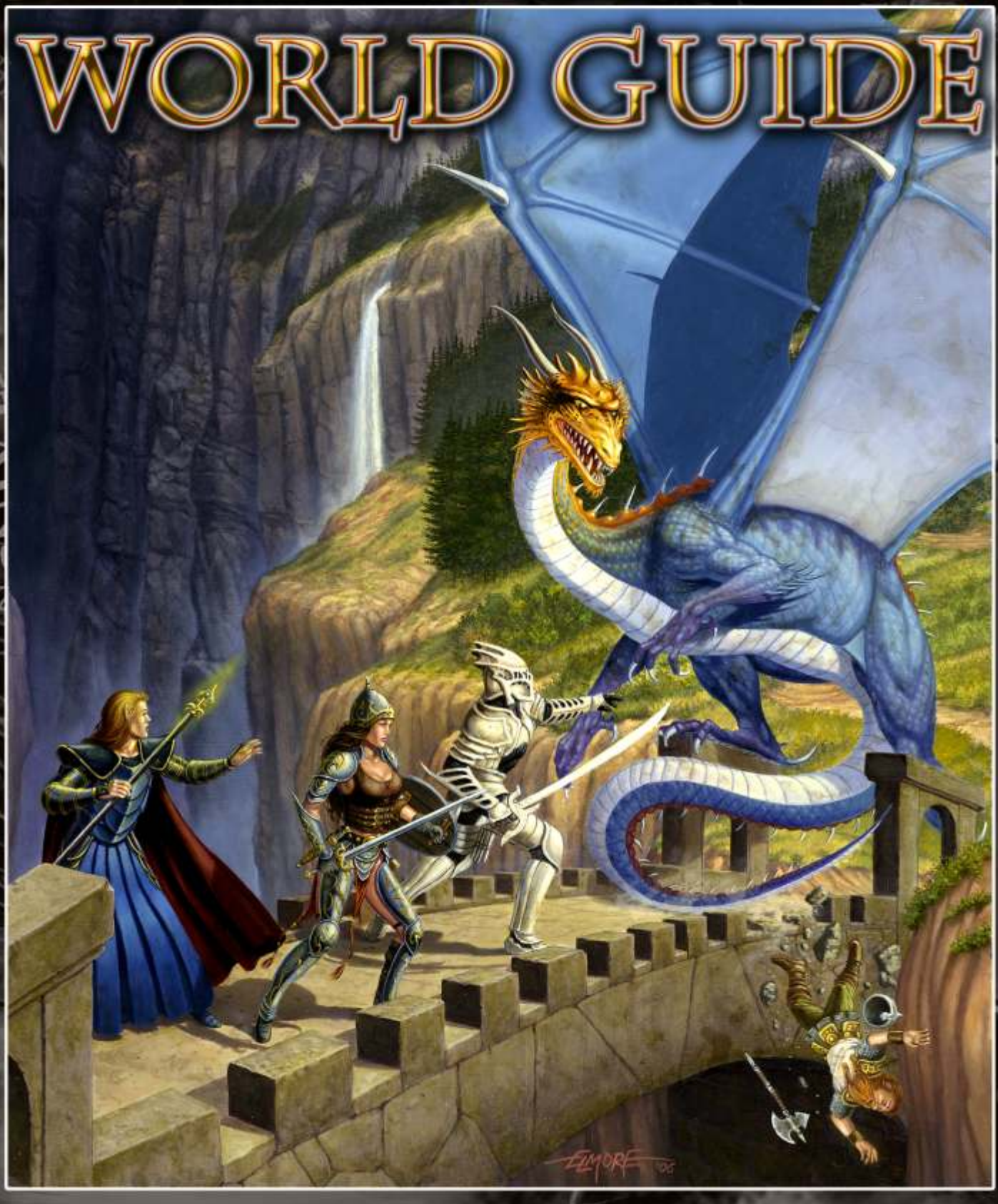
THE CHRONICLES OF RAMLAR

REVISED EDITION

WORLD GUIDE



FANTASY ROLEPLAYING GAME, REVISED EDITION
WORLD GUIDE

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In memory of Kelly Johnston and Richard Wilhite

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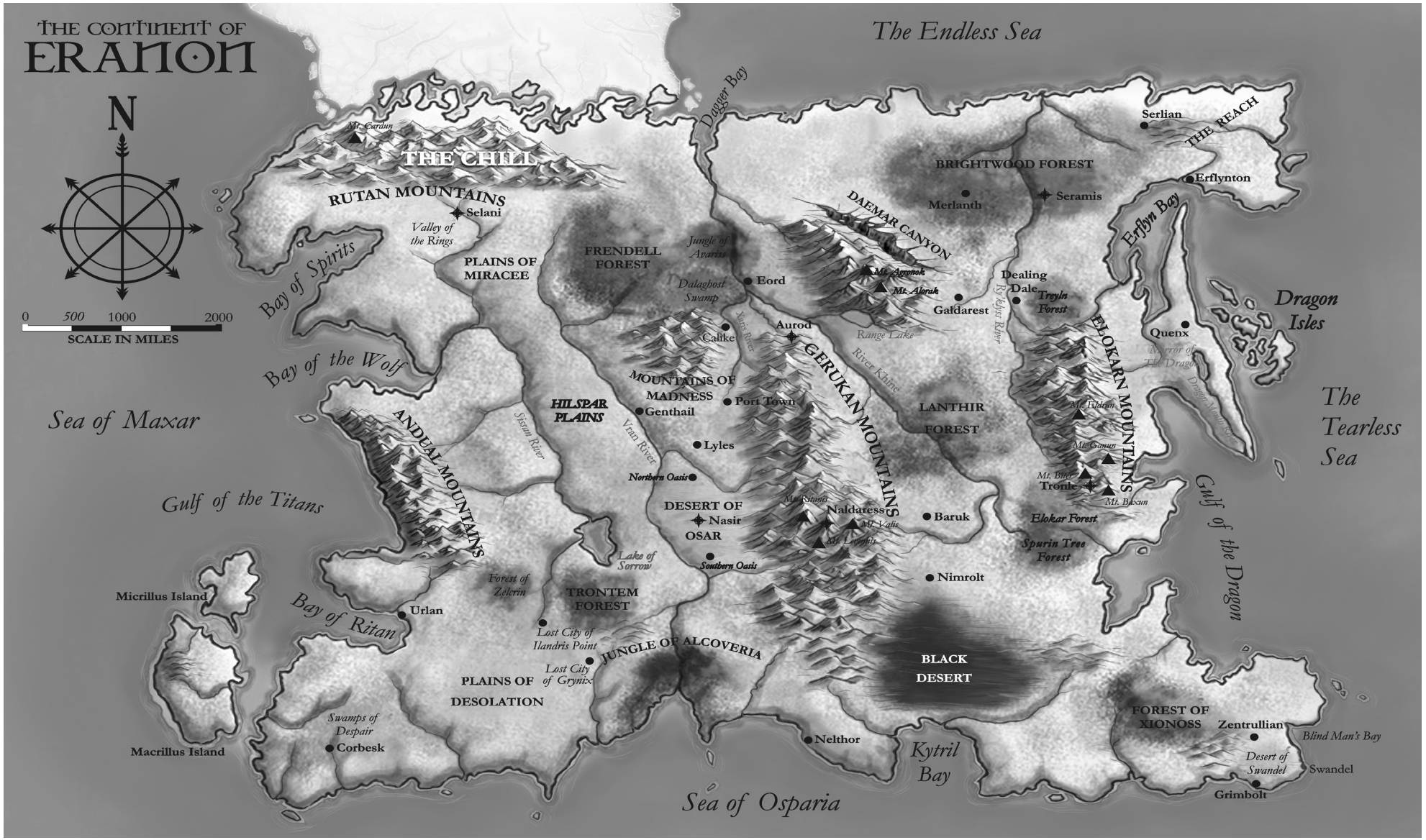
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Elokar Forest
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BLACK DESERT
FOREST OF XIONOSS
Zentrullian
Blind Man's Bay
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Swandel
Grimbolt

1 Introduction

RAMLAR: WHAT IS IT?

The Chronicles of Ramlar is a fantasy roleplaying game set on Eranon, one of the two major continents on a world created by Ramlar, the Maker of All. The premise behind the game is to create your own heroes and weave their self-authored chapters of legend and immortalized legacy in to The Book — the ultimate annals chronicling Ramlar's world.

Will it be easy? No, otherwise anybody could do it. Not everyone is capable of slaying dragons and monstrous creatures terrorizing the countryside, banishing rapacious entities with the sole arsenal of divine faith, or channeling the mystical energy of the leylines to defend entire civilizations.

But you are.

And in your exploits, you may experience any of the wonders Ramlar wrought upon his world, from the exhilarating height of the Cliffs of Eternity to the soul-screaming depth of The Mouth, from the monumental Arbor Palace to perhaps the fabled Hethmarkn archive where The Book rests and epic tales culminate. Tales that could be your tales.

Maybe you will choose to side with the Druegarn and their fellow spawn of the Dark God Gabrun. Perhaps you will oppose the honored warriors on the battlefield of the next Dakass Luot, prefacing the Song of Unmaking. Whatever your destiny, the power to cement your glory lies in your hands.

Your chapter in The Chronicles of Ramlar has just begun.

ROLEPLAYING GAME: WHAT IS IT?

If you have absolutely no clue what a roleplaying game is, you might want to consider flipping through the other books next to where you found this one for a thorough explanation, or ask the friendly game store clerks and patrons about the concept.

It's pretty simple, really. Tabletop roleplaying games (RPG) are a precursor to computer roleplaying games (CRPG). Where you have microchips to run you through an adventure in CRPG, there is a human moderator, the Game Master (GM), to arbitrate every decision you make. Instead of clicking on predetermined options, you freely inform the GM of what you want your character to do — which can sometimes be outrageous and certainly beyond a machine's limited intelligence to handle — and the human referee decides how it plays out with die rolls from all participants involved. Rather than trying to beat a program, you don't so much "win" in a RPG as you interact with an imaginary world and your fellow players, co-creating stories much like those written by your favorite authors, all the while chugging down sodas, gobbling down munchies, and socializing with other players. There aren't any fabulously animated screen visuals, but then, you don't stop playing once you've figured out the pattern for defeating the level boss like you would with Penultimate Fantasy MCMXXVIII, either. Don't fall for the "whacko player" bollocks you might've heard, either; they're always friend-of-a-friend urban legends without concrete scientific or legal proof. Roleplaying games make you no more suicidal than buying properties and building hotels in a board game makes you a real estate mogul.

So there in the nutshell is our take on the hobby. You'll learn and enjoy it way more sitting in on an actual session. It'll be fun. Trust us.

REVISED EDITION? WHAT ABOUT THE PREVIOUS ONE?

Good question. Apart from being "bigger, better, faster!!!" we have split the contents into two books: the Player's Guide and the World Guide — a copy of the latter is what you hold in your hand right now. We made the decision not only to make entry into the world of Ramlar and the A/B System affordable for newcomers, but also that if you own the original edition and are already familiar with the world, you can skip this book — although you'll miss out on expanded coverage of Eranon, with many additional historical background, locations, personalities, creatures and more, culled from published sourcebooks and original writing. Even if you choose not to use the entire setting, there's still plenty for you to adapt for just about any fantasy campaign!

WORLD OVERVIEW

To get you acquainted, here's a quick preview of the four quadrants comprising the continent known as Eranon:

The First Mark

The First Mark, roughly encompassing the northwest quadrant of Eranon, is home to some of the most sublime and fearsome environments the continent has to offer.

Straddling the border of the frigid wasteland known as The Chill is the magnificent city of Selani, spiritual home to the ancient and mysterious Spirinari. Built entirely of spirit bone, it is home to 460,000

souls — all but a tiny fraction of them Spirinari, a race respected by nearly all inhabitants of Eranon.

The Chill, as its name implies, is a bitter-cold region in the extreme northwest corner of the First Mark. It is home to brutal werewolves and the hardy Frorinians, the strongest of Eranon's human stock. The locale features Skolenjaeger, a town situated on the Bay of the Wolf, unique as a haven for werewolves that wish to live normal lives. The lycanthropes and humans share a peaceful existence in Skolenjaeger.

The southeastern section of the First Mark is dominated by the Mountains of Madness — a name that has been etched in darkness and the blood of its countless victims. The Mountains of Madness harbor the Soulbane, Eranon's premier school of necromancy. While some of its students wish to harness death for the greater good of Eranon, most seek mastery of the dark powers for their own gain. The Soulbane is a place of death, decay, and intrigue. Rather aptly, the fortress of Zychariss, the dreaded undead necromancer, also lies nestled in the Mountains of Madness. This horror spends his rotting eternity dreaming up plots and schemes in his quest to cloak the world in eternal macabre.

The First Mark also includes a portion of the Hilspar Plains, home to the nomadic Tylvare elves. Anyone threatening the Tylvare faces their fearsome Sarthin Riders, who gallop into battle aback giant lizards of lightning speed.

The Second Mark

The northeast quadrant features the matchless beauty of the Brightwood Forest, the majestic grandeur of the fabled city Aurod, the bustle and pageantry of the Dealing Dale, and the ominous mystery of the Dragon Isles.

Few sights are as breathtaking as one's first view of the Brightwood Forest. For more than 4,500 years, the forest has been home to the Fetharn elves, who consider their guardianship of the forest dutifully. The woodland and its famous grove, the 1,000-square-mile Arameth, are tended by merthwargs — stewards and protectors of all things nature, who typically receive training at the Merlanth, an institute within Arameth.

Almost as captivating is Seramis, the metropolis in Brightwood's midst. Reputed as the Jewel of the North, Seramis is both the Fetharn capital and a popular destination for all races. Perhaps the most glittering facet of Seramis is the Tower of Magic, standing taller than any other structure in the city. Under the guidance of Headmistress Linsia Moreldyne, the Tower is frequently the first stop for many aspiring wizards in their education.

Rivaling Seramis' splendor is Aurod, home to 470,000 inhabitants and protected by the famous Sky Knights and their jet-black griffins. Constructed into the side of Mount Azraldim and fronted by the Xaris Gorge, Aurod is accessible only by a long bridge that spans the vast chasm. The defensible position, supported by a tunnel network beneath the city where food is grown, makes Aurod and its ornate buildings virtually immune to sieges. By far the most famous and respected Aurodian is the archmage Istolil Hune, who played a key role in the defeat of his Druegarn kin during the Dakass Luot.

Sadly, many glorious locales did not survive Dakass Luot, and possibly the greatest casualty was Galdarest, formerly as splendid as Seramis. All that remains of the once-proud city is the rubble of ruins and a pervading sense of doom that haunts all who visit the former splendor.

Each spring, the tiny Dealing Dale swells from a village of 200 to a gigantic collection of canopies and festivities, as traders and merchants congregate from all over Eranon to peddle wares and talk shop.

The few lucky enough to find it may visit the Dragon Head Isle, which boasts the Nilsari, a college excelling in the arts of illusion. Whether by enchantment or prestidigitation, the professors of the Nilsari can purportedly alter the island's shape — and even make it disappear — at will.

The Third Mark

Sometimes true beauty lies beneath the surface. Such is the case with Eranon's Third Mark, whose scope comprises the Nurinian homeland, as well as the underworld-controlled cities of Zentrulian and Swandel. Patient visitors willing to delve beneath Eranon's surface will find the boundless wonders of Tronle, the subterranean capital of the Kasmarkn dwarves, which is, itself, just one part of a vast underground kingdom.

At the (some might say black) center of the Third Mark lies Nimrolt, bastion of the Nurinian theocracy. Most Nurinians of the iron-fisted city-state worship the dark gods Gabrun and Pillith. Nimrolt, with a population of 250,000, is not without its wonders, though they are often a blend of the beautiful and the horrific, like the Temple of Gabrun which prominently displays intricate depictions of torture and violence, or the Blood Gate that marks Nimrolt's primary entryway, and is bathed in torrents of blood.

In Zentrulian and Swandel, both legitimate and criminal enterprises thrive. Those braving Zentrulian's long rope-bridge entrance may be disappointed to find little beyond an apparently ruined, squatter town. That is because the ruling body (and everyone else who could afford it) moved underground after the Dakass Luot. Zentrulian is connected by tunnels to Swandel, a major port city. While both cities have their respective political hierarchy, the truth is, all commerce is controlled by the Nurinian mastermind, Jerith Wynleer.

A short journey southwest of Swandel brings visitors to Grinbolt, the largest port city in Eranon. Grinbolt also features the Cathedral of Selyni, the grandest temple devoted to the sea goddess.

One of the most interesting elements of the Third Mark commonly goes unnoticed by most travelers — and not without good reason; MariAnnor is a school of summoning magic, and a primary requisite for admission is finding the school in the first place! MariAnnor's faculty is constantly changing the routes to the institute in order to test prospective students.

Tronle is the subterranean home to 190,000, most of them Kasmarkn dwarfs. Tronle is part of an enormous underground Kasmarkn kingdom that stretches more than 1,500 miles. The dwarven capital has publicly opened at least 100 of it's levels to outsiders, but many more undoubtedly exist. Not all of Tronle is underground, however. Runespar University, for example, juts more than 300 feet over the side of Mount Mordin. This prestigious school of enchantment is credited with keeping the entire mountain from collapsing onto the massive population within.

Not to be overlooked is Naldaress, capital city of the Sinflar, a race of mountain-dwelling elves. Rather than copying the tunnels and interconnected chambers of their dwarven neighbors, Naldaress was constructed as an immense subterranean dome. At the city's center is the great hall, featuring 100-foot-high walls adorned by some of the finest tapestries in all of Eranon.

The Fourth Mark

While the Fourth Mark bore the worst brunt of the Dakass Luot, much remains to intrigue travelers, including decadent Corbesk, rustic Analock, the aptly named Swamps of Despair, and secretive Nasir, capital of the always-mysterious Osarians.

The former port city of Corbesk has lost its once-thriving business to the drying river that used to carry traffic between Corbesk and the Sea of Osparia.

In the absence of river commerce, Corbeskians turned their city into a hub of debauchery. Wealthy nobles from all over Eranon come to Corbesk for "revelries," enjoying all the decadence the city has to offer. Unfortunately, following on the heels of these wealthy revelers were the criminals, as many a traveler has learned to his or her dismay.

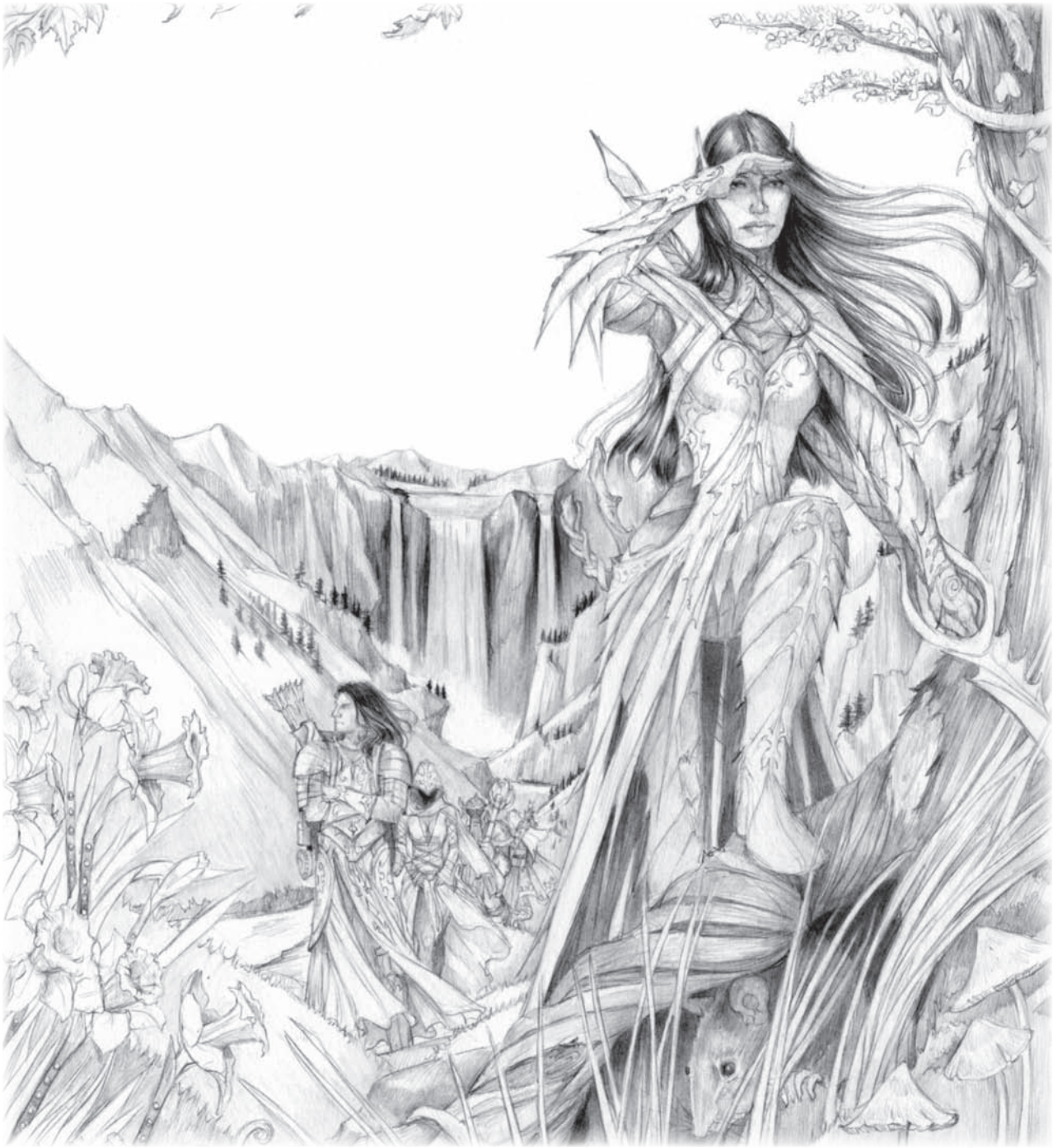
When the Ilandrist River dried up, Urlan was left as the only port city in the Fourth Mark. While of modest size (62,000 inhabitants), Urlan boasts one of the largest navies in Eranon — chiefly because of the many pirates who prey on its shipping lanes.

Another renowned point of interest in the Fourth Mark is Pyruspa, the Tower of Evocation. Situated between the Swamps of Despair and the Plains of Desolation, it scales to such height as to be visible from quite a distance out on the ocean.

The Osarians' Nasir is the largest city in the Fourth Mark. Holding a population of 256,000, Nasir stands as a haven for desert-weary travelers. The city is famed for the lush gardens in the palace of Sultan Alairi Quentil, and the collection of exquisite statues at the Marble Hall. On a grimmer note, Nasir is also home to the much-feared Brotherhood of Assassins.

At the southeastern tip of the dragon-infested Andual Mountains lies the Forest of Zelerin, which protects in its midst the wondrous forest city, Analock. It is built entirely atop trees, with structures linked by rope bridges. Analock is a favored destination for the otherwise-reclusive merthwargs.

Grynix, the Lost City, was the first victim of the Dakass Luot. Unluckily for its inhabitants, Grynix is located over a mouth to the Dark Sprawl, and the Druegarn elves used it as an entrance to the surface, occupying the city and spreading destruction throughout Eranon. The ruins of Grynix remain dangerous to this day because of the evil passages that worm beneath them.



2 Founding

I: CREATION

In the deepest gulf of Existence, where Time cannot be measured, the Supreme Deity Ramlar contemplated the creation of a World. His thoughts danced like the twinkling of stars in the vast heavens, each one shining in turn as His mind conceived every facet of the World He would bring into being. When at last His thoughts were complete, Ramlar rested, for the creation process was an enormous undertaking that took much from His essence.

When Ramlar finally stirred from his long slumber, His mind had engendered many things He wished to include in the World He intended to create. He stretched forth His hand into the very fires of Creation and forged the World. First, Ramlar caused to rise two land masses directly opposite each other on a solid sphere and put between them four great oceans. The seas were to cool the land, for the fires of Creation were immense and seared the land in scorch and smoke. Hence, it would be long before life could evolve on this creation. As the World cooled, Ramlar rested again, and in His mind many new thoughts visited, for this World would brim effervescent with both spirit and beauty. Ramlar then poured forth from Himself into the World part of His essence, manipulated so that even as He slept, His power would still flow through the World. Some beings of intelligence who would exist many years later would call this power Magic.

Let it be known that Ramlar, in His boundless wisdom, foresaw in the World and the life that would eventually come to live on it the need for Light and Darkness. These would be the responsibilities of the Alari when their time came to oversee the World. It must be said that though Ramlar favored the Light, He knew both Good and Evil must exist to balance the World. Seeing the ultimate outcome of a World sustaining both Good and Evil, He laid out the ending of the World even as He had just begun it. After shepherding this part of His work and labors to fruition, He sat and contemplated the Alari.

II: THE ALARI

It was during the cooling of the land that Ramlar brought into being the Alari, and had them reside alongside Him in His domain. The Alari were Ramlar's first children, and He cherished them dearly. Their specific purpose was to reign over the World, and their most crucial task was to bring into being, through Ramlar's will, Life and other Things. A tremendous portion of Ramlar's essence went into the Alari, and his great love for them was reciprocated.

Of the Alari there were ten: five male and five female. The first into existence was Voshurn, the wisest and greatest of the Alari. Second came his mate Veda, the tallest and most beautiful of the Alari. Third was Hur, the strongest and most headstrong, followed by his mate, Serpecia, the most loving and caring of them all. Next was Lynstal, who could see all sides of an issue and understood Good and Evil the best. His mate was Celyni, whose love for the seas and all their mysteries knew no bounds. Ratiss, the seventh Alari, carried a passion for all things surpassing even that of Voshurn. Such deep affection was shared by Anate, Ratiss' mate, in near matching bulk. The ninth, Gabrun, was the smallest in stature but held the largest adoration for his father, Ramlar. Lastly in the order came Gabrun's mate, Pillith, perhaps the strongest in will and next only to Veda in pulchritude.

During their uncountable eons with Ramlar, the Alari were secretly imbued with the power to change shape, at will, into any form they desired or could conceive. Then one day, Ramlar called His children before Him and revealed their purpose—that they were destined to bring into being everything He had devised for the World. Before they could do this, He said, they must sleep, for their labor would be intense and weariness would set upon them afterward. It was at that moment that Gabrun found his aspiration: He would become greater at this task than his kin. If he could not match the others in size and strength, he would become greatest in creation. Gabrun

thought Ramlar would be pleased, and that his actions would surely bring just reward.

Ramlar granted each Alari the power to create three lesser beings—the Eleri—who would aid them in the tasks set by their Father. Ramlar ordered them to create no more than three, though they could choose to have fewer. Gabrun quickly devised a plan, as he wanted to become greatest of all the Alari. Sadly, however, that was ultimately his downfall. Had his actions been guided only by altruism, he might have succeeded, but greed had taken root in his heart and proliferated like locusts feasting upon the land.

Ramlar chose Voshurn, the first created, to assist the others in attaining restful sleep. It was also at this time that Ramlar bid them farewell, and His parting words were, "Call to me, my children, when thy work is finished, and I shall know that it is good, and I shall give to thy labors my blessing." Voshurn then did his Father's bidding, putting to sleep each of the others—or so he believed.

Gabrun, lusting after greatness, feigned his sleep. He waited until all the others, including Voshurn, reached deep slumber before intruding into their dreams to see what each would come to create. Some of the visions he saw were more splendid than the best he could ever hope to create in his own mind. This ignited in him fiery anger and jealousy. He vowed on the spot that his works would be nonpareil. Many learning this history have asked how he could perceive his own dreams while watching those of the others. The sole possible answer is that Gabrun's unfathomable intellect must have enabled him to do so.

While the other Alari slept, Gabrun pilfered not only their dreams, but parts of their essences to strengthen his own mind and body. He also plotted to make five Eleri to aid him, deliberately violating Ramlar's instruction of retaining no more than three. Finally came his most evil act. Gabrun had previously confided in his mate, Pillith, about his schemes, and when given a choice, she shrank from him in utter disbelief. Now, while the Alari slept, Gabrun siphoned more from Pillith than from any other Alari, eroding her resolve while steeling his own power and persuasive skills. Eventually Pillith accepted the lies out of her love for Gabrun, thus setting her footsteps down the path of damnation and evil with her mate—though they were unaware of the fact at the time.

Voshurn was the first to wake from the long sleep. He awoke the others in the order in which they had fallen asleep. The awakened Alari were filled with joy, for now they knew their full purpose. Voshurn observed that Gabrun had changed, remarking, "Our Father's purpose for you must indeed be magnificent, Brother, for if I am not deceived, you have grown in stature during our slumber." A smirk crept over Gabrun's face as he stepped closer and realized he was of the same height and build as Voshurn.

"It is only our Father's will that makes me so, Voshurn, and all things I do are at His command," replied Gabrun. "But know this, Brother! My works will be great and much is asked of me. . . Till we meet again, Brother. May the Father bless you in your work. I must now take my leave and bid my mate, Pillith, to join me, for she and I have much to discuss about the wondrous tasks ahead of us. Farewell."

At that, Gabrun and Pillith departed the other Alari in haste.

III: THE ELERI AND THE SHAPING OF THE WORLD

Once the Alari began their labors, each of them had the power to create up to three beings to use as assistants. These beings were the Eleri, and each was to have a purpose according to his or her maker's will. Like the Alari, the Eleri were created in the shape of beings who were to come, and were greater than the races that were to be. The Eleri were to govern the higher things of the World, and they were granted these powers by Ramlar through the Alari.

Voshurn, the God of Air and Winds, created the Eleri known as Pelatos, the God of War, who is also considered Voshurn's messenger. Next he made Nind, the God of Judgment. All who pass with glory enough to enter the Halls of Light must be judged by Nind, for he knows all that passes in the World. The last Eleri of Voshurn's handiwork was Vinar, the God of Deeds. Those who have achieved remarkable deeds in the World are looked favorably upon by Vinar and are invited within his hall.

Veda, the Goddess of Beauty, was charged with the creation of a race that would come to inhabit both parts of the World. She called the beings Elves. Elves, she decided, should be tall, comely and gifted with Magic. The Elves were made to dwell on the first continent and were given longevity, as were all living entities on the first continent. The first Eleri under Veda was Elani, Goddess of the Stars. She arranged the stars in the heavens above the World to remind the inhabitants that the Makers still watch over their Creation. The next of Veda's Eleri was Noda, Goddess of the Moons. Her creations help guide the waters and the steps of Time in the World below. The last of Veda's Eleri was Vylia, Goddess of the Seasons. Seasons give the World an orderly cycle from growth to death, and show the World's varied beauty.

Hur, God of the Earth, created a race too. He named this race the Dwarves. Short in height, endless in endurance and hard in will are the Dwarves. One of Hur's Eleri was Vour, God of the Mountains. His resolve is as adamant as the mountains over which he rules. The Eleri Lanul is the Maker of the Plains, while Sorith oversees the hills, their landscape and all transpiring affairs.

Serpecia, Goddess of Nature and all living things in the World, originated the race she called Spirinari. They are even more beautiful than the Elves, and they, too, were given Magic. This race was placed on the second continent and made content to dwell there. Anaril, the Goddess and Maker of the Trees, was an Eleri who served under Serpecia. Another was Sorina, Maker of the Flowers and Grasses that flourished over the earth's soils. The third Eleri was Silia, Goddess of Song, who was to sing the first song that would give life to all living things. It is said that her voice is so enchanting that none will ever match it. It is also said that there will never be another song as great as that very first song.

Lynstal, God of Limbo, rules over a domain hosting lost spirits and those in between the purely spiritual and the corporeal worlds. His first Eleri was Mioril, the God of Neutrality. He possesses perspectives and insights similar to Lynstal. Next was Vilan, God of All Beasts that walk the earth. The last was Nafur, God of the Spirit Realm. Those in Nafur's favor would come to be Spirinari through Serpecia's grace.

Selyni, Goddess of the Water and all marine life, created Vede, Goddess of the Rivers. She also made Laurin, Goddess of the Streams, and Nasil, Goddess of Time. Nasil knows all that passes in the flow of Time in the World. It is said that she was given this gift by Ramlar, and that she alone knows when Time will end.

Ratiss, the God of Fire, first created Tela, the God and Maker of the Sun, to warm and comfort the earth. Second was Visal, the God of Ice, who cooled Ratiss' temper as well as the heat of the earth, and who supplies water for Vylia during the Spring season. Last was Tunus, the God of Strength, who was actually favored by Voshurn. Legend told that Ratiss created and dedicated a race to his mate, but his own power of fire interfered in the process. The beings survived but only after they were reduced to half a human's height. They would come to be known as the Halflings inhabiting the second continent.

Anate, the Goddess of Good, was charged with creating Humans. Humans are lovers of Magic, versatile in all trades, and possess perhaps the greatest potential for deeds of both valor and cowardice.

Anate made only two Eleri, for creating the Humans took much from her and consumed her thoughts. One was Selisee, the Goddess of Magic, to whom many pray for knowledge and power. The other was Nate, Goddess of Love, through whom many have enjoyed marital bliss.

The works of Gabrun and Pillith were fair--until the cataclysm known as "The Sundering." Gabrun was responsible for creating many races, among them the greatest of Elves. Everything crafted by his hands did, indeed, rival all that his brethren had ever done.

As the gods' labors concluded, Silia sang "The Song of Life," which instilled life throughout the World, and the Alari and Eleri rejoiced.

IV: THE AGE OF LIGHT

The elves, the eldest race on the first continent, named the land Isidria. It was breathtaking beyond imagination. Life strode forward quickly after the endnote of the "Song of Life," and the Alari and Eleri watched over the World carefully. As the races matured, they were instructed by their Makers in song, language and the written word. They were taught about their World and how to tend what was made for them.

Among Veda's elves arose the desire to learn all facets of Isidria. Eventually, like-minded collectives pioneered into various regions. The first was the Fetharn Elves. Their affinity for forest led to their settlement in Charlina, "The Great Wood." Another branch of elves opted for the beauty of the mountains and the wealth therein. They rooted themselves in the Alatan Mountains and are called the Sinflar Elves. The final faction, famed for their hunting prowess, headed for the open Slanlidia Plains and made it their homes as the Tylvare Elves. Both the Fetharn and Sinflar Elves received the gift of Magic—Fetharn more so than Sinflar. Veda chose to withhold Ramlar's Magic from the Tylvare Elves, for they simply do not value it as much as the other elves. This in turn lost them considerable vigils from Veda and Ramlar.

Hur's dwarves favored the mountains almost to a fault. They dwelt in them, mined them, and with their undeniable aptitude for stonework and gems, extracted many wondrous things. Hur availed himself to the dwarves once, picked certain scholars who relished amassing knowledge, and tasked them with chronicling the World in every detail. These dwarves, the Hethmarkn, now endeavor to preserve the history of absolutely all things in their mountain enclave. Whispered speculations have them building a labyrinthine stronghold to protect their recordings. This massive chamber, known as "The Book," is to keep the Hethmarkn's work intact until the end of Time. The remaining majority, known as the Kasmarkn, is renowned for its metal-crafting skills. The Hethmarkn and Kasmarkn do share an origin on the second continent, where they still reside.

The Spirinari are also natives of this second continent they called Eranon. They built a sprawling city in the northeast region. Nafur, the Eleri of Lynstal, was fascinated by the Spirinari and granted them Magic from the spirits, as did their creator, Serpecia, with Magic of a different kind. The arcane amalgam enabled the Spirinari to produce a mystical substance that stored held it the spirits of their past kin. The Spirinari guard the secrets of this "Spirit Bone" fervently. The Spirinari generally do not wander out into the World, content to remain within their own realm, Selani. They were the only race informed about the elves, and that the elves would migrate across the sea from the east.

The Humans made by Anate propagated rapidly in Eranon. They spread throughout the continent and lived in cities and villages. Their life spans were short but their willpower and thirst for knowledge amazed even their Maker.

Last are the Druegarn, a race of elves owing their existence to Gabrun. Nomads with magnificent craftsmanship, the Druegarn elves once lived with other elves in harmony. The Eleri serving Gabrun and Pillith were mostly mirror images of their counterparts under other Alari. They made towering trees, lush forests, rolling plains, tall mountain peaks, and other worthwhile creations. Some of these, it was said, did indeed surpass the other Alari's work in quality.

After ten thousand years had passed, and the life of the World had been set into proper motion, the Alari ascended back to Ramlar, bringing with them the Eleri. When they arrived, Ramlar did wake and He awoke in anger. The Alari and Eleri fell before Him and feared His wrath. Thus did the Age of Light end.

V: THE SUNDERING

The Alari and Eleri knelt before Ramlar, who bellowed like thunder in a fierce storm: "Who among you has defied my wishes?"

When Gabrun realized that Ramlar knew of his transgressions, he came forth. "It is I who has done so, Father."

Pillith arose as well. "I have shared in these deeds and done more than that was asked of me," she confessed, as the other Alari and Eleri stared in grief and amazement.

The couple's Eleri then told of their own doings. Shame and humiliation soon overtook Gabrun. His anger swelled and he cried aloud, "It was only out of love for you, Father, that I have committed such deeds!"

Ramlar's voice continued to rock the heavens. "Doest thou take my wisdom as folly? So it would seem, for I made you and gave you your power, yet you defy me!"

"Nay, I take not your wisdom as folly, Father, but rather as a means to attain greater heights in Your honor!"

"That was not thy purpose, and your actions have blazed the path of Evil before it was meant to be. Thus I now name all your creations Evil, Gabrun and Pillith! You will now recite all your sins against your brothers and sisters and their children."

Gabrun heeded his father's command. Meanwhile, Ramlar noticed Pillith cowering behind Gabrun. As He observed her and came to realize her part in Gabrun's deceit, Ramlar passed judgment on her in His mind.

After Gabrun had finished, the others looked upon him with pity and a tinge of sadness. Many wept, for they knew now he and Pillith must face their punishment. It was Voshurn who asked Ramlar's forgiveness for the two, but this instead angered Gabrun further.

"Do not ask for forgiveness in my name, Brother, for if the Father cannot see clearly the magnitude of my doings, perhaps His wisdom is indeed folly. I will accept His judgment. I want pity from no one."

"Very well," proclaimed Ramlar. "Now shall I judge thee, Gabrun, and so too shall I judge thy mate and all creations made by your will."

Lynstall intended to speak on Gabrun's behalf but was silenced by the Supreme Deity. "Here is the judgment I shall now give. It shall be decreed, and all who hear it shall obey."

As Gabrun stood before Ramlar, hatred burned in his mind and heart, and tears rolled down his face.

"For the Eleri created by thy hand, they shall now have the following stations and purposes: Necru, you shall be the God of Death, and only in death will all things please you; Lasek, you shall be the God of Lies, and evermore shall lies be woven by your thoughts; Vouruk, you shall be the God of Greed. Only your maker is equal to you in this, and I foresee many to fall under your persuasion; Narcatiss, you will be Lord of All Devils and Demons, and forever shall they make strife in the World; Vrang, only you shall go unchanged, but your beasts shall become dark, their demeanors ever of evil con-

tent. As concerns the Eleri created by Pillith, these stations will you now hold: Aratoriss, you shall be Goddess of Hatred, and all things will you despise save for Evil; Nurca, you shall be the Goddess of Torment, and eternally tormented will be those who come to you; Vytha, I deem you Goddess of Pain, and only in others' suffering will you find joy.

"All things that your hands have created will become reviled and only those who are Evil will find appreciation in them. The Druegarn elves shall be smote dark so that others of their kind will despise them and know well their diabolical nature. So, too, shall all the other entities of Gabrun's labor conform in shape and mind to Evil, and the World shall be made aware of their wickedness.

"Pillith, you shall now be the Goddess of the Night. You will love neither the sun nor the light of day that Tela has brought. Only in darkness shall you find relief. Gabrun, you shall henceforth be the God of Evil, and all things Evil will have you at their core. You will love not your brothers and sisters, nor any of their children or their creations. You will revel only in your acts alone.

"Your powers I do not strip from thee, for there must be balance in the World, and though this is not my design for the coming of Evil, thus has it come to pass and so shall it be. At constant war and strife shall you live with your brothers and sisters and their children and, indeed, with yourselves. I call to your kin to show no mercy unto you or any Evil hereafter."

Ramlar then turned to all of his children. "Each of you, Alari and Eleri alike, will create realms of thine own, but these shall be not within the realms already wrought by others. In these domains you will be master. Only once more shall you be able to visit thy children of the World in physical form, and you shall tell them all that has transpired here. Although you are forbidden from the World, those who dwell in it may venture into your realms, but only through the use of my essence. You may manifest on earth only in spirit, should the need arise. It is my will that from Tela's realm angels will rise, and they are to wage war with the demons and the devils. Never again shall your powers be flaunted in the World. Solely through its life that treads the soils of our creation may you bestow power to do your will.

"So stands my judgment on Gabrun and Pillith and all they have wrought. Let it be known and obeyed."

A nod from Ramlar prompted Silia to begin singing "The Song of Sundering." Instantly, the changes decreed by Ramlar started to unfold. The Eleri of Gabrun and Pillith devolved into abominations too horrific to view, inspiring immediate dislike and causing them to be shunned. Putrid darkness engulfed Pillith. Gabrun's countenance turned menacing as a hungry wolf to a newborn lamb. Without a pause, vitriol for his kin and their children replaced his heart.

In the World, all the beings sprung from Gabrun, Pillith and their Eleri changed as well (though some would only do so by night). The very skin of the Druegarn burned until it it was of an ebon shade. They sought shelter in the shadows, as did other creatures now known as orcs and goblins, until such time when their Maker should come unto them.

After the "Song of Sundering" ended, the dark gods and their Eleri visited their progenies one final time, as permitted by Ramlar, to instruct them in the ways of Evil.

Ramlar then called to the rest of the Alari. "Now, my children, it is time to depart for your own domains and fashion them to your own liking. Rule it as thou wilt and be blessed."

Hence, the Alari retreated to their respective realms and so do they all still dwell, until the "Song of Unmaking" shall be sung by Silia.

The Age of Light had ended. The Age of Darkness had begun.

3 The Dakass Luot: The Dark War

The Dakass Luot was a terrible continent-wide war whose purpose was to obliterate all living races save the Druegarn, who waged the war upon the world. The war itself lasted for over 2,000 years and would have been successful if not for a lone Druegarn dark elf named Istolil Hune. This single person set in motion the tides that shifted in the war, and if it not for his strength of heart and spiritual guidance the world would be a dark and wicked place, empty of all races.

The Druegarn roamed all the underground, avoiding the other races, and ventured on the surface only by the light of the moons. They bred in vast numbers and brought into being beasts of horrid appearance and the most evil intent. This was all done for the Great War that would give them total domination of the surface world. Many years passed, and the Druegarn patiently waited. Their bred creatures grew to great stature, and then those creatures spawned. During this time the Druegarn gained mastery of other races of the Dark Sprawl and fed their minds with hatred for all living things of the surface world. In time they called the elves kings and showed them great reverence and worship. Finally, after 7,000 thousand years had passed and the total Druegarn population totaled well over a million, the time for the war as it was deemed by the 12 person ruling council was at hand.

The war was horrific, and many perished during its course. Beings from other realms of reality were brought onto the material world and bade to walk there and cause much strife. The war engulfed the entire continent. To the amazement of all it was well organized and spread almost immediately. There was no big wave of an advancing force. In truth there were many forces striking strategic places at the same time. It is now known that the Dark Sprawl encompassed numerous Druegarn cities throughout the world, not just a handful like many had guessed before the war began.

It has been guessed that the dark god Gabrun led the war and that it was of his making. This holds true to a point: Although Gabrun did initiate the hellish war, it is now known that all of the dark gods had a part in it.

Many great events, miraculous deeds and tide-turning events occurred. Below are the ten most prominent events of the war. Other events are recorded and written in other tomes; the ten below merely serve as an overview of what is called "The Dark War."

First Invasion

Many people relate that Galdarest was the first of the major cities to fall, but recent discoveries have shown that Grynix was indeed the first of the great cities to completely fall to Druegarn rule and destruction.

It was mid Qualtin, the 21st of the year 2,000, on a bright sunny morning in the city of free peoples that the race of dark elves issued forth from the bowels of the earth and took residents by surprise. The whole city of Grynix fell in less than 4 hours, and only a very few survivors escaped.. The ones who did escape fled to the city's dungeons and were forgotten and considered dead. The cruel plans laid by the dark brethren were implemented with great precision, and not many lived after those 4 hours if they remained on the surface and within the city's gates.

This initial invasion would be a measuring tool for the elves to tell how the war would ensue and to measure the time it might take for total city occupancy. Their plans were solid, and the measuring device proved to be a good one, for other cities fell in almost the same manner and in the same amount of time.

Those who fled the city on foot and stayed on the surface were in a state of bewilderment and shock. Only a few reports were made to outlying cities on what had transpired in those few hours. Many thought the dark gods had come to bring an end to the world, and thus despair overtook them and they perished in the wilds.

Cities Fall

Within days after the fall of Grynix the evil dark elves poured forth into Galdarest and overtook three quarters of the city. However, the might of Galdarest's defenses quickly sprang into action, and the central part of the city was besieged. Figuring that the good races would use magic to warn others or call for aid, powerful dark magic was used to block outgoing calls or magical messages. Thus the city sat in ruin while the Druegarn fortified their positions. It wasn't until 3254 that the famed city was completely overrun and laid to waste by the dark elves and their minions.

Over the next 70 years after the initial invasion, numerous well-established cities began to fall to the Druegarn horde. Myriad Druegarn, orcs, goblins, demons and devils, as well as many other specimens that called the Dark Sprawl home, made their way to mortal soil–each inflicting terror onto whomever they encountered.

Among the cities of note that fell was Naldeth, the immense continental-trading city with its lush gardens and wide-open areas–all brought to ruin by the advancing evil. The high King Sarin Fedar was killed, which caused all people of that great city to despair.

The city of Leraness, a second start-up city of the Sinflar elves, fell quickly to the legion of demons, which brought pain and havoc to its hollowed halls in the Awyn Mountains. Their king, Auliss Marluin, was captured and presumed killed. It was later known that he was held hostage by the vilest of the Druegarn leaders and tortured beyond reckoning. His death finally came when the first of the Druegarn leaders were captured and killed. Leraness was a strategic location for the dark host because the city's newly carved halls could house thousands of the evil army's soldiers and, more important, protect them from the light of day.

Nalereth, another new city of the Fetharn elves nestled in the southwestern fringes of the Lanthir Forest, withstood the onslaught by their dark kin for over 24 days before eventually falling to ruin when a host of devils entered the battle. The Fetharn king, Frirass Mi' San, despaired when he first laid eyes on the devils as they walked through the dark portal their evil plane-lord brethren had made. He was the last to fall of all the city's population. He along with his bodyguard slew hundreds of their dark kin before a cunning devil of pure maliciousness mortally wounded him from behind. His dying words were, *"We are of the light, and only in light will one prevail! Our gods welcome us all who have shown honor and bravery. You shall not know victory long. The tides will turn, and your wickedness will be smitten into ashes, even if it comes from the most unlikely of places."*

In 2286, using a surprise tactic, the Druegarn assaulted the great dwarven mountain city of Tronle. The elves attacked from the top, taking the exposed portion and claiming it for their own. The dwarves, being stout, strong willed, and determined, held their lower halls and portions of the city throughout the war. Although many of their dwarvish brethren perished in the battle of attrition, they held their ground through sheer willpower.

While many cities of prominence fell in the war, many other settlements and small towns fell as well–though none greater in consequence than the first. It would seem that the Druegarn were well on their way to total surface domination, and their 12 leaders rubbed excited hands and praised their dark gods. Their vile plans were just beginning.

Dwarfs' Doom

It was the 23rd of Vanta, year 2287, in a makeshift medic hall that King Modan Falkun and his host of protectors were in heated battle.

The stench of death was in the air, and the slain lay in heaps on the floor, blood slowly ebbing from their bodies, causing the floor shine with a dull gleam. The weapons of the dead lay scattered about like the stars in the heavens. It would take time to sort out the bodies, for the room was full of the fallen. In a back corner King Modan fought with a fierceness not seen by any dwarf since. His blade sang through the air, its razor edge bringing death to numerous evil elves.

Wave after wave of dark elves surged into the hall, yet neither the king nor his brethren faltered. Only when Draxor yelled and clutched his throat did the King become nervous. A small band of Druegarn Shadow Masters had infiltrated the room. In his wisdom, Modan slammed his axe head to the floor and issued a strange string of words. In an instant the head of the axe shone brighter than the sun, and the seven shadow assassins were exposed. Modan's guard went into action, but not before a lithe dark wizard stood at the doorway and issued a powerful spell of darkness. The king's weapon was of greater power than the wizard's, so the room only dimmed, but it was enough to let one of the shadow elves vanish. This would

be the king's undoing, for within the next few moments while Modan knelt over one of the dead assassins to free his blade from a victim's skull, the vanished rogue appeared behind him, blade drawn, ready to issue the fatal blow. It was Thonere Talmout who screamed for the king through the open doorway after quickly disposing of the frail wizard, but it was too late. The dark elf's blade slid with ease into the back of the king's neck and in seconds, blood was pouring down into the king's lungs. Thonere, one of the king's most trusted friends, sprang into the room and ran headlong into the elf assassin. The lithe bones cracked and broke as dwarf hit elf and elf hit stone. The assassin was instantly killed, but the malicious act had done its job, for when Thonere turned to his truest friend, the King of Tronle was dead.

It later came to knowledge that the whole Falkun family had been assassinated, and the king was saved for the last by this vile rogue band. It was right after the slaying of the king that the Druegarn departed Tronle and never made an attempt on the dwarves' age-old home again.

After much bitter mourning, talk, and a most grievous funeral Thonere Talmout was made king of Tronle. It was a sad and despairing time for the dwarves. They had lost their king, whose lineage could be traced back to the time Hur was among them. Many songs were sung during these times, and all were littered with words about the Dwarfs' Doom.

DEMON YEAR

In the Second Mark, northeast of the Awyn Mountains, was an enormous exit from the Dark Sprawl, and late in the year of 2583 the Druegarn elves built a huge stone gateway that spanned some 100 feet across and was over 200 feet high. Many in the Second Mark spied this new hellish structure and wondered at its purpose. A lone figure was carved at its top, and after a time the figure began to take on the appearance of Narcatiss, the god of devils and demons. Residents in the surrounding areas were terror-struck. They immediately formed a plan to remove the evil effigy from the mortal soil of Eranon. However, their planning came too late, for on the first day of 2584 magical energy crackled over the structure's shiny black surface. The ground for miles around shook as powerful spells were cast and woven together to bring the huge stones to their purpose. In minutes the spells were cast, and all was deadly silent. Then with a thundering boom that violently shook the ground, massive amounts of swirling energy coalesced between the two pillars, and a horrific ear-piercing scream issued from the carved head at the gateway's center. Those viewing the event from afar could see immediately after the scream large shapes issuing forth from between the two pillars. "It is a planar gate!" screamed a wizard. In fact it was a planar teleport gate from Narcatiss' realm of VyeKranus to the soil of Eranon.

Multitudes of towering demons strode onto the earth, and each was led by a vile demon. They seemed to have a purpose for all set off in different directions will ill intent. The wizard who had named the structure as a portal immediately sent magical messages to the nearest city, Seramis, and from there the alarm was sent to all of the major cities.

During this time it wasn't uncommon to see a lone Shian roaming the country side, or a vile Nurcavant rampaging through a small settlement or town and bringing it to total devastation. Other, more controlled attacks were made upon the remaining cities. Great battles and sieges occurred at numerous city gates. The good peoples called this year The Demon Year, and many souls were lost to the denizens of the dark planes.

It was late in the year 3100 that the most learned wizards of Seramis met secretly with other powerful good wizards of the world in that city's Tower of Magic. They had devised a plan to destroy the hellish portal and end the steady stream of the dark host's minions. A band of 30 wizards supported by 40 sevars of numerous faiths marched to the demon portal. To their amazement they were met with minimal resistance. Many thought the portal would prove to be indestructible, but they set aside their fears since many spies had given their lives to obtain vital information about the portal and its make up and origin. Once the area was cleared the wizards took up long incantations, and powerful magic flowed from each of the casters' hands. The sevars were in place to ensure their survival and to bind any demon or devil that tried to issue forth while this massive spell of undoing was being cast. After what seemed like an age, Nraliss Ba'nae issued the final thundering word. The portal glowed a dull green, and the air itself seemed to suck into the gateway. With a thundering crack the massive swirling energy ceased, and cracks began to form along the portal's pillars. With a thundering boom there issued from the mouth of the statue of Narcatiss a screaming wail that deafened all within miles around. An enormous blast wave of magical energy spread outward from the portal, and all were knocked prone. The portal started to crumble, and the earth shook and opened beneath it. What seemed to be a small crevice became more. The ground opened and its depths grew deep. The remaining wizards and sevars quickly ran while others used spells to remove themselves from the vicinity. Those who were not so quick fell to the blackness below and were immediately swallowed by the expanding and erupting landscape. Rapidly, a small canyon formed and spread at an alarming rate to the northwest. Its expanse was over 2 miles wide within minutes. Daemar Largran, a human wizard of great power, sacrificed himself to stop the rapidly widening canyon by casting a spell that consumed him but stopped the advancing canyon.

Thus was the massive invasion of demons ended. The canyon, which was now over 1,000 miles in length and hundreds of miles across, was later named after the wizard who gave his life to stop the advancing destruction. None know how far the canyon would have continued, but its ending left many relieved, and new strength formed in their hearts.

YEAR OF STRIFE

In the year 3168 all seemed lost, and despair sat heavy on all good hearts. The evil Druegarn had done quite a remarkable job in their war, and the destruction to the major food-supply villages and farms was quite extensive. Food was rationed in the major cities while small settlements usually fell to famine and death. Thus the year 3168 was officially named the Year of Strife.

In the Brightwood Forest unique and quick thinking by Merlanth students and council members provided fast-growing food stores and fresh water supplies. They were, however, pushed to their limits, and still there was not enough food to supply the whole world. Times were bleak. Many perished during this time, and those who survived said it was the most hellish time of the entire war.

It was only by sheer will that the good peoples survived this difficult time with hardly any food. The casualties during the Year of Strife swelled into to the hundreds of thousands, according to written records. Through lean discipline and stone-hard determination the good peoples prevailed and eked out a meager existence.

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

What has been deemed the turning point in the war occurred late in the year of 4253. Four of the twelve Druegarn leaders were captured. They were seized in the Fourth Mark just outside of Corbesk and taken directly to Seramis by means of magic.

Once in Seramis they were hard pressed with questions. None save one of leaders spoke even a single word, and this was nothing but a curse to all that lived on the surface world. So they were imprisoned in the dungeons of Seramis and brought before the king and his council daily for questioning.

After a year of imprisonment the Druegarn were left to spend the rest of their days in a cell, but the cells were never dark. Sevars of Anate cast everlasting light spells enhanced by their goddess on the walls and every inanimate object they could find. Still the Druegarn leaders said nothing.

Retreat

The year 4257 gave more hope to the good peoples of the world. The orcs and goblins were retreating back into the dark depths of the Dark Sprawl.

This came as a surprise, and many people thought it was a ploy to ease their guard and relax their defenses. Others believed the vile races were indeed retreating back home.

The good races did not let their guard down, however, for many other major cities had just fallen to the war, and there was talk now of a new portal being constructed in the far south near the dark jungle of Alcovaria. This hardened most people, redoubling their strength and will.

An Unsuspectied Ally

The 21st day of Vanta 4265 is the most famous date in all the war. On this day the tides of war shifted to the people of the light, and it never swayed back to evil. The event occurred in the newly found city of Aurod, and with it came much speculation and criticism, but thanks to those of true vision and clear thought the outcome was victory.

In the early morning before the changing of the guard, a lone figure in chains suddenly appeared at the city gates. The city guard was taken aback at the newcomer.

"Who goes there? State your name and your business in this early hour," said the guard after quickly grabbing his weapon.

"I am Istolil Hune, dark elf of those who wage war against you, and I offer my aid to you and all other races," said the chained figure.

As the guard strained his eyes he did indeed see it was a dark elf, and what was more astonishing was that he was speaking the language of the surface.

"You speak the common tongue—strange for a Druegarn, don't you think?" the guard replied.

"Do not take me for a fool. I know more than you care to guess, guard. Will you keep me here, or would you rather see the war of the world continue and your kin and other races needlessly perish? As I stated before, I offer aid to your city and all the races that make war with my idiotic kin and the evil from the dark planes," Istolil stated, moving up five paces.

The guard was nervous and perplexed by this predicament, but a feeling came over him that the dark elf was telling the truth. The guard was no fool either.

"Is this some trick of the enemy? Are you alone, or are there others waiting to slit my surface-breathing body as well as the throats of my fellow citizens?" the guard demanded.

"It is only me, good guard, but it is well thought that a trap may be sprung on you and your beautiful city," Hune replied. *"It is only I. See? I can not even break the chains in which I have encased myself."*

The guard watched as the figure tried to break free of the chains and found he could not. This gave him much ease. The feeling still there, he told the prisoner to advance to the door, but go no further.

"I will do as you ask, but if I may, I would ask for a dwarf, human, and Halfling—if they are available—to join with you to escort me to your head general and king. I have much to give to the surfaces races if they will have it. I do believe that you will be relieved in mere moments, or am I mistaken?"

"The stranger is not mistaken, but how did he know the changing times of the guard? He may be telling the truth, and if so the city and world would be ever grateful," the guard thought to himself.

"Come to the door. Those whom you have requested will be here shortly, and you are correct: I am to be relieved in one minute. So I will indeed escort you to the general and then to the king if Mardiss deems it appropriate."

The escort through the city was slow. Those up at this early hour saw the chained Druegarn being escorted through the streets; many threw curses and even spat upon him. He showed no signs of retaliation whatsoever, and after many steps they finally reached the generals quarters.

The introductions and actual words that were spoken in private in Mardiss' chambers need not be told here; suffice to say it was a bright beacon of light in cold bitter darkness. After four hours in the general's chambers they were escorted to the king.

The general could not believe his good fortune or the fortune of all the races of the world. He immediately sent out magical messages to the prominent cities, and within hours Istolil Hune was in front of more than 300 kings, generals, wizards, and sevars. The meeting proceeded with Istolil taking up most of the time speaking. He told the kings how they had been watched through magic for over 50 years, how the Druegarn spied on troop placements, how they took notes of surface peoples' supply lines, and even how each race fought with their own unique tactics. During the course of the talk he also told the whole plan of his race and their wicked ways. He even gave the locations of the other leaders and the new tactics they intended to implement. If he was asked, Istolil told, and it was the city guard, Maxer, who finally asked the question so many wanted to know: *"Why do all this?"* It seemed the dark elf sank, and his shoulders slumped low at this, but at length he gave his reason.

"My light shines brighter no more. A wicked deed has been done—one that pains my very heart, and there is no way of mending the damage. It is true I valued my kin's way not at all, and in service in the war I did more hindering to my own and protecting of your races than any know. In short, for my throat grows weary, I was betrayed, and in this wicked betrayal I lost my eternal star. Now I long for peace and for this foolish war to be ended so I can mend and others mend in turn. In return for the information I have given I only ask that I be given refuge in this splendid city. I pledge to offer my aid to the city until I draw my last breath upon Eranon's soil" Hune would say no more on the subject.

The following weeks proved a turning point in the war. Great victories were had by the free peoples of the world now that they knew the dark elves' tactics—all thanks to the unexpected ally. All the information provided by Hune proved to be true, and Istolil became quite popular within the city. After a time Hune was given freedom to roam the city, and he is considered a hero by Aurod's citizens, as well as many others in the world.

END OF EVIL

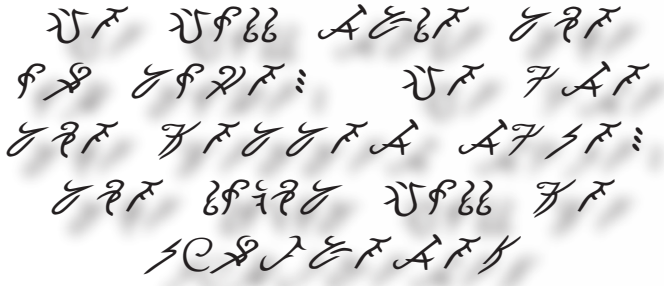
The year 4267 marked the end of the Dakass Luot. Shortly after Istolil Hune provided information to the world's leaders, the tides of war shifted and the Druegarn suffered defeat. The remaining leaders were captured and brought together with the other ten and slain. This was after a unanimous decision from all the worlds' leaders. The orcs and goblins had already retreated to their dark homes and would not be seen again on the surface for many years. The remaining demons were hunted down and either killed or sent back to their hellish homes. Several new Dark Sprawl openings were closed and magically sealed off to prevent others from venturing to the surface, although not all were discovered.

Many races retreated back into their homelands to heal and recover from the war. Almost all of the races relied on each other during this time. With renewed strength and courage the surface dwellers set about rebuilding that which they had lost.

The Light Prevails

The Dakass Luot inflicted much grief, sorrow, and pain on the surface peoples. The loss of lives reached into the millions, and the land was laid to waste. However, it was the Fetharn king, Frirass Mi' San, who issued the tale of doom to the dark brethren many years before: "We are of the light and only in light will one prevail! Our gods welcome us all who have shown honor and bravery. You shall not know victory long. The tides will turn, and your wickedness will be smitten into ashes, even if it comes from the most unlikely of places." Frirass Mi' San's words rang true: If it wasn't for a brave dark elf named Istolil Hune the world would now be in total darkness and overrun with wickedness.

In time the people of the light prevailed, and their hearts were renewed. Their values, strength and loyalty doubled after the great war. Many repeat the first sentence of King Frirass to this very day, and during the first months after the war had ended King Frirass' words reverberated from almost every hilltop and low mountain meadow, spreading to the far corners of the world.



4 Races

Given their unbridled reverence for the morbid gods and penchant for deviance, the Nurinians are not only prone to carrying out diabolical acts, they relish in them. The Osarians welcome all trades in their desert while clutching the secrets of the dunes tightly to their bosoms. The Frorinians count their hard lives a blessing, alone in a land of eternal frost.

These are just the human cultures of Eranon.

Eranon is the home to the civilizations of many races, dating back to the Spiriniari and the mass elven migration from Isidria. Some races have intermingled quite well; while others, like the Druegarn elves, have not. While the fate of each race is yet to be decided, the colorful heritage and personality of each will certainly assure Eranon a bounty of intrigue.

THE HUMANS

Anate was given the task of creating the humans, and it is known that doing so consumed much of the essence Ramlar gave her. The humans arose in Eranon, the second continent of the world. Anate walked among the first-born humans and taught them many things regarding the world and all its beauty. She told them of her children, her brothers and sisters, and what they had wrought into being in the world. She taught them speech and in the use of written words and magic, and about the nature that surrounded them. It astonished Anate how well the humans comprehended her instruction, as well as their thirst for knowledge and wisdom. The humans ventured forth and proliferated, not only in numbers, but in intellect, body, and spirit, too. They assimilated many aspects of other cultures into their own, among them the working of metal from the dwarfs of the mountain, and the practice of magic from the Spirinari.

Some time later, Anate came back to the humans. She noticed they had dispersed themselves throughout Eranon, separating into four distinct ethnicities. She saw this as good and visited each in turn to teach them, her children that she loved, many other skills. Seeing all was set in place for the humans to accomplish deeds greater than even she had foreseen, Anate departed for Ramlar's wake from slumber, after promising to return to the humans again.

In Anate's final visit, she presented herself before the all the humans and revealed the enormity of the sin committed by her evil kin, and she made her children resilient against all of the sinister creations that they had brought forth. Lastly, before she abandoned all physical contact with this world as per Ramlar's decree, she passed on the secret of access to her planar realm, bidding the humans to come to her when the need arose.

Auzronians

The Auzronians are rumored to be Anate's favorite, and thus received her greatest blessing among all humans. The race has no ties to any one particular area, for they have chosen to reside over all

of Eranon from day one. Since then, the Auzronians have founded several kingdoms and cities. They show the same favor to all races and share knowledge freely. Their name is Spirinari for "Lovers of All Things."

The largest concentration of Auzronians settled in the central part of northeastern Eranon, where they built the famed city of Galderest, taking well over one hundred years to complete. When it was finished, the city's brilliance so overwhelmed all who gazed upon it that everyone acknowledged it as the "Paragon of the World." Humans and nonhumans alike flocked to the enormous city and called it home, while many a traveler strode the city's awe-inspiring streets.

Unfortunately, Galderest was the first major victim in the dreaded Dakass Luot, falling to the Druegarn elves and their dark legions. Only with unwavering determination were the forces of good able to overcome the loss and turn the tides of war. However, Galderest was not the sole Auzronian achievement, merely their crown. These people are credited with other remarkable cities such as Leraness, Azair, and Genthail; all continue to stand as testaments to their capabilities.

Even after Galderest's obliteration, the Auzronians persevered to construct a replacement. The result is the marvelous city of Aurod, just southwest of the Brightwood Forest, home to the Fetharn elves. Today, Aurod has seemingly surpassed its famous predecessor in size, prosperity, and beauty. It is second in prominence only to Seramis, home to the Fetharn elves. The population in Aurod stretches well beyond 400,000, and the city was built on a strategic locale envied by even the Kasmarkn dwarfs.

The Auzronians are a proud people, and many believe their will can weather the hardest of times and troubles.

Physical Appearance: The Auzronians vary in physique. The only constant is that their height rarely rises above six feet.

Attitude: The Auzronians are a hearty, emotional people. They are quick to laugh and as equally quick to grieve, leading many to speculate that this was Anate's true vision when she created her children. The Spirinari and Fetharn elves also favor Auzronians amongst all humans.

The Auzronians view the world with great respect. They had once beleived themselves above defeat, but the Druegarn onslaught during the Dakass Luot proved otherwise. They enjoy little more than tending to the earth and revere Serpecia, the most compassionate of deities. They are avid explorers enamored with the thrill of discovery. Any mention of adventure in Eranon never fails to raise their hopes with unbridled enthusiasm.

Religion: Besides Serpecia, Auzronian worship varies just as much as their dress, especially taking into account their respective regions and cities of residence.

Language: Auzronians speak the common tongue of humans, but many take on Salari (spoken by Spirinari) and the elven language of Olati.

Names: Auzronians adopt names according to the convention of the area in which they dwell. There are no definite ending vowels or consonants to their names, either first or last.

Homeland: There is no one specific place of origin for the Auzronians, because they have called the whole of Eranon home from the beginning.

Cultural Features: The following are highlights of Auzronian society.

Aurod: The mighty Aurod is the second largest city in all of Eranon, founded in honor of Galderest, which was lost in the "Dakass Luot," the Dark Elf War. Aurod stands at the northern tip of the Gerukan Mountain range, nestled into one of the most defensible positions in Eranon. While its back is to Azraldim Mountain, Aurod also faces a large, 800-foot-deep gorge that belts the city's front. The

Istolil Hune converses with Seras Thorne atop the Sky Knights Aerie

Xaris River runs into this gorge, and the subsequent waterfalls are breathtaking to behold.

The sole entryway into Aurod is a mile-long bridge over the gorge, with two towering statues of Voshurn and Serpecia holding their hands high to welcome visitors. Three hundred feet into the bridge looms a marble carving of a Lenrinia dragon. At over eighty feet tall with outspread wings that seem to span forever, the statue serves to forewarn potential troublemakers, and it has been said to be quite effective in intimidating them away, perhaps due to a rumored enchantment that purportedly pacifies the hearts of all who pass beneath it but the most wicked. The final section stretches over the Xaris' rapids rumbling below.

Aurod's main walls are constructed of fifteen-foot-thick blocks of solid granite reaching over a hundred feet in height. The four outer towers stand at over two hundred feet each and appear to be pillars supporting the sky over the city. The primary gateway is estimated to be seventy feet tall, and is constructed from the sturdiest wood that Eranon can produce in the Brightwood Forest. The arches running along either side of the huge double gate proudly display banners and icons of Kasmarkn and Sinflar design.

The most celebrated figure in Aurod is Istolil Hune, an archmage of Druegarn descent who helped in repelling the dark elves during the Dakass Luot. Istolil is the city's premier wizard and accorded the deepest respect by Aurod's denizens for his legendary deeds.

Aurod is the Auzronians' pride and joy, with a population hovering between 400,000 and 500,000. It is a popular trade center and its wealth rivals any other city in Eranon.

Sky Knights of Aurod: High against the mountain at the back of Aurod sits a conspicuous, immense plateau over a fissure. This is the home and aviary of the heroic Sky Knights of Aurod.

The Sky Knights, Aurod's first line of defense, are seasoned, elite warriors who wield specially-fitted lances with extreme accuracy from the backs of their highly trained, solid black griffons. Visitors often marvel as the knights fly in formation through the deep gorge then incline and sweep over the heads of the many travelers crossing the bridge, the griffons' high-pitched cries echoing off the city's high walls,. They don black armor and capes to match the ebon shade of their griffon mounts.

To become a Sky Knight is a position greatly sought after by many in Aurod. Istolil Hune founded the Sky Knights and retains full command of them.

The Pagis: This is the second largest library in Eranon, tucked underground beneath Istolil Hune's home. The circular chamber descends like an upturned cone with its many circular levels getting smaller as it winds down into the earth. Scholars and visitors obtain access at the Pagis Bureau just before the massive surface doors.

Political Structure: Varied. Each Auzronian kingdom or territory is governed differently.

Racial Relations: The Auzronians have no love for the foul orcs and goblins that scurrying across the surface of Eranon. They are willing to extend a hand, albeit a wary one, to Druegarn elves making their way above-ground. Auzronians admire the dwarfs for their metalworking skills, and the elves for their grace and longevity. They hold a fascination for the halflings, for they know Hur has designs for these short folk and that nothing is impossible for the halfling heart. The Spirinari are accorded Auzronians' highest regards for their storied past and the great wisdom they possess.

Frorinians

During the time of Anate's first absence, the Frorinians trekked north. Convinced that the construction of cities is an omen of dark times, chose to isolate themselves from other humans. They met and subsequently bonded with the Spirinari, who continue to be a wonderful neighbor of the Frorinians today.

They eventually carved out their own territory in the northern Reach, a frigid, unforgiving wasteland that severely tested their constitution and perseverance. The Frorinians have had to overcome many threats in the region, chief among them: werewolves. The lycanthropes' relentless assaults dealt the Frorinian settlers a great many blows, almost driving them from the Reach completely. Indeed, what the Frorinians call their domain — "The Chill" — was derived from the dying words of a former chieftain, Strong Spirit of Life. "In the Chill," he uttered moments after being mortally wounded by a werewolf, "my cry goes stronger. For my fellows, for my people! Long may they live and return to what was given!"

Those words rallied the Frorinians to engage the werewolves in a fierce conflict that lasted five nights. Even then, their foes might have driven these humans into extinction if it wasn't for the Spirinari, who summoned spirits to aid their Frorinian neighbor. The bloody war ended with the Spirinari raising an enormous wall of spirit bones to deny the lycanthropes access to the Frorinian's newly won lands. Dubbed the "War of Eternal Nights," the battle's five nights have been condensed into a single, holy night observed by the Frorinians annually, as they honor the fallen and the struggle as their initiation to the world. Although the werewolves still raid The Chill during times of the full moon, there has never been another encounter of that magnitude, thanks to strict Frorinian vigils.

The Frorinians have since established several communities close to one other, ringing a volcano, Mount Cardun, for warmth and fire. Other races now visit them intermittently, displaying both amazement and respect for the Frorinian resolve and fortitude necessary to prosper in the Reach.

When the Auzronians requested assistance in the Dakass Luot, the Frorinians answered. They, alongside Spirinari, performed countless remarkable deeds during the war that are archived in Hethmarkn libraries and tomes. Afterward, the Frorinians returned to The Chill and resumed their hardened lifestyle. To this day, they welcome all wishing to brave the Chill's gnawing cold and experience firsthand the grind of the Reach.

Physical Appearance: The Frorinians are the strongest and largest of human specimens. They can grow up to seven feet in height at the tallest, with average being a tad over six feet for both males and females. Their hair is typically light to sandy blond in hue, and their eyes are always ice blue. They tend to sport a muscular frame proportional to their height.

The Frorinians cover themselves in thick furs from the animals they have killed. They also commonly don headdresses made from animal skulls and scalps. The Great Tribal Chieftain and his family wear dark or blackened skins of different creatures to denote their rank and power within the Frorinian society.

Attitude: Though not overly aggressive, the Frorinians nevertheless reserve no tolerance for the weak. Their lifestyle and homeland leave very little room for frail minds or bodies. They are independent loners who prefer to face the world by on their own terms. As such, they are detached from the rest of humanity and their affairs — which suits them just fine, since big cities and other amenities are signs of evil in their superstitious views.

The Chieftain has the final decision for all Frorinian issues. Frorinians follow his lead and do not question his will. To outsiders, they seem to be in constant alert even when all is quiet and serene — a natural state attributable to the perils of living in close proximity to the werewolves, with whom they are forever at odds. They hunt The Chill's beasts with proficiency comparable to the Tylvare elves of the Hilspar Plains.

The Frorinians favor the spoken word to the exclusion of the written form. Their tales are often long, usually saved for gatherings over chilly nights. Frorinian music is renowned throughout Eranon; several popular songs heard throughout Eranon can trace their roots back to The Chill. They use very little magic, but do not fear it. Frorinians are particularly fond of the Spirinari and their ability to speak to the dead, a gift they openly admire and privately envy.

They are skeptical of the world outside their own confines. The brutal life they lead necessitates a modicum of paranoia and xenophobia, for self-protection and survival, if nothing else. Frorinians revere many deities, but uphold Ramlar as the true Maker. They abhor large cities and oceans, venturing into either except in times of dire need. They care not for the hot airs or desert-poaching Nurinians. They do appreciate forests for the excellent hunting grounds and the ample game they provide to hone their hunting prowess. Except in times of searing summer heat, the Frorinians also set foot on the plains, especially for the hunt of the Drysscar. Due to their love of wintry climates, however, the Frorinians are best content roaming their realm of ice, snow, and frost known as The Chill.

