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VILLAGE BACKDROP: FEIGRVIDR 2.0



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VILLAGE BACKDROP: FEIGRVIDR

Most dwarven holds are vast and ordered halls filled with solemn and stoic craftsfolk. But that's not Feigrvidr. Some say it's not a dwarf hold at all, but rather a lawless mining camp ruled by dwarf thugs and ruthless agents of the ruling thane.

Founded less than three years ago by Svingal Halfbeard, the ore coming from a vale carved out of the headlands of the Titan Peaks is of the greatest purity and the works coming forth from Feigrvidr's forges are both subtle and ingenious, rivalling those of any traditional dwarven stronghold. The great wealth coming from the foot of the Titan Peaks was only the beginning, now with the discovery of ancient and abandoned giant halls deeper among the mountains' spires adventurers are flocking to the camp, increasing its wealth and its danger.

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FEIGRVIDR AT A GLANCE

Ruler: Grand Thane and Imperator Svingal Halfbeard

Government: Overlord

Population: 187 (40 humans, 97 dwarves, 7 half-elves, 20 half-orcs, 23 halflings)

Alignments: NE

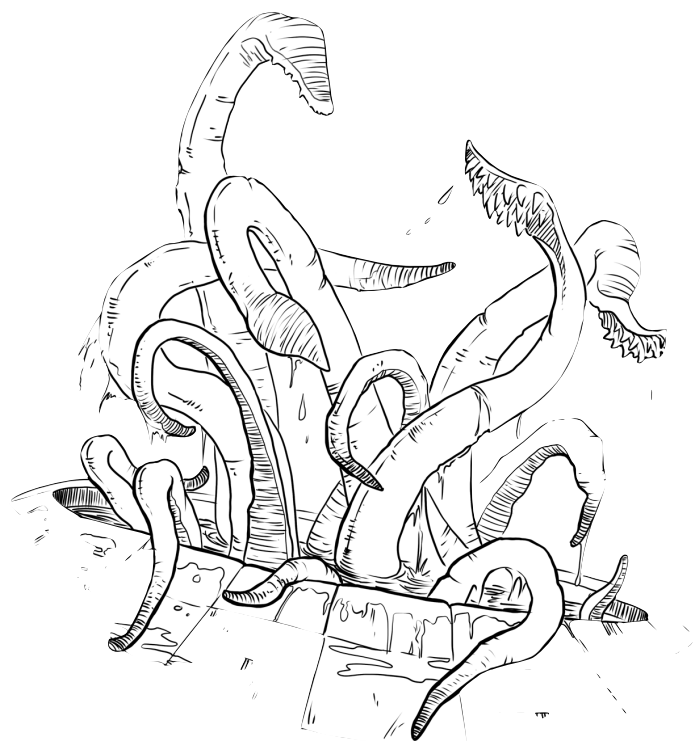
Languages: Common, Dwarven, Halfling

Resources & Industry: Mining, silver and gold smelting, gem cutting, trade in plundered artefacts, crime, gambling and prostitution

Hidden in the headlands of the forbidding Titan Peaks, remote Feigrvidr was founded three years ago when Svingal Halfbeard and his band of dwarven outcasts and brigands discovered rich veins of gold and silver among the pebbles and silt of the Feig River. The find was purely by chance. Halfbeard's group was on the run, hiding from the forces of various barons and petty princes they had raided during their years of brigandage.

Tracking the source of the gold nuggets and dust to the Shadowtop Peak and other mountains amid the lower range, Halfbeard and his dwarves dug mines and craft halls to maximise their haul. With this influx of treasure, they were soon able to pay off the bounties and warrants levelled against them, and Svingal became the sovereign of his lucrative, remote hold.

Since its founding and the building of the first mines and halls, Feigrvidr has seen an influx of the desperate and the dangerous. At first, it was a haven for criminals and those who wished to escape feudal realities of life, including clans of halflings fleeing enslavement. Now the hold is a bustling hotbed of get-rich schemes, broken dreams, desperation and violence.



VILLAGE LORE

A character may know something about Feigrvidr, its history and surrounds. Determine how knowledgeable the characters are and then impart some (or all) of the information below:

- Feigrvidr is a rowdy place fed by silver, mithral, gold and the hunt for giants' artefacts found in abandoned holds deeper amidst the mountains.
- While most of the population are dwarves who follow their thane, the dangerous Svingal Halfbeard, the search for riches has drawn many diverse, dangerous people to the village.
- Those who cross Svingal often disappear.

VILLAGERS

Appearance: Feigrvidr's rough and tumble existence leads many of its inhabitants to appear ruddy and unwashed. This dirtiness is exacerbated by the village's poor waste removal.

Dress: While most folk wear rough work clothes, the more affluent wear the latest fashions brought by traders from the south. Adventurers typically wear a variety of strange and sometimes outlandish costumes, as adventurers are wont to do.

Nomenclature: The nomenclature of Feigrvidr is widely varied. While many dwarven names are prominent, a great number of people go by dangerous sounding aliases and assumed names.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

While in Feigrvidr, a character may hear one or more rumours. The PC can learn this information in several ways: perhaps by overhearing two locals gossiping, chatting with regulars over a few drinks at the local taverns and so on. Use the table below, to determine which rumours the character learns.

D6 RUMOUR

1*	Nuggets of precious metal can be readily found by anyone in either the Feig River or the Shadow's Run.
2	The halfling-run middens are home to monsters that eat flesh, be it living or dead.
3	When looking for the best prices for plundered giant artefacts, visit the dwarf Ringold first and then the sage Halguth. Halguth always tries to outbid Ringold.
4	Feigrvidr's halflings refuse to use any language other than their own, though they understand and can speak Common as well as anyone.
5*	Qysin the Muddled is actually an angel in disguise, and that is the only reason Halfbeard hasn't made the blind loon disappear.
6	While most of the giant halls are abandoned, a few are haunted by extremely dangerous giant undead.

