the time his guards arrived, Dalton was dead. The woman had disappeared; only the rhythmic sound of creaking frogs broke the silence.

telaena's command

As the new regent, Telaena soon earned a reputation as a fierce fighter and strong commander-in-chief. The duchess led many forays into the Five Peaks, rooting out goblin bandits that raided northern towns and homesteads. She became a hero to her people,

especially those in the northern provinces.

While Telaena concentrated on defending Tuornen's borders, the guilds grew strong, establishing more control over Tuor River trade. The fledgling domain soon became a significant economic power in the Heartlands.

Even after her marriage and the birth of a son, Gilgaed, Telaena continued to lead her soldiers. Though the Five Peaks remained their primary target, sometimes she led counterstrikes against Rhuobhe Manslayer. It was during one of these daring attacks that she met the Elf himself. She died upon his sword, her sundered heart pouring forth the power of her own regency and strengthening the awnshegh's bloodline all the more.

Following Telaena's death, her husband Vaeran acted as regent until their son came of age. It was during his tenure that Alamie first laid siege on the city of Haes. For several weeks, Tuornen's citizens feared that Jerem Alam would take the capital city and slay all the court. But even as attackers surged over the wall, Braedonnal called out a challenge to the duke, who readily accepted (albeit with his full honor guard in attendance). The clash ended with Jerem's death on the point of Braedonnal's sword. For the second time in two generations, a defender of Tuornen had robbed Alamie of its regent's blood and power. The siege was broken; the hatred seethed all the more.

gilgaed's reign

Upon his fifteenth birthday, Gilgaed began his long rule of Tuornen. As had his mother and grandfather before him, Gilgaed trusted Braedonnal Tuare to command his armies. But unlike his predecessors, Gilgaed ruled with caution and debate, diplomacy and management, rather than with sword and flame. Within two years of his coronation, Gilgaed foiled an assassination attempt single-handedly. Some say that upon learning of the plot, Gilgaed resolved to foil it himself to prove that intelligence prevails over strength.

In 502, Gilgaed surprised his duchy with the announcement that he would marry Fiarelle, an elf noblewoman of Tuarhievel. The news struck the land like a thunderbolt, since the constant threat of

Rhuobhe Manslayer had long ago soured human-elf relations. But Gilgaed and Fiarelle had fallen in love during the course of a long correspondence originally begun to establish relations between Tuornen and Tuarhievel. Their alliance proved successful: Fiarelle's presence in Gilgaed's court did much to sooth anti-elf sentiment among the Tuors.

Frustrated by his duke's cautious, pacifistic demeanor, Braedonnal Tuare turned restless. He pined to harry the Manslayer, but Gilgaed forbade him to provoke the Elf. Braedonnal became opinionated and insulting in court, often provoking duels which ended in the maiming of his opponents. At last he slew a son of House Tuor in an argument over reunification with Alamie.

braedonnal's banishment

Gilgaed had to punish his lieutenant. While House Tuor clamored for Braedonnal's execution and the Militant Order of Cuiraécen argued that the matter should be dismissed, Gilgaed made his own decision: Braedonnal was banished from Tuornen for a period of 20 years. He bore himself with dignity as he left for Tuarhievel.

Some argue that without the constant urging of Commander Tuare, the western patrols grew lax. Others say that Rhuobhe was emboldened by the commander's banishment. Whatever the cause, in 519, Rhuobhe Manslayer descended upon Tuornen with his *gheallie Sidhe*, or Hunt of the Elves. They slew every human they could overtake, which accounted for a frightening portion of the population of Elevesnemiére. Before the army could respond, it had another threat to face.

Taking advantage of Tuornen's distress, Alamie launched an attack to retake its errant provinces. Tuornen successfully fended off the assault on Haes and the western riverbank, but Alamie's move prevented the Tuor army from making a sufficient defense against the Elf.

Using the Manslayer's attacks as a lever, Gilgaed pardoned his banished commander. For several years the duke feared that Braedonnal's pride would not allow him to return to the land from which he had been banished. But Braedonnal returned—ten years to the day on which he had left—resuming his command as if he had been gone only a month.

death of the duchess

The rest of Gilgaed's rule was marked by quiet diplomacy and slow, calculated mustering of the duchy's resources. But one last test was to come. In 541, a lone assassin stole into the ducal castle and slew Fiarelle with an envenomed dagger. Mourning and outrage swept the city of Haes. Even the normally sanguine Gilgaed raged through his library while his servants watched in fear. When finally Braedonnal lifted the exhausted duke from the ruins of his books, the commander asked permission to punish the offender. Gilgaed had only to name the culprit.

Gilgaed bent his resources to investigation. He would have proof, and certain proof, before he set his armies against anyone. The people were sure that Alamie was the only possible suspect in the affair, and a wealth of circumstantial evidence supported the common wisdom. But Gilgaed searched on, demanding hard evidence. When none could be found, he relinquished his revenge. In a speech to his people, he announced that there would be no retribution unless some day brought indisputable proof of Alamie's involvement. Once again, Gilgaed won the respect of those who worship moderation, the scorn of those who love battle.

After Fiarelle's murder, Gilgaed was never the same. He spent his days in quiet study, while Braedonnal assumed full control of military matters and diplomats gradually assumed the tasks their duke once relished for himself. Eventually—be it from age, or grief, or an unknown cause—Gilgaed put aside his books. A newfound delight in mechanical toys consumed most of his waking hours, and he exchanged his grave counselors for the more cheerful company of the children of the court. By the time he was sitting upon the floors of his halls, however, his closest advisers encouraged him—during more lucid moments—to invest his successor with his regency.

Thus did the stewardship of Tuornen pass to the current regent.

Tuornen is a large realm whose value lies in its location and excellent agricultural base. Were it not for the dangers, both political and martial, of its precarious position between rivals and among foes, Tuornen would be an agrarian's paradise. As it is, Tuornen's greatest treasures are the land itself and the people who tend it.

climate

Like its neighbors, Tuornen is a land of spring and autumn mists, especially at the base of the Seamists, along the banks of the Tuor River, and among the soft sedges of Croaker Norge. Its summers are mild and long—excellent for growing crops. The winters are relatively mild, as the land is sheltered from the Miere Rhuann by the Seamists.

topography

The Tuor river creates the natural border between Tuornen and Alamie. The land on either side of the river is excellent for agriculture, except where ruined by past battles. The population of both domains is especially high along the Tuor.

The vast majority of Tuornen consists of farmland: rich, fertile black soil. The gently rolling plains of Tuornen's heart extend past the source of the Tuor to meet rugged hills at the base of the Seamist Mountains. Those mountains are shunned by most Tuor, who fear the wrath of Rhuobhe Manslayer. But Tuornen's scouts make frequent patrols of the area, despite occasional losses.

After 100 years of healing, Tuornen still bears the scars of its war with Alamie. Ancient battlefields dot the land, especially along the eastern border. While the thick, green grass of the plains slowly recovers some of the battlefields, others remain dark, ragged expanses of churned and poisoned soil. No crops grow in this barren earth; even wildflowers and the strongest weeds appear only in sparse patches.

the tuor river

The slow, strong currents of the Tuor River form the most significant trade route to southern lands. While both Tuornen and Alamie send boats and barges downriver, Haes dominates trade. There has even been talk of building docks along the walls of the city, but those nobles who remember family lost in skirmishes with Alamie have so far blocked such an action, preferring the unbroke walls of Haes to face Lofton across the water.

Since the War of Brothers, the Tuor has been an often dangerous path for Tuors and Alamiens alike, as each side vies for control of the river. The guilds of the Heartlands have not wished to see river traffic disrupted. Thus,

when military patrols fail to stem raids on either bank, political pressure prompts the dukes to police their own populace, rooting out and punishing bandits. Punishment for river robbery is often more severe than for common larceny, especially if the act threatened to provoke the other domain's armies.

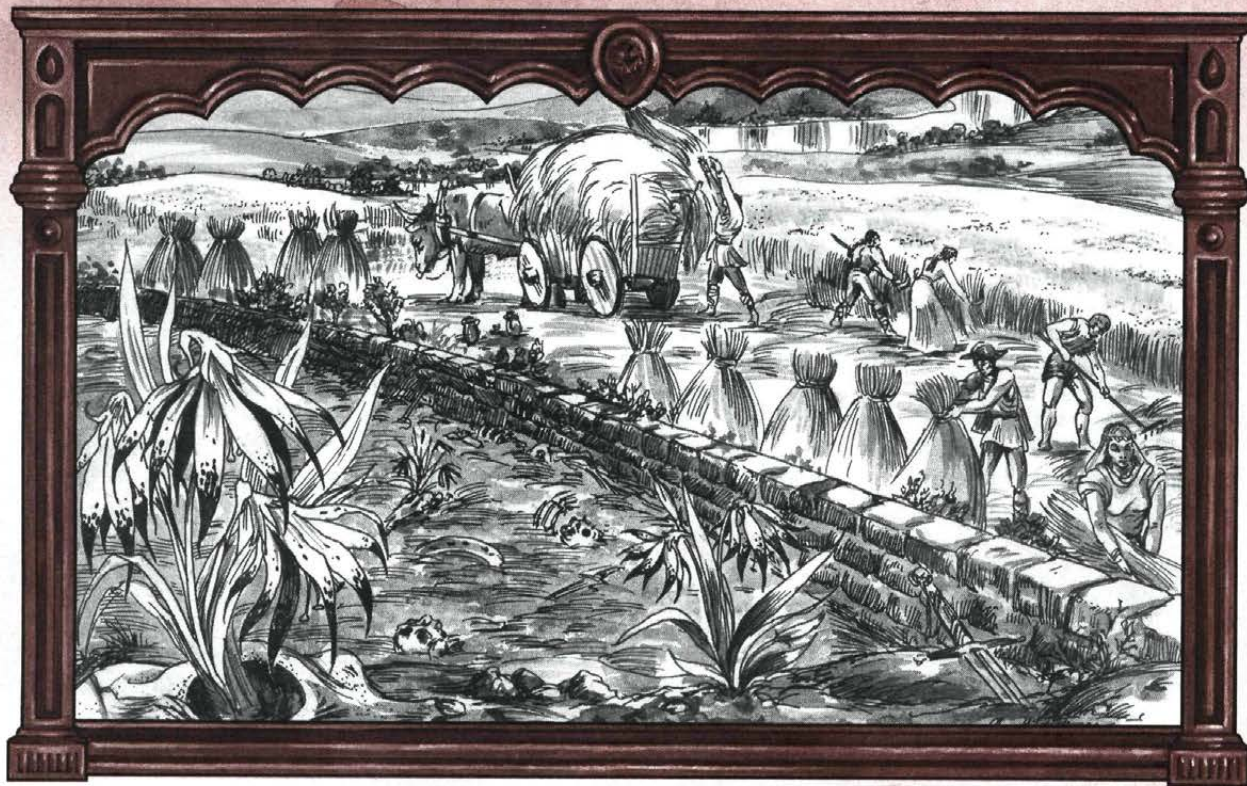
the lands of tuornen

flora and fauna

In some desperate battlefields grows the weeping lily, its lush petals heavy with a crimson hue. People say its color comes from the blood of those who died fighting their own brothers and sisters. In Tuornen, no flower is more precious—nor more poisonous. The most ardent of admirers sometimes haunt battlefields for months hoping to find this rarest of love tokens; others pay exorbitant sums to procure the blossom. The lily must be presented in glass lest the object of one's affection perish more quickly than the plucked flower.

Less virtuous individuals use the flower for darker purposes. The common folk of Monsedge whisper that Mad Maeve lurks around old battlefields at night, collecting the crimson blossoms. When someone dies of mysterious causes, many say, "Maeve sent him a lily."

The more typical flora of Tuornen includes infrequent copses of hardwoods and fruit trees. Along the Tuor grow a variety of deciduous trees, including great willows which drape their locks into the cool bath of the river. In the northern provinces of Ghonalison and Monsedge, coniferous forests blanket the foothills of the Seamist Mountains.



The most common grain crops of Tuornen include barley, wheat, and oats, which are used in brewing Tuornen's renowned beers as well as in baking breads and other foods. Virtually every farmer also tends a small vegetable garden, but it is grain that sells to the southern domains.

Opossum, squirrels, hares, and other small game (or pests) are common in the domain. Incursions of wolf packs or a stray black bear are common in Elevesnemiere and other provinces near the mountains. Monstrous creatures are almost unheard of, except near Croaker Norge where a lone troll or small band of goblins may appear. Once or twice a generation, a reckless band of gnolls or goblins will cross the border from the Five Peaks, only to learn that Tuornen's army is watchful.

ghonallison

This northernmost province is also the most sparsely populated. A hardy breed of frontiersmen pride themselves on their ability to hunt and trap close to the Five Peaks; the southeastern half of the province is home to farmers and a few shepherds or goatherds. The most important products of Ghonallison are the gold and silver

found in its mountains. Local folk know they face the threat of Sorentier to the east and raiding goblins from the north, but pride keeps them here, tenants of the most vulnerable province in Tuornen.

towns

The one significant town in Ghonallison is Fox Run, where miners bring their silver and gold to be smelted and poured into bars for transportation to Haes. Accordingly, the duchess's army has a significant presence here, and Commander Tuare himself makes periodic visits.

A modest lumber business also exists here, though it is small compared to those in Monsedge and Northern Haesrien. To make up for what they lack in location, the Ghonallison loggers work

closely with a small craft guild. Rather than transport raw material to the Tuor, they send finished furniture instead.