Religion: The Frorinians primarily worship Tunus, Pelatos, Lynstall, and Ratiss.

Language: The common tongue. Salari of the Spirinari is sometimes learned as a second language.

A Brute's Rampage

Names: While their first name can be of any sort, most Frorinians chose a descriptive phrase to follow; for example, Rath Strong-Arm-of-the-Chill or Fraydyne Sower-of-Secrets.

Homeland: The Chill, in the northwest portion of Eranon. This region brims with danger, and not just because of the werewolves and other prowling monstrosities. The cold weather can, and does, sink to the lowest extremes on a whim. Storms always release their fury suddenly to claim unsuspecting lives.

Cultural Features: The following are highlights of the Frorinian society.

Mount Cardun: An active volcano in The Chill that stretches over 10,000 feet at the summit and over 10 miles across at the mouth. The Frorinians have made numerous towns around the foot of Mount Cardun. The rare few merthwargs among them keep this fiery giant in slumber with their earth magic. Though it still erupts occasionally, the bursts are short and the damage caused is usually minimal. The werewolves do not like this volcano so the Frorinians welcome the extra protection.

Fire Seeds: Discovered by the Frorinians at the base of Mount Cardun, these bright red berries set combustible material afire when rubbed together or forcefully tossed. Fire seeds are a valuable commodity and the Frorinians harvest them for trade.

Racial Relations: The Spirinari receive the same cordial respect Frorinians show one another. They think the elves mysterious and wonder why any elf would cross the sea to Eranon. They are fond of the dwarfs, and the exchange of tales between a Frorinian and Hethmarkn qualifies as an epic event — assuming one could stay awake for the whole proceeding, as it typically last for days until one party succumbs to exhaustion.

The Frorinians think all other humans are too smart for their own good, believing this flaw will be their downfall and the Dakass Luot was the first warning. They loathe the Nurinians and their sinister bent. They most prefer the Osarians, because of the passion and strength they exhibit in protecting their realm.

They empathize with the Dreugarn since they found these elves to be strong, though applying their might in the wrong ways for the wrong goals; they do not offer the dark elves any sympathy, however. Orcs and goblins are despised and hunted down at every opportunity.

Nurinians

Initially, the Nurinians were reluctant to settle in any particular locale, until they were strangely drawn to the dreaded region known as the Black Desert in the southern half of Eranon. Once there, Kyth Lurnil, their leader, revealed the truth of this peculiar fascination: it was where the dark god Gabrun had given him a vision to move the Nurinians. It was a vision increasingly shared among them the closer they approached what became the location of their home city, Nimrolt. They also marked the northernmost boundary of their newfound realm with a huge gate which, despite all its captivating design and craftsmanship, is the ultimate homage to evil.

During the Dakass Luot, the Nurinians were cohorts of the Druegarn elves, furtively supplying confidential information and housing many a Druegarn lord, noble, powerful warrior and wizard within their walls. After the Druegarn were defeated, the Nurinians cleverly eliminated all traces of the association, so completely, in fact, that to this day, very few knew of their true role in the Dakass Luot. Since the end of the Dakass Luot, Nimrolt has publicly opened its doors to all Druegarn wishing to live above the surface. This decision was made known at the city of Seramis, in year 4563.

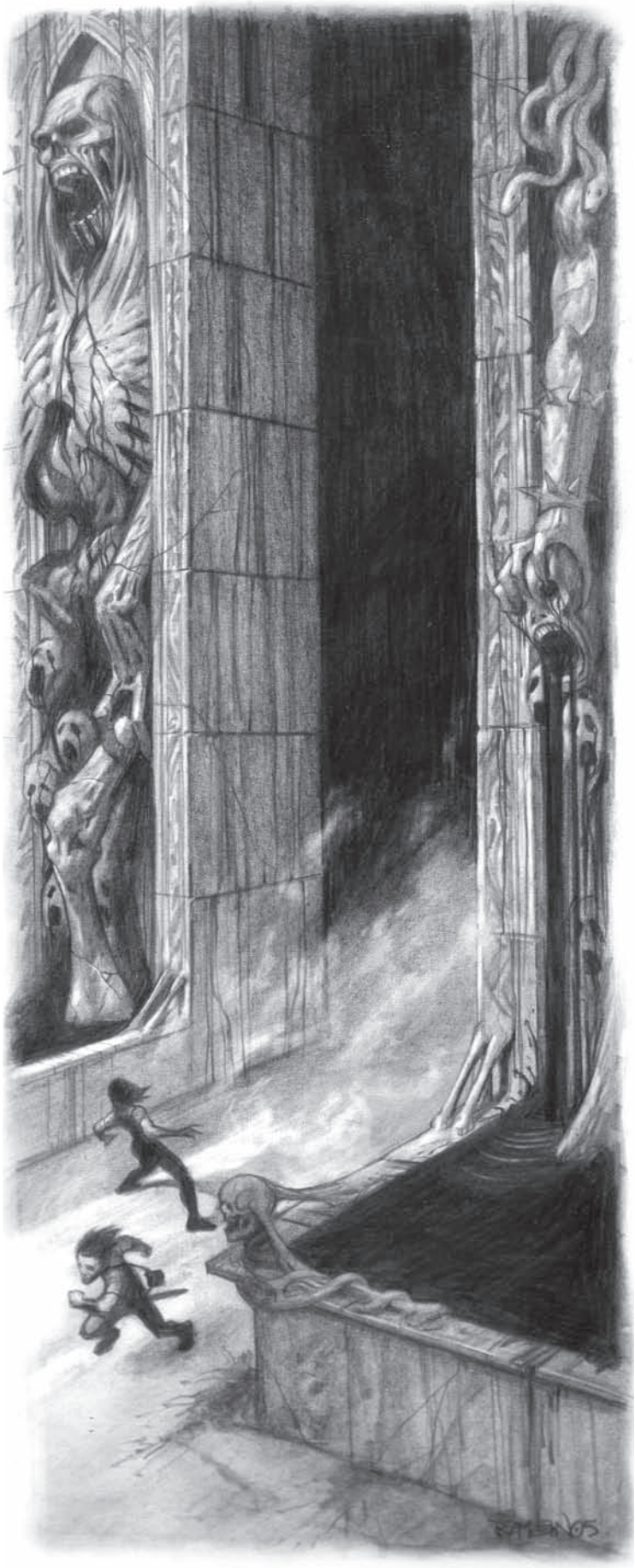
While aware of the Nurinians' guile, most races on Eranon still opt to trade with them, especially (if not solely) for the marvelous spices that grow in their vast fields. The Druegarn factions in Nimrolt contribute greatly too, with unique raw materials they brought up from the Dark Sprawl. Indeed, to a commoner, the Nurinians and their home may seem normal or even sublime, despite the sinister plots and woes beneath the façade.

Physical Appearance: Most Nurinians are slim and slightly taller than all other humans save for the Frorinians. Their most unique feature are angular eyes, which gives them a naturally devious appearance. Legend has it that this was a gift from Gabrun.

Nurinian dress varies from the mundane to the elegant. Most religious holidays see them in very elaborate garb and/or wearing large medallions around the neck that proudly display the symbols of their gods.

Attitude: Nurinians are reticent and somewhat reserved during all initial encounters. Though they are not overtly hostile and endeavor to welcome all visitors in Nimrolt, they adhere strictly and incorrigibly to their dark god's beliefs and ways. There are Nurinians in other major cities on Eranon who are generally tolerant and are tolerated in return, as long as they practice their strange rituals privately. As can be expected, Nurinians frown upon people worshipping the good deities and proselytizing openly in their realm, especially in Nimrolt. Those who do are given until sundown to leave.

The Nurinians took part in the Dakass Luot, but not openly; their true appearances and identities were cloaked by magic. This is a secret buried deep among the Nurinian aristocrats, the revelation of which could spark a civil war.



The Blood Gate

Despite prejudice against them for their religious preferences, the Nurinians are hard-working people, evident by the prosperity of Nimrolt and the populace as a whole. Beneath whatever ostensibly appears calm and pleasant, however, the wheels of machination surely churn, for that is the Nurinian way.

Nurinians view the world as one immense repository of knowledge — to be bent, twisted and exploited to their own whims. They care not how they seize it, only that they do, for knowledge is power.

Religion: Any malevolent (occasionally neutral) deity.

Language: Nurinians speak the common tongue.

Names: Vary. Nurinians are the chameleons of Eranon. They can and will adopt any name.

Homeland: Nimrolt, northwest of the Black Desert, and the approximately 1,200-square mile territory on which the city centered.

Cultural Features: The following are highlights of the Nurinian society.

Nimrolt: Known as the Dark City to many, Nimrolt is the heart of Nurinian culture. Its predominantly dark granite buildings make the whole city seem submerged in perpetual night, even during daylight hours. Most structures have very angular designs, which only serve to amplify the ominous ambiance over the general populace — of 200,000 plus people. Numerous idols and statues of the less-savory gods line the alleys and outdoor halls. Although a traveler can find almost anything in Nimrolt, from the scarcest spice to the newest magical trinket, a feeling of unease persists, as if one is being scrutinized by numerous unseen malicious eyes. . .

Nimrolt Gate: The Nimrolt Gate, or the Blood Gate as it is commonly known, stands at the northernmost point of the Nurinian realm. Nearly a hundred feet tall, the gate bears prominent depictions of dark deities from top to bottom in exquisite detail. As Nimrolt expanded, it became evident that the dark gods did favor the Nurinians. The statues adorning the gate bleed endlessly from the mouth and eyes, draining into a massive pool at the gate's base on either side. Allegedly, evil entities have ordained that these pools would never run dry until the ending of the world. The cascading blood is a ghastly contrast to the stark white gate and adds to the structure's terrifying appearance.

At least one Hethmarkn historian has noted that the blood flows more abundantly and seems to geyser from all mouths of the gate when a person with exceptional high morals passes through. Many travelers have confirmed a sudden hair-raising tingle when entering the gate, lasting until they leave the Nurinian city.

Political Structure: Theocracy. The Council consists of nine sevars of extreme power. Once every decade, the power to reign is handed over to a new regime following a different god from its predecessor. (Thus, a journey through Nimrolt is confusing if one only goes there every ten years or less.) Nurinians practice this change to maintain favor with all of the dark gods, and making sure that none are slighted.

Racial Relations: The Druegarn's emergence after the Dakass Luot was encouraging to the Nurinians, who welcomed the dark elves with magnanimously open arms. Most other races, however, prefer their association with the Nurinians to be temporary, since Nurinians usu-

ally befriend someone only if they have something to gain by it. The Nurinians themselves dislike the Spirinari the most, for the Spirinari can pierce their deceits through speaking with the spirits. In Nimrolt, all Spirinari are mandated to have an escort of at least one city guard at all times, and magical wards are activated to circumvent their spirit-talk practices. If the Nurinians have a soft spot for anybody, it seems to be for the halflings, but why is a mystery to all.

Osarians

The feet of the Osarians have logged incalculable distances upon Eranon and they learned much in their journeys. They finally found a home among the golden dunes of the Great Desert of Osar. They labored long in constructing their fantastic city and discovered many secrets in the sand — secrets sealed to public eyes, as they still are today.

Fifteen years later, Nasir, also known as the City of Secrets, stood as the Osarian capitol oasis. The Osarian civilization progressed rapidly, and contact with the rest of the world increased because of the ancient treasures uncovered in the desert ruled by its Osarian masters. In the decade that followed, Nasir blossomed into an enormous, beautiful kingdom. The Osarians then formally declared Osar as their domain, vowing to protect it with their lives.

When Anate bid her farewell to her Osarian children, she encouraged them to hold steadfast to their nature and become stout in mind and body. The Osarians took those words to heart. Their stamina grew, they honed their physiques , and their wealth now knows no bounds in Eranon.

The Dakass Luot affected the Osarians little, but they were not without peril, for the Druegarn recognized victory only as the complete eradication of all opposition. While Nasir was well-protected by the vaunted Osarian secret magic and did not suffer as other cities did, many Osarians still entered the fray and fought their way proudly into the annals of the Dark Elf War.

Presently, the Osarians are making great strides. They have lent aid to rebuild kingdoms in the aftermath of Dakass Luot. One thing they weren't generous with, nor will they ever be, is the secrets they keep both in their vault and buried under their sands.

Physical Appearance: Osarians are medium in height, between five and six feet tall. They have dark tan skin from constant exposure to the hot desert sun. Their hair is always jet black and usually kept long. Their eyes are shaped like almonds with a deep brown or black shade, though there are some with icy blue eyes for a truly exotic look. Small sigil tattoos are usually placed on both genders right above the eyebrows or just below the eyes over the upper cheek bone.

Osarians dress in many layers of fine silk. Their favorite colors for clothes are black, brown, rich blue, and deep red. The contrast with their dark skin is striking to behold. Osarians adore jewelry and design fine rings, necklaces, and other accessories that are often imbued with hidden magic. The armor they forge is light, durable, and highly sought after.

Attitude: At first impression, Osarians can come off as very mysterious due to both their reputation and penchant for keeping secrets. Despite their aloof auras, though, they are usually amiable. Indeed, the bonds of friendship run adamant with Osarians. Should one call you a friend, you can expect a trustworthy and committed relationship for life. Many of their allies have said that Osarians exemplify Anate's intention for human nature.

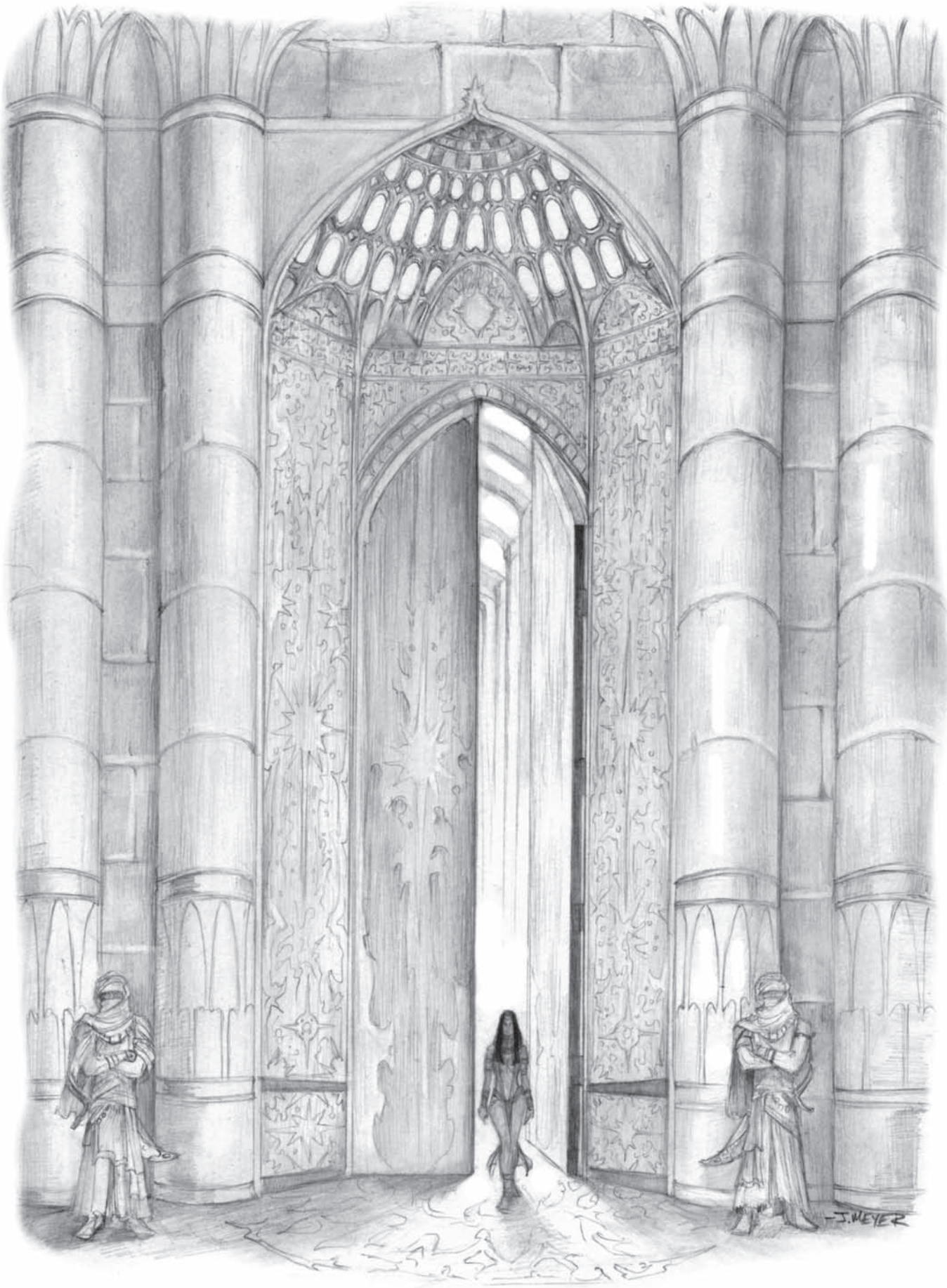
Osarian tales are uniformly enthralling, their lore regarding magic is nonpareil, and Nasir is often mentioned in the same breath as Seramis in discussions of great cities. They put a lot of attention and intricacies in their craftsmanship, from jewelry and armor to their dwellings and artwork. The Marble Hall, the archive of all Osarian histories and folklore, is a testament to their fondness for the written language.

The quickest route to agitating an Osarian is to inquire about any of the cherished secrets they hold close to their bosom, guarded with fervors rivaling that of a Hethmarkn historian for The Book. These secrets are sacred to Osarians and they will persecute those disrespectful enough to inquire after them to the death — which has had many a precedence and will surely continue.

Osarians are extremely proud of their culture, heritage, and especially the desert they called home. At the same time, they have a tremendous respect for the rest of the world, and as such, they would never forcefully desecrate or intrude upon a foreign land without severe provocation.

Religion: The popular choices for Osarian worship include Selisee, Lynstal, Tunus, Ratiss, Mioril, and Noda.

Language: The common tongue spoken by all humans, in addition to their own Osarian language.



The Graet Hall

Names: Most Osarian names, first and last, end in "ar," "en," "in," "or," "ur," and occasionally "an."

Homeland: The Great Desert of Osar, in the mid-west portion of Eranon.

Cultural Features: The following are highlights of the Osarian society.

Desert of Osar: The Desert of Osar, in the west of the Gerukan mountains, spans about 1,000 square miles and its golden sands resemble a finely laid carpet over the rolling hills. The Osarians harbor high regard for this desert and do not tolerate trespassers. Many ancient structures and untold treasures are buried within the dunes, but the Osarians have laid claim to all of them.

The Marble Hall: A solid white marble repository in Nasir, that houses many exquisite, rare statues throughout its four stories and two vast underground levels. This building represents the Osarians' most prized exampled of their architecture, and they guard it with the same zeal they have for the desert. While one may obtain permission to enter the Hall, the stay is restricted to certain hours and is never overnight. Special galleries within containe what may be the most sublime magic and the most powerful artifacts to ever grace the continent. The lower levels are available to credentialed scholars by special appointment only, under the vigilance of guards who possess the secret entry phrase.

Nasir: The City of Secrets lies at the center of the Desert of Osar. This exotic, finely-crafted city shelters a population of 250,000 among its bustling streets. Many of these citizens follow scholarly pursuits. Nasir's world-famous silk is the chief producer of commerce in the city, attracting traders and purveyors from all over Eranon daily. Nasir's main gate is located in the south and is heavily protected; all entries except royal carriers are denied after nightfall. The city roads are decorated with sculptures of the gods, but the general splendor does not ebb one's distinct feeling of something hidden among the beauty in Nasir. To investigate, however, is to court death, as the Osarians are renowned for ensuring that their secrets remain just that — theirs.

Racial Relations: The Spirinari enjoy a most-favored status with the Osarians, whose love and reverence for their ancestors echoed the Spirnari's own. The dwarfs can certainly empathize with the Osarians, for both garner an unbridled pride for their respective realms. Osarians are envious of the elves' longevity and their innate abilities with magic, though the Druegarn are despised over all other races; the Dakass Luot has seeded bitter acrimony in the Osarian heart for Gabrun's dark children. They pay little attention to the halflings, but mostly out of respect for the shortfolk's wish for solitude and peace. Unless given a reason to contradict, Osarians call all fellow human friends, save for the dishonorable Nurinians.

THE DWARFS

Created by Hur, the dwarfs originated on the second continent of Eranon, under the mountains in cold darkness. Hur stayed with them and watched unseen. When he revealed himself before his children, they instinctively recognized their maker and bowed to him in reverence. Hur told them of "The Book" laying nearby, which would elaborate the understanding of words and the world outside, and those who made it. He appointed these dwarfs guardians of The Book, who became known as the "Fathers of the Dwarfs," and awakened in them the lust for scholarly knowledge. Hur entrusted these Fathers with the task of retrieving The Book for the dwarven people.

While waiting for Hur's return, the Fathers found The Book and taught their people all that was contained within. When the deity came back, he was joyful that his children had surpassed his highest expectations. Hur remained for many years this time to teach the dwarfs what The Book did not contain and to hone their wisdom, which he observed to be their strongest virtue. He then sent several dwarfs robust of body and mind out to explore the world. It would be 70 years before these explorers returned.

By then, the dwarfs had carved out a massive residence inside the Elokarn Mountains, fashioning a city they named Tronle. This dwarven collective is now referred to by all other race as the "Elokars." Tronle was built inside the highest peak of Elokarn, named Mordin by the dwarfs, and encompassed the entire mountain as well as its unfathomable depths. The city eventually sprawled out into the adjacent summits, Mount Baxun and Mount Ganun, where some of the original ancient dwellings and halls still exist to this day.

The next ten thousand years saw gradual interactions between the dwarfs and other races, as they integrated themselves slowly into the world and exchanged knowledge at Hur's prompting. They were soon touted as the kings of ores and none could top their skill with metal and stone. Adding to their boon is a precious metal, Kasmarium, discovered by the Elokars in their mountains. Kasmarium has an unprecedented toughness and weightlessness that made it desirable to all, and until the Dakass Luot, the dwarfs freely shared the find. The appreciative world took to calling the Kasmarium miners Kasmarkn, a name Hur heartily approved of prior to his departure to wake Ramlar.

The dwarfs noticed Hur's foul mood upon his return and the deity related all that Gabrun, Pillith and their Eleri had done. The news struck them with grief. It was then that Hur ordained:

"Some of you I will summon to leave and found a new realm. One that is veiled to all but those I appoint, known to no one, not even your kindred that dwell here now. In this repository, where none from the outside world shall ever set foot within, shall be secured the chronicles of all histories of the land under Ramlar, until Silia renders the Song of Ending."

Hur charged Hethnur to carry it out, while naming the keepers and scholars accompanying Hethnur the "Hethmarkn." They successfully established The Book according to Hur's wish: a labyrinth of knowledge totally concealed from a world that only knew it by name, not by place. Hur then left with his children the arcane secret to travel to his planar domain when necessary. One that was done, the deity was able to leave pleased.

Hethmarkn

The Hethmarkn's journey to fulfill their mission of building The Book is subject to legends and speculations in history books that swamped the shelves of learned scholars and sages. One certain fact is that it took the Hethmarkn well over a hundred years to finish it and the location remains a secret to this day.

After the completion of their underground realm, they formed the Linquasi, a collection of wandering historians who traverse Eranon and record all events, no matter how significant or minute. A Linquasi contingent went back to Tronle and recounted their own history to their kin and reassured them that Hur's vision has been realized. They then departed to rejoin their scholar brethren in the long, arduous duty of chronicling the world.

Many of the civilizations greeted the Hethmarkn Linquasi, for they often brought knowledge and news to share. After years of eyewitness accounts have gorged their hefty journals, these dwarfs returned to their hidden home. The Watchers, anointed protectors of The Book, were overjoyed at the success and the wise foresight of their maker, Hur. The records were quickly transcribed and archived as precious centerpieces in The Book.

An untold number of volumes have since passed The Watchers' diligence and into The Book. The Linquasi had even documented the first continent, Isidria, as well. The massive cavernous library

seems voracious and insatiable, as there are still quarters standing bare in its voluminous levels. Perhaps that is a fortunate sign, for it has been whispered that only when the very last spot is filled will Silia sing her song to end the world. The Hethmarkn, however, are not concerned; they know that will be the time for Father Hur's reappearance, who will transcend The Book to the eternal halls of his domain.

In the interim, the Hethmarkn Linquasi remain active. These history-gatherers frequently receive fanfare wherever they go, and are always applauded upon their return home. Their drive to detail the world has no equal. By now, the people of Eranon knew better than to rebuke a Linquasi, any of whom enjoy the approbations of certain powerful patrons (even if they do not tend to capitalize on the fact), not to mention Hur and his divine allies.

Physical Appearance: The Hethmarkn are the shortest species of their race, standing from four to barely five feet, on a leaner frame than their Kasmarkn cousins. Their hair is light to dark brown in hue and the eyes always brown — except those in the upper levels of The Book, whose eyes are typically deep blue.

While in their hidden realm, only the warriors on duty don armor and finely sewn capes in rich colors of red and dark green tipped with gold; the rest wear drab, light-colored robes. The Linquasi travel in robes of distinctly earthly colors, while their escorts outfit themselves in unmistakably full solid-black Kasmarkn plate mail. Before entering their destination, the Hethmarkn Linquasi will change into loose robes or tunics of bright white, and the guards' armor magically fade to a shade of light granite.

Attitude: Good-natured and wise are the Hethmarkn. One can see the worldliness and insight in the Hethmarkn eyes and the ever-present crinkles on the brow. The Hethmarkn look upon the world as a history book that must be read to its final page. Their camaraderie and gentle, but staunch, support is prized by all who receive them and coveted by those who don't. Hethmarkn profess a genuine love for telling tales, as well as being told them, complemented by the rough, deep, yet rhythmic Hethmarkn voice that is nothing short of hypnotic. They are not vengeful, but they will note those who spurned them in their journals — although given the mass of Hethmarkn patrons quick to intercede on their behalf, that would be the least of the offenders' worries.

One historical fact they will never reveal, under any circumstances or threats, is the location of The Book. Even those hoping to coax it forcibly with magic find all their powers blocked by a special ability Hur has gifted them with. Attempts to shadow the historians have been to no avail, as well. Once the Hethmarkn realize it, they simply vanish and no means, from the utmost observant trackers to arcane divinations, can locate them.

Religion: Hur is the deity for the bulk of the dwarfs' veneration, naturally. Other favorites include Anate, Selisee, and Nasil.

Language: The Hethmarkn created a namesake system of alphabets and language for the dwarven race. Hethmarkn is used by the Kasmarkn, and frequently other races too, in inscribing magic scrolls or journals.

Names: Only the Hethmarkn surnames seem to adhere to a consistent pattern, in that they typically end in "kn," "in," "an," "on," or "en."

Homeland: The Book, a site as fabled as it is fortified and unapproachable. (The GM should foil all attempts to locate this place. Even if the party is clever and determined enough to come upon it, the wrath of Hur surely won't be far behind.)

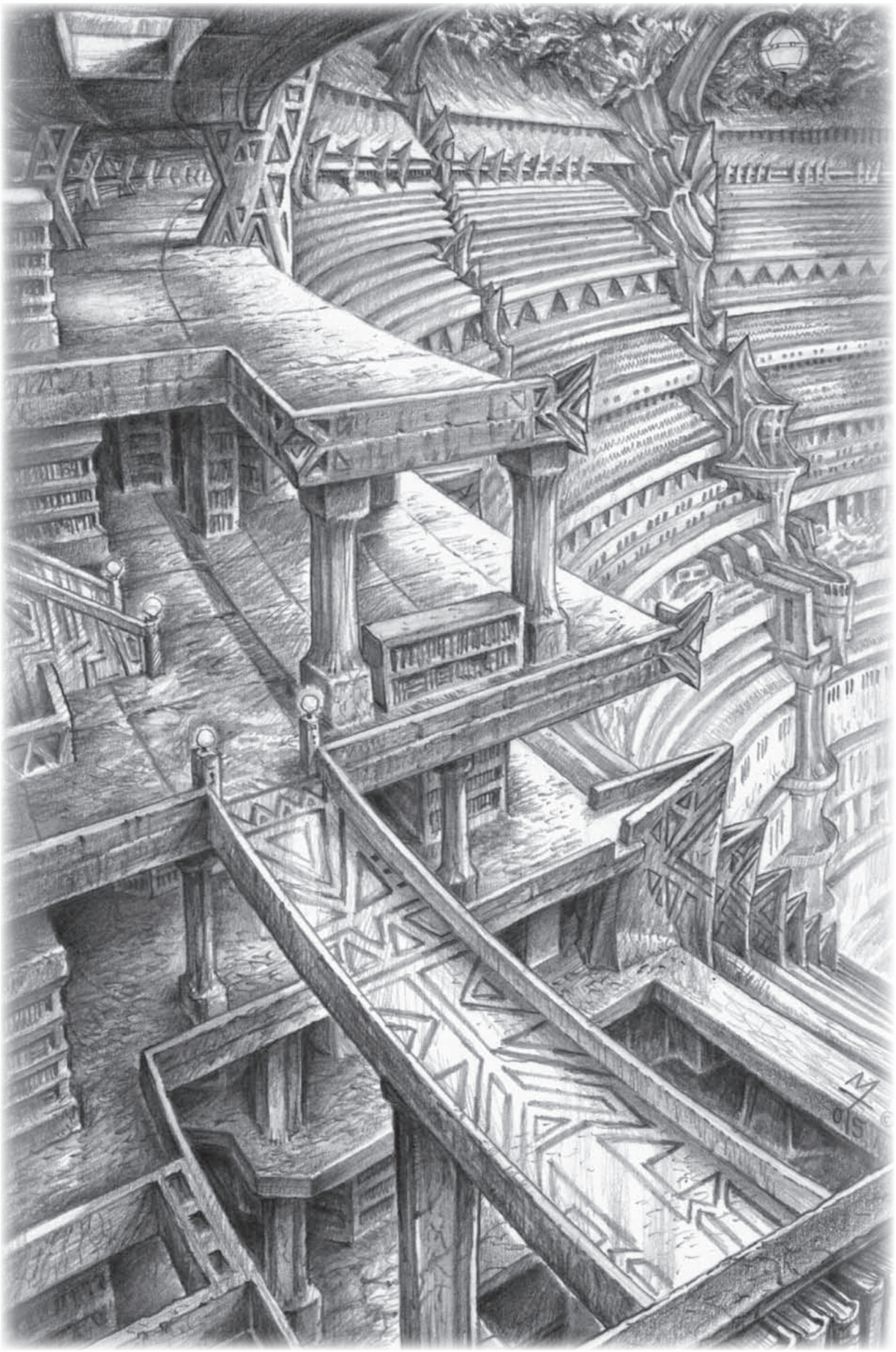
Cultural Features: The following are highlights of the Hethmarkn society.

The Book: The dream mecca of all scholars, this vast underground library purportedly has amassed the entire history of every race and culture that has ever existed. The Book is whispered to dwarf even Aurod in size. The first ring of this labyrinthine vault is speculated to be over two miles across, while the depth is completely unknown. No one save for the Hethmarkn king may enter without permission. Even those granted entrance are trafficked not by conventional means, but magical teleportation, and they take quarters behind the walls of the actual library.

It is said that The Book features over a million tomes, with the repertoire growing every passing day.

The Linquasi: These are Hethmarkn historians traveling in small caravans and protected by fully armed dwarfs known as the Guardians of the Linquasi. Each contingent usually consists of a senior Linquasi, twenty very competent scribes, and ten Guardians. They will choose a patron and stay until the final history, tale, or song is transcribed, followed by a two-day festival during which the Hethmarkn become the storytellers and field questions from their patron. The caravan then departs for yet another patron and more chronicling.

Papruk: This is a unique parchment creation of the Hethmarkn and its secrets are well kept. The paper's magical properties stop papruk from aging and retain its crisp cleanness eternally. Papruk is used for all documents stored in The Book. For the last three hundred years, the Hethmarkn have made papruk available to the world, but only at two certain occasions every year. One is the Spirinari celebration at Selani, and the other is the Dealing Dale faire open to all races. As one might expect, papruk demands a high price, with a single sheet costing upward of a hundred gold.



The Book

Political Structure: A king and queen oversee the Hethmarkn hierarchy, though their identities remain known only to their subjects (and they aren't telling, either).

Racial Relations: The Hethmarkn greet all races with an open mind. They relish all friendly bonds they have forged. The Druegarn are still somewhat of a mystery to them, but with the aid of Aurod's premier mage, Istolil Hune (himself a Druegarn), they have managed to extensively note the dark elves' customs and cultures. They have less than they would like on the orcs and goblins, mainly because these belligerent creatures always refused to cooperate and fear no retribution.

Kasmarkn

For a short time after Hur's departure, the Kasmarkn were mired in sorrow. But then their hallmark perseverance took over, and they vowed to make their father proud. They have since achieved their goals through the creation of dedicated hymns, scriptures, and ritual tattoos, though it is their unique flair for enchantments, especially with weapons and artifacts, that has placed them at the forefront of glory. At first, the Deep Council debated whether they should avail their services to the world. In the end, it was agreed that the Kasmarkn would open an academy specializing in enchantment. The school, Runespar University, has become one of the most prestigious institutes of magic in Eranon.

Admission into Runespar was less stringent in the inaugural years. It was only after the Dakass Luot that acceptance standards rose substantially. Despite the inherent difficulties in being accepted, however, there has never been a shortage of applicants who aspire to be the university's next great enchanter or artificer.

The Kasmarkn also started venturing out in greater number and regularity after Hur left. How the world clamored for their precious Kasmarium and their magical creations startled them at first. Once they were educated to the concept of commerce, though, they wasted very little time entrenching themselves among the world's richest civilizations. Lest some accuse the Kasmarkn of excessive greed, let it be known that Eranon might have perished in the Darkass Luot had it not for the dwarfs' contribution of innovative arsenals both mundane and magical.

Physical Appearance: The Kasmarkn are physically the biggest of the dwarfs. They vary in height from 4'5" to 5'2" and are solidly built, stocky in stature. Their hair ranges from light brown to jet black, and is usually braided, as are their long beards which they ornate with metal. The eyes of a Kasmarkn are brown or black, but can turn cold as ice if the dwarf's resolve sterns or is clearly upset.

Earthy colors, like light brown or deep-forest green, are the common choices for Kasmarkn fashion. For reveries, the Kasmarkn often dress with a subtle panache, glistening with expensive gems and jewelry mined from the bowels of their mountain.

Attitude: The iron-willed Kasmarkn are loyal to their home and kin. They are never happier than when laboring within their mountain abode. Their impressive stamina enables them to take full delight in the continuous work that would undoubtedly exhaust the less vigorous. They are not quick to anger, but when they lose their temper, their tormentors tend to lose something (usually vital) as well.

To Kasmarkn, the welfare and affairs of the world matter the most. They relish the role of peacekeepers, constantly trying to maintain harmony in Eranon. The Dakass Luot had unquestionably tested the Kasmarkn, who have since marched into battle numerous times to restore the world's serenity.

Religion: Primarily Hur, Vour, Silia, Pelatos, Nind, and Vinar. They will consider others too. A Kasmarkn without a deity to serve is ostracized and exiled from his homeland.

Language: Hethmarkn is the dwarven language. The written form is popularly used to scribe spell scrolls.

Names: Kasmarkn names, first and last, commonly end in "er," "nt," "al," "en," or any other hard consonant.

Homeland: The Elokarn Mountains to the east of Eranon, stretching well over 1,500 miles (or so the Kasmarkn boast). There are newer Kasmarkn sovereignties in other regions too, founded near the finale of the Dakass Luot. The most noteworthy of these is in the Gerukan Mountains above the Sinflar elves' land.

Cultural Features: The following are highlights of the Kasmarkn society.

Tronle

Runespar University: Siding the mountain and peaking at three hundred feet is the famous Runespar University. Carved from the mountain, the institute is further reinforced by the strong stone magic that the dwarfs are known for. It reputedly has the most stringent admission requirements of all magical academies, as the faculty rigorously screens prospects to ensure that only the best can endure, and the grueling style of education continues until graduation. A majority of the most capable artificers in the world are Runespar alumni.

Tronle: The dwarven capitol inside Mount Mordin, with a population of near 200,000. This might city's titanic spires reach like fangs toward the sky and the outer towers resemble bright fingers of some precious gem when seen from the valley below.

Political Structure: Kasmarkn edict decrees that a king and his lineage shall rule the race. To this day, the Kasmarkn throne remains in Tronle, and the current ruler, King Kalldur Talmout, is a direct descendant of the original king, crowned eons ago, as are all predecessors before him. His Queen Kelva is a Supreme Sevar of Hur.

Racial Relations: The Kasmarkn knew the elves back when the world was still nascent, and have since maintained a mutual, persistent friendship. The Druegarn are, again, the lone exception; the Kasmarkn still burn at what they perceived as the dark elves' betrayal of the entire world. The Kasmarkn hatred for orcs is well-documented, possibly far worse than that for the Druegarn. Goblins fare no better, being seen as dirty mongrels running at the heels of the abhorrent orcs. The Spirinari are at the opposite end of the spectrum; the dwarfs routinely treat them practically as family members. The Kasmarkn play the part of protective big brother to halflings, who habitually feel compelled to belt out a chorus or two with Hur's children in the torch-lit halls of Tronle.

THE ELVES

The elves were created by Veda and placed on the first continent, Isidria. During the Age of Light, each Alari and Eleri approached them and nurtured their development, from words and speech to appreciation of art and beauty. When the elves were deemed ready, Veda encouraged them to make their marks in Isidria.

The race split into tribes. The first, with a predilection for forests and rivers, settled in the "Great Wood" they named Charlina. These elves discovered their gift with nature magic and made the captivating forest even more seductively verdant. The flora whispered secrets to the elves, and the elves reciprocated with love and protection. They adopted for themselves the name "Fetharn," which in the Kaladryn tongue means "Lovers of All that Lives in the Forest." They blended dwellings in and around 20 miles of Charlina, calling the community Auntiluon. It has no walls, but an unseen barrier that alerts the Fetharn of visitors and intruders alike.

The second offshoot, professing a love for the mountains, selected a long range known as the Alatan for their home. The Alatan span over 500 miles and the peaks seem to scrape the heavens. In the tallest summit, Mount Arluon, these elves established their territory and delved into its heart, tapping the mountain's rich veins of diamonds and precious stones. This realm they christened Larluon and her beauty is comparable to Tronle of the Kasmarkn dwarfs. They took to the name "Sinflar" — Kaladryn for "Lovers of Stone."

The third clan, one that held an unbound fondness for open plains, journeyed south on Isidria to the immense fields of Slanlidia. They forwent permanent settlements in favor of a nomadic lifestyle, roaming the lush meadows under clear skies, delighting in the thrill of the hunt. These elves, the Tylvare — "Lovers of the Plains" in Kaladryn, were the only elves not blessed with magic, but this did not faze them in the least. The Tylvare took pride in achievements through their own independence, not with power from the divine. They are not atheists, though. In fact, the only permanent structure they built was "The Stones of War," a site ringed with stone pillars of towering height marked with symbols and scriptures, dedicated to honoring the gods watching overhead.

Veda returned to the elves in the twilight of the Age of Light and told her children of Gabrun and Pilith's villainy. The elves found themselves inundated with instant animosity for the fallen deities and the duo's Druegarn minions. Veda also informed them of the other continent that existed beyond the sea. Under her advisement, many of the elves sailed the intervening sea to meet the creations of Veda's fellow Alari and Eleri. Those who stayed keep Isidria open for their brethren, because one day, their Isidria blood will beckon them home to the land of their origin.

Druegarn

The Druegarn once lived happily alongside their elven cousins on Isidria, learning, progressing, and loving the world like all other elves. After the Sundering, the Druegarn were condemned by Ramlar to suffer for the sins of Gabrun, their maker. Their skin was smote a nightly black to match the wretchedness that now runs in their merciless hearts. They were driven from the sunlight, for it serves as a painful reminder, both physically and spiritually, of the righteousness they forsake.

Before his own banishment, Gabrun instructed the Druegarn away from Isidria and into the underground of Eranon — with all their arts of evil intact. There, in the enormous Dark Sprawl, miles beneath Eranon's surface, the dark elves roved, bred and thrived. Initially, they would scarcely venture above surface, under the light of the moons, giving gravity to folktales of ebon-shaded child-snatchers. But as they grew in audacity and swelled their ranks with the hideous beasts of the Dark Sprawl, the idea of annihilating all the adversaries they held responsible for their current fate became ever more intoxicating. They decided to lurk patiently in the darkness and prepare their revenge.

Seven thousand years later, these masters of the Dark Sprawl launched their unholy campaign, with over a million fearsome warriors and various monstrosities at their disposal. Druegarn armies swarmed from fissures all over Eranon, slaughtering their unsuspecting prey by the thousands. The fallen elves marched with demons, the spectral winshars, orcs, goblins, and any and all dark creatures willing to lend their fangs or talons. This bloody war, the Dakass Luot, would last for two thousand years with innumerous casualties on both sides.

When the Druegarn were finally turned back and forced to flee underground once again, the defeat only further fueled their bitter souls. The strife, death, and havoc they brought on also whetted their appetite for more of the same. They swore to never stop warring until their conquest is complete. Thus, once more, the Druegarn scheme. . .

Physical Appearance: The Druegarn are one of the tallest elven races, reaching between 5'10" to 6'2" in height. Their hair is either stark white or pitch black. Druegarn eyes vary in color from the common azure and ice blue to the rare pale green. Their elven physical traits are more pronounced, especially the angular slant of their ears. Druegarn have glistening obsidian skin, with a muscular, toned physique akin to the Fetharn elves.

As characteristic of all elves, the Druegarn are routinely striking in appearance — even exquisite, given their unique complexion. Stories abound of thralls ensnared by the Druegarn allure, falling to assassination or, worse, corruption.

Druegarn are naturally drawn to the inkier shades for their taste in clothing, such as ruddy red, dark crimson, somber purples and jet black. This may be because it's better not to be seen in the Dark Sprawl. Bright, livelier garb is reserved solely for high-ranking sevars,

and only during special religious ceremonies, in which case they are usually blood red to signify the hapless sacrificial victim. Druegarn do enjoy fine silk fashions, which, when matched with their meticulously polished armor, is truly an enthralling sight.

Attitude: Druegarn are ultimately evil in nature. They hate all things dwelling on the surface. Their sole aim and purpose is to rule the world. The same corruptive pride and greed that poisoned Gabrun also permeates every Druegarn's blood. They know of no other joy than to inflict pain, conduct malice, and torment others. They abide by no other conduct than deceit, molestation, and murder. A true Druegarn can never warrant trust; even the rare groups of "reformed" Druegarn are met with skeptical eyes.

Although the Dakass Luot (the "Dark Elf War") has cost them dearly, the dark elves are nevertheless eager to wage another war, which they are convinced will see them victorious. They see every living being in the world as their inferiors to subjugate. Therefore, it's safe to surmise they will continue their quest for dominance until the Song of Ending.

Religion: Any evil deity, though Druegarn commonly follow Gabrun, Pilith, Necru, Nurca, and Vytha. Those actively worshipping more than one god are treated with disdain. The few defectors to the surface normally choose Mioril, Noda, and Selisee for their deity.

Language: Dakassian, "The Dark Tongue," said to have been invented after the Sundering, because the Druegarn found speaking the elven language grating to their minds. It is used on the surface world only among smugglers and in black markets. The Druegarn will learn Olati, the elven language of Eranon, and the human common, if just to better taunt their enemies.

Names: Druegarn names typically suggest gloom and doom. Most first and last names end with "yss," "il," "ir," "ul," or "un."

Homeland: The Dark Sprawl, encompassing nearly all land beneath the surface. Not all Druegarn live in one specific spot. Rather, they have spread out and organized underground cities and kingdoms.

For the hundred or so defectors, they can live almost anywhere on Eranon. However, most are loners for they are shunned on sight, and thus tend to find home in crowded cities where they will not be noticed as easily.

One of the Druegarn who made good is Istolil Hune, the Supreme Wizard of Aurod. Istolil has performed legendary deeds for the city, as well as a liaison for repentant Druegarn to begin a new life on Eranon.

Culture Features: The following are highlights of the Druegarn society.

The Dark Sprawl: "The World Below," as it is sometimes called, was created during The Sundering. This underground empire spans the entire continent of Eranon, though its exact depth has not been measured, even by the Druegarn, nor is it fully explored.

The Dark Sprawl is the multi-layered home to the twisted creatures and things that Gabrun and Pillith made en route to their fall. These creations are perverse counterparts to creatures of the surface world in shape and thoughts. The caverns of Dark Sprawl typically run for miles, intersecting underground rivers, seas, lakes and pools — most of which host horrific organisms in their icy depths. Wide chasms and crevices of unknown measure also crisscross these caverns, seemingly springing out of nowhere.

Bands of adventurers and treasure hunters have delved into the Dark Sprawl throughout the ages, but just a mere fraction return, usually not with bounties but stories of gruesome sacrifices made to the dark gods by the Sprawl's denizens.

Political Structure: Each community has its own rules and governing body as seen fit by the inhabitants. The traditional form, stemming from before the Dakass Luot, is a council of three high wizards and/or sevars. Every council has a head councilor responsible for communicating and consulting with all his colleagues on major issues (such as war).

Racial Relations: None other than hostility and death to speak of with the surface races. Druegarn hate everybody and everybody despises them in return. Even the orcs and goblins would keep their distance, since the dark elves never hesitated to enslave them.

The Dark Sprawl

Fetharn

The Fetharn were the first elves to sail across the sea and set foot on Eranon. They immediately scoured the continent, looking for woodlands similar to Charlina. After weeks of exhaustive searching, they found an immense forest to the northeast. When the Fetharn King Gathrian Loun was mesmerized by the splendor of the sun's rays dancing off the leaves of this forest's mighty trees — quite unlike anything he's seen in his 675 years — he knew this was their new home. He shared the marvelous sight with his loving queen, Ashurlyn, and she nodded in approval as he christened the radiant grove Brightwood Forest.

The Fetharn elves devoted the next two thousand years to tending and expanding Brightwood Forest, their home on Eranon, going so far as to transplant flora from Isidria. The era was one of total bliss and the elves call it "En Ala Sle," meaning "new beginning" in their language. In the millennium that followed, the Fetharn focused their efforts on building one of the crown jewels of Eranon: the metropolis of Seramis, nicknamed "Atan en Luith" — the city of tranquility. Today, Seramis is the largest city on the continent, a multi-racial hub of activities south of the heart of Brightwood.

Over the 3,000 years, the Fetharn have had many encounters with Eranon's natives. Out of them all, the wood elves got along best with the Hethmarkn dwarfs. Ironically, the Featharn thought the Hethmarkn prudish, self-centered, and judgmental at first, but those impressions faded as the two races started interacting regularly, until they reveled in each other's company. It is reported in a Hethmarkn volume that a Linquasi stayed with these forest elves for 500 years, documenting the Fetharn's history.

The Fetharn also fought in and survived the Dakass Luot, and perhaps contributed the greatest efforts to restoring the devastated land in the aftermath. Three hundred years have passed since the Dark War, and though its perpetrators, the Druegarn elves, are still universally shunned, a few of them have renounced their dark ways and embraced the light; the Fetharn were the first to extend their hands to their reformed cousins.

Physical Appearance: Fetharn are the tallest of all elves, standing from 6' to 6'6". Their frame is also the leanest of their race, not overly muscular, but well-toned. Their hair runs the gamut from black to platinum blond, and their eyes are usually blue, green, hazel, or deep gray. They are also popularly considered the fairest of their species.

Fetharn elves are most comfortable in a forest, a fact reflected in their sartorial hues of choice: vibrant to dark green, light to dark brown, and royal blue. Their outfits are long and flowing. The Brightwood natives decorate themselves ornately, their attire always clean and seemingly new woven.

Attitude: Overall, the Fetharn elves exude benevolence. Those away from Brightwood on adventures adapt a neutral demeanor out of necessity, but still act with a good moral bent.

Fetharn sees each day as a new discovery and a new challenge. They look forward to the new thoughts, dreams, and possibilities to be had every dawn. They were the most optimistic and held their head

highest after the Dakass Luot had ravaged the continent, wondering aloud and alone what excitement the rebuilding would bring.

Although none of the original Fetharn immigrants are alive today, Isidria still lives in poems, stories, and other Fetharn tributes on Eranon, proving that the bond of kinship may recede but is never broken, even after generations.

Religion: The majority of Fetharn venerate Ramlar. Those choosing the merthwarg and sevar paths honor Serpecia, the Goddess of Nature, and Anaril, Goddess of the Forests. Warriors tend to worship the God of War, Pelatos.

Language: The Fetharn have invented two languages: Kaladryn is the elven language spoken on Isidria; Olati, derived directly from Kaladryn, was developed on Eranon, when the elves needed a simplified version to communicate with the other races more efficiently. Kaladryn means "Old Elvish," whereas Olati is simply "Elvish."

Names: Most Fetharn retain the surnames of their Isidrian ancestors. Many Fetharn family names end in "yne" or "uin."

Common Female First Names: Ashurlyn, Seralyn, Linsia, Narayn, Darial.

Common Male First Names: Gathian, Malin, Funlir, Danlun, Colnar.

Common Surnames: Feldyne, Manuin, Orlyne, Alcuen, Loun.

Homeland: The bulk of the Fetharn populace lives in Brightwood Forest. About one-quarter reside elsewhere, usually in larger cities such as Aurod (one-third of which is Fetharn population), Analock (one-tenth), Hux Port (one-eighth), and Lithian (one-fourth).

Cultural Features: The following are highlights of the Fetharn society.

Arameth (The Great Grove): 100 square miles of magnificent deciduous and evergreen trees in the eastern Brightwood Forest, tended by no less than a thousand merthwargs headed by Jaclyn Alcuin. It is considered Eranon's most beautiful woodland, with a convent — the Merlanth — for training practioners of nature magic as the centerpiece. In addition, Arameth is protected by a legion of Nateras, or "Woodlings," sentient walking trees heeding the lead of Long Leafanor.

Brightwood Forest: The largest forest in Eranon, measuring 450+ miles in width, 500+ miles north to south. The Brightwood Forest is distinctly known for the flora transplanted from Isidria.

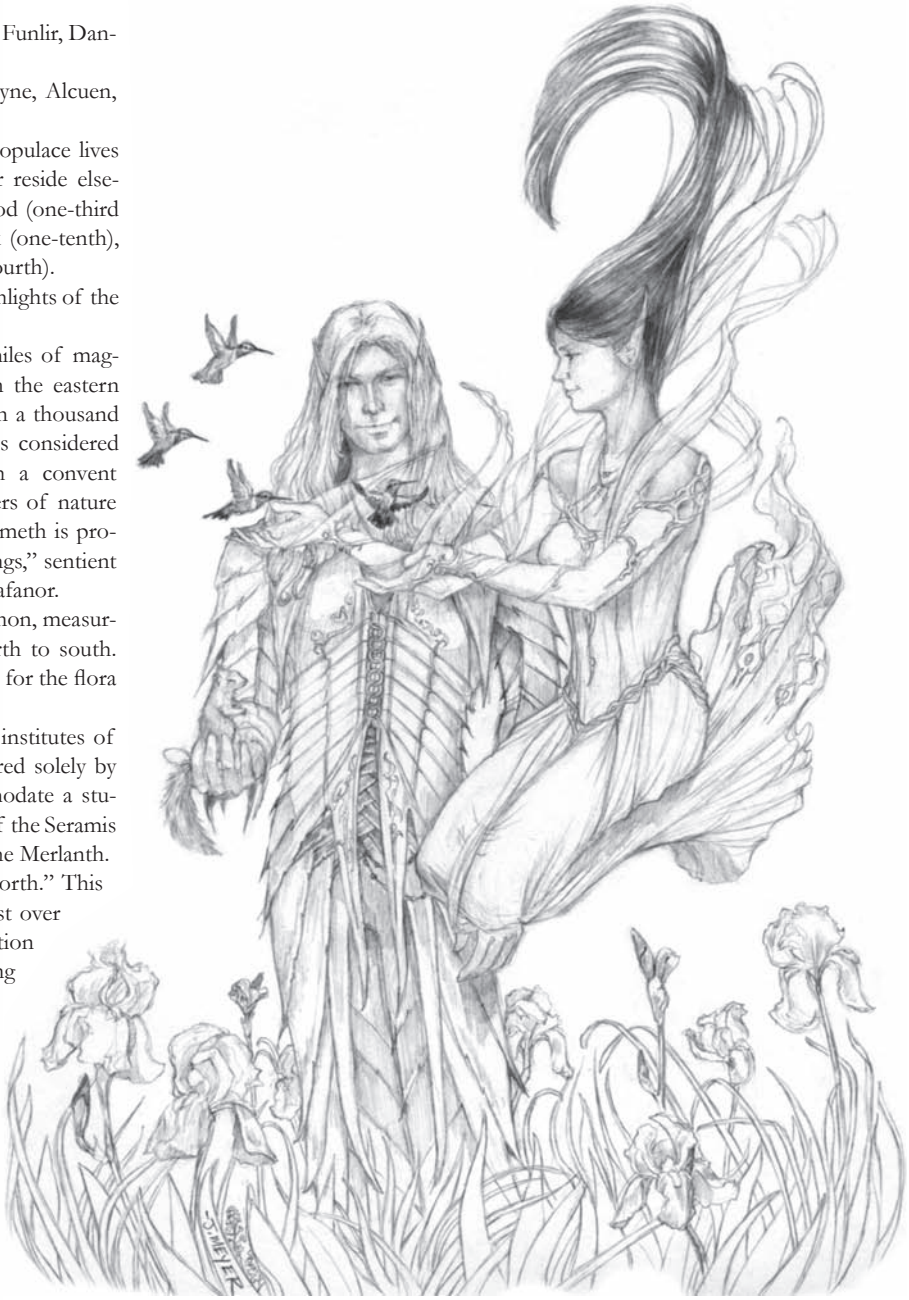
The Merlanth: One of the ten primary institutes of magic, located in Arameth and administered solely by Fetharn elves. The Merlanth can accommodate a student body of more than a thousand. One of the Seramis council members, Lea Oriluin, resides in the Merlanth.

Seramis: Most call it "the Jewel of the North." This grand Fetharn city boasts a population just over 800,000. Seramis is a renowned destination for scholars of magic, and many aspiring wizards have journeyed here to learn and refine their skills. Others have come in search of the unique enchantments and components that Fetharn are famous for. If you can't find it in Seramis, chances are you aren't going to find it anywhere.

Political Structure: Fetharn are ruled by a king and queen, currently Arthwain Lousk and Her Majesty Anastal. Reigns are not hereditary, however, but chosen by the "Atas Numlar," a conclave of ten royal advisors. Seats on the Atas Numlar are for life. Vacancies are filled by members' vote, but the king has the final approval.

All Fetharn abroad are expected to observe respective local laws, but once away from the limits, they revert under the Fetharn king's govern.

Racial Relations: It is common knowledge that Fetharn share a strong tie with the Hethmarkn dwarfs. As for the Kasmarkn, the Fetharn envy without malice their talented craftsmanship and have endeavored to match them to no avail. They watch over the Tylvare in the plains and greatly respect the Sylvar in the mountains. Though they still do not trust the Druegarn, the Fetharn find themselves unable to turn their back completely to the dark elves, and they were the first to assist those spurning the Dark Sprawl. They accord the Spirinari high esteem, and it saddens them privately that the Spirinari have distanced themselves from all elves. No love is reserved or lost for the orcs and goblins, as Fetharn realize these vile humanoids were created in mockery of the elves and dwarfs.



Sinflar

The Sinflar didn't set sail for Eranon until thirty years after the very first elven ship had rounded the Dragon Isles, en route to the second continent. They were reluctant to leave, and initially their apprehension seemed warranted when they became lost at sea after a year-and-half voyage. They considered turning back to Isidria, but the ancient Rezthanin dragon, Glymerthreen, parted the heavy ocean fog and guided them to Eranon's southern shores. Once the Sinflar were safely ashore, they heard wyrmling cries from their cache. They spotted twelve Lerinia hatchlings among the storage and rejoiced, for the Lerinia draconic heritage had been brought over to the new world.

The Sinflar subsequently pressed northward where they came to the Gerukan Mountains that simultaneously awed them and were reminiscent of the majestic ridges back in Isidria. The elves moved quickly to make the Gerukan their home. A chance meeting with some of their Fetharn kin in the range's foothills eased their hearts and further convinced them that this was their final destination. In time, the Spriniari and the Kasmarkn also made their presence known to the Sinflar, forming fellowships with the newcomers. The Spirinari gifted the mountain elves an elegant piece of their treasured spirit bone, carved in the likeness of the Sinflar's motherland. The dwarfs warmed the elves' new home with a fantastic trove of metalcraft and jewelry, for the Fetharn had told them that the Sinflar's passion for the mountains ran as deep as the Kasmarkn's own.

It was not long before the Sinflar constructed the mountain city of Naldaress and installed their own kingdom with help from all the benevolent races. After the Dakass Luot, however, the Sinflar became reclusive. This is attributable to the tremendous losses they had suffered and their contemplative natures. Some accredit their reclusiveness to the shame they bear for their Druegarn kin's atrocities. Only recently, some three hundred years after the war, have the Sinflar begun to emerge from isolation and venture forth into the world again.

Physical Appearance: The Sinflar stand between 5'6" to 6'2", with the characteristic comeliness of elves. Their hair is always dark and black, kept long and flowing. Their eyes vary in shades of blue. Sinflar skin is paler than other elves and many ascribe this to their seclusion in the depths of their mountain homes, away from the sunlight.

Sinflar fashion shares a similar style to Spirinari, featuring strikingly ornate patterns and fabrics. The fine armor they offer twice a year, exclusively at Dealing Dale, is on virtually every adventurer's acquisition list.

Attitude: Affable and reflective, Sinflar are quick to laugh and slow to dismiss sentiments. They are polite, courteous, and respectful while retaining a thin air of caution. Their proficiency with hammer and chisel is rivaled solely by the Kasmarkn dwarfs of Tronle. The mountain elves have produced several of the best warriors in Eranon, so their prowess in battle is never questioned. The magic they wield is also of considerate strength and authority. Family means the world to the Sinflar, and they consider all elves, except the Druegarn, family. This fierce allegiance extends to their king and queen as well.

The Sinflar zeal for mountains is on par with that of the Kasmarkn. They are not overly fond of rivers and oceans (if their ancestral

voyage to Eranon is any testament). A Sinflar would sooner find a bridge or astride an aerial mount than board any waterfaring vessel.

Religion: Vour (God of Mountains), Serpecia, Pelatos, Tunus, and Selisee are common choices.

Language: Sinflar speak both Kaldaryn and Olati (latter the more prevalent elven language on Eranon). They will always inscribe words in Kaldaryn ("Old Elvish") on all enchanted weapons they make.

Names: Most first and last names of the Sinflar place main vowels near the end, such as "ar," "in," "er," "on," "ur."

Homeland: For most, the Gerukan Mountains in central Eranon. The Sinflar territory there spans over 1,200 miles and the boundaries are patrolled by vigilant soldiers who show trespassers no restraint. Like the Kasmarkn, the Sinflar have migrated into other mountain ranges throughout Eranon, establishing many satellite domains of their own.

Cultural Features: The following are highlights of the Sinflar society.

The Great Hall: Probably the most discussed of all Sinflar topics, this is a huge hall in mid-Naldaress that displays the most gorgeous tapestries in history, all noting scenes of the Sinflar's origin, their time since arriving on Eranon, and depicting stories from both Isidrian and Eranon lore. Even the Spirinari and Hethmarkn find themselves unable to stop admiring the beauty and workmanship with which the tapestries were woven. It is considered a prestigious honor for anyone to visit The Great Hall, a place where one could easily lose oneself amidst the captivating depictions.

Legiam Monkari: This fighting force was founded following the Dakass Luot, with the express intent of combating all similar threats. It is currently an elite unit comprised of seven individuals who have taken an oath to protect the freedom of all races. The members operate in amazingly fluid efficiency with each other. They are selected and trained by retired Monkari from birth, then called to active service for no more than ten years, after which a new unit of seven takes their place.

Naldaress: The capital and most important city for the Sinflar elves. The Sinflar built Naldaress inside the huge Mount Valis, and its presence is undetectable from the outside. The city is dome-shaped with drilled apertures for light, beaming on the stone streets some five-hundred feet below.

Sinflar arts and crafts featured prominently in Naldaress, and the allure of these works can plainly be seen on the faces of those who wander the city's spacious halls and tunnels. The city uses earth and stone elementals for its primary defense. They were activated after the Dakass Luot, as the Sinflar swore that Naldaress would never be left unguarded again.

Political Structure: Monarchy. King Gelnarin Vienar holds the current throne, reigning alongside Queen Elrina.

Racial Relations: Because the Sinflar tend to return courtesies accorded them tenfold, most of Eranon's major civilizations accommodate and respect these mountain dwellers. Among the humans, the Sinflar have taken an interest in the Osarians, specifically their desert and intrigue. They look favorably upon the dwarfs, whether it's the competitive rivalry they share with the Kasmarkn, born of their common love for the mountains, or the appreciation of history shared with the Hethmarkn. The Spirinari are always preferred guests in any Sinflar land, ever since the day they showed the elves goodwill with their offering a priceless token of their culture.

Though they may seem to shoulder remorse for the Druegarn who are incapable of expressing it, they have no qualms about exterminating any they see. They manage to suppress their dislike enough to tolerate the orcs and goblins. Nurinians are avoided at nearly any cost. They have labeled Nimrolt "Singass Dak," Olati for Evil Dark, and will place foot behind its Blood Gate only as a last resort.

Tylvare

Veda had asked Selyni to help guide the Tylvare elves in their sojourn to Eranon. With Selyni's assistance, the Tylvare ferried across the Sea of Maxar to the western shore known as the Bay of the Wolf. There, the elders enacted the Ceremonies of Olatyne and were granted visions regarding which direction the Tylvare should travel. They continued eastward for weeks before reaching the Hilspar Plains. They reveled at the sight of the pristine prairie and knew that they had found their home in the new world.

It took months of struggle before they were fully acclimated. It did not take as long, though, for them to reunite with their Fetharn and Sinflar cousins. The elves celebrated their life on the second continent together, and in short time, a Hethmarkn contingent joined the new arrivals, eager to record their stories. To commemorate the occasion, the Tylvare raised the Stones of War, followed by a week of festivities, in appreciation of the gods who had shown them good fortune. Then, the plains elves surveyed and claimed the thousand-mile wide, four-hundred-mile long Hilspar region as their realm.

After a brief conflict with the sarthin, man-sized reptiles scavenging the plains, the Tylvare domesticated these creatures. Sarthin have proved to be faithful mounts. In return, the Tylvare are very protective of their reptilian companions. No one but another Tylvare is to ride a sarthin or take one away.

As others reeled from the Dark War, so did the Tylvare. The plains elves lost thousands upon thousands in the campaign against the Druegarn. Being nomads without a central, stable safehaven, it has taken them longer to repair the damage and replenish their ranks.

Physical Appearance: The Tylvare have features most closely resembling a human. They range from 5'6" to 6' in height. Their hair runs from sandy blond to deep brown, and is usually worn long. Their eyes are always either ice blue or deep green in hue. Without any permanent shelter, the sun has given them a dark tan skin.

Tylvare clothing features animal furs and hide. Feathers of the various birds that fly in Eranon's skies also accessorize the Tylvare fashion, as well as the elaborate headdress that indicates a Tylvare's high station in the society. The armor of Tylvare warriors are typically boiled leather made from the beasts they have hunted and killed.

Attitude: The Tylvare are the most reserved of the elves. They prefer to remain cloistered with their own kind, hunting the abundant wild game on the Hilspar Plains alone. Their laws are strictly enforced, their traditions punctiliously upheld. They take comfort in roaming any plains. They dislike the sea heavily and the mountains can sometimes seem daunting to them. The forests in Eranon give off tinges of mystery and are usually avoided.

Tylvare are not quick to judge, but they exercise patience in accepting any stranger — often more than the stranger is willing to give. They live a simplistic life, refusing to entangle themselves in petty politics or courtly intrigues. In many ways, their demeanors are identical to the Frorinian's: both lead a self-reliant existence, both shirk the complexity of a modern civilization, and both carry the proverbial chip on their shoulders.

The Tylvare view the forging of armor as "high" magic, and although they do not quite grasp metalworking, they are always fascinated when offered an opportunity to procure such items. Their hunting techniques, and especially the reptilian mounts, in turn, marvel foreigners. Indeed, there may not be a deadlier force on the plains than a group of Tylvare riding their sarthin into battle.

Religion: The Tylvare tend to choose from a limited pantheon, which includes Lanul (God of the Plains), Pelatos, Ratiss, Tunus. Tylvare religious rituals are very structured and painstaking that awe most onlookers with the thorough homage they pay to their chosen gods.

Language: Tylvare primarily speak Olati, with numerous distinct dialects. They also comprehend Kaldaryn, but may opt to reply only in Olati.

Names: Most Tylvare names end with a vowel. Some are named after elements of the world or an earth-inspired combination; for example, Aljuini Windsteed.

Homeland: The Hilspar Plains, on western Eranon, encompassing 6,000 square miles of flatland. Tylvare are nomads and thus do not reside in one specific location.

Cultural Features: The following are highlights of the Tylvare society.

Olatyne Ceremonies: This is a custom steeped in religion inherited from the Tylvare of Isidria. All tribes perform the ceremony at the Stones of War at the beginning of every month. The rituals entail Tylvare elders praying to and praising the gods for one hour each.

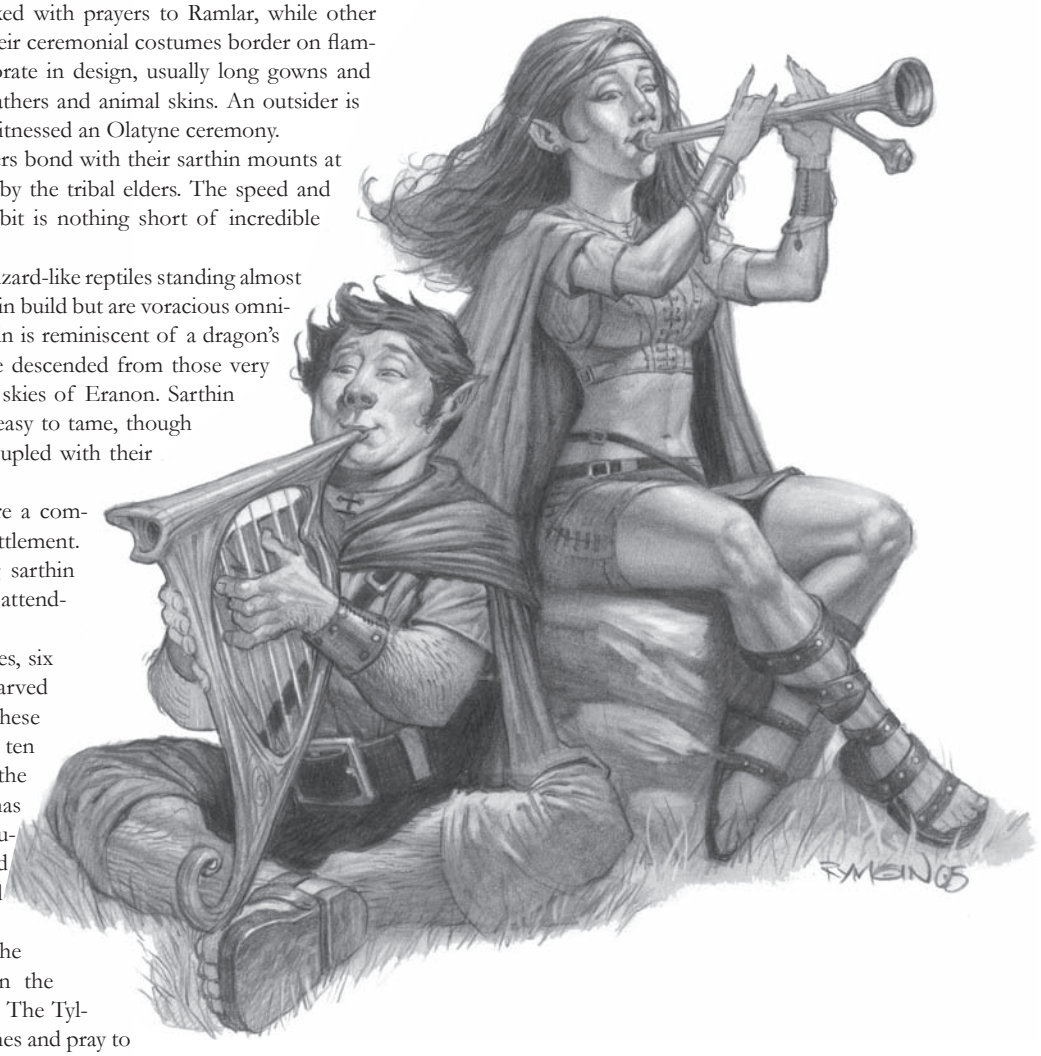
The eldest member is tasked with prayers to Ramlar, while other elders entreat the Alari. Their ceremonial costumes border on flamboyant and are quite elaborate in design, usually long gowns and headwear adorned with feathers and animal skins. An outsider is considered lucky to have witnessed an Olatyne ceremony.

Sarthin Riders: Tylvare riders bond with their sarthin mounts at a young age, both chosen by the tribal elders. The speed and ferocity such pairings exhibit is nothing short of incredible (and devastating).

Sarthin are large, bipedal, lizard-like reptiles standing almost nine feet tall. They are slim in build but are voracious omnivores. The head of a sarthin is reminiscent of a dragon's and they are thought to be descended from those very great beasts that claim the skies of Eranon. Sarthin are quite docile and fairly easy to tame, though they fear nothing when coupled with their riders.

Sarthin breeding pens are a common sight in a Tylvare settlement. The sharp cries of young sarthin can be heard over Tylvare attending to their daily chores.

Stones of War: Huge stones, six to ten feet in height and carved with religious symbols. These represent Ramlar and the ten Alari that helped create the world. Each Tylvare tribe has its own Stones of War, situated in a perfect circle and usually set upon a raised hill some fifty feet across. They are fashioned after the original Stones of War in the elves' homeland of Isidria. The Tylvare gather around the Stones and pray to their gods prior to a hunt. These Stones are extremely sacred to the Tylvare, who spare absolutely no leniency for disparaging remarks toward them, even when made in jest.



Racial Relations: Tylvare have no problem with other elves visiting their land, though they usually do not go out of their way to entertain guests. The Hethmarkn dwarfs are popular because they always spin a good yarn, understand the Tylvare mindset, yet are curious to learn more and never cause any inconvenience while at it. They consider the Kasmarkn magical, for only the truly favored could create crafts as wondrous as the mountain dwarfs. The Spirinari's ability to converse with spirits does rattle the Tylvare a bit, but otherwise they respect the keepers of the spirit bone. They might have found the halflings good for nothing had the shortfolk not been such impressive musicians or boast a unique rapport with nature.

The orcs, goblins, and Druegarn elves top the Tylvare list of archenemies. They will hunt the first two until Eranon is free of their foul presence. For the Druegarn, they feel nothing but pity; what the dark elves have done is beyond any Tylvare's comprehension. It's a shame they have to expunge one of their kind.

THE HALFLINGS

The halflings are the children of Ratiss, the God of Fire, from the northeastern part of Eranon, just north of the Elokarn Mountains. Seeing their talent with all things musical, particularly singing, the goddess Silia blessed them with a melodious voice.

Legends supposed that halflings were to be full in stature, not small and easily overlooked. Ratiss allegedly wept over the fact, prompting a compassionate Vinar to strengthen the heart and soul of the halfling so they would be no less competitive than those twice their height.

The halflings were not adventurous at the outset. Ratiss had to cajole them before a handful would venture beyond the bounds of their small land. Once these explorers detailed their exciting, worldly encounters at their homecoming, it aroused the wanderlust that seems typical in halflings today. Ratiss gathered his children and spoke firmly, "Let not you stay idle here and remain a mystery to the world." It would be a counsel the halflings took to with conviction.

And as Vinar had prophesied when he gifted the halflings with courage, their valor did show in the coming years, and still does to this day. The shortfolk have already left indelible marks on Eranon with amazing compositions of music. During the Dark War, their vocal renditions renewed and rallied many a fighting spirit on the battlefield to victory. Now, nary a dawn reaches dusk without a tune played in between that did not have halfling roots. Their perfect craftsmanship has had minstrels the world over seeking custom musical instruments to augment their performance in the halfling land of Arylyn.

Physical Appearance: A halfling's height never exceeds four feet. They have a small, light, compact body. Their hair tends to be dusty brown or light strawberry blond, worn in many different styles and lengths.

Common halfling outfits are not known for elegance or regality. They are, however, practical, as the loose fit permits greater flexibility and freedom of movement -- plus room to hide a prank or two up the sleeves.

Attitude: Proud, cordial, and curious sum up the halflings. They took their father's words to heart and have proved quite popular throughout Eranon. They are mild-tempered, fun-loving people who enjoy regaling others with songs of their adventures as much as the actual adventuring itself. Any gathering with a halfling present will surely be entertaining. One may even lay wagers as to how many feats of mischief and antics will transpire; halflings are well renowned for their skill with tomfoolery.

The halflings' genuine companionship and carefree demeanors make disliking them difficult. On the other hand, the fire in their eyes on those rare occasions when they've reached a boiling anger is unmistakable. They can be stout foes, especially when their small stature easily lulls their enemies into underestimating them.