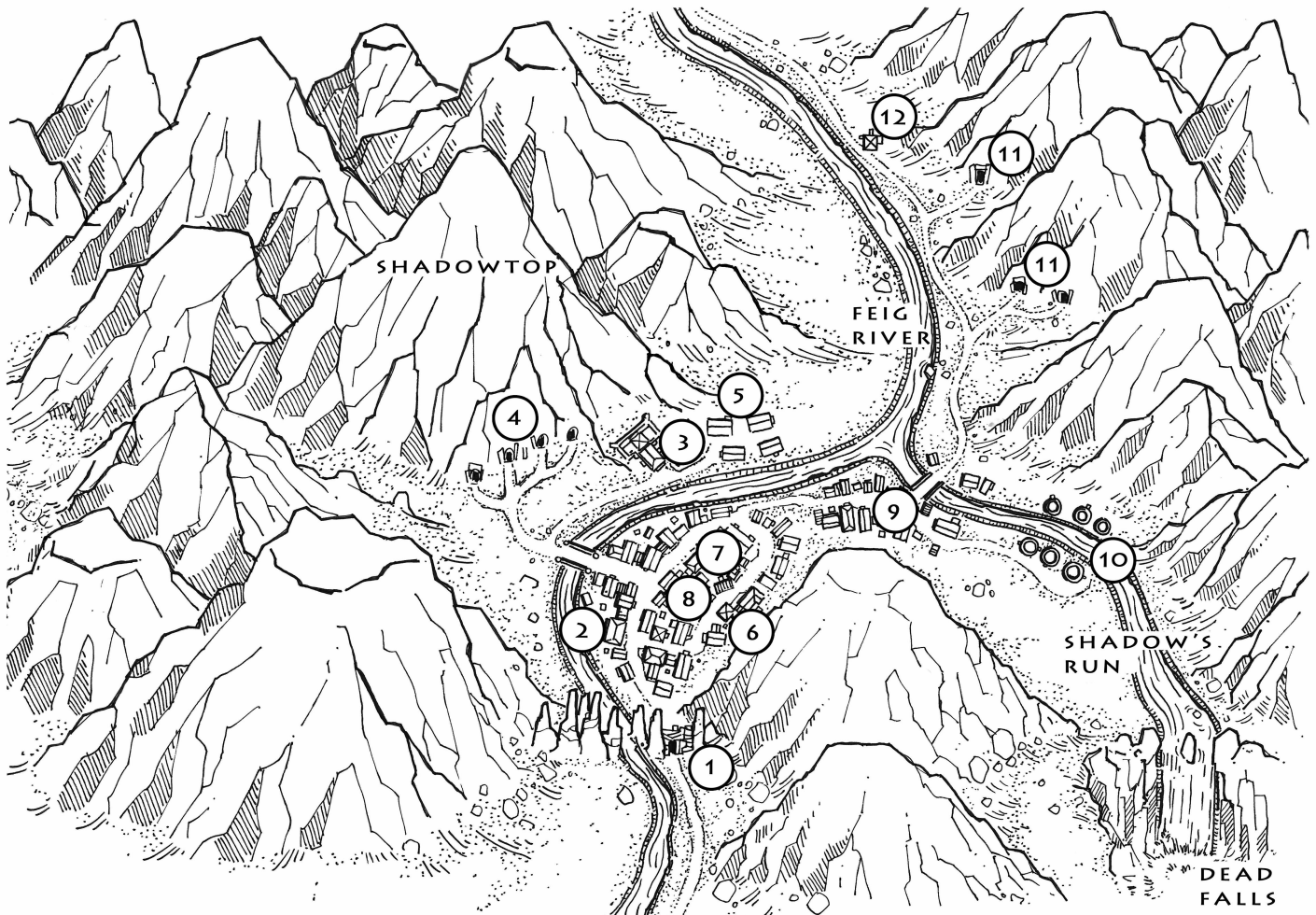
*False rumour

NOTABLE LOCATIONS AT A GLANCE

Most of Feigrvidr is a patchwork of small businesses providing services to the miners and wayfarers. Many large shabby flophouses dot the village—here dwell desperate miners, pauper adventurers and other itinerant travellers. A few locations, however, are of greater interest to adventurers:

1. **Raggedy Wall:** Built from a hodgepodge of debris and many *stone shape* spells, this 15-foot high wall protects the village's southern entrance. Guards are always posted here.
2. **Flamegaze Tavern Inn:** One of the cleaner buildings in the village, it's kept relatively peaceful by the retired (fallen) paladin, Shadra Flamegaze and her paranoid husband Venthis Flamegaze.
3. **Imperator's Hall:** This great hall serves as the village's seat of power and home for Svigal Halfbeard. He dwells therein with his wife, Lytha Boldbrow, and his most trusted cronies.
4. **Shadowtop Mines:** This cluster of four mines was the first dug by Halfbeard and his dwarves. They are the richest mines in the vicinity of the village and wholly under Svigal Halfbeard's control.

5. **Clanging Halls:** These four large workshops resound with a rhythm of clangs as ore is refined and turned into works of art. The guards here are particularly vigilant, and the workers are particularly miserable.
6. **Sin's Roost:** A den providing gambling and sins of the flesh, this is a popular spot for miners, miscreants and adventurers. The Sin's Roost is a particularly dangerous place for the unwary or the naive.
7. **Little Lordling's Inn:** This inn is popular with adventurers delving into the Titan Peaks in search of giant enclaves. An air of faded grandeur hangs over the place, although it is only two-years-old.
8. **Hawkers' Maze:** This jumble of small stalls and shops sells a variety of goods (of which many are illicit).
9. **Halfling Town:** This collection of stunted shacks and burrows houses a tight-knit halfling community. The halflings rarely mix with outsiders.
10. **Middens:** These large vats contain the waste from both the village and the mines.
11. **Upper Mines:** These minor, less profitable, mines are leased to others by Halfbeard.
12. **Last Tower:** From this roughly-finished tower Halfbeard's minions watch for returning adventurers to tax.