By far the most common trade in Fox Run is fur. Fox, ermine, and mink are among the most valued skins, but many other animals are trapped for their furs in the northern reaches. Nowhere else are fur prices lower, nor the quality higher. The furriers' guild sees to both.

The town is home to about 1,000 permanent residents, but several hundred trappers and hunters drift through town regularly. These frontier folk are said to be rough, honest men and women, independent but good at heart. They have a love of the land rivalling that of the farmers in southern Tuornen, though most would rather not spend two seasons in the same location.

local authority

The Ghonallison family has held the province for hundreds of years and was among Dalton's first supporters. Robin, Count of Ghonallison, is typical of his line, a physically active hunter and rider. He enjoys leading his own border patrols in coordination with the army's scouts.

monsedge

The people of Monsedge number among the most simple and superstitious Tuors. To their credit, anyone would be more apt to believe in faeries if he heard the wuthering of the moors as he watched heather dance in the breeze by moonlight, or lived a stone's throw from Croaker Norge, the peculiar, marshy gorge which gives the largest town in Monsedge its name. Although few travel there today, hundreds of years ago the gorge attracted bathers who enjoyed the bracing waters of the springs at its base.

Since the goblin invasion during the War of Brothers, people say the place has changed.

Indeed, an unnatural fog

often obscures its soft loam, and the creaking of many frogs in the area forms an eerie chorus. (The people of Monsedge deny that they are frightened of something as simple as a frog, but young boys never bring them home to frighten their sisters, and the quickest way to start a fight in Monsedge is to throw a frog onto a tavern table.)

Monsedge is also home to Mad Maeve, if she truly exists. Those who live closest to Croaker Norge say they often see her stealing into the early morning mists there.

towns

Croaker Norge, the larger of Monsedge's two towns, lies a few miles southeast of the marshy gorge for which it is named. Home to nearly 600 people, Croaker Norge exports raw timber and coal shipped from Black Hill. Its people are generally loggers, herders, and hunters, though a handful of farming families live along the southern edge of the province.

Black Hill is a small but busy coal mining town. Its people are tough and fatalistic. Many of those who work in the mines die very young, despite the efforts of the priests of the Western Imperial Temple. Everyone talks of leaving town for a better life, but almost no one does.

local authority

While it is said that any man can find a high station in Tuornen, Willam Redstaff is the exception, not the rule. Willam is one of the few commoners to have risen to the rank of sheriff. He is a good and loyal servant, yet his simple, straightforward thinking is a source of many jokes and mockeries. Fortunately, Willam is as good-natured about his own limitations as he is fervent in overseeing the lands of Monsedge.

pechalinn

Pechalinn produces everything one can find in Tuornen's other northern provinces (gold, silver, coal, lumber), but in smaller quantities. The province is sparsely populated due to fear of raids by the Manslayer. While Rhuobhe is better poised to descend

upon Elevesnemiëre, he has most often terrorized Pechalinn in recent decades. Perhaps its misty, fire-covered mountains are more dear to him, or perhaps he avoids the more heavily defended southern provinces. Regardless, Rhuobhe holds no greater power in Tuornen than he does here.

towns

The two villages of Pechalinn each house no more than 100 permanent residents. However, the populations of both Merrel and Twin Pines fluctuate throughout the year as hopeful homesteaders pass through on their way west for cheap or even free land; after news of another massacre by Rhuobhe, half or more of them return east.

local authority

Kerran, the lord of this hilly region, is a tall, thin man of 50 years or more. He has kept his military figure and often rides the border with his scouts. Unlike most of the other nobles of Tuornen, the Count of Pechalinn does not harbor a great hatred or rivalry for things Alamien. So far from Tuornen's eastern border, he considers Rhuobhe the only true enemy of Pechalinn.

haesrien

Still the richest province in Tuornen, Haesrien suffered greatly from the War of Brothers and has been the focus of smaller attacks from Alamie since the secession. While its farmers and herders are as industrious as those found throughout the domain, it is trade that makes Haesrien thrive.

towns

Home to over 6,000 people, the city of Haes is the second oldest in all Tuornen and serves as the domain's heart of culture, commerce, and government. Even before the break with Alamie, Haes had begun to outstrip her sister city (Lofton) in size, population, commerce, and grandeur. Now its tall river walls stand pocked with decades of scars from catapult stones; Gilgaed refused to mend damage that did not threaten the strength of the walls, intending the holes to serve as mute reminders of the danger from just across the river.

Diemerel is also an older town. A staging area for those traveling to Haes, Diemerel is known for its several fine inns and many cheap ones. It is also the center of trade and festivals for all the surrounding farmers and craftsmen.

local authority

Montros, Count of Haesrien, rules the province, but because most of the population resides in Haes he delegates many responsibilities to the city's mayor, Brynaen Shander. Brynaen is another of those rare common folk who have risen to high station in Tuornen. Unlike Willam Redstaff, however, she is no provincial fool and runs the city efficiently. Except for a sharp dislike for things Alamien, she is well known for her objectivity and fairness. Her estranged husband and children live in Lofton; she lives with only a small staff in her Haes manor.

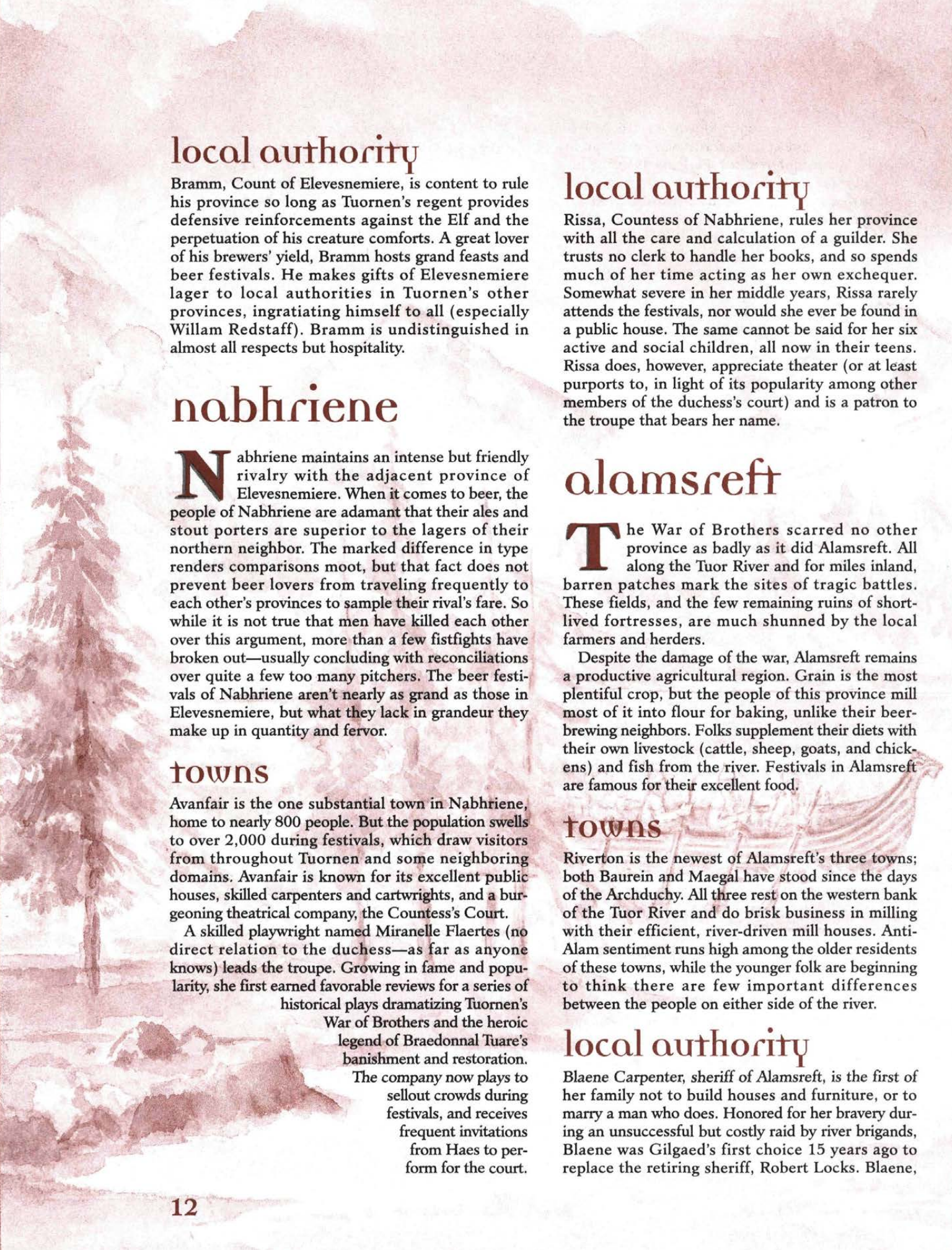
elevesnemiëre

Rich black soil and plentiful rains make Elevesnemiëre one of the most favored provinces for farming. Rolling hills in the north melt into seas of grain in the middle and southern areas of the province, while light breezes carry the sweet scent of clover to those working the fields. Were it not for the periodic ravages of the Elf, residents might consider Elevesnemiëre a veritable paradise.

The most famous products of Elevesnemiëre are barley and wheat, from which residents brew some of the finest beer in Cerilia. In the northern regions grow three distinct and favored varieties of hops, and the brewers of Elevesnemiëre cultivate special strains of yeast for their "white beers" (made with wheat) and lagers. Most other domains produce only ale and surrender their beer to wild yeasts and good luck, so Elevesnemiëre has a distinct advantage in this industry.

towns

Benton and Eame are prosperous agricultural towns of several hundred residents. The latter is famed for its brewery—the only establishment of its sort in the Heartlands. (All other brewing is done in alehouses or private homes.) The one dangerous task in Eame is carrying spring water from the edge of the Seamists, where Rhuobhe's *gheallie Sidhe* has been known to overtake the unwary. Water boys save this chore for midday, when some of the mists have burned off and visibility is greatest.



local authority

Bramm, Count of Elevesnemiëre, is content to rule his province so long as Tuornen's regent provides defensive reinforcements against the Elf and the perpetuation of his creature comforts. A great lover of his brewers' yield, Bramm hosts grand feasts and beer festivals. He makes gifts of Elevesnemiëre lager to local authorities in Tuornen's other provinces, ingratiating himself to all (especially Willam Redstaff). Bramm is undistinguished in almost all respects but hospitality.

nabhriene

Nabhriene maintains an intense but friendly rivalry with the adjacent province of Elevesnemiëre. When it comes to beer, the people of Nabhriene are adamant that their ales and stout porters are superior to the lagers of their northern neighbor. The marked difference in type renders comparisons moot, but that fact does not prevent beer lovers from traveling frequently to each other's provinces to sample their rival's fare. So while it is not true that men have killed each other over this argument, more than a few fistfights have broken out—usually concluding with reconciliations over quite a few too many pitchers. The beer festivals of Nabhriene aren't nearly as grand as those in Elevesnemiëre, but what they lack in grandeur they make up in quantity and fervor.

towns

Avanfair is the one substantial town in Nabhriene, home to nearly 800 people. But the population swells to over 2,000 during festivals, which draw visitors from throughout Tuornen and some neighboring domains. Avanfair is known for its excellent public houses, skilled carpenters and cartwrights, and a burgeoning theatrical company, the Countess's Court.

A skilled playwright named Miranelle Flaertes (no direct relation to the duchess—as far as anyone knows) leads the troupe. Growing in fame and popularity, she first earned favorable reviews for a series of historical plays dramatizing Tuornen's War of Brothers and the heroic legend of Braedonnal Tuare's banishment and restoration.

The company now plays to sellout crowds during festivals, and receives frequent invitations from Haes to perform for the court.

local authority

Rissa, Countess of Nabhriene, rules her province with all the care and calculation of a guildler. She trusts no clerk to handle her books, and so spends much of her time acting as her own exchequer. Somewhat severe in her middle years, Rissa rarely attends the festivals, nor would she ever be found in a public house. The same cannot be said for her six active and social children, all now in their teens. Rissa does, however, appreciate theater (or at least purports to, in light of its popularity among other members of the duchess's court) and is a patron to the troupe that bears her name.

alamsreft

The War of Brothers scarred no other province as badly as it did Alamsreft. All along the Tuor River and for miles inland, barren patches mark the sites of tragic battles. These fields, and the few remaining ruins of short-lived fortresses, are much shunned by the local farmers and herders.

Despite the damage of the war, Alamsreft remains a productive agricultural region. Grain is the most plentiful crop, but the people of this province mill most of it into flour for baking, unlike their beer-brewing neighbors. Folks supplement their diets with their own livestock (cattle, sheep, goats, and chickens) and fish from the river. Festivals in Alamsreft are famous for their excellent food.

towns

Riverton is the newest of Alamsreft's three towns; both Baurein and Maegal have stood since the days of the Archduchy. All three rest on the western bank of the Tuor River and do brisk business in milling with their efficient, river-driven mill houses. Anti-Alam sentiment runs high among the older residents of these towns, while the younger folk are beginning to think there are few important differences between the people on either side of the river.

local authority

Blaene Carpenter, sheriff of Alamsreft, is the first of her family not to build houses and furniture, or to marry a man who does. Honored for her bravery during an unsuccessful but costly raid by river brigands, Blaene was Gilgaed's first choice 15 years ago to replace the retiring sheriff, Robert Locks. Blaene,

now 40, looks after the old man as if he were her father, and she is his only family. Robert still takes an interest in the province's affairs, advising Blaene on matters of investigation and justice from the comfort of his rocking chair. Blaene always listens respectfully, but makes her own decisions.

tuor's hold

Tuornen's most impressive fortress outside of Haes stands in the town and province named after it. The fortress of Tuor's Hold is an ancient structure, built long before the Anuirean Empire fell. Today it is a popular site to visit, its vine-covered walls far more picturesque than functional. It houses an obligatory guard but serves much more often as a tourist attraction or banquet hall for the countess.