To a halfling, the world is the proverbial oyster for the picking. They love all parts of the world, but ultimately still crave the security and comfort of their homeland. They see little need for wars, and the notion of conquest was foreign to them until the Dakass Luot. They relish openness (both literally and figuratively), and see beauty in anything made by the Alari and their Eleri.

Religion: Ratiss, Ramlar, Vinar, Serpecia, and Anate are popular among the halflings.

Language: The common tongue of humans.

Names: No conventions. A halfling name can take any form.

Homeland: Arylyn, north of the Elokarn Mountains in northeastern Eranon.

Cultural Features: The following are highlights of the halfling society.

Alazan Spirits: This robust alcoholic beverage combines the waters from the Elokarn Mountains with the Alzan berries from the Trelyn Forest of Arylyn. Its sweet taste instantly expels fatigue from the mind and revitalizes tired feet. The halflings offer Alazan Spirits outside their realm only in the Dealing Dale over trading week. It is said to fetch as much as 200 gold coins a barrel.

Trelyn Trees: These plants are native solely to Arylyn, and the quality of their wood is widely regarded the best for musical instruments.

Racial Relations: The halflings choose to see the good in all people, so even a Druegarn can expect trust and friendship from them. Orcs and goblins, however, have nothing redeemable in them, thus they are treated with disgust.

THE SPIRINARI

The Spirinari were the original in Eranon's long line of great civilizations. They were the first to create a governing body — a council of seven — with the assistance of their maker-mother, Serpecia, and they were the first to develop a system of written communication.

As was common during the Age of Light, Serpecia urged some of her children away from home to see the world outside, and they returned with gripping tales that spellbound the rest. After the final Spininari had given their stories, Serpecia granted her children a gift: the spirit bone. They alone would know its secrets; they alone would have the expertise to craft it; they alone would have the aptitude to master it. The goddess then revealed another blessing to the overjoyed Spirinari, that the god Nafur has granted them the ability to converse with spirits. She was amazed by the ease with which the Spirinari mastered that talent.

Serpecia was protective of her children, wishing them to remain in one place with as little expansion and venturing outside as possible. Therefore, they built a capital so perfectly exhilarating in both volume and inestimable beauty, there was virtually no need for revision.

When Serpecia returned with accounts of Gabrun's treachery, she also charged them with the guardianship of Eranon. The goddess then prepared for her departure from her children. Myths insist that the 20-day rain throughout the world afterward were the tears she shed in leaving.

Physical Appearance: The Spirinari average a height between 5'10" and 6'6". They have a lean, muscular frame, with long brownish or blond hair, and blue, green, or gray eyes. They are humanoid in appearance, but they have a considerable longer life span at approximately 1,000 years. The angular, sharp, hard features they possessed are quite a contrast to the round chubbiness of a dwarf or halfling. This, however, does not lessen their beauty, especially when one becomes intoxicatingly drowned in the depths of a Spirinari's eyes.

Spriniari are known for their refined, elegant taste in attire, which are always crafted of the finest quality, whether silk or cotton. Rumor has it that a renowned clothier recently appraised a Spirinari councilwoman's gown at over 8,000 gold pieces.

Attitude: Calm and detached, the Spirinari do not give in to holding grudges hastily, and rarely become upset for long. They appear taciturn, even aloof, to strangers or in unfamiliar surroundings, but that is usually overlooked for they move with a grace more mesmerizing than even that of the elves. They prefer to observe before investing their emotions, privately evaluating one person's trustworthiness against another as if they were comparing the price of commodities.

It is widely known that if you ever cross a Spirinari, you can never again attain her favor. That extends to the whole race as well. A Spirinari will never knowingly assist someone who has wronged another Spirinari of good standing, regardless of circumstance, as doing so is considered sacrilege. They may not make friends for life, but they do enemies.

Selani

Much like the Kasmarkn with metal and the halflings with music, the Spirinari are with spirits. They can commune with nearly any dead being, particularly loved ones lost to the afterlife. Visitors of all ethnicities have sought out the Spirinari for their teaching of this ability. Their successes varied, because if the Spirinari deem you unworthy, no amount of gold or persuasion will sway their minds. Many point out that the Spirinari seem to have a greater regard for the deceased than the living, perhaps accounting for their fluency with the spirit bone and its creation.

Some of the more sociable Spirinari do leave home and families, occasionally even joining an adventuring party. In most instances, though, such Spirinari remain solitary in their spiritual and physical journeys.

The Spirinari society is perhaps as close to Utopian as one may possibly get. Every member works altruistically with one another for the good of the whole. Crime within their society is practically unheard of, if even conceivable. There's a motto common among the Sprinari: Live and Prosper for the common good of the world that was given us. They gladly accept the mantle of Guardians of Eranon that Serpecia bestowed on them, and the world can rest easy knowing it can always count on the Spirinari in times of trouble.

Religion: Common Spininari worships include Serpecia, Nafur, Selisee, Pelatos, Voshurn, and Anate.

Language: The Spirinari language is Salari. They also frequently speak in common and the dwarven tongue.

Names: Spirinari surnames usually end in "e," "in," "ia," "as," or "us."

Homeland: A 3,600 square-mile land in the northwestern region of Eranon, centered on the Spirinari capital of Selani. Scouts are dispatched every three days to patrol the perimeter and boundaries.

Cultural Features: The following are highlights of the Spirinari society.

Selani: The crown jewel of the Spirinari and one of the largest cities in Eranon, counting a population of over 450,000 Spirinari. It is also one of the most isolated cities in the world. Visitors are permitted to linger only for sanctioned purposes (usually scholastic) and prepetitioned time.

Selani stands in a basin upon a hill three-hundred feet high and is effortlessly defensible. The limits encompass ten square miles and the city's outer wall is among Eranon's most impregnable. Selani is constructed entirely of spirit bone and popularly regarded as a wonder of the world. Falconry is a specialty of Selani residents and Spirinari-bred hunting birds are highly prized. The renowned aviary is a spectacular dome three miles in diameter that attractseven tourists who have no interests in the hawks.

Selani is "open" to the public twice a year for trade. The amount of money changing hands during each stint is staggering.

Spirit Bone: This is a gift to the Spirinari that is like no other. Spirit bone is a lightweight, adamantine material extracted from the earth and processed via the magic inherent in every Spirinari. A Spirinari can shape a spirit bone into any form and color. It is as unyielding as kasmium. However, a Spirinari will never sell spirit bone items to anyone. To receive a spirit bone as a gift is essentially the highest honor a Spirinari can bestow on someone, though this will never be an arm or armor, but a sculpture or similar work of art.

The ability to craft spirit bone is first noticed in a Spirinari between 90 to 120 years of age. The talent then undergoes thirty years of tutelage or until the instructors end the apprenticeship. All apprentices must each submit a craft for final evaluation every year before next year's lessons can commence.

Of all the alchemists and mages who have tried to replicate spirit bone, Magnriel of the Fetharn came the nearest, who speculated that its composition included the spirits of deceased Spirinari. This may account for their adamant admiration, the wizard noted, adding that he has also discovered the material to be quite receptive to magic and enchantments, absorbing the energy readily after exposure. "How they get the spirits into such a thing, though, is beyond my comprehension."

Spirit Speech: A gift, known as Lari Spirati in Salari, from the god Nafur to the Spirinari. Spirinari are exceptionally proficient in communing with spirits through the power of the leylines, and may speak to them endlessly without bounds of duration.

The Valley of the Rings: One of the most recognizable landmarks in the world, this is a valley enveloped in rings and arches hundreds of feet high and made entirely of spirit bone. Legends maintain that the valley was created at the onset of the Age of Darkness to protect the Spirinari from evil.

Political Structure: A seven-person council oversees the Spirinari civilization. It was the first-ever form of government in the mortal world, set up by the goddess Serpecia. The incumbents are Dulthos Trirade, Tenthonial Lania, Lenidia Levir, Augaton Nardrin, Peldras Gomin, Tinaria Anolde, and Vilanus Gosin. They congregate and reside in the secluded Ascarid Castle at the north end of Selani.

Racial Relations: The Kasmarkn dwarfs have the Spirinari's undivided favor, as do the Hethmarkn for their part in enriching the world. The elves are likeable to them, especially the Sinflar whom they welcomed to Eranon. Spirinari see humans as short-lived versions of elves and care for them like parents would young children. Well, most humans, anyway — they do not approve of the Nurinians' worship of dark deities, and are alarmed by their necromantic practices. The halflings are a race to admire in the Spirinari eyes, not just for their songs and dance, but for their heroism in spite of obvious physical shortcomings.

The Spirinari are rather regretful in having to single out the Druegarn for extermination, simply because as the self-appointed guardians of the world, they cannot tolerate any atrocity that has been or will be committed by the dark elves.

INTERRACIAL BREEDS

It was written in the Hethmarkn Book of Histories the matter dealing with races and the union of the two:

Hethmarkn Book of Histories Volume I, Book 963

It was Voshurn who sat before the other Alari and Eleri as they looked upon him for guidance and law concerning the matter of the races. *"My dear brothers and sisters,"* spoke Voshurn, *"it is in my wisdom and that from the Father that the interracial couplings be denied procreation. This matter has weighed heavily on my mind, and only after much contemplation and deliberation with the Father do I tell you this. I do realize the powers Nate' has visited upon the races. This does not forbid the joining of two from different humanoid species, although the union is for naught in regards to progeny. This may discourage the life-spending of all races, but I do hope otherwise, for the heart of the children are remarkable things and in this we have Nate' to thank. This I have spoken, and if no one here objects, it will stand and be made so."* All Alari and Eleri were in agreement and none lashed against Voshurn or Ramlar's will. *"Be it then, this law and order I now deem to come to pass."* When Silia sang this in the Song of Life, it was etched indelibly so. . .

Campaign Ramification

In the world of Ramlar, the marriage or coupling of two different races is always infertile and never produces progeny from such a union. An elf and a Spirinari will not breed any offspring, for example, and neither will the joining of any other two races. Ethnicities within the same race, on the other hand, are not affected. For example, an Auzronian-Osarian courtship can be fruitful as both are of the human stock, or even one between a Sinflar and Druegarn, since they are both elves.

5 Life in Eranon

The Hethmarkn Linquasi travel the world in search of history, while the dwarves deep in the Elokarn Mountains make untold amounts of riches and treasures. The elves of the Brightwood Forest toil away with numerous tasks and labors that the city of Seramis deems necessary. In the frozen land of The Chill, many hunters use their will alone to survive the harsh lifestyle. The dry, arid desert of Osar holds abundant fortunes, and its inhabitants are ever on the watch for bandits and thieves. The southern region sees many heavily armed caravans plying the road for trade and wealth. Along the coastline of the Dragon Head Isles, mysteries and enigmas are a part of daily life. In the larger cities of Aurod and Urlan, merchants commence transactions while many wagers are struck between races of the world. The life of the adventurer leads through many of these places and numerous other cultures within the world.

Most of Eranon's inhabitants are peasants who make their living by farming, shopkeeping, and selling crafts. They live in rustic towns and remote settlements; others enjoy the hustle and bustle of Eranon's major cities; and a few reign as kings, dukes, and lords of certain fiefs. The people of Eranon are on the rebound from a long, dark war known as the Dakass Luot, which was waged for over 2,000 years. It has taken many years to rebuild the world, its cities, thoroughfares and numerous towns. But slowly the way of life is returning to normal and most people are content, their so-called second chance at life taken to heart.

TIME AND SEASONS

Most everyone in Eranon marks the passage of time, be it the Hethmarkn dwarves who popularized conventional timekeeping, or the Spirinari who assisted the dwarves in refining the system. Astrologers, royal or common, log the passage of time. Even the base orcs track time in a primitive fashion, if for nothing more than a reminder that the period to compete for the Chieftain spot of their tribe is near.

Days and Nights

A full day in Eranon runs 24 hours, separated into night and day by the setting of the sun. In the mid- to southern regions such as Naldaress, the 12-hour split between day and night is the reliable standard year-round, as opposed to the northern regions such as Selani, where days are considerably longer in summer and briefer in winter. During the apex of Hardus (winter season), Selani receives 10 hours of daylight, compared to 14 hours in mid-Breemas (summer).

The Karlunz Calendar

The great Hethmarkn astrologer Graz Karlunz collaborated with his Spirinari colleague, Lantiss Marias, to systemize the calendar in common use today. The elves in Isidria had kept their own calendar, but when they migrated to the new land they chose to adopt the new conventions.

The Karlunz Calendar has 480 days to a year, broken up into ten-day weeks. The weeks then form the basis for twelve 40-day months. Each day and month has a name. The calendar also took into account the five seasons created by the Eleri Vylia to denote the harvest cycles. There are different colloquial practices of logging the Karlunz Calendar, but the commonly accepted standard is the day first, then the week by number, then the month, followed by the year; for example, Kentar, Week 2 of Qualtin, Year 4625.

Days of the Week (in order)

Tunir
Velyay
Renlay
Feylay
Munray
Wendas
Sreday
Pondir
Taylar
Kentar

Months of the Year (in order)
Minta
Vanta
Filas
Qualtin
Lorvar
Delinar
Eldune
Solbuss
Mendul
Legust
Relrin
Orindell

Seasons
Hardus (winter)
Linual (spring)
Solanus (sowing)
Breemas (summer)
Quindir (autumn)

Seasonal Holidays

Five times annually the people of Eranon celebrate seasonal holidays that are considered "days of rest" across the continent. Each of these holidays is commemorated in various styles according to the traditions and customs of the revelers.

Half Winter: Week-long festival dedicated to renewing communal ties for the approaching year, resolving disputes before the hard bite of winter sets in, and preparing for the hard labor of the cold season. In the northern regions, the time is spent mostly indoors to strengthen familial bonds and commitments to surviving the harsh winter together.

The Nal Guan: Or "New Life" as it is often alluded to, heralds the beginning of a fresh cycle of life and activities, from sprouting saplings and hatching fledglings to traveling for pleasure and commerce. It is also when the buzzing, aptly-named trade town of Dealing Dale holds the inaugural annual faire. Cultures converge at the faire expecting immense amounts of goods and money to exchange hands. The Kasmarkn and Sinflar, for one, lead massive caravans hauling their vaunted suits of armor, as well as other fabulous wares, to the Dealing Dale for sale and display.

MidSol: This three-day holiday commences the second week of Solanus to symbolize the sowing season. The people of Eranon usually take this time for retrospection and to plan the remaining 27 days ahead for the autumn reaping. Those residing near Eranon's great rivers also inspect their irrigation systems to ensure a bountiful harvest in the coming Quindir.

High Summer: A festival of pure joy lasting a whole week, occurring after the planting season of Solanus and a bit beyond the halfpoint of the present year. This is Eranon's most anticipated holiday, which also coincides with the official Hethmarkn christening of the coming year, should it be necessary. Its festive conclusion begins the first three-week public trading session within the Spirinari city of Selani. A delightful tradition of High Summer is the release of Spirinari messenger hawks, which deliver announcements of Selani's opening to outside populace. A mere request for an invitation is sufficient to earn a view of the famous birds.

Full Harvest: This five-day respite is used to celebrate the success of crops and anticipate the unforgiving wintry conditions that may lie ahead. Most major cities see their heaviest trading following the Full Harvest. The briskness at Urlan sea ports, for example, is often likened to a stirred-up anthill, and wise travelers know this is not the time to venture into the city for personal pleasure.

Current Era

The current year is 4625 in the Age of Darkness, or 4625 AD in the common tongue. All races have their own unique references for the significant eras, though most adhere to the Hethmarkn decision as they are the recognized keepers of the world's history. The Hethmarkn do not name every year; rather, they receive guidance through their sevars from the Goddess of Time, Nasil. If the year should be marked with a name, it is announced during the High Summer. The official timeline of Eranon is known as the "En Gavkaa un Kezlaa"—the Calendar of Years in common speech.

THE SKY

The Eleri Elani put the stars in the heavens and Noda brought two moons that wax and wane over the world. Sixteen stellar constellations occupy the sky, but they are not always present. Some will reveal at different intervals for a certain while. Others proudly avail themselves at all times.

Of the lunar pair, the first and smaller is called Rynial. It is closest to the world with a monthly lunar cycle. The other is dubbed Nyrial, rotating around the world in a bi-monthly lunar cycle. Every seven years bring forth a partial lunar and solar eclipse, and every fourteen years, a full one. Along with these events come deadly perils. Lunar eclipses heighten the dreaded lycanthropes' strength and appetite for carnage. Solar eclipses also enable vampires to walk during the day.

Any studious person can delve into histories and note certain star configurations under which Eranon's greatest heroes were born. It is evident that the alignment of constellations at birth does influence at least a modicum of one's destiny, as well as the present course. Players may choose one of the configurations as the "birth sign" for their characters, and the character will receive the proper benefits whenever that alignment is in effect.

The following lists the sixteen constellations, plus their effects in terms of game statistics to reflect their mystical impact. Constellations that are always visible are marked with a "+".

Constellation Name	Symbol
Death +	Skull
Elani +	Star with exceptionally bright points
Evil +	Broken heart
Good +	Flaming sword
Judgment +	Scales
Knowledge (only in the first six months)	Open book with at page marker lit with seven stars
Life +	Water fountain
Limbo +	Long wavy line with three stars at each end
Magi (once every 6 months for a week)	Long staff with swirling magic wrapped around its length
Nature (last week of each month)	Huge Oak Leaf
Neutrality +	Dagger
Protection +	Shield
Ramlar +	Crown with a bright star at the top of each crenel
Seasons +	Hourglass
Strength (only in Hardus and Solanus)	Large muscular arm
War (first week of each month)	Bow for war

Bonus Modifier
Death: None.
Elani: +10% to Navigation rolls during the odd months.
Evil: +5% to attack rolls against all good creatures on the thirteenth day of each month.
Good: +5% to attack rolls against all evil creatures on the twenty-first day of each month.
Judgment: None.
Knowledge: +10% to all Lore skill rolls on the sixth day of the first six months in a year.
Life: +3 Life Points to all hit locations during the third week of every month.
Limbo: +5% to Contact rolls when casting spells to commune with spirits on the ninth day of a month.
Magi: +5% to Contact rolls when casting arcane spells.
Nature: +10% to Survival rolls and +5% to Contact rolls when casting nature spells.
Neutrality: None.
Protection: +1 Defense Rating against all attacks, but only on the first and last day of a month.
Ramlar: +5 WIS on the first, tenth, twentieth, and thirtieth day of a month.
Seasons: None.
Strength: +5 STR on the fifth and fifteenth days of months in Hardus and Solanus.
War: +5% to all melee attacks.

THE CLIMATE

Eranon is the largest continent on the world of Ramlar. While the Alari and Eleri created a unique design to regulate the atmosphere in certain parts of Eranon, the general climate effects vary according to geography and natural laws.

Eranon's landscape encompasses the entire spectrum of weather, from the steamy humid jungles of Alcoveria to the frigid barren of The Chill, to the breezy summer of the Gerukan Mountains. The Hethmarkn are usually the only party interested in keeping a meticulous account of weather patterns, temperatures, and such. Commoners care only if it is too hot in the summer or too cold in the winter, or if the spring did not stay long enough.

Central Region

This region features two mountain ranges. The first is the Gerukan, the largest mountain chain in Eranon. It is cold in the winter with average snow accumulation. There is never any snow during the summer and fall seasons, and the mountain receives the least amount of rain anywhere. The upper flatlands, however, enjoy a temperate weather balanced by ample rain and light snow. To the west of Gerukan is the arid Desert of Osar, where the climate never seems to deviate from uncomfortable heat during the day and uncomfortable chill during nighttime.

The other mountains in the Central Region are the Mountains of Madness, which are always bleak, roofed as they are by perpetual overcast and swept by lightning storms and torrential downpours—popularly thought to be side effects of the magic institute and all the necromantic spells bandied about. The swamp to the north is constantly deluged and barely traversable.

To the extreme northern tip of this region lies a vast tropical jungle with the expected humid atmosphere.

Northeast Region

Those calling the northernmost reaches home experience brutally frosty winters, chilling springs, surprisingly hot and humid summers and moderate autumns. The weather alters farther inland to a rather pleasant climate, except during winter, which still brings heavy snowfalls. Seramis receives heavy seasonal rain and snow that mount in drifts along its limits. The climate continues to change southward and rainfall becomes moderate, with the winter winds inspiring numbness. The upper range of the Elokarn Mountain is legendary for its relentless blizzards and freezing rampaging winds. Along the coastlines, the temperatures are tolerably warm but dip drastically for the final two portions of the year. The waters here should never be trod during Quindir and Hardus.

Anomaly is the only explanation fitting Dragon Head Isle's chaotic, unpredictable weather, where it may openly defy nature with oddities such as pelting ice hail amidst a scorching heat wave, or clasping thunderclouds devoid of precipitation but offering peeks of sunlight.

Northwest Region

The top three quarters of the Andual Mountains are in this part of Eranon, and travelers can expect the typical weather pattern for alps. There are rather gusty, tempestuous-in-late-autumn-to-winter plains to the east and down the regional spine. Farther northward is the Valley of the Rings, which consists of rocky valleys and crevices that get ample showers and leftover snowfalls from the Ru-

tan Mountains—known to most as The Chill—along the northern boundary. The Chill is inhospitible to all but a few, such as the Frorinians. It is piercingly icy, ever-niveous, with nonexistent spring and summer. To the east is the huge Frendell Forest, a comparatively mild woodlands that still receives heavy snow from the neighboring Chill. The coast skirting The Chill is little more than ice floes and glaciers.

Southeast Region

The lower half of the Elokarn Mountains straddles the top of this region, carrying over an identical climate. The portions below the Elokarn are temperate, attracting many people to move there. Spring brings consistent downpours to the Xionoss Forest. Two deserts carpet the south and east: the blistering Swandel and the fatally broiling Black Desert, so named for its sands, which have been cooked black by the searing temperature. The port city of Nelthor boasts year-round tropical climate to make it a favorite vacation spot in winter.

Southwest Region

The Jungle of Alcoveria sports both excessive humidity and misty rain. Raging tempests visit the dry, wind-swept Plains of Desolation only during winters. The upper portion of this region sees two large forests absorbing most of the warm winds flowing in from the Andual Mountains on the west cost.
The Lake of Sorrow in the northern top is notorious for its "lake-effect" snow in winter, even affecting the adjacent Trontem Forest.

Oceans and Gulfs

The seas of Eranon are relatively warm during summer and early autumn, but cool significantly in the winter months. The Endless Sea is actually an enormous body of frozen ice so travel is not recommended here at all. The gulfs and bays along Eranon's coastlines are warmer with more stable temperatures than the oceans.

FAUNA

Teeming wild animals both natural and paranormal roam Eranon's surface, vying for survival and trying to avoid gracing dinner plates on the humanoid races' dining tables. Even the might dragons are not exempt from the latter. (See Chapter 18: Bestiary of Eranon for details on monstrous creatures, and Chapter 19: Dragons of Eranon for information on dragons.)

Most of Eranon's inhabitants don't own horses or beasts of burden. Simply, they don't need or have need for them. Even the rustic farmers usually plow only one small field, two at the most—not enough to justify the expense and care for such animals. However, in addition to traditional animals domesticated for labor and transportation, rare, unusual creatures like the Sarthin lizards and the trelmaks have been tamed to good effect. Aerial travel is possible on the back of a griffon, equion, rocar, or even dragon—though dragon flight is not a trivial matter and dragons must be expertly handled.

FLORA

Eranon's plethora of plant life proliferates according to laws of nature, though some exceptions exist due to fiddling from gods or goddesses. Even the most aged and learned merthwargs do not and can not possibly identify the entire flora present on Eranon alone.

Alzan Berries

This deep-green berry is indigenous only to Arylyn. Its sweet taste provides the flavor for the world-famous Alzan berry wine, a beverage known to quickly soothe and relax the imbiber.

Fire Seeds

Red berries exclusive to The Chill, legendary for their combustible properties and commonly used to spark fire (in any material). Only the Frorinians know how to plant, grow, and harvest them.

Life Berries

This multicolored fruit is a native of north Eranon, but transplants have been reported in other regions. This berry is extremely nutritious and filling—each being equivalent to a small lunch. Naturally, life berries are a staple of trail rations sold to adventurers.

Moon Ivy

A dark, purple ivy growing in western Eranon and overabundant near the Andual Mountains, flourishing at an alarming rate when either moon is full. It is during this spurt that the plant sprouts a very delicate and hypnotic flower. Sometimes called the Moon Flower, it is sought by many and always on prominent display all over Selani. The Hethmarkn history books state that among the Spirinari gifts to the Sinflar elves when they first met were trunks full of moon ivy flowers.

Spurin Trees

The spurin tree is the tallest tree in Eranon, reaching a height of 500 feet or more and over 50 feet across. Its soft, spongy bark and pulp are used as spell components. Collecting such, however, is a dangerous proposition because of the Slek, bipedal and muscular creatures perching among these trees.

Serpecia's Tear

A light-blue plant seen throughout the world, offering deliciously edible fruits and leaves. The berries will last for over two weeks before spoiling, thus making them a favorite of those on long journeys. One must surely taste at least once a breakfast bowl of Serpecia's Tear with milk.

Star Leaf

Five-pointed leaves of light- to deep-green color that secretes a sweet, pleasant odor when bruised. This evergreen plant is popular in the southern regions, where many households use it to liven up chambers and quarters.

Trelyn Trees

Tall, sturdy oak-like trees found only in the halfling realm of Arylyn. Trelyn's wood is soft but dries to an adamant texture, which is used to craft some of the best musical instruments in the world. Its quick growth rate has the halflings contemplating various commercial options.

Wayfarer's Moss

A black and gray moss popularly used in decorations and for weaving fishing nets.

COMMERCE AND POLITICS

Trading is the lifeblood of the general Eranon populace. There are thousands of trade routes, complemented by specialized outposts for the masses to gather and conduct business. The small town of Dealing Dale is one such example, holding semiannual two-week faires that attract close to 100,000 vendors and attendees each.

The political systems of Eranon vary greatly from one region or race to another. There are countless small states and fiefdoms, each with its own king, lord, or ruling council to dictate policies. The nonhuman races like the dwarves, elves, and Spirinari tend to favor some form of monarchy, with kings and queens reigning.

Currency

Coins are the most popular medium of exchange used on Eranon for monetary payment. Every significant nation, civilization or race mints its own coins. The city of Seramis produces crescent-shaped Moon coins with a hole in the middle for ease of carry when put on a string. Traders consummate commercial transactions in Aurod with star-shaped coins, also with a string hole. The different coinages matter largely only to avid collectors, though in times of war, expect certain states and their allies to decline currency minted by the adversary.

The people of Eranon use the coins' metal composition to establish denomination. The most valuable ones are made from kasmium, smooth platinum mined in the Kasmarkn territories. A kasmium coin is worth 10 coins minted from gold. Each gold coin in turn equals 10 silver coins. Every silver coin will net you 10 copper coins, the least valuable currency, in exchange.

Another popularly accepted form of payment is spirit bone pieces, especially when a transaction involved unwieldy sum of money. Such a piece, put into circulation by the Sprinari and called a Spartz, is equivalent to 500 gold or 50 kasmium coins each. Should Spartz are not readily available, the dwarves and elves are known to trade among themselves using roughly three-pound bars of gold (worth 100 gold coins each) or kasmium (300 gold coins).

Financial institutions and reserved vaults in major cities also issued personal vouchers and promissory notes redeemable for cash at any of their branches. This service is universally exclusive to selected prestigious clients for their convenience, so they would not need to carry prodigal amount of coins on their person. Most of these treasuries are sanctioned by their respective sovereigns and backed in event of unforeseen complications, such as robbery or natural disaster. All of them charge a maintenance fee, but the expense varied and usually never more than five gold coins a month.

LANGUAGE

In Eranon, at least all of the ancient races have developed their own unique languages for communication. The number of languages actively spoken in Eranon is 21, according to the most recent tally. Usually, any language can be learned and eventually mastered, the sole exception being that of the dragons. The draconic tongue encompassed firebreathing, wing flutters, horn movements, tail swings, and frill ruffles that normal humanoids simply cannot duplicate.

As the races mingled and became more intertwined through the ages, the need for a universal language arose, and from that need is derived the Common Speech. Common Speech is presently taught worldwide and spoken (albeit to varying fluency) by nearly every race on Eranon as a second tongue (if not native).

Lost Languages

Since ancient times, two languages have become defunct. One is Giant Speech, rumored to still be muttered in secret scholarly circles but at best dying like the race of giants that spoke it. The other is Kaldaryn, the original elven tongue that actually remains active in Isidria. Elves on Eranon use the adapted Olati variant instead, and only the traditionalists would revive the old Kaldaryn among themselves in private.

The Written Words

Which race should receive credit for starting the written word has always been the biggest linguistic debate in Eranon, especially between the Hethmarkn dwarves and the elves. Because the elves originated in another continent and both races came into being almost simultaneously, the answer may never be known. The general non-elven populace, of course, thinks the Hethmarkn dwarves invented the history's first writing system, although curiously, the Common Speech is written with the elven Olati alphabet.

Five other alphabets are employed in Eranon. The Spirinari use the Salari. Both dwarven cultures employ the Hethmarkn. The Osani, or "Desert Speech," was devised by the Osarians solely to safekeep their secrets. The orcs and goblins have their Qaz. Lastly, the Druegarn created the Drulak out of necessity because using the conventional elven language would burn their mouths and minds! The Drulak alphabet is very similar to the Olati, hence enabling the Druegarn to trick the unsuspected.

ARTIFACTS & ENCHANTED ITEMS

Countless artifacts have made their presence known in the annals of Ramlar. Here are several of the more popular enchanted items.

Boat of Sidhe

This is an ornate miniature elven boat crafted from Trelyn wood, with amast resembling the wing of a Lerinia dragon. Upon command, it enlarges into a vessel carrying up to 10 persons and still has room for cargo. What's more, the boat never capsizes!

Coin of Karth

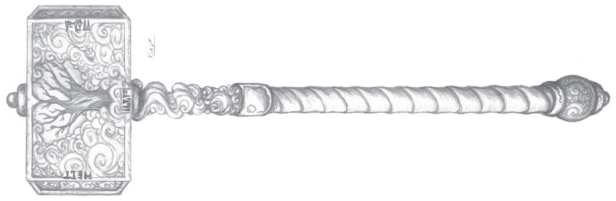
An odd-looking coin that is a boon as well as a curse. It can tell you where anything is hidden. Problem is, it wants to tell you about everything else too! It's extremely loquacious, never shuts up, and will alert others to your presence as much as it tips you off to theirs. No matter how you dispose of it, the coin will somehow reappear on your person later, unless you trick someone into voluntarily accepting it—and anyone who recognizes the coin for what it is usually refuses wisely. It will not even remain inside pouches or sacks. Very troublesome, indeed!

Eye of the Tethsharin

Rare, since only eight of these were ever made. An Eye will afford you complete control of one Tethsharin dragon, but any other ones nearby can sense this gem and will do everything they can to kill you and obliterate the Eye — a big reason why ancient artificers stopped making these powerful items. Nowadays, when one is discovered, it often "disappears" just as fast because there are plenty of mages lusting for power, and this is certainly a shortcut.

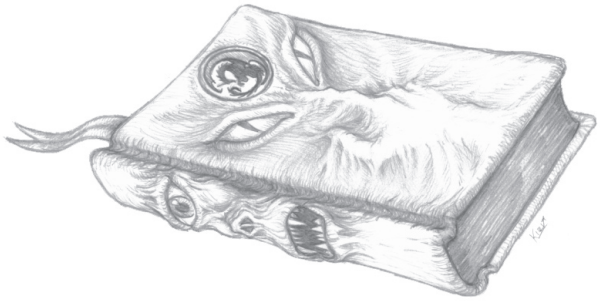
Fog Hammer

A lost dwarven relic, said to have once been wielded by the mighty warrior Greylend Stoneye. It grants the wielder the ability to summon a fog bank once a day, smothering up to 60' all around the hammer in dense fog. While the wielder is able to see through just fine, everyone else takes a -10 penalty to all attacks inside the fog. Plus, also daily, the hammer can automatically strike a target for a critical hit.



Gabrun's Book of Darkness

The good news is that the reader of this tome, written in Druegarn blood by the dark elves, gains a +20 bonus to rolls regarding all evil creatures and races. The bad news is, upon touching the book, the person must make a TEN -20 resistance roll or is compelled to peruse all its content, and when finished, must make another TEN -20 resistance roll or is instantly transformed into a monstrous fell beast. Even if the second roll is successful, the reader is still doomed to change once a month at the rise of the waxing moon (end of every month), adapting the vile form for 48 hours.



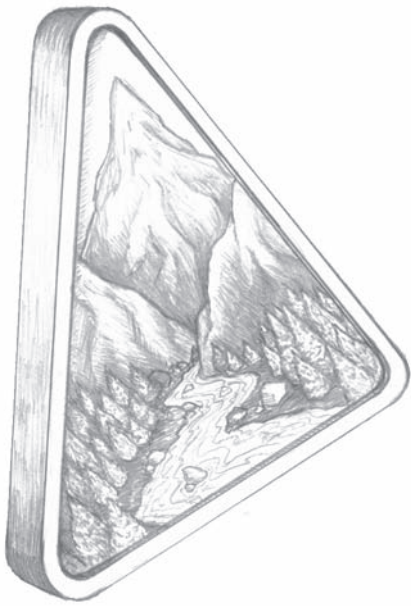
Milunzar's Impenetrable Cube

When activated, this small magical stone "unfolds" into a perfect cube of "wide" perimeter on the ground or around the holder. The cube is immovable and impregnable by any means. It can remain

activated for up to 12 hours, and nothing can enter or leave the cube in the meantime, including spells, although magic can still be cast within. The cube also never runs out of air.

North Stone

In the mountainous depths of the dwarven lands where directional bearings can be hard to discern, this little stone, enchanted by the dwarves to always point toward the north, can be a lifesaver.



Orb of Façade

This tiny pea-sized orb can disguise any object upon which it is placed, making it appear to viewers as something (or someone) else. It must stay on a user's person to maintain a false physical appearance.

Ring of the Gethnarsus

Only four such rings were made, and two known to exist currently. These ancient rings are used to summon and control one fully-grown Gethnarsus dragon each. A Ring of Gethnarsus is made of gold with a Kasmarium top—of a dragon face whose four horns wrap around the band and unite on the underside.

Soul Drinker

This sinister long sword is believed to have been touched by Gabrun himself in the early days of creation. It has an insatiable thirst for blood, as on the first critical hit it strikes every day, it will feed upon the target's blood (accounting for the extra damage of the critical hit). Once per month, the relic can seize the soul of a victim it slays, channeling the victim's knowledge into the wielder and extending the user's life unnaturally. Those who swing the Soul Drinker invariably succumb to the sword's will until their own souls are drained away, leaving the blade to fall where they die, awaiting the next person to pick it up.

Staff of Elements

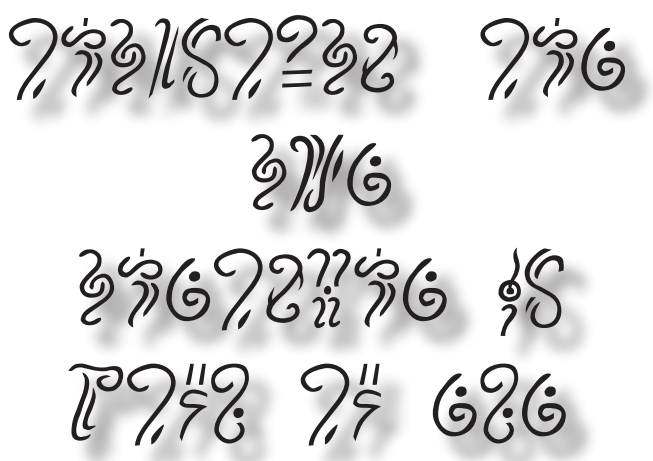
An elementalist's dream, it grants the wielder the ability to call forth and control an elemental from one of the four planes (Air, Earth, Fire, Water) once a day. This staff was last seen during the Dakass Luot.

Wynfar's Conjuring Portrait

This is a 30"x40" portrait showing one of ten creatures native to the world. When a person maintains eye contact with the depicted creature's eyes for one round, a WIS -20 resistance roll is necessary or the creature leaps off the painting and attacks. The creature disappears once it is killed. The portrait then swirls and a new, different creature appears in the depiction in 1d4 rounds. The beastly assortment consists of black swarm, giant bear, giant spider, hell frog, karc, lintran, lion, shrike, tiger, and vire.

Wynfar's Masterpiece Portrait

Identical to Wynfar's Conjuring Portrait, but a larger masterpiece (50"x70") with a nastier array of monsters: Black fang, corac, Cyantheer dragon, mountain shrike, nurcavant, racshia, rocar, slek, Tethsharin dragon, and wulvern.



Dark Speech

0 1 2 3 4

5 6 7 8 9

Elven Olati

0 1 2 3 4 5

6 7 8 9

Hethmarkn

0 1 2 3 4 5

6 7 8 9

Orc and Goblin

0 1 2 3 4 5

6 7 8 9

Osarian

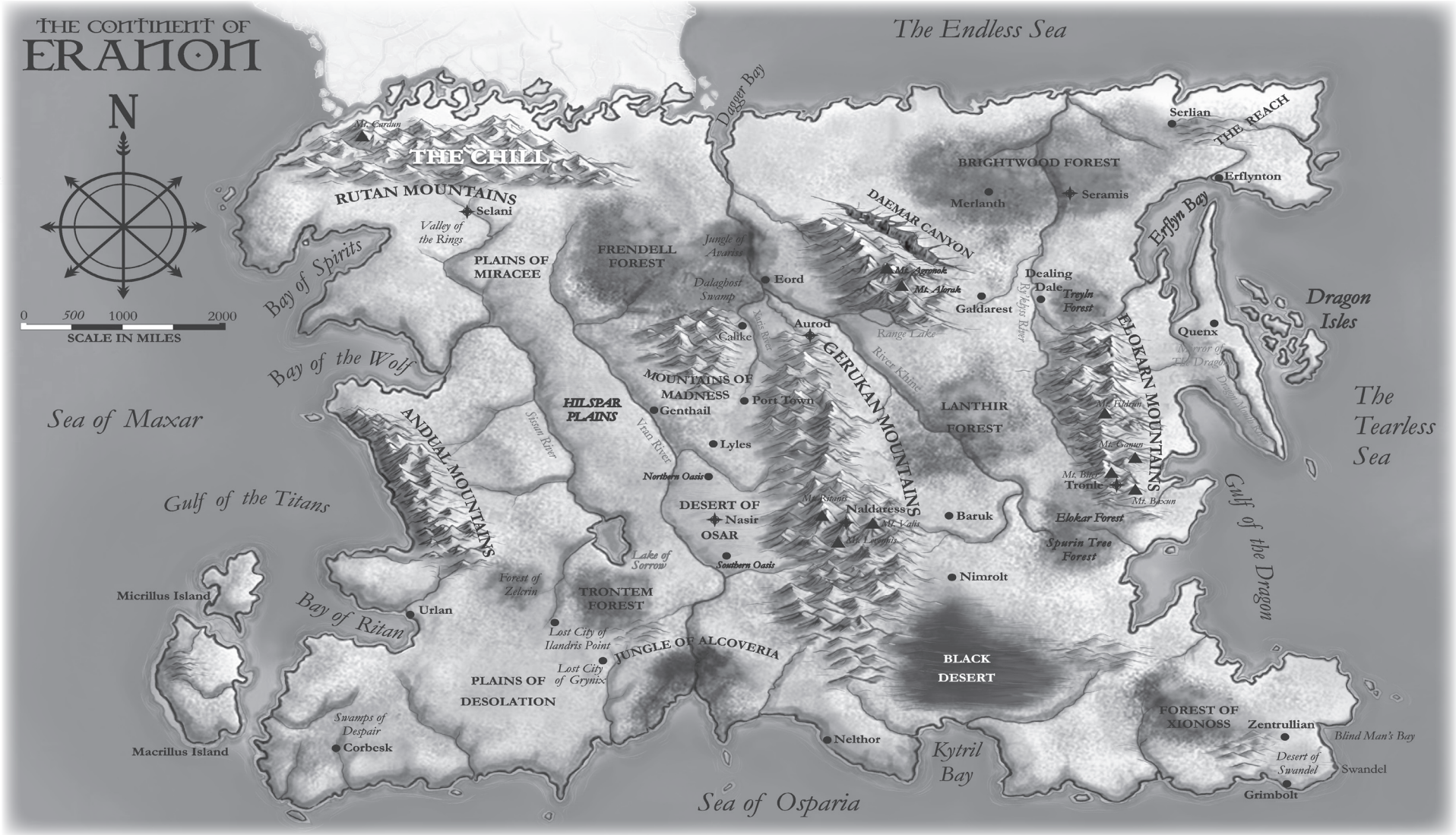
0 1 2 3 4 5

6 7 8 9

Salini

0 1 2 3 4 5

6 7 8 9


THE CONTINENT OF
ERAGON
N
0 500 1000 2000
SCALE IN MILES
The Endless Sea
Dagger Bay
Mt. Curdun
THE CHILL
RUTAN MOUNTAINS
Selani
Valley of the Rings
Bay of Spirits
PLAINS OF MIRACEE
FRENDELL FOREST
Jungle of Avariss
Dalaghost Swamp
Eord
Aurod
Calike
Iris River
River Khine
Range Lake
DAEMAR CANYON
Mt. Agronok
Mt. Aloruk
Galdarest
Merlanth
BRIGHTWOOD FOREST
Seramis
Serlian
THE REACH
Erflynton
Erflyn Bay
Dealing Dale
Tryln Forest
Ry'Kelyss River
Quenx
Mirror of The Dragon
Dragon Isles
ELOKARN MOUNTAINS
Mt. Fahlum
Mt. Ganuun
Mt. Binor
Tronle
Mt. Basun
Elokar Forest
Spurin Tree Forest
LANTHIR FOREST
Bay of the Wolf
Sea of Maxar
MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS
Port Town
Genthail
HILSPAR PLAINS
GERUKAN MOUNTAINS
Lyles
Northern Oasis
Vrain River
Jiasan River
ANDUAL MOUNTAINS
Gulf of the Titans
DESERT OF Nasir
OSAR
Mt. Kiamm
Naldaress
Mt. Valis
Mt. Lyrnnis
Baruk
Nimrolt
Southern Oasis
Lake of Sorrow
Gulf of the Dragon
Micrillus Island
Bay of Ritan
Urlan
Forest of Zelcrin
TRONTEM FOREST
Lost City of Ilandris Point
Lost City of Grynix
JUNGLE OF ALCOVERIA
PLAINS OF DESOLATION
BLACK DESERT
Swamps of Despair
Corbesk
Macrillus Island
Nelthor
Kytril Bay
FOREST OF XIONOSS
Zentrullian
Blind Man's Bay
Desert of Swandel
Swandel
Grimbolt
Sea of Osparia
The Tearless Sea

Dagger Bay
Mt. Cardun
Valley of the Rings
THE CHILL
Curaxiss's Lair
The Labyrinthine
Reylar's Spire
Rashek
The High Moor
RUTAN MOUNTAINS
Selani
Bessle
Misani
Valley of the Rings
Phenkar
Labyrinths of Raneeve
Black Lake
Jahesit's Keep
Jungle of Avariss
FRENDELL FOREST
The Dark Way
Bay of Spirits
PLAINS OF MIRACEE
Wargen
Trancton
Hesat's Temple
Arcissix's Lair
Hazaret's Thicket
Dalaghost Swamp
Eord
Dagger's Point
Wayfarers Well
Traige
Lithian
Manar's Web
Ruins of Cerra
The Dead Plains
Castle of Zyehariss
Xaris River
Auro
Kaeren
Calike
Soulbane
Dalike
The Rim
Bay of the Wolf
Skolenjaeger
Skottle
Daymere's Canyon
MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS
Overlook Rock
Stones of War
HILSPAR
Port Town
The Carrik
Genthail
Neera

6 Marks of Eranon

It is written in one of the first of the Hethmarkn histories that when the dwarven archivists initially ventured into the world from their hidden realm, they began in the very center of the continent of Eranon. From there, they split into groups and traveled to the four corners of Eranon. So that they would not duplicate the works of the others, they divided the land into four quarters. These regions were a means of simple geographic division; each did not have a singular government, was not necessarily occupied by a singular race, and did not have a particular climate or terrain that united the region. They were divided out of simple necessity of study, to insure that each region would receive equal attention from the Hethmarkn scholars.

These regions were named by the Hethmarkn scholars simply the First Mark, which was dominated by The Chill and was made up of the remaining northwestern quarter; the Second Mark, which comprised the Brightwood Forest and the northeast quarter of Eranon; the Third Mark, which encompassed the Black Desert and the southeast quarter; and the Fourth Mark, which included the Jungle of Alcoveria and all of the southwest quarter. Though war has consumed the Marks, though the nations have changed and cities have come and gone, these divisions set up by the Hethmarkn have remained constant. The histories of the Hethmarkn are told in terms of the people who shape events, but the land remains, fixed and unchanging, and the stories that the Hethmarkn collect, set in place with inks and binding, aspire to the same longevity.

THE FIRST MARK

Known for its attraction to people of sturdy heart and mind, the First Mark is dominated by The Chill in the northwest, but is also well known as the home of the Spirinari, the oldest and most beautiful race in Eranon. The home of the Tylvare elves, the Hilspar Plains, is in both the First and Fourth Mark, but all of the important locations to the Tylvare are located in the northern portion of their realm, solidly in the First Mark. Such cities as Genthail, Eord, and Skolenjaeger make the mark home to many. But darker dangers lurk here than in any other region of Eranon; the Mountains of Madness are home to Zychariss, an evil lich of unchallenged power. The Bendwar school of Necromancy is also nestled into those mountains, and many fear that the next great threat to Eranon will come not from the Dark Sprawl, but from the heights of the Mountains of Madness.

THE CHILL

Encompassing the entire northwest corner of the continent of Eranon, The Chill stretches from the Bay of Spirits through the Rutan Mountians and north of the Frendell forest to Dagger Bay. The great Spirinari city of Selani sits on the edge of The Chill, and few but Frorinians and werewolves are able to embrace the harsh climate and cold weather of the region.

The Chill

Selani
Population: 460,000 (99% Spirinari, 1% other)
Government: Consulate
Imports: Books, silk, art
Exports: Hawks, falcons

One of the largest cities of Eranon, Selani is unique in that it is largely closed off to the world. A nearly utopian community, Selani runs in peace and efficiency, and the long-lived Spirinari rarely allow outsiders to reside in their city for any length of time. Twice a year for three weeks at a time, the city is open to limited trade from reputable merchants. Outsiders to the city who seek knowledge and hope to learn from the Spirinari may gain entrance at any time of the year and are allowed to stay for a predetermined length of time, but if they attempt to engage in trade or other business, they are exiled from the city.

Since the Dakass Luot, the Spirinari have been very reclusive and continue to keep mostly to themselves. They gain comfort from living in their city, which has existed, unchanged, for thousands of years. Built into a large, bowl-shaped depression in the earth atop a tall hill in the foothills of the Rutan Mountains, the city is surrounded by a wall a full ten miles in circumference. All of the buildings in the city are made entirely out of spirit bone, from the wall to homes to temples to the Ascarid palace. Those allowed entrance into Selani marvel at the creation of the city, and it is widely considered one of the wonders of the world. Statues made of spirit bone line the bone walkways throughout the city, and though some are identifiable, many have an abstract meaning that only Spirinari scholars understand.

Economy: Selani is largely self-supporting. Spirinari merthwargs learned long ago how to convince the land to produce what supplies the Spirinari needed, and those traditions have continued to this very day. The Spirinari do, however, appreciate learning from other areas of Eranon and value books very highly. Silks from Osar and weaponry of Kasmarkn make and design are also highly valued at the market. The people of Selani often trade with their Frorinian neighbors, exchanging what supplies the Frorinians need and receiving what supplies the Frorinians have to trade. The Spirinari do this to aid the short-lived humans, but would never acknowledge this, for fear that the fiery pride of the Frorinians would destroy the friendship between the two races.

The Spirinari also highly value art and artists from across Eranon, inviting halflings to perform at the Ascarid and bringing Fetharn painters or Auzronian sculptors to stay in Selani for a time.

Those whom the Spirinari deem worthy are allowed to contact their ancestors through a Spirit Talker. The Spirinari are inclined to charge people only as much as they can afford for the privilege of speaking to their dead. Those deemed unworthy by the Spirit Talkers receive no communication with the dead, regardless of the amount of money they offer.

The main source of external income for the Spirinari comes from their aviary. Hawks and falcons trained by Spirinari falconers are desired throughout the world, and those with the money to purchase one are willing to pay very high amounts for the birds. This influx of money, which comes twice a year during the trade weeks, gives the Spirinari city more wealth than it can use. Much of this money is set aside for the possibility of future need, or to aid those who come seeking help from the Spirinari.

Military: The Warriors of Pelatos, an elite guard within Selani, are devoted both to their chosen deity and their duty to the city of Selani. During trade days, the Warriors of Pelatos surround any buildings where the secrets of the Spirinari are kept, as well as a number of other, less important buildings. This practice is one of deception—no outsiders will be aware of which buildings actually house what the Spirinari deem important.

Beyond the fighting force of the Warriors of Pelatos, the Spirinari produce a large number of wizards, sevars, and merthwargs, all of whom are trained to be able to use their skills for the protection of the Spirinari and the people of Eranon. The Spirinari have no patience for the creatures of Gabrun and Pillith, and those creatures that enter the lands of the Spirinari are dealt with quickly and efficiently. Even Druegarn who have no love for their creators are viewed as abominations to be slain. The Spirinari also have little patience for the Nurinians, and any Nurinians who are allowed into Selani are put under close watch by the Warriors of Pelatos.

Underworld: Crime within the city of Selani is practically nonexistent; the Spirinari themselves would do nothing to endanger the peace of their city, and they very closely monitor outsiders who might have ill intent. While the occasional crimes do occur on trade days, the perpetrators are nearly always caught and given a demonstration of the no nonsense nature of the Spirinari council.

Interesting Sites: Ascarid, the home of the ruling council of the Spirinari, is located at the north end of the city. Set upon a hill so the council can overlook the rest of the city, the Ascarid is more than a palace. The ornate decorations that show the devotion of the Spirinari to Serpecia mark the Ascarid as a place dedicated to the commands of Serpecia, who created the Spirinari and gave them their form of government. The main feature of the Ascarid is the council chamber, a great hall where the seven council members sit to listen to disputes and levy judgment. From here is also where the council members do what they can to insure that they are following out Serpecia's last command: the charge to be the guardians of Eranon.

Though the Ascarid is dominated by the art and decorations of the Spirinari, there is a gallery inside the Ascarid that displays art works completed by visitors to the Selani. Some of the wizards and sevars have also found a way to capture the music performed in the council chamber, and performances from hundreds of years before are still heard inside the gallery. This room is called the Gallery of the Continent, and the Spirinari claim that it holds some of the most important works of art in the history of Eranon.

Though outsiders are typically only allowed to view the marketplace or the council chamber of the Ascarid, some have received the opportunity to visit the Aviary, a huge, round building that houses hawks and falcons raised and trained by Spirinari falconers.

Plots and Rumors: Since the Dakass Luot, the Spirinari have long sought to eradicate the entire race of the Druegarn. That so many of that race have now come to live on the surface pains the Spirinari. The wise race seems unable to accept that some of the Druegarn are actually individuals who seek to do works of good in the world, and even honored Druegarn like Istolil Hune are held in contempt by the Spirinari. Recently, members of the Warriors of Pelatos have begun rumbling about a campaign to eliminate the Druegarn from the surface of the world. Though the council desires to take this course, they feel it is not a wise course upon which to embark. This has led to some conflict in Selani, and the council listens daily to requests to take on the Druegarn threat before it can build into another war.

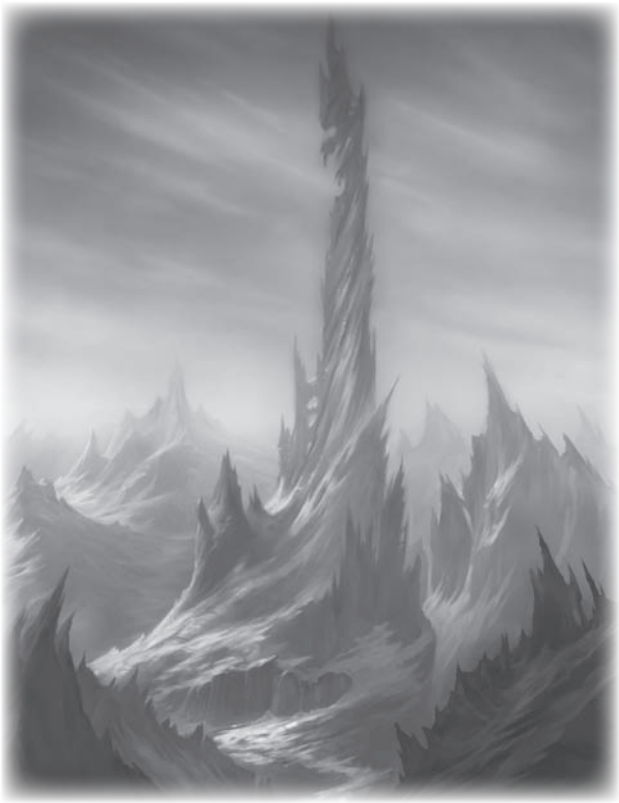
Regional Points of Interest

Bay of Spirits: The area surrounding the Bay of Spirits is sparsely populated with only a few small fishing villages situated on the coast. The water of the bay is surprisingly warm and supports a large amount of aquatic life due to volcanic activity beneath the bay's surface. Because of this underwater activity, the bay is generally cloaked in fog, making it dangerous to navigate. The local

Frorinians believe that dark spirits often hide in the mists, and only the bravest of fishermen are willing to sail the bay.

Mt. Cardun: From the peaks of the Rutan Mountains rises a great peak, well over ten thousand feet tall at its summit. Many Frorinian villages surround this mighty mountain, due to the hot springs that warm this portion of The Chill. The heat that Mount Cardun provides is exchanged for uncertainty—the mountain is an active volcano, and though the Frorinian merthwargs have done what they can to control the giant's fire, it does erupt from time to time, causing some damage among the villages.

Reylar's Spire: Located in the cold of the Rutan Mountains, this tall rock spire is not a natural formation, but the result of a battle between two powerful wizards, both of whom perished in the magical struggle. Rumors say that the magical items belonging to the two wizards fell from the height of the battle as the wizards tumbled to their deaths, and that the right seekers could locate these items at the base of Reylar's Spire. Though it is the talk of many, no one has ever gone to the spire and returned with anything more than a thoughtful expression.



The Spirit Gates: Located on each of the trade routes into the territory of the Spirinari, these intricate and ornate gates are designed of spirit bone. On the solstices and equinoxes, spirits can be seen and heard around these gates. Generally the sounds of the spirits are soothing, for many of the spirits who visit the gates are benevolent and merely wish to send their regards to the living. There have been cases, however, of malevolent spirits making their presence known to those who pass through the gates by attacking travelers with lethal force. The Spirit Gates serve not only as decoration and as gates to the spirit world, but as notification markers for the Spirinari. Each gate is able to detect whether or not a person means the Spirinari harm, and the news of this person's identity is sent from the gate to the Spirnari city of Selani. The reach of the gate's detection stretches for a ten mile radius, so those actively seeking to avoid detection must travel the long way around to keep the gates from sending back notice to Selani.

Valley of Fangs: Not even the bravest of Frorinian war lords enter the Valley of the Fangs. Here, the most vicious of the Brutes, the first born werewolves, make their dens. Little is known about the area, but Frorinian legends say that the king of the werewolves resides in this valley, and that all of the packs of werewolves in The Chill are compelled to obey his commands.

Valley of the Rings: This valley, just south of the city of Selani, is filled with huge rings, hundreds of feet high, made entirely of spirit bone. What protective power the rings offer is unclear to people outside of the Spirinari community, but that the valley protects the city is indisputable.

The Labyrinthine: Nestled in the first few miles of the Chill on a high, lone, snow-embanked cliff is the Labyrinthine. Its construction is still a mystery to this day, and many fame-thirsty adventurers seek out this ice-walled maze to test their worth. The ice maze is inhabited by many natural animals that seek shelter from the brutal climate of the Chill. Its sheer size can easily hold all that would like to make a home in its chilly confines. There are, however, many denizens that also have made this maze their home. Recent reports indicate a group of Brute werewolves have claimed the lowest level and have taken control of the maze's inhabitants. This report has not been confirmed.

The maze has 8 levels with over thirty pockets per level—some several hundred yards in expanse—and it is said that other secret passageways lead further down to even darker depths and dangers. The Labyrinthine is light with an eerie green light by dwarven light stones, thus giving speculation to a dwarven designer and laborers.

Wayfarers' Well: In between the Bay of Spirits and Bay of the Wolf sits Wayfarers' Well. The origin of this well is unknown, but it is a handy bit of information to know its location. The well is magical and is a definite aid to every adventurer who drinks from it.

The well is of rudimentary design, constructed of stone masonry of moderate workmanship. A simple wooden bucket is attached to an intricately carved spindle wound with 500 feet of rope. The well is some 20 feet across and so deep no one can see its bottom. The only other mark on the well is a rune in the shape of a cricket. This lone rune and its creator remain a mystery in the mortal world.

When a person drinks the cold, crystal-clear water from this magical well, his or her health is replenished at an astonishing rate. A single drink will quench thirst and hunger for a full day. However, water taken from the well for later use, while quite refreshing, no longer has magical properties.

Hesat's Temple: In the dead center of the Miracee Plains stands an immense triangular foundation with ever-reaching pillars depicting all grotesque forms of wickedness at each point and a large rampart that rises over three stories set in the direct center of the triangle. On top of this rampart is an ornate building whose walls, which reach over 100 feet, are decorated in gold, silver, and dark reds. This is Hesat's Temple, a new place of wicked worship to one of the dark gods of the heavens. The temple was founded by Ariss Hesat, a vile Osarian noble who turned to the dark ways of the world, in 4620. In this short time he has gathered many followers, and Selani to the North has started to notice this black stain on the earth. Hesat has more than 2,000 followers who make their homes within the temple. The temple has a boisterous defense of some one hundred and fifty warriors, who are always on patrol in groups of ten. Other followers of the temple are competent beings of many paths.

Hesat is a twelfth-level Death Knight and pays homage to Narcatiss. He is an adept spell caster and an astute warrior in his own right. He sports long, jet-black hair, and the pupils of his eyes have turned to solid black and are set under a high brow and hollowed cheek bones. He is of medium build and stands taller than most

Valley of the Rings

Osarians. The armor Hesat possesses is made of the finest gold Osarian could produce, and it is offset with deep maroon silks and velvets. His jet-black war steed, Harin is an enormous stallion. Hesat's wealth was carried from nobility in Nasir, and many people of that great city have followed him and helped found this temple of darkness. Nurinians make up the rest of the population that resides in and services the temple. It is said that Hesat will take any who are devout followers of Narcatiss, and judging by the rapidly growing population of followers, there is truth to the rumor.

The temple atop the triangular foundation is a work of art in itself, and the workmanship shows the Osarian influence heavily. However, this top building is nothing more than an entryway to the ground below, where the real temple lies and dark deeds occur on a daily basis. A vast underground complex resides under the foundation, spreading out for a mile or more. The complex holds the living quarters for all peoples of the temple, along with every other necessity a populace of this size would require. The true temple lies even further underground, and contains a well into the depths of darkness. Rumors abound that the well has no bottom and is a direct passage way to Vyekranus, the realm of Narcatiss.

Bessle
Population: 75
Government: Selani rule
Imports: All goods
Exports: --

This small little town is located 10 miles from the Selani gates. It serves as a resting stop and overall watch for people entering Selani. The population of the entire town is Spirinari, and many are sevars of numerous faiths. The town has one large inn, called The Rest, and it can house up to 500 people comfortably. Bessle is headed by different leaders at different times of the year. There are several avian species present there as well, and these are brought from the aviary in Selani.

The town also serves as an "acquaintance stop" for travelers who have never seen a Spirinari or their elaborate spirit-bone structures. Travelers usually stay from 1-2 days and then head on in to the city. If a threat is detected it is handled in secret, without alarming or unsettling the visitors. The hospitality is quite nice, and many even stop in Bessle to have a drink before taking the long road to whichever destination their needs require.

Phenkar
Population: 100; Spirinari
Government: Monarchy
Imports: All goods
Exports: --

Located at the Southernmost tip of the Valley of the Rings is Phenkar. This is a small outpost of the Spirinari, and it is used to watch over their beloved Earthen Sculpture. Any and all are welcome here save for those with ill intent. The watch is headed by Swyrin Lawane, a sevar of the Twelfth Level of Anate. The outpost is nothing more than a tavern/inn and small houses in which live the occupants of the watch. Like the fabled city of Selani, all of Phenkar's buildings are made out of Spirit Bone. One of the most unique features of the watch post is that the air is filled with birds. These avians actually patrol the skies of the rings and the watch post, and all who visit or stay are envious of such good watchers.

THE HIGH MOOR

To the east of Selani at the southern tip of the Chill lies the High Moor. This expanse stretches many leagues and has many small settlements and one small town, which is Rashek. The inhabitants of the High Moor are a cold lot and many will help struggling survivors, but will ask for labor in return for their kindness. All sorts of fauna and flora reside within the High Moor. The land is increasingly hilly as it rises to meet the Chill Mountains. Its climate—predominantly cold due to the brisk winds from the cold mountains—only reaches tolerable levels in the summer. However, people still decide to dwell here and carve out meager lives for themselves. Snow is present nine months out of the year, and many expert trappers are known to frequent the High Moor. It is advisable that one stop in Rashek for supplies and rest before journeying into the nightmarish climates of the Chill.

Rashek
Population: 1500
Government: Monarchy
Imports: Wood, vegetables, textiles
Exports: Furs, pelts, exotic meats

Settled in the northern-most part of the High Moor is Rashek. Led by the town mayor, Regas Rallian, this small settlement does quite well for itself because it is the last civilized stop on the road leading into the Chill.

Rashek is an adventurer's dream after enduring weeks or months in the harsh region to the North.

The small town has more than 30 buildings as well as an inn and three taverns. The main tavern—Wayfarers' Rest—is run by Allaria Raphin, a middle aged Frorinian woman. The tavern is well stocked and boasts more than moderate luxuries for such a remote location. The Haven—the town's inn—is run by Hisaran Rydys, a calm Auzronian. The Haven also has quite nice furnishings and can house up to 200 people somewhat comfortably. The other buildings of Rashek are local supply stores, and one trinket and magic shop run by the Nurinian, Poltan Zalastar. It should be noted that all of the buildings are built in close proximity to each other. This was ordered by Regas in order to help with the harsh winds that blow down from the North through and out of the small town.

Rashek has a militia of 50 men, who have been trained in the city of Selani to the southwest. The town boasts a very stout outer wall with ramparts set every 50 feet, and these watchtowers are manned 24 hours a day. Two men occupy each tower constantly. Mounted militiamen patrol the surrounding region in groups of five; these were also trained in Selani.

Crime is not present in Rashek. Fear of what would happen to a criminal if he or she is caught is usually enough to steer the mischievous mind. The other part is that Regas always meets newcomers, scanning them with a magic trinket he obtained in Seramis that reveals a person's intent and truthfulness. There is no underworld to speak of.

Misani

One hundred miles southwest of Selani is Misani. A small settlement founded by former residents of Wargen, this village has seen surprising growth. This could possibly be because raids by barbarians from the North have finally taken their toll on the Wargen residents. The small community numbers just over 700 members, and more seem to be coming in daily. The people of Misani have good trading relationships with other small settlements, bartering wheat and barley, which are plentiful in the vast fields surrounding the village. The people of Misani are led by Tal Enich, a stout warrior from Wargen who led the move from the beleaguered town. If one needs travel to Wargen it is advisable to stop in Misani and hear the tales they have to offer, if only for advice. The town boasts a small volunteer militia of 50 men—all of them battle hardened former defenders of Wargen.

Wargen
Population: 5,000; 75% Frorinian, 25% other
Government: Monarchy
Imports: Ale/Wine
Exports: Furs

Located just west of the plains of Miracee is Wargen. This ancient town boasts some of the most prized hunters in all of the land. While Frorinians—who make up three-fourths of the towns population—are generally reseved, many hearty tales can be heard by a roaring fire at the Wargen's three inns and four taverns. The city is run by Mayor Aucriss Langdeen, a stout warrior of Frorinian stock. He rules the town with a light hand and knows well that its citizens can take care of themselves if trouble should arise. There is no official town militia or guard, but if trouble does come many will rally to the town's defense without being asked.

Wargen is a nice stop along the way to Seramis and the north, and many travelers do stop there to look over pelts the hunters have put up for sale. Many others seek expert hunters to take them on extended hunting trips in the north and surrounding regions. Most people in Wargen live nice, profitable lives.

THE BAY OF THE WOLF

The Bay of the Wolf has long been a haven for the raiders of The Chill; many raids on the southlands have been staged from Skolenjaeger at the end of the Sissan River. But the name of the bay hints at the sinister nature of the inhabitants who surround it; the area is plagued by werewolves, many of them evil though some have managed to retain a measure of their humanity. During the Dakass Luot, several costly battles were fought here, and though the Druegarn eventually won, their casualties were so high that they left the area, unconcerned about the survivors.

Skolenjaeger
Population: 2,700 (90% Frorinian, 6% True Born Werewolves, 6% Halfbreed Werewolves, 2% other)
Government: Feudal
Imports: Ores, lumber
Exports: Ale, lagers, wheat

The town of Skolenjaeger at first glance looks like a town that has been built on the remains of another town. This is simply because it has. The original town of Skolenjaeger, from which the Frorinians had staged any number of raids on the south before the Dakass Luot, was destroyed in the war. Before the Dakass Luot, the warlord Calvor of The Chill and four of his liegemen were infected in a battle with Werewolf Brutes. His people turned on him and he fled south, taking the small village of Skolenjaeger as his own. Though many had previously used the docks of the village, no warlords had ever made the village prosper; however, under Calvor's leadership, the town grew and became an important site along the bay. Due to his infection, Calvor sympathized with those who had suffered the bite of the werewolves and opened the city as a haven to those who were cursed. Though the villagers were uncertain of this decision at first, their love for Calvor overcame their hesitation, and they welcomed the True Born and the Halfbreed werewolves with open arms.

To keep all of the citizens safe should any of the werewolves lose their sense of control, large, heavy iron cages are placed throughout the city and surrounding areas for those who do not suffer from the curse to lock themselves in when the moon is full, keeping them safe from their werewolf friends. Though outsiders think this might be a life of terror, the citizens of Skolenjaeger have grown used to the situation, and many of the iron cages are decorated with bedding and ironwork—the type of art that cannot be destroyed by a raging werewolf. Skolenjaeger has made an effort to collect what few Frorinian bards exist in the Chill so that during the full moon, the town will be full of music, which chases away the fear. About 12 percent of the town's citizens are werewolves, and the citizens have learned how to identify the cursed, though outsiders would be hard pressed to distinguish werewolves from the Frorinian population. Members of the cursed who wish to have normal lives still come to Skolenjaeger, seeking refuge.

Economy: Under the guidance of the first warlord, Calvor, the economy of Skolenjaeger grew from a self-sustaining village to a town that exported the wheat from its farms to the west, as well as the products of those grains: ales and lagers valued throughout the world for their "frosty" flavor. The growth also meant that the town needed a greater supply of lumber and raw materials to build more housing and create more tools. The people prefer to be governed by a single warlord who will control and protect the area, so after Calvor's line died out in the battles of the Dakass Luot, the strongest of Calvor's men, sent with the villagers to guarantee the survival of the boats, became the warlord in his stead. Because of his devotion to his lord, he took on the name Calvor as well, and his family have governed Skolenjaeger since that date; the current Calvor has developed contacts in towns as far across Eranon as Arylyn Sanchal, and ales and brews from the Chill often make their way from Skolenjaeger to the Dealing Dale during trade season.

Military: The current Calvor has extended the arm of his governing force, recruiting men of the Chill to come and serve as the Guardians of Skolenjaeger. More than three hundred men serve the Calvor's military needs, and nearly a third of those warriors are infected with the curse of the werewolves, though the current Calvor himself is not. All of these men are experts in melee combat, and some of them also excel at ranged combat, using bows that require a great amount of strength to shoot with accuracy. No women have been admitted to the Guardians of Skolenjaeger, but many of the women of the town have learned how to handle weapons so they will not again be a weakness for their men and have to flee the town by boat.

Underworld: Though crime does happen in Skolenjaeger, it is never organized. Thieves are treated with pity the first time they commit a crime and are offered aid from the Calvor. Should the offender repeat his crimes, however, his hands are removed to prevent him from thieving again.

Interesting Sites: Before the Dakass Luot, the ratio of werewolves to non-cursed was much higher. The Druegarn thought the cursed might serve as allies in the war, but when the people of Skolenjaeger rejected a proposal of alliance by mounting the heads of the Druegarn messengers on pikes outside the town's walls, the Druegarn swept through the city. The small town could not hold back the onslaught of the army, and many chose to escape on boats, heading out into the bay. Many of the cursed stayed and fought, battling the forces of the Druegarn even though they knew they would be overcome. The town wizard (the only one who had resided in Skolenjaeger in the memory of most residents) cast an illusion of the full moon in the night sky. Driven mad by their hopeless situation and the image of the moon, the infected slaughtered everything in their path. None that stayed behind survived, but the battle crippled the Druegarn forces, and the dark army soon left Skolenjaeger long behind. The townsfolk slowly returned to the town and began to rebuild, burying their dead and burning the bodies of the Druegarn. The place where the battle took place is called the Graves of the Moon, and werewolves who gave their lives to the cause have markers with their names etched into them, noting the place that they were buried, and that they died as heroes. The

wizard's body was never found, but a monument was raised in his likeness, looking up toward the sky, hands raised as though casting. The wizard's name has long since worn off of the statue and was never written in history books, but his deeds live on in the memories of the people of Skolenjaeger.

Plots and Rumors: The Brute Werewolves of The Chill have little patience for their relatives who seek to live among men. Because they believe that those who live in Skolenjaeger have betrayed the Way of the Wolf, the Brutes raid Skolenjaeger as often as they can stomach leaving The Chill. In recent years, the Brutes have become bolder, and the Calvor fears that the town may be overtaken if brave adventurers are not brought in to balance the scale.

Regional Points of Interest

Ruins of Cerra: Along the Sissan River, on the edge of the Plains of Miracee, lie the ruins of a once great city. Founded after the Dakass Luot, Cerra was a home for Auzronians and Fetharns who wished to reside on the edge of The Chill, far away from the destruction that the war had brought to their homelands. The people were hard working and industrious, and their labors, their skills at farming, and their inventiveness in brewing made Cerra an up-and-coming city that many suspected would be the major trading location of the First Mark. But no more than one hundred years after the war, just as the city was beginning to swell in population and wealth, the dragon Cyraxassanathiss arrived. A mature female Tethsharin, Cyraxassanathiss began the destruction of the city, and though the army tried to protect their homes, eventually the villagers were forced to flee. Those who could not escape found themselves in Cyraxassanathiss's thrall, and none of those sad souls survived. After emptying the city, the dragon burrowed under the ruins and created a vast underground network of tunnels. She dragged down all the gold that remained in the city and began to furnish her underground lair.

While traveling the Sissan River near her lair is thought to be safe, those who set foot in the ruins of Cerra are likely to find themselves falling through trap doors or down pits and into Cyraxassanathiss's lair. Once inside, the maze is so twisted and complicated that only Cyraxassanathiss knows the way out. A single adventurer managed to escape the dragon's lair after all of his friends had been killed, and his story has been told as a warning.

The Carrik: Located on the first notable peak of the Northern Andual Mountains is the Carrik. This old fortress was made by Kasmarkn dwarves during the Dakass Luot as a lookout for encroaching enemies. Long forgotten and left to time, the Carrik has recently been occupied and claimed by a band of Dragonslayers that call themselves the Dragons Bane. Led by Aurin Hons, a tenth-level Dragonslayer, the small band has a never ending supply of quarry since the Andual Mountains are home to the Cyantheer dragons. Preparations are in effect to start an official Dragonslayer teaching outpost. The band consists of 50 members, and all are of the Dragonslayer Path with other paths to supplement the band. The Carrik itself is well made and can put up an excellent defense if the need arises. Modifications are being made to better supplement its defenses if a dragon attack should occur. The fifty members are hardly ever all there at the same time. The members of this band are world-renowned, and many have traveled throughout Eranon and fought some of the most famous of beasts. So stories or tall tales are ever present if one is lucky enough to spend the night at Carrik. The band patrols surrounding areas and looks out for travelers in the Andual Mountains. In turn, they charge a small fee for giving travelers safe passage through the dragon-infested mountains.

The Dead Plains: Located in the southern portion of the Miracee plains is a small, dreaded region named the Dead Plains. Where once lush and tall grasses covered the landscape, now rot and blackened earth are present. The blight resulted from a pitched battle between a small group of Vrang's followers and a Spirinari host of notable size. Vrang's followers called on the evil wizard for help, and his realm spilled out onto the land, cursing it with its own foul vegetation. After a month-long battle the Spirinari finally prevailed and dispatched all of Vrang's evil followers, but not without a price. The land where the battle took place is now dead and cannot be repaired. Only after a lengthy spell was cast by one of the Spirinari's sevars did Vrang's fauna cease to be. No grass or lush flora will grow there again, and it is rumored that if one of good heart steps onto the cursed plains, a monstrosity of Vrang will appear. This holds true, for Menar Algreen, a lone Auzronian, fired a single arrow at a passing caravan while he was being pursued by one of these monstrosities. The arrow luckily hit one of the wagons, and a note was attached explaining what was transpiring. The caravan's guards battled the beast and five were lost to one of Vrang's evilchildren. So the warnings have been made public to the surrounding townships and small villages.