LIFE IN FEIGRVIDR

Feigrvidr is a dangerous place; here violence and crime typically go unpunished. Few honest folk dwell behind the Raggedy Wall for long, and those who do keep a low profile. The populace is little more than a throng of ragged miscreants—a mass of drunk and boisterous miners and craftsfolk, swaggering adventurers and scheming criminals, all barely kept in line by the threats and violence of Halfbeard’s agents.

TRADE & INDUSTRY

Svingal Halfbeard controls Feigrvidr’s lucrative trade and industry. While others search for greater mines and treasures up the Feig River, the Emperor commands the greatest riches and all real trade passing through the village. While others make small fortunes on vice, crime, plunder, petty mining and services, all Feigrvidr’s true riches are controlled by its overlord.

LAW & ORDER

The only law in Feigrvidr is the whim of Svingal Halfbeard, compounded by petty vengeance and sometimes confounded by the occasional heroics of those who give a damn about what is right and good. Feigrvidr is a place where no good deed goes unpunished, especially if that good deed runs counter to the Grand Thane and Emperor’s will.

CUSTOMS & TRADITIONS

A young and raucous settlement, few traditions have taken hold within Feigrvidr, unless one counts heavy drinking, gambling addiction and rampantly stupidity traditions. From time to time, the people enjoy a good pony or horse race.

VILLAGE DRESSING

Use this table to generate the minor sights and sounds the characters experience as they move about Feigrvidr.

D20 DRESSING/EVENT

1	A group of adventurers loudly boast they’ll find the <i>Axe of the Dwarvish Lords</i> in the northern giant ruins.
2	A group of halflings strain under the bulk of a long bundle, roughly the shape of a large man, which they are trying to load onto an offal cart.
3	Criers come from the upper mines, bringing word of a mine collapse—help is needed to search for survivors.
4	Qysin the Muddled, the crazy blind oracle, stumbles down the street, screaming about how a river of blood crashing down the Titan Peaks will soon cleanse all Feigrvidr.
5	A crazed or drunk sorcerer starts lobbing spells at random in the streets, injuring people and setting buildings on fire.
6	A group of dangerous-looking dwarves approach, looking for hardened sellswords and adventurers hoping to earn Svingal Halfbeard’s good favour.

NEW MONSTER: PYGMY-OTYUGH

Pygmy-otyughs are smaller and stupider than their better known and feared kin. They are sleek swimmers in offal and use their tentacles to writhe upon the land. They smell unsurprisingly terrible but can be trained after a fashion by diligent—or perhaps avaricious—owners.

PYGMY-OTYUGH

Frequency: Rare
No. Appearing: 2-12
Armour Class: 5
Move: 3”/ swim 12”
Hit Dice: 3-5
% In Lair: 50%
Treasure Type: J, K, L, M, N, Q
No. of Attacks: 3
Damage/Attacks: 1-6/1-6/1-3
Special Attacks: Disease
Special Defences: Never surprised
Magic Resistance: Standard
Intelligence: Low
Alignment: Neutral
Size: S-M
Psionic Ability: Nil

Pygmy-otyughs are often raised and used by intelligent races for their offal and carrion eating abilities when kept in cesspools, sewers and middens. They also have the unique ability to “harvest” glittering treasures from offal and filth. A peculiarity in their gizzards filters out expensive minerals, including gold, silver, mithral and precious stones, and keeps them relatively unharmed inside the organ.

Typically, the process of extracting these materials from the pygmy-otyughs’ insides involves killing and gutting the beasts but some halfling clans have become adept at training or forcing these creatures to expel the gizzard hoarded treasures through the upper digestive tract and out the mouth, though the process is excruciatingly painful to the beasts, and can sometimes be fatal. The secret of this non-lethal extraction is a closely guarded secret among the halflings, which has led some to conclude it’s nothing more than a myth.

THE SURROUNDING LOCALITY

Beyond the Raggedy Wall, the lands are rough and inhospitable. The trail leading to Feigrvidr is rocky, dusty and lined with patches of brown grass and twisting, thorn-covered bushes clutching the river's edge. For nearly five miles out from the wall, there is not much foliage to sustain a hungry horse or pony.

Beyond this arid stretch are shrublands and massive growths of twisting highland oak. Fed by numerous tributaries rushing down from the mountains, this area is somewhat lush and was—until recently—the sacred groves for a group of half-elf druids called the Kalinatur. In the early days of Feigrvidr, those druids helped create the Raggedy wall. Strangely, the group disappeared not long after the Raggedy wall saw completion.

Dead Falls: The constant distant thunder of these tall falls constantly washes over Feigrvidr. The early villagers used the falls as a handy means of getting rid of their dead—hence the fall's name.

Feig River: Cold and swift, the Feig flows out of the deeper mountains before diverging into numberless and nameless tributaries that all die amid the dusty shrub lands to the south.