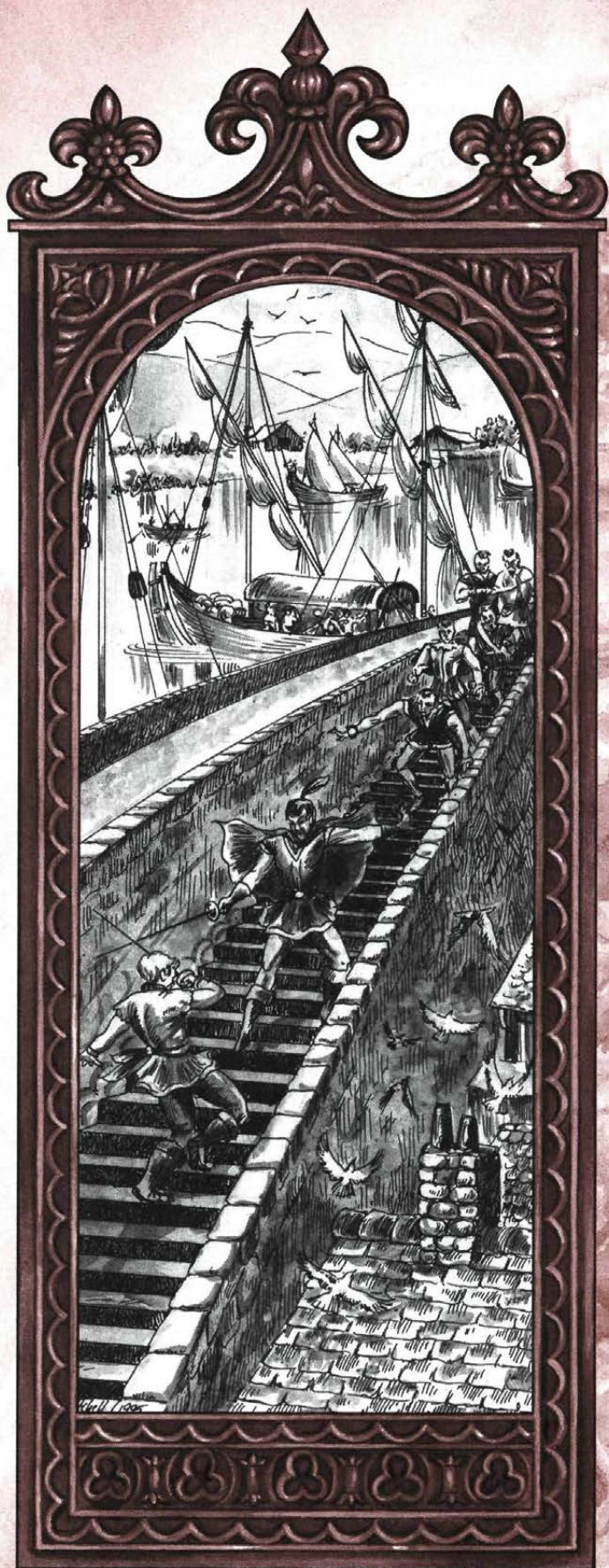
Tuor's Hold is another of Tuornen's great agricultural provinces, exporting its vast grain surplus to both Avanil and Endier. Its people are somewhat more worldly than their northern brethren, interacting regularly with people from the neighboring domains.

towns

The towns of Tuor's Hold and Bellamie (the southernmost town in Tuornen) both enjoy a brisk trade with Avanil and Endier. Indeed, Bellamie is on such friendly terms with the city of Endier that some residents consider them sister cities, much as Lofton and Haes once were.

local authority

Jaedime Tuor, Countess of Tuor's Hold, survives as one of the last truly grand noblewomen of Tuornen. A lady in the traditional sense of the word, Jaedime avoids dirtying her hands in messy affairs of state. She instead prefers to see herself as an ambassador to the south, deferring to her two wardens, Boroen and Shallea Cavaene (brother and sister) in matters of justice and administration. Jaedime's banquets and balls are things of local legend, many of them hosted in the aging but splendid halls of Tuor's Hold itself.



Six counts serve the duchess, each responsible for his or her own province. Sheriffs administer the remaining two regions. During the War of Brothers, attrition among the nobility forced Dalton either to ennoble new counts or appoint common men as governors. He chose the latter, his childhood among commoners having given him democratic leanings. Since then, sheriffs have overseen the affairs of Monsedge and Alamsreft. The people of both provinces take great pride in being governed by individuals recruited from their own families.

Some of the counts employ wardens, men and women responsible for enforcing the laws of the province. Wardens are technically subordinate to sheriffs, though the counts often consider them of the same station. On the few occasions in which an inter-regional dispute has required the intercession of Haes, the regent has ruled in support of the sheriff's authority over a warden.

law of the land

Unofficially, the common folk administer most provincial justice themselves. Only when they cannot conceal a petty crime from the local lord do they bring it before him. For crimes of substance, however, the wardens of a count or the deputies of a sheriff must investigate and try the accused. The suspect may appeal to the count or sheriff, but those who do so and are found guilty almost always face more severe punishment.

Serious crimes like murder, rape, or arson are always brought before the count or sheriff.

Punishments for these offenses are severe, ranging from hard labor (especially in western Pechalinn or northern Elevesnemiere, where the threat of the Elf's attacks adds additional terror to the punishment) to death by hanging.

Only the regent can

sentence a criminal to execution by any other means, and none has yet chosen an alternate method.

High crimes such as assassination or treason must always come before the regent. The mandated punishment: death by hanging.

All towns (including the city of Haes) and most villages maintain a gaol or dungeon.

The dungeon of Haes has a reputation for being inescapable, though more than one minstrel sings a song of a daring youth, falsely accused of a serious crime, escaping cleverly from the dull-witted jailers. About half the towns also feature a set of stocks used to punish rude but minor crimes like vandalism or brawling.

tuor society

money

Like other realms of the Heartlands, Tuor-nen has adopted the Imperial standard for its commerce: copper farthings, silver pennies, and gold crowns. Tuor-nen adds a large silver coin called the *stag*, worth half a crown, and a large gold *royal* bearing the likeness of Dalton, worth five crowns. Tuor-nen's farthings are stamped with a sheaf of wheat, its pennies with a foaming mug, its crowns with the ducal crest. The reverse of all Tuor coins depicts an image of Tuor's Hold.

Electrum and platinum coins rarely appear in Tuor-nen, but merchants and innkeepers accept the currency of most other realms. The exception to this rule is Alamien money, which often meets refusal, and sometimes (particularly in Tuor's Hold or Alamsreft) earns the bearer hard questioning or even punishment.

customs

Tuor-nen has gained renown for one custom in particular: dueling. Tuor pride, notorious in the Heartlands, regularly escalates mild insults into deadly contests. Visitors to Haes are warned to tread lightly among the nobility, lest

they endanger both their diplomatic missions and themselves.

While the people of Tuor are proud and quick to anger, they are not foolhardy. Were the nobles of Haes permitted unlicensed dueling, their ranks would thin dangerously (and did, in the latter part of the previous century). Thus, Gilgaed Flaertes established the Laws of Dueling. Though he himself deplored the practice, Gilgaed knew that his young nobles would continue to slay each other over the pettiest offenses unless a lawful system allowed each party to save face.

Today, there are five orders of duels: Duel of Tongue, Duel of Craft, Duel to Blood, Duel to Yield, and the rare Duel to Death. Nobles, especially those living in Haes, take only the latter three duels seriously. They consider the former two common or clownish.

A **Duel of Tongue** is simply an argument—or in many cases, a contest of insults. The opponents agree on a judge, ideally a disinterested magistrate, but often the owner of an alehouse or the first passer-by who consents to the task. After negotiating a duration and number of rounds, each contestant takes his turn presenting his complaint . . . or his most venomous slurs. In Haes, the wittier contestant often wins, regardless of the substance of his arguments. In the few Duels of Tongue in outlying provinces, the more persuasive argument tends to win.

A **Duel of Craft** involves a competition between craftsmen or artisans who each believes his work superior to that of the other. Occasionally, contentious young nobles will be persuaded by their peers (or their elders) to resolve their differences in such a duel rather than to shed blood. In these cases, each opponent insists on a contest he feels he can win, and the cleverest opponents manipulate their rivals into choosing a contest in which they have a secret talent. An expert craftsman or respected artisan judges the duel, although his authority does not keep observers from offering unsolicited opinions.

The most common and most famous duels in Tuornen involve rapiers and daggers rather than gentler weapons. While other arms are permitted, the rapier reigns as the preferred weapon of dueling. A party who wishes to use a different weapon must offer a persuasive argument.

These more dangerous types of duels always take place in the presence of an official representative of the regent. In addition, each party brings his own attendant—called a “second”—who protects the combatant’s interest by watching for foul play.

Duels to Blood occur frequently, and the young fencers of Haes have developed a stiff-armed, high-standing style of fencing which lends itself well to pricking the wrist or arm of an opponent. Officiated

by sheriffs, military officers, or (occasionally) knights or nobles, these duels end when one participant draws first blood.

Duels to Yield are the most spectacular type of duel one is likely to see. Landed lords, knights, or sheriffs preside over these events, in which opponents fight until one party concedes by casting down a handkerchief. If an injured participant will not yield despite being blinded, unable to stand, or otherwise maimed beyond continuance, the official rules him to have yielded “of the body.” Losing such a duel without actually dropping the handkerchief is a celebrated way to save face. But this method does not always work: While no one has been charged with murder over a Duel to Yield since the turn of the century, there have been a dozen deaths so wrought.

Duels to Death rarely occur because the law forbids them. However, under extenuating circumstances the regent may authorize one. Only the regent can officiate a Duel to Death.

religion

The Western Imperial Temple and the Militant Order of Cuiraécen control holdings in Tuornen. In addition to serving the spiritual needs of the domain, both orders provide strong military presences in otherwise sparsely-defended areas. Unfortunately, this means the regent must treat them carefully in order to maintain their support.

The Imperial Temple is by far the more conservative. Its patriarch in Tuornen, Rhobher Nichaleir, actively participates in court politics. Nichaleir’s priests promote traditional values, patient negotiation, and obedience to one’s elders. While they do not defy Tuor society, the faithful believe that a more traditional social order would strengthen Tuornen.

The leader of the Militant Order is Fhylie the Sword, a strong-willed and outspoken half-elf warrior who would as often settle an argument with a Duel to Yield as with conversation. She adamantly supports Braedonnal Tuare, and one suspects she would prefer his rule to that of any more diplomatic regent. Her followers preach a litany of self-determination and personal honor which plays very successfully among the common folk and younger nobility.

the city of haes

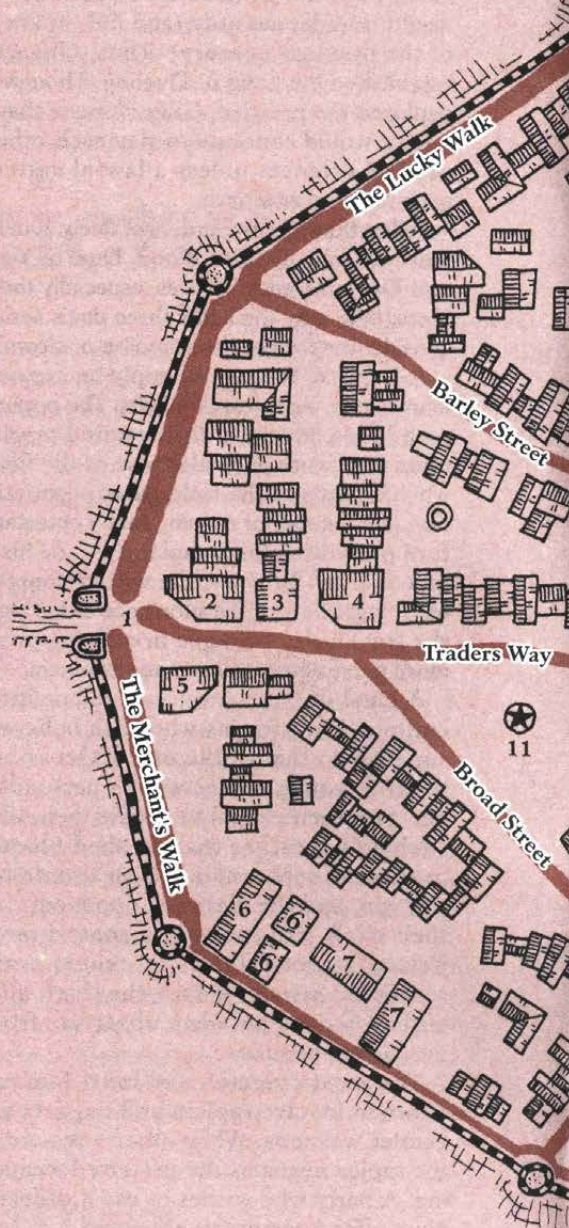
[LEGEND]

1. Trade Gate
2. Trader's Comfort (fine inn)
3. Lion's Pride (alehouse)
4. The Hayloft (inn)
5. Three-Penny Inn (cheap inn)
6. Stonecrown Coster Warehouses
7. Brosen Royal Guild Warehouses
8. Harry's (alehouse)
9. Forty Winks (inn)
10. The Gorgon's Crown (alehouse)
11. Telaena Flaertes (statue)
12. Farmer's Market
13. Maeve's Hoof (alehouse)
14. River Gate
15. The White Hart (fine alehouse)
16. Fish Market
17. The Siren's Song (fine alehouse)
18. Old City Gate
19. The Golden Flute (inn)
20. Remembrance Gardens (gardens)
21. Tuors' Stand (war memorial, statue)
22. Market Square (grand market)
23. The World's Stage (theatre)
24. The Merry Traveler (fine inn)
25. Dalton's Rest (gardens)
26. Dalton Triumphant (statue)
27. Brosen Royal Guildhall
28. Mother Hannah's (boarding house)
29. Temple (Military Order of Cuiraecen)
30. Ducal Gardens
31. Fiarelle of Tuarhievel (statue)
32. Reflecting Pool
33. Stonecrown Coster Guildhouse
34. The Kraken's Reach (cheap alehouse)
35. Chapel (Western Imperial Temple)
36. Castle Haes

⊙ = well

⊗ = statue

— = 100 feet



the city of haes



noble knighthoods

While both the Western Imperial Temple and the Military Order of Cuiraécen sponsor their own Knights Templar, three secular knightly orders exist within Tuornen.