Trancton: Located between the Chill and the Bay of the Wolf lies what is being called the New Grynix, but is officially called Trancton. It is a melting pot of numerous races—all seeking to bring back some of the glory of the old world. The new city was founded by Jarel Lynfir, a Fetharn noble of great renown in Seramis; Traaken Kataal, a well known designer of Tronle; Muihir Cradi of Osarian decent and a notable wealthy gold merchant; Mangar Gluvis an Auzronian of great repute; and Gerar Canir, an expert jewel crafter from Naldaress. These five founders have great plans for their new metropolis. The entire city will span over one mile and will have sections devoted to each race of the world. There will also be a vast dungeon to hold some of the world's most notorious criminals, and the dungeons will be stocked with all sorts of denizens of the world. It is hoped this would-be deterrent will cause a criminal to think twice about committing a crime.

The city is still in the ground-breaking stages, but with the aid of magic, elementals, and other forms of magical labor, the city should be underway and welcoming visitors within the New Year. The invitation is open to all races to share in the labor and claim a spot in the new city of the world.

Skottle

Population: 300; various mix
Government:
Imports: --
Exports: --

The newly opened settlement of Skottle is located just east of Skolenjaeger by some 200 miles. Not much is known about this newly established settlement other than few residents are seen milling about during the day. It would seem that most are active during the nighttime hours and then only very few. The only available report tells that the place has a sense of dread in the air and the feeling that one is always being watched. Anyone wishing to speak to the settlement's leader has a 50/50 chance of catching her in town. She is always abroad and her business is always secret. Her name is Exsa Myrane, and she is a Nurinian of exquisite beauty—although few have ever seen her. There have been reports that many wagons and supply caravans arrive in Skottle at night, and this has made many of the surrounding cities suspicious.

THE KARIS RIVER

The Karis River region of the First Mark is the most populated in the quadrant. Cities such as Eord, Dalike, and Port Town have sprung up to make use of the trade route the river provides. The

river does not provide an easy trade route, however; because of its proximity to the Mountains of Madness, the sailing is dark and haunting, and the route is inhabited by Coracs. The region suffers from the additional conflicts of a war between the vampires and werewolves of the area.

North of the Eord lies the Jungle of Avariss, and though the jungle is dangerous and, in some places, still very wild and untamed, it has been thoroughly explored, and the river path that flows through it is well protected by the military of Eord so that trade can flow freely.

Eord

Population: 25,000 (65% Auzronian, 20% Nurinian, 15% other)
Government: Monarchy; Three Fires Confederacy
Imports: Textiles, horses, cattle
Exports: Transportation, lumber, herbs

The city of Eord perches on the edge of the jungle and at the branching of the River Knine and the Karis River. Because of its location, the crown is able to collect tolls from all travelers who choose to take the river routes to their destinations. Though well known as a port city, it is better known as the new home of the Trifords Academy, the school of conjuration that was located in Galderest before the Dakass Luot destroyed the old campus.

Heavily dominated by an Auzronian population, Eord is not known for its diversity, although a small number of Frorinians make Eord their home, as do a variety of other peoples from around Eranon. Outsiders are treated with respect but often have a difficult time fitting in to the traditional culture of Eord. King Roban and Queen Elise have made every effort to encourage the Frorinians and the occasional Kasmarkn visitors to feel at home, but the public seem unable to welcome strangers into their midst. The most diverse place in the kingdom is the Trifords Academy, which is home to wizards of all races and nationalities, and has Lilikar Dbrov, a Druegarn wizard (vouched for personally by Istolil Hune), on its faculty.

Economy: As the only port city connected to The Endless Sea, Eord is a harbor for many merchants seeking to ply their wares, and a stop over for those who wish to travel further downriver to Aurod or Zyntell. Travel into Eord costs merchants a small docking fee every time they visit, and a lucrative business for the crown of Eord is the rental of warehouses along the docks.

Ships traveling with goods for the towns along the Karis River pay only a very small fee to pass beyond Eord, but those traveling down the River Knine pay a much heftier fee, due to the longer route along the Knine and the wealthy ports and cities to which those merchants will travel.

Eord does produce a large enough amount of lumber from the edges of the Jungle of Avariss to export those resources, along with a number of rare herbs only found inside of the jungle. The city supports a large number of herbalists, as well as plenty of shops where components for magical spells can be purchased. These shops are largely supported by Trifords Academy, which makes its home in the center of Eord.

Military: During the Dakass Luot, the three kingdoms along the Karis River lost many of their young men and women to the armies of larger kingdoms. Though the three kingdoms wanted to aid the free races in fighting off the Druegarn foes, each city had too few able bodied soldiers to even manage to defend itself. The three kings of Eord, Dalike, and Port Town met secretly at the bend in the Karis River near the Dalaghost Swamp, pledging allegiance to one another. This resolve and certainty of allegiance seemed to strengthen each city into action. The people of Galderest no longer had a city to call their own, and so Eord offered to take in the refugee women and children if the women would train in the arts of war and be able to help defend the cities. The people of Port Town traveled to Genthail, seeking men who were too old for active duty but could train young teens and townspeople who had never seen war in the ways of combat. The people of Dalike braved the Dalaghost Swamp to search out fletchers and boyers of Lithian at the south of the Frendell Forest; those who could be spared traveled back to Dalike to make ranged weapons for the people of the Karis River.

These efforts still would not have been enough to protect the towns of the Karis River had the students at the Bendwar not gotten involved. Three of the students hailed from the towns along the Karis River, and they convinced their classmates to use their arts to protect their homelands from the threat of the Druegarn. As the Druegarn Army approached the Karis River, three flames seemed to hover over each of the towns, and the dead rose, under control of the students of the Bendwar, to turn back the Druegarn threat. Though the Druegarn returned, this display of power was enough to inspire the people of the Karis River to build their strength; if even their ancestors could fight on behalf of the cities, then the living had no excuse to make only a partial effort!

The three cities before the war had more than 100,000 people among them. Now, even after rebuilding for three hundred years, the cities have, combined, only half that population. Instead of each kingdom retaining an individual army after the Dakass Luot, the three kingdoms continue to share their armed forces, calling the army the Three Fires and calling the union of their kingdoms the Three Fires Confederacy. The general of the army is appointed by agreement of the rulers of the three cities; currently, the leader of the Three Fires army is Auzronian warrior Charlor Danisher, a former Sky Knight of Aurod who, many years ago, came to Eord for solace after the death of his steed. General Danisher is responsible for the appointment of the heads of the city guards in each city and the creation of routes of communication among the constabularies.

Underworld: The rivers around Eord are often home to small pirate and bandit operations. Though ships themselves are rarely seized, they are often stopped and told to give up a portion of their cargo before they can move on. The most dangerous of these groups is the Tooth of Avariss, a small group of bandits who make their home in the jungle, at the edges of the river. Led by Captain Mulra Eshani, a Nurinian woman who once led a pirate fleet, the Tooth of Avariss often poses as the legitimate toll takers of Eord, requiring merchants to pay them before traveling on. If their authority is questioned, they drop all pretense of legitimacy and board the merchant ships, taking what they feel they deserve. The Three Fires army has been hunting Eshani but has not yet had any luck discovering the location of her camp.

Interesting Sites: Trifords Academy is truly the heart of the city of Eord. This school of conjuration moved to Eord after the destruction of Galderest, and it has prospered in its new home. Most of the wizards training at Trifords are also skilled at other arts: Martial skill and stealth are both valued by the Trifords faculty members. Using the philosophy that conjuration is a school designed to give wizards the ability to defend themselves by always having the appropriate weapon available through spells, the Trifords Academy seeks to strengthen the three main parts of all sentient people: the body, the mind, and the soul. Because of this dedication to the Three Arts, as the faculty of Trifords refers to them, Trifords Academy has a number of small temples on its campus. The old Eordian Temple to Ramlar is located at the edge of the Trifords campus, and smaller temples, all built since the Dakass Luot, are placed at geographically and spiritually relevant intervals around the campus. Professor Marikor, an Auzronian wizard who teaches spiritual geog-

raphy, has written many books about the Trifords campus and the harmony of the locations, often comparing it to such powerfully charged locations as the Tylvare Stones of War.

The Fracas, a tavern of some popularity in Eord, is also the largest house of combat wagers in Eranon. The inn surrounds a huge central ring, a level lower than the first floor of the tavern, in which fist fights, challenges of strength, brawls, jousts, and armored battles are put on display for patrons. Bets are all handled by the house, though side wagers are both allowed and encouraged. The Fracas has a few sevars on staff to make sure that no injuries are fatal, and though there have been some accidents since the tavern's founding, only four people have died during the events in the last twenty years. Currently run by the very attractive Balia Shuron, a Nurinian rogue of some skill, the Fracas brings competitors from most of the major cities in Eranon and bettors from just as many locations.

Plots and Rumors: Twenty-five years ago, a large pirate ship traveled from Dagger Bay to Eord, heavily laden with treasure. Unfortunately, the captain and crew were attacked by the creatures of the jungle before they could reach their destination, due to a cursed item one of the crew members had stolen. Though many of the pirates survived, their captain was killed and the ship destroyed. The treasure, however, was salvageable, and the remaining pirates agreed to bury it in the jungle and return in ten years to divide the treasure among themselves. The curse followed them, however, and within the ten-year span, all of them contracted strange diseases and died horrible deaths. One of them told the young pirate Mulra Eshani of the treasure. Eshani rose to the rank of captain, and her crew pillaged the villages along the shores of the Endless Sea. But Eshani kept thinking of the treasure buried somewhere in the Jungle of Avariss. The year she turned thirty, she sold her ship in Eord and took her crew back downriver to the jungle, where they set up camp. None of her crew knows of the treasure buried in the jungle, thinking instead that their captain just wants to settle down and live out the rest of her life on land.

Dalike

Population: 15,000 (70% Auzronian, 10% Nurinian, 10% Halfling, 5% Fetharn, 5% other)
Government: Monarchy; Three Fires Confederacy
Imports: Textiles, cattle
Exports: Bows and arrows, agricultural goods

Located in the shadow of the Mountains of Madness, Dalike is the most agriculturally inclined of the three kingdoms of the Three Fires Confederacy. Though the mountains loom over the city and the surrounding farm lands, the soil is good, and the ominous feel of the mountains can largely be ignored on a sunny day. On a clear day during the rare snows of winter, which occur only once every several years, daring children of Dalike travel into the foothills to sled, daring each other to journey higher into the mountains for better sledding. Nearly one child is lost every snow in this kind of event, generally because a child has wandered off on his or her own, but the parents of Dalike don't seem to be able to keep their children from following the tradition.

The city of Dalike itself is built on the west side of the Karis River, although most of the farms that support the city are located on the east banks. Dalike has only a rudimentary wooden wall surrounding it, and the gate, which points toward the river and the farms in the east, is only closed at night. Auzronian Queen Lasina Oila, the widow of the most recent king of Dalike, has proposed an expansion of the wall to provide Dalike with greater protection, but thus far no progress has been made.

Economy: When the people of Dalike traveled to Lithian during the Dakass Luot to bring boyers and fletchers to their kingdom, they managed to bring the best and most experienced in Eranon. Though many of the families who craft the bows and arrows of Dalike are Fetharn, the tradition has been taught to many of the families in town, such that the bows and arrows made in Dalike are the best on the entire continent. Although there are about ten families of bowyers and fletchers in Dalike, the two largest families are the Fetharn family, Dalyne, and the Auzronian family, Markass. The Dalyne family crafts its bows with rowan wood and tends to fletch its arrows with raven feathers, making the colors of the most popular weapons red and black. The Markass family crafts its bows with white pine from the mountains and uses jay feathers for the fletching, making the colors of the most popular weapons white and blue. Every year, the Dalyne and Markass families host an archery tournament on the tourney fields east of town, and the prize is a specially crafted weapon from the family of choice, as well as a cash reward.

Dalike also ships goods from its farms to locations both up and down the river. Small mining operations allow Dalike to provide for its own metal and ore needs, but all of Dalike's textiles, as well as its beasts of burden, such as horses, oxen, or donkeys, must be brought in from other cities.

Military: Dalike is protected by the Three Fires Confederacy; see Eord.

Underworld: The most accomplished spy in all of Eranon has made her home in Dalike. Though she travels often, the Black Sparrow, who is known to her friends as Lora Buttonnose, the bard, has all of her information sent to her in Dalike. It is the hub of her operations and her home base. She owns a small cottage right next to the town's longest established tavern and inn, and when she is in town, she frequently performs ballads of lost love in the tavern common room (as well as rollicking dance numbers).

Who she works for is uncertain, but she is clearly the best informed person in Dalike, and likely in all of Eranon. Buttonnose has a full staff made of members of all races who report to her with information, though even they don't know her true identity. Because of this, she is able to keep the Three Fires army well informed of any crime that might threaten Dalike, and she does so with some regularity.

Interesting Sites: The Red Hen Inn is one of the oldest inns along the Karis River and is certainly the inn with the highest reputation. Owned by Darla Manau and her husband, Rex, the Auzronian couple has managed the tavern for the last fifty years. Sadly, they have no children, and they are looking for someone who will be able to take on responsibility for the tavern in the next few years, as the work is getting to be a strain on the pair.

The Karis Bridge is another site of importance. Those who travel by land from Aurod to Dalike or Port Town must cross the Karis Bridge in order to reach the western banks of the river. The bridge is huge; than sixty feet long and a full thirty feet wide, the great stone bridge stretches across the river with no support beneath it to the waves. Constructed by dwarves and wizards, it is said that a heavy enchantment keeps the bridge suspended over the river, and that the dwarven construction is the only reason the bridge has lasted as long as it has. Stories say that the Karis Bridge collapsed during the Dakass Luot just as a band of Druegarn soldiers were crossing it, but the next day, the bridge was just as sturdy as it has always been. Etched into each stone of the bridge are names of those from the Three Fires Confederacy who were killed during the Dakass Luot, and in memorial for the fallen, many travelers leave flowers along the bridge. Because of this, the passage along the bridge always smells of spring, regardless of the time of year.

Plots and Rumors: Though the mines of Dalike in the Mountains of Madness are very small and fairly shallow, they have attracted the attention of both the goblins that live in the mountains and Zychariss himself. Recently, the miners have been plagued by attacks of both goblins and zombies, as well as other mindless undead. Several have refused to return to the mines until the Three Fires army can take care of the issue. However, when the army travels into the mountains, there is no threat to be found. Some have gossiped that the miners are merely coming down with the symptoms of having been in the Mountains of Madness for too long, while others worry that there is a real threat to their town.

Port Town

Population: 10,000 (60% Auzronian, 20% Sinflar, 10% Kasmarkn, 10% other)
Government: Monarchy; Three Fires Confederacy
Imports: Textiles, horses, cattle
Exports: Gold, ore, stonework

Flowing from the Gerukan Mountains, the Karis River cascades in waterfalls to a deep lake that is the last navigable point in the Karis River, and also the location of Port Town. Though the lake is small, it provides enough space for ships to dock and turn around before sailing back out to sea. Port Town has built up around this lake, and many mining camps upstream in the foothills of the Gerukan Mountains are the homes of gold miners and stone workers, who harvest rock and ore from the mountains as though it were their own garden.

U-shaped, Port Town is a chain of small cities on the edge of the lake, and has no walls. The Path comes in to Port Town from the northwest, around the southern end of the Mountains of Madness, and the Three Fires army guards the road, allowing only those with the proper paperwork and permits to journey to the town. The city itself is much smaller than it once was, and along the outskirts is the evidence of old buildings and ruined homes.

Ruled by Auzronian King Shaitan Lokeri and his wife Aleeda, Port Town is home to many Sinflar and Kasmarkn who have settled in the mining community and perform vital services for the community. Nearly all of the blacksmiths in town are Sinflar or Kasmarkn, and most of the gold miners are Kasmarkn as well. Though Port Town is heavily dominated by Auzronians, the Sinflar and Kasmarkn communities are well respected, and the children of the city of the races don't seem to notice a difference in which playmates come from which people. Port Town is known for welcoming strangers and treating them as though they are relatives; this shows both Port Town's generosity and its lack of ceremony, as kings and queens are treated much like long lost uncles and aunts, rather than people of great power who merit extreme amounts of respect.

Economy: Mining is the main industry of Port Town, although the port itself does provide some sources of trade. Port Town only barely produces enough food to feed its people, and it has no source of textiles without importing them. Horses and cattle are also desired commodities.

The Stoneworkers Guild of Port Town is also a major powersource for the city. Guided by Belur Shorlent, a wealthy Kasmarkn artisan, the Stoneworkers Guild contracts with cities across the continent. The masons provide both superior masonry and artistic decoration for buildings in their cities. Many members of the Port Town Stoneworkers Guild have found employment in other cities, but they dutifully send taxes home to their king and membership fees home to the guild in order to keep their status as members.

Military: Port Town is protected by the Three Fires Confederacy..

Underworld: The miners in the Gerukan Mountains suffer the same dangers as others who inhabit the surface of these mountains: goblin raids. The gold miners receive the worst attention, and many have had to rebuild their sifting equipment in order to keep their mines open after raids by the destructive goblins.

Lasskl, a goblin chief, has made every effort to take one of the gold mines intact and train his people to work the sifters. Unfortunately, he has very little control over his men, and before he can manage to take a mining outpost intact, the goblins have destroyed most of the equipment. He has not given up, however, and continues his raids as often as he can without completely scaring the miners away, as he needs them to keep their equipment in good repair.

Interesting Sites: Cascade Park, tended by an Auzronian merthwarg who goes by the name Goat, is visible from the lake at Port Town, but getting there is quite the hike. The many waterfalls that flow into Port Town's lake manage to come down the mountain through small glens all in the same area. Narrow walkways are designed to allow hikers and travelers back into the area to appreciate the beauty of the place. Some of the caves from which the waterfalls flow are filled with crystals, and the combination of the falling water and the crystalline caves at the right moments, cause the sun to scatter in rainbows throughout the glades. Butterfly Falls, one of the highest waterfalls in Cascade Park, is said to flow into a mountain pool of clear, fresh water in the center of a butterfly sanctuary. A quiet watcher will be able to view more than ten thousand butterflies in the air in nearly as many colors as the sun on the water.

Plots and Rumors: Along the Path from Port Town to Selani, and along the small road that unites Genthail with the Path, bandits lay in wait, hoping to prey on innocent travelers and merchants. Because the Path is beyond the jurisdiction of the Three Fires army, or so they say, many travelers have been kidnapped from the Path. The rumor is that these kidnapped villagers and travelers are then sold as slaves and shipped, quietly, all the way to the southeast coast of Eranon. How such an operation would work is anyone's guess, but it is possible that the slavers are braving the path of the Vran River, transporting their cargo through the Jungles of Alcoveria and hoping that all goes well until they reach Swandel.

Regional Points of Interest

Dagger's Point: Located in the delta where Dagger Bay meets the River Knine, Dagger's Point is the best fishing spot in all of the northern lands, and Frorinian and Auzronian fishermen take advantage of the bountiful supply of fish to be found there. In recent days, the fishermen have begun to talk of a strange creature lurking below the surface, and more than one fishing boat has sunk mysteriously in the last few months. Many believe that these old fishermen are merely superstitious, because despite the gossip, they continue to go out onto the water every day. A favorite pastime in the taverns near Dagger's Point lately has been telling of sightings of the Dagger's Point Monster.

The Rim: This cliff face looms over the Karis River just sorth of Dalike. Only barely set off from the Mountains of Madness, the cliff face was carved away by an ancient waterfall that no longer flows into the river. From the north, the cliff looks like a giant wave about to break, and the wall of the cliff face reaches heights of up to eight hundred feet. Because of the overhang, travelers below cannot see those who stand on top of the cliff face, which makes it an excellent location for predators to hunt their prey below.

Hazaret's Thicket: On the southeastern edge of the Frendell Forest lies Hazaret's Thicket. Hazaret Faurin is an ancient Fetharn Merthwarg (eighteenth level) Sage (tenth level) who has made this small thicket his domain. The thicket, which is circular and encompasses a square mile, contains many natural fauna and flora, as well

as some exotic species and even a few species of questionable nature. The thicket is patrolled by 5 Nateras, who will protect Hazaret at all costs. There is a trail to Hazaret's house that starts are the very southern end of his tiny realm, but this way can only be traversed if the correct passwords are known. If happened upon unawares, it trail will increasingly close in upon the traveler until one of the Nateras can arrive to ask the trespasser to state his or her business. Numerous other creatures that call the thicket home respect the ancient merthwarg and will alert him if trouble arises. Beasts of ill intent dare not step inside the thicket. Hazaret strongly opposes Vrang and is working on ways to cleanse the land of Vrang's twisted fauna and flora—without success so far. Hazaret is a devout follower of Serpecia, and any visitors who take her name in vain will feel his and his companions' wrath.

Hazaret's abode is meager and is made up of twisted trees heaved up earth, which despite the description makes for a rather luxurious home. He has many rooms and an elaborate laboratory at his disposal. His only true wealth is his ancient writings, which are all cataloged and shelved below ground in a spell-locked shelter.

Hazaret is of average size for a Fetharn elf and his once long jet black hair is now all gray and his bluish eyes contain wells of wisdom that only few mortals could ever dream of attaining. He is always seen in brown dull robes that are usually spotted with soil and birds are ever flying around him or resting on his shoulders. He is full of laughter and will help those in need and give advice if asked. He is a lover of songs and more times than not a Halfling will be present to entertain him and his guardians with music and song.

Curaxiss' Lair: In the eastern part of the Chill on a windy mountain top, sits Curaxiss' Lair. Curaxxis is an ancient Magentura dragon who lost his mate over one hundred years ago. Differing from most ill-tempered Magentura, Curaxxis has acquired quite a following, and he seems pleased with this new development. His following consists mainly of mountain ogres, caniss, and a devout worship center of 175 Nurinians and over 300 Frorinians of ill intent. The human populace controls less intelligent followers and, in turn, Curaxxis controls the human populace. It is rumored that the dragon cult's members have taken to calling themselves The Ice Lords of the North.

Curaxiss is huge by Magentura dragon standards. He stretches over 300 hundred feet from snout to the tip of his tail. He is white in color with tinges of light blue on the wings to better conceal him when wandering the Chill in search of food, which he rarely does now that his followers bring him meat and livestock daily. He is a wicked and cunning hunter who makes an extremely dangerous adversary. Only those with great experience should try to tackle this growing cult and the dragon of the north. Curaxiss still makes daily flights from his lair to survey his surroundings and to keep his hunting skills sharp.

Curaxiss's lair is nestled deep within a snow-covered mountain and is vast in size to accommodate his bulk. The lair contains many tunnels, which lead to rooms fashioned by the dragon's human followers, as well as to dens for the lower denizens. The lair is constantly under construction, the bulk of the heavy labor performed by mountain ogres. With the assistance of certain merthwargs, crops are grown in the bitterly cold underground, although meat and other more-sustaining foods are teleported in from various places.

THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS

More dangers lurk in the Mountains of Madness than any other region in Eranon, including the Andual Mountains with their dragons. More than monsters inhabit the Mountains of Madness, and few who voyage in the mountains manage to retain their sanity once they leave. There is one haven in the Mountains of Madness for those who dare to take it: The Bendwar, school of Necromancy. Nearly as threatening as its surroundings, the Bendwar has only five hundred students, many of whom are more interested in manipulating death to prolong their own consciousness than manipulating death for the good of others. The Bendwar is a place where one might stay sane, it is true, but the risks there are great as well….

Soulbane, School of Necromancy
Population: 500 (35% Nurinians, 25% Osarians, 25% Auzronians, 5% Fetharn, 5% Sinflar, 5% other)
Government: Academic bureaucracy
Imports: —
Exports: —

The Fortress of the Soulbane is built into the side of the Mountains of Madness and extends its walls and pillars above the twists of a series of caves below, which the school uses for various experiments and lessons for its students. The skies above the Bendwar are almost always cloudy, and lighting storms are common in the mountains; whether this is due to the energy the students channel or some natural phenomenon of the mountains is unknown.

The Soulbane smells of decay and death, and many bodies have decayed at the base of the path that leads up the mountains to the school's towers—but whether those deaths were caused by the school or were merely accidents caused by the dangerous paths up the mountains is unknown. The school accepts credit for whatever deaths the people wish to attribute to them; their reputation is one based on fear, and they are content to know that much of their power comes from the perception of the people.

Economy: The Bendwar seems to send out no goods and bring in no supplies, and many wonder how the students manage to survive. No one thinks on this question for too long, however, due to the many unsavory possibilities that could be possible.

Military: The Bendwar has no military, per se, although during the Dakass Luot, when the Druegarn attempted to take the Mountains of Madness, they found their paths blocked by scores upon scores of undead. Most people surmise that if the Bendwar decided it needed an army, it would simply raise one.

Underworld: There is no known underworld in the Bendwar, though there is some competition among students for high positions. Some wish to learn the powers of death in order to be able to overcome it peacefully, to manipulate its powers for general good. Others wish to know the dark secrets associated with their art, and those who become frustrated with the slow teachings of their professors often make their way into the mountains to learn from the Master they have heard resides there. None of these students have ever returned.

Interesting Sites: The caves below the Bendwar are said to have once belonged to a clan of Hethmarkn dwarves, back when the Hethmarkn were first exploring the world beyond their mountain homes. Something happened to these Hethmarkn, however; whether it was an act of Gabrun or whether some darkness Gabrun created merely resided in the mountains, the dwarves left the mountains marked with madness and killed each other by tearing each other apart. When the other Hethmarkn discovered this occurrence, they wrote an addendum to their creation story in the history books and gave honor to their lost brethren; they then pledged that, even if there was information to learn in the Mountains of Madness, none of them would ever voyage in that range again.

Plots and Rumors: Though no one knows who is currently in charge of the Bendwar, it is said that the school has recently come under the influence of the archlich Zychariss. Though this is, as yet, untrue, many of the faculty and students view Zychariss as a hero

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of sorts, and they wish to follow in his example. This attitude has led to a higher population of those who love evil at the Bendwar, and many half-trained students are considering leaving the school to study other arts rather than stay and become pawns of the lich.

Regional Points of Interest

The Castle of Zychariss: A powerful necromancer in life, Zychariss refused to die and made all the preparations for his continued existence after his death. The result is a powerful lich who resides in the northern part of the Mountains of Madness, in a castle overlooking the Dalaghost Swamp. More evil in death than he was in life, Zychariss plots from his tower to take over the world. His dungeon is vast and his castle above ground elaborate, but Zychariss places very little importance on appearance or maintenance, and as a result, the castle looks decrepit and badly kept. He gathers minions to him, and once they have completed a task or fulfilled their usefulness, Zychariss often has them killed so they can serve him in their undeath.

The castle itself, though in disrepair, is built to the size and span of a mighty fortress. A great mound of earth surrounded by a deep ditch nearly a hundred feet wide and a hundred feet deep supports the outer wall of the castle. The ditch is filled with spikes so that unwary travelers who fall into the ditch soon experience sharp pain and quick death. The single drawbridge into the castle is nearly always down across the ditch, though it, too, is guarded with magical fortifications and traps. After crossing the ditch, the gates open through the outer wall and into the outer bailey, a flat, grassy area that surrounds the inner wall of the castle. The outer bailey is where Zychariss's undead minions make their homes, and these creatures make every effort to kill the trespassers before they can reach the inner wall. The gates to the inner wall are on the opposite side of the castle from the gate leading into the outer wall, so a quick dash does not generally suffice to get from one to the other safely.

By the time travelers have reached the inner bailey beyond the inner wall, they are, surprisingly, welcomed with open arms. Zychariss has little use for the living, believing that the only way to embrace life is to live for all of eternity, and he is continually seeking those of like minds, whom he uses to further his causes. Many of evil heart have sought out the lich, knowing that his evil is more tangible than the evil of the gods, and that by accomplishing his will, they can spread doom to all of the free races. He attracts many students who tire of being held back from greater power by their teachers at The Bendwar, and these young necromancers often seek to rival their master's power, looking forward to a long existence as a lich.

Those who choose not to enter Zychariss' services, however, find themselves led through the maze of his castle and down into the underground dungeons. Built in a labyrinthine fashion, his dungeons contain at least four levels (No survivor from Zychariss's tortures has ever returned from a deeper level than the third, but these report that prisoners were taken down another set of stairs). Zychariss himself takes no pleasure in torture, believing that it only shows the weakness of living flesh, but many of his minions enjoy the sport, and as long as his minions are useful, he allows them to play with the prisoners. Survivors, when coaxed to discuss the horrors they experienced, have theorized that the lich's workshops are below the dungeons, and that all of his arcane experiments are performed deep within the earth. They also surmise that all of the gear and treasures that travelers bring with them are carried to some treasury within the castle walls. None of the survivors has ever sought to return to the Castle of Zychariss to retrieve lost goods. Most are glad to have escaped with their lives.

Manar's Web: In the northernmost part of the Mountains of Madness where the Dalaghost Swamp touches the foothills, there opens a series of caves inhabited by a Vylix spider. Manar, as she is called, is even more wicked and cruel than most in her race, and she enjoys leading adventurers down the dark passageways of her lair to toy with them before she spins them into her webbing and consumes them.

THE FRENDELL FOREST AND THE DALAGHOST SWAMP

The Dalaghost Swamp is both miserable and dangerous—it is home to one of the most vicious dragons in all of Eranon. The Frendell Forest also hides its share of dangers, but it is also the home of Lithian, a city modeled after Galderest in its unity between the Auzronian and Fetharn peoples.

Lithian

Population: 100,000 (65% Auzronian, 25% Fetharn, 10% other)
Government: Dual Monarchy
Imports: Bladed weapons, armor, metal goods
Exports: Lumber, liquor

The city of Lithian spreads out among the trees at the southern end of Frendell Forest. Safe from the dark dangers that lurk near the forest's heart, the city harvests lumber, guided by a team of merthwarg consultants, and brews vodka from potato crops grown on the farms at the western edge of the city. Lithian was built to be a sister city to Galderest in the east, and when Galderest fell, Lithian opened its gates and invited any and all of the refugees to come reside there. The Sentinels of Lithian fought the forces of the Druegarn all across the First Mark, sometimes voyaging into The Chill and even into the Mountains of Madness to do battle with their foe.

The city itself is circular and is built with a pair of palaces at the center—one for the Fetharn king who governs the Fetharn elves in the city, and one for the Auzronian king who makes the laws of the Auzronian community. The two royal families join together officially twice a year to create laws that will be upheld by all members of the city, but in truth, the royals spend most of their time working together to govern the city as a whole. However, the ceremonial nature of the dual monarchy gives the city strength and tradition, so the old ways of doing things are continued on the surface, even when business is conducted behind closed doors. The current monarchs are Fetharn King Sulir Aladyne, his wife Queen Ceila, and their son Prince Allun; and the Auzronian King Aram Monasee, his wife Queen Kassidy, and their twin teenage daughters, Princesses Dressa and Lissa.

Economy: Although Lithian has a host of bowyers and fletchers, it has very few weapon smiths and nearly no armor smiths. The blacksmiths who reside in the city are perfectly competent at fixing equipment and making household goods, but for quality armor and weaponry to supply their army, the Lithian royals seek external suppliers. Luckily, along with the lumber the city harvests, the potato crops to the south west of the city are very rich. Along with meeting the city's agricultural needs, these farms introduced the brewing of vodka to the First Mark, and this liquor has been sold throughout Eranon and served at many fine establishments and taverns.

Military: The Sentinels of Lithian, since the Dakass Luot, have made their primary goal guarding against another invasion by the Druegarn. Aware of an opening into the Dark Sprawl practically in their back yards, the Sentinels make it their responsibility to keep anything dangerous from coming up from underground. They allow anyone who chooses to travel into the Dark Sprawl, however, and often set flowers near the Dark Way in honor of those adventurers who have journeyed below and never returned.

The Sentinels of Lithian are a mixed group of Auzronians and Fetharn, though other residents of Lithian may be accepted into the group as well, nearly 10,000 soldiers strong. Made up predominantly of warriors and wizards, the fighting force prides itself on its versatility; it boasts a large cavalry, a strong unit of archers, and an elite group of wizards and wizard-warriors, as well as a large infantry. Though able to work in many terrains, the Sentinels of Lithian are most at home in forested areas.

Underworld: In the past several years, an illegal and very dangerous sport called "Swamp Racing" has become very popular in Lithian. Many young men and women choose steeds, both magical and mundane, to cross the southern end of Dalaghost Swamp and make it back to the city's edge. Many of the competitors become lost, victims of the swamps, but the sport is all the more popular because of that risk. The current champion of the Swamp Races is Melia Roy, an Auzronian horse rider; the second place rider is a Tylvare Sarthin Rider named Noriel Walksalone, who only recently voyaged to Lithian specifically to compete in the races. Gambling on the races is managed by a Nurinian innkeeper who goes by the name of Snake in gambling circles. Messages may be left for him at Iron Horseshoe Tavern.

Interesting Sites: The Goose and Swan Inn is located next to the twin palaces at the center of the city. Known for its famous meals of goose and swan together, the inn serves upscale food and drink and offers private accommodations and a locked room for valuables to be stored. From the roof of the Goose and Swan, visitors are able to see the yearly fireworks displays set off from the roofs of the twin palaces.

Plots and Rumors: Swamp Racer Issandro Latol, a Nurinian horse rider, is determined to be the best and fastest of the racers. In order to do this, he is willing to go to any lengths, including plotting the deaths of his fellow racers. Latol has recently made the voyage to Black Lake in the depths of the Frendell Forest, and he plans to dedicate his actions to Pillith, so she will bless him in upcoming races.

Regional Points of Interest

Arcissix's Lair: Nestled deep within the heart of the Frendell Forest, an ancient Gethnarsus dragon makes his lair. Arcissix has lived in the forest long enough that there are many songs and stories about his presence there; most of the tales mention his treasure, the value of which is immeasurable. Arcissix's deep green color gives him excellent camouflage within the forest, and in some tales, he is said to silently stalk adventurers who travel the forest, bringing swift death to those who mean him harm. Other stories say that Arcissix spends most of his time sleeping in his lair, and those who wake him will feel his wrath. Despite his lack of concern for the lives of the free races, Arcissix is not evil—but it is clear that he is not good. Those who do not bother him have no need to fear. Those who travel to the Frendell Forest in search of his treasures may actually succeed in making it into the tunnels and underground caves of his lair, but none who have gotten that far have ever returned.

The Black Death: From his castle in the Mountains of Madness, the evil lich Zychariss controls Sardraxan, an ancient Magentura dragon, who has made his home in the depths of the Dalaghost Swamp. Sardraxan is a creature of utter evil, nearly rivaling his master in corruption and deceit. The dragon is the only living thing that Zychariss cares for, and this affection has led Zychariss to search for spells that will allow him to turn Sardraxan into a dracoliche.

Zychariss often sends Sardraxan to the city of Aurod, mostly to scare the populace, and the Sky Knights have only barely managed to fight the dragon back when he has approached. Whenever Sardraxan is spotted flying over Aurod on errands to the east for his master, the people of Aurod watch him carefully, their eyes not leaving his flight until he is well beyond the city. However, Sardraxan is not always noticed; due to his jet black scales, the citizens of Aurod sometimes mistake the high-flying dragon for one of their own black armored Sky Knights on an errand and pay him no attention.

Sardraxan's lair in Dalaghost Swamp is not named the Black Death lightly. Any who managed to raid his lair would make a small fortune with just a portion of Sardraxan's treasure. But along with the dangers of the dragon himself, the Black Death is full of traps and mazes, and only a very few have ever made it in and out of Sardraxan's lair before the dragon returned. Should Sardraxan or Zychariss ever discover the identity of a burglar, that poor rogue would be hunted for the rest of his life.

Black Lake: During the Dakass Luot, when the Druegarn army realized it could not seize The Chill and the northern regions, it attempted to destroy the population by poisoning the water supply. Many died from the scheme, but eventually most of the water was cleansed by merthwargs, or the poison was diluted by the passage of time. No efforts have ever succeeded at purifying the Black Lake in the Frendell Forest, however, despite many attempts by Merthwargs and Sevars. Because of the deadly and painful nature of the poison in the water, many evil rogues have journeyed into the Frendell Forest to bottle the poison and use it for their nefarious deeds.

The Dark Way: At a point touched by the edges of the Dalaghost Swamp, the Frendell Forest, and the Jungle of Avariss, a series of holes travelers might mistake for burrows open into the ground below. These holes mark the beginning of the Dark Way, an entrance into the Dark Sprawl. Unlike Vulnir's Depth, this opening into the Dark Sprawl is a natural occurrence, and though the creatures of the Dark Sprawl are likely aware of its existence, the Dark Way does not appear to be monitored by underground denizens.

The Labyrinths of Raneeve: The merthwarg Raneeve was a great lover and student of animals and animal nature, and to further his studies, in his grove he created holding cells for animals known to attack the free races. He thought that if he could learn what made these predators different from their brethren, he might be able to aid the free races in an understanding of their natural role. Unfortunately, before his work was complete, some of his creatures

managed to escape their cells, and they slaughtered the merthwarg. Instead of returning to their homes, these creatures remained in Raneeve's grove in the northwestern portion of the Frendell Forest, and through the years, they multiplied. Many created lairs beneath the merthwarg's grove, doubling the size of his original living maze by creating burrows under ground. Very few of those who have entered the Labyrinths of Raneeve have survived, and those who have visited this dangerous place will not speak of their journeys, except to say that they will never return there.

Jahesit's Keep

Southwest of the Labyrinths of Raneeve lies Jahesit's Keep. Jahesit was a lifelong companion of the mad sage, she, too, fashioned a hellish abode full of wickedness and death. She was known in her life to worship Aratoriss, and her legend and her domain spread to many lands and brought numerous adventurers to their deaths trying to stamp out her wickedness. She was a clever sevar/wizard, but she was overthrown in 4610 by a host from Selani.

Her keep is immense, and what lies below is only told in tales at local inns. It is known that many ghosts, undead, and other vile forms of wickedness wander around the keep, and they are assumed to be bound to the area by some vile unholy spell cast by their creator. If one looks closely enough one can see the runes of Aratoriss that adorn the outer wall of the keep.

In actuality, Jahesit was one of Aratoriss's main followers in the mortal world, and in secret corners she was called a vassal of the mad and vile goddess. This, however, is speculation, as no facts about her relationship to Aratoriss are known.

The area surrounding the keep is all but dead. Not even a blade of grass grows, and the grounds are rocky and dirt strewn, evoking a sense of dread and doom. The keep itself boasts four levels and is elaborate in design—if somewhat erratic in its more recent additions. The gardens inside the front gate were given by Raneeve to his friend, and they are alive and have taken over the majority of the courtyard, harboring ill intent for those who do not know the proper passwords, which are now long forgotten. The once-sumptious rooms have now all been pillaged and left to rot. Some furnishings and hidden compartments do hold valuable items—many of them accompanied by the bodies of those who came to claim them as their own.

What lies beneath Jahesit's Keep is known only through tales of ages past told by adventurers. Some tales claim a meager dungeon lies beneath the keep, while other reports tell of a vast network of dungeons stretching out and down for several leagues. Still other tales hold that a portal to Aratoriss's realm, Halasia, is down in the lowest part of the catacombs. Reports also tell that Jahesit still walks her keep and catacombs as a winshar with a vile shape bestowed upon her by her patron goddess.

THE HILSPAR PLAINS

The Hilspar Plains are home to the Tylvare elves, whose nomadic nature keeps them from building permanent cities. Though the Tylvare have no major cities, the boundaries of their nation encompass nearly all of the Hilspar Plains, a full six thousand square miles. The Tylvare divide into tribes and clans (one representing a social group, the other representing kinship), and these groups divide further into small villages. Though there is no standing army among the small groups, the Elder Circle that governs all decisions affecting all of the Tylvare may call upon all Tylvare's warriors to unite as a full martial force. Most of the Tylvare, regardless of their gender or their position within the tribe, are trained as warriors and hunters. Most Tylvare are expert archers, and the Sarthin Riders, who tame the large lizards of the plains, are a fighting force to be reckoned with.

The only city along the plains is Genthail, a once-major Auzronian city that continues to rebuild from the destruction of the Dakass Luot.

Genthail

Population: 24,000 (40% Auzronian, 30% Nurinian, 20% Tylvare, 10% other)
Government: Monarchy
Imports: Stone, ore, metal
Exports: Cattle, grains, leather

Long before the Dakass Luot, an Auzronian king sought a treaty with the Tylvare to found the great city of Genthail on the outskirts of the Hilspar Plains along the Vran River. Many feared that Genthail, like Galderest and Azair, would be lost during the Dakass Luot. Genthail managed to survive the war, though it lost more than three quarters of its people. After the war, ties between Genthail and the Tylvare were limited, but in recent years, the repopulation of this kingdom has encouraged citizens to reestablish ties with their Tylvare neighbors. These efforts have been largely successful, and have also increased the contact of other races with the Tylvare, and the Tylvare have come into the city to trade for goods from the outside world.

Built with stones imported from the Gerukan Mountains, the wall around Genthail shows the city's original size and spans a ten mile diameter. The city within the walls is much smaller than the outer gate leads visitors to believe, and it feels as though a small town has been fit inside the remains of a much larger one. An abundance of parks and gardens fills the outer sections of the city, while the main area of the kingdom is in the center, built surrounding the palace where King Genitar, of the line of the founding king of Genthail, sits on the throne along side his daughter, Arabella. Genitar's wife passed away in the birth of their third child, and Arabella, as the oldest, acts out the duties of the king's second in command.

Economy: The edges of the Hilspar Plains that belong to the city are filled with ranches where cattle are herded and farms where grains are raised. These are the city's two main exports, and it has a partnership as the major supplier of cattle and grain to the city of Nasir. Using the Vran River as its major connection to the rest of the world, Gethanil sends its crops and herds by merchant ships to the Northern Oasis to meet with a representative of Nasir, who takes the supplies from there. The merchants of Genthail are also able to trade with merchants of Hux Port, which is also situated along the Vran River, for agricultural goods they are not able to grow themselves.

Despite the distance, the city of Port Town supplies Genthail with most of its ore and stonework, though the merchants of Genthail have made great efforts to form business alliances with the Kethmarkn and Sinflar villages in the northern Gerukan mountains. The city also trades with Lyles for coffee and tea in exchange for cattle and leather. Because of the frequent trade between Port Town, Genthail, and Lyles, the three cities have considered beginning construction of a formal trade route that would connect the three cities to each other, but as yet, no action has been taken.

Before the war, Genthail was well known for its tanneries and the superiority of its leather armor. Though this industry dwindled after the Dakass Luot, in recent years it has revived, and it is well known that the best leatherwork—from armor to scabbards to saddles—comes out of Genthail.

Military: As Genthail grows, King Genitar has been able to rebuild the military of the kingdom. He has been known to send his warriors for training with the Tylvare, due to their excellence with ranged weapons and their skills in riding. Beyond the soldiers of

the King's Army, there are two small, elite forces of knights who reside in the city. These orders follow the traditions formed in Genthail before the Dakass Luot, and though few of their number survived the war, enough of the history was written down that the new knights have a sense of connection to the knights of the past.

The first cadre of knights is the Order of the Crown. These knights are the personal guards of the king, and they make it their duty to see that the king is well protected wherever he goes. They are treaded as nobility, regardless of their birth, and often accompany the king to events of state, whether in Genthail or in cities beyond. The official uniform of these knights is a deep blue velvet tabard over light armor with the symbol of the city of Genthail—a shock of wheat encircled by a crown—embroidered in gold on the front. These knights tend to wear blue even when out of uniform, so that all can identify the men in blue attending the king as the king's men.

The second band is the Order of the Iris, composed entirely of female knights dedicated to the service of the queen. Princess Arabella herself trained with the Order of the Iris, and many of the women in the order are her friends as well as her protectors. The Order of the Iris attends to the needs of the queen, both as confidants and as guardians, and they often carry out duties of state on the queen's behalf. The uniform of the Order of the Iris is a deep purple velvet tabard over light armor with the symbol of the queen—a pale purple iris—embroidered in the center. When out of uniform, the knights of the Order of the Iris tend to wear purple gowns with their sword-belts and sheaths attached.

Both orders of knights tend to use rapier and dagger, though many are also trained in unarmed combat and are experts at the crossbow. They are as well trained in courtly etiquette as they are at fighting, and they are seen as representatives of Genthail wherever they travel.

Underworld: When Genthail began to revive, many Nurinian families moved into the city in hopes of cornering parts of the business market. Though many have prospered in the tannery industry, they received only limited success in other areas and do not have the power they had hoped to gain. Sly Aron, a Nurinian patriarch, decided that if he could not prosper in business, he would prosper on the business of others, and he offers the protective services of his family to the common folk. Those who do not pay him for protection often find that they are targets of crimes often perpetrated by members of the Aron family. Though Sly's business seems to be a family operation, he is known for employing people outside his family for matters of intimidation, criminal activity, and thuggery. Due to the increase in criminal activity, the Order of the Crown has been assigned to investigate the situation, and though Sly Aron is highly suspected, there is not enough evidence to clearly connect him to the rise in crime.

Interesting Sites: Due to the great losses suffered by the families of Genthail during the Dakass Luot, many of the destroyed areas of the city were not rebuilt, but instead turned into memorial parks by the king. These venues, tended by merthwargs, make the city feel as though it is filled with gardens and trees, and that the living world has been welcomed inside the walls of the city.

Plots and Rumors: The young prince and princess, Noril and Bessa, are entering their teenage years and are convinced that the best way to learn the ways of the world is to become adventurers. The Order of the Crown has caught the pair trying to sneak out of Genthail no less than seven times in the past three months. This has led Sly Aron to consider kidnapping the royal children for ransom. Aron is also considering helping the children to escape and providing them with body guards for their quest; that way when they return, they will be in his debt. With their father and sister eliminated, Aron could effectively rule the kingdom, while Noril and Bessa would serve as figureheads.

Regional Points of Interest

Daymere's Canyon: Though the Sarthin Riders come from all tribes and clans throughout the Hilspar Plains, and though these warriors are not an organized cavalry, most of the riders eventually make their way to Daymere's Canyon to train. This thirty mile long canyon is ideal for practice in skilled riding as well as combat, and the hunting is very good due to a large population of Shrikes. This particular breed of Shrikes is fairly new to both the canyon and to Eranon, but this is not a concern to most Tylvare; the hunters are merely glad that the Shrikes multiply so quickly, giving them a never ending supply of targets.

The Great Stone: Located at the center of the Hilspar Plains, the Great Stone is a vast boulder clearly visible from miles away. The Tylvare say (and the Hethmarkn seem to support them) that when Ramlar descended upon Eranon to give judgment on the world created by his Alari and Eleri, he sat upon this stone. It was from this stone as well that he smote the Druegarn and cast Gabrun and Pillith and all of their creations into darkness.

Overlook Rock: Considered a holy place by the Tylvare, Overlook Rock is a cliff at the edge of the Vran River, near the Mountains of Madness. From the top of the open rock face, a traveler can see all of the Hilspar Plains and the Vran River valley. The Tylvare say that standing at such a spot gives the viewer the idea of what the gods might see when they look down upon the tribes.

The Stones of War and the Altar to the Heavens: The Stones of War site is the Tylvare elves' most holy place. Although most Tylvare village locations have small versions of the great stone circles, the largest Stones of War in Eranon, modeled after the original circle in Isidria, are located on a tall, flat hill near the center of the Hilspar Plains. The ten stones that make up the external circle of the Stones of War stand ten feet high and represent the ten major Alari; a large stone altar, located in the center of the Stones of War, represents Ramlar. Used only for ceremonies and not to be taken

lightly, the Stones of War have power themselves, and unless visitors are accompanied by highly experienced Sevars of the Tylvare, they become haunted by the memories of the stones and often fall sick and die within a few weeks of their visit. The only way this curse can be broken is for the afflicted to go back to the Stones of War and make the proper offering, under the guidance of a sevar, to Ramlar at the Altar of the Heavens.

Neera: In the southeastern corner of the first mark stands an Osarian-built watch tower, Neera. The tower was built by Kiri Nahir as a lookout for trouble that might find its way to the city of Nasir. The tower is always manned by 20 warriors and contains a modest stable to house their horses. There are rooms for a total of 100 people if the need is present. The watchers will aid travelers who are lost or have run into unexpected trouble. Neera's stock rooms contain enough provisions to supply a small battalion if the need arises. At the top of the tower is a portal, as well as a magical messaging device that is linked to the main defense tower in Nasir.

Traige: In the southern portion of the Frendell forest lies a new merthwarg haven called Traige. The area is just beginning to take on a resemblance to the Merlanth in the Brightwood. Elagan, a huge Natera, has come from the Brightwood to help start this grove for the lovers of nature. Traige will not be a new school but rather a haven and worship center for Serpecia. The grove already has an elaborate dais to Serpecia as well as many dwellings. The members of the grove number 60, and all are merthwargs of various levels. Ten of them are in the elite paths of the upper levels. The racial mix varies with slightly more humans than elves. A new spring discovered by Elagan has brought excitement to the members of the grove, but they are still early in talks on what can be done with the new treasure. The grove extends for a radius of two miles and is guarded intensely to trespassers. The defenses of Traige are many, and with the number of merthwargs present it would be unwise for anyone to attempt to harm the newly found grove or its members.

Kaeren

Where the Ankchun River meets the mighty Sissan River, at the point where the Miracee Plains end and the Hilspar Plains begin, is the port town of Kaeren. This bustling port is always crowded with merchants carrying goods from the south or sending goods north to settlements in those regions—and even on to the majestic city of Selani. The mayor of Kaeren, Stantir Kinge, a stout Auzronian from Aurod, runs a tight town and does not stand for any mischief or foul play. All goods are looked over, ships thoroughly checked and papers examined each time a captain docks in the port. The militia consists of 75 men—all warriors of at least the fifth level. Archers are set at posts and are quite proficient with their bows. The town makes a nice profit from docking fees, as well as from levies on goods shipped to their destinations by caravan or messenger. The populace is just over 1,200 people, and the town is starting to experience growing pains. Stantir is undecided whether to expand the city or start turning away people who seek to make their homes there. The main tavern/inn, Frey's Skillet, has some of the best fresh-water fish in the whole region—largely thanks to ships' captains who bring Frey some of their best catches. Frey is a fifth-level sage, and this also contributes to the tastiness of her meals. She also can tell many tales of the surrounding region. Where she gets her information is still a mystery, but more often than not, her information proves to be true. Other services can be found in the city, from a smithy to stables for travelers.

THE TRADE ROUTES OF THE MARK

The Path

This well traveled road is the main route between Selani and Port Town, which makes it the most important land route for trade from The Chill to reach the rest of Eranon. From Port Town, most traders take the Karis River to Eord, and from there, they can reach Aurod and the East.

The Arid Way

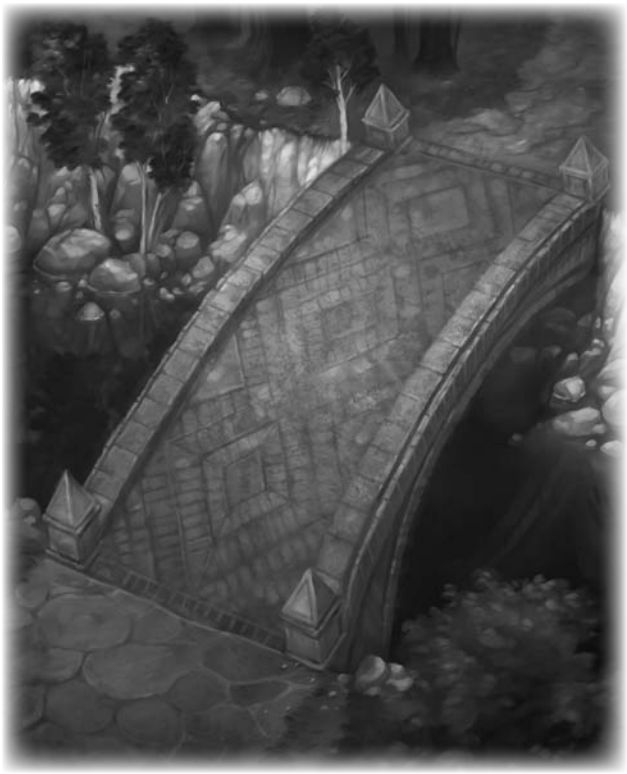
The Arid Way is the main trade route from Selani, through Genthail, to Lyles and to routes in the Fourth Mark. It passes through the Hilspar Plains, and Tylvare tribesmen, who view the merchants as intruders on holy ground, occasionally attack disrespectful travelers of this route.

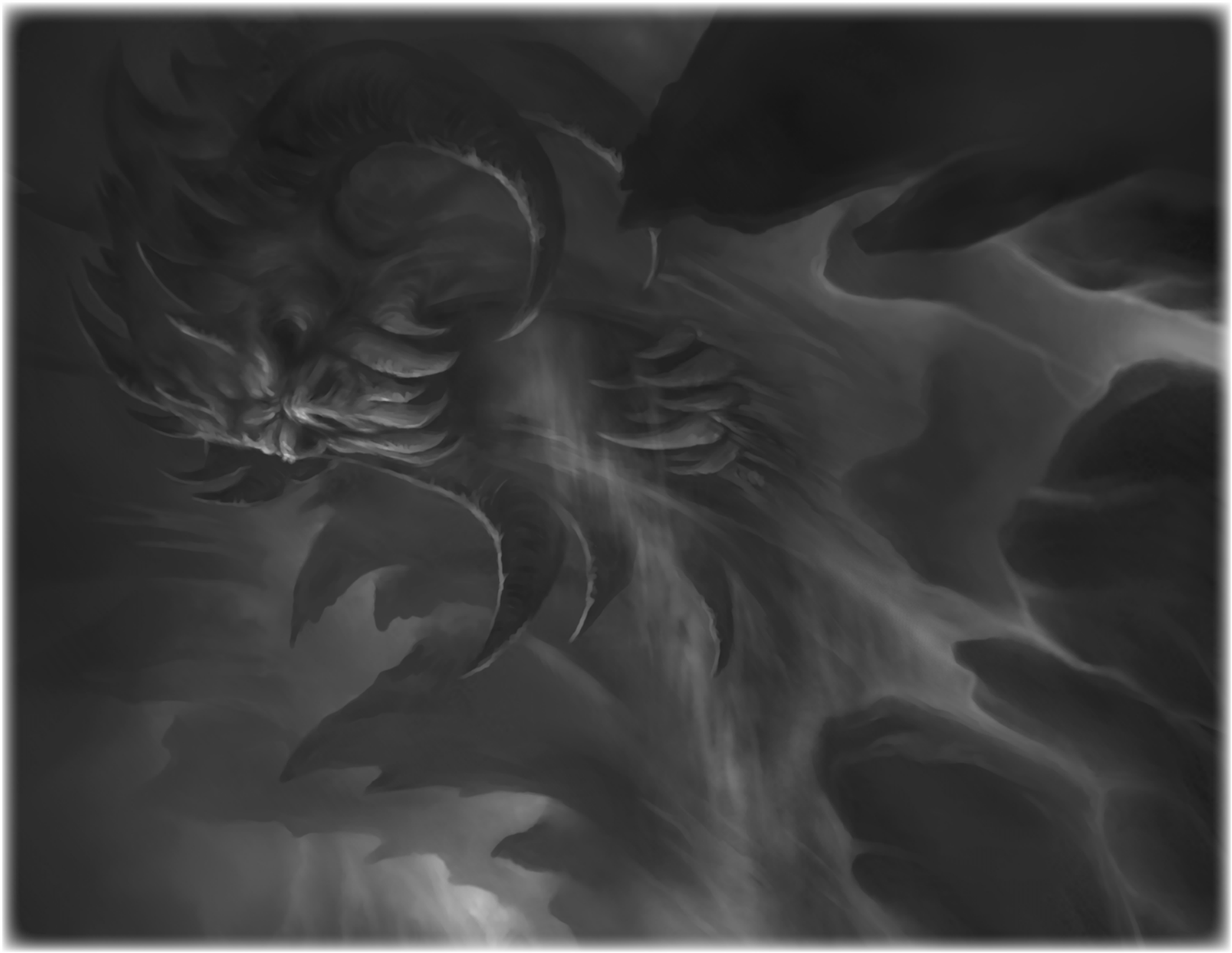
Lightfoot Run

The Lightfoot Run makes its way directly from Selani to Eord, but it is narrow and passes directly through the Frendell Forest. Merchants with large caravans of goods generally prefer to take the Path rather than the Lightfoot Run, but messengers from the Spirinari and the north make constant use of the Lightfoot Run, trusting the route to prove faster than the wide route of the Path. The Lightfoot Run continues on from Eord to Aurod, though many merchants prefer to take their cargo down the River Knine to the city of the Sky Knights.

The Chilled Passage

The Chilled Passage leads from Skolenjaeger through the Plains of Miracee and up into the Rutan Mountains. The path is anything but straight, as it was built to take travelers from the home of one Frorinian warlord to the next. Warlords often tax travelers who take the road through their lands. But taxes are the least of a traveler's worries; the harsh climate of the Chill causes many who are not prepared for the cold to turn back to warmer lands, and those who brave the weather find their path barred by The Chill's predatory animals and the werewolves that inhabit the quadrant.





The Northern Rampart
Serlian
THE REACH
The Soul Stair
BRIGHTWOOD FOREST
The Misty Downs
Barrow of Acarak
Erflynton
The Growling Mine
Merlanth
Seramis
The Tower of Deceit
DAEMAR CANYON
Glade of Faralyn
Lake of Tears
Erflyn Bay
Kherazuns Depth
Pit of Glyrdaxyn
The Dark Thicket
Dungeon of Bolgryst
Keth's Circle
Delan
Daemar's Mouth
Mt. Agronok
Dealing
Eord
Awynle
The Fields of Sirena
Galdarest
Dale
Mt. Alorak
Ry'kbyss River
Treyln
Forest
Dagger's Point
Oscal
Dark Water
Field of Memories
Arylyn
Dolgren's Ruin
Aurod
The Holy Vaults
ELOKARN MO
Xaris River
Range Lake
Mahkahn
Quenx
Brysan's Haven
Fords of Regret
Mirror of
The Dragon
The Wraith Fields
River Khine
The Rim
Black Rock Keep
Tronkar
Nuran
Sapheer
Port Town
Zinsaar
Avar
Mt. Eldrun
Dragon Mo

THE SECOND MARK

From the city of Aurod on the Western border beyond the Awyn Mountains to the Brightwood Forest and on to Dragon Peninsula and the Dragon Isles, the Second Mark contains some of the greatest symbols of civilization in all of Eranon, as well as some of her greatest dangers. The most notable cities of the Mark are certainly Seramis, home to the Fetharn elves; Aurod, the great city of the famed Sky Knights; and the once-grand Galderest, left in ruins by the Dakass Luot.

BRIGHTWOOD FOREST

Very few natural wonders rival the beauty of the Brightwood Forest. Even the Osarians, who love their desert homes and the mountainfolk of the Kasmarkn and the Sinflar, stand in awe when the last rays of the sun strike the leaves in the forest, setting the world ablaze with light. Those few souls unimpressed by the natural splendor of the great expanse of woodland or the well loved and tended grove of Arameth and its school for Merthwargs are certain to be dazzled by the city that rises up from the trees. Seramis has long been called the jewel of the north, and as the second largest city in all of Eranon, its reputation as a place of beauty, knowledge, and magic is well deserved. It is the capital of the Brightwood and the home city of the Fetharn.

Settled more than 4,500 years ago by the Fetharn elves, the Brightwood is ruled by the Fetharn king and queen and governed by the Atas Numlar, a council of ten advisors. Though some romantics claim that the current king comes from the line of Gathrain Luon, the first king of the Fetharn in Eranon, the kingship did not pass to Arthwain Lousk due to his lineage. He and his queen, Anastal, were selected for their ability to lead the nation, as well as their skills in the magical arts. Selected by the Atas Numlar shortly after the Dakass Luot, Arthwain Lousk and Anastal have been a force for peace and restoration not only in the Brightwood but throughout the Second Mark. Their aid, both monetary and through the work of loyal servants to their throne, has reached as far as the Swamps of Despair and the Chill.

Seramis, "Jewel of the North," "Atan en-Luith"

Population: 800,000 (65% Fetharn, 10% Auzronians, 10% Halflings, 5% Kasmarkn, 5% Druegarn, 5% other)
Government: Monarchy (capital of the Brightwood and the Fetharn)
Imports: Textiles
Exports: Magical items, magic components

Seramis is not only the home of the Fetharn but a meeting place for all races. Though dominated by a Fetharn population, Seramis is inhabited by a wide variety of people, and it is not unusual to see a Sinflar, an Osarian, a Halfling, and a Kasmarkn sharing a drink at a local tavern. In the years since the Dakass Luot, Seramis has opened its doors to a number of Druegarn refugees—those who seek the way of the light instead of living beneath ground in darkness. Though the Druegarn are still regarded with suspicion, the sight of them no longer causes citizens to clutch their money pouches and watch their backs as it did two hundred years ago.

A large percentage of the foreign population comes to Seramis to attend the Tower of Magic found in the city. Though not specializing in any particular field, most wizards who wish to attend other schools begin their careers studying under the sages who teach at the Seramis tower. The headmistress, Linsia Moreldyne, is a powerful enchantress; it is rumored that in her apprenticeship, she traveled to each of the magic academies of Eranon to test her strength in the arts against accomplished students. The story goes on that she was never once defeated, and Moreldyne has done little to discourage the tale from propagating. It is a matter of record that she studied under Istolil Hune, the Druegarn arch-wizard of Aurod.

Economy: Well known for the variety of magic shops that line its streets, Seramis has been able to recover and rebuild itself from the destruction of the Dakass Luot largely through the sale of magical items and components. Small agricultural areas, designed by the Merthwargs of Arameth, dot the Brightwood, and the produce from these small farms appears on the market in Seramis and supports the needs of the city and the surrounding countryside. With the influx of Halflings, who have moved to the city from Arylyn, there is a constant call to import Alzan Spirits from the Halfling realm. Some of the more cynical citizens suspect that the reason for the number of Halflings residing in Seramis is to increase the export of Alzan Spirits, but even if this is so, those who have tasted the sweetness of the drink find no cause to complain.

The one area in which Seramis and the Brightwood cannot support the needs of its community is textiles, especially the wools needed during the cold winter rains. Merchants who travel to Seramis with bolts of cloth are likely to be more successful than any other traders, and those who carry cloth in bright, splendid colors are likely to make themselves rich. Most merchants travel to Seramis along the Ry'klyss River if they bring their goods from the south, or via the Travelers Way, the main trade route between Aurod and Seramis, if they come from lands to the west.

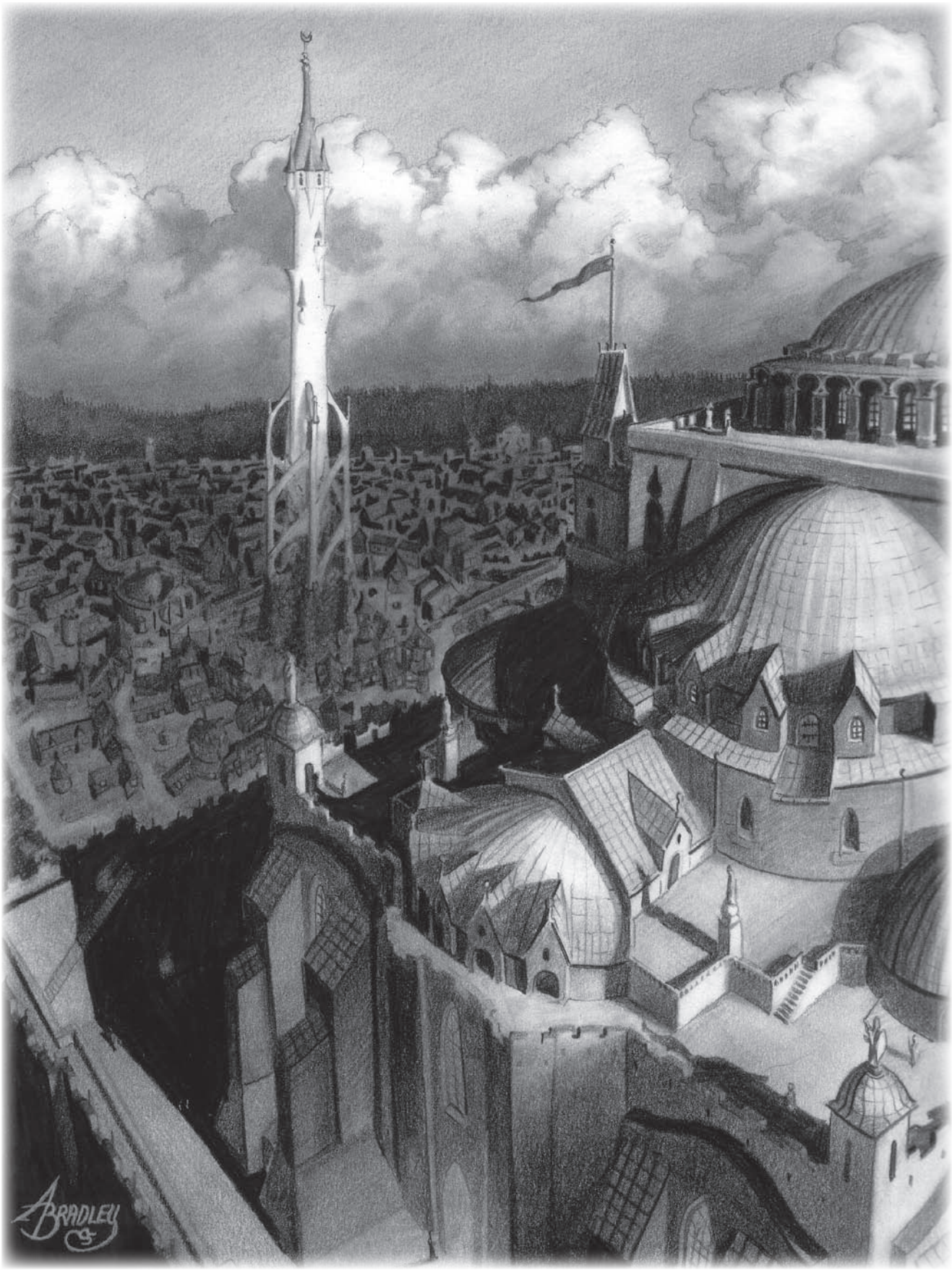
Military: King Arthwain, though a peacemaker, has quietly kept up the strength of the military, knowing that the Fetharn have been blamed by other races for not being prepared for the betrayal of their kin. The army blends might and magic seamlessly, practices naval warfare along the Ry'klyss River and on rare excursions north to the Endless Sea, and trains in guerilla warfare in the forest. The entirety of the Fetharn army is composed of Fetharn elves; most outsiders who encounter the army during its training in the Brightwood take them for a wandering band of adventurers, if they notice them at all.

Seramis also boasts both a City Guard and a Royal Guard, which are in constant friendly competition as to which group is better. The City Guard, led by Fetharn Captain Arlin Spelcuen, allows all races to join, finding that the diversity of skills it gains by opening recruitment gives it strength. By encouraging criminals to turn their skills toward aiding the city, the City Guard has also found positive employment for a number of guardsmen with underworld contacts, investigative skills, and other less-than-reputable advantages in crime solving. The elite Royal Guard, led by Fetharn Captain Morayn Manuin, only accepts students of both magic and skill at arms, and limits their acceptance of non-Fetharn to the best and brightest in the areas of combat and the arcane. Twice a year, the City Guard and Royal Guard perform mock battles for sport, and these events are highly attended sources of entertainment for the citizens of Seramis. The rivalry between fans of the guards is almost as much a sport as the mock battles themselves, though young romantics not as interested in combat gossip about a possible romance between the two captains.

Underworld: A city as large as Seramis certainly has its share of crime, but the City Guard prides itself on having broken up any sources of organized crime. Due to this, there is no Thieves Guild, and there are no particularly famous criminals—the best criminals of Seramis are the ones that no one knows about, that the City Guard is unable to catch.

One notable figure of ill-repute is Tnasha Rouatain, a halfling often accused of being peripherally involved in crimes but never confirmed as having been on the scene. Tnasha makes his rounds through various taverns, spending more coin than such a figure would appear to have and speaking very rarely. It is suspected that the halfling is the best informed person in all of Seramis, and it is rumored that the City Guard has tried to bring him into their employ, but whether either of these is true is unconfirmed. What is known is that Tnasha often sells magic items (often suspected to have been stolen) at half the market price and hires adventurers on behalf of third-parties, always unnamed, to go on quests beyond the borders of the Brightwood. Typically, the adventurers he seeks have less-than-sterling reputations, and though there is speculation as to the legality of some of these jobs, the adventurers who accept them are always well rewarded.

Sites of Interest: The palace of Seramis, long since repaired from the damage it suffered during the Dakass Luot, is not only the seat of government but a veritable museum for those traveling to the



Seramis

city. All through the first level of the palace—the only level open to visitors—exquisite paintings, intricately designed weapons and armor, and statues line the walls, bringing together beauty from all areas of Eranon. Orlain Kudobi, the Auzronian curator of the palace's art collection, recently purchased a number of hide paintings from The Chill by an artist known only as Morath the Recorder. The cost of visiting the palace is small and helps to support not only the acquisition of new art, but the patronage of artists who travel to Seramis. Currently in residence is artist Toir Lananon, a Sinflar sculptor and gemologist.

The Tower of Magic is the tallest building in the city and the cause of travel for many who enter Seramis's borders. Rising high above the tree line, the Tower of Magic is made entirely of white marble and is covered in ivy and other vines, giving it the feeling of an ancient birch tree hidden among the leaves of its neighbors. The Tower of Magic is open not only to students of wizardry but also to the general public; it is a center of learning not only for the arcane arts, but also history, language, and philosophy. A courtyard surrounding the tower is a meeting place for open debate, and the frequent verbal sparring is another source of amusement for Seramis' residents. Recently, Vor Batarn, a Hethmarkn Linquasi, and his Guardian, Ranad Morn, journeyed to Seramis and have taken up residency at the Tower of Magic to observe the Tower's development. Headmistress Moreldyne has headed up an effort to persuade Batarn to teach a history course at the tower, but as yet, no progress has been made.

Near the Tower of Magic, an entire grove of magic shops seems to have sprouted. Though each specializes in different types of goods, from herbs to gems to enchanted arms and armor, there is one large shop to which all seekers of the arcane eventually travel. Run by two families who have owned the shop since before the Dakass Luot, Trint & Galyne is without a doubt the largest collection of magical goods and gear in all of Eranon. While competition among the smaller stores specializing in the same goods is fierce, Trint & Galyne is large and varied enough to realize that while it carries the most of everything, it cannot compete with the specialist market in some areas. Because of this, Trint & Galyne employees often check the stocks of local specialist stores and send their customers to other local merchants if they are unable to acquire the goods their customers require. Because of this, though Trint & Galyne is by far the most successful and wealthiest of the magic stores near the tower, the smaller shops bear it no resentment, knowing that a portion of their customers are sent to them by Trint & Galyne. The current owners of Trint & Galyne are Vladal Trint, a middle-aged Kasmarkn male who studied enchantment in Tronle, and Mahiel Galyne, a young female Fetharn who has spent all her young life learning how to spot a good deal and how to provide a good deal to customers while making the maximum profit.

Not far from the magic shops district rests the Library of Seramis, small in comparison to the secret libraries of Eranon, but also the only library open to the public at all hours. Because of its open policy, many students from the Tower of Magic take up residence in the common rooms of the library to discuss their studies with other students long after the public areas surrounding the Tower are closed. The library, with a collection of more than a million books in all of the languages of Eranon, including the tongue of the Druegarn, is governed by an old Fetharn, Lady Alwyn Luon, and young Halfling librarian Mia Adessi. The library shares a wall with a respectable tavern, incidentally called the Library Tavern, and Adessi is currently in negotiations with the tavern's owner, Funlir Orlean, to open a door through the wall so that library patrons can carry their drinks in with them, or carry their books into the tavern. Were Lady Luon to find out about these negotiations, she would certainly put them to an end, as she firmly believes that libraries should be quiet places of study and reflection, not places for social gatherings.

Plots and Rumors: Tnasha Rouatain is the major source of rumors and employment for adventurers traveling to Seramis. However, the few people who know Tnasha well enough to call him a friend say he is not himself lately—that he watches over his shoulder as he drinks and that he has begun taking circuitous routes from one place to the next. Another rumor says that he has moved his residence four times in the last two months. Does he fear that the City Guard has finally gathered enough evidence to lock him away? Did one of his third-party jobs go horribly wrong, and now some wealthy patron seeks revenge? Or is there some sinister force moving into Seramis? If Tnasha knows, he isn't sharing the information—nor is the City Guard.

Inside the safe and collegiate atmosphere of the Tower of Magic lurks a competition among the faculty of which few are aware. Gathered by the headmistress from the nine other schools of magic in Eranon, the department heads of the tower engage in a game of intrigue, which may soon escalate to deadly. What was once a friendly rivalry among former students of various schools is now a struggle for power inside the Tower; some of the faculty may even be plotting to supplant the headmistress herself, though it is doubtful that she is unaware of their plans. Many adventurers without affiliation to the Tower of Magic or the schools of magic beyond Seramis have been employed to hunt down secrets, recover magical artifacts, and battle monsters on behalf of members of the faculty, ignorant that they have become part of the game.