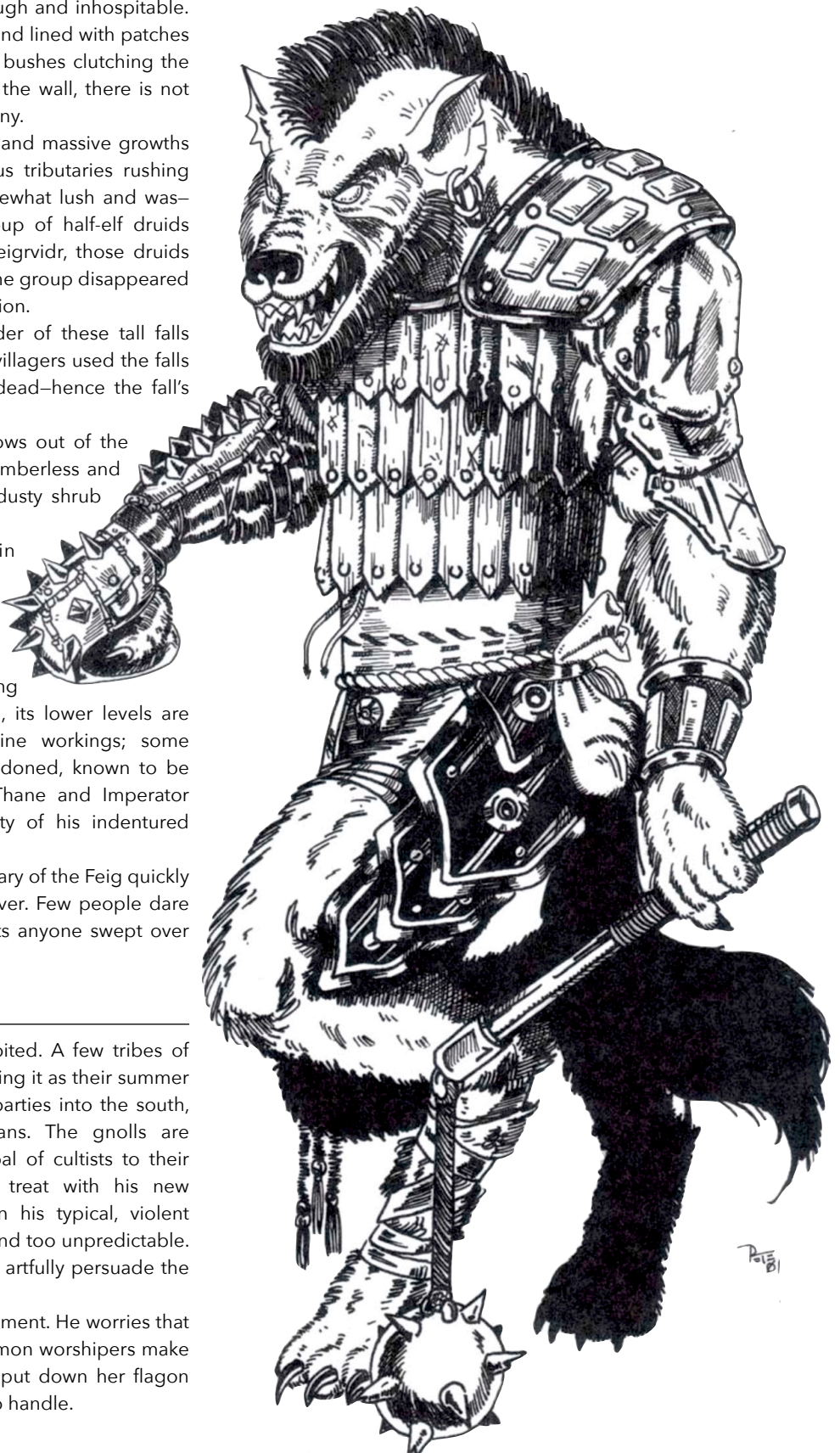
Shadowtop: The tallest mountain in Feigrvidr's immediate vicinity, Shadowtop is so named for the shadows clustering about its peak from early afternoon. The strangely shaped, bulbous-topped mountain casts a deep shadow over much of the village during much of the day. Rich in minerals, though, its lower levels are quickly becoming honeycombed with mine workings; some remain active while others are either abandoned, known to be unsafe or have wholly collapsed—Grand Thane and Imperator Svingal Halfbeard cares little for the safety of his indentured workers and slaves.

Shadow's Run: This swiftly flowing tributary of the Feig quickly gathers pace after it splits from the main river. Few people dare the tributary's waters as certain death awaits anyone swept over the aptly-named Dead Falls.

DEMON-WORSHIPPING GNOLLS

The druids' groves have not gone uninhabited. A few tribes of gnolls—followers of Abraxas—have started using it as their summer den. From the groves they launch raiding parties into the south, mostly raiding homesteaders and caravans. The gnolls are numerous, well organised and sport a cabal of cultists to their demon lord. This has led Halfbeard to treat with his new neighbours rather than deal with them in his typical, violent fashion; the group is too large, too vicious and too unpredictable. Instead, he sends his lieutenant, Krovusa, to artfully persuade the gnolls to leave Feigrvidr alone.

Halfbeard is still uneasy with this arrangement. He worries that if Shandra Flamegaze finds out packs of demon worshipers make camp just miles down the road she might put down her flagon and start trouble that Feigrvidr is not ready to handle.



NOTABLE LOCATIONS IN FEIGRVIDR

1: RAGGEDY WALL

Situated in the bottleneck between the rises of the pair of steep peaks called the Sisters, the Raggedy Wall comprises boulders, debris from the mines and spikes of stones created via *stone shape* by a circle of local half-elf druids once aligned with Svingal Halfbeard but who mysteriously disappeared two winters ago.

Standing at the crest of a rise, the strange, jutting wall stands 15 feet high on both sides of a volatile section of the Feig River. The village itself is accessible via a sturdy iron-bound gate typically left open during daylight hours though guarded by a group of Halfbeard's thugs, who have a tendency to throw those they judge as useless or ugly into the fast-moving and often deadly Feig. A bribe of a few silver pieces can often persuade them to let even the most useless and ugly traveller into the camp.

2: FLAMEGAZE TAVERN INN

This garish wooden building sometimes sports a fresh coat of red and orange paint, but within weeks, the dust, smoke and grime of Feigrvidr, dulls it into a kind of blood red and ruddy ochre. Over

the door hangs a sign with an eye inside a flickering flame. The inside of this rather clean (for Feigrvidr) inn is typically very busy, no matter the time of day.

- **Food & Drink:** Meal (mutton stew or cheese (on the turn) and hard bread) 3 sp, weak ale 6 cp, wine (pitcher) 3 sp.
- **Accommodation:** Two-bed chamber 10 sp; four-bed chamber 20 sp; common room 2 sp.