The Order of the Unconquered Hart is the most prestigious among city nobles. Taking their icon from Dalton's own arms, Knights of the Hart pledge themselves to defending the regent and cities of Tuornen against tyranny. Devoted foes of Alamie, Knights of the Hart often aggressively pursue river bandits and root out suspected treason. One popular rumor claims that the order has an inner circle accessible only to those knights who have slain a declared enemy of Tuornen in single battle. Another suggests that some hopeful knights have stolen into Alamie under cloak of darkness to assassinate Alamien nobles. The order persecutes those who repeat this rumor.

The Griffons of Haes are an unusual order of knights, dedicated not to war but to peace through diplomacy. Founded in 541 after the death of Fiarelle of Tuarhievel, they honor both her and Gilgaed, whose refusal to declare war upon her murder saved countless lives and was, according to the Griffons, the only noble course. Though they are forbidden to duel to the death, a few members of this tiny order are formidable fencers, as proven on the bodies of those who challenge them for cowardice.

The Knights of the Hunt is a rural knighthood, though brash youths from the cities sometimes join their ranks. The Hunt devotes itself to defending the northwestern lands from incursions by

Rhuobhe's *gheallie Sidhe*, or Hunt of the Elves.

Brave and fierce as they are, the Knights of the Hunt have yet to win a sortie against the elves.

class division

The very basis of Tuornen's argument with Alamie was that nobility of birth should not be a requirement of succession. Yet ironically, Tuor society remains sharply divided between the tiny noble class and the vast common class. More subtle measures further divide each group, usually involving the political strength of one's house (for nobles) or the vague measure of the beauty and bounty of one's home province (for commoners). So while in public a Tuor noble might profess his belief that virtue lies as powerfully in the low born as in the high, in private he clings to old ideals.

blooded families

Six noble houses remain since the War of Brothers; no nobility of Alamsreft or Monsedge survived. Of the contemporary noble houses, Tuor and Haesrien command the most respect and power, while Elevesnemiere and Nabhriene present economic and political strength. Most Tuor nobles consider Ghonallison and Pechalinn lesser, rural houses.

house ghonallison

Without exception, warriors and hunters compose the large family of Robin, Count of Ghonallison (MA; R5; *Re, major*, 25). Popular among their own people, but mocked as "country clods" by the more urbane nobility, members of this house seem content to range the lands they oversee and seldom appear at court. Most of them interact frequently with the farmers and herdsmen of the county, and marriages between Ghonallison children and commoners seldom cause surprise.

House Ghonallison boasts one of the older and stronger bloodlines in Tuornen. While none of its members have been particularly ambitious, about half a dozen roamed the Five Peaks and beyond, returning with stories of triumphant battles against goblins and worse monsters.

house pechalinn

Kerran Pechalinn (*MA; F4; An, tainted, 10*) rules in his father's stead, as the old count lies withered and bedridden. Kerran's three daughters, Regan (*FA; F3; An, tainted, 7*), Julia (*FA; 0-level; An, tainted, 7*) and Beatrice (*FA; 0-level; An, tainted, 7*), are all married and spend most of their time managing their lands and raising their families. Although Regan is the heir apparent, she and her husband, Richard, quarrel often and publicly about which of them is the head of their house. Regan seems to be winning the ongoing argument, which most residents of Merrel find a source of great entertainment. Should the playful feud ever turn genuinely heated, it could jeopardize the welfare of the province.

house haesrien

The courtly, well-educated, and worldly scions of House Haesrien believe themselves central figures of Haes politics. Montros, the eldest brother, controls the house as its patriarch. Shrunken and hardened by age, he appears at once fragile and powerful. Between his impeccable demeanor and theatrical voice he maintains a commanding presence at court.

Yet his brother Braedon's eldest daughter creates the most impact on Haes. Upon Braedon's retirement, Merraele (*FA; T7; Vo, minor, 18*) assumed his duties as ambassador to Alamie. While no one expected her to do anything but avoid offending Carilon Alam, she has actually managed to develop a civil (if not friendly) relationship with the prime enemy of Tuornen. Yet jealousy of her success—or suspicion of it—has prompted many among the court to voice concern that Merraele is perhaps too successful in her work. How can one credit her knowledge of Alam's military placements? Has she traded secrets in return? Could she compromise the security of Tuornen? Or is she an artful manipulator who could prove a potent enemy against Alamie? Whatever her motives, Merraele's talents as a spy have been invaluable to Tuornen in her five years of service.

house elevesnemièrè

Bramm, Count of Elevesnemièrè (*MA, F1; Az, minor, 22*), controls his province with help from his warden and niece, Erin Hunter (*FA; R3; Az, minor, 19*). Undistinguished among the local people, the current generation of House Elevesnemièrè (including nearly 20 daughters, sons, nieces, and nephews) lobbies aggressively in Haes. When not petitioning the court for their province, family members hone their dangerous skills of courtly intrigue.

Although many young city-based nobles make the mistake of considering Elevesnemièrè a house of backward farmers, few make the mistake twice.

The Elevesnemièrè bloodline descends from Azrai, a fact not lost on the other houses. All members of the house know of the stigma attached to their lineage, and so take care to comport themselves with honor and virtue. Those who question the behavior of a young Elevesnemièrè often receive their answer on the point of a rapier.

house nabhriene

Rissa, Countess of Nabhriene (*FA; 0-level; Br, minor, 18*), and her seven children are the sum of their house. Court gossip suggests that Rissa would like her offspring to marry into the Tuor or Elevesnemièrè houses, then return to increase Nabhriene holdings. Considering the wild reputation of her children, most anticipate that they will be lucky to marry at all.

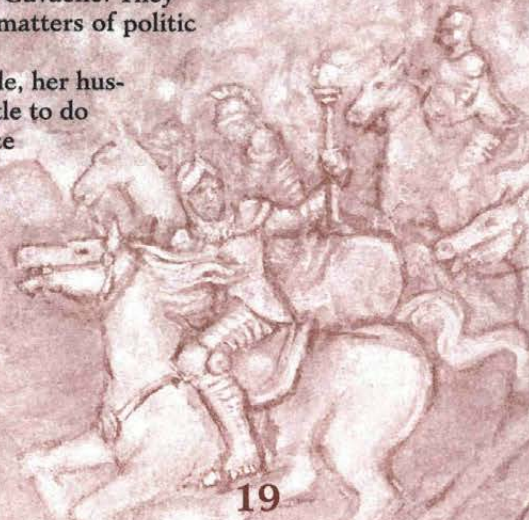
Each of Rissa's four teenage daughters and three teenage sons is a thief of 1st or 2nd level. Those aware of their bent for picking pockets or entering locked chambers for a quick search do not invite them for extended visits.

house tuor

Jaedime, Countess of Tuor (*FA; T3; Br, minor, 16*), enjoys her reputation as the most elegant lady of Tuornen. Such is her stature that members of most courts in the Heartlands will not consider a newly ascended noble to have "arrived" until Jaedime has hosted a banquet in his honor. Exacting discrimination in her invitations contributes to the legendary status of Jaedime's hospitality: No one of common station is ever invited to her festivities.

As ambassador to Avanil, Jaedime functions as more than simply a decorative countess. She does, however, leave the military and legal administration of Tuor's Hold to her wardens, Boroen and Shallea Cavaene. They bring all high crimes and matters of politic directly to her attention.

Quiet and all but invisible, her husband and children have little to do with governing the province but are rarely found away from Jaedime.



The following nonplayer characters are significant members of Tuornen society. They have special skills and/or hold important positions in the domain, and therefore do not represent the general population of Tuornen. If the DM allows, feel free to add or modify NPCs to personalize the Tuornen ruled by your character.

gilgaed flaertes

5th-level Anuirean Fighter

S: 6
D: 14
C: 8
I: 5
W: 12
Ch: 9

AC: 10
hp: 24
MV: 12
THAC0: 17
#AT: 1
Dmg: by weapon



Bloodline: Formerly Brenna, minor; now none because he invested his successor.

The most recent and one of the most celebrated rulers of Tuornen, Gilgaed distinguished himself in diplomacy and lawmaking rather than in battle. While those devoted to Cuiracén pine for the early days of martial glory, older citizens of Tuornen revere Gilgaed's long, measured rule as the golden age of this young nation.

Gilgaed appeared strong and vital until the untimely death of his elf wife, Fiarelle of Tuarhievel. Since her assassination 10 years ago he has become a shadow of his former self.

The first signs of Gilgaed's advancing senility surfaced as little more than eccentricities. Foremost among them: a passion for toys, especially mechanical animals, soldiers, and monsters. For hours he would delight in watching the children of the court play with the most fabulous toys his

guild agents could procure. Eventually, Gilgaed's reputation for loving clever toys—and paying extravagant sums for them—brought the master craftsman Baubb to his court. Employed by the court, Baubb fashioned extraordinary mechanical toys for the noble children and, of course,

Gilgaed himself. Soon

Gilgaed's advisers found him sitting amid the toys on the floor more often than dealing with matters of state.

After months of gentle pressure from his friends and counselors, Gilgaed gathered the courage to admit that he was no longer fit to rule. He summoned

important npcs

a priest to perform the ceremony of investiture, and abdicated from the throne in favor of his heir.

If the DM allows, Gilgaed's ceremony of investiture has granted your PC ruler 59 Regency Points and 2 additional bloodline strength points.

braedonnal tuare

7th-level Elf Fighter

Str: 17
Dex: 16
Con: 10
Int: 12
Wis: 9
Cha: 15

AC: 0, 3, or 8
hp: 37
THAC0: 14
#AT: 3/2 or 2
Dmg: 1d8+special



Bloodline: Basaia, major, 38

Blood Abilities: Alertness, divine wrath, resistance (great)

Equipment: *Firebrand* (a flame tongue sword), elven chain mail, shield +2

Other: Specialized with long sword

Braedonnal earned his nicknames, Hotspur and Firebrand, long before he won his sword (which he named *Firebrand*) in battle during Tuornen's secession from Alamie. Indeed, there are those who swear that the now-famous weapon draws fuel from the elf commander's hatred of his wicked kinsman, Rhuobhe Manslayer. Others whisper their fear that Braedonnal's well-known enmity with the awnsheg merely fronts his own disdain for the humans with whom he lives. In Braedonnal's 100 years serving the

duchy, however, no one has proven him anything but a loyal defender of the land.

The most prominent member of the Militant Order of Cuiraécen, Braedonnal often clashes with Rhobher Nichaleir and other proponents of the Western Imperial Temple of Haelyn. Nichaleir protests that any strong military action against either Rhuobhe or Alamie would begin a war that could decimate Tuornen. Braedonnal believes that the people of Tuornen will never be free until the threats of the Elf and Carilon Alam are eliminated for good. Hotspur would especially love to lead an army through Clearwater Pass to raze Tower Ruannoch to the ground.

While he has served as the single most important lieutenant to each of Tuornen's past regents, Braedonnal has become perhaps too popular. Should he ever break with the current regent, many Tuors might pledge loyalty to him rather than to the rightful ruler. Coupled with his tendency to disobey the letter of the law, Braedonnal, if provoked, could prove dangerous for whomever rules the domain.

Note: Because of his elven longevity and his commitment to serving Dalton's descendants, Braedonnal is an exception to the *Ruins of Empire* guideline that limits levels of lieutenants.

archprelate rhobher nichaleir

13th-level Anuirean Priest

Str: 12
Dex: 11
Con: 9
Int: 15
Wis: 18
Cha: 14

AC: 0 or 10
hp: 46
THAC0: 14
#AT: 3/2
Dmg: 1d8

Bloodline: Anduiras,
great, 37

Blood Abilities: Divine aura, divine wrath,
protection from evil, unreadable thoughts



Equipment: Plate mail +2, spear +1

Other: +1 to hit with spear, weapon of choice; 31
Regency Points accumulated

At the age of 60, Rhobher remains in such good shape that no one should underestimate him on the field. On occasions of high ceremony, Rhobher wears his sculpted but hardly ceremonial armor and shield, assuring all his congregation that he is willing to fight for his beliefs.

Despite his calling, this priest of the Western Imperial Temple of Haelyn is far less a man of war than of philosophy. Conservative and loyal as much to Avanil as to Tuornen, he champions what he considers to be the proper hierarchy at every turn. He scorns those who delight in caprice, mischief, or—worst of all—disobedience. Everyone has his or her place, believes Rhobher, and it is a sin to break out of the proper order.