Arameth and the Merlanth
Population: 2,000 (65% Fetharn, 10% Auzronians, 10% Nurinians, 5% Sinflar, 5% Frorinians, 3% Spirinari, 2% woodlings)
Government: Monarchy (ruled by the Brightwood/Fetharn nation)
Imports: Textiles, building materials
Exports: Agricultural goods, raw wood

The eastern section of the Brightwood Forest, a full 1,000 square miles, is tended by the students of the Merlanth and other merthwargs in the area. Governed by Jaclyn Alcuin, the region is inhabited by the students and teachers of at Merlanth, who make up more than half of the population of the region, as well as a small population of beings who seek a life of solitude in harmony with their surroundings, or travelers who wish to learn about the Brightwood in order to take their knowledge back to their homelands.

Along with these residents of Arameth, fifty Nateras, also called woodlings, inhabit the area. This group, led by Long Leafanor, is not subject to the rule of the Brightwood/Fetharn monarchy. However, due to the care the Merthwargs have shown for the Brightwood and Leafanor's friendship with Alcuin, the woodlings have sworn to protect Arameth should it ever be in danger.

Economy: Residents of Arameth who have not followed a magical calling have been trained by the merthwargs to harvest in such a way that their small crops and gardens will provide more the next year, and will grow in harmony with the natural surroundings. The merthwargs also govern a small amount of logging in the area, culling trees from areas where the forest will be healthier after they have been harvested. This limited agricultural capability, combined with general harvesting of what the Brightwood provides, supplies most of the food for the Brightwood region. Native flora and fauna of Eranon are tended alongside species brought from Isidria by the first Fetharn to settle the Brightwood. Efforts by some forward-thinking merthwargs have led to stronger breeds and mixed breeds of the species, creating more efficient ways to grow food while encouraging the overall health of the grove.

Although Arameth lacks the resources to make its own textiles and building materials, if necessary, the merthwargs of the region could become self-sufficient by using the resources provided by animals for their clothing and building their homes entirely out of wood.

Military: Along with the woodlings, there is only a small defense force in Arameth, made up entirely of merthwargs. The defenders are all Fetharn and are no longer associated with the Merlanth itself. These merthwargs report directly to Alcuin, who in turn reports to Lea Oriluin, a member of the Atas Numlar residing at the Merlanth, or to the king himself.

Unofficially called the Arameth Defense Force, the merthwargs are also responsible for keeping tabs on whatever small crimes might occur inside the borders of Arameth. Any ill doing committed at

the Merlanth is handled by the faculty and is not brought to the attention of the secular protection force.

Underworld: With a small population, more than half of which is located at the Merlanth, there is little room for an underworld in Arameth. However, due to the percentage of Nurinians in the population, trouble is never hard to find. Because the Nurinians are almost entirely merthwargs, harm to the land itself is rare, but the occasional swindling of resources or treachery in dealings is not uncommon, and is generally brought about by members of the Nurinian community. The Nurinians rarely work as a team, however; their naturally competitive nature means that they often target each other, though actual physical harm is rare and murder is practically unheard of.

Jorash Adori, a Nurinian merthwarg and graduate of the Merlanth who still resides in Arameth, is said to be both a con man and a swindler, but he is able to get practically any supplies needed, typically on short notice. Alcuin keeps a close eye on him, but while suspicious of Adori's motives, because the merthwarg has yet to cause actual harm, Alcuin allows him to continue in his merchant bartering.

Sites of Interest: The Merlanth is, of course, the main reason that travelers come to Arameth, but the sheer size of the tended grove is enough to cause curious visitors to come and stay in the area for awhile. A small hostel at the Merlanth provides housing for visitors for a hefty fee, and merthwarg guides are often made accessible to travelers, in part to protect them from the environment, but more often to protect the environment from them.

One of the most spoken-of sites in Arameth is a hot springs that is said to have healing properties. How the underground spring is heated is a source of much debate at the Merlanth, but no one can deny the power the place seems to have. Though its curative properties are limited, the spring seems to be able to aid in the curing of diseases and provides normal types of healing at twice the normal rate of recovery. Though the Merthwargs have tried to keep word of the spring quiet for fear that the number of pilgrims might cause harm to the grove, there are still those who travel great distances to submerge themselves in the hot springs. (There is a rumor that Jorash Adori has begun bottling the spring water for its sale beyond the Brightwood, but this may be a result of simple distrust of the Nurinian merchant rather than fact.)

Plots and Rumors: Though largely recovered from the Dakass Luot, there are still signs of the war inside of Arameth—some trees bear burn-marks that will not heal, and small areas of land remain blighted despite the best efforts of the merthwargs. Could there be a reason that these blighted areas have not healed? Are there those among the merthwargs who wish the land to remain marked as a reminder of what has gone on before? Or is there something darker at work?

Many Nurinian students are bitter that the Merlanth only employs Fetharn faculty. Though the Auzronian students tend to agree that other races should be able to become faculty, they find the methods the Nurinian students intend to use to be despicable. Because of this, a clash between the two student groups is mounting, quietly hidden from the Fetharn faculty. Should the struggle be revealed, it might lead to the expulsion of both groups from the school; luckily, the faculty members assign enough work to their students that they are kept occupied and the divisiveness of the Nurinian students keeps them from acting. The right spark, however, could cause the situation to explode.

Lokkar
Population: 700 (30% Auzronians, 25% Fetharn, 20% Osarians, 10% Nurinians, 10% Sinflar, 3% Kasmarkn, 2% other)
Government: Academic
Imports: Textiles, building materials
Exports: Magic items, wizards

In the north of the Brightwood Forest, a high tower surrounded by a large, open glade marks the campus of Lokkar, the school of abjuration. While more than half of the students of the protective arts come from the Second Mark, hailing from such cities as Aurod and Seramis, the Osarians make up the third largest population of students, giving even this lush area of the Brightwood a southern, arid feeling. The campus is heavily warded with spells that do not allow teleportation into the school, and the wizards who study abjuration often also study the martial arts and skills needed in battle, so they can be certain that their wards work properly against physical dangers.

Headmaster Moreth Alsuen, a Fetharn who had once been a professor at the Tower of Magic in Seramis, is both academic councilor and absolute ruler of Lokkar. The school has no allegiances with external governments, and kings and queens from other cities treat the headmaster as though he is a member of their own class. Some believe that this power has gone to Alsuen's head, saying that his strict rules and harsh punishments reflect his power-hungry nature. Others, however, see that the majority of his rules are designed for safety, and recognize that hazardous behavior should be taken very seriously indeed. After the headmaster, twelve professors rank as senior faculty and regulate the use of magic inside the school. The school also holds two positions for employees who are rarely on campus. These two, unknown to the majority of the students as anything other than legend, travel Eranon, seeking to stop graduates of Lokkar from misusing magic. The two wizard/rogues enforce the Code of Lokkar, which is kept secret to any who are not accepted as students of the school.

Economy: Supported by nearby merthwargs, there is little that Lokkar does not provide on its own. The headmaster employs a number of local families to provide food and services for the students. The money for the school comes both from the tuition paid by the students for the privilege of attending and from the items sold by students of the school, created for various projects assigned by the senior faculty. During the Dakass Luot, the headmaster of Lokkar (at the time, a Nurinian), began "renting" his students to various nations, who used the wizards' protective magic to aid their armies. Though the war is long over, the practice has continued, and Aurod contracted with the school to provide the same types of warding against teleportation that surround Lokkar itself.

Military: The student body is the only protective force Lokkar has, which is possibly a second reason for the training in arms that many students receive. A small group of instructors in the physical arts doubles as military advisors to the headmaster. Though the defenderse are small in number, very few enemies have attempted to capture the school.

Underworld: Though the population is very small, there is a healthy streak of corruption running through the student body. Some students have pledged to reveal the Code beyond the walls of the school, while others seek to market magical items on their own without permission from their instructors. Plenty of forbidden materials, including fine wines and pipe weed, are smuggled in through enterprising students, who usually make a twenty percent profit. None of the activity is organized, but there are a handful of students who know how to acquire things, should you need them.

Interesting Sites: The glade where students of abjuration perform mock battles has a fair every year in an effort to increase good will with their neighbors in Seramis and the Brightwood. Commonly called the Battle Glade, the large open area has the same brilliance as the leaves on the trees of the Brightwood, and at noon, the grass reflects the sun with a bright glare that leaves audiences in awe and wizards distracted. Students from the Tower of Magic in Seramis

are often invited to join the competitions of skill, and outsiders tend to place bets on the outcomes of the fair.

Plots and Rumors: Moreth Alsuen is not a young elf, and the contents of his will are of great interest to the senior faculty, as one of them will likely be named headmaster once Alsuen expires. Alsuen has recently increased his communication with headmistress Moreldyne of the Tower of Magic, and some of the faculty suspect he will pass them by and appoint someone else. These rumors have caused a competitive spirit among the senior faculty that is far less than friendly. It is possible that the desire for power will cause several of the faculty to meet their deaths before Alsuen perishes.

Regional Points of Interest

Barrow of Acarak: This is the final resting place of Acarak, one of the most evil sevars ever to live on Eranon. Acarak, during his life, showed his devotion to the dark gods by causing pain and sorrow wherever he could. His deeds have marked members of each of the races of Eranon, and the history books list record upon record of his crimes. His barrow lies within the boundaries of the Brightwood, as was decreed by the King of Seramis, who pledged that his guards would watch over the foul sevar's resting place to be sure that in death, he would cause no more harm. The king's fears were merited; Acarak has become a Winshar, a foul spirit seeking a physical form. Inside the barrow, he can harm no one, and the combination of the magical wards and the regular watch of the guards makes it unlikely that he will ever escape. Some say that even if the wards were to be broken, Acarak would remain bound to the barrow until Silia sings her Song of Ending. Whether or not this is true is difficult to say; adventurers who have wandered into the barrow have never returned.

Essex's Run: This short, relatively unused stretch of road was abandoned shortly after the Dakass Luot. According to legend, during the Dakass Luot, while being pursued by malicious creatures of the Dark Sprawl, Shadow Master Essex of Seramis fled toward Seramis with good news for the king: one of the Twelve leaders of the Druegarn had been captured. Essex succeeded in his quest, to the dismay of the creatures that had hunted him. These creatures remained along the stretch of road on which they had followed Essex, hoping that he might return so that they could finally kill their prey. Whether by magic or by divine intervention, the creatures perished, taking up ghostly forms. These spirits remain along the stretch of road, hoping that Essex will return. While they wait, they attack any who trespass on their hunting grounds. Essex's Run ends onto the Wild Way.

The Fords of Regret: Along the Ry'klyss River, during the Dakass Luot, a Fetharn Prince met a Druegarn elf, wounded from battle. Though the prince knew the Druegarn was an enemy, he could not stand to see a fellow soldier suffering alone. He tended to the Druegarn's wounds, then carried the wounded soldier on his back and began to ford the Ry'klyss River. The Druegarn was not as wounded as he had led the prince to believe; as he rode on the prince's back, his arms wrapped around the prince's neck. He began to squeeze his arms tightly, stealing the very air from his benefactor's lungs. When the prince fell, the Druegarn stayed on top of him, making certain that the prince would drown. Then, once the prince was still, the Druegarn stripped him of his weapons, armor, and important documents that the prince had been carrying from one regiment to another of the Fetharn army. Sure he would be rewarded, the Druegarn limped to the other side of the ford, but at the very last instant, a huge wave, far larger than naturally possible, rose from the river and crashed down around him, swallowing him whole. It is said that those who ford the river can see the upturned faces of both the prince and his betrayer, both of them eternally regretting the choices they made that day.

Glade of Faralyn and the Lake of Tears: Of those who led the Fetharn war efforts during the Dakass Luoth, none received more honor than Arthwain Lousk, who would become king, and his sister Faralyn, who would become a martyr. While Arthwain compiled strategies, arranged blockades, and managed the logistics of the war from the headquarters in Seramis, Faralyn used her arts of disguise and grace to infiltrate Druegarn camps and bring information back to the capital. Her exploits were known only to the highest of the Fetharn commanders, and her information was indispensable to the war effort. But for all her talents, Faralyn's identity was discovered, and in flight from those who had revealed her identity, she was slain, but not before she was able to send word back to the commanders to let them know her ruse had failed. Arthwain's heart broke at the loss of his sister, and he himself led the hunt for the Druegarn who were responsible for his sister's murder. When the Druegarn had been forced to the edge of the Brightwood, Arthwain returned to the glade where his sister had been killed and arranged for her burial there, knowing she would prefer to rest here, where her final mission had ended. After the funeral, those who had loved Faralyn gathered at the lake that touched the glade and sang for her life and for her death, and many of them wept. Now, years later, the glade that marks her grave remains unchanged, and the whispers of wind in the leaves sound of sad music. On the banks of the lake on a clear day, the surface of the water looks as though it is raining, and those who see it are often brought to tears.

THE WEST OF THE MARK AND THE RIVER KNINE

The River Knine is deep enough for merchants to travel with their wares, and some make the journey from as far north as Dagger Bay to the mouth of the river in the Spurin Tree Forest. Though the major trade town of the river, Eord, is in the First Mark, Aurod is the dominant presence both along the river and in the west of the Second Mark. The Gerukan Mountains loom to the south, and Aurod nestles up against them, looking down over the rest of the quadrant. The river continues on past Aurod and into the northern areas of the Lanthir Forest.

Aurod

Population: 470,000 (55% Auzronian, 30% Fetharn, 15% other). As a note, because of the work available in Aurod and the amount of trade accomplished in the city, the population is larger during the day than at night (often exceeding 500,000). People from nearby villages and towns of the First Mark frequently make day trips to the city.

Government: Monarchy

Imports: Grains, textiles

Exports: Mining, furs, transportation

Situated with Mt. Azraldim to the south and the Xaris Gorge to the north, Aurod's spires can be seen for miles along the River Knine. Although the city proper can only be entered by crossing the long bridge to the City Gate, several surrounding villages consider themselves part of Aurod and contribute to the city's daily population growth. Some of these villages line the River Knine, and at each of these, city officials collect taxes from those traveling the river, as well as taxes from those who dock along the river banks to bring their wares into Aurod.

Crossing into the city proper from the outlying villages is a journey in itself, and the long bridge over the gorge that provides the only entrance into Aurod is lined with merchants and travelers from the time the City Gate opens before sunrise until it closes after sundown. Those who make the trip every day have learned times of day that make for the shortest wait to get into the city, while tourists and travelers tend to take their time, admiring the giant statues at the beginning of the bridge and gazing at the Lerinia dragon statue that marks the half-way point. Though the legend of the Lerinia's power is well known for keeping troublemakers out of Aurod, the first half of the bridge is often a prime location for amateur pickpockets to test their skill against unwary tourists. The locals rarely have trouble with the pickpockets (some even recognize them and say good morning every day), but many travelers have spent too much time gazing at the beautiful waterfalls of the gorge and not enough keeping an eye on their purse. More than once, the gatekeepers have heard a tale of woe from travelers unable to pay the gate toll because their purse has gone missing. Though the gate toll is minimal (typically no more than a copper for travelers on foot; the rate increases for travelers on horseback or merchants with carts, but never rises higher than the equivalent of a silver piece), if someone has lost all of his or her coin getting to the city, it becomes quite problematic. The gatekeepers are known to have a special office halfway inside the city gate to take down the names of those who cannot pay the toll, and they are allowed to enter on the condition that they will pay what they owe on their way out of the city.

Once inside the granite walls of the city, visitors quickly learn that the beauty of the gorge and the bridge outside are nothing compared to the architecture of the city. Buildings with ornate carvings line the streets, and spires of the guard towers and temples fill the air. Many of the towers and spires are homes to rich nobles who live in the city, and the palace is one of the tallest buildings in the entire Mark. Everything in the city seems designed to draw attention to the sky, and the sights present in the air above the city are at least as amazing as the buildings themselves. The Sky Knights ride their griffins high above the city, and their patrols are both practical and delightful to watch. The black griffons of the Sky Knights and their solid black armor are a symbol of the strength of Aurod; when not protecting the city or serving on patrol, the Sky Knights make their way to their own tower, the widest of the towers in Aurod, made of solid black marble. This is the Aerie of the Sky Knights.

People of military persuasion are quick to point out how well positioned Aurod is, but it takes a quick eye to notice that not only does the city rely on the gorge and mountain behind it for its safety, the entire design of the city is built to withstand an attack. The city has several gates separating the inner sections of the city from the outer circles, which could easily be closed off to wall in attackers. The streets are designed to purposely confuse those who do not know their way around; tourists often complain that this is true without realizing it is for the city's defense. Teleportation is also impossible within the city and into the city, due to protections put into place through a contract with Lokkar school of abjuration in the Brightwood.

Unknown to most travelers, the city of Aurod also extends below the buildings on the surface. Due to the limited amount of farming land available to the city, wizards under the employ of King Mendallson, a warrior, and his wife, Queen Arisa, a Sevar, created portable light sources that mimic sunlight and allow crops to grow in farms beneath the city.

Economy: Having such a defensible position is, in some ways, excellent, and in other ways dangerous. Aurod imports nearly all of its food, and though the outlying villages take taxes for the city and bring in ores and furs to be sold at market, the city relies heavily on trade from other cities to support its people. King Mendallson and Queen Arisa, well aware of the danger, turned to their advisor, the Fetharn philosopher wizard Coriann, to develop a plan to store resources in case of a siege. The palace itself is built into the side of Mt. Azraldim in the farthest south district of the city. Along with the farms beneath the city, which Coriann helped to develop, a route was dug into Mt. Azraldim that leads out into the Gerukan Mountains. Were the city cut off from all resources, the citizens of Aurod could be led out through the palace into the mountains.

Coriann also developed several portals that can be opened to hasten trade. One portal leads into Seramis of the Fetharn; a second leads into Tronle of the Kasmarkn; and a third opens into Nasir of the Osarians. These portals can only be opened with the proper spells, although King Mendallson and Queen Arisa have been given magical items to activate the portals in time of need. Coriann can activate the portals herself; Istolil Hune has also been instructed in the use of the portals should the need arise.

Military: The Sky Knights are by far the best-known and most powerful military group in all of Aurod. Their Aerie houses one hundred Sky Knights and their Griffons, and includes a hatchery where young griffons are hatched and raised. The Sky Knights are led by Seras Thorne, well known for his honor, chivalry, charm, and dedication to the throne of Aurod, as well as (in certain communities) his long blond hair and broad shoulders. Thorne has a great mind for strategy and is fully capable of leading a war effort for the sake of the throne of Aurod, though all in Aurod hope the days of war have come to an end as the Dakass Luot becomes a memory of history.

Istolil Hune is still a major force in Aurod's defense; Hune's magical defense of the city is seen as even more important than the force at arms. Hune's second in command is Raxon Telmar, an Auzronian battle mage; he is a quiet and reserved man in his late forties, well respected in the Aurod community for his wisdom. His nature makes him difficult to get to know, but once someone has gained Telmar's respect, they find they have an ally for life.

Two other forces back these two defensive forces: the Knights of the Jasmine Flower and the Order of the Black Rose. The Knights of the Jasmine Flower live up to the image of knights in shining armor, taking care to gleam enough to make up for the darkened armor of the Sky Knights. They tend to ride white steeds and use large shields; they practice the arts of mounted combat on horseback rather than in the sky. The Knights of the Jasmine Flower are also experts of siege craft, manning engines such as catapults, ballistae, and other instruments of war designed to be operated from the castle wall. Though not as prominent in the community as the Sky Knights, the Knights of the Jasmine Flower are very well respected and serve to maintain the peace inside of Aurod as well as training to defend their city in a time of war.

The Order of the Black Rose is a light-armored group designed to keep their mobility and be able to move in silence and darkness. Their skills at survival in the wilderness are the first that would be called upon if the city had to be abandoned and the people had to flee into the mountain. The Order also serves as the main police force in the city, and it is their job to track criminals and see that justice is met. The Order contains members who are adept at hand-to-hand combat, close melee combat with a variety of weapons, and archers precise enough to bring down foes at great distances.

Aurod

Underworld: The Black Runners Thieves' Guild runs the streets of Aurod, filching from travelers and merchants, but never endangering the well-being or security of Aurod. Druegarn rogue Jet Maljere leads the group and controls crime in the city with a firmer grip than even the Order of the Black Rose can inspire. Maljere is dedicated to the city and to the crown—just not necessarily to the laws the crown has put into place. It is rumored that he owes his life to Istolil Hune, and he has neither patience nor forgiveness for anyone who speaks poorly of Aurod's chief wizard.

A good natured innkeeper as well as a criminal mastermind, Maljere runs Black Secrets, a tavern frequented by adventurers who journey to Aurod. The atmosphere and presence of tale-telling adventurers in Black Secrets makes the tavern an ideal place to gather information, be it about happenings in the city, warnings about dangers in the wilderness, or rumors of lost treasure. Maljere, when playing the innkeeper, is soft-spoken and reserved, though he enjoys a drink with his friends as much as his patrons. Generally good natured, Maljere does not easily forgive a slight, and once he is angered, he is an enemy to be reckoned with.

Interesting Sites: The best inn and tavern in all of Aurod is easily the Dancing Dryad. Owned by Fetharn elf Alistra Monshae, the Dancing Dryad is a gathering place for performers and storytellers, and is the second best place in Aurod for picking up rumors on current events. Monshae herself is a lover of stories as much as she is a lover of wine, and though she is outspoken, she listens carefully to everything said in her tavern and rivals Maljere as the best-informed person in all of Aurod. Very much happy with her life, Monshae is well known for rewarding a well-told tale with a complimentary glass of wine.

Adventurers in Aurod seeking to replace or upgrade their weapons should seek out the Grenfrey Forge, run by Blademaster Grenfrey, who has been practicing his trade nearly all of his life. Like his father before him, Grenfrey learned the art of the forge at an early age, and then traveled the world seeking adventure before returning home to settle down and continue the family business. Grenfrey is friendly and free with his laughter, but he tolerates no nonsense and is stern in the face of opposition. He loves tales and songs almost as much as Alistra Monshae. His assistant, Laril Laurune, is a female Druegarn who has begun introducing new techniques into the bladesmithing practices handed down by the Grenfrey family.

The Pagis, also called Hune's Book, is a large library said to rival the hidden Hethmarkn Book. Located beneath Istolil Hune's living quarters, the Pagis is open to the public, although Hune and his staff pay close attention to everyone who enters the library, making sure each guest registers, signs a pledge of good behavior, and leaves all weaponry and magical items at the gate (Hune has occasionally given his permission for magical items to enter the space, but these cases are few and far between. Hune has extended the services of his staff to allow patrons to check their weaponry and equipment at the entrance of the Pagis, where they may retrieve it after their visit). Designed as a conical circle, with each level getting smaller in circumference the deeper into the library one travels, the Pagis contains histories, tales of greatness, collections of the lyrics of ballads, books of magic, and holy tomes. On the better-guarded levels, Istolil Hune has many secret rooms in which he stores magical artifacts better sealed off from the world. Hune has placed very powerful magic alarms and protections over these artifacts, and it is all but impossible to find them, let alone take them out of the Pagis.

Plots and Rumors: Though Istolil Hune is thought to be one of the most powerful wizards in Eranon and is admired by all the good races, there are those who would like to see him taken down a peg. Lately, rumors have been making their way into Aurod that someone has figured out how to break through the city's protections and is seeking Hune for an arcane duel. Maljere and the Black Runners are doing their very best to make sure that such a person does not enter the city.

Completely unconcerned about these rumors, Hune himself has, of late, been hiring adventurers to trek to far corners of Eranon and retrieve magical items that only he seems to have information on how to find. Hune has been spending some time at the Dancing Dryad, and the rumor has it that Alistra Monshae serves as a front for Hune, scouting potential heroes for him and sending their information to the wizard so that he can hire only the best.

The reason for gathering new magical items is unknown, but some say that Hune's protection on the Pagis has been broken in recent months, and that a daring adventurer managed to make it out of the city with a rare artifact. The identity of this daring adventurer is unknown, but the rumor says that the Order of the Black Rose and the Black Runners both have scouts searching beyond the walls of the city to hunt down the thief and see that he comes to justice, possibly at the hands of Hune himself.

Zinsaar

Population: 5,300; various mix
Government:
Imports: All
Exports: Furs, Wine, Ale

The small town of Zinsaar sits on the northeast side of the Gerukan Mountains. This small town is well noted for its fine establishments and hardy citizens. There are three inns and four taverns that bring most of the wealth into the town while others make a living off trapping and hunting the fauna that dwells in the rugged mountains to the west. The inns are extremely extravagant, and the taverns boast some of the finest ales and wine the world has to offer. This small town goes unnoticed by many, but those who know of it visit the town every chance they get during their travels.

The town is headed by Alar Moin, a well-to-do commoner of Auzronian decent. The town has a small, yet sturdy, volunteer militia of over 100 souls, and they are well trained thanks to the Sinflar elves who reside further south in the mountain chain. Some temples to the gods of light are present in this town and the citizens look down on any that are of evil nature. The town welcomes all travelers, and any who are in distress will be given aid without question.

Regional Points of Interest

Dark Water: Nestled on the edge of the Dalaghost swamp is a fetid pool known as dark water. This 300-foot deep pool is the color of black ichor, and its water is thick as syrup. Wraiths are known to haunt this area and prey upon unwary travelers and stray animals. The pool gives off a rancid odor, and no living thing can survive in its depths save the a few lowly molds and fungi, which seem to flourish.

The pool used to be a spring, but over the course of the Dakass Luot it was tainted by evil merthwargs who allowed Vrang's fauna to creep in. After the war, merthwargs and sevars tried to heal of the pool's water. They succeeded in ridding the area of Vrang's influence but could never completely clear up the fetid waters. It is said that many treasures lie at the bottom of this pool—if one has the stomach and courage to tread its depths.

Kherazun's Depth: One of the most surprising locales in the world is Kherazun's Depth. This lengthy stair leads to Khera, a Druegarn city located some three miles below the surface. This city has opened up trade with some of the surface world. Many take this as an ill omen, and will not trade with those of the dark, while others being of greater mind do indeed make a profitable living trading and swapping wares. Druegarn warriors guard the stairs, and none may pass without the proper passwords. The entrance is located in the northwestern part of the Awyn Mountains.

The city opened up trade with the surface in the year 4620—an accomplishment made possible by Zunsar Althrir, a Druegarn who had tired of the war and longed to see what the surface dwellers had to offer. It was a success from the beginning, and more cities and towns are seeking trade status with Druegarn city.

The Soul Stair: One of the more puzzling structures to dot Eranon's soil is the Soul Stair. This lone rampart of stairs, which is jet-black in color and made of the finest obsidian stone in the land, juts out toward the heavens just to the west of Dagger Bay. The stair itself comprises of 150 steps at quite a steep angle. There is no magic here, but tales have told that on certain night when Selisee's

star shines, ghosts can be seen climbing and descending the stairs. One would have to make the journey to find out if this is fact or fiction.

Tower of Deceit: On the northernmost tip of Daemar's Canyon is the Tower of Deceit. This tower is home to Nazzra Zyleen, a vile winshar of Aratoriss. The history of this tower is well known, since it was built after the Dakass Luot. The tower was home to Nazzra, and he was not always evil—or so it appeared. Outwardly he was a devotee of Voshurn, but in secret his true allegiance was to the mistress of terror.

It was only after a full investigation that the truth was known, and shortly thereafter he was destroyed—or so many thought. Aratoriss allowed her vile servant back to the mortal world in the form of a Winshar. Nazzra has defended his tower well with many wards set in place to announce would be intruders. He also has now brought wraiths under his command, and their numbers seem to be growing. Much talk has been made concerning what to do about this new evil in the mark.

THE CENTER OF THE MARK AND RUINS OF THE DAKASS LUOT

The central area of the Second Mark was nearly destroyed in the Dakass Luot, and many battles were fought in this territory. The constant fighting nearly destroyed the famous city of Galderest, and the ground itself in some areas appears scorched; grains and crops that once grew in the center of the mark refuse to take root in the damaged soil.

Because of the fighting that occurred in the center of the Mark, many ruins and remains of the war are also found there.

Avar

Population: 2,000
Government: Ruling council
Imports: All
Exports: --

Located on the River Khine northeast of the Lanthir Forest is Avar, a small port town with a modest population. This town sees much trade along the river, and its boat captains run a very strict business. The citizens elect a council to run the town.

Oscal

Population: 100; various mix
Government:
Imports: --
Exports: --

The new town of Oscal is located to the east of the ruins of Galdarest and is nothing more than an adventurers' stop and haven for those heaing into the ruined city. The town is made up of nothing but great tents set in no particular order. Plans are in the works to make this new settlement a historical town with a museum dedicated to the ruined city. Time will tell if the small town can establish itself without being overwhelmed by the denizens that inhabit the vast city ruins.

Black Rock Keep

Though this abandoned keep is still sturdy from the foundation to the top of its tallest tower, no warrior has returned to claim it. During the Dakass Luot, the owner of the keep, a knight of Galderest, was attacked not only by Druegarn, but by evil spirits. Few escaped the carnage, and those few were unable to talk about the event for months, mentioning only vaguely the screams and blood that filled that night. It is rumored that the keep is still haunted by the same spirits that once overtook it. All of the valuables, including rare books and works of art, once kept in Black Rock Keep are assumed to still be there, but adventurers who have chosen to brave the fortress in an attempt to claim these treasures have never returned.

Daemar's Mouth

At the southern most tip of Daemar's Canyon is an entrance to the Dark Sprawl named Daemar's Mouth. This newly opened entrance is used mainly by orcs and goblins. It has been left unhindered but is watched constantly with magic.

No real threat seems imminent at this time for the entrance is only 10 feet wide and only 8 feet tall. Many do know that it would take only minutes for the entrance to be enlarged, but nothing has happened of that sort for over 200 years.

It is said that if one enters from this way Orcs and Goblins will allow passage with minimal resistance, but just like everyone else they have their bad days, and a fight may be unavoidable.

Dolgren's Ruin

Another keep once loyal to the city of Galderest, Dolgren's Ruin did not stand up against the attacks of the Druegarn, though it served an important place in history. Dolgren's Ruin was captured by the Druegarn early in the Dakass Luot and used as a place for planning the war. The twelve Druegarn leaders often returned to Dolgren's Ruin to make their reports and advance the war effort. Due to the efforts of intelligence agents of Seramis, a weakness was discovered, and Dolgren's Ruin was overtaken by the allied nations of Eranon. In this attack, the first of the twelve Druegarn leaders was captured, and the keep itself was destroyed and made unusable by the enemy. A monument to the spies who discovered the weakness was raised in the midst of the ruins, and pilgrims often come to place flowers at the statue.

Field of Memories

Just south of the ruins of the city that was once Galderest, a wide field spreads out, opening a stretch of land from the southern end of the Awyn Mountains to the northern tip of the Lanthir Forest. Nothing grows on this stretch of land except for a hearty grass that seems to blow in a constant breeze that few visitors to the field can feel. At night, the field lights up with the memory of torches and campfires, and careful listeners can also make out the sounds of soldiers making camp for the evening or preparing to fight the next day. At some times of year, the images and sounds seem to come together, and travelers can wander the encampments and observe the soldiers' activities unhindered. This fulfillment of curiosity is not without cost, however; those who travel the Field of Memories while it is remembering the night before its largest battle step out

of time, and after the night has passed, the traveler will find that a year has also gone by since the night he or she stepped onto the field.

The Fields of Sirena

Fifty miles north of the ruined city of Galdarest lay the fields of Sirena. Sirena was a well-known music performer who was loved by all. Her small cottage located in these fields was overrun during the war. It is said that at night one can still hear her singing tales of old as her voice echoes across her once-beloved fields of daises. It is said that some have actually talked to Sirena, and she has given them information about the whereabouts of certain items of power. This, however, is merely rumor, and no factual evidence has ever been recorded.

The Holy Vaults

Located on the east side of Range Lake are the Holy Vaults. These crypts were made after the Dakass Luot and house some of the most revered people who fought in the Great War. The vaults are below ground in an elaborately carved tomb. They house over 300 bodies—all of which are guarded by a hand picked council from Aurod and Seramis. The vaults span over 5,000 feet and have many chambers within.

Tales abound on the wealth stored below, and many have ventured to get a small glimpse, but none are permitted entrance unless they are family of those who are buried there. Many attempts have been made on the vaults, but none have penetrated the defenses set in place by the sevars who divinely protect those within with powerful spells. The guards are rotated every month, and they come from Seramis, Aurod, Baruk and Tronle.

Keth's Circle

The Auzronian merthwarg Keth built a great circle of stones to improve his ability to summon beasts and spirits in the effort against the Druegarn in the Dakass Luot. Unfortunately, whether due to a miscalculation in placing the stones or an overuse of magic, Keth became insane during one of his attempts to call forth a powerful creature. The magic that was unleashed in that moment destroyed the stones, breaking some of them in two while spilling others over onto the ground. Keth never left the circle after that, and he became increasingly mad, attacking anyone who approached his circle. After his death, he was buried in the center of the circle by those who had once been his friends. It is said that his spirit still haunts the circle to this day, and that on a clear night when the moon is new and the stars are at their brightest, his insane laughter echoes from the inside of the stones.

The Ruins of Galderest

Once a city that rivaled Seramis as the most beautiful city in all of Eranon, Galderest is now a wide stretch of ruins. The Dakass Luot was crueler to Galderest than any other city in Eranon, and though the buildings are torn apart and once beautiful streets are now merely stone stretches that seem to lead nowhere, some of the lost beauty of Galderest can still be seen. The Sky Knights who sometimes travel above the ruins say that from the sky, a person can almost see the glory Galderest once had and can imagine it full of life and people.

The city was abandoned to the forces of the Druegarn, and most of what was once held there was transported when the citizens fled or was looted by the Druegarn invaders. However, some say that riches are still there to be found in the ruins, whether in the form of coin and jewels or in rare bits of art and architecture that still carry with them a sense of the wonder that once dominated Galderest. However, hunting through the ruins is not an easy task; wanderers and bandits often take up temporary residence in Galderest, and wild animals have begun to take the city back to nature. It is possible that something darker still lurks there, that somehow the Dark Sprawl has left its baneful mark on the destroyed city. Few adventurers who go to Galderest seeking riches return unmarked, and many seem more introspective and become grimmer after having seen the remains of the destroyed city.

The Wraith Fields

The Wraith Fields were a hotbed of war and strife during the Dakass Luot. Located to the North of the Lanthir Forest, this vast expanse of open fields is home to the bones and spirits of long-dead warriors and commoners. Weapons of old and gems of ancient design and toil are buried in the fields. However, what seems to be a sad but peaceful locale is anything but. As the last Druegarn sevar fell in battle she called upon her goddess, Pillith, to curse the area for eternity. Pillith answered her call and helped bestowing a vile curse upon the land. The curse bound and twisted the souls of all who died that day to remain in the fields and be a bane to all living things that traverse this stretch of land.

The Wraith Fields are home to over 2,000 spirit wraiths. Each one is twisted into a horrific form, and they all bear ill will toward the living. Their soul shrieks are horrifying and have sent many an adventurer running screaming mad into surrounding areas. Some adventurers are held fast in terror and devoured by other wraiths. The fields seem devoid of any malign spirits at first, but the wraths are intelligent, and they wait until the time is right to spring their traps.

The fields span an area some five miles wide and three miles long. The wide-open expanse offers no place for hiding or concealment. The land is devoid of any trees save some lone shrubs that fight for a meager existence in the accursed fields. Few who come to the wraith fields leave unchanged, and more times than not, they don't leave at all.

ARYLYN

The only region in all of Eranon with major Halfling settlements, Arylyn was given to the Halflings during the creation of the world and is largely a land of peace and quiet tempered with laughter and music. Life in Arylyn is simple, and the rolling, grassy hills of the countryside make ideal pastures for goats, sheep, and cattle, though few Halflings choose to herd the larger beasts. The land is fertile, and much of Eranon's pipe weed comes from this area. The hills are occasionally broken up by copses of Trelyn Trees, which grow only in the Arylyn district and are easily identifiable by the smoothness of their bark.

Arylyn Sanchal

Population: 1,200
Government: Mayoral Democracy
Imports: Tools, conveniences, fine textiles
Exports: Wool, agricultural goods, pipe weed, Alzan spirits, Trelyn wood, musical instruments

Of the twelve halfling sanchals in the region of Arylyn, the Arylyn Sanchal is the largest, though not any more important than the others. Its proximity to the Dealing Dale makes it an ideal location for merchants to settle, and its inns and taverns swell with patrons every year while the fair is in place. Its buildings were originally built only to accommodate Halflings, but the popularity of its inns has made expansion possible, and there are now rooms for guests of all sizes.

Though primarily known as the best place to stay beyond the tent city that rises around the Dealing Dale, Arylyn is also a haven for performers. The most accomplished craftsmen of instruments tend to settle in Arylyn Sanchal, where their wares have the best chance of reaching a larger audience. The town accommodates both shops where instruments are sold and theaters where music may be performed with the best acoustics.

Like the other sanchals of the Arylyn district, Arylyn Sanchal has an elected mayor chosen by the general populace. Each mayor is elected for a term of two years, and the mayor may be reelected for no more than three successive terms. The current mayor, Lejon Stout, is in the middle of his second term and is very popular with the majority of residents of the Arylyn Sanchal. He is in the middle of a large project to build an opera house for the Arylyn Sanchal, and hopes to be able to bring in visitors year round, not only during the trade fair at the Dealing Dale.

Economy: The land of Arylyn is fertile, and, like the other sanchals, Arylyn Sanchal is surrounded by farm and shepherd families who bring their wares into the town on a daily basis. The Halflings of Arylyn love to eat, and food is a major focus of the region, from spices to sweets to pastries to stews. Though most residents make all their own meals (sometimes seven each day), there are several eating establishments and public houses that provide a full scale of meals on a regular basis. These eateries serve not only as places to gather to eat, but places to gather for any occasion. Nearly all business is conducted from the Hungry Child Bakery, the Lark Song Brewery, or Crumpets Tea House; merchants in search of a guild house where trading is accomplished will find that they must frequent the local eating establishments to get any work done.

Arylyn is also known for its Trelyn Trees, which grow only in this region of Eranon. The Arylyn Sanchal, under Mayor Longfoot Bodey in the years following the Dakass Luot, formed a troop of foresters known as the Bodeymen, who tend the Trelyn Trees and protect them from harm. Though very few Halflings ever become Merthwargs, the few who do are nearly always employed by Arylyn Sanchal and the other sanchals as Bodeymen. The resource of the Trelyn Trees is carefully controlled and tended, and Halfling crafters of musical instruments residing in the Arylyn district always have their orders filled before the lumber is shipped to other parts of the world.

Arylyn Sanchal is different from its brother sanchals in its popularity with travelers. Many travelers come to Arylyn Sanchal to purchase musical instruments or to hear the stories collected by Halfling bards and musicians. Outside of the eateries, the most popular places of business are the variety of music shops, where music books and instruments are sold, often crafted specifically to the measurements and sound requirements of the performer. The Tradivar family is the best known of all of the Arylyn artisans; they are the premier crafters of stringed instruments in the world, and a performer playing a Tradivar lute or dulcimer is sure to have the finest it is possible to craft.

Military: There has never been much call for armed forces in the Arylyn district, even during the Dakass Luot. Largely left alone by outsiders, the Arylyn residents have grown to enjoy the peace of their region and generally pay little attention to goings on beyond their area. However, Mayor Stout has spent some time in the outside world and has begun recruiting a small unit of slingers to protect the town. The slingers serve both as a force of law inside the city (where their services are rarely needed) and in the grounds beyond the city, where they use guerilla tactics against monsters and other enemies that come close to their villages.

Underworld: Because so many Halflings are nimble of fingers, and because of the opportunity to mark so many visitors, the Arylyn Sanchal has more crime than all of the other Sanchals combined. Var Heron, a young-faced rogue born Aurod who came to Arylyn Sanchal during the trade fair one year, realized quickly that Arylyn Sanchal had great potential for an organized criminal element. Trained by Aurod's Black Secrets, Heron quickly formed a gang of like-minded individuals to take advantage of the trade being done in the Arylyn district. Many people know Heron merely as "Young Var," and he tends to play a whistle at the fountain in the town square for tips; no one is aware that he is the leader of the Alzan Gang.

Interesting Sites: The Gargling Goose public house is the best inn in Arylyn when it comes to food, entertainment, and a fine place to sleep. It sports the greatest variety of rooms, chairs, and accommodations for people of all sizes. Run by Gabi One-shot, who won a sling target contest when she was only five summers old, the Gargling Goose is the most expensive place in Arylyn Sanchal to stay, but it lives up to its cost.

The Roaring Fountain Inn and Tavern is a slightly less reputable tavern located at the center of the Sanchal, right next to the town hall and across the square from the fountain. The food is still excellent, though of slightly lesser quality, and the rooms for taller guests still tend to require the guests to duck their heads. It does, however, open its common room to travelers for a very low price (This bargain is compounded by a slight fee extracted by the Alzan Gang, often in the middle of the night).

Plots and Rumors: The Tradivar family is seeking to expand its operations to cities beyond the Arylyn district. Every year for the past five years, the Tradivar family has hosted a competition in an effort to bring the best and brightest performers and crafters to Arylyn Sanchal. Sadly, each year one of the Tradivar family members has won the crafting competition and the performance competition, giving the Tradivar family no real inspiration as to whom they might trust with the expansion of their business.

Rumor has it that the opera house currently under construction already has a ghost living on the premises. Though some believe this is a good sign, saying that no proper opera house should be without

a ghost, others are concerned that the presence of the ghost could lead to dark events. Brave adventurers able to solve the mystery and prove the ghost either means the town well or ill would be well rewarded.

The Dealing Dale
Population: 200 (45% Auzronian, 25% Halfling, 15% Kasmarkn, 10% Nurinian, 5% other)
Government: Mayoral Democracy
Imports: —
Exports: —

The small village of the Dealing Dale exists mainly to care for the land that in the spring becomes the center of trade in the Second Mark of Eranon. During the annual trade fair, the Dealing Dale expands beyond its small village boundaries and becomes a huge tent city of merchants from all areas of the continent. Even races seldom seen outside their homelands, such as the Spirinari and the Tylvare, make their way to the trade fair at the Dealing Dale.

The small village typically elects a mayor for life, who then makes all the important decisions about how to help the village profit from the upcoming fair. The office tends to pass to the person with the most experience in the rest of the world when the old mayor dies or steps down from office. The current mayor, John Harmon, is an Auzronian retired warrior who is quickly reaching old age. Still capable of leading his people, Harmon is no longer able to wear his old adventuring armor. His sword skills are unparalleled in the Dealing Dale, but he rarely exercises his arm except when training youths of the village.

Economy: Self-sufficient for its small population, the Dealing Dale during the majority of the year receives no merchant caravans and sends no exports. In the spring, however, everything and anything is sold at the Dealing Dale, and contests of strength and skill make nearly as much money for those who gamble on them as the market itself.

Each year at the beginning of the trade fair, the mayor of the Dealing Dale makes a show of cutting a ribbon and allowing merchants to set up their wares. This is merely a formality, as most of the trade actually occurs outside of the boundaries of the small town. Local farms often clear portions of their fields to accommodate the growing number of traders who attend the fair every year: Crop rotation becomes extremely important, as the crops must also share the land with horses, tents, and travelers.

Military: The Dealing Dale has no military to speak of, though many of the residents of the Dealing Dale are ex-adventurers hoping to settle down and have a family. These adventurers often bring an influx of both skill and wealth into the community, and the upkeep of local homes and town buildings is excellent because of this. The children who come from the families of ex-adventurers are often encouraged to travel while they are young, but those who stay train with the experts of their area, hoping to have the skills needed to defend their families when they grow up.

Dealing Dale

Underworld: There is no real underworld in the Dealing Dale outside of trade season. During trade season, however, representatives of all of the major underworld guilds make their way to the Dealing Dale, sometimes to work out treaties with other organizations, sometimes to recruit from within their ranks, and occasionally to purchase illicit goods unavailable in their home areas.

Interesting Sites: The Dealing Dale during trade season is a site in itself. Adventurers, merchants, entertainers, and rogues from all ends of the continent make their way to the small village to share their experiences and trade their wares. The tent city changes each year, but it is said that from the highest tower in Seramis, the colors of the tents of the Dealing Dale form a rainbow across the land.

Plots and Rumors: There is always plenty of activity at the Dealing Dale during trade season, due to the sheer number and diversity of the people at the location. During the rest of the year, the Dealing Dale is a very quiet place. There are rumors that famous heroes have retired there under false names, but whether or not those rumors are true, no one has been able to confirm.

Delan
Population: 300; human
Government:
Imports: --
Exports: --

The small settlement of Delan, located to the north of the Treyln Forest, is a new human town on the rise. Due to the ever-growing love of tales and music, many have wanted to be near the musical Halflings and learn their art, thus, the founding of Delan. The Halflings see no harm in this and gladly welcome their new neighbors to the north. The small town boasts one inn/tavern, and it is filled every night with song and music by both Halflings and humans.

Sapheer
Population: 7,100; 75% Osarian, 25% various
Government: Monarchy
Imports: wheat, textiles
Exports: spices, herbs

Located on the eastern side of the Lanthir Forest and the west side of the Elokarn Mountains is Sapheer. This well-established Osarian city boasts the pride of its spices and herbs to the eastern parts of the world. Ruled by King Alani Roshi, this city is under strict patrol by its city guard, which numbers over 1,000 well trained foot soldiers and over 200 mounted archers. The city is protected by Ylir Ashmir, a sixteenth-level war wizard of Osarian descent. Vast networks of excavated tunnels and rooms, which are now growing fields for spices and herbs, are watched even more closely. Very little trouble has come to the proud city, but there are concerns that Nimrolt has its eye on Sapheer and is preparing for an assault on this Osarian gem.

AWYN MOUNTAINS

The small range of the Awyn Mountains boasts some of the tallest peaks in Eranon. They are extremely difficult to cross, but many travel to the mountains if only to see their majestic vistas. From the high peaks, one can overlook Daemar Canyon and see the bright leaves of the Brightwood shimmering in the distance.

No major cities have been built in Awyn, but a dwarven stronghold was settled in the mountains after the Dakass Luot, to spread the strength of the Kasmarkn to other areas of Eranon beyond the capital of Tronle. Several dwarven towns and mines have grown out of the main stronghold, Awynle, but none have grown to a large population, and the constant need for agricultural products to be imported hinders further growth.

Several goblin tribes also make their homes in the Awyn Mountains, making the area even more dangerous to traverse.

Awynle

Population: 47,500 (95% Kasmarkn, 3% Sinflar, 2% other)
Government: Vassal to the monarchy of Tronle
Imports: Agricultural goods
Exports: Ores, metals, armor and weapons

The city of Awynle is built down into the mountains where the ores being mined are most readily accessible. Ruled by Lord Alynt Brolen, a devoted vassal of King Kalldur Talmount of Tronle, Awynle is still under construction as new mines are being tapped and new housing is being developed. The dwarves who live in Awynle make every effort to construct their homes in the image of the dwarven capital of Tronle, and the result is astonishingly similar; visitors to Awynle who have seen Tronle remark that the small city seems nearly identical to Tronle at a quarter of the scale.

Economy: Awynle depends heavily on trade to supply its people with food. However, it has an ample supply of ores and metals from its mines to trade. Moreover, some of the most accomplished armor and weapon-smiths in the Second Mark make their homes in Awynle. Raryn Naldmount is best known for his work on dwarven heavy plate, but his work with chain mail and other types of armor are valued not only by dwarves but humans as well; Naldmount armor is often purchased in full black by the Sky Knights of Aurod.

Military: Lord Brolen selected many well-trained individuals to settle the area, and many of those were warriors as well as miners. Many wild animals made their homes in the Awynle Mountains before the Kasmarkn settled in the area, and several tribes of goblins also live in the caverns below the surface of the mountains. The Arms, as these skilled warriors call themselves, make a point of guarding the city and occasionally make excursions into the wild of the Awyn Mountains in an effort to make the area around their home safer. Led by Commander Talorn Brashmen, a fighter of superior skill whose father was a general in the Dakass Luot, the Arms endeavor to make the entire area safe.

Underworld: While there is no organized criminal element in Awynle, several small groups have made an attempt to profit from illegal sales of ores and iron. One of these groups, led by Nurinian merchant and jeweler Morteh Kibeleen, has made some successful inroads with one of the mining groups and takes a cut off the top of the trade goods in exchange for gemstones from the south.

Interesting Sites: Like Tronle, Awynle has a library at a quarter of the size of the original in Tronle. Called the Awyn Book, this library is open to the public and has a number of popular writings in philosophy and fiction, as well as essays by travelers to all ends of Eranon. Because it does not have the grandeur of the library in Tronle, the Awyn Book compensates for its size by collecting exquisite decorations from all ends of Eranon. The artwork is said to be priceless, and the Arms guard the paintings and statues in the Awyn Book jealously.

Aside from Naldmount's armory, the best place to purchase armor in Awynle is the armory of Sinflar Lor Natur. Natur specializes in combining metals and leathers in his armor work, so those who prefer lighter styles of armor can typically buy their protective gear from him. Weaponsmith Suvle Agiarn and her sons produce swords, axes, war hammers, and spears that are top quality; each weapon is designed for a specific purchaser, so while warriors hoping for new weapons have to wait a few days for the work to be completed, the weapons are always of very high quality. Luckily Agairn is known for collecting used weaponry as well; though she does not guarantee their quality, she has a stockpile of weaponry on hand for anyone who needs gear quickly.

Plots and Rumors: In recent months, Commander Talorn Brashmen was wounded badly in an encounter with goblins in the mountains. Though he says he has recovered to full health, friends have noticed that his health is declining. Moreover, he intends to continue leading excursions into the mountains to rid the area of the goblin threat. The goblins, seeing this, are growing bolder, and many suspect that an all out war will be on Awynle's doorstep before the city is fully built.

Mahkahn

Population: 1,000
Government: Nimrolt Rule
Imports: All
Exports: --

The outlying town of Mahkahn is a hiding spot for those in trouble in Nimrolt. The town is very small and looks almost deserted during the day. The real town is located underground and is under Druegarn rule. Despite vile rumors, the Druegarn who run this town are not of a malicious nature, but rather rule with a strict set of guidelines. If these guidelines are broken swift punishment will be levied upon the criminal. It is true that those who find themselves in ill favor in Nimrolt retreat to the underground city and wait until it is safe to venture forth back into the evil city. The rulers of Nimrolt know about this small town and have spies watching all who enter and leave the underground town. It is rumored that a vast trading network to the Dark Sprawl is existent in the town, but no factual reports have ever been received to validate this rumor.

Regional Points of Interest

The Dark Thicket: In the humid jungle of Avariss lies the dark thicket. This overgrown piece of wood has totally been taken over by Vrang's fauna and flora. Numerous enlarged beasts roam this thicket and even the flora has become omnivorous. Nothing has been done as yet to the thicket. It has been preserved to study the effects that Vrang has haon the mortal soils of Eranon.

This thicket covers some 10 square miles, and no sun ever penetrates its canopy. It is also said that at night it is of the blackest of black and that sometimes travelers can see no more than inches in front of their faces, and no light spell will work in its depths. The animals that roam there are hellish to encounter, and one would only intrude on this tainted wood with extreme caution.

The Growling Mine: On the outer fringes of the Brightwood forest west of the Merlanth by 100 miles is the Growling Mine. This mine, once occupied by dwarves, is now home to a vile band of half-blood werewolves. The mine itself is not that extensive, but recent tales tell of the depths being enlarged to house its new occupants. It is estimated that more than fifty werewolves make their homes in the mines, but all reports have not been made factual.

Many werewolf attacks occur in the Brightwood, although no such offense has been deemed yet by the Merlanth or Seramis. They are content to watch and wait to see if these dangerous beings have more in store than just hit and run attacks on the forest and school.

Hard's Pass: Traveling in the mountains is never easy, but the single route through the Awyn Mountains is known as Hard's Pass for a reason. Though many travel it without incident, rumors abound that the Pass is warded, that ghosts lurk beyond the senses of travelers, waiting to attack until all have gone to sleep. While it is likely that these are merely stories to scare travelers and children, there was a battle during the Dakass Luot that took place along Hard's Pass, and it is possible that the rumors are linked to that battle.

The North Rampart: On the northeastern tip of Dagger Bay lies the Northern Rampart. This small lookout tower is identical to the Southern Rampart and serves the same purpose. Many consider it an honor to serve time on the ramparts, contributing their part to staunch any attempts at another war.

Pit of Glyrdaxyn: A notorious Tethsharin dragon, Glyrdaxyn, once lived in a deep pit in the Daemar Canyon. Though Glyrdaxyn is thought to be long dead, those who have made the voyage to the dragon's lair have never returned. The treasure may still wait for a soul brave enough to journey through the canyon and descend into the Pit of Glyrdaxyn.

NORTHERN ELOKAR MOUNTAINS

The Kasmarkn kingdom dominates the landscape of the Elokar Mountains, and though the capital Tronle itself lies in the Third Mark, the Northern Elokar Mountains are merely an extension of Tronle's power. Small mining villages dot the mountains, some above ground and some under. In the Second Mark, only the town of Tronkar is of note, due to its position in the northern most stretch of the Elokar Mountains as well as its proximity to Arylyn. Many of the agricultural products needed throughout the dwarven kingdom come through Tronkar before making their way to the capital, and many who seek safe trade routes from the north to the dwarven capital begin their journey in Tronkar.

Tronkar, Gatetown
Population: 14,250 (100% Kasmarkn)
Government: Vassal to the monarchy of Tronle
Imports: Agricultural goods
Exports: Ores, metals, gems

Though the Teeth of Hur are difficult to navigate, they are worth traveling if only to see the gates that mark the outskirts of the dwarven town of Tronkar. These gates mark an opening to a trail that weaves through the mountains from Tronkar all the way to Tronle. All merchants seeking to take the mountain route to Tronle must pass through Tronkar, and after climbing the dangerous slopes to get to the mountain town, merchants are always relieved to see the city's arches stretching to the heavens before them.

Ruled by Lord Korlant Druben, a distant cousin of Queen Kelva Talmout of Tronle, Tronkar runs with efficiency and pride. The inns and taverns where merchants are made welcome are kept clean and are beautifully run. The palace, if it can be called that, is more of a defensive stronghold, and Lord Druben keeps it well stocked with supplies and well guarded by warriors.

Economy: Beyond tolls for travel and the burgeoning industry of mountain guides to accompany travelers through the mountains, all of Tronkar's assets are material. They regularly trade with the Arylyn Halflings for agricultural goods and wool, giving them, in exchange, gems, ores, and precious metals. The mines surrounding Tronkar have found some extremely rich veins of precious metals, along with iron, copper and tin. Tuliart Lornt runs the Tronkar Mining Company and is Lord Druban's right-hand advisor in the business realm. Once a rogue, Lornt found his true calling in the art of business, manipulating money on paper and scrolls instead of through banditry. Lornt keeps his past very secret for fear of Lord Druben's wrath, due to the Kasmarkn lord's reputation for little patience with criminals.

Military: Lord Druben's Guard is a fierce unit, well trained and schooled in the arts of war and wizardry. These dwarves are enforcers of the peace in Tronkar, as well as the guards to the entrance of the city. All merchants seeking to take the Paths of Judgment through Tronkar must pay a toll at the arches, and Lord Druben's Guard is responsible for seeing that the money is collected and that it makes it back to the city coffers. Atorn Druben, a female Kasmarkn warrior and Lord Druben's daughter, is the Captain of Lord Druben's Guard. Those who say she achieved the position by an accident of birth have yet to witness her skills with a battle-axe.

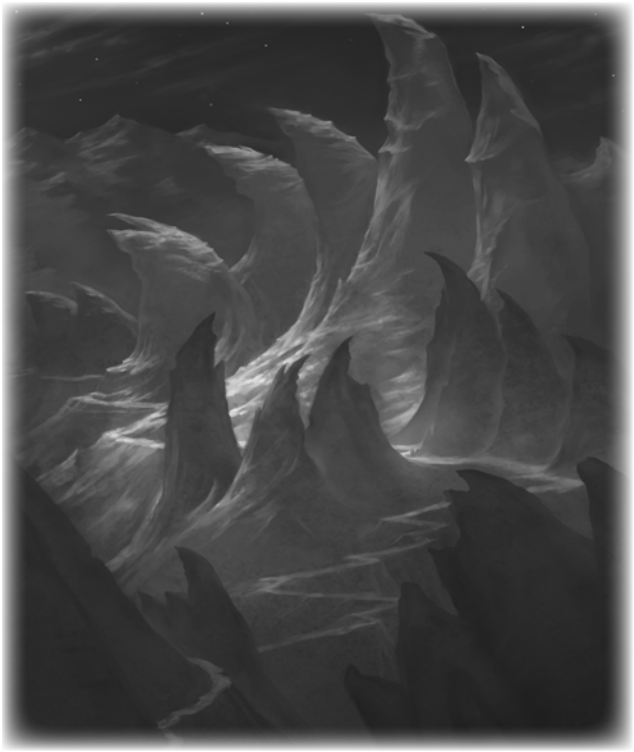
Underworld: Crime is not tolerated in Tronkar, and Lord Druben's punishments are remarkably strict, even by the standards of the Kasmarkn. In spite of this, some thieves and villains are able to make a living under the scope of Lord Druben's guard, and these hedgy figures control the flow of smuggling in the mountains. One of the major smugglers of the region is known only as Ebony, a handle that implies that the smuggler operates in darkness.

Interesting Sites: While the residents of Tronkar wear the earthy colors typical of their people, the gates of Tronkar have a more brilliant color scheme: the two towering arches are painted with colors of the rarest gemstones. A closer look reveals that the arches are not only brightly painted, but each bit of the arches is a picture of time, from Hur's departure from the world through the Dakass Luot to the building of Aurod and the part the Kasmarkn played there.

The Golden Dart is the inn most frequented by merchants who stay overnight in Tronkar. Though the games and contests of skill that occur in the Golden Dart are legal, the gambling that goes on is not, and patrons of the Golden Dart constantly risk being caught by Lord Druben's Guard.

Plots and Rumors: A smuggling organization known only as the Ring has been trying to make advances into Tronkar, hoping to corner the market on the illegal transport of precious metals and gemstones. Ebony's people have taken exception to this and have made every effort to keep the Ring out of the mountains. This power struggle has so far not drawn the attention of Lord Druben's Guard, but it is only a matter of time before the players become identified.

Regional Points of Interest



Dungeon of Bolgryst: High in the Elokar Mountains, the mad wizard Bolgryst battled one of the ancient Kasmarkn kings. Though the king was not entirely defeated, he lost many soldiers; the battle of magic versus might came to a standstill, and the Kasmarkn king eventually allowed Bolgryst to keep his small area of the mountains. Bolgryst built a great tower that extended high into the snowy heights of the mountains and extended equally low underground. Though Bolgryst's tower has long since crumbled, the mad wizard's dungeons remain. In his experiments, Bolgryst attempted to combine types of creatures to breed new types of animals; the results of his experiments are vile hybrids that survive by killing each other in the Dungeon of Bolgryst. All of the notes Bolgryst kept on his

experiments are thought to be located somewhere in the dangers of the dungeon, as are several magical items the wizard is thought to have possessed.

The Paths of Judgment: Many merchants travel the route from Tronkar to Tronle, but without a guide who knows the way, the Paths of Judgment would be hidden from those making the journey. Travelers who happen upon the Paths of Judgment without a proper guide are attacked by mysterious spirits; most who journey the Paths of Judgment alone do not make it unless the spirits deem them worthy and stout of heart. Even those trained to guide travelers along the Paths of Judgment face the spirits eventually, hoping to be considered deserving of passage.

The Teeth of Hur: The mountains that make up the north-most part of the Elokar mountains are known as the Teeth of Hur. The path up the mountains is a dangerous one to those who do not know the way; the roads themselves are difficult to travel, and the going is slow for mounts and caravans. But the danger of the travel comes predominantly from the predators that hunt in the area and see travelers as an easy mark. Merchant caravans hoping to use the Paths of Judgment to Tronle are wise to have many guards among their number to fight off the wild beasts.

THE REACH

There are few areas of Eranon that possess the bleakness that makes up the Reach. Devoid of all but sparse vegetation, and occupied largely by wild animals, the Reach is not the type of place to which one travels without either a very good reason or nowhere else to go. Travelers to the Reach are often leaving behind a life no longer worth living in order to reinvent themselves in the wild. Criminals who have nowhere else to run often make their way to the Reach, knowing that no law will follow them there.

There are very few villages in the Reach; most of the people who live there survive by hunting and foraging what they can, keeping to themselves. Those who stay often take up the occupation of shepherds in order to support themselves; sheep are one of the few types of creatures that thrive in the Reach. Other residents of the Reach occupy the caves that line the coast, fishing for food and staying away from civilization long enough to be forgotten so that they can return with a new identity. The only city in the Reach is Serlian at the western border; the only known village is Erflynton, a coastal village of fishermen and shipbuilders at the mouth of the Oradun River, which flows into Erflyn Bay.

Serlian, the Last Outpost

Population: 30,000 (mixed)
Government: Mayoral Democracy
Imports: Lumber
Exports: Cattle, sheep, Juun Liquor

Called the Last Outpost by travelers, Serlian is notable because it is the last civilized city before the wild expanse of the Reach. Its population, more than any other city in Eranon, is mixed, and no single race makes up a greater proportion than any other. Serlian is surrounded to the south and east by ranchers who use the land to raise cattle and sheep on the edges of the Reach. To the west, Serlian has a lovely view of the northern points of the Brightwood Forest, but none of the Brightwood's beauty extends to Serlian itself. Most of the buildings are one-story, with the exception of The Lady Slipper, the most posh inn in Serlian.

The people of Serlian elect their leader by popular election once every two years. The elected mayor then has the power to appoint people into positions of power throughout the city, but he rarely does so. The Watchman, the city's single officer of the law, has been Jonny Twostep, an Auzronian warrior, for the past ten years, and he is unlikely to be replaced until he's too old for the job. No one seems enthusiastic about taking over the position of town undertaker from Nan Findley, a halfling woman who has been burying the dead for most of her life. The single Fetharn Sevar who lives in town, Adellyn Moshuon, preaches twice a week, spreading the glory of Ramlar to the few city dwellers who continue to listen.

Economy: The single export of importance that comes out of Serlian is Juun Liquor, a rare alcohol made from the spindly plants of the Reach. A potent beverage, Juun Liquor is said to capture the wilderness of the Reach in its drink, tasting of smoke and wind and long dark nights. People who live in Serlian say they're merely glad of a way to pass the time and warm the belly during the cold nights of winter.

The ranchers surrounding Serlian make the trek to the Dealing Dale every year to sell livestock, leather, and wool in exchange for building materials, metal goods, and textiles from the south. The farms surrounding Serlian provide for the needs of the city, though the food served in the area is considered bland as very few spices grow well in the Reach.

Military: Watchman Jonny Twostep is the law of Serlian and the most experienced warrior in the entire city. In recent years, to make up for his increasing age, Twostep expanded the Watch to include twenty constables of varying skill. These twenty-one individuals are the only organized force in Serlian; however, the people of Serlian are a rough crew, and all the city's residents would stand against an invasion; if the enemy could not be defeated, a Mayor during the Dakass Luot created a plan for spreading the residents of Serlian throughout the Reach, where they could pick at the invading army from a distance until the army decided to leave.

Underworld: Crime abounds in Serlian as a matter of course. Fistfights at the local taverns are a regular occurrence, and the quickest way to solve a crime is to beat it out of a suspect's hide. Though watchman Jonny Twostep does not condone these methods, he rarely interferes with the lives of the citizens unless the crime is so serious that the people of Serlian will be likely to attempt mob justice unless he intervenes.

Because of this attitude toward the law, the black market in Serlian is plentiful. Poisons are readily available in even honest shops, and weapons made illegal other places are sold at the blacksmith shops—typically used. Rare and possibly dangerous items unavailable anywhere else in the Second Mark often make their way to Serlian.

Interesting Sites: The Prancing Doll Tavern and Inn is well known even in the Brightwood for its excellent entertainment. The couple who own the tavern, a pair of Fetharn elves, had seven daughters,

and each of those daughters was blessed with daughters as well. The result is a dancing troupe of beautiful women, all related, who are happy to perform dances from all areas of Eranon. The long-lived Fetharn dancers have traveled to many places and have had years to perfect their craft, but their youthful beauty is nearly as much an attraction as their skill in performance. Those choosing to stay at the inn overnight find themselves sharing the common room with any other wanderers looking for an inexpensive place to bed down for the night.

The Lady Slipper has no such entertainment, but it does boast the best food in Serlian—which is to say it actually has a variety of food beyond "beef stew." Because of an arrangement with local ranchers, the Lady Slipper has access to steak on a regular basis, and meals are included in the rental of a room. Rooms are private at the Lady Slipper, a convenience few locals can afford; because of this, the Lady Slipper tends to serve travelers from beyond the Reach almost exclusively. It also tends to be the type of place where illicit bargains are made and well-guarded information from the Reach makes its way back to the rest of Eranon. More than one criminal has been brought back from the Reach due to a tip given at the Lady Slipper.

Plots and Rumors: It is rumored that the infamous Night Wind, a Shadow Master of high regard, came to Serlian on a heist and ended up retiring due to her love of the city. Now residing in Serlian under a different name, it is possible that she could be brought back into a life of adventuring for the right fee.

Erflynton
Population: 800 (mixed)
Government: Mayoral Democracy
Imports: Agricultural goods
Exports: Ships, seafood

The only known civilized town in all of the reach, the small village of Erflynton is home to rough and tumble citizens of almost every race and religion who have banded together against the wilderness to eke out a living. The mouth of the river and the general protection provided by Erflyn Bay makes the town an excellent port of harbor against the storms of the Tearless Sea. Some say that the town was founded by shipwrecked sailors, while others say the villagers are merely those who came to the Reach for solitude and found out they didn't like to be alone.

Mayor Dillan Durain, an Auzronian shipwright, mostly allows the people to govern themselves, but chimes in on problems that require an outsider's perspective. When people look to him for leadership, he provides it, and he helps protect most of the businesspeople in town from being taken advantage of by outsiders. Travelers who come to Erflynton feel the weight Durain's scrutinizing eye; if the mayor accepts them, the villagers are far more likely to welcome the strangers into the community. If Durain holds them at arm's length, the strangers will often wander back into the wilderness, finding no acceptance among the people.

Economy: Though not large enough for big business, Erflynton has a reputation for making the best boats in all of eastern Eranon, including the Dragon Isles. Though there is little enough lumber to be had in the reach, the people of Erflynton have learned how to harvest the wood and use every bit to their advantage. The small farms that surround the town and the shepherds that live in the surrounding areas of the Reach can support the village, but the people try to bring in agricultural goods from Serlian and the Brightwood as often as they can.

Military: Erflynton has a single sheriff, Toban Brighbane, a halfling who is rumored to have been one of the best pickpockets in all of Eranon before coming to the Reach. Though not particularly strong, Brighbane often sees crimes before they are committed, and is able to call in his deputy, Roar Big Knuckle of the Reach, a Frorinian warrior, to inspire people not to cause trouble.

Underworld: Crime exists in Erflynton and the Reach, but major crimes are few and far between, and are typically blamed on travelers and outsiders. If the rumors of Erflynton were to be believed, all of the hermits of the Reach are murderers and thieves—except for the ones the villagers know by name, of course.

Interesting Sites: The shipyards of Erflynton are the town's major gathering place, and in the short summers, the villagers have picnics at the docks. Some of the wisest and most experienced shipwrights in the world have ended up in Erflynton, and the town keeps a small gallery of figureheads designed by the shipwrights who have lived in the town over the years.

Plots and Rumors: The town of Erflynton has few rumors of its own, other than who is hoping to marry whom. But as the only real town in the Reach, the rumors of the hermits wandering the wilderness often filter into the town. It is said that a Spinari Sevar keeps a small herd of sheep in the Reach; people say he can see the future, while others say that the reason he came to the Reach was to avoid his own visions.

Others say that the pirate Midran the Terrible hid his treasure in the caves on the eastern coast of the Reach, but that he hired a Wizard to create illusions meant to scare adventurers away, raise skeletons to protect the treasure if anyone was unlucky enough to find it, and then trap the treasure chests themselves. Only the very foolish would search for Midran's buried treasure.

Regional Points of Interest

Aarkaus's Haunt: Aarkaus was once the most feared necromancer outside of The Soulbane school of necromancy in the Mountains of Madness. The Nurinian sided with the Druegarn in the Dakass Luot, hoping to curry favor with those he believed would be the victors. But in performing great deeds and winning many skirmishes against armies of the allied races of Eranon, he also gained attention from those among the Druegarn who did not want a Nurinian to find favor with the twelve. Late one night, Druegarn infiltrators located the small cottage Aarkaus had made for himself in the Reach and murdered him in his sleep. His cottage is now decayed, but the necromancer's undead creations still haunt an area about twenty miles in radius from the cottage. It is said that Aarkaus himself has become a ghost, but that has yet to be proven.

The Cliffs of Eternity: On the northern coast of the Reach are cliffs too perilous to climb. The waves break against them with white foam, and gazing out from the cliffs, wanderers long to see

the land of Isidria and dwell with the gods. In the mists of the north, travelers have said that they can make out the shape of the Isidrian coast, but when the mists clear, the vision is gone. Those who stand on the Cliffs of Eternity may pass moments or years without realizing any time has passed at all.

The Misty Downs: In the open expanse west of the Brightwood Forest are the misty downs. This hilly region is home to many predators both vile and common. The area of some 300 square miles gets its name from the heavy mist that covers the ground during the early morning and late evenings. The mist even comes during hard rainstorms, and then departs at midday. Traversing this area is extremely dangerous, and one should be on constant guard, for stopping in this heavy mist during the night is asking for death and should be avoided at all costs. If one has the courage to tread these mists he or she would surely be rewarded, for many a traveler has lost both life and belongings to the mysterious mist.

A massive hunt was taken up in the year of 4615 to retrieve a family heirloom from one of royalty in Aurod. The party disappeared without a trace, and no such hunt has been taken up since.

DRAGON PENINSULA AND THE DRAGON ISLES

The peninsula of Dragon is the home of Quenx and the brackish lake Mirror of the Dragon, out of which flows the Dragon Mouth River. The terrain is largely hospitable, and Quenx is surrounded by farms up and down the peninsula. The major industry of the area, however, is fishing, and many of the delicacies valued in Arylyn are salted and shipped in from the Dragon Isles.

The largest of the Dragon Isles, called Dragon Head Isle, seems to have appeared from nothing. It comes as no surprise that when Dragon Head Isle appeared, it already had the Nilsari, the college of illusion, fully built and operational at its center.

Quenx

Population: 20,000 (45% Nurinian, 35% Auzronian, 20% other)
Government: Monarchy
Imports: Cattle, wool
Exports: Textiles, rice, fish

The city of Quenx is nominally ruled by King Orian D'nobi, a Nurinian wizard of high repute, and his extended family. However, most speculate that D'nobi is actually controlled by wizards at the college of illusion on Dragon Head Isle, and that Quenx is merely an outgrowth of the Nilsari's control over the region. Regardless, Quenx is a bustling city where textiles are processed and woven into fabrics, rice is dried and prepared for shipping to other regions of Eranon, and varieties of fish are salted and dried to be served as delicacies in the Second Mark. More industrial than its neighbors, Quenx processes all of the agricultural products from the surrounding area of the peninsula and changes them into something else before they leave the city. Though there are not many ranches for cattle near Quenx, tanneries process leather and chandlers process fat, creating products to be exported. The town seems to have a gray hue and the streets, regardless of the amount of scrubbing and sweeping put into them, seem to be continually covered in soot. The only area that seems free of soot is the palace district, where D'nobi and the other nobility of the Dragon Peninsula reside.

Economy: Due to its fertile soil and favorable climate, there is very little that cannot be grown in the farms surrounding Quenx. Growing things often take precedence over cattle or other herd animals, so the tanneries and chandlers of Quenx must constantly import hides and fat to process them into leathers and candles and soap.

Quenx is also the major distributor for all the fish exported from the Dragon Isles. The industrious leaders of Quenx have developed many ways to transport fish while keeping it fresh; some of these methods are magical and others merely inventive.

Military: Quenx sees little need for a military force to guard the Dragon Peninsula, but it maintains a small standing army. Most of the officers of the army are members of the D'nobi house or are extended family in some other form. The current general is Nora D'nobi, a skilled warrior who is quick tempered and hard to please. General D'nobi has been known to execute officers who refused such ridiculous orders as drinking a glass of milk while standing on their head. Many say that General D'nobi is a bit mad, and they are largely accurate in that assessment, though any caught saying so out loud in Quenx would be likely to suffer the same fate as General D'nobi's unfortunate officers.

Underworld: In a place as corrupt as Quenx, there is no real need for an underworld. The members of the D'nobi house constantly vie against one another for power, using servants and other family members as pawns in their games. Smuggling and legal trade are hardly distinguishable, and bribery is one of the most common tools in business.

Interesting Sites: The most popular tavern in Quenx is the Dragon Inn. Older than most of the rest of the city, the Dragon Inn has a long history of association with the Nilsari. Run by Jedda Delmar, an Auzronian bard and one of the few honest people in all of Quenx, the Dragon Inn is noted for the regular appearance of noted musicians and for its menu of seafood.

The Temple of Ramlar in Quenx is one of the most interesting temples in all of Eranon, if only because of the inherent contradiction of a Nurinian King worshipping at a Temple devoted to Ramlar. Led by Auzronian Sevar Marla Atori, the congregation largely tries to follow a path of light, but underhanded dealings take place even in the Temple of Ramlar.

Plots and Rumors: Despairing over the corruption in Ramlar's Temple, Sevar Marla Atori has recently employed adventurers to halt illicit dealings during services. However, the adventurers seem to be as corruptible as the congregants, and Atori is nearly at her wits' end.

Dragon Head Isle and the Nilsari
Population: 40,000 (40% Nurinian, 30% Auzronian, 15% Fetharn, 10% Osarian, 5% other)
Government: Academic bureaucracy
Imports: —
Exports: —

Very little is known about Dragon Head Isle and the history of the Nilsari; it is enough for local residents to know that they are there. Those who manage to sail through the fogs that cloak the island's shore find themselves at the edge of a vast desert—or a vast forest, or whatever landscape tickles the fancy of the professor currently in charge of keeping the college safe from outsiders.