A gaunt and hawk-nosed middle-aged man frantically trends the bar and the tables serving drinks and the daily stew. The man, Venthis Flamegaze (NG male middle-aged human) is the co-owner of the establishment. His partner, a flaxen-haired, sturdy and handsome woman typically sits in a corner booth, drinking and watching for trouble. The woman is the barkeep's wife, Shandra Flamegaze (CG female human ex-paladin 3), who won a small fortune but lost her grace while adventuring. She is content to spend her days amid the solace of hard drink and the relative

SHANDRA FLAMEGAZE

CG female human ex-paladin 3

Haunting a shadowy stall in the far corner of the tavern, this sturdy woman's scarred and worn hands slosh the contents of a stein. She stares at her drink's movements with a faraway stare and absently blows a strand of her pale hair from her face.

Mannerisms: Shandra doesn't speak much, not even to her husband. She spends most of her days drinking in the common room, but never to the point of near-catatonic idiocy favoured by many of the drunks in Feigrvidr. Though she doesn't seem to, she is always watching for troublemakers.

Personality: The ex-paladin is suffering. The horrors she endured in the Temple of Abraxas left scars, some physical, others deeply psychological. When her mind wanders, she replays the horror of that place in her mind. Only drink gives her any relief. She seems gruff, cold and distant. But she was once idealistic, cheerful and downright nice.

Background: All Shandra wanted was to make the world a better place by vanquishing evil. She started with small-time evil –local cults, rampaging gnolls and a band of ogres. Eventually, she caught the attention of the Righteous Seven, a group of paladins and priests who had just lost one of their paladins. They were on their way to find the foul Temple of Abraxas. Their goal was to strike at the heart of that evil cult, which had been growing in power and influence for decades. That quest opened her eyes to the power and depravity of evil. She watched nearly all of her companions die, and her choices lead to her loss of grace, as she choose to survive rather than sacrifice herself for the greater good. She deeply regrets that choice.

VENTHIS FLAMEGAZE

NG middle-aged male human

A whirl of activity, this sharp-featured man has a long, beaklike nose and a cadaverous figure. He greets new customers like a card shark circles a rube, full of glad-handing and fake smiles.

Mannerisms: Venthis is brimming with nervous energy which he pours into running Flamegaze Tavern Inn, mostly into a series of mundane tasks that allow him to overhear his guests in the common room. He's also not above listening in on the conversation withing private rooms via a series of corridors just wide enough for him to stealthily navigate.

Personality: As nervous of mind as he is of body, Venthis favours long-winded platitudes and small talk, which belays a somewhat suspicious internal dialogue. Neither trusting nor feeling anything close to a fondness for Feigrvidr, his mind and senses always search for hidden agendas and the hints of plots, which he then internalises and often amplifies in his imagination. He tells himself he does this to keep his beloved Shandra safe. While that is his chief motivation, this behaviour is essential to his paranoid personality.

Background: One of the nameless orphans of a southern metropolis, Venthis was beaten into his current paranoia. His suspicious nature ensured his survival. As a young man war drove him north, where he drove for various caravans and eventually ran his own. It was during his caravan days that he met Shandra when she was part of the Righteous Seven. Smitten on sight, Venthis agreed to be the group's pack master and served as hireling on their quest to find the Temple of Abraxas. He saw the group's doom and the fall of his beloved, Shandra. After that, he talked his love into moving to Feigrvidr, so they could find a quiet life. That was the plan, anyway.

peace of her business. She has a fiery temper and is easily roused to anger by injustice.

For the last year, Medri Halguth (NG female half-elf) has rented the inn's largest guest room. Halguth is a researcher of giant lore who buys giant artefacts for many wealthy Southerners. Most believe her patrons are so wealthy and powerful that not even Halfbeard dares cross the woman. Many adventurers have dealings with Medri, and she goes out of her way to introduce herself to any newcomers who might be of use to her or her moneyed clientele.

SVINGAL HALFBEARD

NE male dwarf thief 7

Most dwarves wear their beards long as a show of status. This craggy-faced fellow does not. He keeps it trimmed and neat, in the style of some southern lord but with a long drooping moustache, that makes his beard seem shorter. He dresses in rich clothing, cut to his frame, but also of a more human fashion. His bushy eyebrows crown severe, cold, ice-blue eyes.

Mannerisms: At first encounter, Svingal is quiet but engaged. He unblinkingly focuses on those who are talking, standing rigidly, almost statue-like. Then, when he has heard enough, he erupts into rumbling speech, his deep baritone voice and his mannerisms becoming more animated as he goes until the cadence is like an avalanche of insight, darkly clever insults and probing questions.

Personality: Svingal is a contradiction. A devoted father and mate to his lover, Lytha Boldbrow, he treats those who serve him well. But Svingal is a shark. He guards his possessions and his position with a ruthlessness that would make a tyrant blush. He has no qualms with killing anyone who betrays him, gets in his way, or simply stops being useful. His greatest weakness is the success he has built with Feigrvidr. It's made him paranoid, and he lashes out at enemies both real and imagined, creating plots in his head that have little purchase in reality.

Background: If you believe the stories, Svingal was the scion of a noble house in some far-off hall laden with mithral and adamantite. He killed his father and his mother and had to flee. He was then forced to shave his beard in shame. It's never grown back right. Those stories are entirely false. Svingal Halfbeard was always a bit of a nobody among his people. He is the lesser son of a lesser clan who toiled in the mines and the smithy until he had enough and struck out on his own with a small group of likeminded minor clan-dwarves. The group grew, picked up other desperate folks, and struck out on their own as a group of ruthless mercenaries, changing their band's name each time they rebelled against or robbed this employer or that. Their misadventures eventually lead them to run in earnest from the various lords the band betrayed and swindled. By that time, Svingal had outlived (and, at times, murdered) all the greybeards who ran the band, and took command. Less than a year later, they founded Feigrvidr.

3: IMPERATOR'S HALL

This massive hall was constructed to mimic the style of northern dwarven thanes of legend. The great building serves as home and base of operation for the Grand Thane and High Emperor Svingal Halfbeard (NE male dwarf thief 7) and his closest cronies and agents. From here the founder and undisputed lord of Feigrvidr rules through proxies. His underlings, including his chief henchmen Flaith Bloodblade (NE male dwarf thief 2) and Krovusa (CE female half-orc fighter 3), report to him what goes on within Feigrvidr and he sends them on missions of coercion and murder, when necessary.