Resentful of the power held by the Militant Order, and concerned that it represents a force of chaos far more than of good, Rhobher attempts to thwart the order at every turn. He speaks openly in criticism of Fhyllie and has managed to become a near-enemy to Braedonnal Tuare. It is only a matter of time, argues Rhobher, before Braedonnal places his personal honor before the good of the duchy.

Rhobher enjoys broad support among the heads of the noble houses, as well as among the older natives of Tuornen. They know all too well the dangers of rash action, and they embrace the Western Imperial Temple's philosophies of caution and order.

fhyllie the sword

6th-level Half-Elf Priest

Str: 16
Dex: 15
Con: 10
Int: 10
Wis: 15
Cha: 12

AC: -1 or 9
hp: 29
THAC0: 15
#AT: 1
Dmg: 1d6+4

Bloodline: Anduiras,
minor, 18
Blood Abilities:
Battlewise,
courage



Equipment: *Chain mail* +2, *shield* +2, *Venger* (long sword +3)

Young and vital, aggressive and daring, Fhylie the Sword makes the perfect speaker for the Militant Order of Cuiraécen. Her compact frame seems far too small to house her bellowing voice, but when roused to argument, she can shake the timbers with her shouts. Few like to cross her, and few do. Rhobher Nichaleir and his priests are the noted exceptions.

Rumors link Fhylie romantically to Braedonnal Tuare, but most people suggest that the rumors have no substance, or that Fhylie may wish them true, but Braedonnal remains indifferent. Her violent and nearly fatal answer to such suggestions has put quiet the subject (at least within her hearing). Whatever the truth, she remains an outspoken supporter of Braedonnal in public, and he remains a visible, if not terribly devout, supporter of her church.

Young nobles and soldiers compose most of Fhylie's followers, especially in the city. Hers is the faster-growing of the two faiths in Tuornen, and some fear that the larger her church grows, the more likely Tuornen will go to war. Others say that the health of the Militant Order simply demonstrates the country's preparedness.

Fhylie always enters games when they are called, and few can rival her at the joust. Unlike the staid Nichaleir, she gathers her flock by example more than argument.

baubb the toymaker

5th-level Anuirean Thief



Str: 8
Dex: 17
Con: 9
Int: 15
Wis: 11
Cha: 12

AC: 7
hp: 18
THAC0: 15
#AT: 1
Dmg: 1d4+special

Bloodline: None
Items: *Dagger of venom*,
amulet of proof against
detection and location

Beneath the guise of a gentle toymaker lies a heart as cold as any winter night. Baubb the Toymaker delights only in his mechanical inventions. He loves placing the gears and springs in just the correct manner to make his toys walk or jabber or leap. And he adores laying his deadly automatons in just the right hands to make the court of Tuornen gasp and stagger and wail.

When Carilon Alam learned of Gilgaed's new-found love of toys, he ordered his agents to search for a craftsman. Carilon wanted someone to construct a deadly toy to send his hated cousin. But when his agents returned with the harmless-looking Baubb, and the Duke saw what extraordinary mechanicals the toymaker could create, his mind turned to a craftier and far more insidious plot.

Carilon sent Baubb to Tuornen by way of Endier. There, the clever toymaker presented his services to Gilgaed and the entire court. For years now, he has made such wondrous mechanical toys for Gilgaed and the children of the court that his reputation has spread throughout the Heartlands. What no one in Tuornen knows is that many of the toys Baubb creates are actually deadly traps, each poised to poison or stab, strangle or explode. When the time is right, Baubb's toys will throw the court of Tuornen into chaos, and then Carilon Alam will be able to recover Haes and all the lands that once belonged to Alamie.

Baubb sees everything in terms of "what works." Nothing pleases him more than to be given a task and then watch as his creations perform beyond expectations. It matters little how long it takes to create the desired effect, so long as everything *works*.

brynaen shander

3rd-level Anuirean Fighter

Str: 12
Dex: 14
Con: 13
Int: 16
Wis: 14
Cha: 13

AC: 5 or 10
hp: 17
THAC0: 18
#AT: 1
Dmg: 1d8

Bloodline: None
Items: *Ring of Truth*



The mayor of Haes is one of the most fervent enemies of Alamie and Lofton, though her wisdom and sense of fairness prevail over her hatred for her former homeland.

With her husband, Trenton, and infant children, Brynaen came to Haes nearly 30 years ago. Brynaen and Trenton wished to leave what they saw as a decadent city caught in the grip of a bitter and unpleasant ruler.

Unfortunately, while Brynaen quickly found engaging work as a scribe and clerk for the city, Trenton spent his days toiling in one laborious job after another. Sweeping streets, assisting carpenters, or carrying coals, Trenton always let his gaze stray across the river to Lofton. He missed the family and friends he had left behind, and gradually his disdain for Lofton turned to longing. One day, Trenton gathered his children and slipped back across the river without a word.

Brynaen refused to return to Lofton, though she pined for her husband and children. Her grief and sense of betrayal turned to redoubled hatred for Carilon and all things Alamien. Only work soothed her sorrow. She quickly advanced as far as a common woman could, becoming chief secretary and adviser to Morrin Haesrien, the mayor.

When Haesrien died, the political quarrels over his successor were greater than anyone expected. None of the Haesrien line was especially adept at administration, nor particularly trusted by Duke Gilgaed. After the houses contending for the position exhausted themselves with courtly manipulations, Gilgaed surprised them all by placing Morrin's assistant in his place.

Within a year, Brynaen proved Gilgaed's decision wise. The city not only recovered from ravages remaining since the War of Brothers, it thrived such that Haes now eclipses Lofton as a center of commerce.

Brynaen watches over her city with the protective gaze of a loving mother. But people who spend much time with her sometimes see those same careful eyes soften and turn toward the city across the river.

maeve, the witch of monsedge

9th-level Wizard

Str: 15
Dex: 10
Con: 15
Int: 17
Wis: 16
Cha: 9

AC: 10
hp: 22
THACO: 19
#AT: 1
Dmg: by weapon



Bloodline: Vorynn, major, 36

Blood Abilities: Alter appearance, enhanced sense (minor), long life (major), travel

Items: Staff of swarming insects, wand of polymorphing

So many varied stories about Mad Maeve's origin circulate among the alehouses of Tuorven that no one can say with surety who she is, what she wants, or what she is likely to do. Alternately feared and honored, Maeve is two parts bogey and one part myth. Nearly every Tuor in Monsedge worries that Maeve will cause him some terrible harm, while hoping at the same time that she will somehow save the land in time of peril.

All Tuors know for certain is that Mad Maeve has been seen from time to time ever since the War of Brothers. Those who see her describe her as a strong woman, sometimes young and possibly quite pretty under her ragged shawl, other times old and sinewy. She most often appears in Monsedge near the rim of Croaker Norge, where stories say the creaking of frogs heralds her presence; but people all along the river as far south as Alamsreft say they've seen Maeve haunting the old battlefields, stealing away from the house of a fever victim, or bathing her black hair in the gentle current of the Tuor River.

The regent of Tuornen controls about two-thirds of the law holdings in the land, some directly, others through her vassals. The rest belong to Aeris Boeruine or Darien Avan, each of whom has been busy with the slow business of building popular support within Tuornen. Beyond the law holdings, however, the ruler of Tuornen must negotiate with those who control the temples, guilds, and sources. In some cases, this negotiation proves far more difficult—and dangerous—than in others. But it is a necessary business, balancing all the powers of the domain in order to keep any one power from turning against the regent.

The following are maximum law/source levels for each province: Alamsreft (3/2), Elevesnemiene (2/5), Ghonallison (2/3), Haesrien (5/0), Monsedge (3/2), Nabhriene (3/2), Pechalinn (2/5), Tuor's Hold (3/2).

law holdings

While Tuornen maintains a small army, it controls substantial law holdings. Each of these retains at least a small detachment of guards or has support from a local militia. Every province contains at least one fortress or watchtower; every major town includes either a protective wall, or a manor or castle in which the citizens may take shelter in time of war. More importantly, the regent has vassals or other agents in place in most provinces, each prepared to deal justice or government to the populace. The regent of Tuornen commands law holdings in each province (holding levels in parentheses): Alamsreft (1), Elevesnemiene (2), Ghonallison (0), Haesrien (3), Monsedge (1), Nabhriene (0), Pechalinn (2), and Tuor's Hold (0).

Because Tuornen cannot depend on only the strength of its military to defend if diplomacy fails, cooperation between the government and the temples is especially important.

Nearly every law holding includes or cooperates with a nearby temple holding. Chapels are found in nearly every castle or manor, and monasteries of the Imperial Temple are often

located near the seat of a province's government.

Darien Avan, Prince of Avanil, controls law holdings in Nabhriene (2), Tuor's Hold (2), and Alamsreft (0). Avan enjoys such high popularity among Tuors that he undercuts the regent's own authority. In Tuor's Hold, this phenomenon derives partly from Jaedime Tuor's famous friendship with

holdings of tuornen

the prince. He is often the guest of honor at her most lavish banquets, and he frequently promises the protection of Avanil should Tuor's Hold—and presumably the rest of Tuornen—face the threat of invasion. Of course, whether the whole of Tuornen receives this protection probably depends much on how strongly the domain supports Darien in his leap to the Iron Throne.

In Ghonallison (2), Haesrien (2), Monsedge (0) and Pechalinn (0), it is Aeris Boeruine who has won the hearts of the people. Or at least he has become a symbol for what the Tuors would like in their own ruler: strength, decisiveness, ambition, and power. The local counts are not openly disloyal to the regent, but many wonder whether Ghonallison would remain a part of Tuornen if, in the issue of ascension to the Iron Throne, the regent sides with Darien Avan.

Both Avan and Boeruine collect regency from the law holdings loyal to them. Neither has used them against the regent of Tuornen, but both have hinted that they could “lend some support” even within the country's own borders. That support would require only reciprocity in either man's bid for the Empire. Unfortunately, absolutely no way exists to satisfy both rulers in this situation. If tested, either the prince or the archduke might not hesitate to draw upon the law he holds in Tuornen, possibly sundering the domain.

temples

The two temples within Tuornen, the Western Imperial Temple of Haelyn and the Militant Order of Cuiraécen, both support the regent. Their rivalry with each other, however, often affects the degree of support each provides. Since the Imperial Temple has enjoyed greater favor these past decades, the Militant Order has cooperated less than it might otherwise. In any event, both temples provide spiritual and



military strength to the region.

Both the Imperial Temple and the Militant Order have small local temples among the towns of Tuor-nen. Also, each has monastic holdings throughout the region, the Imperial Temple predominant in the south, the Militant Order in the north. The character of the monasteries of either temple differs drastically.

the western imperial temple

The Imperial Temple has a local temple (0) in Alamsreft and a (2) in Haesrien, as well as a monastic holding (2) in Monsedge and (3) in Tuor's Hold. Monasteries of the Imperial Temple are located close to towns. While not intended as havens during time of war (though many were used as such during the War of Brothers), they feature high walls and other strategic defense elements. The monks who reside in these places are generally soft-spoken but sociable, scholarly, and industrious. Most monasteries of the Imperial Temple produce excellent ale (in Elevesnemi-ere and Nabhriene they often win the local contests); some of those in the southern lands operate vineyards as well.

All Western Imperial Temple monasteries maintain libraries. Their monks often labor, copying

and illuminating holy and historical texts, or engaging in study. Many nobles send their children to monasteries for instruction in religion, philosophy, history, and rhetoric. In exchange, the nobles make substantial contributions to the monastery. In very rare cases, the monks will also take in a common child, but usually only in cases of orphans or children whose parents have proven unfit to raise them.

The Order of Haelyn's Grace

Knights of the Western Imperial Temple earn respect throughout the land for their knowledge, service, and wisdom. The order admits no one until he has served 10 years as a acolyte of the monasteries. Few under the age of 30 become knights, and most of their commanders have seen 60 years or more.

the militant order of cuiraécen

The monasteries of the Militant Order of Cuiraécen resemble military installments far more than they do typical monasteries. One, a holding (3), appears along the Tuor River in Alamsreft; a holding (2) lies along the border of Rhuobhe in Elevesnemiére; another (2) sits in the mountains of Ghonallison; the remote peaks of Pechalinn are also home to a holding (2). These monasteries operate under the philosophy that the spirit is best educated through the body, and that a defender of the faith must first defend the people in whom he hopes to instill that faith. Monks patrol the walls surrounding their sparsely furnished towers and fortresses, and sometimes range the province in patrols (with the permission of the count or sheriff).

The Militant Order houses only monks of the same faith and the animals that feed or serve them (riding horses are common). Other persons who seek shelter in these monasteries during peacetime may stay one day. If they wish to stay longer, then they must pledge themselves to the order and take their vows by the following sunset. A popular strain of tale among the Tuors involves a brigand or other scoundrel taking shelter among the monks of the Militant Order, only to be forced to join. When the blackguard breaks his vows and flees, terrible punishments find him—usually in the form of the betrayed monks, but sometimes in the guise of the angry Cuiraécen himself.

The Militant Order's only nod to art or pleasure is the practice of chanting prayers each day at dawn and dusk. The members' beautiful voices belie their militant philosophy. Nobles from all over the Heartlands call upon the Militant Order's monasteries to hear the wonderful sounds of their singing. Thus far, however, no group of monks has agreed to anything so base as a "performance" at a noble's own home. Pride or reverence prevents it.