Economy: The Nilsari has no known imports or exports but seems to always have the supplies it needs to keep the college running. Some wizards surmise that this is accomplished by magical means, while others believe the school of illusion runs entirely on trickery. Most likely, the college sells magical items in exchange for goods and services, but it is possible that the college mints its own illusory coinage for all its purchasing.

Military: The Nilsari depends entirely on its arts of illusion to keep enemies from holding the college hostage. As a last resort, the professors of the Nilsari can make the island and all of the Dragon Isles vanish entirely, only to reappear once the threat is gone.

Underworld: Students at the Nilsari are encouraged to compete with one another in skills of trickery and deception. The current champion of misdirection is Atolin Banor, an Auzronian illusionist who inspires trust in all he meets. Banor has a good heart and tends not to misuse the trust of others, though the confessions of his friends often enable him to see through the illusions of others. He is rarely ever fooled.

Interesting Sites: The Nilsari Mirageum, the college of illusion, was built long ago, though no one can say precisely when. The college brings in many practitioners of magic from all ends of Eranon, and each building in the college is cloaked with a different type of illusion to represent the different forms this arcane magic can take. The ceilings of the buildings are constantly changing; occasionally they display spirals of color, other times they reflect the weather outside. In the rains of winter, the ceilings are often sunny, reminding students of brighter days ahead.

Headmaster Icantor Pulari, a Nurinian wizard, is a master of both illusion and manipulation, and much of his power over the student body comes from his ability to convince them how to think. Pulari carefully guards the secrets of the college's history, keeping it even from the most advanced of his faculty, though some of the Fetharn professors have been teaching long enough that they remember the truth. Whether or not he is actually in charge of the college is a matter of debate; outsiders believe that he is merely a figure head, meant to deceive the public from knowing what truly goes on at Dragon Head Isle.

Plots and Rumors: It is rumored that a powerful artifact created by the Nilsari as a defense of the isles is losing its power. Though this artifact was created long before the current administration of the college came to power, through the notes of their predecessors, they have begun to worry that not only is their illusion failing, but that secrets long hidden by the college will be revealed.

Brysan's Haven
Located between the Elokarn Mountains and the Dragon Head, this small town is a resting stop for those making the long journey to the Quenx. Tales abound at night of what the newcomers will see and marvel at once they enter the stretch of land on which Quenx resides. The small town has one tavern/inn and is moderate in comforts. The town is led by Brysan Algee, an Osarian warrior of great legend in the surrounding area.

Dragon Isles
Population: 5,000 (90% Auzronian, 10% other)
Government: Mayoral democracy
Imports: Textiles, building materials
Exports: Seafood

The Dragon Isles are dotted with small fishing villages with a few hundred residents at most. These fisher-folk spend most of their time at sea, harvesting what the ocean has to offer them. Unable to provide for themselves in the areas of textiles or building materials, the villages are typically poor but full of generous souls glad to share what they have with others.

Economy: The only real export from the Dragon Isles is the seafood the fishermen are able to catch. Children are taught at an early age to harvest shellfish from the tide pools along the coast. After the catch of the day is distributed to the village, what can be exported is shipped to Quenx by a night crew that is dedicated to getting the catch there quickly. The merchants of Quenx tend to underpay the villagers, keeping much of the profit for themselves.

Military: The Dragon Isles have no military to speak of, though they do have some of the best sailors in Eranon. Should a sea battle develop in armed conflict, the militaries of Eranon would do well to recruit sailors from the Dragon Isles. In the meantime, the people of the Dragon Isles look to the Nilsari to protect them from any invaders.

Underworld: There is little room for an underworld in the Dragon Isles. Though the occasional crime does take place, the people of the Dragon Isles are typically generous and open hearted and do little to cause one another harm.

Beyond the villages, however, the Dragon Isles are known to be a haven for pirates, who find small coves and places to hide from the law. A small town known as Jiang-ha caters to the needs of pirates, importing rum and other liquors in order to keep them in constant supply.

Interesting Sites: A small coral reef to the east of the Dragon Isles makes navigating the waters dangerous, but it also houses some of the most brightly colored fish in all of Eranon. Kind residents nearly always take the occasional travelers who come to the Dragon Isles out to the reef to see the darts of color beneath the surface.

The main tavern at Jiang-ha is known as the Whiskey Skull, and it caters almost exclusively to pirates and adventurers. With the gold it brings in, the Whiskey Skull is able to import far more liquor than it can hope to serve—yet somehow the pirates manage to make the supply dwindle on a regular basis. The Whiskey Skull is owned by the Nurinian beauty Cordela Russi, who is known for her generosity up front only to make her customers pay through the nose before they realize they've been taken.

Plots and Rumors: After the Dragon Isles appeared, along with the Nilsari, humanity began to settle the islands. Though dotted with small settlements, the islands remain largely unexplored. Throughout this time of settlement, most who came here considered the islands to be strange. Unexplained occurrences and odd feelings were believed to be because of the nearby college's magic and were generally disregarded. But in recent years, the odd feelings and strange happenings of these isles have grown stronger and more common. Strange shark-like humanoids that fade in and out like ghosts have been sighted across the isles.

So far, such appearances are rare to the point of being legendary, and no one has seen one of these creatures even act as though it realizes humans exist. However, some recent unexplained disappearances have the islanders frightened that these ghostly creatures are to blame. A few town leaders have traveled to the Collage of Illusion to ask for help. So far, the arch-mages have yet to comment or act on the situation, leaving the people of this region in turmoil.

The wizards of the collage know the truth, however. The collage fought these creatures back when it was first founded. The creatures were intelligent, savage, and ruthless. Craving the taste of any mammal flesh, the creatures hunted humanity on land and sea. Using a powerful artifact called the Matrix of Unreality; the founders of the collage placed a mighty illusion on the creatures, rendering them

undetectable and unable to detect warm-blooded humanoids. With the binding of the magic, the creatures seemed to fade from existence and the wizards themselves forgot about them over time.

But the creatures didn't really fade away. In fact, they flourished and grew stronger and more advanced. When humanity began to settle these islands, they did so among these creatures. The humans of the Dragon Isles have no idea that they live among hundreds of thousands of these creatures. Entire underwater cities exist in the waters between the islands. While they have spread through the waters of entire western coast, the islands are the only spawning grounds of these species. It is here that the illusion magic infuses them when they are born.

The wizards rightly fear that the ancient illusion may be beginning to fail. The founders never intended for the islands to be settled. If the magic does break, these creatures would overrun every city and settlement on the eastern coast.

Nuran
Population: 150
Government: --
Imports: --
Exports: --

This small settlement is a haven for sages of the world. The town is located at the southernmost tip of the Mirror of the Dragon, but finding it is somewhat difficult. The illusionary school at Quenx aids in disguising the town from unwanted visitors and those who seek to steal the sages' secrets. There are a total of 100 learned sages of extreme knowledge, and if one should find this town they are happy to answer most if not all questions asked by the aged lore masters of Nuran.

TRADE ROUTES OF THE MARK

Traveler's Way

The Traveler's Way is a long stretch of road from Aurod to Seramis. Because it is so well traveled, the route is easy to take, though bandits occasionally pester merchants. Caravans that are well guarded rarely have trouble along the Traveler's Way.

The Wild Way

The Wild Way is a less traveled road, but it passes through nearly every major city of Eranon if one knows the right way to turn. Though the road has existed since before the Dakass Luot, it seems to have been planned by someone with precognition, as the Wild Way crosses the Traveler's Way at the bridge of Aurod.

Zyntell
FOREST
MariAnnor
Ny'Salanas
MOUNTAINS
Mt. Ganun
Mt. Biter
Tronle
Elandre's Point
Mt. Baxun
Sialee's Ruins
Tearles
Sea
Gulf of the Dragon
Mt. Ritanis
Naldaress
Mt. Valis
Mt. Levennis
Baruk
Ulmere's Well
Doro Kyth
Elokar Forest
Falstan's Stronghold
Citadel of Death
Spurin Tree
Forest
Hadryn's Stronghold
Brismor Thicket
Ruins of Thom
Nimrolt
Castle of Ygin
Barrow of Balzere
The Sightless Stair
Spirits Down
Hope's End
Kaljurns Keep
Prey's Peak
BLACK
DESERT
The Floating Diamond
Malfurs Spire
The Windy Downs
The Haunted Isles
The Lone Tower
The Village of Lotley
Dark Shore
The Hollow Hills
FOREST OF
XIONOSS
Kytril
Zentrullian
Nelthor
Blind Man's Bay
Kytril
Bay
Desert of
Swandel
Illandra's Vigil
Curan's Trench
Belgrin's Rest
Swandel
Grimbolt

THE THIRD MARK

The Third Mark stretches from the Gerukan Mountains in the west, south to the city of Nelthor and the Syanna school of telekinesis, through the Black Desert, on to the southern peninsula and the hive of thieves called Zentrulian, and back into the mountains to the heights of the Elokar and the Kasmarkn capital of Tronle. The warmer climes of the Third Mark seem to have inspired corruption in many areas of the south, though cities such as Zyntell and Tronle seem to have defied this expectation by creating sights beautiful to behold and existing largely without vice.

THE SOUTHERN PENINSULA

Zentrulian and Swandel

Population: 100,000 (60% Nurinian, 20% Auzronian, 10% Halfling, 10% other)
Government: Nominally, a monarchy
Imports: Metals, ores, liquor
Exports: Grain, textiles, cattle, horses, slaves

Though Zentrulian and Swandel are nominally separate cities, in reality there is little that separates them; not even the Desert of Swandel represents a gap. Zentrulian was ruined in the Dakass Luot, and to reach the surface of the city, travelers must cross a long rope bridge that crosses Murkveil Pass, a chasm at the north end of the city. From the surface, the city looks like it has been taken over by squatters, but that is only because the people who live on the surface are poorer than those who have begun to inhabit the underground city. All of Zentrulian's government offices, inns and places of business are beneath the surface of the original city, and a series of tunnels lead to Swandel in the east, making the divide between the cities irrelevant.

Though Swandel is nominally ruled by King Lucas XII, little is known about the king beyond the fact that he inherited the throne at only seven years of age. The real power in both cities is Nurinian criminal mastermind Jerith Wynleer, who goes by the name of The Serpent. Wynleer runs a guild called The Serpent's Bite, which controls all imports and exports from the cities, making sure to take a large cut of any profits. Wynleer himself is a master of the shadow and a deadly adversary. He has recently been seen alongside a Nurinian sevar of Pillith known as Nyria Sinzal. Sinzal aided Wynleer in gaining connections in Swandel and successfully bypassing any interference from the throne.

Economy: In spite of the criminal element that plagues Swandel, it remains one of the major port cities in Eranon. Those who do honest trade bring metal and ores into the city in exchange for grain, textiles, and cattle herded in the farm lands north of Zentrulian. Some of the finest horses in Eranon are bred north of Zentrulian and sold exclusively at the market in Swandel. Those of less reputable business persuasion often import goods such as liquor and illegal substances, including poisons, in exchange for cargos of slaves. Though very few places in Eranon allow legal slavery, there is enough call for slaves to make it a very profitable market.

The Serpent's Bite manages all transactions, small and large, by making sure they have representatives at every dock and at every place of business. Those who cross The Serpent's Bite have only a short amount of time left in their lives to learn what it means to have them as an enemy.

Military: Wynleer is uninterested in military might, leaving those forces to be developed by Sinzal. Though a Sevar, Sinzal has a mind that easily grasps strategy and tactics, and she has been able to build up the Swandel Navy by manipulating the royal family. Her land forces are still weak, but she is constantly seeking to improve the military might of both cities. Wynleer, though uninterested, is not unwise; he has placed members of The Serpent's Bite inside of every aspect of Sinzal's work in order to be sure she is unable to stage a military coup.

Underworld: All of business in Zentrulian and Swandel is part of the underworld. Because of this, those who go against the flow in either city tend to be those of good spirit who wish to see Swandel and Zentrulian come out of their corruption. A faction referred to only as Freedom makes it their goal in life to end the slave trade, and does everything it can to keep slaves from being transported out of Swandel. Occasionally this means they, too, use violent measures to see that their goals are met.

Oriana Carlyne, a Fetharn sevar who trained under Alaisa Orlyne at the Temple of Selyni in Grimbolt, has recently moved into Swandel. She has built a small temple near the docks in honor of the sea goddess. The building, however, is disguised, as those who openly worship gods other than Pillith are often persecuted.

Interesting Sites: There is no better place to study the arts of deception and darkness than the Shades, the college of Shadow located on the surface of Zentrulian. Surrounded by beggars and cutthroats, the Shades represent an entire district on the surface of the ruined city. Would-be wizards are encouraged to train their wits and their speed as well as their magic, as their skills will be called upon by those of an untrustworthy nature. Ruled by Matila Sorz, a cynical Auzronian wizard who knows that the shadow magic is as good or evil as the caster who wields it, the Shades are perhaps even more dangerous than the lower city. Sorz herself is crafty and intelligent; she has stayed alive and in control of the Shades for twelve years—quite the accomplishment for any wizard of the shadow.

Three Tables Inn is a fine establishment in the lower city that caters to the needs of all of its patrons with a wide variety of alcohol, food, and games for those who care to wager money. Controlled by the Serpent's Bite, Three Tables is one of the major places of disreputable business in Zentrulian and is also a place where fortunes are lost or made, according to the whim of Wynleer.

In the port district of Swandel, the Drunken Parrot is the finest establishment, contrary to its name. Private rooms are available to those who can afford them, as is the inn's safe. The Drunken Parrot pays the Serpent's Bite on a monthly basis, so those who stay there can be assured of their safety.

Plots and Rumors: As Wynleer suspects, Sinzal is making every effort to become such a major power in the cities that she can overthrow his reign and dedicate the cities to Pillith, making them a haven for those who follow the Dark Queen of the Night. Wynleer and the Serpent's Bite have made no move against Sinzal, as there is little evidence against her, and Sinzal has yet to make a move of her own. Carlyne and the worshippers of Selyni in Swandel are also determined to disrupt the balance of power in an attempt to bring good into the city. They have won many of the sea captains over to their side, as those who dock in Swandel on a regular basis have no wish to see it become even darker than it already is. Sorz and the faculty of the Shades have every reason to keep the three enemies at each other's throats, and do their best to manipulate every situation into a stale mate. A few unknown players, such as a party of adventurers, however, could throw the delicate balance awry and cause what would amount to open warfare to erupt in the cities.

Grimbolt

Population: 150,000 (60% Auzronian, 20% Nurinian, 10% Halfling, 10% other)
Government: Monarchy
Imports: metal, ores
Exports: textiles, fish

Unlike the cities to its east, Grimbolt is a haven port designed to embrace honest trade and strict adherence to the law. Though King Argus Winrun has had rumors of trouble brewing to his east, he pays little heed to the stories, dismissing tales of a man called The Serpent as mere gossip.

Though heavily dominated by an Auzronian population, it is common to see members of nearly every race walking the streets of Grimbolt. Many of these are merchants in the city on a temporary basis; in fact, the city's population can grow to nearly 200,000 when including all of the transients docking in the port city between stops. Inns, taverns, shops, and smithies line the avenues of the city, and many of these have developed specialties, serving the Frorinian population that makes the trade run between the Bay of the

Grimbolt

Wolf and Grimbolt or dedicating themselves to the local halfling population. Several of the shipwrights in the docks district are Kasmarkn, seeking to apply their skills in blacksmithing to a new type of construction.

Economy: As the largest port city in all of Eranon, nearly everything sold on the continent is made available for sale here. Though Grimbolt exports only a few items and imports just as few, the market is continually saturated with items from all walks of life. One of the best-known shops in the city is Nodde's Treasures, run by halfling Nodde Dynel. The shop carries everything from blankets to used weaponry to spell components, magical items, and alchemical supplies. Many of the smithies in Grimbolt work exclusively through Dynel, making their armor and weaponry available only at Nodde's Treasures.

Military: King Winrun's elite city guard is known as the Goyles of Grim. These men are skilled warriors who have trained in the arts of combat and warfare. Below the Goyles of Grim is the King's Army, a less-well-trained group of soldiers who hope to join the ranks of the elite guards. Though not required, most young people of Grimbolt serve two years in the King's Army in order to make enough money to start their lives, purchase homes in the city, or travel to lands beyond Eranon.

The King's Navy is not a formal navy but an alliance of merchant vessels that operate out of Grimbolt. Knowing that if Grimbolt were ever to come under attack, their businesses would be ruined, the merchants banded together and swore fealty to the throne, dedicating their ships to the city's defense in times of war. One of the Captains of the Goyles of Grim, Seanon Dorashi, grew up on ships and has made it his project to see that all of the merchants and their sailors are trained in the military arts.

Underworld: Though some accuse Nodde Dynel of thievery through business, all of the trade that goes through Nodde's Treasures is perfectly legal. This means that Dynel is unable to sell some of the harder-to-procure items that adventurers occasionally seek. However, those who ask politely and swear they will never reveal what Dynel knows will find themselves directed to a quiet little herbalist down Wind Street. Far from the clatter of the docks district, Wind Street is mostly residential, with the exception of the herbalist, who also sells a wide variety of floral bouquets. The owner is Druegarn Katoli Naydeen, and though she has tried to make an honest living in Grimbolt, she often turns to her skills in crafting poisons and potions to allow her to continue to sell flowers. Through Naydeen, it is easy enough to get information about other black market sellers, and those who market weapons designed for torture and vicious armor with spikes considered uncivilized by King Winrun often make contact with potential customers through the Druegarn. This keeps a healthy black market running, though none of the members of the black market admit to having knowledge of a slave trade. That exists quietly in Grimbolt but is very difficult to find…

Interesting Sites: The site that draws the most attention in all of Grimbolt is the Cathedral of Selyni, the largest temple dedicated to the goddess of the sea in all of Eranon. With walls that look as though they are constantly moving in accordance to the tides, the Cathedral even captures the sounds and smell of the sea, causing the crash of waves or roar of a sea storm to echo inside the building's halls. The temple is headed by Alaisa Orlyne, a chosen of Selyni. Orlyne is close friends with King Argus, and she has given her word that if trouble comes to Grimbolt, she will call upon Selyni and her allies in the sea to protect the city.

Plots and Rumors: Every spring, the Cathedral of Selyni holds a festival of travel in honor of those who sail the seas. Merchant captains and pirates alike attend the ceremony in hopes of gaining Selyni's blessing on their ships for the coming year. This influx of sailors always leads to intrigue, and there are rumors that during the next festival, Nyria Sinzal of Swandel intends to cause some disruption, turning the ceremony into one that honors Pillith.

Belgrin's Rest
Population: 1,200 (40% Nurinians, 40% Auzronians, 6% Fetharn, 5% Halfling, 4% Kasmarkn, 3% Druegarn, 2% other)
Government: Mayoral democracy
Imports: Metals
Exports: Agricultural goods

The small town of Belgrin's Rest is located halfway between Grimbolt and Nelthor, and in earlier times was constantly claimed by one or the other. Eventually the people of Belgrin's Rest decided to stop paying their taxes to either city, and both Grimbolt and Nelthor determined it wasn't worth the effort to try to reclaim the town, so Belgrin's Rest won its independence.

The town boasts a single inn and tavern, a smithy, a bakery, a butcher, a shipwright, and a general store. Most of the residents of the town proper are fishermen, and the area surrounding the town is filled with farms and ranches. Life is fairly simple, and the town provides a convenient stopping point between the two major coastal cities, which brings in a small flow of travelers.

Economy: When called upon to trade, the people of Belgrin's Rest are happy to exchange their agricultural goods for raw materials. Otherwise they are largely able to support themselves. The local baker, a halfling called Tori Longarn, is an expert at creating pies, buns, breads, and traveler's wafers. The local butcher, Nurinian Kaybo Tuilan, also has a reputation for having been an accomplished knife fighter in his early years. The shipwright business is run by the Aurgarn family of Kasmarkn dwarves, who do not build ships but are experts at ship repair.

Military: Belgrin's Rest has no military to speak of. The mayor, Auzronian Jerem Ronas, and a small group of the town's men are the officials when it comes to interpretation of the town's law. In a case of emergency, the people of Belgrin's Rest would separate and flee to Grimbolt and Nelthor in an effort to get word to those cities of an invasion.

Underworld: While there is some crime in Belgrin's Rest, it occurs with no regularity. Occasionally townsfolk and farmers go missing, but this is largely blamed on wild animals and the dangers of living near the sea. In truth, a few Nurinians in town are in contact with The Serpent's Bite of Zentrulian and make arrangements to ship slaves from Belgrin's Rest back to Zentrulian.

Interesting Sites: Most visitors to Belgrin's Rest spend the night at the inn of the same name. Run by a Druegarn family, Belgrin's Rest Inn serves well-spiced seafood and offers private accommodations, as well as a common area. Halfling bard Sunni Cyon performs every evening for tips and splits her earnings with the innkeepers. The inn is marked by the carving of a landing seagull directly over its door.

Torm Ragart, a Kasmarkn retired warrior, serves as the town smith. While he is no artist, he is an expert repairman and can create serviceable tools and weaponry. He has often reinforced armor for travelers, making it more durable in the long term.

Plots and Rumors: The nature of a small town entirely dominated by humans but with so many other races holding positions of power is that rumors develop around those races. The Druegarn who run Belgrin's Rest Inn, for example, are often accused of being somehow responsible for the missing people. The Aurgarn family is occasionally thought to have sabotaged ships in order to gain business. This type of rumor fuels the town rumor mill, but very little comes of it.

Regional Points of Interest

Castle of Ygin: In the southern tip of the Spurin Tree Forest sits the Castle of Ygin. Ygin is a thirteenth-level Nurinian wizard of ill repute. His abode is simple, but the real danger lies beneath his castle. A vast network of dungeon catacombs spreads in all directions—some even extending over a mile away from his castle. There are reports that the dungeon complex has over 100 rooms. These are vast open spaces, ornate rooms, or rooms that have been started and then abandoned. Other rumors tell tales of an opening into the Dark Sprawl.

Ygin is unique in that he does not outwardly seek conquest or to rule, but he welcomes all to his dungeon, especially hearty adventurers who wish to test their skills. He makes it well known that he will not lend aid to any who enter his vast catacombs. If you should die in the dungeon, there you will stay until someone removes you from the dark, dank interior. In truth many would-be adventurers make the trek to Ygin's Castle to test their skills, hoping for quick wealth. The dungeon is the home to many denizens: orcs, goblins, ogres, canisses, sleeks, and other denizens of the world. The catacombs have one true entrance but 3 escape routes—each placed at the directional points on a compass. However, these escape routes are spread far apart. The east exit might be a few hundred yards from the dungeon's entrance while the west exit may be more than a mile. Ygin only demands a 10% tithe of any wealth found within in dungeons. He has a very potent scrying device in his lone tower, so if an adventurer tries to escape without paying the toll he will be tracked by Ygin's servants and killed with no remorse.

Ygin stands six feet tall with brown, cold eyes; his hair is shoulder length and usually kept tied in a knot high on the back of his head. He constantly watches those who enter his creation and is quite the conversationalist if information or history is wanted from him. He is a cold enemy if brought to anger, but if you aid him in any endeavor he will be a worthy ally.

Curan's Trench: During the Dakass Luot, the wizard Curan sacrificed himself in order to trap a band of orcs. The allied nations carried the day, but through his spell Curan created a great trench through the Desert of Swandel. In this trench, the band of orcs remains to this day, waiting for an opportunity to free themselves of Curan's curse. The band is made up of twenty orcs, their chieftain, and their wise-man mage. It is rumored that all of the gold and gear carried by the soldiers who fought in that battle of the Dakass Luot, as well as Curan's magical devices, all reside at the bottom of Curan's trench, but no adventurers have been able to defeat the orc band to discover whether or not this is true.

Dark Shore: In a recent development over the last year on the eastern most tip of land north of Blind Man's Bay is a dark expanse of land. This area is under the influence of Aratoriss, and many wicked things haunt and creep within the boundaries. The area is not vast, but a mere pocket of one square mile, and within this pocket are some truly nightmarish entities spawned by Aratoriss. Ghouls of a fiendish nature, horrific wraiths, and shambling dead all prowl the shores and surrounding grasslands called Dark Shore. If one is yearns to face denizens from one of the hellish spots in the planes, Dark Shore is ripe for heroic deeds.

The Haunted Isles: To the east of Blind Mans Bay sits a small group of islands. It is said that the islands are haunted by the spirits of a vast ship that was attacked by a kraken. The tale tells of the ship warring with the merfolk of the region, and they called to their goddess, Selyni, who sent the doom that claimed the ship and sent over 100 hundred sailors to their deaths.

The Hollow Hills: Located between the Black Desert and the Forest of Xionoss, the Hollow Hills are the safest route from the northern parts of the Third Mark to the southern coast. Safe, however, is a relative term; though the dangers of the desert and forest are not present, the hills have a danger of their own. Spirits of warriors who fought in the Dakass Luot and wars long before inhabit the hills, eager to attack unwary travelers after the sun has set. The spirits are lost and angry; they cannot find their way home to the spirit world, so they have developed a hatred for all things living, seeking to cause them the same suffering they have endured for so many years.

Illandra's Vigil: Just after the end of the Dakass Luot, a Fetharn Arcane Gypsy named Illandra was taken advantage of by two unruly men in Zentrulian. Once she recovered from the event, she set off after them to avenge her honor. In her travels, however, she journeyed through the Desert of Swandel, and as she emerged near Grimbolt, she was set upon by bandits, who murdered her. From the place where she was slain grows a tree of the Brightwood—the only one in all of the Third Mark. Her spirit is tied to that place by her unfinished quest, and Illandra appears to travelers who pass the

tree, appealing to them to take on her quest. Those who refuse her are immediately attacked by her spirit, as well as the spirits of those she has slain for their refusals.

The Village of Lotley: In the hills northeast of the Xionoss Forest lies the town of Lotley. The town is of moderate size with a population nearing 5,000. The town's main function is to harvest the wheat fields it prizes so dearly. Nearly all of the citizens are farmers with a little training in the art of war. The town and its surrounding area encompass over seven square miles and within this area is grown much of the wheat that is sent throughout the world. There are no inns in the town, but it does boast three taverns. Most are full at night and at closing, which is one hour before midnight. Work always needs to be done, and the whole town is a hard working lot.

If a people need aid the citizens will do their best to accommodate them although if a recovery is needed they will demand the new come visitor much do some sort of work to help the whole community. This may seem hard to many, but the orders for wheat are quite large, and if one day is lost, worry starts to show on the faces of all citizens.

Sialee's Ruins: On the highest cliff just south of the Dragon's Mouth River sits a once great castle in ruin. This castle was the home of Sialee, a well-known elementalist who paid homage to Selyni, goddess of the Oceans. Her castle was once a treasure to behold with many sculptures depicting all forms of marine life and an elaborate temple for worship of the ocean goddess. Sadly, this once great dwelling is in ruins now, and tales tell that darkness has crept into this locale. One such account is that numerous twisted sea creatures have been seen entering the catacombs that lie beneath the castle. They catacombs are vast and line the whole cliff face, twisting, climbing and delving below the surface of the sea. The sighting of these twisted creatures has started talk of yet another Vrang encroachment upon the mortal world. No official confirmation has been issued, but it is known that King Orian D'nobi has offered a generous reward for any who can bring back verifiable reports of a possible Vrang encroachment.

Spirits Down: Just north of the Forest of Xinoss on the on the northernmost shore lies an area that is inhabited by several water spirits. Their attraction to this spot is still unknown. These spirits

are quite approachable and will gleefully play with those who attempt to speak to them. If harm is intended the spirits will gather together and form a 100-foot-tall water elemental, and no distraction will deter them until the one that caused them harm is dragged out into the deep waters of the gulf and drowned. If one is lucky enough to taste the water of which these elementals are made, one will feel refreshed and his wounds will rapidly heal. The elementals do favor gifts, and their treasure trove, which is hidden in one of the many cliffs, is vast and has been the death of many greedy adventurers.

The Windy Downs: In the low lying foothills just north of the Xionoss Forest, a new Halfling settlement is in the making called The Windy Downs. Led by Marley Shortstride, a seventh-level rogue, the new area is coming along nicely. The exports of barley and wheat, as well as furs and exotic game, will be a boon to neighboring towns. The new village boasts six small buildings with more in the construction stages. A small town guard is already in place, and help from their cousins to the North will speed this new town to great renown. Visitors are welcome to stay and help with the labor, but no inn or tavern is officially set up for business at this time.

THE SOUTHWEST COAST AND THE BLACK DESERT

Dominated by such inhospitable landmarks as the Black Desert, the southwest coast of the Third Mark is also the home of Nelthor, one of the few cities of virtue in the Third Mark. As home to the Syanna School of Manipulative Forces, Nelthor is home to people who are used to seeing things floating down the street. Second in friendliness only to the people of the small villages around Kyril Bay, Nelthor's inhabitants are also known for their skill in sailing, and sailors hailing from Nelthor are valued even more due to their trustworthy and hardworking reputation.

It is also rumored that the Black Desert itself is home to a small group of Osarians, who traveled from the desert of Osar to try to tame the Black Desert as well. As few people ever voyage into the Black Desert, and of those very few survive, this rumor has not been confirmed.

Nelthor

Population: 62,000 (60% Auzronian, 20% Nurinian, 10% Halfling, 10% other)
Government: Monarchy
Imports: Lumber, metal
Exports: Fish, magical items

The city of Nelthor has no walls, and at first glance it appears that the city can be entered without any hesitation. This is, however, untrue; students of the Syanna School of Manipulative Forces, centrally located in the city, take turns moving invisible walls of force about the city so that travelers cannot enter unannounced.

The streets of Nelthor are very much dominated by the school of magic at its center. Bakers cart their wares from their bakery to the marketplace, but often find that their wares move more quickly than the cart, or hover three feet above the cart's surface. These experiments of the students of Syanna are so common that the folk of the town hardly notice anymore; they merely assume that when they arrive, so will all their wares.

The students themselves often travel by floating off the ground, flying, or appearing randomly at locations between their beginning and their destination. The people of the city take this with a grain of salt as well, going about their lives as though this was the norm.

Though Nelthor is governed by King Drew the Stalwart, King Drew relies heavily on his advisors at Syanna to guide his thoughts and the direction of Nelthor. Queen Priscla recently had her first child, the heir to the throne, and the students of Syanna celebrated the event by taking turns rocking the prince's cradle from a distance.

Economy: Although Nelthor is a large port city and much trade comes through the town, Syanna is the city's largest source of income. Whether apprentices are hired from areas beyond the college to serve as porters and experts on transportation or the college is selling its own magical devices for quick movement, Syanna brings in a good deal of coin. Students must also pay tuition to attend, if they are deemed qualified and skilled enough at magic to specialize in the school of Telekinesis.

Military: The defense of Nelthor relies heavily on the students of Syanna as well. Large boulders are stored in one warehouse in town for use by the students should an army ever approach; the projectiles would cause a great deal of damage to an oncoming horde should the occasion ever arise.

Nelthor does maintain a small standing army of approximately 10,000 soldiers. Should the need arise for the army to engage an opposing force, experts of battle from Syanna would be assigned to platoons and squads, transporting them from one place to another so that the enemy would always be surprised by their approach.

Underworld: A small guild of thieves calls Nelthor its home. Run by former Syanna pupil Jean Irue, the mage-rogue directs her guild in a game of hide-and-go-seek with the college. Rather than being out to make a profit, Irue is dedicated to her game, seeking to gain the attention of the faculty who once ignored her and dismissed her from her classes.

Interesting Sites: Nelthor boasts a medium sized temple to Selyni and a far larger temple to Ramlar, as well as several smaller temples to Ratiss, Anate, and other members of the Alari and the Eleri. It is often said that if a visitor has not found a temple to his particular favorite, he has not looked hard enough. There are even small and well-attended temples to Gabrun and Pillith, who are worshipped openly by Nurinians among the populace.

At the very center of Nelthor is Syanna. All of the college's buildings are only a single story tall and are spread out through the center of the city. It is rumored that the buildings move from one location to another depending on the day of the week, but only students at the college know the truth.

The palace of Nelthor lies at the north point of town and is built high enough to look out over the ocean. The original palace was destroyed during the Dakass Luot, and the new palace is constructed from the remains of the old, as well as new materials. All the construction was completed by students at Syanna, who put the buildings back together without tools other than magic.

Plots and Rumors: In recent years, pirates have attempted to pillage Nelthor, only to find their ships pummeled by large boulders. However, a few have gotten through and have pillaged the docks district. One pirate in particular, Jame Dupree, seeks to destroy Nelthor's defenses to avenge his sunken fleet.

Hope's End

Population: 900 (90% Auzronian, 10% other)
Government: vassal to Nimrolt
Imports: Ore, grain
Exports: Wool, cattle

Located at the northernmost Black Desert, just south of Nimrolt, Hope's End is the last town on the South Way before the path begins to skirt the Black Desert. Foolhardy travelers occasionally try to cut straight through the desert instead of taking the path, and the people of Hope's End keep very careful records of every person who departs the city for lands south. Many on the list never return to Hope's End, though whether that is because they've been lost to the desert or because they chose not to make the trek back north is uncertain.

The town is a very small one, sporting a single inn and tavern that closes at dusk. During the day, the heat of the area is intense, but at night, the inn keeps its fire blazing to ward off the desert chill.

Economy: Due to its vassal relationship with the theocracy of Nimrolt, the economy of Hope's End is dominated by the taxes levied by Nimrolt. Surrounded by cattle and sheep ranches, Hope's End depends on its weavers to produce enough wool to convince the sevars of Nimrolt to leave them alone for one more year. In exchange, these sevars see that Hope's End receives enough grain and metal to get by from year to year. Many of the ranchers sur-

rounding Hope's End have begun to struggle to grow crops of corn and beans, but as yet they have had little success.

Military: Hope's End is protected by the military of Nimrolt. Because the good people of Hope's End fear the theocracy of their governing neighbor, many of them have also attempted to train in martial skills, and try to employ adventurers who come along to stay and guard the town. However, they have very little money to spare, and their cause rarely entices adventurers to settle down.

Underworld: The few Nurinians who make their homes in Hope's End are employed by the government of Nimrolt to ensure that the villagers remain loyal to the theocracy. Because of this, worship of gods other than Gabrun and Pillith is only barely tolerated, and those who seek to honor Ramlar and his loyal children must do so in secret.

Interesting Sites: The only site of importance in Hope's End is the List. This is the list, carefully kept by the town clerk, of every person who passes through Hope's End. If a person is confirmed missing or dead, their name is engraved into a stone monument in the center of the town. In this way, the people of Hope's End grieve for those foolish enough to end their lives in the Black Desert.

Plots and Rumors: Though the Hope's Enders have planned carefully and secretly, the Sevars of Nimrolt suspect the villagers may move against them. The people of the village have put the call out for more and more adventurers to guard the town, nominally to protect them from increasing raids by bandits. However, the true plan is to make a claim for their independence. If they fail, the Hope's Enders plan to mark all of their names on the List before fleeing into the desert.

Regional Points of Interest

Death's Breath: To the southeast of the Black Desert is a wasteland known as Death's Breath. Because of the hot, arid winds that blow off of the desert, the area is barren, and the only landmark is the river to the south.

The Floating Diamond: In a carved-out glen on the first real southern mountain of the Gerukan Range floats a diamond of exquisite quality. This gem is set between two ornate stone structures and glows a dull blue color. Many attempts have been made to remove the diamond, but to no avail. The whole area radiates magic heavily, and when near the glowing diamond one will heal at an alarming rate and be refreshed as if just fed.

The history of the Floating Diamond is still a mystery, but many seek out this magical spot before venturing further into the mountains. It must be stated that it survived the Dakass Luot and, therefore, is believed to have been made by the gods.

Kytril: The lazy seaside town of Kytril gets its name from the bay on which it sits. The coastal town is very laid back, and no war or strife is allowed within its limits. Many people come to relax at this savory spot. The cool breeze coming off the bay is just what many people need to relax weary bones and heavy hearts. Tales abound almost constantly, and the air if full of laughter and music. This small coastal port never sleeps, it would seem. Even at night the inns and taverns are open, and when the sun sets, nighttime beach fires are kindled, and the tales and merriment continue until the sun rises and the process begins again. If one needs a small break with good hearts, tall tales and songs, Kytril should be everyone's destination.

Malfur's Spire: Malfur was an avatar of Voshurn and known in many lands. He fell to a legion of Shians led by Arriss the Black in 4228. The devout sevar was a beacon to all who were good, and his story is still told by countless firesides in the night. His abode was a modest Spirinari-gifted tower and small keep, but this is now all in ruin, and tales tell that the spirits of the demons still reside in the area to stop any rebuilding or reclaiming of the spire in Voshurn's name. The spire itself is located just west of the Black Desert and has been the stopping place of many Voshurn aligned sevars wishing to pay homage to the great Malfur.

The Lone Tower: At the southernmost tip of the Gerukan Mountains is a lone tower that is all but in ruin. The tower is over 100 feet tall and is simple in design, with a lone turret at the top. The owner of the tower is long forgotten to the sands of time, and no one ventures to the tower without an overcoming feeling of dread or doom. Many say that if they did have a notion to destroy the structure, the feeling that set in was so strong, they could not destroy the tower.

LANTHIR FOREST AND THE CENTER OF THE MARK

Lanthir Forest is a large wooded area through which the River Knine flows, full of merchant vessels making their way from the Second Mark to Zyntell and on to cities south. MariAnnor, the Merthwarg school of summoning magic, hides within that forest, teaching students the arts of summoning allies while simultaneously tending to the ecology of the forest. South of Lanthir Forest, along the South Way, are the small city of Baruk and the mighty theocracy of Nimrolt, which casts a dark shadow on the center of the mark. The Spurin Tree Forest, filled with twisted creatures of darkness, lies at the mouth of the River Knine, and travelers who do not stop at Zyntell find themselves in a very dark place indeed.

Zyntell

Population: 65,000 (50% Auzronian, 25% Nurinian, 15% Halfling, 5% Fetharn, 5% other)
Government: Aristocracy
Imports: grain, textiles
Exports: Lumber

The Aristocracy of Zyntell was once a small city with allegiance to Galdarest; when the city fell, Zyntell became a haven for members of noble houses who had survived the destruction. Because of this, Zyntell is ruled by a council of members from the major Auzronian noble houses: House Traicho, headed by Alazar Traicho; House Daraloft, headed by Melisae Daraloft; House Watanbe, headed by Geniveve Watanbe; and House Morigan, headed by Kristof Morigan. While the four houses are largely content to rule in unison, there is an undercurrent of competition as each noble house hopes to become more powerful than the others.

But visitors to Zyntell rarely notice the struggle between the houses, instead considering Zyntell a major trade city and the hub of the logging industry in Eranon. Though dominated by humans, there is a reasonably sized Fetharn community in Zyntell, and a small halfling enclave has formed a theater troupe that performs three days a week with whatever drama or comedy strikes its fancy. The taverns in Zyntell often have musicians in residence to entertain customers.

Economy: The River Knine, large enough accommodate merchant ships, makes Zyntell a vital trade city in the Third Mark. The docks quarter along the river, once merely a quiet harbor for ships, has grown enormously to house all of the major trade that happens in the city. House Traicho governs the trade in the docks quarter, which has given them a competitive edge. While the supplies traveling through Zyntell are not as diverse as those found during trade season at the Dealing Dale or the goods available every day in the city of Grimbolt, any common items, many alchemical and special items, and a few magic items make their way through the port city on any given day.

Most of the common citizens of Zyntell are involved with the logging industry. Guided by merthwargs from the local school of conjuration, MariAnnor, the loggers harvest trees in such a way that the forest continues to thrive while also supplying the needs of cities far across Eranon.

Military: Each of the noble houses has a fighting force of around 5,000 soldiers. These soldiers are typically led by members of the noble houses trained in combat and the art of war. Many of the noble commanders have voyaged to such cities as Grimbolt, Aurod, and Seramis to study with the military commanders from those cities before returning with new techniques.

House Traicho is well known for the mobility of its fighters, whether by land or by sea. Their fighting style tends to value speed and efficiency over power, feeling that one blow in the right place is likely to cause more damage than widespread destruction. House

Daraloft trains in the art of siege weapons, manning such constructions as ballistae and catapults. They put their faith in their machinery rather than the might of individual arms. House Morigan specializes in individual combat, training each of its fighters to be stronger and more skilled than ten of the enemy. They tend to have knowledge of a wide variety of weapons, though they may also be experts in hand-to-hand combat. House Watanbe utilizes magic as a defensive and destructive force, bringing in wizards from various schools to serve in its force. The two types of specialists most often found in the House Watanbe corps are abjurers and evokers.

Underworld: With the noble houses concerned with their own struggles, smuggling often takes place in the docks district right under the noses of the city's leaders. Nurinian logger Ortes Labine has thus far evaded the eyes of the merthwargs and has a small operation of discounted lumber shipping from a location just south of the city. This lumber is harvested without concern for the balance of the forest, and certainly if either the merthwargs or the leaders of Zyntell were to find out about it, he would be executed.

Jonas d'Brie, an Auzronian rogue and virtuoso of sleight-of-hand, runs a freelance force of vigilantes who are concerned with keeping peace in the city rather than gaining power with the noble houses. Calling themselves The True, d'Brie's troops include members of various races who are dedicated to the internal stability of Zyntell. However, due to his interference with the noble houses, it is thought that if they were to uncover him as the leader of The True, d'Brie would very likely be imprisoned. Others, however, say that the Houses are well aware of d'Brie's role in keeping crime levels low, and they turn a blind eye to his activities.

Interesting Sites: The Zyntell docks quarter is a conglomeration of the sights and sounds from all areas of Eranon. An excellent place to find common goods as well as rumors and information, the docks quarter is certainly the most populated area of Zyntell, and the majority of the inns and taverns of the city lie in this district. These inns and taverns, however, are not in the best upkeep, and wealthier merchants tend to travel to the artisan's quarter, run by House Daraloft; the smithy's quarter, run by House Morigan; or the entertainer's quarter, run by House Watanbe. The artisan's district is full of weavers, potters, and creators of useful household items, while the smithy's quarter is a noisier and sootier part of town but contains all of the blacksmiths, weaponsmiths, and metal workers in town. The smithy's quarter is also home to any jewelers and moneylenders who reside in Zyntell.

The remaining quarter is the entertainer's quarter, run by House Watanbe. Here, all the poets, singers, and artists gather to hone their crafts. The theater run by the halfling community resides in this district, as do some of the finer inns in the city. Coraline Rumosh, an Auzronian bard and wizard, runs the Dove Inn, which features entertainment that combines the arts of performance with the subtle arts of illusion. Many performers travel for miles just to see how their art can be enhanced by magic, observing Rumosh's skills with glee.

Plots and Rumors: Nimrolt has long been jealous of Zyntell's control of the River Knine, and recently, the theocracy has sent spies and assassins to infiltrate the noble houses and cause the houses to collapse inward, so that Nimrolt's army in Baruk can walk in and take over the city. Though tensions among the noble houses have grown in recent days, the people of Zyntell are unaware of Nimrolt's involvement in their troubles.

A more innocent rumor, though one of equal import to the noble houses, is that one of the young women of House Morigan has run off with one of the men of House Watanbe. The rumors say that Terila Morigan and Duban Watanbe have gone off adventuring, and will likely return married and far wealthier than when they left. The citizens of Zyntell are always eager to hear news of the two adventurers, and the noble houses are curious to hear what has become of their children.

MariAnnor
Population: 1,000 (35% Auzronian, 30% Fetharn, 20% Nurinians, 5% Sinflar, 5% Froinians, 5% other)
Government: Academic bureaucracy
Imports: Grain, textiles
Exports: Magical items, consultation

MariAnnor is extremely difficult to find, even if one knows the way. The first test for students hoping to gain admittance into the school of summoning is that they must find their way through the forest, and the route seems to continually change. The students are required to use their wits, and possibly their beginning skills in the summoning arts.

The campus of MariAnnor is very similar to the campus of the merthwarg in the Brightwood. The buildings all tie directly into their supporting environment, and the students tend the grove while learning the magical arts. Some wizards also gain admittance to MariAnnor, and there are wizards among the faculty, but the population is largely dominated by merthwargs.

Economy: MariAnnor does not charge students to attend classes, but it does require them to serve as consultants to the logging industry of Zyntell. The houses of Zyntell pay MariAnnor a portion of their profits each year in order to keep the school happy and to keep the lumber harvest efficient and profitable.

Students at MariAnnor are expected to have very few possessions, though those who have worked previously as adventurers are allowed to keep all of their equipment for a small donation to the school. This fee allows the former adventurers to rent a small, warded chest that protects all of their equipment until they need to use it again.

Military: All of the students at MariAnnor are trained to use their skills in summoning to defend both MariAnnor and the Lanthir Forest. This includes Zyntell, though some of the merthwargs are less fond of lending their protection to a hub of commerce than others. However, headmaster Lar Arnur, a Sinflar merthwarg, has pledged protection to the people of Zyntell, though even the noble houses are unaware of this pledge. Because of this responsibility, Arnur often sends students on patrols through Lanthir Forest to be sure that all is well, the natural order is kept, and that none of the beings who live in the Lanthir Forest are coming to harm.

Underworld: The Nurinian population at MariAnnor comes predominantly from Nimrolt, and those loyal to the Sevars of the theocracy seek to take control of the school on behalf of their mother nation. Led by a faculty member, Rytell Shunobi, this small cabal meets once a week under the pretense of receiving tutoring. It is likely that Headmaster Arnur suspects the true intention behind the meetings, but he has yet to put a stop to them.

Interesting Sites: The fountain grove of MariAnnor is a natural spring tended by the students of the school, but also cared for by a small population of fay. Though these creatures rarely allow themselves to be seen, lucky travelers might see a glimpse of the beautiful beings that inhabit the grove.

Plots and Rumors: It is rumored that Headmaster Arnur has begun recruiting students of the arts who have a background as warriors to attend the school. People say the headmaster has sensed trouble brewing in the south, and he desires to increase the school's strength in arms. Some members of the faculty say this move confirms that Arnur has lost his sense of priority by first siding with the city of Zyntell and secondly placing his faith in the might of physical power as opposed to the power of magic.

Baruk
Population: 6,000 (90% Nurinian, 10% other)
Government: Vassal to Nimrolt
Imports: Lumber
Exports: Agricultural products

Once a small village meant only as a stopping point between Zyntell and Nimrolt, Baruk became a city when Nimrolt moved a large portion of its military there to train. More than half of the population of Baruk is made up of soldiers from Nimrolt, and the fields surrounding Baruk are ideal locations for practice marches and mock battles.

The villagers were delighted at this influx of both people and coin, not only because of the economic stimulation. With the larger population, sevars of Gabrun and Pillith came to the city and built twin temples to the god and goddess. Now instead of merely worshiping their dark gods on their own, the villagers were granted houses of worship to better serve their deities.

Economy: The half of Baruk that is not stationed there by their commanding officers in Nimrolt is dominated by farmers and shepherds. The town does have a carpenter and a smith, Sen and Jun Tornal, two Kasmarkn brothers who for some reason remain in Baruk despite the concentration of worshippers of Gabrun and Pillith. The South Way runs straight through the center of the city, so there are several inns in the town. Because Baruk is the large first stop from Zyntell along the South Way, farmers are often able to sell their harvested goods to merchants continuing south. Sen Tornal has a deal with merchants in Zyntall to provide him lumber at a reasonable price due to his proximity to the city, so Tornal is able to keep all the homes in town in good repair, for a price.

Baruk is also the largest supplier of agricultural goods to Nimrolt, which it supplies to the city as a vassal nation in exchange for protection and the presence of the troops.

Military: With more than 3,000 soldiers stationed at Baruk, the city is well defended against outside forces, though it depends on support from Nimrolt. The outpost is maintained by Captain Rum Corelan, who is a stern man with much experience in battle. He is missing his left eye, but those who have served under him whisper that Old Rum can see better with one eye than a spider can see with a hundred.

The soldiers are nearly all common folk, and very few of them are trained in anything other than the arts of combat. Baruk boasts a cavalry of five hundred troops; the rest of the soldiers stationed there are infantry.

Underworld: The small population of non-Nurinians living in Baruk must keep their worship of the Alari and the Eleri secret or risk persecution by the sevars of Gabrun and Pillith. But the few devoted faithful who live in Baruk keep their faith very close to their hearts, and once a month, a sevar from Zyntell travels to the city to share the hope those few citizens can find by looking to Ramlar for guidance.

Interesting Sites: The Laughing Solider Inn is by far the most popular place for merchants to stay, as well as the most popular place for soldiers to drink once they are off duty. Banabor Rasprod keeps a permanent residence there and is known to be the best-informed man in all of Baruk. A few coins and a drink loosen his lips more often than not.

Plots and Rumors: When the Kasmarkn first made their way from the Elokar Mountains to the Gerukan Mountains, it is said that they passed through Baruk. It is also said that they left something of value behind, though no one has been able to track down this item, and very few know what the item might be. Occasionally, a Hethmarkn Linquasi and his Guardian will stop and stay with the Tornal brothers for a few days before moving on, and this has led outsiders to believe that the brothers know what the item is, and they remain in the city to be able to find it.

Nimrolt, the Dark City
Population: 250,000 (85% Nurinian, 7% Druegarn, 5% Osarian, 3% other)
Government: Theocracy
Imports: Agricultural goods
Exports: Ores, metals, spices

Traveling along the South Way from Baruk, a massive structure rises along the path, its dark walls casting literal shadows on the countryside. These towering walls are the border of Nimrolt, the Nurinian nation dedicated to Gabrun and Pillith. Entering Nimrolt from the north, travelers must pass through the Nimrolt Gate, also known as the Blood Gate. This gate is nearly as tall as the towering walls, and the white marble structure has intricate carvings from its base to its tallest height. At a distance, the streams of red cascading down the white marble appear to be a display of color to contrast the darkness of the walls; on closer inspection, however, the carvings in the Blood Gate are revealed to be depictions of the dark gods, and the red liquid streaming down the gate is exposed as blood. This blood seems to pulse more quickly, nearly spraying from the gate, when a person dedicated toward good walks into the city.

Once inside the city, shadows of darkness are cast by the tall buildings made of black granite, making it feel as though it is nighttime except for brief moments around noon when the sun is directly overhead. The streets are lined with shops selling spices, herbal remedies, and magical trinkets, as well as statues to dark gods and goddesses, often decorated with small objects dedicated to the deity. Those of good persuasion often find that it is better not to closely examine what these objects are.

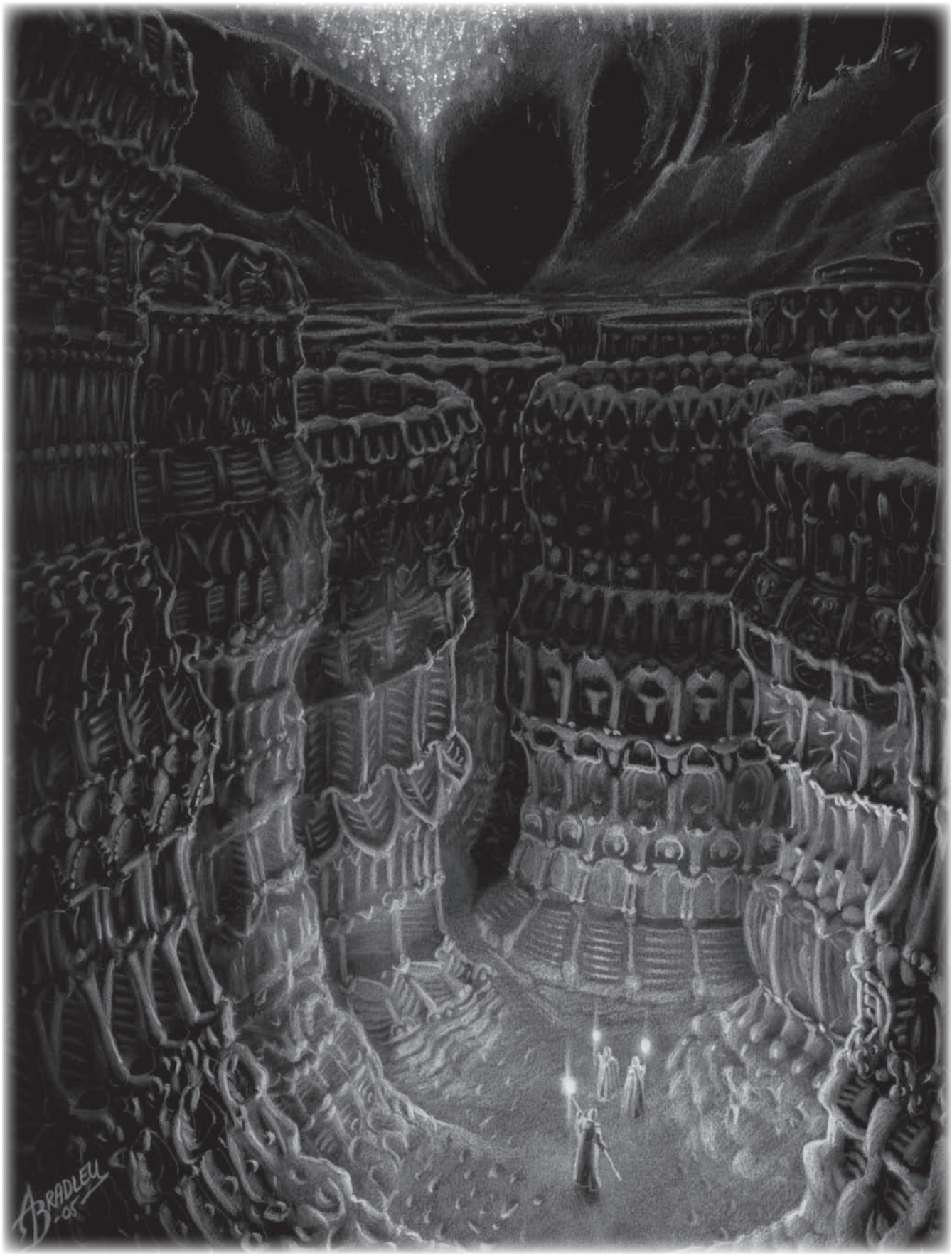
The city is ruled by a council of nine sevars who are called to the council by Gabrun and Pillith themselves. Every ten years a new council is selected, and the previous council members become participants in a ritual to the dark gods and are rarely seen once their terms have ended.

Economy: Due to its proximity to the Gerukan Mountains, Nimrolt has several mines owned by the nation, and it exports ore and metal to other parts of Eranon. It is also renowned for its spices; many of the rarest and most delicate spices are grown in the dry areas surrounding Nimrolt. Nimrolt imports much of its food from Baruk in the north.

The marketplace is varied, due to the size of the city, and all mundane objects can easily be found. Most special or high-quality items are also available, and poisons are quite legal to purchase. Nimrolt has scrolls and trinkets available to those who practice the arcane arts, but most of these are of a dark nature, and those purchasing the items should be very wary before making their acquisition.

Slaves are also available for personal use, and many slaves are employed in the mining industry beyond the walls of Nimrolt until they are completely used up. All of the wealthy in Nimrolt own slaves as a matter of status.

Military: The military might of Nimrolt is intimidating to surrounding nations; it boasts nearly seventy-five thousand trained warriors and enchanters skilled in the ways of warfare. All of the units of the army are commanded by a Sevar of lower level than the council, who shares with them the will of the dark gods and guides them along the path to victory. Many members of the military are



The Vaults of Nimrolt

Druegarn wizards and sevars who feel most at home when granted the promise of destruction.

Underworld: The law is very strict in Nimrolt, and those who disobey the laws often find themselves involved in dark rituals in the Cathedral of Gabrun. In spite of this, there are those of both good and evil nature who seek to thwart the laws. Arkyss Util, a Druegarn rogue, runs a very profitable guild of rogues, cutthroats, and bandits dedicated to the service of the dark goddess Vytha. Called Vytha's Vice, the band does its best to commit the most heinous and violent crimes directly under the noses of the sevars who lead the city.

A small group of escaped Fetharn slaves has not managed to flee the city; instead, they do what they can to release other slaves held captive by the rich and powerful of Nimrolt. The leader, Devalyn Cruon, is a sevar dedicated to Veda, and she utilizes her healing skills to cure the wounds and ills of those who her band are able to free. They occupy a small herbalist's shop run by a sympathetic Druegarn woman named Narail Tun, who herself is a worshipper of Veda, in spite of the burning sensation that prayers to the goddess leave in her mouth.

Interesting Sites: The Cathedral of Gabrun is the largest temple to the dark god in all of Eranon. Like the Blood Gate, the cathedral at first appears beautiful to behold, but on closer inspection is decorated with scenes of abomination, torture, and violence. The building itself is built at odd angles, though it towers even over the tallest of the walls of Nimrolt, and from the peak of the cathedral, it is said that on a clear day, a viewer can see all the way to Mt. Baxun in the Elokar mountains.

The Temple to Pillith is nearly as large as the Cathedral of Gabrun and is equally beautiful in its terribleness. Nearly all of Pillith's priestesses are beautiful women, and the temple appears at first to be dedicated to human beauty. Once inside, however, it is clear that the priestesses and their goddess value pain and anguish first and foremost, and those who foolishly seek to dally with the priestesses find themselves crippled, tortured, or worse.

Plots and Rumors: It is well known inside of the city of Nimrolt that the sevars seek to expand the realm dedicated to the dark gods beyond the borders of the city and farther along the South Way than Baruk. While many are aware that Zyntell is the location Nimrolt would most like to add, few are aware that the sevars of Nimrolt are also seeking to add Nelthor to their expansion. Spies and assassins have been sent out to nearly every city on the eastern end of the continent, and tunnels are currently in construction below the mines owned by Nimrolt in the Gerukan Mountains in an effort to unite Nimrolt with the Dark Sprawl.

Regional Points of Interest

The Barrows of Balzere: This high hill that shows no sign of life is nestled some 200 miles east of Nimrolt. It is the resting place of many Druegarn who were killed in the Great War. It is also the resting place of Balzere, an ancient eighteenth-level sevar of Aratoriss. His wickedness is told in many legends, and now he has transformed into a Winshar of even greater evil. Surprisingly Balzere is content to dwell in his barrow and not venture far. His greed is all but gone, and his only want now in this undead life is taking the life of the living, something he excels at quite proficiently. Twelve lost souls—now turned into horrid wraiths—remain with Balzere in the underground barrow, and they are spirits of pure wickedness. They aid the evil winshar at all times and have no want for the living but only wish to serve their reborn master. Rumors speculate that once Balzere has obtained enough life forces to come back to the mortal realm he will leave his barrow and wreak havoc among the living as in days of old. This will remain to be seen.

Brismor Thicket: This small grove, located south of Spurin Tree Forest, is the home of Xyrian Fellmos, a mad Nurinian merthwarg. Why Xyrian went mad is unknown, but the thicket is full of creatures bent toward evil. Those who dare travel through the thicket find themselves engulfed in long, sharp briars, held until Xyrian comes to deal with them himself. Though the merthwarg often lets his prisoners go, it is only after extracting the promise that they will stay away through a variety of forms of torture.

Doro Kyth: Long before the world was filled with people, a traveling band of Tylvare elves camped for the night on this high plain south of Baruk. Though their people had already settled in the Hilspar Plains, this small troupe wandered the reaches of Eranon, eager to learn what they could of this new land. The plain known as Doro Kyth seems timeless, and was untouched by the battles of the Dakass Luot. Because of this, the place maintains an aura of peace and calm, and it is said that on a clear night, if travelers are camping in just the right spot, the spirits of the original Tylvare elves will appear. Those spirits are still wandering, just as their bodies did in life, and they are eager to hear of the changes of the world before vanishing to travel among other spirits. Occasionally, if the travelers are very lucky, they will find that the Tylvare spirits have left them something—a gift of the Tylvare race.

Falstan's Stronghold/Citadel of Death : To the west of the Spurin Tree Forest some 100 miles on a high barren hill sits a bastion of evil known as the Citadel of Death. The evil overlord who maintains this keep is Falstan Graynir, a lich of enormous power. In life Falstan was a competent Auzronian wizard who kept to himself and grew secretly in power. He is a knowledgeable entity, and access to his spell books and laboratory would turn any upstart wizard green with envy. The lich does not tolerate invaders to his citadel but welcomes all who would try their hand at his five winged dungeons set below the massive hillock.

Falstan's own abode houses more 500 servants that are now nothing more than walking bones and corpses. He has his own militia, which consists of 35 Blood Dragoons of various levels and another 200 warriors to supplement them. Their General, Lykal Luin, is a Blood Dragoon of tenth level and a dreaded menace on the battlefield. Other evil things call this place home, and Falstan welcomes them all. In total, it is said that Falstan can muster more than 2,000 warriors to come to his aid if the need arises, and judging by the sheer size of his citadel the reports are most likely right. This number does not include his own creations, which are at his beck and call.

The citadel itself contains over 200 rooms, and most are in use for all schemes of wickedness. The size of the citadel is enormous. Each outer wall spans over 500 feet in length and is over 75 feet in height. Watch towers are set at increments of 50 feet while the main

gate is an elaborately sculpted construct of the finest stone, which stands an ominous 150 feet on both sides and its doors are made of the hardest iron known in the earth. The Citadel is five stories in height. Two obsidian towers jut from the center of the citadel and reach well over 400 feet into the sky above. The vast wealth the citadel contains can only be guessed, although speculation reaches almost preposterous amounts.

Falstan himself was not always evil. The very act that pushed him to the dark ways is still a mystery. Part of the Citadel was built while he was of good intent and it was after his fiftieth year that things took on a darker tone. Now, Falstan hardly makes himself visible; Research on spells and the mysteries of the universe take most of his time. He is still a well-mannered host if one does take up the invitation he sends. He is not quick to anger, but when brought to wrath even his servants cower in fear and leave his presence. Falstan as a lich stands a mere 5'10" with long grayish hair and tiny ice blue dots for eyes. However, he is seldom seen in this form. He opts for an illusion of his younger days when his hair was a well-kept autumn brown and his eyes vibrant wells of knowledge. His physique resembles that or a warrior rather than a caster. If and when he entertains outsiders it is usually for the need of service or news, and it is very unwise to disregard the invitation. It is said that the gathering of all these forces is a bad sign and that Falstan must know something he is not sharing with others. It is as if he is preparing for some great calamity, for his own ambitions seek nothing of the sort. Falstan is a devoted follower of Necru.

There are five dungeons set around the citadel. Each entrance has its own mundane door set into the slope of the hill. If one were to view the citadel from the sky it would show that each entrance marks the point of a pentagram with the citadel resting in the dead center of the interior pentagon. Each of the five dungeons are vast in scope and spread downward for many feet if not miles underground, and they are said to overlap one another without intersecting.

1.Dungeon of Shadow: Set in the northwestern corner of the citadel is the dungeon of shadow. This many-roomed grotto gets its name literally for most of it lies in shados. A permanent darkness spell was cast on the entire complex, and all vision is cut to half. Even light spells seem not to function in this cold and dark dungeon. The inhabitants vary from room to room, but most of them live among the shadows or in complete darkness. One notable room is the wide-open expanse that houses more than 100 sleks. These creatures were brought from the Spurin Tree forest specifically for this dungeon. Other notable denizens include trolls, canisses, and mountain shrikes. The Dungeon of Shadow contains more than 50 rooms, and will be a challenge to any hearty group of adventurers.

2.Dungeon of Ruin: Also getting its name literally from all the ruinous interiors is the Dungeon of Ruin. Located on the right point of the pentagram, this many-networked complex is all in shambles with walls completely destroyed and holes in the floor that fall into deep black depths. Some speculate a portion of these rooms with no floors open into the Dark Sprawl, and two accounts have proven this true. The inhabitants are almost the same as in the Shadow Dungeon, but fewer in number. This dungeon does go through violent tremors every hour, and one might be resting against a wall when a tremor causes it to collapse, thus making maps of this particular dungeon next to impossible. This is also the smallest of the five dungeons, with only 50 rooms.

3.Dungeon of Evil: Set directly south of the main gate of the citadel and forming the topmost point of the pentacle is the Dungeon of Evil. This dungeon lives up to its name quite well. In the bowels of its depths, Vrang's fauna has all but taken over, and with it plenty of his children. This dungeon is also unique in that there are no "rooms" to speak of but wide-open expanses of space, some stretching over 1,000 yards in length. Aratoriss has also blessed certain areas of this complex with the most wicked of her children, making this a truly evil place. The underground areas are said to number more than 100, and certain reports make this a fact.

4.Dungeon of Demise: Located on the left point of the pentacle is the Dungeon of Demise. The 75 rooms that make up this complex are filled with all sorts of traps that will test a seasoned rogue's ability to the maximum. If one does make it through all of the rooms, he will still have to confront Karthaniss, an ancient Shadow Dragon given to Falstan by Pillith herself. The dragon's lair is set at the deepest part of all the dungeons, and this area is some 2,000 feet across with a ceiling that seems to stretch forever. Tales about the dragon's treasure hoard abound, and a few adventurers have returned with small caches from the treasure pile.

5.Dungeon of Terror: As a boon to Falstan this so-called dungeon is no dungeon at all but a magical pocket granted by the dark gods. It is a combination of all the dark planes, and within this area grow dark trees, high cliffs, dank bogs and nightmarish thickets. The denizens that wander this realm are actually entities from the dark planes, and every one of them is hungry for mortal flesh. There may be patrols of Ishgan warriors in one locale while a roaming Shian will be ever hunting for a soul to torment, and if that is not enough there are plenty of Vrang's and Aratoriss' children roaming the wilds.

Adventurers entering the dungeon are confronted by an Oshnyx, who shows them scenes within the realm and speaks to them telepathically, telling the intruders that there is only one way out and that one most go due north in order to find a hidden cave that contains a portal back to the mortal world. The spirit creature does say that there are other portals located within the environment and that all are functional and may lead to the other planar realms. Teleportation does not work once inside the dungeon, and the only means of setting foot back onto the mortal world is to find the secret cave to the north.

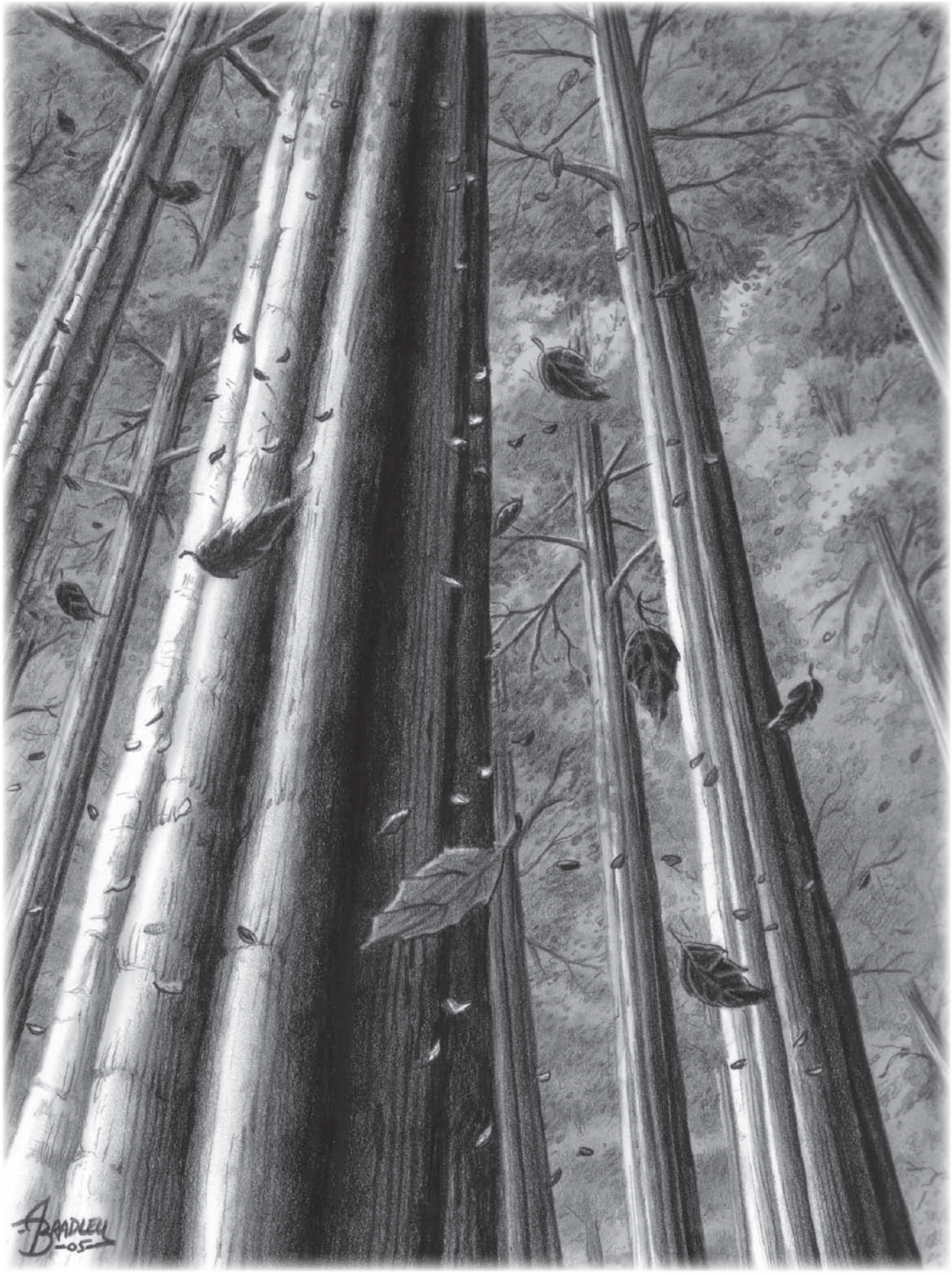
Believed to be the most successful of the five dungeons, the Dungeon of Terror is perilous indeed. The articles left behind by the fallen number in the thousands. If one should die while in this terror-filled realm, his or her soul will be bound to it as well, thus forfeiting a more than what was agreed upon by the gods with the spirit tithe.

Hadryn's Stronghold: Glyff Warn, a Frorinian warrior, was a hero in The Chill. He felt that if he could survive in the Chill for most of his life, he could succeed anywhere. When he traveled to the Third Mark and built Hadryn's Stronghold, he proved that he was right. The fortress houses Warn and a hundred men at arms and servants, and the surrounding farms in the ten mile radius around the stronghold pay Warn tribute in exchange for his protection of their lands. Warn is very intelligent but very wary of strangers; though he lives in relative luxury, he continues to act as though he is merely another warrior of the Chill.

Kaljurn's Keep: On a high hill between the Black Desert and the Spurin Tree Forest sits Kaljurn's Keep. Kaljurn, a warrior and king of his own land, rules his land with a light hand, but does not permit any evil persons to enter or plunder his land. The keep itself is a bastion of all that is good, and many statues to the gods of light adorn the outer walls and the inner courtyards. Those in the service of the king number over 500, and these are just servants. His guard numbers more than 100, and all are of the warrior path. He also has the service of three wizards and a score of sevars who aid all who are injured.

The keep, which comprises more than 6,000 square feet, did not suffer any damage during the Dakass Luot. During the war this keep was used as a haven for those seeking shelter. Although the original king is long dead, his lineage is strong and they are very proud. If any seek aid from weary travels they are welcomed to stay till they are ready again for the road.

The Sightless Stair: Directly west of Nimrolt is a spirit bone staircase that reaches over two hundred feet in height. People come from miles around to view it, and many climb the stair hoping to see the land stretched out beneath them. Unfortunately, once someone has begun to climb the stairs, the view from the railing is stark white. Some say this enchantment connects climbers to the spirit world, while others say it is merely an illusion. Either way, no arcane arts have been able to penetrate the enchantment, and those who climb the stairs stare off into whiteness.



The Spurin Tree Forest

Spurin Tree Forest and the Lightless Road: Most travelers have learned the lesson from others: the Lightless Road is not a path to be traveled lightly, and the Spurin Tree Forest is a place of many dangers. Plagued by creatures of dark design, the forest seems to have some awareness itself and seeks to harm those who enter the grasp of its branches. The Lightless Road itself is relatively safe, but the creatures of the forest continually tempt travelers from the road and into their clutches.

Ulmere's Well: A Nurinian lover called Ulmere chose this well, a romantic spot on an abandoned farm just outside of Baruk, to propose to his true love. Sadly, Ulmere's love did not feel the same and she rejected his proposal. In a rage, he killed her, and then committed suicide by jumping in the well. Ulmere's ghost continues to haunt the well during the day, and his lover's spirit lingers nearby at night as well. Many say this is how the gods punished Ulmere for his actions; for all eternity, he will know his love is near but never be able to see her.

Ruins of Thom: On the southeastern coast below The Spurin Tree Forest is the ruined temple of Thom. Thom was an avatar of Ratiss in life, and his death brought about the destruction of his great temple. If one is curious about the destructive power of Ratiss, one has only to look at the shattered buildings and great temple to see the fury of a god. It is said the Ratiss was so angered by the death of his follower that he sent 100 fire elementals to the material plane and wantonly destroyed the entire temple, save the catacombs beneath. Whether the catacombs have been plundered remains a mystery. The wealth that is buried there would make life a lot easier for a brave rogue with big dreams. However, there are reports that five enormous fire elementals still patrol the ruins and guard the resting place of Ratiss' followers. There is no mention of what lies beneath to guard the tombs, for none who have entered the tomb's depths have ever returned.

ELOKAR MOUNTAINS

Tronle, Capital of the Kasmarkn
Population: 190,000 (85% Kasmarkn, 15% other)
Government: Monarchy
Imports: Agricultural goods
Exports: precious metals, gems, ore, magical items

Built inside of the large mountain of Mt. Mordin, the city of Tronle extends both upward and downward from the entrance into the mountain. Its towers extend into the cavern's top and crawl up into the mountain, while the lower levels of the city dip down into the depths below the foothills. The city extends out the sides of the mountain as well, and the portions that are visible to the sky are brightly painted and shine like gems to those who approach the city.