Over the years, Svingal has become increasingly reclusive and paranoid and does not often take visitors or deal with those who seek his audience directly. Lately, he has relied on his lover and the mother of his two sons, Lytha Boldbrow (NE female dwarf), to treat with visitors directly while he observes and plots from behind a series of false walls.

MEDRI HALGUTH

NG female half-elf

She looks younger than her years at first glance, but this half-elf's grey eyes have the piercing attention of a disciplined mind. Dressed in the form-fitting leather and velvet of the south, she stands with perfect posture, hands behind her back, scanning the room like a hawk scans the landscape.

Mannerisms: Medri is poised, patient and fairly ruthless in her dealings. All of her movements are deliberate. She's got a talent for reading people, to the point a few think her elven blood has given her the power to read minds. It hasn't. Often she has seen it all before.

Personality: A student of esoteric elven philosophies and meditation techniques, Medri hates her human side—the strange frenzy that creeps into her thoughts, the motivations of base emotions and the lack of calm. She also hates humans, dwarves, halflings and even a few elves she has met. She has a canny knack of understanding them by just assuming the worst possible motivation, and she is typically right. The only person who she doesn't know is herself and why she does certain things. Her current career—the finding, or at least procuring, of artefacts—is puzzling as well. She has no emotional attachment to her profession. Maybe that's what makes her so good at it.

Background: Medri never knew her elven father. Her mother never spoke of him and would fly into a rage if Medri ever asked about him. This, of course, lead to her fascination with all things elven. She focused on the aspects she could pursue in her uncle's library—the elven language, their religion, philosophy and literature. She eventually focused on the Qu'Lurinaa—which roughly translates as the "Central Journey". A rather obscure philosophy, it sees the cycle of life as a prison to be escaped through a detached understanding of the world and an acceptance for the inability to truly grasp its chaos. The heart of understanding Medri is the Qu'Lurinaa.

4: SHADOWTOP MINES

These four mines snake into and under Shadowtop Peak, the most metal-rich peak in the immediate area. Slaves and indentured servants toil and often die in the mines, overseen by Halfbeard's enforcers. Each day more rich ore is brought out of these holes and carried to the Clanging Halls to be smelted and worked.

5: CLANGING HALLS

These four massive buildings house the workers of the Shadowtop mines and serve as the work halls for the craftsfolk owned or indentured by Svingal Halfbeard. During the day, and sometimes through the night, a constant clanging emits from these halls, as the workers refine the ore and create works to sell to southerners for Svingal's benefit. Workers here are mostly miserable and the guards watch all who visit this place carefully.

6: SIN'S ROOST

Inside this rickety wooden tower of strange windows and balconies is a maze of drinking nooks, boudoirs, opium dens and gambling halls.

- **Food & Drink:** Strong ale 1 sp, weak ale 6 cp, wine (pitcher) 5 sp, dwarven whisky (bottle) 2 gp.
- **Accommodation:** Private chamber with company 1 gp; private chamber with lots of company 3 gp.

LYTHA BOLDBROW

NE female dwarf

The image of a dwarven matron, this beautiful beardless lady wears long leathers and furs. Her hair is long, braided and deep black. She stares with piercing blue eyes—hard eyes—that don't seem to match her warm smile.

Mannerisms: Polite and well-spoken, Lytha regards any who speak to her with unblinking eyes and a hard stare.

Personality: Lytha cares only for kith and kin: the man she loves, the children she has given him and those who serve her man unquestionably. And while she knows the pressures of administrating Feigrvidr have made Svingal paranoid, she is determined to lighten his load and protect his well-being. Flaith Bloodblade follows her word unquestionably and Krovusa has seen how treacherous Lytha can be when her family is threatened. The half-orc wants to be on the right side of the blade when Lytha comes calling.

Background: The youngest daughter of a family in a well-regarded clan of dwarven craftsfolk, Lytha is one of the greatest goldsmiths in Feigrvidr. It was her talent with the metal that made Svingal notice her, but it was her tenacity and steadfastness that convinced the renegade she was the woman for him. Since he swept her off her feet, she has never let him down. She is as reliable as the stones underneath one's feet.

Run by the androgynous half-elf Savion (N female half-elf thief 2), it is said she is favoured by both Svingal Halfbeard and his lover Lytha, and thus enjoys their protection and patronage. The many dark corners of this shadow-cloaked tower are dangerous places, and visitors should keep a hand close to their coin pouch...and blade.

7: LITTLE LORDLING'S INN

Originally built for an influx of higher-class clientele who never braved Feigrvidr, this inn with its large rooms is the current favourite of adventurers looking to plunder northern sites.

- **Food & Drink:** Sausages with buttered parsnips or corned beef and leak bake 3 sp, weak ale 6 cp, wine (pitcher) 3 sp, dwarven whisky (bottle) 1 gp.
- **Accommodation:** Private chamber 5 sp; two-bed chamber 10 sp; common room 2 sp.

ANDRUL RINGOLD

N dwarf female fighter 4

Dressed in stinking chain armour, mangey firs and a mismatch of moth-eaten tartans, this dwarven woman might pass for handsome if she ever washed her face or braided her beard. Swaggering, boisterous and cocksure, she is quick to swear and laugh at the misfortunes of others.

Mannerisms: Manners are not Andrul's strong suit. She belches and spews profanity with equal relish. She'll often pick her nose and then examine her catch, commenting on its size, texture and the pattern of hairs caught within its stickiness. If anyone takes offence at her rude manners, she is quick to brandish her axe and propose a settlement under sun or stars. Few take her up on the offer, and those who do end up in the halflings' cesspools.