In the mountains of
Ghonallison and
Pechalinn sit the
order's most
famous (or

infamous) monasteries, where young acolytes travel for their initial training and recalcitrant priests are sent to contemplate the error of their ways.

The Spears of Cuiraécen

The Spears of Cuiraécen are young, active, and proud. They see any business but war as unfitting to them, and expect deference and appreciation from the people. Despite their excessive pride, the order serves as an important addition to Tuornen's small army. While they pledge military service to the count of their province (they grudgingly acknowledge the authority of a sheriff, but never willingly serve one), the Spears inevitably compete with the count's own soldiers wherever they patrol. On a few occasions, this competition has caused serious quarrels, but these hot-tempered knights are also the only ones to win more often than lose when they battle Rhuobhe.

guilds

At present, all of Tuornen's major guilds are under the control of three individuals: Mheallie Bireon, Parnien Anuvier Iniere, and Eriene Mierelen. While the people of Tuornen manage their various craft guilds, all of them must answer to the trade guilds, which provide transportation, security, and negotiation for all of the local interests. A few of the labor guilds have struggled against the traders' domination, including the loggers, miners, and trappers of the north. Coincidentally (or perhaps not), these are the same guilds most often plagued by unpleasant accidents and unfortunate attacks by brigands.

Mheallie Bireon of Cariele controls interests through her Stonecrown Coster, Source of the Maesil, and Northlands Exchange. She has a holding (3) in Alamsreft, (2) in Ghonallison, (0) in Haesrien and (3) in Monsedge. Parnien of Avani's power lies in a guild (2) in Elevesnemiére, (0) in Nabhriene, (2) in Pechalinn, and (3) in Tuor's Hold. Eriene's Brosen Royal Guild has a holding (3) in Haesrien and (3) Nabhriene. Only in Haesrien does Tuornen's own regent control a guild (2).

None of the merchant lords cares a whit about the security

of Tuornen,
and at least two of them
would like nothing better than to undermine the regent's authority and grab up even more control. All care more for the gold they get by their ruthless and sometimes wicked dealings. One rarely finds a hero among merchants.

Mheallie Bireon and Parnien Anuvier Iniere hope to destabilize Tuornen to the point of overthrowing the regent. Whether they intend to rule themselves or install a puppet regent, no one knows. Considering their dealings, a strong possibility also exists that one could turn upon the other, given the proper incentive.

That Mheallie and Parnien successfully wrested control of the trade routes away from Gilgaed Flaertes attests to their guile and strength. Only a politician of the finest perception can hope to understand their diplomatic and financial maneuvering. But a few of their plans have failed, revealing their insidious motives on occasion. Some speculate that Mheallie and Parnien are responsible for bandit raids on their competitor's caravans within Tuornen, and for the burning of several storehouses in Haes.

sources

Throughout Tuornen, folklore designates certain locations as centers of magical power. In the southern counties, these locations often take the form of thick stands of trees or lonely meadows, unturned by the farmer's plow. Despite extensive farming in these areas, the lack of human constructions has left the regions relatively unadulterated. In the northern lands, lush mountain meadows or lonely, barren peaks are more commonly revered for their pristine power.

Caine of Endier controls the majority of Tuornen's sources, tapping the magic of a source (2) in Alamsreft, (5) in Elevesnemiére, (0) in Haesrien, (2) in Nabhriene and (2) in Tuor's Hold. During Gilgaed's reign, Caine promised to support Tuornen against Rhuobhe Manslayer in return for unobstructed use of the domain's sources. However, many accuse Caine of not following through on his half of the bargain. The Militant Order of Cuiraeccen rails against him, citing example after example of raids in which the Elf entered Tuornen with no magical opposition at all. Caine responds that he needs sufficient warning in order to muster himself for battle. The Militant Order stands not alone in suggesting that Tuornen needs a wizard of its

own, someone within Tuornen, someone who swears fealty to Tuornen first, before Endier or any other domain.


Unfortunately, Rhuobhe Manslayer also has a hold on the land. The Elf summons the magic of both Monsedge (2) and—to much greater effect—Pechalinn (5), where the deep forested mountains lend the Elf great freedom to visit the provinces unseen. No one knows whether he has created ley lines from Monsedge and Pechalinn to Ruannoch; if he has, then his seat of power is mighty indeed. Caine, as powerful as he is, cannot hope to oppose Rhuobhe easily. Perhaps it is fear of this terrible awnshegh which has kept him from fulfilling his pledge of assistance.

But a third power lurks in Tuornen, if the tales can be believed. Maeve, the Witch of Monsedge, is by all reports a true wizard. It may be that Ghonalison lies too distant for either Caine or Rhuobhe to claim. Or perhaps Maeve somehow blocks them from it . . . and perhaps she will establish a holding of her own there, or in Monsedge.

While most people believe Maeve to be a solitary creature, others suggest she commands a legion of goblins, descendants of an army swallowed up by Croaker Norge during the War of Brothers. If so, then it could be they who prey on the occasional lone traveler or ill-defended caravan. Others imbue her with more altruistic activities, believing that the small, valuable gifts left outside the door of fever victims are collected, and saved, by she who mysteriously cures them.

Everything whispered about Mad Maeve owes as much to imagination as to fact. And no one can count on her being a friend or a foe—simply put, no one knows. And no one will ever know unless someone travels down into Croaker Norge to discuss the matter with Mad Maeve herself.

Of all Tuornen's centers of magical power, none is so fearsome as Croaker Norge. While Rhuobhe controls the magic of the place, Mad Maeve has made it her home, if one believes the tales of the common folk. If the Witch of Monsedge ever does exercise her might, then there's little doubt that she will raise the ire of the Manslayer.



Opportunities for adventure abound in Tuornen. Although as the regent you can never know *everything* happening in your domain, whispered tales and reports of particularly interesting or unusual occurrences have a way of breaching the castle walls and finding their way to your ears. These pages reveal the latest gossip circulating the city of Haes. Let your DM know which threads you would like to pursue; he can then alter some of the suggestions to retain an element of surprise.

changeling

Leading a wild band of elf raiders, Rhuobhe Manslayer attacked a homestead in western Elevesnemiere. While by all accounts the ensuing massacre was an act of horror, it seems the Elf actually spared one child, whom he stole away. Reports from the lone survivor explain that the child stood still, her arms lifted up

to either side in a strangely calm gesture as the Manslayer's steaming charger raged across the field at her.

The girl's peculiar response to Rhuobhe's attack piqued the Elf's interest, and he slowed to question his victim before slaying her. But the girl said something that apparently provoked Rhuobhe to lift the child onto his steed and carry her back to his realm rather than kill her.

Most of the people of Elevesnemiere dread the child's new fate more than if she had been slain. But none can say with certainty what the Manslayer intends to do with the human child. Some speculate that the girl is in fact a half-elf. Others whisper—lest they be scorned or beaten by more sensible folk—that the young child found a thread of mercy in the Manslayer's heart, and that he has adopted her as his own.

Whatever the reason for Rhuobhe's actions, all eyes turn to the regent to see your response.

While a rescue attempt within the borders of Rhuobhe's domain seems unthinkable, all know that Braedonnal would love nothing better than to face the Manslayer. But few believe he—or anyone—could prevail against the awnshegh.

the witch of monsedge

Rumor has it that while Caine of Endier controls most of the realm's sources, the Madwoman of Croaker Norge has begun altering the ley lines he created over the years. Sightings of Mad Maeve occur so frequently of late that surely she is up to something, say the common folk. Should these rumors persist or—worse—should Caine himself send a message of complaint, then the regent must settle the issue.

Of course, finding Mad Maeve is a task more easily discussed than done. And once one finds her,

what does one say? It could prove more dangerous to imprison or

slay this mysterious figure than to leave Maeve to her devices. But learning just what those devices are could prove crucial to Tuornen: If

Maeve undermines only Caine's strength, then Rhuobhe becomes more powerful. But if the regent can bargain with her, then perhaps Maeve would serve as a more reliable source of wizardly aid to the realm than Caine has been.

gold robbers

Folk have come to expect the very rare instance of banditry in Ghonallison or Monsedge, especially when perpetrated by goblin bands who slip back into the safety of the Five Peaks after they have struck. But in the past few weeks, several wagons carrying large shipments of gold and silver have been attacked; their large guard units slain as if caught sleeping. If it had happened only once, you might be able to solve the problem by sending more guards. But three wagons have been lost. Clearly, this is no ordinary group of bandits.

the sleeping duke

One of the few real miracles associated with the regents of Tuornen is that the body of Dalton, first Duke of Tuornen, has never decayed. It lies still and perfect in his tomb below the chapel in Haes, and so he is called the Sleeping Duke. Most claim that this state denotes his divinity, or at least signifies that the gods favor Tuornen over Alamie.

Lately, however, a popular bards' tune has begun making the rounds again, and it is sung even within the court of Tuornen. The song claims that Dalton was never slain, but that he met the ghost of his beloved Lanelle upon the moor near Croaker Norge. So dearly did he love her that he gave over his living heart, even though it yet beat in his breast.

Here the tune and the story vary, depending on the singer—and upon the audience. Some versions grow sweet and wistful, explaining that Lanelle and Dalton yet live in the mists, two ghosts sustained by a single heart. Other versions slow to a sad dirge and reveal that Dalton was fooled. They say that the woman he met was not Lanelle, but a tricky witch, who claimed his heart to gain power over the land.

Many of the more superstitious residents of Monsedge hold with the second version and whisper that the witch in the story is none other than Mad Maeve herself. Others suggest that Dalton's heart yet beats, kept somewhere deep in Croaker Norge. If recovered and returned to the Sleeping Duke, they add, it will restore him to life and herald a new age of prosperity for Tuornen.

the best defense

Rumors credit Alamie's city of Sorentier with secretly training two units of heavily armored knights to make lightning strikes on Ghonallison, then slip back to the safety of their own borders. Once the news of this plan reaches Commander Braedonnal Tuare, nothing will keep him from making a pre-emptive strike against Sorentier . . . unless you do. But will staying Braedonnal's hand put Tuornen into Carilon Alam's? Will you let Braedonnal launch his pre-emptive strike, or devise a better military reaction? Or perhaps the new regent inherited Gilgaed's mastery of diplomacy along with his realm, and can find a bloodless solution.

festival

Though provocation rarely occurs between common folk sharing the river, an unruly group sometimes finds its way from one side to the other for local festivals, almost always looking for trouble. On other occasions, a few young people cross the river for no other reason than to join the dances and celebrate.



But when a teenage boy from Alamsreft is found stabbed to death, and a pair of bloody-handed Alamiens are found sleeping in a nearby loft, much more than a murder investigation is at stake. It may take the intervention of the regent herself to prevent a return to war with Alamie.

star-crossed lovers

A young woman from Haes and a young man from Lofton try to elope. Her family discovers the "kidnaping" before the pair can escape Haes, but the priestess who knows the couple's hiding place will not speak. The Western Imperial Temple and Brynaen Shander both demand that the priestess, a member of the Militant Order of Cuiraécen, turn over the lovers to the authorities. But she is bound by oath not to betray them. To make matters more complicated, an emissary from Lofton appears, demanding the young woman's arrest and prosecution. The young man's family contends that she has used a *charm* spell to capture his affections, when all she desires is his wealth.

battle of the beers

The competition between Elevesnemiére and Nabhriene has grown so strong that both the count and the countess have requested that the regent herself judge the Autumn Beer Festival. Rumor has it, however, that someone plans to poison the best keg of one side's beer. Can you keep the rivalry between these two provinces friendly without drinking your last stein? And what will you do when the master brewer of Avanfair turns up drowned in his own stout porter?

traitor?

Three separate reports reach you that Braedonnal Tuare, your trusted lieutenant, quietly steals away at night from the unit he commands in Pechalinn. Soldiers who have spied his furtive actions confirm that he leads a horse quietly off into the

woods, then rides up into the mountains toward Rhuobhe. He always reappears the next morning, and none dares question him. But his subordinate officers fear that he is not scouting on his own, but meeting someone.

What legitimate business could Braedonnal have in Rhuobhe's domain? And how will you set about discovering it?

business pressure

The guilds of Haes have become difficult to deal with lately, insisting on outrageous conditions before acceding to your wishes. And somehow the ducal coffers continue to dwindle, even though the last harvest was abundant and trade has never been more brisk. Worst of all, your most agreeable guilders have developed the unpleasant habit of turning up dead, while the most disagreeable display a great deal more conspicuous wealth than ever before.

Your advisers concur: Someone is paying your own merchants to resist your wishes, and punishing those who don't cooperate. Investigations may uncover traitors in the court, a dark web of blackmail and extortion, or even a guild of thieves operating within the very walls of Haes.

an invitation to dine

Rhuobhe Manslayer sends you an invitation to dine at Ruannoch, "to discuss matters of mutual concern." Only a fool would accept; Braedonnal, the Western Imperial Temple, and all your advisers agree on this point. The Manslayer simply wants to learn whether the new regent is foolish enough to deliver herself to an overwhelmingly powerful enemy who has everything to gain from her death. Or does he? What if the invitation is legitimate, tendered in the spirit of diplomacy—and you refuse?

center stage

Nobles and commoners alike flock to the playhouse in Avanfair whenever the famed Miranella Flaertes debuts a new production. This time, her play chronicles Braedonnal Tuare's defense of Haes, his slaying of

Jerem Alam,
and his banishment by
Duke Gilgaed. After the first night's
performance, the Western Imperial Temple
denounces Miranelle as a traitor to the throne for
portraying Gilgaed as a weak and foolish king while
lionizing the disobedient Braedonnal. The commander's
supporters among the Militant Order of Cuiraécen
praise the play as the first true depiction of that
particular era of Tuornen's history. Will hostilities
break out? And what of rumors that Miranelle is
in fact a previously unknown relation to the ducal
family—one who wouldn't mind becoming a Dalton
to your Berric?