Ruled by King Kalldur Talmout and Queen Kelva Talmout, a Battle Lord and a Sevar of Hur respectively, Tronle is merely the capital of a dwarven nation that extends more than 1,500 miles into the Elokar Mountains and has vassalships in the Awyn Mountains as well. The grandeur of dwarven history and the dwarven kingdom is evident merely by looking at the construction of Tronle. The city seems to stand on sheer will alone, and defies the pressure of the mountain above to crush it.

More than a hundred levels are accessible by those who travel to the city. Both the highest and the lowest points are governed by the royal family and its advisors, and are not open to the general public. There are two real sections of the city—the outer city, some of which extends beyond the mountain's exterior and is home to Runespar University, and the inner city, a central section where the palace is located. The inner and outer city are connected by stretches of bridge at a variety of levels, making travel from one to the other both convenient and dangerous; a fall from the upper levels means certain death. Because of this, many of the dwarves who commonly travel the bridges have taken to carrying magical tokens that slow their fall from great heights or allow them to levitate or fly to safety.

Economy: The mines surrounding Tronle give the city its primary source of income; several rich veins of silver, gold, and gems have been discovered, as well as many types of rare metals used in making armor and weaponry. With its College of Enchantment and the skill of its many smiths and craftsmen, the market for magical armor and weaponry is huge. Most of the finest magical weapons and armor come out of Tronle, and adventurers seeking to get their weaponry or armor enchanted had best seek out some of the enchanters and smiths in the dwarven capital.

Military: Though there is no formal body of arms making up the military of Tronle, there are very few dwarves living within the city who have not taken the Oath of Arms, a promise to serve with dedication should Tronle ever find itself in a war. Most of the dwarves in the city have training as warriors or in the elite warrior professions, regardless of their mundane careers.

King Talmout leads an elite guard and law force, known as the Judges, that keeps the city safe. King Talmout himself is considered the law, and he and his advisors settle all legal disputes within the city. The king is privileged to have a Hethmarkn Linquasi among his advisors. The Linquasi's Guardian is a vital member of the Judges, and King Talmount often confers with the Guardian on military strategy. Very few outside of the royal family and its advisers are aware of the names of the Hethmarkn, but all in the city greatly honor this pair.

Underworld: Though in large part the city is free of crime due to the firm hand of the judges and the nature of the Kasmarkn to be honest in their business dealings, one of King Talmout's sons, Prince Ordur, has formed a small group of troublemakers to be a burr under the saddle of the administration. Prince Ordur, a student of the Hethmarkn Linquasi, has come to believe that conflict is the only thing that can cause a society to grow, change, and thrive, so he secretly leads a band called the Hecklers, who, in disguise, challenge rulings made by the King, challenge old traditions, and critically analyze dwarven culture.

While the Hecklers are a huge annoyance to the crown (King Talmout has vowed to engage the unknown leader of the troublemakers in melee combat), their constant banter and questioning of society has led to some interesting developments in the dwarven arts. Theater has appeared for the first time in Tronle, and plays with social commentary as their main source of humor have become hugely popular with the citizens of Tronle. The Hecklers have sponsored a group of Halflings from Arylyn to come to Tronle and train the performers in arts from other cultures, which has enhanced dwarven theater and caused its popularity to soar in the last several years.

More sinister than the Hecklers is the Foe Gang, a smuggling operation that hides its notorious actions behind its simple name. Their major heists to this point have been the theft of large quantities of diamonds from a shipment intended for Seramis and the disruption of a shipment of ore to Zyntell, which was rerouted to Nimrolt. No one is aware of the identities behind the Foe Gang, but many suspect that the group is not dwarven in nature, and the Nurinians at Runespar University must suffer close scrutiny from the Judges.

Interesting Sites: Runespar University school of enchantment rises well over three-hundred feet beyond the wall of the mountain and is visible from as far away as Zyntell, though whether that is due to its enchanted nature or its sheer size is a matter of debate. It is said that Runespar University may be credited with Tronle's success at carving itself into the mountain, as no natural city could exist in a hollowed-out location with so much mountain remaining above it. The school is only attended by those who are extremely dedicated to learning the arts of enchantment; the tuition to attend the school is very high, and the tests to gain acceptance are nearly impossible for all but the brightest of students.

With a faculty consisting entirely of dwarves, Runespar University has a strict screening process that generally weeds out those who would use what the school teaches to harm others. In spite of that, several Nurinians are numbered among the students, and a few Druegarn are among the number, in spite of the reputation of those races. Beyond dwarves, the largest number of students

comes from the Sinflar race, and the Auzronians form the next largest population. There is some friendly rivalry among the student body as to which race is more inherently talented in the arts of enchantment, and the Kasmarkn nearly always win, if only due to their larger population.

Plots and Rumors: Lately, Tronle and the surrounding mines have been plagued with attacks by unknown forces. It has been a long time since goblins and orcs were active in the mountains, but it is possible that they have returned and are making an attempt to reclaim some of the mountains for themselves. It is also possible that the dwarves dug too deep and managed to connect their tunnels to part of the Dark Sprawl, or that they have merely awoken a creature that had lived in darkness undisturbed for centuries….

Regional Points of Interest

Elandre's Point: This rock face directly south of Mount Baxun is said to be one of the places where the Spirinari rested when they first traveled to meet the Kasmarkn dwarves. A monument has been placed here in their honor: Several benches of finest marble are situated close to the edge of the rock face, so that travelers might also rest in this spot. Occasionally, spirits are known to wander around Elandre's Point, though none of them are harmful. It is said that if a traveler sits on the benches and looks out toward Mount Baxun for long enough, the face of Hur appears in the sky, looking down and watching over his children.

Prey's Peak: Directly south of the Dragon Peninsula is a small mountain island that rises up from the Gulf of the Dragon. A pair of Magentura dragons, Drylaxuss and his mate Felrgariss, found this to be a perfect location to settle down. Ships make an effort not to get too close to the dragons' lair, but many fishermen and sailors will slow their vessels to watch the dragons soar overhead.

GERUKAN MOUNTAINS

Ny'Salanas, Dwarven Home in the Gerukan
Population: 80,000 (70% Kasmarkn, 20% Sinflar, 10% other)
Government: Monarchy
Imports: Agricultural goods
Exports: Ore, precious metals, weapons and armor

The Kingdom of Ny'Salanas began as a series of mines, and for the most part, it retains the same structure now that it has become a kingdom of its own. Mine shafts where the veins were already spent have been adapted into residential areas and shops. The mine shafts are all connected, though the tunnels leading from one shaft to the next often involve back tracking, and very few paths through the city are direct.

A centeral cavern, a natural formation filled with stalactites and stalagmites, houses the palace of King Bolmatt Malnor and his wife, Queen Arial Malnor, a sevar of Pelatos. Using the stalactites and stalagmites to guide the building process, the Kasmarkn created buildings for their palace and for a temple of Pelatos in the center of the city. All of the mine shafts eventually lead back to the center of the city, and most of the trade and business of Ny'Salanas happens in the city center as well.

The smithies and craftsmen of Ny'Salanas reside closer to the outer edges of the city, both to reamain clear of the valuable mine shafts that could be damaged by the smoke of their forges, and to make sure the smoke actually exits the mountain. When coming up the Thorn Trail, visitors know they have nearly reached Ny'Salanas when they see smoke rising from small openings in the ground beneath them.

Economy: Like most dwarven cities, the economy of Ny'Salanas is dependent on mining. The Kasmarkn in the Gerukan kingdom have found several veins of precious metals, and their main exports are gold and silver. Many of their craftsmen are experts, however, and the finest chain mail in all of Eranon is crafted by the dwarven smith Sholtar Riel. The Riel clan has long practiced the art of chain mail links, and though Sholtar is the patron of the family, many of his children seem as though they will soon surpass their father in his art. Everything from gloves to shirts to chain skirts is made by the Riel family, custom built for the best fit.

Due to its location inside the mountain and with few farmers to call its own, Ny'Salanas at first relied heavily on the small farms of neighboring Naldaress to provide them with food, but it was quickly realized that Naldaress barely had enough to support itself, let alone a second city. Because of this, most of the agricultural goods needed to feed the city are purchased from Baruk. King Malnor is none too pleased about this arrangement, viewing Baruk as a necessary darkness for the moment, but constantly searching for another source of food. King Malnor has tried to convince King Vienar of the Sinflar that they should extend their trade routes to the north end of the Gerukan Mountains, which would enable them to purchase agricultural products from the towns along the Karis River. As yet, nothing has been done to make this a possibility.

Military: Like Tronle, most of the citizens of Ny'Salanas are skilled warriors, and nearly all have pledged their service to the king. But unlike Tronle, Ny'Salanas has a dedicated army of more than five thousand soldiers and wizards, both Kasmarkn and Sinflar, dedicated to the protection of the city. These troupes often make their way into the mountains to try to extinguish the various threats that live in the mountains, including several tribes of goblins and the occasional band of orcs. Darker monsters lurk in the mountains as well, and the Ny'Salanas Army is dedicated to making the mountains a safer place for all dwarves and Sinflar who live there.

Underworld: Banditry is a major problem for shipments from Ny'Salanas, and a gang called the Yellow Scarves runs an operation on the surface of the mountains along the Thorn Trail. These bandits and thieves are all dangerous men who desire nothing more than to take the riches of others and eventually retire in wealth. Unfortunately for the Yellow Scarves, each member is as dishonest as the next, and after every large haul, some member inevitably leaves the group with a good portion of the gold that they captured.

Though smuggling has never been a problem in Ny'Salanas, it is rumored that a goblin known as Ykss is organizing a plot to extract gold and silver mined by the Ny'Salanans and filter it through the western mountains and down into the Dark Sprawl. This influx of money would enable the Druegarn who retreated to their dangerous realm to begin planning for another war effort. However, if Ykss actually exists, he has yet to be very successful.

Interesting Sites: The central cavern itself is a wonder to behold, and the owners of many shops, bakeries, and inns at the city center take advantage of the view by building their establishments at the very edge of the cavern, so that the palace and the temple are in full view from any given spot. The inn with the best view of the palace, one that shows stalactites dripping into a pool on the palace grounds, is the Gem Hunter. Known not only for its view but for its fabulous ale, the Gem Hunter is the most popular establishment for merchants and visitors to the city, and it boasts private rooms of various sizes to accommodate all its guests.

Plots and Rumors: Several goblin bands make the Gerukan Mountains their home, but they have yet to band together under a single leader. A rumor has been growing that one of the leaders of the Yellow Scarves, a Nurinian called only the Butcher, has made it his goal to unite the goblin forces and take complete control of the trade routes in and out of Ny'Salanas and Naldaress. The Ny'Salanas Army has made it their primary goal to end this threat, but as yet, they have been unable to locate the base of the Yellow Scarves.

Naldaress

Naldaress, Capital City of the Sinflar
Population: 160,000 (80% Sinflar, 15% Kasmarkn, 5% other)
Government: Monarchy
Imports: Agricultural goods
Exports: Ore, gems, weapons and armor

While the Kasmarkn of Tronle built their city so that the towers extended beyond the surface of the mountain, the Sinflar took a different tactic, carving out a dome under which they could build their city near the very top of the mountain. Several skylights allow the outside light to illuminate the city, but these windows also protect the city from the harsh weather outside the mountain, and snow and rain rarely find their way into the city. The dome is also illuminated by magical lanterns that emulate sunlight; these lanterns echo the pattern of the sun outside, so that in the winter the days are shorter and in the summer the days are longer.

The dome itself looms more than five hundred feet above the city streets at its tallest point. All of the streets and buildings in the city are carved out of the same stone as the mountain, and buildings that have seams are rare; most were a single piece of rock before they were carved into buildings.

Ruled by King Gelnarin Vienar and Queen Elrina Veinar, the city exudes both an atmosphere of peace one of readiness; should war come again to the Sinflar, they are prepared to meet it head-on. Every aspect of life in Naldaress is determined by factors of efficiency and necessity; goods are rarely wasted, and used items are often reused to serve a different purpose.

Economy: Unlike the heavier weight armor of their dwarven neighbors, the Sinflar have become experts at crafting armor that is both protective and lightweight. Their scaled armor is both beautifully designed and flexible, allowing a range of motion greater than scaled armor created by other craftsmen.

Though it is certainly possible that in their mines, the Sinflar could find veins of precious metals, there is such a wealth of gems to be mined that the Sinflar have for centuries focused on bringing the best and brightest gemstones to market. They also mine practical metals and ores to be used by their blacksmiths and armorsmiths, but there is so much to be found in the mountains that they often have more to export.

The one difficulty of living in a city built inside a mountain is that there is not enough sunlight for crops to grow. Outside the city on the surface of the mountain, many terraced farms support the Sinflar city, and Sinflar farmers and ranchers raise beasts of burden that also produce soft wool. However, these surface Sinflar cannot keep up with the needs of the city, and much of the food and drink consumed by the citizens of Naldaress comes from beyond the mountains.

Military: Like neighboring Ny'Salanas, Naldaress has a standing army of more than ten thousand soldiers. The vast majority of these soldiers are warriors and wizards, although sevars and merthwargs are welcomed into the ranks. Along with this army, the Legiam Monkari, a mercenary unit founded after the Dakass Luot, makes its home in Naldaress as well. The group is dedicated to helping all of the free races of the world defend themselves from the threat of darkness, and is never made up of more than seven individuals. The members of the small mercenary unit must retire after no more than ten years, and those who have served often return to Naldaress and take positions in the military. These former mercenaries, a collection of weapon adepts, paladins, elementalists—even assassins and Blood Dragoons–nearly always land positions of command in the Naldaress army thanks to their experience in the world and their professional skills.

Underworld: In spite of its size there is very little crime in Naldaress, possibly due to the efforts of a Sinflar Stealth Lord known

only as the Mask. Part criminal and part vigilante, the Mask is the unofficial guardian of the city, sniffing out crime before it happens and extracting his own brand of punishment on the criminals. Because of this, most of the murders in Naldaress are caused by the Mask, but all of those the Mask has killed were slain due to their evil intent. King Vienar is not pleased with the Mask's activities, preferring to see all justice come from due process, but the fear of the Mask is what tends to keep crime so low, even from the outside races, so his efforts are largely tolerated.

Interesting Sites: The Great Hall at the center of Naldaress stretches well over three hundred feet in length, two hundred feet in width, and one hundred feet in height. All of the walls display tapestries that tell the story of the beginning of the Sinflar, and it is widely acknowledged that these tapestries are the best to have ever been created in Eranon. Even Spirinari and Hethmarkn viewers have wept at the beauty of the craftsmanship. The Great Hall also features sculptures and other works of art produced by the Sinflar, from exquisite examples of Sinflar armor to finely crafted blades to icons of the goddess Veda. Paintings of the mountains in Isidria completed by those whose eyes had held the memories of that land fill the spaces between the tapestries. The result is a cultural display that reveals both the heritage and the nature of the Sinflar elves.

Another place well worth visiting is called the Hatchery, though it has been years since it was used for that purpose. When the Sinflar first traveled to Eranon, they were guided by a Lerinia dragon that led them to the safety of the shores. When they reached Eranon, they discovered that Lerinia hatchlings had hidden in their goods. As Naldaress was built, an entire cavern was cleared out for the young dragons, who grew there until they were old enough to be independent and find their own homes. However, years later, one of the Lerinia dragons returned, now fully grown, and bore her own eggs in the same chamber. This tale has been carved into the walls of the Hatchery, and the cavern remains available in case one of those hatchlings someday returns.

Plots and Rumors: Lately, merchants have complained to Sinflar gem dealers that the quality of the gems they have received has been inferior to prior shipments. The Sinflar suspect that an exterior source is stealing their goods and replacing the gems with inferior products, but they have not yet been able to trace the source of these gemstones.

Like Ny'Salanas, Naldaress faces more and more attacks by goblin clans, and should the Yellow Scarves succeed in taking the trade route, the Naldaress army would be fully mobilized to eliminate the threat.

Regional Points of Interest

The Thorn Trail: The entrance to the Thorn Trail is hidden, but those who know how to find it consider it the best route from Nelthor to Ny'Salanas. Unfortunately it is only the best route because it is the only direct route; the Thorn Trail is dangerous at best and perilous at worst. Several flocks of Mountain Shrikes make their homes in the caves of the mountains; they are extremely defensive of their territory and attack travelers in an attempt to keep them from traveling the road.

TRADE ROUTES OF THE MARK

The Lost Road

Due to the difficulty of navigating through the Hollow Hills, the main trade route by land from Zyntell to Grimbolt is often easy to lose. Though the road is well traveled, road markers seem to have a way of disappearing, and even outposts and solitary inns seem to have a way of moving from one side of the path to another. Those who have traveled the Lost Road for many journeys swear that the route changes each time they travel it.

Bleak Run

The road from Swandel to Grimbolt is well built, wide enough for several carts to travel at once, and rarely used. Merchants have begun to prefer travel by boat from Swandel to Grimbolt, even for that short distance, due to the uncontrollable thieving that takes place along Bleak Run. No traveler has made it from one city to the other without being accosted by thieves, murderers, or scoundrels, and often they encounter all three.

The Shimmering Way

This stretch of sea near Grimbolt is said to reflect the sun with a greater brilliance than the sun itself can shine. No harm comes to voyagers traveling the Shimmering Way, though many sailors have been dazzled by the display of light dancing across the waves, which they have named "Selyni's Eyes." The Sevar of Grimbolt, a chosen of Selyni, is said to be responsible for this miracle.

The South Way

The South Way is the main trade route from Zyntell to Nelthor; it passes through Baruk and Nimrolt and skirts the western edge of the Black Desert by traveling into the foothills of the Gerukan Mountains. The passage through the edge of desert and mountains is very difficult to due to the terrain, and going is slow. Many bandits have taken advantage of this decreased pace and make camps in the hills, waiting for the right moment to plunder a merchant's supplies.

Swift Torrent Run

This twenty-mile stretch of sea just south of Kyril Bay does not appear to be any more dangerous than the surrounding waters, but the small waves breaking along the Swift Torrent Run alert wary sailors to the difficulties of sailing here. The water hides a chain of rocks that lurk just below the surface, and many a foolish captain has braved the run carelessly. Those captains have ended up at the bottom of the sea, leaving behind all the valuables their ships carried and the ghosts of their crew to guard these treasures. Captains trying to prove themselves, however, may hire the best navigators and most experienced sailors to attempt the run, showing the victory of man over the sea. Others merely detour their course into Kyril Bay or south into the Sea of Osparia to avoid the challenge.

Maxar
Gulf of the Titans
DUAL MOUNTAINS
Vran River
Lyles
Vulnir's Depth
Churan's Vaults
Northern Oasis
Anadale
DESERT OF
Nasir
OSAR
Lake of
Sorrow
Southern Oasis
Maze of Irillian
Forest of
Zelcrin
Analock
The Whispering Sphere
Wood of Ruin
Ruins of Naldeth
Micrillus Island
Gabrun's Tower
Urlan
Bay of Ritan
TRONTEM
FOREST
Citadel of Nalereth
Kalas Sul
Illiandri
Iristar's Valley
Ruins of Azai
Leraness
Lost City of
Ilandris Point
Hills of Memory
Bas Karus
JUNGLE OF ALCOVERIA
Pillars of Ash
Twin Cinders
The Great Expanse
The Light Citadel
Lost City
of Grynix
PLAINS OF
DESOLATION
Hux Port
Lair of Glarathrax
Paldan's Field
Enders Well
Pools of Rahir
City of Nolta
Swamps of
Despair
Den of Malice
Pyruspa
Karlenia
Grosh's Quag
Corbesk
Macrillus Island
Lost Point
The Southern Rampart
The Isle of Whispers
The World's End
Isle of Black
Sea of

THE FOURTH MARK

Forming the southwest quarter of Eranon, the Fourth Mark was badly damaged in the Dakass Luot, though cities have been rebuilt near the ruins of the old. The desert nation of the Osarians is the largest city of the Mark, with Corbesk, near the Pyruspa Tower of Evocation in the Swamps of Despair, running a close second. In spite of these civilized areas, much of the Fourth Mark is unsettled—the Jungles of Alcoveria because they are hard to penetrate, and the Andual Mountains because of the large population of Cyantheer dragons that make that range their home.

THE BAY OF RITAN AND THE GULF OF THE TITANS

The only active port on the Bay of Ritan is Urlan, a small city that serves as the main supply route to the Citadel of Nalereth in the center of the mark. The waters of the Bay of Ritan are typically calm, but the Gulf of the Titans suffers severe storms most of the year. The two large islands located in the gulf are Macrillus and Micrillus, the homeland of the Titans.

Urlan

Population: 62,000 (40% Auzronian, 30% Nurinian, 20% Halfling, 10% other)
Government: Monarchy
Imports: Metal, ore
Exports: Agricultural goods, textiles, horses

The coastal kingdom of Urlan, ruled by King Johannes IX and his wife Queen Loria, is a port city, a fishing city, and a farm city all in one. Urlan guides and protects a long area of coast along the Bay of Ritan; in exchange for this protection, the villages along the coast pay a tribute of crops and horses to the city itself. The marketplace that results is a place where any common goods can be bought and sold, but special and alchemical items are rarely available, and magic items are almost never present. The city is heavily dominated by Auzronians, but a number of Halflings have settled in the area, finding work as sailors and using their skills in music to invent a code of whistles, allowing the sailors to communicate from the high rigging to the decks of ships.

Economy: Urlan is surrounded by good farming country, and its weaving industry employs nearly a quarter of the city. Bolts of fine cloth, sturdy cloth, and common cloth traffic to other nations by the hundreds. Along with its crops, ranchers of Urlan also breed the finest horses in the Fourth Mark. And while their warriors prefer to ride Sarthin lizards, many of Tylvare's less-skillful riders have begun to consider Urlan steeds as an alternative.

Military: The small kingdom of Urlan was once the focus of many raids by the Frorinians due to its abundance of agricultural goods and textiles. Tired of constant raids, the king decreed that the Urlanese Navy would be the most powerful navy in all of Eranon. Though it took many years to build the fighting force the king wanted to have, the Urlanese Navy is indeed a power to be feared, with more than a thousand ships to its credit. All of the children of Urlan are taught at an early age how to swim and how to sail, and though they may not be the most skilled in the world, they certainly have the largest percentage of the population competent in sea battles.

Coastal villages often call on the Urlanese Navy to chase down pirates who sail the Sea of Maxar and the Gulf of the Titans. The Urlanese see pirates as a personal insult, and they are always glad to help smaller villages in a time of need.

Underworld: Due to the focus on naval prowess, the Urlanese land forces and law enforcement have been somewhat neglected. Though on the surface Urlan seems like a peaceful town with little crime, this is in large part because the Maritas family controls all criminal activity within the city. Chor Maritas, a Nurinian rogue and businessman, guides an effort to "keep neighborhoods safe" by extracting payment from businesses and homes to ensure that those places will be protected. People who refuse to make their payments often find that they are victims of burglaries, arson, and worse.

Interesting Sites: A tall peak called Urdin's Peak is located near the docks of Urlan and is used as a lookout for the city. In recent years, a lighthouse has been built there to show the way for ships traveling to Urlan at night, but since the building of the lighthouse, a ghost has been haunting the peak. Several "accidents" have happened, with increasing precision in recent months, and many workers have died while manning the lighthouse. On some nights, instead of glowing brightly, the lighthouse lets off an eerie red glow. Those who travel the peak during the day hear the sounds of an old man cursing, though no person is in the surrounding area, and those who travel the peak at night are lucky to come back alive.

Plots and Rumors: Toki the Terrible, a powerful pirate in the Sea of Maxar, has decided that too many of his ships have been chased down by the Urlanese Navy. He intends to train some of his pirates to infiltrate the Urlanese Navy and create such chaos within the ranks that the captains will be unable to pursue pirates for a long time.

Karlenia

Population: 50; Titans
Government: --
Imports: All
Exports: money

The small seaside town of Karlenia is a gateway to the Titan Isles to the west. Comprising only Titans, the town does well for is small size and makes a very profitable existence transporting curious individuals and adventurers to the Titan Isles for sport or just curiosity. It is well known that when one ventures to the Titan Isles one does so at one's own risk. Many of the titans hire themselves out as guides for the curious, but still they make no promise of the traveler's safety.

Regional Points of Interest

Gabrun's Tower: On the western shores northeast of Urlan sits a 300-foot tower with jet-black walls and no visible door. Rumors abound of its contents, and many have tried to gain entrance, but none have succeeded. Tales tell of an ancient evil that rests within its walls and of the vast wealth contained there. It has been named Gabrun's Tower because of the dark god's malicious deeds and sightings. The tower sits upon a 500-foot high cliff overlooking the Gulf of Titans. The place is strong in ancient magic, and many who have tried to break the protective spells have fled the place screaming uncontrollably. Other tales tell that this is the very spot where Gabrun lies sleeping, ever within reach of his sword, but this, however, remains to proven.

Macrillus and Micrillus: Strong and twice as tall as humans, the titans of Eranon make their homes on the islands off the southwestern coast of the continent. The larger island, called Macrillus, is home to the Macrillusian titans, while the smaller island, Micrillus, is home to the namesake titans. Neither has voyaged across the Gulf of the Titans since the Dakass Luot, and as far as anyone can tell, they have no intention of doing so. They are extremely protective of their islands, however; many early Frorinian raids attempted to pillage Titan villages along the coast, but all of these raids were extreme failures. Occasionally a Tylvare elf will make the journey from the Hilspar Plains to Urlan and charter a small ship across the gulf so that he can see the mighty people, and there are tales of some visitors being allowed to stay on the islands for a short period of time, but these cases are few and far between.

THE SWAMPS OF DESPAIR

The southwestern peninsula of Eranon is fed by several small rivers, and where these rivers have joined and merged over time, a vast wetland dominated by shrubs and trees has formed. It was only after a large war, long forgotten by all but the Hethmarkn, destroyed the single city at the edge of the swamps that they gained their name, the Swamps of Despair. On the ruins of the long forgotten city, Pyruspa, the Tower of Evocation has risen out of the water, tall enough to be viewed from the ocean and near enough to the

old city of Corbesk to be quickly supplied by those who know the routes of the swampland.

Many dangers lurk in the swamps besides the dangers of Pyruspa itself. Dragons and orcs make the swamps their home, and murderers and thieves fleeing Corbesk hide in the swamps' warm embrace, and, according to some, the ghosts of that long-ago war still haunt the area, coaxing travelers from dry ground into the dangers of the swamp waters.

Corbesk
Population: 74,000 (30% Auzronian, 30% Nurinian, 30% other)
Government: Plutocracy
Imports: Lumber, metals, ore
Exports: Textiles, alcohol, sugar

When Corbesk was first founded, the Ilandrist River flowed through the plains of desolation and the Swamps of Despair, through Corbesk and out to the Sea of Osparia, making Corbesk a major port city in the Fourth Mark. Whether the river's shrinkage was due to the magic used during the Dakass Luot or some natural cause, Corbesk is now securely inland, still trying to recover from the loss of its importance as a port city.

Unlike the other nations of Eranon, Corbesk is a plutocracy, ruled by the person with the most material wealth. This sort of structure easily leads to corruption, since the people with the most money also have the most power. During its years as a port city, it became known for its wide variety of alcoholic beverages, its acceptance of all people who traveled there, and its ability to provide a good time in whatever entertainment venue a visitor might seek. Dancers, actors, and musicians of all types reside in the Port Quarter, and travelers to that quarter may be able to imagine Corbesk in all its former glory. Though Corbesk's wealth has shrunk in the last three hundred years, decadence still permeates the city, and many wealthy nobles of other cities travel to Corbesk to escape the pressures of state, if only for a short period of time. Some of the most desirable positions in courts throughout Eranon are ambassadorships to Corbesk.

The attitude of freedom and indulgence, which shows itself not only in the entertainment industry but in the spiciness of the food, is tempered by the poverty that many in the city suffer. The city has yet to find an industry to replace its port status, and lower-class citizens of Corbesk are born into poverty and often die in it. While some enterprising youths take what they have learned from life in the city and apply it in the profession of adventuring, many live in the same neighborhoods all their lives, giving their children much the same lives they had.

The clash between poverty and wealth extends even into the swamps. Some citizens, hoping to escape the crowded streets of the cities, have settled in the swamps just outside of Corbesk and have had some limited success with herbalism and fortune telling. The wealthy who travel beyond the city walls for the novelty of visiting an herbalist often find that the swamps are not an easy place to live, and they come away disappointed, seeing none of the majesty they had been promised. But beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and the swamps, while not majestic, have a mysterious quality that intrigues the careful eye.

Economy: Corbesk still produces some of the best variety of alcohols, including rice wines and rum, in Eranon, despite its inability to export these goods as easily as it once could. Since the death of the river, farmers of Corbesk have made a larger effort to produce sugar, textiles, and rice, hoping that these crops and products will be valued enough in other areas of Eranon to make up for the lack of money coming in through transportation.

Entertainment is also a dominant industry in Corbesk, and many of the entertainers from the Port Quarter are the richest people in the town. Though Corbesk is no longer on the open ocean, many pirates continue the old tradition of taking land in Corbesk, spending as much coin as they can while they are there.

Military: Corbesk once had an impressive navy, but that disappeared when the river dried up. The army is at best haphazard, and is composed of no more than five hundred soldiers. The current Opulent, or leader of the city, a bard named Tal Burloni, is trying to recruit more soldiers while trying to manage his wealth to be able to pay the increasing number of recruits.

Opulent Burloni, realizing that lawlessness is an increasing problem that worsens the situation of the impoverished in his city, has also begun recruiting a city guard from various militaries and guard organizations across Eranon. Currently, the efforts have produced only a handful of trained officers, and these few have been able to do very little to curb the criminal activity that dominates the city.

Underworld: There is so little respect for the law in Corbesk that it may as well not exist. Several Nurinian families have made attempts to organize the lawless activity into their favor, but as yet, no power has emerged. The market is completely unregulated, and goods that would be illegal or unheard of in other cities are quite available here. Even items enchanted with dark magic are readily found for sale.

Interesting Sites: The Port Quarter still has some of the same grandeur that Corbesk once had. A fountain in the center of Port Quarter, which depicts all of the Alari and Eleri circled around Ramlar in the center, still pumps water, and many who pass it toss a coin or two into the fountain to bring them good luck. Every night the "fountain men" come to clean out the coins, taking their "catch" home to their families for the night.

The Gleaming Bistro looks, on the outside, to be a place of ill repute and is anything but gleaming, but inside, the bistro serves the finest food to be had in all of Corbesk and many of the finest beverages. Operated by Portia Shax, the bistro is certainly the most popular tavern in all of Corbesk, and it has several private rooms available for rent for a high price, which includes three rich meals per day.

Old Town houses the palace of the Opulent, as well as the homes of the ambassadors from other cities and the richest people in town. The palace itself was once decorated with gold, though that has long since disappeared. Without the decorations, the palace is still an impressive building, and its dome shaped roof, painted to represent the entire world of Ramlar, gives the impression that if the gods looked down on the world, this is what they might see.

Plots and Rumors: Though Opulent Burloni knows very little about the business of managing the city, he is making every effort to use his position to better the conditions for those living in the city while still maintaining his wealth. A Nurinian dancer named Shandra Unair is the next wealthiest citizen in Corbesk, and she waits eagerly for Burloni to make a mistake that will elevate her to the position of Opulent. Impatient, though not very devout, Unair is said to have used connections with those in the city of Nimrolt to find a way to bankrupt Burloni, securing for her the position of leadership.

Unair is not the only one who would like to see Burloni out of office. The people of the swamps seek to take their vengeance on Corbesk and hate that Burloni seems to be making every effort to keep the city from destroying itself. Gumption Aurora, an Auzronian arcane gypsy, would like nothing more than to see the city crumble, believing it to be a den of thieves and pirates.

Pyruspa, the Tower of Evocation
Population: 1,000 (30% Auzronians, 25% Osarians, 20% Nurinians, 10% Fetharn, 10% Sinflar, 3% Kasmarkn, 2% other)
Government: Academic bureaucracy
Imports: Agricultural goods, textiles, lumber
Exports: Magic items

Built at the western edges of the Swamps of Despair, the Tower of Evocation reaches to such a great height that it is easily seen from the ocean. The tower is the highest point on the campus but is not representative of the sheer size of the school. All thousand students and faculty who reside on the campus have quarters to themselves, in part because while practicing spells, the occasional explosion is not uncommon.

Those seeking to gain admittance to Pyruspa must first brave crossing the swamps. Wise prospective students come first to Corbesk, then journey the last stretch of the swamps, while others, seeking to prove their dedication, cross all the way from the Plains of Desolation through the whole of the swamps. Some of these students never make it, due to encounters with orcs or the other dangers of the swamps, but others do, indeed, prove their dedication, and their spirit is honored highly upon acceptance. Those who cross all of the swamps are assigned to House Journey, one of two elite houses in Pyruspa. The wise students who thought with their brains rather than their hearts are assigned to House Circumspect, the other elite house. Those students who merely bumbled their way to the school but have schools worth of their admittance are accepted into House Pyruspa, the lowest of the three houses.

Economy: Matters of business are unimportant to those who teach evocation; their power comes not from wealth but from sheer energy. In spite of this lack of concern, the faculty and students have to eat, and Pyruspa depends on regular shipments from Corbesk to support its needs. Where it gets its money to be able to pay for these expenses is uncertain, but there never seems to be a shortage of coin for necessary purchases. It is well known that magical items enchanted with powers of evocation are highly valued, and it is likely that funding comes from the sale of such items.

Military: Because evocation magic is often used on the field of combat, all students of Pyruspa are trained in the art of warfare, tactics, and strategy. Though it has no standing body of soldiers, the faculty and students of Pyruspa are more than capable of defending themselves from any force able to make its way through the swamps.

Underworld: The rules at Pyruspa are very strict, including curfews and spellcasting; due to the possibility of being expelled from the school and thrown into the swamps, there is very little illegal activity on the campus. However, there is plenty of rivalry among the houses, and the occasional raid on one house or another is not uncommon. Occasionally the competition becomes nasty, and illegal possessions are planted on one house or another, but these occurrences are rare.

What is most interesting about the dynamic of power inside of Pyruspa is that the Houses have more dedication to other members of the same House than they do other members of their race. Therefore, while a Kasmarkn who enters House Journey may seek out friendship with other Kasmarkn in House Circumspect, the older pupils are likely to ignore younger ones from an opposing house, and the Journey Kasmarkn will make his closest friends among the Auzronians and Fetharn members of his house.

Interesting Sites: The view from the top of the Tower of Evocation is certainly a sight to behold, though few visitors are ever allowed to make the journey. The top room of the tower is circular and lined with windows, so that the wizards of Pyruspa can look out over the swamps and oceans that surround them. From the top room, Corbesk is clearly visible, as are ships at sea. Some say that with the proper equipment or magical enhancements, even the Titans of Macrillus can be spotted from the tower's heights.

Plots and Rumors: Recently, Kroc, a young orc wizard of some skill applied to Pyruspa but was denied entrance. This slight has caused an uproar among the orc tribes of the swamps, and many are considering plans to avenge their comrade. Kroc, unlike others of his race, merely sought to learn, and despite the dark nature of his people, wished only to be accepted by the races of light. He is determined to gain admittance to the school, though he fears that other orcs may ruin his cause by foolishly attacking the tower.

Regional Points of Interest

Den of Malice: At the very heart of the Swamps of Despair, Kaxthrul, an ancient Magentura dragon, makes his den. Magnificent to look upon and as wicked as he is wise, Kaxthrul has called many of the swamp's residents into his thrall. He is generous to his allies, however, and it is said that he has ties to both Grosh of Grosh's Quag and the wizard Mulriss of the Whispering Sphere. The headmaster and faculty of Pyruspa are aware of Kaxthrul's presence and they watch over his activities very carefully.

Grosh's Quag: Deep in the Swamps of Despair, a clan of orcs led by a wizard rule an area of about ten square miles. Grosh is a mage and a hard ruler; his intelligence allows him to manipulate both his followers and his foes. He rules the Quag with an iron fist and accepts no weaknesses in his band; those who are weak are left behind or killed in order to keep such weakness from affecting the others in the band.

Isle of Black: On the southernmost spot in all of Eranon, southwest of Corbesk, sits the Isle of Black. This dark island has been completely taken over by Vrang and Aratoriss. Its overgrown wilds and dark corners are home to many of Vrang's children and Aratoriss' minions. The island itself is more 100 miles long and some 50 miles wide. The environ ranges from small mountains to deep, dark ravines. Each spot is home to some vile evil of the gods' whims. None who have ventured to the islands have ever returned. This hellish island is only for the bravest of adventurers, and they should be prepared to fight fiercely for their survival if they choose to tread the dank soils to which two gods have laid claim.

The Isle of Whispers: The southern tip of the Fourth Mark has one island in its warm, Osparian waters. This island, located southeast of Corbesk has yet to be officially detailed or explored, but reports say that voices of the dead can be heard on the wind at all times of the day and grow in volume and number during the night time hours. The island is a little over 100 miles in length and over 50 miles in width. Its is made up of dense trees and tropical plants. The abundant fauna and flora are said to be amazing to behold. Numerous travelers have ventured to the isle and reported of its marvels but have never wanted to return because of the many whispering voices that unnerved them.

Lost Point: On the second-most southern tip of the Fourth Mark is Lost Point. A great battle in which a huge Druegarn host was driven back was fought at this locale, and many were slain and left for dead. In recent years a menacing chimera has taken up residence and claimed the area. Numerous adventurers have tried to lay claim to some of the weapons and treasures left behind by the dead, but none have succeeded, and only a few have escaped with their lives.

The World's End: At the southernmost tip of the peninsula covered by the Swamps of Despair lies a monument, a pillar featuring a Fetharn elf looking out over the water to the west. The large block beneath the elf is engraved with the words, "This is the southernmost tip of the world." Those who travel to the World's End often leave offerings to Selyni at the base of the statue.

THE PLAINS OF DESOLATION AND ILANDRIST POINT

The Plains of Desolation were caused by the many wizards' spells unleashed during the Dakass Luot, and the land has never recovered from the major magical battle that was fought here. During the war, the city of Ilandrist Point was also destroyed, and the plains border the ruins that remain of that once grand city. In recent years after the war, a small city has grown up on the edge of the plains along the Ilandrist River. Founded by Auzronians who survived the destruction of Galderest but no longer wanted to be reminded of that city, Leraness is a growing city that seems to thrive on the desolation and ruination that surrounds it. Many adventurers hail from that city, and the name of the city is well known across Eranon, despite its small size.

Leraness
Population: 18,000 (90% Auzronian, 10% other)
Government: Monarchy
Imports: Ore, metal
Exports: Cattle, wool, grain

For a city in the middle of nowhere, Leraness gives the impression of being the center of the world. Bordered on the south by the Plains of Desolation and on the east by the Ilandrist River, Leraness seems to have been built entirely out of hard work; lumber from the Trontem Forest was floated downstream to provide the necessary supplies for constructing the city. With all its homes and buildings built of wood, and a large wooden wall erected around the city, it appears far more rustic than other Auzronian cities. But the construction is sound; there is a trench around the city and mounds built up along the side of the wall to fortify the area and protect the city from being charged by mounted warriors.

The wall opens onto the river's banks, making it convenient for the town's few fishermen to return home easily. The plan for the city included the opening, so that should trade travel along the Ilandrist River, Leraness will be able to welcome it with open arms. King Guillem II, the fifth king of Leraness, governs the city with as much wisdom as a young man can muster; he was forced to take the throne when his father fell ill and died. The young king thus far has no bride, and all of the young women of Leraness seek Guillem's attentions; along with his royalty, Guillem is also a handsome and charming young man.

From Leraness, the ruins of the Lost City of Ilandrist Point are clearly visible, and many adventurers seeking to explore the area reside in Leraness for the duration of their quests.

Economy: The area surrounding Leraness bordering the Plains of Desolation does not grow many crops in large amounts, but the crops that are grown manage to provide for the needs of the city. Some grains have taken surprisingly well to the climate, and the city produces enough of these to be able to sell what it doesn't need at the markets at Urlan or Corbesk. The dry climate also suits cattle and sheep, both of which seem to thrive in the area. With the Trontem Forest nearby providing lumber, herbs, and fruits unavailable in the city itself, the city is fairly self-sufficient. It lacks any real source for metal for tools, however, and citizens of Leraness are quick to purchase household goods from traveling tinkers, considering new pots and pans to be more valuable than well-crafted weaponry or armor.

Military: Though small, Leraness has a well-trained fighting force of five hundred men and women who have practiced the skills of archery and swordplay. Recently, King Guillem has sent off for blademasters and wizards to come into Leraness to teach those with the most potential, but as yet, he has not gained a response. The Leraness Force is both Leraness's army and its law enforcement. Though land and property disputes are far more common than obvious crime, the Leraness Force breaks up bar brawls, investigates disputes, and provides a sturdy hand for supporting Leraness' simple standard of life.

Underworld: There is no guild for criminals in Leraness, although there is a small population of beggars. These beggars have found it possible to earn a living through the art of asking for money and selling information. Giving themselves the lofty name the Eyes of Leraness, the beggars of the city seem to know everything that goes on within the city walls.

Interesting Sites: Just outside of the city of Leraness is a tall, black pillar—a monument to the first settlers of the city. Along with the names of the settlers are listed the names of the loved ones they lost in the fall of Galderest. Most of the original settlers fought in the Dakass Luot, and only a few are listed without a rank or title. On the first day of spring, the people of Leraness bring flowers to the pillar and surround it, offering song and dance to let their ancestors know that the city is thriving.

Plots and Rumors: That King Guillem II does not yet have a bride is cause for concern for many of the citizens of Leraness. Though there are plenty of local, eligible young women, some of the old women of the town have taken to gathering together to pick a bride for the young king. These old women gather knowledge about the outside world, hoping to locate the perfect woman to become their queen. Recently, they have set their eyes on a young noblewoman from Aurod, and have sent her a letter asking her to attend King Guillem's court.

The City of Illiandri
Population: 20,000; various mix
Government: Monarchy
Imports: textiles, wine, ale
Exports: wheat

Illiandri is located two miles west of the ruined city of Ilandrist Point and is a spectacular city whose population is ever growing. Founded by Fetharn and Sinflar elves, the city is headed by a Fetharn king, Myran Faltauin. This city is homage to Ilandrist, and its swelling population and flourishing economy fulfull its intent with great success.

With a great forest to its east the city seems like a fairy land with its grand spires and tall, ornate guard walls. The city covers some 8 square miles and is heavily guarded by an elite unit of warriors trained by the Sinflar and named the Hallow Hall Knights. Even more impressive are the Spirinari statues that adorn every corner in the city, as well as a lavishly crafted sculpture in the central gardens. The city boasts several inns and taverns, and crime is virtually nonexistent within the city walls. All visitors are checked closely and given papers for travel within the city, and asked to return the papers when they depart Illiandri.

Most anything can be found within the city's walls. Numerous kings and queens have visited the city and purchased property or abodes in the garden district, which teems with avian life given as gifts by the Spirinari. Learned scholars also take up residence in the city, and many are sought from afar.

The city, with its vast plains to the west, garners a good deal of wealth from the exports of its fine grained wheat. In actual fact this bustling city supplies most of the fourth mark with its wheat supply although none would dare admit such a fact in public.

City of Nolta
Population: 3,000
Government: --
Imports: --
Exports: --

This newly created city of ill repute boasts of Vrang's wickedness. The pock marked Plains of Desolation, which were wracked by the Great War, were ripe for Vrang's takeover. Nolta is located in a huge crater and is continually sinking deeper into the earth. The only law in the city is survival of the fittest. Vrang's incursion into the mortal realm has flourished, and the fauna present is of hellish nature. This chaotic city stretches for over one mile and is home to some of the most evil creature in Eranon. Rumors hold that an attack on the city is being prepared and that calls have gone out seeking warriors to aid in the battle.

Regional Points of Interest

Bas Karus: Once the burial ground for Ilandrist Point, during the Dakass Luot all of the dead were called forth from their graves to fight against the free races of Eranon. Since that disturbance, the population of undead in the area has always been a problem, and many of the adventurers from Leraness train in Bas Karus in order to hone their skills against undead creatures. Regardless of the number eliminated by adventurers, the supply of animated skeletons never seems to dwindle. Many of the mausoleums of the once beautiful graveyard remain unopened, and some theorize that while treasures might wait to be discovered in those tombs, the strongest of the undead wait behind those sealed doors.

Churan's Vaults: Probably the most sought-after locale in all of Eranon is Churan's Vaults. Legend tells that Churan was a noted collector, as well as a curator of many museums all over the world. His wealth has never been measured but has been said to be far more than any mortal should be allowed to amass. Churan, however, was a well-spoken man of Auzronian descent who did not put on airs. His life was one of discovery, seeking out things lost to the sands of time, as well as things better kept safely under lock and key. He was known in all of the major cities, and many sages came to him for lost lore and knowledge. He has now since passed into the planes of light, but his legacy is still are strong as ever.

There has been much speculation concerning the whereabouts and contents of Churan's Vaults. Many have made the trek to find the vaults and plunder their contents. Those who do take up the chase usually tire after many days have passed. It is known that to start this long, riddle-filled journey one must seek out a lone sage on the top of Mt. Alorak. He will then tell the seeker where to go to next and give the pursuer another piece of the riddle. Reportedly, there are 50 locations to find and 50 riddles to solve before reaching the vaults. There is no recorded evidence that anyone has succeeded. If anyone has found the vaults, he or she is (very wisely) not telling.

Ender's Well: Located in the central part of the Plains of Desolation is a lone well. This well was once a major spot from which surrounding settlements drew their water. During the Dakass Luot the Druegarn seized this well and used it for their own purposes. It was taken back toward the end of the war, but not before the leader of the detachment guarding the well, a vile sevar of Aratoriss, cursed the ground as he committed suicide by diving into the well. Aratoriss blessed her faithful servant and sent him back as an evil spirit to haunt anyone who should come within the area of the well.

The evil spirit waits until victims come within a few feet of the well and then surprises them with an ear-piercing wail that renders them motionless before dragging them into the cold waters below.

The Hills of Memory: The plains east of the Lost City of Ilandrist Point are known as the Hills of Memory. There are no great treasures here, nor is the locale haunted by any malicious spirits. The last battle of the Dakass Luot was fought on this soil, making it a historic spot. Many come to visit the lands just to see where the Great War ended, while descendants of family members come yearly to pay respect to those that fell in battle.

The Great Expanse: At the north end of the Plains of Desolation, hilly grassland sprawls northward toward the ruins of Ilandrist Point. Though the land is bleak, and it is hard to coax crops to grow there, some small areas, hidden behind and among the hills are very lush. Leraniss borders the Great Expanse, and lately, Racshias have settled in the area, making it a very dangerous territory to cross.

Kalas Sul: Once the main citadel and lookout for the city of Ilandrist Point, the ruins of this tall tower are haunted by many ghosts. Whether it is due to the height of the tower or due to its proximity with the Plains of Desolation or the residue of some magic gone awry, it seems that nearly all of the ghosts of the plains who were slain in battle haunt Kalas Sul, and their battle cries can be heard throughout the Ilandrist River valley.

The Lair of Glarathrax: In the Plains of Desolation amid the Ruins of Risane is the lair of Glarathrax. Glarathrax is an ancient Tethsharin dragon that has made his lair beneath the ruins. The dragon's underground lair is enormous, and the treasure it contains must be fabulous beyond belief. Glarathrax is very territorial and allows no other living thing to enter his ruins or lair. So the ruins give off and eerie sensation when one encroaches upon his domain. The hidden door to the lair sits right where the Risane's front gate used to stand; it is relatively small compared to the size of the dragon that resides within. Glarathrax's escape route or back entrance is located where a full domed theatre once stood. The theatre collapsed long ago and is now a gaping maw in the earth.

Glarathrax is a vile predator whose cunning is unsurpassed. He stretches 250 from tail to snout, and his tail sprouts more than 30 three-foot-long spikes that he can use with the deadliest skill. The dragon is deep forest green in color, which blends nicely with the wild vegetation that covers much of the ruins. His underside is dark —almost black in places—and is as tough as the mightiest of armors. He has been called Death's Gaze because of his ability to mesmerize his victims through eye contact. Glarathrax is truly a foe for only those with brave hearts and stout companions.

The Light Citadel: In the center of the Plains of Desolation on a high hill is the Light Citadel. This bastion of good houses countless troops for war and is a training ground for all of Anate's, Voshurn's, and Pelatos' followers. The citadel itself encompasses more than 20,000 square feet and can hold up to 4,000 comfortably within its barracks. The outer guard wall stretches more than 800 feet on all sides, with watchtower set every 50 feet. The walls are decorated in the motifs of the gods of light, and inside the grounds are numerous temples to each of the gods. The building itself boasts three above-ground stories and four levels below ground used for training, as well as to store weapons and every day goods. Raugin Maultay, a sevar of Pelato, heads the citadel and will tolerate no evil within its gates. At any given time there are more than 3,000 troops occupying the citadel, along with countless visitors, some of whom stay for an extended time while others are there only for a short visit. The whole citadel is solid white in color, and surrounding villages and settlements earn good money by washing the stains of time from the citadels pure white stones. The citadel was built after the Dakass Luot and would serve as the center of operations in the Fourth Mark should war come again.

The Maze of Irillian: In the Forest of Zelerin a vast maze of fauna awaits all who wish to test their skills and expertise. The maze, created by Irillian, has been a testing ground for many of Eranon's rogues, merthwargs and others. The maze covers some 5 square miles and will put the most learned adventurer at his wits' end. This maze is magical in nature and will adapt to the skill level of any who enter. Irillian is now long dead but was reputed to be one of the most intelligent merthwargs to walk Eranon's soils. He ensured that his creation would last by placing an eternal spell on the maze, thus leaving his mark in the history of the world.

Paldan's Field: In the center of the Plains of Desolation is a wide field where nothing grows. This place is called Paldan's Field, and it was the site of the battle that turned the final tide of the war toward victory for the free races. During that battle, one of the Druegarn wizards unleashed a spell trapping the souls of all of the good people who died and binding them to the field. To this day,

those spirits remain, forgetting what it meant to serve the light and growing bitter because they cannot pass to the plane of the dead. Over the years, the spirits have grown angry and have developed a hatred for those who still live, and now those spirits will attack any who pass over Paldan's Field. But there is hope for the spirits: it is said in the Lore of the Hethmarkn that one will find the Jass la Flur and free the trapped spirits. It is uncertain what this item is, but it is rumored that the item currently resides in the Whispering Sphere.

Pillars of Ash: In a hilly part of the Plains of Desolation is an area where no grass grows, and the soil is black as soot. At the top of a hillock are two enormous piles of ash—all that remains of two pillar fountains destroyed in the Dakass Luot. No wind or human force can move the ashes. These pillars where the two main parts of a Nurinian altar that was used during the Dakass Luot. It was utterly destroyed, but its worshipers were bound to the area and haunt it at night as terrifying wraiths. Many have attempted—and failed—to remove the ashes. One may pick up a handful of the dust, but any attempts to put it into a container end in failure as the ashes float on the wind back to their original piles. It has been said that more than 40 wraiths inhabit and haunt the pillars, but this has not been confirmed. If one is lucky enough, it may be possible to find treasure left behind by adventurers who did not survive the night while camping in the vicinity of the pillars. Many attempts have been made to remove the ash and heal the area, but none have succeeded.

The Southern Rampart: This one is like all the other ramparts set in the world, with the exception that the Sinflar have decorated it with many engravings and sculptures on the outer walls.

Twin Cinders: Only a few leagues from the Pillars of Ash resides an ancient ruined altar to Ramlar. Its construction has been recorded only by the Hethmarkn in The Book. The Twin Cinders also have two large pillars, which were sculpted by the Sinflar. All that remains now are two burned and perpetually smoking pillars. Many speculate that the Nurinians destroyed this altar and made their altar in mockery. This, however, is speculation. It is also said that no one of evil intent may enter the vicinity of the cinders lest they become deathly ill and fall to their knees, forced to crawl away. If an evil-doer chooses to move closer, the ailment will double in intensity. Many have died trying to deface the altar, thus there are many skeletons littering the surrounding area. However, the skeletons have begun to thin, for bones fetch a high price in magic shops of the world.

Wood of Ruin: In the eastern region of the Forth Mark, in a lone expanse, the woods have grown dark. Trees and other vegetation have become twisted. New types of strange fauna have been reported. This can be none other than Vrang's curse, which has spilled onto the land from Gargentha. Other reports speak of wild creatures not seen on the soils of Eranon in any time. A rumor abounds that in the deepest part of the cursed woods a huge monstrosity walks under dark tree boughs— a vile beast that has killed hundreds. Many merthwargs have been to the Wood of Ruin and have stopped the curse from spreading, but none have cleared the land of Vrang's curse. The Wood of Ruin encompasses more than 10 square miles, and stout adventurers may try to bring down the beast that calls this area home, but they do so at grave peril.

Vahrnix: Vahrnix is a small roaming city. The purpose behind the city is unknown, but the wares one can find within its vast tents would make the most well-stocked magic shop green with envy. The city may stay in one area for only a week yet linger at other places for more than a year. The reason for this is still unknown. The roaming city is run entirely by Arcane Gypsies, and they take great pride in the goods they have for sale. One cannot join the roaming city—nor even offer guardianship of it. It is a family run town, and no one is allowed citizenry at any cost.

TRONTEM FOREST AND THE CENTER OF THE MARK

From the lake of sorrow through the rustic depths of Trontem Forest and on through the hill country where the city of Azair once stood to the Jungle of Alcoveria, this area of the Fourth Mark is still full of life, in spite of the travesties that occurred here during the Dakass Luot. The city of Hux Port in the bend of the Vran River is the only real mark of civilization in this otherwise fairly wild area of the Mark.

Hux Port
Population: 95,000 (50% Auzronian, 20% Nurinian, 12% Fetharn, 10% Halfling, 8% other)
Government: Democratic Council
Imports: metal, Ore
Exports: Agricultural goods, fruit

Long ago, before the tragedy of the Dakass Luot, a group of Fetharn adventurers and scholars traveled to the Jungle of Alcoveria, wishing to learn the secrets of this mysterious forest. Though they continued to try to travel the Vran River and unlock the jungle's knowledge, at each step they were defeated. They retreated after every expedition to the village of Hux, a small town with little to its name but fertile farms and orchards. Their continued relationship with the Fetharn explorers, however, caused the city to grow as the needs of the explorers grew; first a blacksmith came to the town, then a second inn, then a large market of odds and ends. Before the small village of Hux knew what had happened, it had begun to grow into a city, as well as one of the major ports along the Vran River.

Unsure of how to deal with its new status, the people of the town now called Hux Port persuaded the Fetharn explorers to aid them in setting up a government that could accommodate the needs of a city so large. The Fetharn helped the people of Hux Port to form a council of ten members, modeled after the Atas Numlar. As an extension of good will, the people of Hux Port asked permission to elect one of the members of the group of explorers to the council. Though all the seats of the council are elected by a city majority in nearly every election, held every two years, at least one Fetharn of the community is elected to the council.

The city of Hux Port has no walls and continues to be surrounded by fertile farm land and orchards, and in spite of the size the city has reached, many of its residents continue to view the city as just another small farming community. It just happens to be a small community with all the conveniences and problems of a large city. The current ten members of the ruling council are Liam Oraldyne (Fetharn male), Nea Falnuin (Fetharn female), Kora Wellrash (Auzronian female), Elliot Bender (Auzronian male), Jesse Daldush (Auzronian male), Eska Palopa (Auzronian female), Simpra Nelweth (Nurinian female), Tali Patches (Halfling female), Palir Falador (Sinflar male), and Salim al'Kalaar (Osarian male). All of these council members have left their previous jobs in order to serve the city, and many have held their seats through several terms.

Economy: Hux Port is a trade city, with a large open market in the center of town, surrounding the main port. The river flows right through the city, so a drawbridge connects one side to the other, and the docks are surrounded by merchants unloading their goods and setting up shop right on the water.

Southern cities like Grinbolt and Nelthor have begun to brave the Vran River route in order to participate in the market at Hux Port. Silks from Nasir often make their way to market, as do cattle, grain, and leather goods from Genthail.

Hux Port's farms support far more people than occupy the city itself, and agricultural goods such as citrus fruit and peaches are sent both upstream and downstream to meet the needs of the cities trading with Hux Port. Many of Hux Port's juices and brandies are highly valued in the mountain cities of Naldaress and Ny'Selanas, and the mountain dwellers are quick to trade goods such as ore and metal for the sweet taste of Hux Port fruit.

Military: Several years before the Dakass Luot, due to a vision experienced by a Sevar on the council at the time, the ruling council of Hux Port decided to build its law enforcement and city guard into a true military force. The size of the army had reached nearly 7,000 soldiers when the first Druegarn armies broke the surface of Eranon and began their attempt to conquer and destroy. Dur-

ing the war, Hux Port became a major staging area for armies of the surrounding nations, and due to the large number of fighting bodies that surrounded the port city, Hux Port was never taken by the Druegarn. After the war, the walls surrounding the city were torn down in a declaration by the council that all people would be welcome inside of Hux Port. This declaration has made Hux Port a haven for many seeking acceptance, and more than a few Druegarn have settled inside the open city for a time. Most of the Alari and the Eleri have temples inside of the city.

The current army of Hux Port is the Hux Blade, and it is divided into an internal force and an external force. The internal force controls all law enforcement efforts inside Hux Port; these are called the Port Blade. Officers of the Port Blade tend to be trained not only in fighting arts, but in investigation. Occasionally sevars are offered positions in the Port Blade for their divine abilities to see the truth behind lies.

The external force, made up almost entirely of soldiers, with some wizards holding ranked posts, is the Star Blade. Star Blade patrols make their way along the Vran River and through the countryside, upholding the peace beyond the city's major population.

Underworld: The openness of Hux Port has allowed some evildoers to take advantage of the city's hospitality. Hux Port frowns on, but allows, the worship of the dark gods in the city. Though these cults are watched closely by the Port Blade, some have managed to run underground activity through their small temples. Dark sacrifices must be made to dark gods, and the cult of Gabrun, run by Nurinian sevar Lotath Moriarn, is guilty of many unsolved crimes within Hux Port. Moriarn himself has never been found guilty, though he himself conducts many illegal rituals within the city. His congregants, however, have been caught robbing, looting, brutalizing, kidnapping, and even murdering townsfolk. The Port Blade has made it known that if Moriarn's worshippers cannot be controlled, then Moriarn will have to pay the price for their bad behavior, but due to the lack of evidence against the sevar himself, the Port Blade officers have been unable to convict Moriarn of his various crimes.

Interesting Sites: The Port and Trade district of Hux Port is certainly the center of the town's activities, and the Council House is located there as well. There are few markets with such a wide variety of trade open year-round, and the docks of Hux Port are constantly filled with the wares of merchants from all areas of Eranon. Even Tylvare looking for adventure are known to find their way to Hux Port.

The largest inn in the Port and Trade District is the Little Hux, a building from the original village of Hux. Though it has changed over time (including the addition of three stories, making it the tallest building in Hux Port), the Little Hux has paintings representing the various stages that Hux Port has gone through since the original Fetharn explorers came to the area. Myron Bear is the proprietor, and he is well known for his hearty laugh and mischievous demeanor. It is rumored in Hux Port that Bear is a descendent from the original leader of Hux, and had the city become a monarchy instead of choosing to be run by the council, it's likely that Bear might have been king. The innkeeper seems to have little time for this type of gossip, and instead encourages others to tell their tales of the outside world.

Plots and Rumors: Some dark creature from the Jungles of Alcoveria recently managed to tag along on one of the merchant ships visiting Hux Port. Though none have yet seen it, the creature has committed more murders in the past several months than Hux Port has experienced in years. While the Port Blade suspects that sevar Moriarn might somehow be involved with the creature, they have been unable to track any evidence of the creature's identity. Moriarn himself wishes to harness the creature's lethal potential, and he has his own force out in the city, trying to capture the beast.

The recent murders have been keeping the Port Blade busy enough that the officers have not yet noticed a recent movement in town. A group calling themselves the Sons of Hux has decided that the town would be more prosperous as a monarchy, like its neighboring kingdom of Nasir. The Sons of Hux have been attempting to convince Myron Bear of his rightful place on the throne of Hux Port. Though Bear has laughed off such suggestions, the movement is beginning to take on a darker tone, and it is possible that the Sons of Hux will make an effort to take the city by force, placing Bear on the throne whether he likes it or not.

Regional Points of Interest

Anadale: This small four-hut village set at the northernmost tip of the Lake of Sorrow is the home to the Watchers of the Lake. They are all merthwargs of various levels. The reason these watchers live there is a mystery. One may ask the inhabitants, but they are likely to say nothing. Rumors abound of a great thing that lurks in the water's depths, and that the watchers are there to make sure it does not break free. These arehowever speculation. The leader of the group is a Fetharn elf named Athan Paria, who is an eighth-level elementalist. They do welcome visitors and will lend aid if it is needed. No visitor is permitted to stay more than a week. While in the care of the merthwargs, travelers are treated to good food, pleasant songs, and tales of history known only to the merthwargs.

Iristar's Valley: Located between the Trontem Forest and the Jungle of Alcoveria in the hill country, this valley seems supernaturally beautiful and lush. No one has dared to settle here for fear of disturbing the beauty of the natural world that graces this place. Few would believe it was once the site of a battleground where the orcs and the elves fought viciously in the Dakass Luot. The King of the Fetharn, Iristar, was present at that battle, and toward the end, though his forces had routed the orcs, he took an arrow through his armor and was fatally wounded. With his dying breath, he looked out upon the valley and wept for the destruction that the war had caused; he blessed the place and made it so that no harm would come to that valley and it would remain ever beautiful. Though few understand the story of how Iristar's Valley came to be, none pass through it without admiring its splendor. Many people of the Fourth Mark travel here for weddings and other celebrations of life.

Jungle of Alcoveria: The Jungle of Alcoveria is an uncharted and unexplored region of Eranon—quite possibly the last unconquered bit of earth since the Chill was settled. Rumors from survivors who have voyaged up the Vran River say that a race of evil centaurs inhabits the jungle, shooting poisoned darts and arrows at all who invade their territory. Most of the people who survive traveling through the Jungle of Alcoveria are never quite the same afterward, so whether or not this rumor is true is unknown.

Lost City of Grynix and the Dungeon of Grynix: Grynix, like Azair, was once a large city of the Second Mark. Sadly for Grynix, the Dark Sprawl opened directly beneath it, and the Druegarn armies swarmed over the city, claiming it for their own. Before its destruction, Grynix was a model city for unity among the races; it was populated mainly by Fetharn elves and humans, but the Kasmarkn of the Elokarn Mountains and the Sinflar of the Gerukan Mountains aided in its construction. The Kasmarkn constructed a vast dungeon below the city as well, which was to be used to hold criminals as well as serve as a shelter for innocents during times of war. The city was a symbol of the free races, and when the city was taken as the first major battle in the Dakass Luot, it came as a shock to all of Eranon. Many were killed in the city, leaving all their possessions behind, and the Druegarn were eventually slain there as well. The connection to the Dark Sprawl makes even the ruins of the city dangerous, and though Grynix was once known as the wealthiest city in Eranon, no one has been able to retrieve its lost fortunes, and those who enter the dungeon below it never return.

The Pools of Rahir: Just west of the Alcovarian Jungle in a small, secluded glade before the ruined Plains of Desolation sit the Pools of Rahir. There are 27 different pools littered about this tiny glade, and they vary in size from a few feet to over 200 feet across. The nature of these pools is magical, and their history remains a mystery. The pools do have some things in common: Each has jet-black water that is never stagnant yet is free from molds and other types of vegetation. No animals reside in the pools—of the living variety, at least. The pools are unpredictable—being sometimes safe and other times quite deadly.

Jungle of Alcoveria

The magical properties the pools possess vary from day to day and hour to hour. A traveler is either lucky or damned. A traveler who relies on his good luck might want to visit these mysterious pools while others whose luck is not favorable would be wise to avoid this locale. The noted permanent powers the pools possess are as follows: Grants the drinker a +10 to one of their base attributes (random roll), Rejuvenation at the rate of 5 Life Points per 5 rounds per each location, age 10 years, gain 10 years, gain an additional memory matrix, the ability to levitate 1 round per level, gain 1 slot in 1 expertise slot(random roll), gain one extra attack per round, resistance to a certain element (random roll), and movement rate increased by one half of original movement rate. The pools can do the negative of the above-mentioned—only when done in reverse, it is that total plus a half.

It is known that once a person drinks from the pools he or she can never drink from any of the pools ever again. If one does decides to forgo the warnings and drink again from any of the pools he or she will fall into a deep slumber for 1d10 years, and no spell or sevar may wake the drinker. Many a person has tempted fate to come alone to the pools and drink again, only to become food for some predatory animal that inhabits the region. That being said there may be a great chance to find treasure in the vicinity of the pools—goods that are no longer of use to the foolhardy dead.

Ruins of Azair: Once a well-known city of the Second Mark, Azair was completely destroyed during the Dakass Luot. After breaking down the city's outer defenses, the Druegarn forces took the city as one of their first above-ground fortresses, and the battle to take Azair back from the Druegarn destroyed what was left of the city. While it is rumored that the vaults of the city were never unlocked by the Druegarn, the treasures of Azair have yet to be entirely reclaimed. Some adventurers have come out of the ruins with valuable items, while others have not come out at all. What lurks in the ruins has yet to be entirely identified, though some say it is a rogue wizard out to build himself a stronghold while others maintain it is crawling with creatures of the Dark Sprawl.

The Whispering Sphere: At the edges of the Trontem Forest is an area guarded by magic. Inside of this ward is a tall spire where the Nurinian lich Mulriss dwells. Mulriss is a dedicated scholar and seeks only to study his spells and develop new techniques in peace. Trespassers are not tolerated, and should any travelers manage to break through his defenses, they will surely meet their end at Mulriss' hand. Hideously ugly in form, Mulriss' looks are matched by his foul demeanor. It is rumored that somewhere in the Whispering Sphere lies the salvation of the spirits of Paldan's Field, but whether Mulriss owns it or even knows of this rumor is impossible to say.

THE DESERT OF OSAR

With the bookends of the Northern Oasis and the Southern Oasis to give people a last option to go home before traveling the road to Nasir, the Desert of Osar is a place of mystery and danger. The sudden sand storms that whirl across the desert can easily cause travelers to lose their way, and being lost in the desert leads to almost certain death. Many Osarian nomads roam the desert in spite of this, and though they do not welcome outsiders, they are required by honor and love of the goddess Anate to aid those who are in need. They do not allow the travelers to wander the desert on their own, however, as few travelers give the desert the honor Osarians feel it deserves. The Osarians can survive for long days in the desert, and are able to coax food from the arid land in order to nourish them on their journeys. The secrets of the desert are, they say, in their blood, and though they love their capital of Nasir, many Osarians feel most at home wandering the sands.

Nasir, City of Secrets
Population: 256,000 (85% Osarian, 6% Auzronians, 3% Halfling, 3% Kasmarkn, 3% other)
Government: Monarchy, Capital of the Osarians
Imports: Agricultural goods, grain, cattle
Exports: gold, lamp oil, brass, silk, light-weight armor

Rising up out of the desert, the minarets of the city of Nasir give hope to those who have traversed the dangerous paths of the desert. With their destination in sight, they believe they can no longer become lost. For the most part, this is true, though wanderers lost in the desert occasionally believe they see the minarets before them only to discover that the vision was a mirage.

At the city gates, located at the south end of marble wall that surrounds the city, travelers are safe from the dangers of the desert but are introduced to the dangers of the city. The streets are constantly busy with merchants plying their wares, scholars dashing from one end of the city to another, wizards performing illusions for the entertainment of the errand runners, and pick-pockets making a living. Many who enter Nasir are taken in by the atmosphere and do not realize for hours that the young street urchin who bumped into them also retrieved their purse.

The streets are lined with sculptures of the gods, many of them decorated with gold. The city displays its wealth without fear, and though there are certainly poor residents among the wealthy, even the poor are dressed in bright colors in fabrics made of Osarian silks. The marketplace is full of wonders, though many merchants who claim that their items are magic or have legendary properties are either mistaken or are con artists. Brass lamps on posts dot the streets, and every night, lamp lighters fill the lamps with oil and light them. Though the marketplace activities often continue into the night, and the music and dances of the Osarian people begin at nightfall, the activity of the lamp lighters means that the gates of the city are closed, and none are allowed to enter or leave the city until dawn.

Economy: Known throughout the world for its fine silks, the city of Nasir also exports oil for lamps, gold due to a rich vein be-

ing mined in the desert, and brass. Most often the brass leaves the city in the form of products such as lamps and household tools. While the products are useful in and of themselves, they are highly valued outside of the desert for their detailed craftsmanship and ornamentation. They are also well known for crafting armor that is both durable and light-weight, which is valued highly by warriors throughout Eranon.

A city the size of Nasir cannot support itself on the natural foods found in the desert, so it imports cattle and grain from Genthail in the north and fruits and vegetables from Hux Port in the south. Few merchants from those cities travel into the desert, so Nasiran merchants typically make the journey to the Northern Oasis or Southern Oasis for their business dealings.

Military: The might of the Nasiran military lies in the ability of the Osarians to blend in with their desert surroundings. Both the Nasiran military and the Osarian Brotherhood of Assassins are trained in the art of killing quickly, silently, and clandestinely. The Nasiran military is also trained in the arts of mounted combat, though they tend to use scimitars and cutlasses instead of lances. The White Horse Regiment of the Nasiran army is a sight that has brought fear into many enemies: all of the soldiers in the cavalry dress in white robes and turbans over leather armor, and their horses, bred for their white coats and speed, crest the desert sands like a great wave of water.

Beyond the army, the Sultan's Men serve as the city guard of Nasir. Wearing the same white garments over leather armor as the army, the Sultan's Men patrol the streets in an effort to regulate the thievery that plagues the market place. Unlike the army, the Sultan's Men are not exclusively Osarian, and even Halflings and Kasmarkn dwarves who have made their homes in the Osarian city have found their way into the ranks of the Sultan's Men.

Underworld: One of the main organizations in the Nasiran underworld is the Brotherhood of Assassins. These men are good-natured up front and view killing as a professional job. They are quick and efficient and do things in the most painless way possible. These men are often hired, through nameless contacts, by outside governments to eliminate competitive forces. However, because all of the Brotherhood members are Osarian, the Brotherhood refuses to take jobs for Nurinian employers, unless they do no know who the employer is. The Brotherhood makes a policy of never asking why they are killing a target and never gathering more information about their target than is absolutely necessary in order to complete the job. The Brotherhood will also not target any person under the age of sixteen years old, believing that taking the life of a child is both offensive to Anate and sufficiently unchallenging to make the task unworthy of accepting.

The second major organization in the Nasiran underworld is the Thieves' Guild. Run by the power-hungry Oshar Melum, the guild at one point worked with the Brotherhood of Assassins to train its members, but since Melum took charge, the amity between the two groups has vanished. Currently, the Thieves' Guild trains burglars and makes its members familiar with the arts of poison. The Thieves' Guild members are known to take on jobs that the Brotherhood of the Assassins rejects, and there is growing power struggle between the two groups.

Interesting Sites: The palace of Sultan Alairi Quentil and his queen Kali is a magnificent site to behold. Due to some lore and magic put into effect centuries ago, or possibly due to a natural oasis, the grounds of the palace contain a remarkable garden, lush and green and home to many birds desperate for water in their long travels of the desert. Queen Kali has a small bestiary as well, and possesses rare species, all harmless, from across the world. The palace is also the home to the Sultan's advisors, all of whom are wizards of renown, and the quarters of ambassadors to Nasir from the far reaches of the continent.

Though the palace is a grand place, the Marble Hall of Nasir is the home to many exquisite statues from the corners of the world, some coming even from beyond the continent of Ramlar. The hall is four stories tall and has two vast basements, making it the largest museum in all of Eranon at a size of a full square mile. Guarded by the Sultan's Men both day and night, admission to the Marble Hall is gained only by permission, which is granted paying a small fee, filling out a vast amount of paperwork, and pledging, upon pain of death, that study or value for art is the only intent of the visitor. The lower levels of the hall are strictly off limits to everyone but specially appointed scholars and guards. It is rumored that within the Marble Hall are powerful artifacts from throughout the history of Eranon, but if that is true, these are locked away in the lower levels.

The Magisterium of Nasir, while not a formal school of magic, is a gathering point for many who wish to learn the lore and magic of the Osarians. Wizards and sevars from across the continent voyage to the Magisterium, which is always attended by at least one of the Sultan's advisors.

The Northern Oasis and Southern Oasis, though not geographically part of Nasir, are two of Nasir's main trade hubs. Operated by small communities loyal to the Sultan of Nasir, the two oases mark the entrances to the road leading through the desert. Wise merchants often hire guides from one of the two oases to take them to Nasir; others prefer to do business with representatives of the crown at the oasis rather than voyaging through the desert themselves. Both small communities are predominantly Osarian and have inns for weary travelers.

Plots and Rumors: About twenty years ago, a young homeless boy named Alhaseem Eban Fashad Eban Rahman—commonly called Wyrm—became a pickpocket to survive life in poverty. One day, he chose a man who appeared to be an easy mark; this was a mistake, because his target was none other than Malack Rascom, the master of the Nasiran Thieves' Guild. Malack caught the lad in the act, and, charmed by Wyrm's spirit and daring, Malack took him in and taught him the ways of the underworld. Under Malack's tutelage, Wyrm became the greatest thief the Osarian nation had ever seen, and his skills made him an obvious choice to succeed Malack as head of the guild.