Personality: Despite her rude manners, Andrul is a fair and often humorous drinking companion, gambler and guide. When exploring the Titan Peaks, she becomes very serious-minded, careful with her charges and diligently enters all she has learned in her well-worn travel journals. But she is most serious when talking about her destiny—to find the giant hall of Albrethiax and recover the *Axe of the Dwarfish Lords*.

Background: Andrul doesn't talk much about her past. Her sights are set on her most current client and her goal of retrieving the *Axe of the Dwarfish Lords*. Most think she came to Feigrvidr with Halfbeard and his band of brigands, but she was actually among one of the groups hunting the band. Her group of hunters were slaughtered in an ambush set by Halfbeard, and she was given a choice to join him and live or die. She eagerly took the deal, but worked directly for Halfbeard for less than a year. Eventually, the High Thane tired of her constantly jabbering about the treasures of the Titan's Peaks, and her strange obsession with snot, and let her go so she could pursue her obsession—on the condition she reports every so often on those who explore the mountains with her.

A nearly permanent resident is Andrul Ringold (N dwarf female fighter 4). The dwarf hunter funds and often leads expeditions into the Titan Peaks, and claims to be searching for the fabled *Axe of the Dwarfish Lords*, believed lost in the giant hall of Albrethiax though most believe her quest to be nothing more than a quixotic quest for a fairy tale artefact.

8: HAWKERS' MAZE

This maze of shanties, shacks and booths supplies most of Feigrvidr's inhabitants with cheap food, hard liquor, illicit substances and the goods of day to day living. A crowded and smelly market, the place is rife with cutpurses and muggers.

9: HALFLING TOWN

Feigrvidr's halfling community claims this entire section of the village. Insular and paranoid, these halflings are minor craftfolk and bakers. Most importantly they run the middens, taking muck from the streets and the mines, and "treating" the muck before flushing it down the Shadow Run.

The treatment involves finding slivers of precious metal and other treasures from the copious amounts of waste the halflings haul and sift through with the help of their monstrous pygmy-otyugh pets.

The halflings refuse to use any language other than their own unless they are speaking to Svingal Halfbeard or his agents. They do not mingle with the other villagers.

10: MIDDENS

These six large wood and iron vats contain the waste and refuse collected by Feigrvidr's halflings. Most of the population stay away from the middens, not only due to the terrible smell but because strange movements have been spotted amidst the muck and many curious folk have disappeared while trespassing in the area.

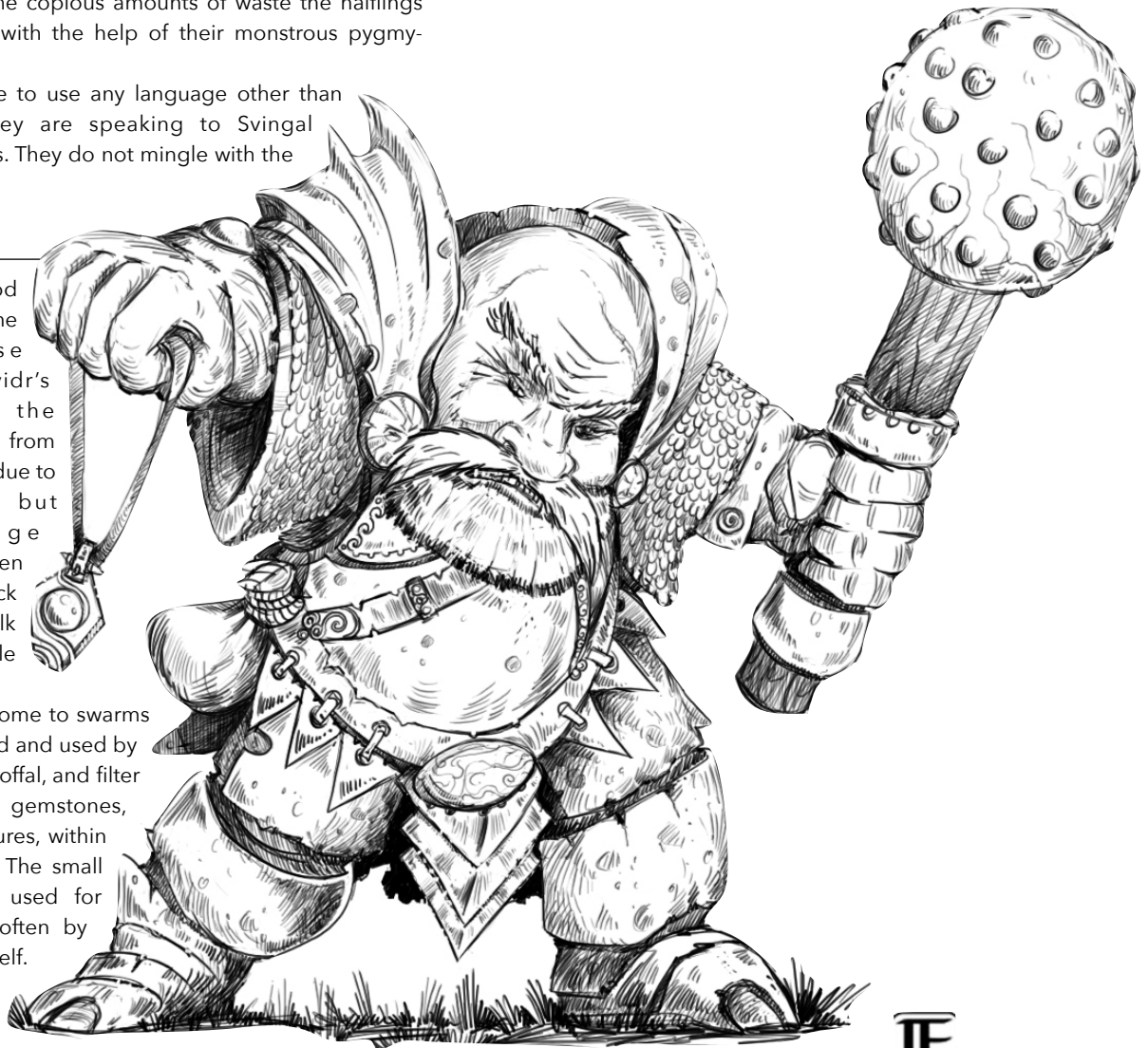
The middens are home to swarms of pygmy-otyughs, bred and used by the halflings to eat the offal, and filter precious metals and gemstones, along with other treasures, within their strange gizzards. The small offal eaters are also used for body disposal, most often by Svingal Halfbeard himself.