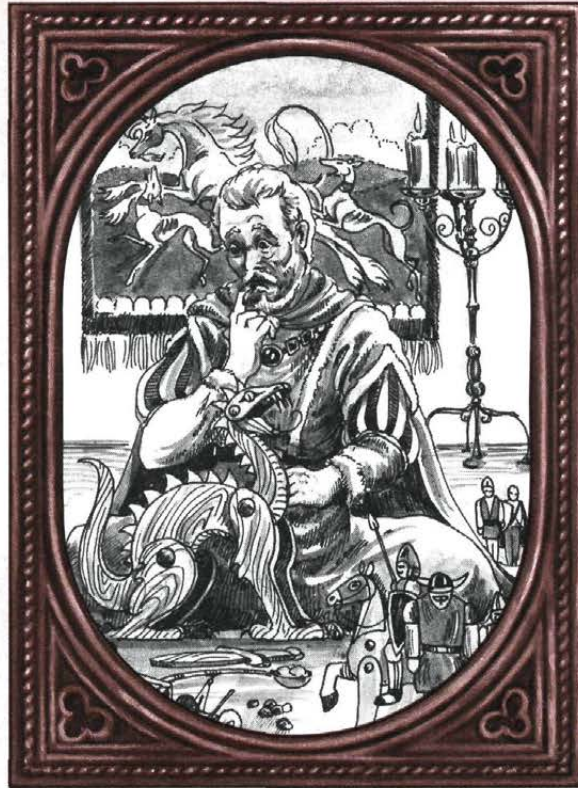
rescue

While visiting Monsedge, you hear the story of a
child who disappeared near Croaker Norge. The
mother went searching for her boy, but now she is
gone, too. Both of them were last seen near the
mossy lip of Croaker Norge, and no one will vol-
unteer to descend that dripping canyon to search
for the missing pair—unless you order it. But
Tuors prefer their regents to lead by example
rather than by dictate. Are you willing to head the
search party, even if it means leading the way into
the most feared and desperate spot in all your
domain?

wicked games

Nearly every member of Tuornen's unsuspecting
court owns at least one of Baubb's unique toys.
In fact, adults as well as children covet and collect
the mechanical dolls. When will these deadly
traps be sprung, and what will happen as a result?
Will the death of the court's children (and, quite
probably, Gilgaed Flaertes—Baubb's number one
client) galvanize the duchy into war against
Alamie? Or will the mourning which follows give
enemy forces just the edge they need for a sur-
prise assault?

On a related thread, if Baubb the Toymaker
finally is discovered to be an Alamien spy, the
question becomes whether to punish him or to
use him against his master. The former course is
safer and far more sure, but the latter could pro-
vide a great weapon against the intrigues of Car-
ilon Alam. The trick, of course, involves manipu-
lating Baubb without revealing that his mission
has been discovered.



birthday gifts

When Baubb the Toymaker presents the regent
with two full-size mechanical dolls, even he seems
surprised at their lifelike antics. One, a male clown,
capers about the court like a fool, reacting with
seeming human perception to those around him—
aping gestures, mimicking expressions, and gawk-
ing back at those who laugh at him. The other doll,
a graceful dancer, sweeps around her pedestal in
beautiful but predictable choreography while a
clockwork harpsichord plays a popular love song.

While Baubb clearly cannot reclaim his gifts
to the regent, he seems especially agitated at
the success of his creations. Close examina-
tion by any member of the court reveals
that these constructions are not humans
in disguise, and visiting wizards have
expressed wonder at the dolls,
insisting that they must be
golems of exquisite design.
But what are they truly?
And why does Baubb
seem so surprised
by them?

In ruling Tuornen, you can be brash and bold, or careful and calculating. Heeding Braedonnal's advice might lead you to oppose the Elf, choose a side in the struggle for the Iron Throne, or strengthen your army with the intention of opposing Carilon Alam. If you listen more to Rhobher Nichaleir, you may play Boeruine and Avanil against each other, maintain a defense against Rhuobhe Manslayer without invading his realm, or cultivate allies in other domains. The former choice might lead you to glory, but the latter is more likely to ensure a long and prosperous rule.

As regent of Tuornen, you face the problem of striking a balance between caution and daring. Here, then, are some tips to make sure your rule is both long *and* glorious.

avoid the struggle for empire

Taking a side in the conflict between Archduke Boeruine and Prince Avanil would provide you with a great ally in the short term. But if you choose the wrong side, the cost could be far too great. Situated between both of those great domains, Tuornen lies vulnerable should hostilities break out. And the land still has not healed itself from its own break from Alamie. You must not let Tuornen become a battleground again.

keep braedonnal in line

Your lieutenant may be brash and difficult to control, but he has a long record of success. No one else knows the history of your land more intimately than does Braedonnal, and none has proved a more loyal servant to the regency. But you must consider his advice carefully before allowing him to embark upon a venture. If you can find other avenues for his fiery heart—perhaps in adventures of your own choosing—he may be better satisfied with a more cautious rule.

If war does come again to Tuornen, however, you could want no better lieutenant.

strategy tips

beware the elf

Braedonnal's hatred of the Elf may run too hot, but Rhuobhe Manslayer does indeed pose a great threat to the land. When the mighty awnshegh charges down from Ruannoch with his warriors, Tuornen suffers as his favorite target. One of the most powerful awnsheghlien, Rhuobhe cannot be easily defeated—he may not be defeated at all. Can you find a way to repel or even triumph over this powerful abomination? Or at least devise a scheme to keep him busy in his own lands?

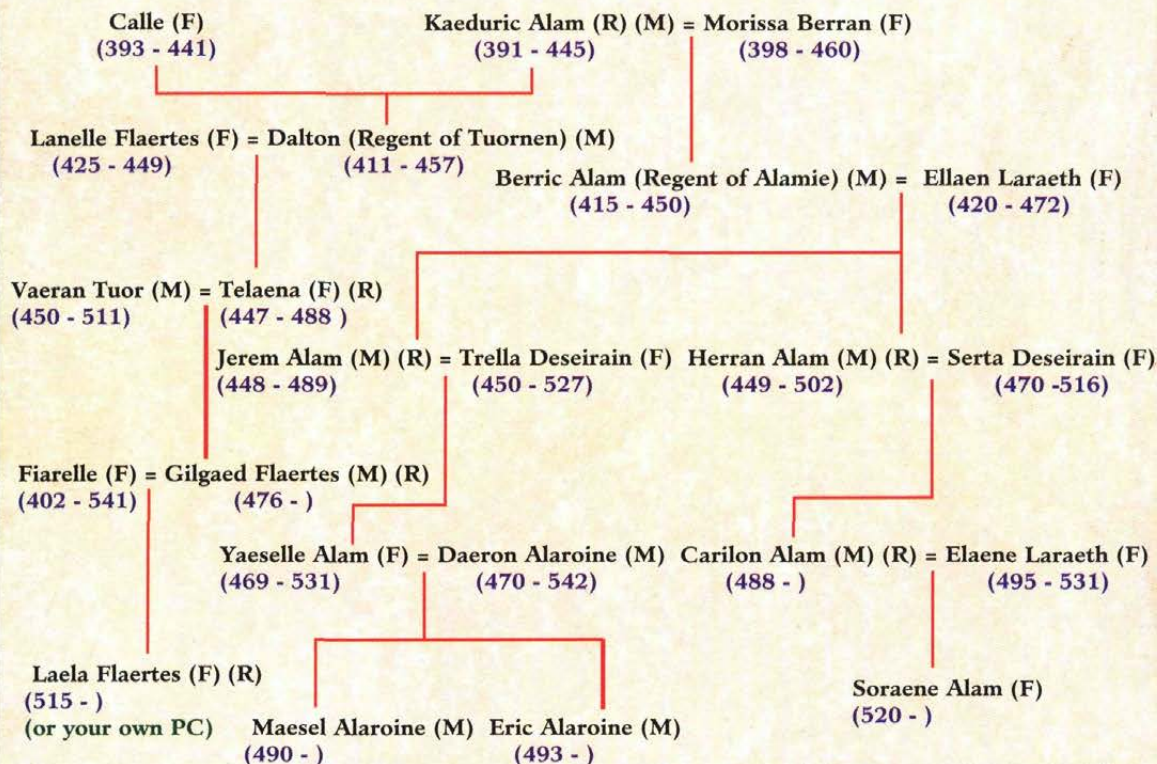
keep an eye on your court

Whatever else threatens the realm, Tuornen can never seem to avoid internal squabbles. While you have no reason to believe (yet) that any of your nobles has set his eyes on your throne, the popular belief that anyone can rise to greatness does incline Tuors toward ambition. More importantly, foreign agents may agitate against you, especially the guilders Mheallie Bireon of Cariele and Parnien Anuvier Iniere of Avanil. And don't discount Carilon Alam. While most bards' tales draw him as a blustering fool, a careful schemer plots in Lofton.

gather your strength

With two temples vying for your subjects, two wizards reaching into your land for power, and two would-be emperors competing for your alliance, something must break sooner or later. To prepare for the day on which you must fight—be it through religion, magic, politics, or even war—you must gather the strength of your realm even as you try to keep all the opposing forces at bay. If you can strengthen your armies without igniting a war, consolidate the support of the temples without alienating one of them, secure your trade routes and commerce without falling to the guilders' schemes, and acquire a loyal wizard without angering Caine or provoking Rhuobhe . . . future bards will sing of you as one of the greatest regents in Tuornen's history.

the alam/flaertes lines



Key

M: Male F: Female
 R: Regent = Marriage
 All dates in
 Michaeline Reckoning

timeline of tuornen

- | | | | |
|-----|--|-----|---|
| 411 | Birth of Dalton | 489 | Alamie invades unsuccessfully |
| 414 | Marriage of Kaeduric Alam and Morissa Berran | | Braedonnal Tuare slays Jerem Alam |
| 415 | Birth of Berric Alam | 491 | Gilgaed assumes regency |
| 445 | Death of Kaeduric Alam | 493 | Assassination attempt foiled |
| 447 | Birth of Telaena | 502 | Marriage of Gilgaed Flaertes and Fiarelle of Tuarhievel |
| | War of Brothers begins | 509 | Braedonnal Tuare banished |
| 448 | Tuornen declares independence | 514 | Rhuobhe Manslayer Ravages Elevesnemiere |
| 449 | Goblins slay Lanelle Flaertes | 519 | Braedonnal's return |
| 450 | Death of Berric Alam, War of Brothers ends | 541 | Death of Fiarelle |
| 457 | Death of Dalton; Telaena assumes regency | | War with Alamie narrowly averted |
| 476 | Birth of Gilgaed Flaertes | 551 | Gilgaed abdicates |
| 488 | The Elf slays Telaena Tuor | | Present day |
| | Vaeran Flaertes becomes regent | | |

All Dates in Michaeline Reckoning

The Duchy of Tuornen

The Five Peaks

Boeruine

Sorentier

Alamie

Rhuobhe

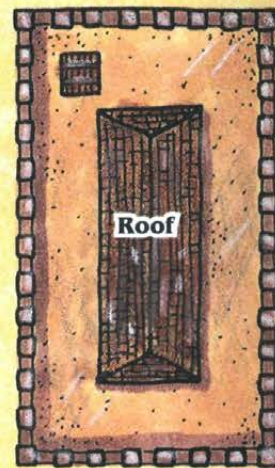
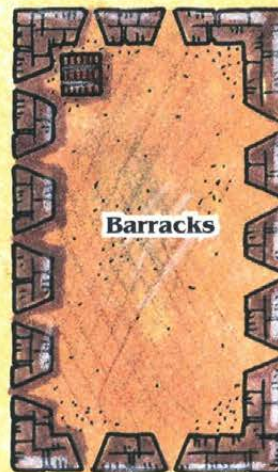
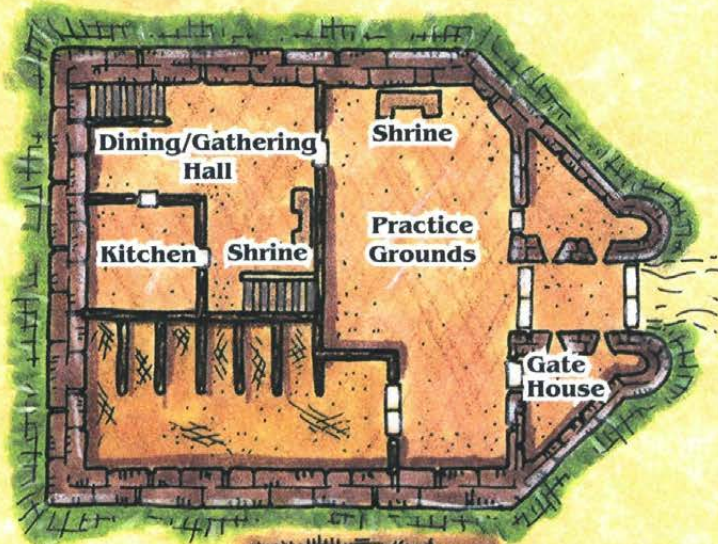
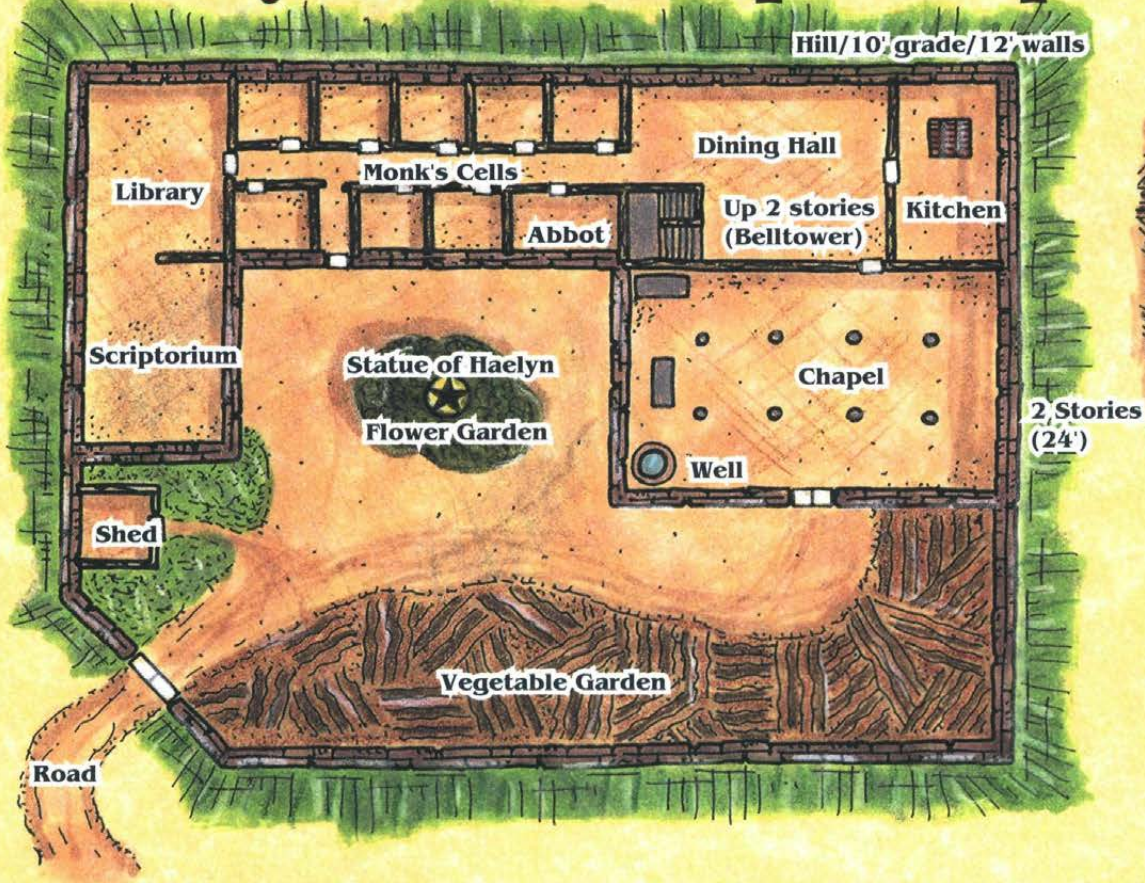
Avanil



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Endier

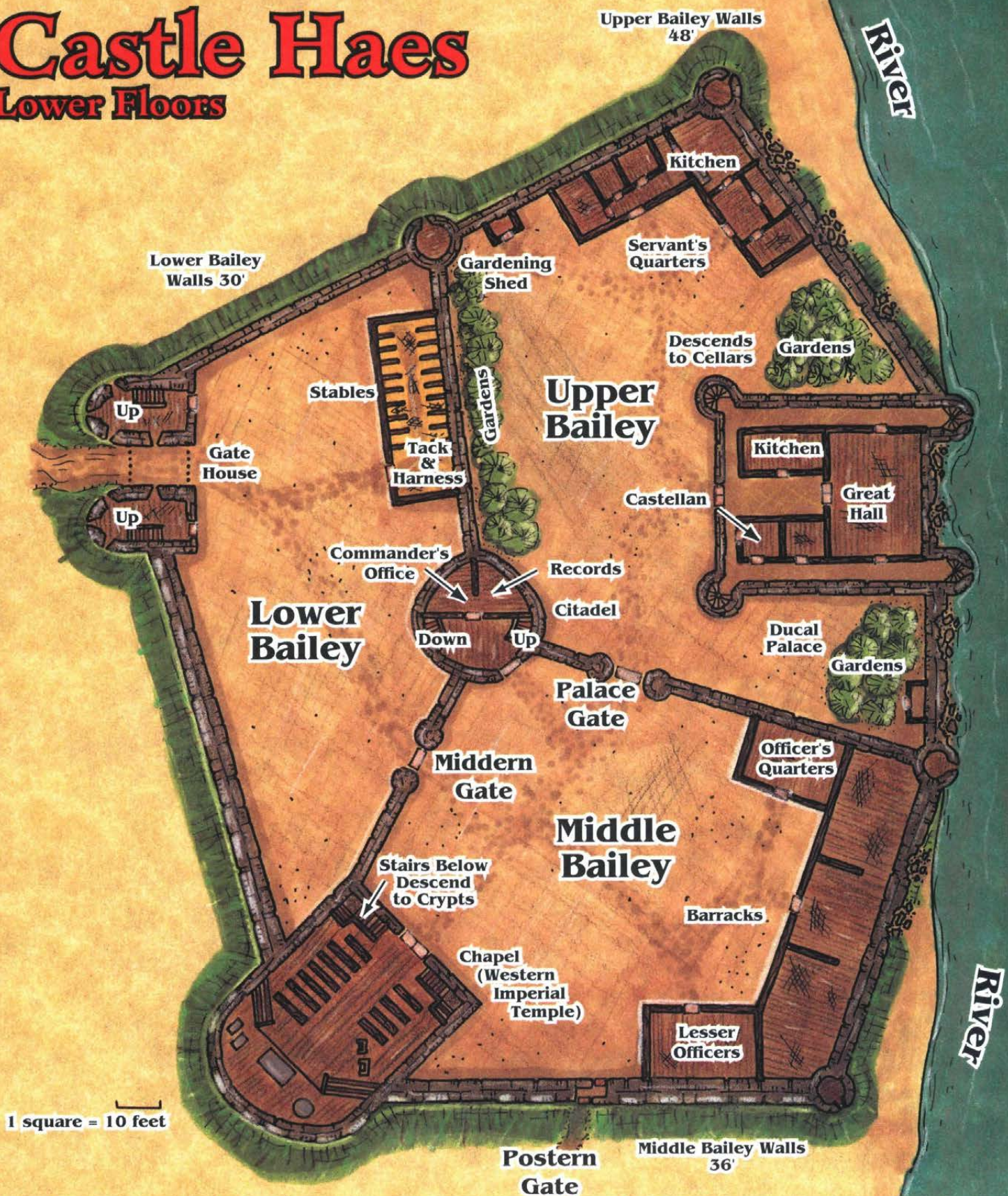
Monastery of the Western Imperial Temple



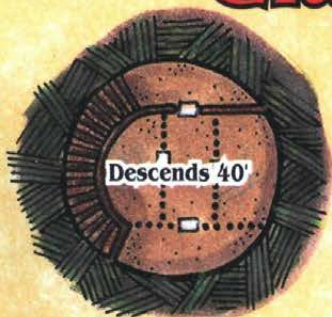
Monastery of the Militant Order of Cuiraecen

Castle Haes

Lower Floors



Citadel



Dungeon



Second Floor

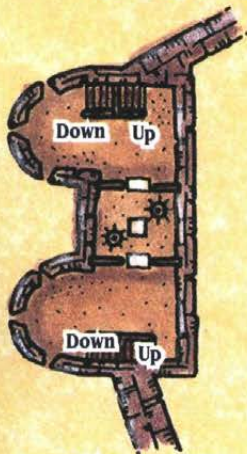


Third Floor

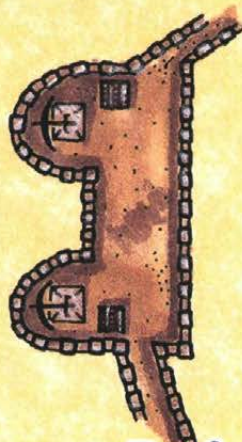


Roof

Gate House

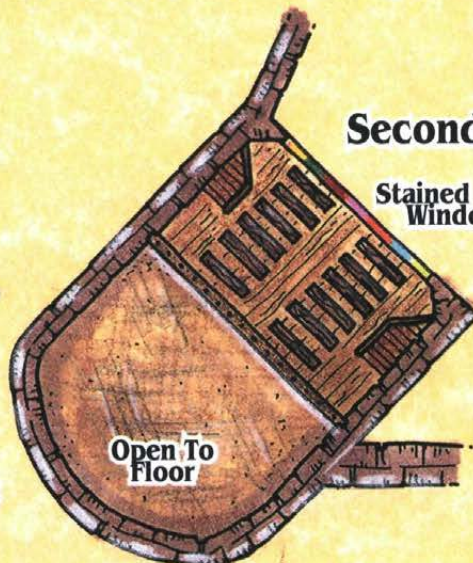


Second Floor

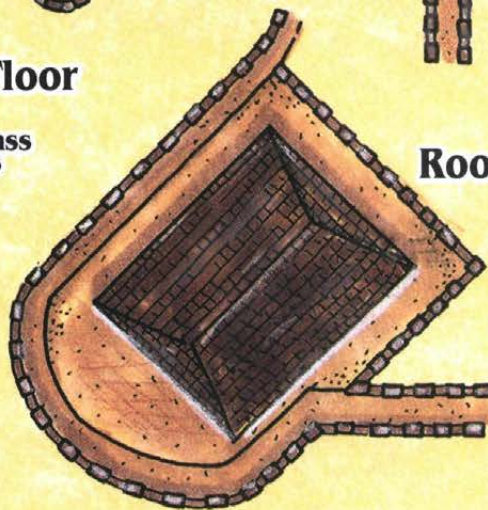


Roof

Chapel

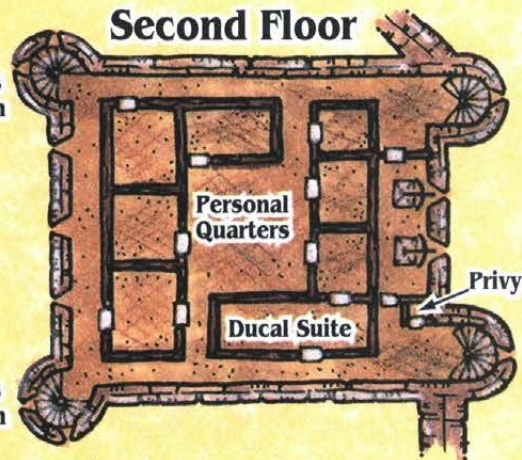


Second Floor



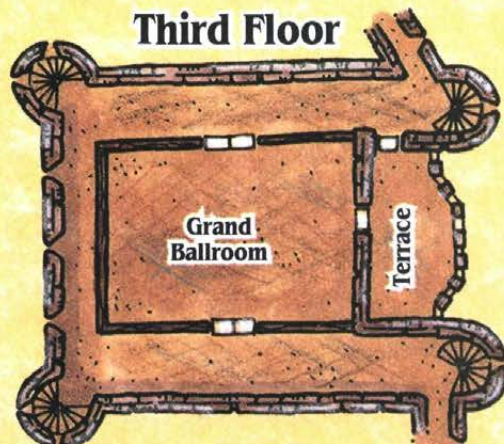
Roof

Spiral Staircases Up & Down

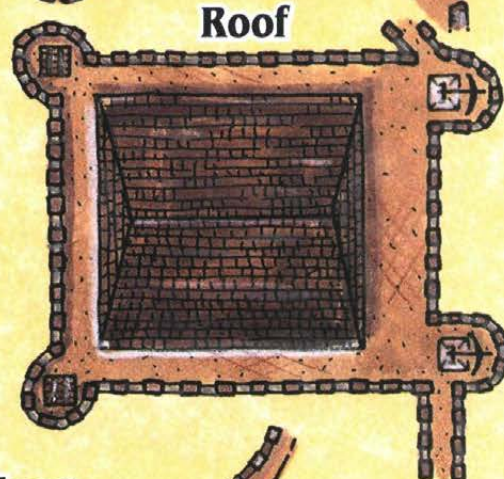


Spiral Staircases Up & Down

Third Floor



Roof



1 Square = 10 Feet



Player's Secrets of **TUORNEN** **BIRTHRIGHT** DOMAIN SOURCEBOOK

by **Dave Gross**

Take the throne of Tuornen, rule its proud people, and reap the rewards of its rich lands. But beware, for Tuornen faces threats from many quarters. The scheming Duke of Alamie wants to regain control over the rebellious domain that broke from his grandfather's archduchy—*your* domain. Your hotheaded lieutenant wants to wage a war Tuornen cannot win. Two powerful regents of neighboring domains want your loyalty for their own . . . and Rhuobhe Manslayer wants your head on a pike.

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- ❖ Details about political, social, and cultural life.
- ❖ Descriptions of Commander Braedonnal "Firebrand" Tuare, Mad Maeve, Baubb the Toymaker, and other colorful personages.
- ❖ Rumors, secrets, and plots against you.
- ❖ Strategy tips for governing Tuornen wisely and well.

This BIRTHRIGHT™ domain sourcebook is designed for players who want to run a fighter or rogue character in the role of the duke—or play a vassal who controls holdings within Tuornen, a noble of the court, an itinerant adventurer, or a commoner.

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