11: UPPER MINES

While Shadowtop holds the most lucrative mines in the area, the peaks of the upper gulch are not without their mineral deposits. Halfbeard rents out three mines to entrepreneurs from the south. While the yields of these mines have been meagre compared to the bounty coming out of Shadowtop, their masters keep digging. Everyone in Feigrvidr is sure if any of these mines prove to be especially lucrative, their masters will disappear suddenly, as have so many of Svingal Halfbeard's other rivals.

12: LAST TOWER

This crooked and ill-finished tower was initially built to protect the fledgling village from threats emerging from deeper within the Titan's Peaks that never came. Now it serves as a stopping point for adventuring bands bringing plunder back from the various abandoned giant halls. Its location allows Halfbeard to tax this influx of treasures before the agents of collectors get their chance to purchase them.



MINOR PERSONALITIES OF NOTE

Several minor folk of note can be encountered in Feigrvidr.

FLAITH BLOODBLADE

NE male dwarf thief 2

Squat, even for a dwarf, this dwarf has ruddy skin, a bald and tattooed pate and a long red, braided beard. A ragged scar runs down the left side of his face: from the top of his bald head and down passed his dead left eye before disappearing into his beard. His leathers are studded with the sheaves of various knives.

Mannerisms: Often grumbling, but rarely to the point where they transform into words, Flaith is almost always sharpening one of his many blades in the most menacing way possible.

Personality: Ruthless, strangely cunning and without a hint of sympathy, Flaith serves the high thane and has few other cares or compunctions. In the wrong mood, he will kill someone just because that person is annoying him. He cares little for wizards and book learning and finds bards irritating, as he hates all forms of music. The only person he loves is his companion Krovusa, but even his feelings for her are motivated by sexual desire. She's one hell of a woman.

Background: Some dwarves are just born mean and get worse. Flaith was an orphan, which is odd for a dwarf. Most dwarven orphans are at least adopted by this clan and are made to feel like family even when they don't share the bloodline. To hear Flaith tell it, he was just too mean for anyone to want. Raised by the priesthood, he was sent to various dwarven craftsfolks for apprenticeships, but no trade seemed to stick. He eventually toiled in the mines, where he met Svingal Halfbeard, who appreciated Flaith's brand of ruthlessness. He's served as Halfbeard's bloody right hand since.

KROVUSA

CE female half-orc fighter 3

There is just something about this woman. Though obviously a half-orc, she has a bold and even savage magnetism that makes a certain group of men and women salivate—a raw, sexuality that is animalistic and a bit taboo. She moves with the grace and confidence of a panther, speaks with a raspy voice that oozes seduction and fights with the brutality of a bear.

Mannerisms: Among the folks of Feigrvidr, Krovusa is flirty, smiling and temperate—the velvet glove to her partner Flaith's iron fist. But this is a ruse. When work needs doing, she turns into a mask of rage pitilessly slaying all who are in her, Flaith's, or Halfbeard's way.

Personality: Calculating and cruel, Krovusa doesn't think highly of other people. They're all there to be manipulated and used in the game called life. She loves that game and the victories it provides her. She especially loves playing it with Flaith, who she teases and torments with a sick abandon, knowing the dwarf wants her even more because of it. She knows Flaith is wrapped around her finger, and wishes to keep it that way.

Background: It wasn't too long ago that Krovusa was Halfbeard's enemy. She was bound in the service of the half-elf druids who once helped Svingal build the Raggedy Wall. When those druids tried to use their skills to extort more goods and money from Halfbeard, the High Thane decided they needed to go, and saw Krovusa as the means to that end. And he was not wrong. She had never been particularly well treated by the druids she served and so provided Svingal with an opening to their groves and even helped murder all the druids. Since her betrayal she's served the High Thane, keeping "peace", first on Feigrvidr's muddy streets, and lately as intermediary to the gnolls, who have been using the druid's old groves as a camp and hunting base for the past two summers.

QYSIN THE MUDDLED

NG male human druid 5

Shambling along in once-ornate robes, now grimy and torn, this pale and haggard man must be nearly 50. He may be older, he has a youthful, nearly angelic look to him, even when his face and hair are plastered with mud and filth. Obviously blind, his eyes are filmy total obscuring iris and pupil. He fluctuates between mumbling and shouting about the doom coming to Feigrvidr.

Mannerisms: Constantly stumbling, Qysin's movements are erratic and jerky. He often pulls at his unwashed blond hair and tattered robes when he is not clawing at his face. His face contorts in a constant mask of sorrow and agony.

Personality: The blind oracle is often lost in his own mind amid strange visions. He typically ignores people, seemingly muttering and yelling at creatures in his sightless imaginings. But sometimes he fixates on a person, approaching them with purpose, his blind eyes seemingly locked on them. In these moments, he doesn't seem blind at all. He hovers about his target, ranting and raving, sometimes hooting and pawing at his poor victim. While in this state, some of his sentences seem nearly lucid and even prescient. Then, just as strangely as it started, he disengages, and goes back to his chaotic rambling.

Background: Qysin's origins are a mystery—seemingly also to him. He just appeared winding his way up and down the streets of Feigrvidr, not long after the Kalinatur—the circle of druids that helped build the Raggedy Wall—disappeared. He was not seen coming into the camp by the guards of the Raggedy Wall nor the tax collectors of Last Tower. Most local legends insist he manifested, maybe as retribution against Halfbeard and Feigrvidr's excesses. Whatever the case, Halfbeard's folks will not touch him and have even gone out of their way to protect him against violent drunks.

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