Seeing that Wyrm had mastered the arts of stealth and burglary, Malack decided to train Wyrm in the arts of poison making and assassination; unknown to the members of the Thieves' Guild, Malack was also a member of the Brotherhood of the Assassins. All the things that Malack taught, Wyrm absorbed. When Malack decided that Wyrm was old enough, he showed the youth items of office for the leader of the Thieves' Guild, and explained that the position would one day be his. The first item of office was a scimitar with an ivory handle, showing a relief of the city of Nasir, named Roshan, which means in the Osarian tongue "beacon in the darkness." The sword bestows upon its wielder the ability to see in the darkness. The second item of office was a dragonfly pendant, which bestowed upon its wearer the ability to levitate through the air and reach upper floors. Malack explained mysteriously that the pendant gave its owner "the ability to reach the unreachable." The powers of these items were secret, even to other members of the guild, and had been passed down from guild master to guild master since the guild was founded.

On Wyrm's twenty-fifth birthday, after completing a job, he returned to the guild hall and found Malack's body, beaten and bloodied, almost unrecognizable. A friend in the guild who had been loyal to Malack explained to Wyrm that there had been a coup in the night; Oshar Melum, the third in line for the position of guild master, had decided he was tired of waiting and had declared war on all those loyal to Malack and Wyrm. Wyrm's friend helped him escape the city, and Wyrm took on the life of an adventurer, swearing to return and purge his city of the usurpers.

Regional Points of Interest

Vulnir's Depth: Located northwest of the Northern Oasis, this large gash in the earth was created by the wizard Vulnir during the Dakass Luot. This opening of the earth is the easiest passage into the Dark Sprawl from the surface of Eranon. Only very few brave souls ever venture into the Dark Sprawl, and many believe that this entrance is monitored by those who live in the Sprawl's depths.

THE FOOTHILLS OF THE GERUKAN MOUNTAINS

Lyles
Population: 1,200 (90% Auzronian, 10% other)
Government: Mayoral democracy
Imports: Metal, ore
Exports: Coffee, tea

The small town of Lyles is the place in Eranon where the majority of such crops as tea and coffee are grown. Located at a high enough altitude and warm enough climate to produce coffee, Lyles was settled by coffee farmers from the foothills of the Gerukan Mountains and is now populated by the merchants who see to the exportation needs of the crops. Higher up in the mountains are several tea plantations; the farmers from these communities consider themselves a part of Lyles as well, though they only journey into town on occasion.

Though the residents of the town and surrounding area are almost entirely Auzronian, the people of Lyles have built a strong relationship with the Sinflar community of the Gerukan Mountains and from the elves learned the worship of Selisee. The town of Lyles has a large green area at its center, at one end of which is the temple to Selisee, and at the other end is the town hall. Though small, the town does boast one small inn, a general store, a tailor, a cobbler, and a blacksmith.

Economy: The tea and coffee farmers surrounding Lyles supply most of the goods for export out of the city; they, in turn, spread their money around, purchasing what they need from the various crafters among the townsfolk. Twice a week there is an open market in the town green where local artisans (potters, weavers, and the like) can show their wares and exchange goods with other members of the community.

Military: Lyles has no military to speak of, though they have allegiances with Genthail and Naldares; in exchange for certain amounts of crops and goods dedicated to each community, the militaries of Genthail and Naldares will come to the town's aid if the town were ever under attack. Because of this, there are usually a handful of Sinflar warriors and knights from the two orders of Genthail stationed at the Goose Down Inn off the town green. Should an attack come, these warriors will defend the city; one warrior from each group is a trained runner, who can get to his people and bring back reinforcements.

Typically, the mayor of Lyles, elected once every four years, relies on the warriors to break up brawls and deal with internal security issues as well. The town hall has a wing for a constabulary and a small jail.

Underworld: The village idiot and drunkard, who is also thought to be the village crook, is Yamie Borbon. He regularly turns himself in to the constabulary for public drunkenness, and as yet, all his promises to reform have caused any real change. Borbon also takes credit for any crimes committed in Lyles, whether or not he is the perpetrator. A few of the knights of Genthail theorize he just enjoys spending time in his jail cell, while others see him as a serious obstruction of justice.

Interesting Sites: The Temple to Selisee is the largest building in all of Lyles and certainly the best decorated. Presided over by a Sinflar Sevar, Kalir Totur, the temple holds services once a day and twice on the last day of the week. Many of the farmers surrounding the village make their way in early every morning to worship before heading back out to their fields.

The Goose Down Inn, as the only inn in town, is the place most visitors make their lodgings. A gathering place for locals every evening, the Goose Down is the best place to find out what is happening in the surrounding countryside. Run by Nora Pelar, an old widow with more children than her late husband had any knowledge of, and her daughters-in-law, the Goose Down is known for its excellent selection of warm beverages from the local crops, as well as variations of those local drinks containing alcohol. The best, served hot, is the Lyles whiskey, a coffee drink with a punch.

Plots and Rumors: A goblin tribe called the Longtooth has recently begun raiding the farms higher up in the mountains. Several of these attacks have gone unnoticed by the town of Lyles, with the exception that the citizens have commented on the poor health of some of the local farmers, assuming that they've missed worship services and evenings at the Goose Down due to illness. If the goblins are able to take several of the eastern farms, Lyles could lose not only some of its most important citizens, but some of its most important crops as well.

Citadel of Nalereth
Population: 3,000 (55% Sinflar, 30% Fetharn, 10% Kasmarkn, 5% other)
Government: Militocracy
Imports: Textiles, lumber
Exports: Weaponry

In the foothills of the Gerukan Mountains and within site of the ruins of the city of Naldeth, the Citadel of Nalereth is nearly as much a fortress as it is a nation. Ruled by Sinflar General Ronikur, who is guided by the noble families that had once settled Naldeth and representatives of the two clans of dwarves who lived in that ruined city, the Citadel of Nalereth is surrounded by gray walls twenty feet thick. Seams of quartz run through these gray stones that built the walls, and when the sun shines in the west as it sets, the walls glisten with light, making the city seem as though it is a giant torch near the mountains.

Inside the walls of the Citadel of Nalereth, the architecture seems as though it was built to evoke the mountains directly behind the city. But for all the gray stone that makes up the buildings, islands of green dot the streets, and many parks and small groves of trees are found in nooks and crannies throughout the city.

Economy: Though the city was built more than two hundred years ago, it still seems to be searching for its identity. For many years it depended on aid from Naldaress and Seramis to function, but in recent years, these kingdoms have expected the Citadel to survive on its own. The small, terraced farms that surround the city strive to support the need for food, while some miners have attempted to mine rich veins in the foothills of the mountains.

The Citadel imports nearly all of its lumber and textiles, though it does manage to support itself in the need for wool. However, much of the finest weaponry in the world comes out of the Citadel; ornamental weaponry, practical weaponry, and weaponry of the highest quality are all produced in the Citadel. Several Sinflar families, who have intermarried over the last two hundred years, focus on blade work and produce better swords, daggers, and spear-tips than anyone else in Eranon; the Axeharn clan of dwarves, one of the advising clans of the city, is known for its fine axes and war hammers as well as an assortment of traditional dwarven weapons; and the Olani family of Fetharn elves are the finest fletchers in the western marks. This expertise has allowed the Citadel to compete with other cities in trade, and the export of these weapons has balanced its continual need for lumber and textiles.

Military: All of the citizens of the Citadel of Nalereth belong to the military; only those of appropriate age and ability are ever called to active duty. From a very young age, children are trained the arts of combat, from hand-to-hand fighting to swordsmanship to the arts of tactics and strategy. Those who possess aptitude for the arcane arts or are called to the service of the gods are both allowed and encouraged to pursue those abilities—with the understanding that they will return to their homeland to use those new skills to protect it.

Underworld: The law that governs the Citadel of Nalereth is strict, and those who betray the good of the city are given public trial. If they are found guilty, they are executed. Few people seek to undermine this law in the small town, and outsiders are highly suspected in any cases of crime.

Interesting Sites: The Spire of the Citadel, which marks both the center of the city and the War Room where General Ronikur conducts his affairs, towers high above the rest of the city. Built

with the same gray stone inlaid with quarts, the Spire also has a piece of solid quartz that serves as a base for a beautiful weathervane made of crystals. At noon, the sun hits the weathervane and the quartz below it and sends rainbows cascading through the city streets. Though the locals have largely gotten used to the site, travelers often stand in awe of the colors that dot the streets and buildings of the city.

Plots and Rumors: Several merchants from Nimrolt have begun trying to recruit members of the weaponsmith families to come and work in the city of darkness. Though the weaponsmiths are wary of these proposals, the people of Nimrolt are offering quite a lot of money to gain the skills of these crafters and bring them to their theocracy. As yet, none have accepted, but if the offers continue to increase, the Citadel may well lose some of its finest artisans.

Regional Points of Interest

Ruins of Naldeth: Naldeth was the first Sinflar city to be built outside of the mountains, and it was hit heavily by the war, so much so that reconstruction was nearly impossible. The remnants of the Sinflar families who had lived there, as well as the survivors of the two clans of dwarves who had called Naldeth their home, left the ruins of their city behind them. Many returned to the mountains, while other sought to try to rebuild a new city. From the ruins of Naldeth, the spire of the Citadel of Nalereth is easy to see, but those who keep their eyes on the sites beyond the ruins are likely to find themselves set upon by spirits. The Sinflar and Kasmarkn who were murdered in Naldeth still haunt the ruins, and now merely want to be left alone. Though many wish to honor this desire, others know of the treasures Naldeth once held—sculptures by the Sinflar, magical armors and weapons, and even the gold that those fleeing the city eventually left behind. The temptation to gather those treasures back for the living is great, and many are willing to risk the wrath of the spirits to attempt this mission. Few return with anything to show for their quest but scars.

THE ANDUAL MOUNTAINS AND THE FOREST OF ZELERIN

Due to the large population of dragons in the Andual Mountains, very few people care to reside in the area. Even cities as far away as Urlan fear living in the shadow of the dragons. However, the Forest of Zelerin offers something of a reprieve from the dangers the dragons offer; the city of Analock, built into the forest in such a way that it cannot be seen from the sky, manages to survive quite well in the foothills of the mountain range.

Analock

Population: 90,000 (65% Auzronian, 10% Nurinian, 10% Fetharn, 5% Sinflar, 5% Frorinian, 3% Halfling, 2% Spirinari)
Government: Monarchy
Imports: Weapons, armor, metal goods
Exports: Lumber, alcohol

Located along Death's Road, Analock is often passed through by merchants who do not realize that they are surrounded by a tree city. All of the buildings of Analock are built in the upper levels of the trees and linked together by bridges made of rope and vine. The Fetharn architects who planned wanted to be sure that the city was visible neither from above nor below. Only those who know to look up in the center of the Forest of Zelerin notice that the trees are filled with life. Many mistake the songs of halfling singers floating down from the trees as the songs of spirits of the wood, which has led those who have not heard of Analock to believe that the wood is haunted.

Those merchants who know of Analock are quick to spend the night there, understanding that it is the last civilized stop along Death's Road before they reach the Northern Oasis. Analock is well known for its hospitality and its brews, and the light-hearted atmosphere of the city makes it a lovely place to visit.

Economy: The tree city has intrigued a number of merthwargs from all nations, who seek to learn how the Fetharns built the city to fit so closely into the environment. Though merthwargs usually shy away from civilization, the city feels enough like nature that many who have come to Analock have stayed. These merthwargs guide the residents of the Forest of Zelerin in their farming and lumber harvesting, making lumber the chief export of the city.

Only a few years after the city was founded, a clever group of halflings quite accidentally discovered a type of berry that, when fermented, offers a very pleasant taste and sensation of relaxation. Called Analock Liquor, the drink has become a traditional beverage for celebrations in the city of Analock. The brewing is largely performed by the small halfling community, who rarely hire other races into positions. They claim that the smell of the fermented berries enhances their musical talents and believe that the brewing process is therefore best accomplished by musicians.

Military: The city largely escaped the destruction of the Dakass Luot by spreading its people throughout the forest and convincing the Druegarn that the place was haunted. Though the Druegarn tried to burn out the Forest of Zelerin, quick action on the part of the King's Bandits and the merthwargs in those ranks made it possible to control the damage without allowing the Druegarn to realize their plans had been thwarted.

The King's Bandits got their name from the tree-city guerilla tactics. Much of the Forest of Zelerin is linked by rope and vine bridges, and from these high locations, the King's Bandits send arrows hailing down upon their enemies. These warriors are trained in stealth and quick movement, so that they are able to get from one area of the forest to another without alerting strangers to their presence. They rely on the elements of surprise. Many of the King's Bandits train in Aurod with the Order of the Black Rose. Others have joined the King's Bandits from adventuring parties and other experienced groups, feeling that Analock can make good use of their abilities. Along with the ranged combatants, the King's Bandits highly value wizards, sevars, and merthwags, seeing their controls over magic to be extremely useful in the types of fighting that go on in the Forest of Zelerin.

Several groups of bandits have tried to make their own mark in the Forest of Zelerin, but the King's Bandits have quickly put a stop to these groups, claiming the rope bridges of the forest as their own. They answer directly to the Auzronian King Asparin and his son, Luthon; the current captain of the King's Bandits is King Asparin's brother, Lord Mordei. Mordei's son Jardo and Prince Luthon are both young, unmarried men who have spent some time traveling Eranon. Though they are the best of friends, they tend to have a very competitive friendship, and often seek to outdo the other's exploits. One day Luthon will become king and Jardo will likely take over as the captain of the King's Bandits; the people of Analock hope that marrying off the young men will settle them down in time for them to take up the mantles of their responsibilities.

Underworld: A city the size of Analock has its fair share of crime, though the King's Bandits are able to keep much of the crime in check. Unfortunately, they have as yet been unable to track down the persons responsible for the illegal sale and shipment of Analock Liquor to Corbesk. At one time, Corbesk was the city of Analock's most important trade ally; it appears that the merchants of Corbesk have now found a cheaper seller of Analock Liquor, and they are therefore no longer dealing with the legal brewers.

The truth is that a Nurinian tavern owner named Oler Bosh has opened a back room in his tavern, the Gilded Dagger, for illegal gambling, black market trade, and the unauthorized brewing of Analock Liquor. Though his liquor is of lower quality than the type sold by the traditional brewers, it is close enough that many in Corbesk are unaware of the change. Bosh hopes to expand his operations by purchasing several other taverns in Analock for his children, who would be able to bring his gambling ring to a wider audience. Laria Bosh already has her eyes on the finest tavern in Analock, the Wind Chime, and is hoping to take ownership by way of marriage if possible. Once she is in the family, she will simply see to it that the previous proprietors, and her husband, fall tragically ill.

Interesting Sites: The Wind Chime, built near the top of the tree line, is the highest building in the city of Analock as well as

the nicest inn. The roof of the building is lined with chimes, which are caught by the breezes that blow up near the treetops. From the third floor of the inn, visitors are able to look out above parts of the tree line to see the butterflies that fly only at that height. Run by honest and wealthy Nurinian businessman Telor Kapis and his wife, the Wind Chime is known to host the most important guests in Analock, including notable adventurers, ambassadors and messengers to the crown, and high-ranking Sevars from various religions. It is joked that the Kapis family have turned their backs on the dark gods in favor of praising whatever god happens to have a Sevar representing him at the inn.

The Arbor Palace is perhaps the most unique building in all of Analock. Built in the center of a hollowed out tree, the entire outside of the palace is made of the vines and lianas that strangled the original tree to death. This means that the building is actually a living plant, as the vines continue to gather nourishment from the ground and other trees to which they are connected.

King Asparin and the royal family all have rooms in the palace, though the king's brothers prefer to live in smaller buildings built at the outskirts of the tree city or in other areas of the Forest of Zelerin. The King's Hall, which serves as his audience chamber, his throne room, and the place where all royal balls and events are held, is located at the top of the hollowed tree, open to the sky so that the sun shines down on the court from between the branches of taller trees. Court wizards have made it so that the King's Hall is sealed off from foul weather but open to pleasant breezes and warm sunshine.

Plots and Rumors: In the northwest corner of the Forest of Zelerin, at the forest floor, lives a small group of Druegarn soldiers, trapped in battles of the Dakass Luot. Afraid to draw attention to their small camp, they have managed to rot the rope bridges in this area of the forest, and as yet, the people of Analock have yet to discover this small group. For the last three hundred years, the camp has not made contact with the outside world; any who have fled the forest have been, it is assumed, caught by the dragons of the Anduals. These Druegarn believe the Dakass Luot continues, and plot against the city of Analock, certain that its destruction will enable them to contact the rest of the Druegarn army.

Regional Points of Interest

Swift Death's Way: This road is the only path into the Andual Mountains. No one can say who built it, as the Cyantheer dragons that live in those mountains have been there for as long as any of the free races can remember. Storytellers claim that once there were cities in the mountains, and that treasures wait there to be discovered. However, no one who has traveled Swift Death's Way overnight has ever returned, and those who travel it during the day must do it very quickly, or they, too, will become a meal for the dragons.

Glehsarhan: Nestled in the southern part of the Andual mountains stands the Sinflar lookout Glehsarhan. This newly made small citadel houses 50 Sinflar warriors and 10 wizards. It was put in place by the king of Naldaress and is a well-fortified stronghold. The inhabitants carry on their daily lives, each honing his or her skills and magic. Routine patrols are made in groups of five—four warriors and a wizard. Three sevars also reside in the keep should the need for healing arise. The citadel can house up to 500 refugees during wartime, as well as the occasional caravan that becomes stuck or in need assistance. Lost travelers are welcome to rest and regain their wits if they have lost their way. Glehsarhan is run by Durnir Sinla, a Paladin of the eighth level who is stout of heart and will aid any of good demeanors. He has no love for the denizens of the world or any who worship the dark gods. His views on his kin, the Druegarn, vary, but Durnir harbors no regrets about dispatching evil from the world—no matter what the race: When angered he is a deadly foe.

TRADE ROUTES OF THE MARK

The Bleak Run

The main trade route from Nasir to Corbesk, the Bleak Run gets its name due to the desolation of much of its route. Passing through the Southern Oasis to the south of the Lake of Sorrow and around the north end of the Trontem Forest, the Bleak Run goes around the Lost City of Ilandrist Point and through the Plains of Desolation and the Swamps of Despair. The people of Leraness and Hux Port are making efforts to build a new route that would pass through each of their cities and avoid the Plains of Desolation, going around them to the south to avoid the Swamps of Despair as well, but as yet, they have not been able to gather enough money to make this a reality.

The Jaunt

The main trade route from Corbesk to Urlan, the Jaunt sounds like an easy path to travel until a traveler realizes that the first quarter of his journey is through the Swamps of Despair. The swamps along the Jaunt have largely been tamed, and a few hostels, by building on stilts, have even managed to set up business along the way, but merchants who believe they will find a shortcut often lose their way in the swamps, and others give in to the feeling of despair that clings to the place, ending their journeys by taking their own lives.

Death's Road

The main trade route from Urlan to Nasir (via Northern Oasis), Death's Road gets its name from the large number of Cycantheer dragons who fly overhead as the road passes the southern tip of the Andual Mountains. The sightings cause more fear than death, but occasionally merchants or their guards are taken by the dragons for a nice lunch-time meal. Death's Road passes through the Forest of Zelerin and the city of Analock

Zychariss and Sardraxan

7 Personalities of Eranon

A major part of Eranon's uniqueness is the cast of personalities. The blend of prominent figures covers virtually every walk of life and abilities. It is all too possible for an adventuring party to negotiate with the likes of the notorious pirate-captain Mulra Eshani one week, find themselves at the court of the Kasmarkn Prince Ordur Talmount the next, and join forces to fight great evil alongside the archmage Istolil Hune the one after—or go off on other tangents that bring them face-to-face with any of a multitude of colorful characters. Will they be allies? Will they be adversaries?

This chapter presents just some of the most intriguing figures on Eranon for use in your campaigns. Their histories, appearance, disposition, likes, dislikes, motivations and more are now at your disposal as you decide whether their agendas will bring them in allegiance or conflict with the player characters.

Character Descriptions

In addition to the personalities' backgrounds you'll find game statistics, arranged in the following manner:

Race: The character's ethnicity

Path: The character's path(s) and respective path level(s)

Level: Character levels

Attack/Defense/Contact/Subterfuge Rating: All but provisional modifiers and situational talents already figured in

CHA/END/INT/NIM/PER/STR/TEN/WIS: The character's attribute scores.

Talents: All talents possessed by the character, including the number of times taken and game statistic notations for quick referencing

Divine Boons: Any divine boons the character has

Special Combat Maneuvers: Any special combat maneuvers the character is able to perform, along with all the effects and Momentum cost

Expertise: All of the character's expertise with respective ranks (with free ranks already included)

Spells: All spell known by the character. No distinction is made between memorized spells or those not memorized; it is left for the GM to decide spontaneously as to advance the current storyline.

Demeanor/Theme: The character's present D/T. Any unusual D/T that enables characters to "break conventions"—such as learning individual spells outside their tradition—are also listed.

Weapons: The typical weapons, enchanted or mundane, used by the character. A character is not always unarmed if the entry reads "none"; it just means the character usually does not carry any weapon of significance.

Armor: The typical armor, enchanted or mundane, used by the character

Special Possessions: Lists all special or enchanted items on the character's person or close proximity. Spellcasters are assumed to have their spellbooks unless specified otherwise.

ALISTRA MONSHAE
Race: Fetharn
Path: Rogue 2/Spy 9
Level: 11
Attack Rating: 10
Defense Rating: 12
CHA: 98
END: 55
INT: 77
NIM: 64
PER: 85
STR: 53
TEN: 71
WIS: 87
Talents: Chameleon, Contact x4, Experienced x6, Improved Resources x2, Know Lies, Luck x2, Martial Weapons Familiarity, Power of Persuasion, Pull Strings x4, Scoundrel's Luck, Understand the Mind
Divine Boons: None
Special Combat Maneuvers: None
Expertise: Diplomat (3 slots): 5 ranks; Friends in VERY High Places (3 slots): 5 ranks; Legend Lore (1 slot): 5 ranks; Social Graces (2 slots): 5 ranks; Tavern Keeper (3 slots): 5 ranks
Demeanor/Theme: Cultivate New Connections; Expertise: Legend Lore; Local Rumor Mill
Weapons: None
Armor: None
Special Possessions: None

"Elegant, like a noble lady-to-wed's pristine, ivory couture, cascading resplendent pearls in full sunshine. Graceful, reminiscent of a silky petal waltzing amid a Brightwood spring zephyr, titillating the young branches but never quite touching."

Not all descriptions are quite as eloquent as the words used by the poet Jucaedeus to describe Alistra Monshae: Others have opted for "sophisticated," "alluring," and even "damn fine" to express her charm, which neither princes nor paupers can deny.

And for good reason. Her appeal has been refined since childhood—not so much a privilege as a necessity for an emissary's daughter. Alistra's mother was always on duty, shifting from court to court at the behest of the Fetharn regime. By the time she reached adolescence, Alistra had resided in more realms and territories than most elves twenty times her age had seen. Although Karineth could not slacken the hectic pace of her diplomatic life, she noticed how much easier it was for children to bond, compared with adults. Thus, she made an effort to school Alistra in the fine art of diplomacy; it did not hurt, either, that Alistra's natural aura seems to make others at ease and willing to confide in her. Whenever Karineth arrived to initiate a new mission, she encouraged Alistra to mingle with the young scions, while she dealt with their royal parents. The tactic worked to perfection. Karineth was often able to quickly endear herself to the nobles of a new court, simply because Alistra had become their children's favorite playmate. The Monshaes might not have stayed long, and not all pacts were negotiated successfully, but their presence was always missed.

Before the rigor finally forced her mother's retirement, Alistra shared flights of fancy with countless companions—many of them now kings, queens, lords and ladies. They still remember her fondly, and she them. When the current Fetharn rulers first pressed Alistra to assume her mother's post—against her wishes—several of her former companions exerted their influence to compel a "re-thinking" of that plan. As a result, Alistra became an "unofficial" ambassador, able to come and go of her own accord, in lieu of the strict, frantic itinerary that eventually drove Karineth to ill health. Despite her informal status, Alistra commonly receives preferential treatment and better escorts than most official representatives of Arameth. She did take advantage of the freedom to slip away with her regal comrades on several undisclosed "excursions," when they felt the need to escape their stifling confines and clean out a goblin lair or two.

In her oft-traveled youth, Alistra learned the fundamentals of arms alongside a Calvor in the Frorinian cold; held chorus until falling asleep under starlight amid young halflings; and collaborated with juvenile Kasmarkn royalties on pranks in the halls of Runespar University. But of all her experiences, Alistra particularly treasures the stories told to her. From epic legends of brave slayers of demons, dragons and other beasts, to folklore of mythic entities living harmlessly under bridges, she never fails to make time for a good tale. She can recall every story she has heard, even when the original teller may not remember having given a particular version. This fascination with story telling has often made her wonder if she should have pursued the path of a scholar, a loremaster.

Barely lagging behind her passion for story is her affection for wine—which was how she came to own her lavish tavern in Aurod,

the Dancing Dryad. While relaxing in the former Golden Goblet, Alistra made an off-handed remark regarding the quality of the house's finest wine. The enraged proprietor wagered his establishment against her ten-year service on her producing a superior vintage. Through her connections Alistra was able to secure a batch of rare dragonberries and improvised a secret recipe she learned from a halfling tribe. The result—the Dancing Dryad—not only won her a new business, but became the signature libation of the renamed tavern (Ever gracious, Alistra offered part-ownership to the defeated man, who now happily manages the premises during Alistra's rare absence). Thus Alistra was able to combine her two greatest loves: wine and storytelling.

The Dancing Dryad is extremely popular in Aurod and has a prestigious clientele, thanks in equal part to the entertaining milieu, sumptuous fare, and Alistra's ties to sundry luminaries. Such celebrated figures as Seras Thorne, captain of the Sky Knights, regularly grace the establishment. The renowned wizard Istolil Hune also visits occasionally, weaving for Alistra another enchanting tale over dragonberry wine (the offer stands for anyone with an especially interesting story to impart). Given the patronage and her gregarious warmth, Alistra challenges Jet Maljere as the most informed person in Aurod. meanwhile the Dancing Dryad competes with Jet's Black Secrets for the best place to gather rumors — though the Dryad definitely has the edge in amenities and comfort.

In the words of the cosmopolitan merchant, Verto Syzol, Alistra is ravishing, even among Fetharn elves. She is tall, with dark features accented by wavy black hair that curls near her shoulders. She does not make a formidable foe in combat; she is merely adequate with weapons. What makes her dangerous is her seemingly boundless connections and their willingness to assist her; although she's sociable and slow to anger, some people fear she could end lives with a simple request to the right individual. Alistra is trusted with many personal secrets, but she's the ultimate confidant who has never betrayed anyone.

ISTOLIL HUNE

"I will endure. A task that tries me daily, but then it was I who put myself here. My life is different than most others, and it is told in other books and tales that I will not begin to repeat. The road I traveled was hard, weary, and long, but my determination and perseverance has led to victories, victories that I hold very dear to heart. A city of thousands and myriad others in the world look to me for protection. Many see me as a hero. I see myself as an example, nothing more, nothing less, of what the mind and will can accomplish. Others see me as a threat as I offer my aid. The chains of the past are difficult to break. I am a target for many people, and certain measures have ensured that this target remains elusive. I would say my allies and confidants—those who have aided me or lent advice when I wavered—are my best defense. I hold them in the highest respect. There are others of my kin who have walked the same road as I; some met bitter consequences. Others have endured adversity and soared to great heights. A few are in this very city, contributing to the welfare of this magnificent capitol that we call home. I am not unapproachable. I roam the city every day and welcome conversations with my fellow citizens.

"I too have wants and needs. Those familiar with my history will know that one desire I had achieved, but lost to the hands of the dreaded necromancer who dwells in the west, over the mountains. He is ever at my heels, and it is with the blessing of my goddess that I elude and counter his machinations. It has been said that I often seek out those of stout heart to recover precious relics of the past for me and the enrichment of the world. This I deem true. Eranon is full of treasures both diminutive and immense, and I look for all that I can. Artifacts that are found and judged dangerous are tucked safely away from all malicious entities. Where, I will not say, but rest assured they are under the most vigilant watch. Let this concern you not, and free it from your mind. Some articles I keep

for my own accord, but most are ultimately spent for the protection of others. I hear, too, that my library is well admired. It is a personal jewel that shines in the sun, and during the night, becomes a sanctuary for me and any who would like to visit without ill intent.

"My biggest fault is that I am not an eloquent speaker. I stand before you and hesitate at my words and fumble through their true meanings. I still feel uneasy and a bit timid, but not nearly as apprehensive as when I stood before a certain city gate in chains and pondered my fate some years ago. I still staunchly believe that was the moment when I attained my greatest triumph, with words I said then and reiterate to this very day:

"I will endure."

—Istolil Hune, city of Aurod Amphitheatre, 4620, after asked by an eager resident: *"What is your life like, and how do you see yourself through others' eyes?"*

Istolil Hune is a protector and champion of the world, whether he regards himself as such or not. He was born a Druegarn, but his discipline and perseverance have overcome the wickedness most believed is inherent in that race. Istolil has endured many trials and tribulations, from proving his mettle and securing the surface-dwellers' trust in the Dakass Luot, to turning back repeated invasions from the demonic planes beyond. Frequently, the odds were against him. To some, he is an icon of hope and virtue. For others, he is a foe who must be eliminated at all cost, so his life is in constant danger.

"Ist," as he is affectionately called by close friends, is a virtuoso of the arcane arts. His endless knowledge of the subject has held rapt many aspiring wizards and courtiers. His vast repertoire of spells is one a less-scrupulous mage would kill for, and is the dream of all ambitious sorcerers. The fact that Selisee, the Goddess of Magic, seems to favor him, a devout follower, extensively only amplifies his prowess. Istolil has also mastered the craft of artificer, making him adept at magically empowering items. His fabled library maintains innumerous tomes, enough, some said, to make the Hethmarkn envious.

Istolil hold the prestigious title Archmage of Aurod. He has a long history with the great city, and has forged a deep mutual respect and love with the citizenry. Aurod is not an exclusive protectorate of the arch-wizard, however, as he has assisted numerous others either through Aurod's intervention or his own hand, and, occasionally both. He is noted for his role in the formation of the city's renowned Sky Knights, an elite contingent of noble warriors who ride solid-black griffins and patrol Aurod's skies. But perhaps his best-known achievement is the massive library beneath the city, one patterned after the legendary Hethmarkn Book in size and volume. This engineering marvel's entrance is located in Istolil's castle home at the city's heart, and is said to be magically warded to expel visitors exhibiting less-than-good intent. It is also believed that invisible guardians roam the corridors and shelves. Lesser known is Istolil's mount, Glymaren, an enormous black Gethnarsus dragon who makes its lair south of Aurod, but always comes when the mighty wizard summons.

Ist carries a firm passion for the world, which drives him to seek out adventurers to retrieve lost artifacts or help others in time of need. However, should a threat be imminent and perilous enough to warrant his presence, Istolil will certainly not hesitate. He safekeeps any relics of sufficient power or danger in his castle's magical vault. Those selected few who have entered the stronghold say its magnificence defies description.

Istolil has an abundance of enemies, but the vile necromancer Zychariss stands out as his true nemesis. Zychariss prowls very near to Aurod, and his rivalry with Istolil can be traced back through history. They remain at war with each other to this day. Ironically, it is because of Zychariss that Istolil is where he is today, after saving Aurod from one of the necromancer's schemes oh-so-long ago. And the countless life-shattering events masterminded by Zychariss over the years have helped shape Istolil into the man he has become: quite possibly the greatest wizard the world will ever see.

(Campaign Note: Istolil is a living legend of Eranon and should be used strictly as a plot device or to assist characters in overcoming cataclysmic threats. For that reason Istolil is not given game statistics, as he will provide whatever the GM deems necessary to forward an adventure).

JACLYN ALCUIN
Race: Fetharn
Path: Merthwarg 10/Forest Guardian 10
Level: 20
Attack Rating: 9
Defense Rating: 11
Contact Rating: 18
CHA: 51
END: 70
INT: 70
NIM: 55
PER: 60
STR: 50
TEN: 91
WIS: 67
Talents: Animal Ally, Experienced, Familiar Leylines: Forests (+10), Familiar Territory: Forests (+1 AR), Forest Ally: Nateras, Forest Bind, Forest Speech, Improved Resources x2, Magical Expertise x7, Magical Mnemonics x2 (+8 slots), Nature Spell Proficiency x3, Nature's Blessing: Nocturnal Eye, Nature's Protection x2 (+40, +4 EV), Nature's Savagery x2 (1d6 damage), Nature's Vigil x4, One with the Land, Proficient Merthwarg x2, Resilience (+10), Superior Nature Spell Proficiency x5, Supreme Nature Spell Proficiency x3.
Divine Boons: None.
Special Combat Maneuvers: None.
Expertise: Brightwood Lore (1 rank): 1o ranks; Head Mistress of Merlanth (3 slots): 5 ranks; Merthwarg (3 slots): 10 ranks.
Spells: Animal Form, Animate Plants, Animate Trees, Calm Animal, Call Lightning, Call Rain, Cleanse Water, Cleanse Wound, Control Weather, Cure Disease, Cure Poison, Curse of Nature, Discern Magic, Earthquake, Energy Bolt: Ice, Fire, Forest Armor, Heal Animal, Merthwarg Mark, Nature's Respite, Nocturnal Eye, Plant Form, Protection from Elements, Quagmire, Sand Storm, Shape Earth, Speak with Animal, Speak with Plants, Spider Walk, Summon Air Elemental 15, Summon Creature 2, Summon Creature 3, Summon Creature 4, Summon Creature 5, Summon Creature 6, Summon Creature 7, Summon Earth Elemental 15, Summon Fire Elemental 15, Summon Water Elemental 15, Summon Sleet, Summon Swarm, Thorn Blast, Thorn Protector, Wind Gust.
Demeanor/Theme: Protect Brightwood Forest, Expertise: Head Mistress of Merlanth, Suspect All Strangers.
Weapons: Quarterstaff (1d6 damage).
Armor: None.
Special Possessions: None.

In appearance, Jaclyn is a typical middle-age Fetharn elf; her brown hair is sprinkled with gray and her face and hands are beginning to show the signs of her hard life. Very much one with nature, she has spent her life protecting and nurturing the land. Sharp of features, she has a long, pointed nose that shows once having been broken, and a protruding, dimpled chin that gives her decidedly hawk-like features. Many who see her for the first time jump to the conclusion

that she is be sharp of tongue and acidic of demeanor. Most of the time they would be absolutely correct in this assumption.

With her harsh voice and somewhat caustic attitude toward strangers, Jaclyn is often thought of as a bitter woman. In truth she is simply distrustful of strangers, particularly outsiders who have not had the advantage of a Brightwood Forest upbringing. These strangers are likely to cut down trees or attempt the mass extinction of local fauna at any moment. Knowing that she can't persecute someone for what they are going to do, she instead mistrusts everyone and watches them like the hawk she resembles until they inevitably, to her way of thinking, mess up. Once the strangers become transgressors, she swoops in to deal out the proper punishment.

In recent years Jaclyn has been named governor of her adopted homeland, the Brightwood Forest. As the leader of the merthwargs and their students, Jaclyn is kept busy fulfilling her many responsibilities. She oversees the harvest and the storage of winter supplies, and supervises the merthwargs, who aid the locals in preparing the soil of their gardens and fields for maximum yields in the years to come — a process that relies heavily on merthwarg magic. She also administers the training of the Merlanth students. It would be difficult to say which mission she finds more taxing.

As a youth, Jaclyn was fortunate enough to befriend a woodling, also known as a nateras, by the name of Long Leafanor. Together the two managed to thwart the deprivations of a group of humans who sought to cut trees within the forest both found sacred. With the success of that venture, and many others to follow, the two grew very close. It is said that it is this very friendship that helped to forge the alliance that the nateras and merthwargs now enjoy. Because Long Leafanor is now the leader of the woodlings, few doubt the veracity of the statement. Even though the nateras remain separate from the rule of both local and national sovereigns, they have pledged their full support to Arameth should it ever be in true danger. This vow so impressed the present monarch that he has given unprecedented local control to Jaclyn and has taken steps to assist in the protection and preservation of the Brightwood Forest.

Tutoring the Merlanth pupils is rewarding but stressful for Jaclyn. She loves to see the light of understanding kindle in the eyes of young students, but despairs of finding enough of those who truly share her love and compassion for the land to maintain all that has been gained into the next generation. In her mind, this lack of compassion (which most agree is an incorrect assumption on her part) makes those under her command untrustworthy in important matters, leaving her unable and unwilling to delegate much of her duties. All of this combines to leave her overworked and harried, living on the verge of exhaustion. There are very few exceptions to her perception, and those who do have Jaclyn's trust are always those who have been serving the land at least as long as she has. The only way to gain her confidence would be to perform some near-miraculous deed on behalf of nature to which Jaclyn herself is a witness. She would be unlikely to believe any account save her own.

Personal time is virtually nonexistent for Jaclyn; what little she allows herself is spent tending her personal garden. She is completely unable to leave even the smallest of her daily tasks to anyone else. Meals are taken on the move and sleep is indulged wherever she happens to be when exhaustion overcomes her. As a result, Jaclyn is rarely in her home but lives almost entirely in a small hut constructed on the back of an oversized wagon. Constantly on the move, Jaclyn travels from village to city to town within the Brightwood, giving her personal attention to matters both great and trivial.

Traveling with Jaclyn are the few trusted advisors not currently on assignments. These advisors care deeply for Jaclyn and often try to shield her from information and details they deem unworthy of her. If they can take care of a problem without involving her they will do so, simply to spare her as much work as possible. It is these advisors who will often approach and hire adventurous individuals for specific tasks on behalf of the Brightwood Forest.

Because of her refusal to share her responsibilities, Jaclyn is aware of most things that happen in the region. She maintains a network of informants who apprise her of these various occurrences. This information includes the comings and goings of strangers, as well as anything that might compromise the safety and security of the government or the land. The informants are simple folks who know Jaclyn personally and report by way of pigeons and occasionally in person. A representative of this network can be found in all of the settlements of any size within the Brightwood, as well as most of those in the surrounding territories. They are loyal to her and view their own contributions as a direct contribution to the safety of the community.

KROC
Race: Orc
Path: Wizard
Level: 3
Attack Rating: 7
Defense Rating: 11
Contact Rating: 14
Mana Points: 60
CHA: 30
END: 60
INT: 80
NIM: 50
PER: 80
STR: 55
TEN: 100
WIS: 35
Talents: Arcane Spell Efficiency: Martial, Arcane Spell Proficiency, Arcane Spell Slinger, Fleet-Footed (+10), Hard to Kill, Improved Recuperation, Improvised Arcane Spellcasting (+5), Magical Expertise.
Divine Boons: None.
Special Combat Maneuvers: None.
Expertise: Language: Common Speech (1 slot): 1 rank; Rogue (3 slots): 1 rank; Wilderness Survival (1 slot): 1 rank; Wizard (3 slots): 2 ranks.
Spells: Cat's Speed, Control Martial Magic, Energy Orbs: Acid, Energy Touch: Ice, Shelter of the Traveler, Shockwave, Summon Food and Drink, Wizard's Armor.
Demeanor/Theme: Fulfill His prophecy; Improve Contact Rating; Locate Orb of Façade.
Weapons: None.
Armor: None.
Special Possessions: None.

"You! There! Please! Kroc begs you to listen to his story. If you find pity in his tale, then you may help!

"His story begins many winters ago, when shown to the seers of his clan. All orcs are brought before the seers to prepare their future. The seers gazed over in and through Kroc, and it was decided that he should not reside with his clan any longer. It wasn't meant for Kroc to just leave; the seers meant to have him ripped into pieces! However, one wise-woman stopped them. She convinced them that it was his destiny to begin studying the magic of the humans. They finally agreed that Kroc should leave and learn magic with the witch, but only after breaking several of Kroc's bones.

"After studying with the wise-woman for thirty nine full moons, Kroc had learned all he could. The wise-woman instructed him to seek out the high tower of the swamps, for 'It is there the rest of the magic will be learned.' Kroc traveled day and night with the drive of a wild beast after its injured prey. He saw many hardships in the swamps, but had little problem from the orcs, being one himself. When Kroc reached Pyruspa, he tried to enroll but was rejected almost as soon as he arrived! Kroc asked and pleaded but nothing would change. So Kroc had no choice but to go back to the wise-woman and his clan.

"His clan was angry at the news! Kroc tried to tell the wise-woman, but she only shook her head. 'You do not understand, Kroc. It is a star prophecy that you must attend to. There is no choice.' The seers shared a council for many nights and then decided to raid the tower after calling together the other clans. 'War!' they yelled. 'Death!' they clamored. Kroc wanted none of this. He was but a poor, humble soul caught up in—prophecy.

"Kroc wanted better council and knew this was not the way, so he called upon the wise-woman once more. She gave great advice, this time, she did! The witch told Kroc of a small orb from an ancient age—one that could defy even the greatest magic of any man or elf. It would disguise Kroc as anything he wanted to become. No spell could break it. No charm could fuddle it. 'Seek this and follow your destiny,' she whispered to Kroc. But he must find it before all orc clans gather. Before they declare war on the magic tower.

"The wise-woman told Kroc to seek an old sage in the Swamps of Despair near the World's End. That sage could tell Kroc more. Kroc could travel through the swamp. He had no fear of other orcs and knew the other terrors well. But the old witch also said to 'travel to the city of Corbesk. There you will locate the cloak.' Kroc cannot travel through the city unnoticed. He is cursed being an orc. He needs kind travelers like you to help him. Without them he will not be able to stop the coming war. Without them he won't be able to live as he wants, as a human. Without them, he can't fulfill his unwanted prophecy….

"So Kroc is cowed at your feet and in debt to your honor. He will prove an invaluable ally and will keep no secrets from his new friends. Kroc is great at the magic of war and can help his comrades in future adventures. He means only the best and is forever humble and grateful to you mighty heroes!"

Kroc is an orc only by racial affiliation. Even his appearance is not standard, as he possesses more human-like traits than a typical orc: His teeth don't protrude as prominently, and his jaw does not jut out as far. His eyes radiate more intelligence that most men—human or orc—possess. He is charming well beyond orcish measure and often portrays himself as pitiful in his attempts to manipulate others to help him. Kroc refers to himself in the third person when speaking and tries to never be rude, even by human standards. He wears a robe of natural colors and carries a backpack in the manner of most common travelers. His effort to blend into human society can appear comical at times since he fashions his own clothing. He keeps a large cudgel by his side most of the time and treasures his spell book greatly, almost never letting it leave his sight.

He has been seen in the vicinity of Corbesk, attempting to persuade adventurers with his charm and pitiful demeanor. This has yet to work because of the prejudices against his race, especially in the Corbesk region. Some travelers attack him on sight; the rest refuse to listen. Only a few have heard him out, but they still have refused

him because of his race. When assaulted, Kroc flees quickly through the aid of his magic, and never harms anyone he approaches. Kroc still diligently continues to recruit help on his quest regardless of his bad experiences

While Kroc is very honest with those he meets, the mages of Pyruspa are less so. They are not merely rejecting him because he is an orc; they, too, have heard the prophecy and fear it will come true. Kroc is a magical prodigy and shows amazing potential to become a remarkable war mage. But he will not be let into Pyruspa unless the mages there agree unanimously. In the meantime, Kroc continues to seek the Orb of Facade while the orcs gather their forces in the Swamps of Despair. Kroc will one day become one of the greatest mages of war Eranon has seen. For good or evil is yet to be known….

THE MASK
Race: Druegarn
Path: Rogue 4/Shadow Master 6
Level: 10
Attack Rating: 13
Defense Rating: 13
CHA: 32
END: 78
INT: 55
NIM: 108
PER: 91
STR: 74
TEN: 49
WIS: 86
Talents: Armor Efficiency (10 less armor hindrance penalty), Armor Deflection, Backstab x2 (3x critical hit damage), Contact x2, Experienced x3, Light Weapon Deadly Critical: Short Sword, Light Weapon Lethal Critical: Short Sword (4x critical hit damage), Luck, Martial Weapon Familiarity, Precise Backstab, Pull Strings, Scoundrel's Luck, Shadow Blow, Shadow Cloak, Shadow Contortion, Shadow Leap, Shadow Strike, Shadow Veil, Shadow Vision, Special Combat Maneuver x2.
Divine Boons: Sense Lies x2.
Special Combat Maneuvers: Harbinger of Wrath: 3 Momentum to perform; +10 attack bonus (+2); +1d6 damage (+1), x3 critical hit damage (+1), limited to short swords (-1), Close perimeter (+2), Near range (+1), only against targets confirmed of crime or injustice (-2), naming (-1).

Vengeance's Smite: 4 Momentum to perform; +3d6 damage (+5), usable with all weapons (+2), electricity energy effect (+2), only against target confirmed of crime or injustice (-2), must loudly recite the crime or injustice perpetrated by the target (-2), naming (-1).
Expertise: Dark Sprawl (1 slot): 2 ranks; Naldaress Lore (1 slot): 5 ranks; Rogue (3 slots): 3 ranks; Vigilante (3 slots): 7 ranks; Vytha's Vice (1 slot): 5 ranks; 1 slot in reserve.
Demeanor/Theme: Expertise: Intimidation; Expertise: Vigilante;
Patron Deity: Nind; No Injustice Goes Unpunished in Naldaress.
Weapons: Enchanted Short Sword (2d6 damage, +10 attack bonus, reduced encumbrance; RL 8, 8 EV).
Armor: Finely-Crafted Studded Leather (+2 DR, +1 PV, reduced encumbrance; RL 7, 10 EV).

The capital of the Sinflar elves, Naldaress, is an enchanting city. The mountain elves have worked wonders that even have some Kasmarkn envious. However, like all great cities that have grown prosperous, Sinflar has attracted not just scholars, nobles, and artisans, but the basest of criminals as well—those who would prey on the soft underbelly of a rich city, stealing what they can and ransoming

back to the rightful owners that which can not be sold. It was to this city that the Mask was drawn too.

The Mask was already a master thief before he came to Naldaress, although he did not go by that moniker. He was known for his phenomenal abilities to move acrobatically and gracefully, and he soon came to know Sinflar like the back of his own hand, moving in and out of the shadows like a spectre. He could enter the most secure of buildings and elude the most alert of guards. Accounts of his amazing feats dominated most idle chat sessions. Adding to the air of mystery was the fact that no one had ever seen his face, which is why he is called "the Mask."

It was while operating as a thief that he witnessed a heinous act being committed. Several Nurinian visitors by the way of a merchant caravan were terrorizing a poor Auzronian lass working in the market square late at night. After beating her senseless and worse besides, they slit her neck from ear to ear. The looks of pure joy on the faces of the murderers at the atrocity they had perpetrated reminded the Mask of his former home, his brother, and why he had left Nimrolt for Naldaress.

Something prompted the Mask to leap from his perch and exact vengeance. Not too much later the city guards arrived to see the ravaged girl and the dead men, each killed with a single strike to the back. The guards deduced that the men had done in the young woman but could not fathom what had happened to the attackers. Subsequent nights found the Mask lurking about and observing the criminals of Naldaress. He was as disgusted by the misery inflicted upon the innocent citizens as he was by the city guards' inability to stop it. In addition, it seemed that the laws of this great city favored "assisting" the misguided instead of punishing them.

The Mask decided he could no longer tolerate such travesty. Still pondering his exact course of action nights later, he spotted and followed a Tribunal of Nind investigation in process, wherein numerous suspects were grimly interrogated. The stern, give-no-quarter manner of these sevars in their search for the truth and their implementation of justice inspired the Mask. He left the Tribunal a note in their

inn room, requesting to speak with them that very night in the back alley—amicably. The Elder of the Tribunal opted to meet this infamous vigilante personally and dispense Nind's judgment upon him.

The Elder prayed for guidance while waiting and, when the Mask appeared, did not feel the usual need to strike. Perplexed, he realized the need to talk to the shadowy figure and unravel why Nind, a deity of justice, did not compel him to lash out physically as normal. The man approached and removed his mask. The Elder was surprised that the Mask was not a Sinflar, as everyone had thought, but was in truth a Druegarn! The vigilante proceeded to divulge his real name (Drakil Util), his past (brother of Arkyss Util, who leads the bloodthirsty Vytha's Vice in Nimrolt), and his reason for departure (to distance himself from Arkyss's sadistic obsession with inflicting pain and suffering). Drakil held no remorse for his criminal history and had only killed in self-defense, but his brother's reign of brutality was reaching a point where Drakil could not stand to be an accomplice. Drakil thought he would continue a career as an ordinary thief in Naldaress until the senseless slaughter he happened to witness. Right then, he knew his true calling would be to prey upon the predators who would feed upon the weak.

The Elder was understandably skeptical. Here was a dark elf who was not only a highly proficient rogue, but the sibling to one of the most ruthless assassins in Eranon. But as the Elder paused, a vision came to him of Nind anointing Drakil as a chosen one. The convinced Elder immediately pledged to the Mask the full support of his order, and whatever else he might need to curb the criminal element in Naldaress. The Mask would never know the name of his patron, and the Elder never revealed anything he knew of the Mask to anyone, except to say that the vigilante now labored for Nind.

Soon after this rendezvous, another duo of feared cutthroats was found dead in the market square. The scene was grisly, with this ominous warning in blood above the bodies:

Beware, those who would harm the innocent!
Beware, those who would prey upon the weak!
Beware the Mask, for the mask I wear hides your death!

CAPTAIN MULRA ESHANI
Race: Nurinian
Path: Warrior 2/Pirate 8/Weapon Adept 2
Level: 12
Attack Rating: 12
Defense Rating: 16
CHA: 91
END: 76
INT: 64
NIM: 79
PER: 90
STR: 50
TEN: 70
WIS: 71
Talents: Accurate Strike x2, Ambidexterity x2 (15 less off-hand penalty), Armor Efficiency (10 less armor hindrance penalty), Armor Deflection, Deadly Critical: Rapier (3x critical hit damage), Elusion x2, Extra Dodge/Parry, Light Weapon Mastery: Dagger (+10 attack bonus), Light Weapon Mastery: Rapier (+10 attack bonus), Luck x2, Precise Strike x2 (20 less called-shot penalty), Scoundrel's Luck, Sea Legs x2, Sidestep, Signature Weapon: Nuriel (Rapier), Signature Weapon: Slither (Dagger), Swashbuckling x2 (+2 DR, +2 PV), Warrior's Defense, Warrior's Strike.
Divine Boons: Seavoyance, Waterwalk.
Special Combat Maneuvers: None.
Expertise: Acrobatics (1 slot): 3 ranks; Corsair (3 slots): 8 ranks; Deception (2 slots): 2 ranks; Warrior (3 slots): 2 ranks; 2 slots in reserve.
Demeanor/Theme: Attribute: Intelligence; Attribute: Nimbleness;
Patron Deity: Selyni.
Weapons: Nuriel, Rapier of Mighty Blow (2d8 damage, +10 attack bonus, reduced encumbrance x2; RL 10, 4 EV).

Slither, Dagger of Dragon's Tooth (1d4 damage, casts Dragon's Tooth when drawn; RL 6, 1 EV).
Armor: Enhanced Studded Leather (+2 PV, reduced encumbrance; RL 5, 15 EV).

The life of a sailor and brigand was destined for Mulra Eshani long before she was ever born. The only child to a pair of unlikely Nurinian rogues, Mulra came into the world at sea in the captain's quarters aboard a small twin-masted caravel, the Nightwraith. Her father and mother were captain and first mate, respectively, of the pirate vessel and doted on the young Mulra until their untimely deaths during a protracted battle at sea with a bounty-hunting privateer out of the port city of Grimbolt. Mulra was only sixteen years old when her parents died, but she had absorbed everything her parents had to pass on. Standing over the still-bleeding bodies, Mulra leapt into the fray, delivering orders and brandishing her father's rapier and her mother's dagger as if they were extensions of her own hands. By the end of the fight, Mulra had single-handedly slain four Grimboltine sailors, including the privateer's captain, and every scallywag aboard the Nightwraith agreed it was Mulra's quick actions and decisive leadership that saved them all from the noose or the deep. She was summarily and unanimously elected the new captain of the ship. Mulra quickly pointed the Nightwraith's sails to different and potentially more profitable waters.

For the next thirteen years, Mulra plied her trade up and down Eranon's eastern coastline, building the largest pirate fleet ever known to sail the Endless Sea, with a reputation for ruthlessness and unpredictability, both on and off the water. Her reign of blood and fire came to an abrupt end one early fall morning when a huge flotilla of warships, gathered from every city Mulra had raided along the Gulf of the Dragon, launched a surprise attack on her fleet while it moored just outside the delta of the Dragon Mouth River.

Caught completely unaware, nearly one-third of Mulra's fleet was destroyed in the initial assault. Fighting for their lives, her pirates regrouped and counterattacked, taking the battle to the warships. Though they fought valiantly, and despite Mulra's penchant for tactics, the pirates eventually lost, though both Mulra and Nightwraith managed to sneak away in the confusion. Neither has been seen on Eranon's eastern shore since.

Realizing her days as a buccaneer were done, Mulra sought out a rumored pirate treasure she had heard of while in port some time back and set sail for the Jungle of Avariss. She and her crew managed to nurse the Nightwraith around Eranon's northeastern peninsula and across the continent's northern coast until they reached the mouth to the River Knine deep inside Dagger Bay. Cruising the river through the jungle she had been searching for, and into the city of Eord, on her thirtieth birthday Mulra and all of her surviving crewmembers went ashore, sold the Nightwraith, used its proceeds to purchase excavating tools, and retired into a life of treasure hunting along the river's edge deep inside the Jungle of Avariss.

That was three years ago. Neither Mulra nor her mates have made any appreciable progress unearthing the treasure that brought them here. To keep up her men's morale, Mulra has since formed the Tooth of Avariss, a band of marauders who haunt the river and roadways leading into Eord and the other cities in the region. The name of the outfit was supposedly derived from a Mulra quip, "the jungle aughten

to be takin' a bite out o' the purses o' the fat-cat merchants who use her roads an' waterways ta make a tidy profit."

Mulra is a woman dominated by passions barely under her control. Prone to outbursts of violence followed by periods of either self-loathing or fits of creative energy and giddiness, it is often very difficult for Mulra's subordinates to anticipate the Captain's daily attitude. Despite the moodiness, however, Mulra continues to maintain the respect of her crew through her tactical brilliance.

But deep down inside, Mulra has always nursed a kernel of self-doubt that occasionally exerts its hidden influence over the Captain's actions: a constant voice nagging her to prove her worth as a leader, as a woman, as a warrior, as a pirate, etc., in hundreds of different ways. This stain on her self-esteem is to blame for the many unnecessary risks Mulra takes. Mulra's greatest fear is that, one day, in an attempt to prove herself to herself, she'll fail and the cost for doing so will be her life.

At a casual glance, Mulra is unassuming, looking much like any other Nurinian woman—although she is a little shorter than average. Her build is thin and athletic, and she wears her raven-black locks short in the front but extremely long in the back. Her multi-banded ponytail hangs just below her waist as an object of pride. Additionally, Mulra has the ever-present angular, nearly almond-shaped eyes of every Nurinian. It's only when one looks deeply into those hardened pools of dark blue that one encounters what makes Captain Mulra Eshani such a uniquely dangerous and deadly person: her intelligence and ambition.

Playing the stereotypical Nurinian in other ways, Mulra loves overly lavish displays of wealth and enjoys pandering to the role of bandit queen in her dress. Her favorite outfit to fight in consists of a white satin blouse with a single sleeve (covering her right arm), a pair of black, form-fitting leather breeches, a fringed, red silk scarf lassoed by a black sword belt studded with silver knobs, and her infamous coat of studded leather with matching gauntlets and hard-soled buccaneer-style boots. Her enchanted rapier ("Nuriel") and magical Dragon's Tooth dagger ("Slither") complete the outfit.

NODDE DYNEL
Race: Halfling
Path: Rogue
Level: 3
Attack Rating: 9
Defense Rating: 11
CHA: 88
END: 46
INT: 82
NIM: 69
PER: 71
STR: 50
TEN: 63
WIS: 55
Talents: Contact, Experienced x2, Improved Resources x2, Light Weapon Mastery: Dagger (+5 attack bonus), Pull Strings.
Divine Boons: None.
Special Combat Maneuvers: None.
Expertise: King's Army (1 slot): 2 ranks; Magic Lore (1 slot): 3 ranks; Music (2 slots): 1 rank; Owner of Nodde's Treasure (3 slots): 5 ranks.
Weapons: Dagger (1d4 damage).
Armor: None.
Special Possessions: Too many from his shop to mention, but Nodde's own personal favorites are his rank pins from the King's Army, which he considers a collective symbol of his first step toward his current life.

Like the many halfling children who grew up in Grinbolt, Nodde Dynel learned that they had to stick together or become victimized by bullies. Having moved to Grinbolt from Arylyn just before Nodde's birth, his parents never fully understood the situation, which led to his frequent refuge in the plethora of taverns and shops that catered to halflings. Nodde found that he enjoyed spending time in the latter the most.

The Dynels were a merchant family by trade, but they had never been truly successful. Despite the fact that, like many halflings, they were quite well liked, they didn't have the tenacity necessary to negotiate a good bargain nor the savvy to procure the best wares. Nodde, realizing that success could bring him many of the luxuries that he admired in his frequent visits to the shops of Grinbolt, wanted more.

The desire for success drove Nodde to volunteer for the King's Army like many of the youth in Grinbolt. His parents fought his decision, worried that the military life was too dangerous. To Nodde, it was simply a chance to make some money, meet new people, and perhaps partake in an adventure or two. In the interim, he would form relationships that would serve him later in life.

Nodde was assigned to a unit responsible for maintaining outfits and, occasionally, spell components. Nodde was the sole halfling in his unit, and he quickly became its most popular member. His songs, pranks, and other antics kept the moral high for much of his two-year term. He had a particular fondness for the smiths he met while collecting weapons and armor, and grew very interested in their work, as well as that of the few magically inclined individuals whom he encountered in the forces.

When Nodde finally left the King's Army after his stint, he immediately invested all of the cash he had saved into a small shop he named Nodde's Treasures, through which he would parlay the connections and know-how from his military days into business triumph. His old smithy friends became suppliers for his shop. Over time, most of them began to offer their goods exclusively through Nodde's Treasures, and Nodde used his popularity to gain rapport with their

colleagues. Today, the work of many a Grinbolt's weaponsmith is available only at the halfling's shop.

Though it took longer, Dynel met similar success with the mages whom he had managed to befriend. He expanded Nodde's Treasures' inventory to include spell components, magical goods, and alchemical supplies. He was even able to coax several collaborations from the smithies and wizards, and it is not unusual to find the occasional enchanted weapon or armor for sale in Nodde's Treasures.

Nodde has seen great success from his business, and it continues to grow. The halfling now acquires sundry used items that he then sells at a decent profit. Grinbolt is the perfect venue for a shop like Dynel's. Travelers and traders from every race and every walk of life visit the city. As such, Nodde's Treasures is home to a wide variety of goods from all over Eranon. Customers of Nodde's Treasures can find nearly everything they would need, from simple necessities like lanterns and blankets to masterfully crafted arms and arcane components. However, Nodde refuses to deal in contraband, which means an adventurer won't be able to find everything he or she might be looking for here.

Nodde's time in the King's Army imbued him with a respect for the way the city runs. While Dynel has no immediate ties to the black market, and there are no illegal goods in his store, he is sometimes willing to redirect someone to where certain goods might be available—if the person swears not to reveal him as the source. He can also point someone to a Druegarn herbalist by the name of Katoli Naydeen. Kaoli and Nodde maintain a cool, amicable partnership whereby they give each other referrals. Although it benefits Katoli financially much more than Nodde, Dynel knows the value of respect and trust: Those he sends to the apothecary on Wind Street will be loyal customers for the time to come.

Nodde's parents no longer live in the city. During Nodde's second year in the King's Army, his parents had had enough of life in Grinbolt and returned north to their homeland in Arylyn. Considering his Grinbolt roots and with no particular ties to Arylyn, Nodde wished the elder Dynels a safe journey and stayed behind. They now live in Dealing Dale, but have heard tales of Nodde's success. The fact that their son is a minor celebrity in Grinbolt pleases them and they visit him occasionally. Nodde relishes his parents' good graces, and their visit is one of the rare instances when customers will find Nodde's Treasures closed for business.

Nodde is most competent in interpersonal relationships, but he has not forgotten his military training. Nodde will always try to avoid physical confrontations but if cornered, he is capable with a dagger and typically keeps one on his belt all times.

PRINCE ORDUR TALMOUT
Race: Kasmarkn
Path: Warrior 4/Wizard 3
Level: 7
Attack Rating: 11
Defense Rating: 10
Contact Rating: 10
CHA: 70
END: 72
INT: 60
NIM: 68
PER: 55
STR: 80
TEN: 70
WIS: 41
Talents: Arcane Spell Proficiency x2, Armor Deflection, Armored Spellcasting x2 (20 less armor hindrance penalty), Contact, Elusion, Improved Resources x4, Magical Expertise, Martial Weapons Familiarity, Warrior's Strike x2, Warrior's Defense.
Divine Boons: None.
Special Combat Maneuvers: None.
Expertise: Kasmarkn Prince (3 slots): 3 ranks; Leader of the Hecklers (2 slots): 3 ranks; Tronle Lore (1 slot): 2 ranks; Warrior (3 slots): 2 ranks; Wizard (3 slots): 2 ranks.
Spells: Alarm, Arcane Bolt, Arcane Touch, Deflect Projectiles, Freedom of Movement, Illusion, Magic Shield, Minor Trick, Move Object, Protection of Thought, Rope, Shockwave.
Demeanor/Theme: Advocate Progress and Implement Changes for Kasmarkn Society; Expertise: Leader of the Hecklers.
Weapons: Karthmarc (1d12 damage); sap (1d6 damage).
Armor: Kasmarkn Chainmail (-1 DR, 5 PV).

Born the fifth of six sons and the ninth overall child of King Kalldur and Queen Kelva Talmout, sovereign rulers of all the Kasmarkn Dwarves, Prince Ordur's life has been one of comfort and ease. While he has received a lifetime of training to this point, it has generally been haphazard as he leaps from one subject to the next as his occasional whims and fancies take him. There are few topics Prince Ordur has found that can keep his attention for any length of time, and most of those are not what a good conservative dwarf is supposed to be interested in.

Prince Ordur is an anarchist, even if he does not yet understand that himself. Early studies under the tutelage of one of his father's advisors, a Hethmarkn Linquasi named Morden, awakened odd ideas in his young mind. His life since then has been a long quest to sort through these precepts and justify those things that seem "true" within the context of his life and experiences. The confusion of youth slowly turned into the assurance of young adulthood, and now Prince Ordur has begun to act on what he sees as necessity. For his father's Kingdom to flourish change is needed—change that Prince Ordur believes only he among all the Royal Family truly comprehends.

A lifetime of casual study under the various master fighters assigned to him has afforded Prince Ordur a decent understanding of weapons and tactics, but he is no true warrior. He simply could not find the desire to learn when the opportunity was given. To this end, he has long relied upon a selective group of friends who serve as his protectors. Known as the Gladhanders, these friends have looked out for Ordur's safety since childhood, and many of them have become formidable warriors. These stalwarts have followed Ordur through his many phases of learning and are all now currently enrolled in the same classes with the Prince at the Runespar University. At any time, night or day, some of these friends will be with the Prince, and all share his closest confidence. They are absolutely loyal to him under almost any circumstances.

As his youth melted away, Prince Ordur found himself often at odds with his parents; his father much more so than his mother, who is at least somewhat progressive in her views. Ordur and the King fought many a verbal battle over the rights of the common dwarves and the duties of the Crown. Ordur simply cannot see a future for the Kasmarkn dwarves if drastic changes are not soon implemented, and his father holds the exact opposite view, resisting all change. It is, of course, no surprise that when the Prince chose to forward his ideals from verbal sparring to actual deeds, he turned to his chosen companions, and so it was the Gladhanders who formed the initial nucleus of an underground faction — the Hecklers.

The Prince has taken to his role as underground leader with great zest and has taken pains to cease his arguments with his father and even apologize for his "youthful confusion." Organizing the Hecklers is his present passion. He and his companions have recruited

heavily among the students at the university to stage protests and publicly question the rulings of the King and his judges. The Hecklers believe, because Ordur presently believes, that only conflict can cause a society to change and thus grow and thrive. The inner circle of the Hecklers has taken great pains to shield their identities from the authorities, as well as the identities of important members of the Hecklers, because they understand the capriciousness of Ordur, and do not doubt that at some point he will lose interest in the Hecklers as he has done with so many of his previous dalliances. Therefore, the leaders of the Hecklers are unknown outside their own hierarchy. Still, the Prince has maintained his interest in the Hecklers longer than he has anything else, so some of his companions are beginning to believe that he has finally found his true calling.

The Hecklers are a serious concern to King Kalldur, who detests change on any level. Despite the fact that the Hecklers have always staged non-violent demonstrations, the King has vowed not only to find their leaders but has publicly challenged their head to a duel. This remains a major source of humor for Prince Ordur.

Prince Ordur is of average height for a Kasmarkn, standing around five feet, with dark hair he bleaches blond and eyebrows long enough to plait, as is the latest style among the university students. He is highly intelligent and cuts a dashing figure in his expensive clothing. As the King demands frugality from his family and kingdom in all things, it pleases Ordur to spend lavishly on apparel. How he gets the money is not readily known, but in truth he gets what he needs from his mother. He also takes funds donated to the Hecklers for his personal use. Recently, he has begun spreading rumors that it is his own mother who runs the Hecklers because he knows his father would never do anything about the group if he truly believed it.

The Prince now stands on the cusp of graduation from the university and is torn as to how he should handle his impending adulthood. Is it time for the Hecklers to intensify their political dissidence and take the irrevocable step into violence? Or should the Hecklers be operated as they are with new recruits, while the most passionate are breaking away in favor of a newer, more deadly faction of malcontents? Ordur has not decided, but has full intentions of using his influence to advance what he believes is the best course of action for the future of his people. With the proceeds from the estates he expects to soon be given by his father upon his graduation, Ordur will take the next step forward—whatever he decides it may be.

SERAS THORNE
Race: Auzronian
Path: Warrior 15/Weapon Adept 5/Sky Knight 5
Level: 25
Attack Rating: 17
Defense Rating: 16
CHA: 70
END: 70
INT: 60
NIM: 80
PER: 65
STR: 90
TEN: 72
WIS: 70
Talents: Bond of Life, Contact, Coordinated Defense x3 (+3 DR), Coordinated Strike x2 (+10 attack bonus), Deadly Critical: Great Sword (3x critical hit damage), Disabling Strike, Extra Dodge/Parry x2, Hover, Inseparable, Martial Weapons Familiarity, Maximum Force, Mighty Blow: Swords x5 (+5 damage bonus), Precise Strike x5 (50 less called-shot penalty), Signature Weapon: Caldaron (Great Sword), Slow Fall, Special Combat Maneuver x2, Warrior's Defense x5, Warrior's Stout x4 (+20 LP to all hit locations), Warrior's Strike x5, Weapon Mastery: Caldaron x2 (+30 attack bonus with WM: Great Sword), Weapon Mastery: Great Swords x4 (+14 attack bonus).
Divine Boons: None.
Special Combat Maneuvers: Shroud of Heaven: 3 Momentum to perform; +2 Defense Rating (+2), +5 Protection Value (+5), limited to great swords (-1), no movement while this maneuver is in effect (-2), naming (-1).
Sky Reaver: 5 Momentum to perform; +3d12 damage (+8), limited to Caldaron (-2), naming (-1).
Expertise: Athletics (2 slots): 2 ranks; Knight (3 slots): 10 ranks; Leader of the Sky Knights of Aurod (3 slots): 5 ranks; Magistrate (3 slots): 1 rank; Weapons Lore (1 slot): 5 ranks; Wilderness Survival (1 slot): 2 ranks; 3 slots in reserve.
Demeanor/Theme: Expertise: Leader of the Sky Knights of Aurod; Protect Aurod; Serve the King.
Weapons: Caldaron, Great sword (1d12 damage)
Armor: Enchanted Half Platemail (-1 DR, 7 PV to all hit locations, immunity to fire, reduced encumbrance x4; RL 20, 50 EV).

Seras Thorne was born in a small hamlet. By some accounts he was raised by griffins in the Mountains of Madness—but there are many such tales about him. Seras had a fairly mundane childhood until his tenth birthday, when a cavalier rode through town. Seras repeatedly implored the cavalier to accept him as a squire, but the knight refused. Seras was not deterred, however. He sneaked away and followed the knight's trail for weeks.

Even a dreaded dungeon, which the knight discovered and decided to explore, couldn't stop the brave Seras from following—although he did become lost deep inside the catacomb. As Seras fumbled through the tunnels, he discovered a great glowing sword that was way too large for the young lad to wield. The stubborn child dragged the blade with him even though it took all his strength. Fate sided with Seras and the knight that day, for the boy chanced upon the man in heated combat with a mighty demon. At first, Seras hid and

watched, praying for the knight to vanquish the minion of hell. But when he saw the knight's sword blade cleave in two on the demon's adamant skin, Seras knew if he did not act instantly, the knight would soon be dead. Seras charged the demon clumsily out of instinct, barely able to keep his newfound sword off the ground. The attempt distracted the monster from delivering the final blow to the knight, as it laughingly and easily brushed aside the attack, sending both the boy and the sword sailing across the room. Seras crashed hard, but the impact was, thankfully, not fatal. The blade, however, landed next to the knight, whom the demon had forgotten as it toyed with Seras. The cavalier brandished the enchanted sword as it burst with blinding fire, and struck the creature in one swift, powerful cut that filled the chamber with brilliant, thunderous flashes of light, accompanied by the loudest, vilest scream ever heard. When the noises subsided, the demon was gone.

Naturally, the grateful knight took Seras as his squire, and they subsequently embarked on countless adventures together in the following years. While passing through Aurod, the duo learned of two dragons that were plaguing the countryside. They decided to offer their services to the King and rid the realm of those wyrms. They tracked the dragons and waited until the beasts fell into a slumber before entering the lair. However, the dragons were playing them for fools and had laid an ambush for the intrepid warriors. The dragons snatched a human apiece in their claws and took to the air, intending on plummeting the quarries to their death. Unexpectedly, a herd of griffins interrupted that plan and began battling the dragons, while the warriors did what they could to help. The ensuing dogfight cost the lives of most of the griffins and one of the dragons, as well as the knight. The surviving dragon was so incensed by the death of its mate that it furiously attacked the remaining griffins—gravely wounding the one that carried Saras and killing the rest. As the sorely wounded griffin was falling from the sky, Seras leaped from its back onto the dragon's head and delivered the killing blow.

The young warrior survived the landing and tended to the wounded griffin, managing to keep the creature alive long enough for some of the King's troops to arrive on scene and save it. The captain sensed a natural bond between Seras and the griffin and subsequently recommended Seras as a worthy prospect to his cousin, who was a member of the Sky Knights. The captain's observation proved true, as Seras and his griffin functioned in perfect synchronicity. It would be the beginning of a heroic, illustrious career, as the pair rescued the royal family from a horde of giants, rallied a legion of soldiers from certain doom to victory after they lost their commander to a teledrin's ambush, and performed many other awe-inspiring feats. The pair continues their heroic service to this day.

TENTHONIAL LANIA
Race: Spirinari
Path: Sevar 9/Life-Giver 5
Level: 14
Attack Rating: 12
Defense Rating: 15
Contact Rating: 17
CHA: 75
END: 94
INT: 87
NIM: 94
PER: 96
STR: 46
TEN: 90
WIS: 97
Talents: Armored Spellcasting (10 less armor hindrance penalty), Defensive Mastery, Divine Spell Proficiency, Gifted Healer x5 (+25 Contact roll bonus), Improved Recuperation x2, Improved Resources x2, Magic Resistance (+10 bonus to resist magic), Magical Expertise x3, Magical Mnemonics (+4 slots), Sense Aura, Special Combat Maneuver, Superior Divine Spellcasting, Supreme Divine Spellcasting.
Divine Boons: Adaptive Spell Casting x5.
Special Combat Maneuvers: Tenthonial's Refuge: 5 Momentum to perform; no damage (-2), +5 Protection Value (+5), Close perimeter (+2), Near range (+1), immunity to all energies (+10), drains 20 temporary Mana Points (-1), drains 10 temporary Life Points (-2), must recite a quick prayer (-1), cannot move or perform any other action (-3), Tenthonial is considered surprised while this maneuver is in effect (-3), naming (-1).
Expertise: Communing with Spirits of the Dead (3 slots): 2 ranks; Dakass Luot Veteran (2 slots): 5 ranks; Healer (3 slots): 5 ranks; Language: Hethmarkn (1 slot): 5 ranks; Sevar of Selisee (3 slots): 5 ranks.
Spells: Banish the Dead, Blazing Sun, Cure Disease, Cure Fear, Cure Poison, Cure Madness, Deflect Projectiles, Discern Magic, Dragon's Tooth, Energy Orbs: Fire, Full Rejuvenation, Heal the Faithful, Heal Wound, Lend Life, Protect, Purify, Purify Air, Remove Curse, Remove Magic, Restfulness, Resurrect, Shockwave, Stop Movement, Summon Earth Elemental 10, Summon Fire Elemental 10, Sustain.
Demeanor/Theme: Attribute: Charisma; Heal the Righteous of All Injuries; Patron Deity: Selisee.
Weapons: None.
Armor: Reinforced Spirit Bone Breastplate (+1 DR, 5 PV, reduced encumbrance; RL 8, 6 EV).
Reinforced Spirit Bone Lower Torso Armor (+1 DR, 5 PV, reduced encumbrance; RL 7, 4 EV).
Special Possessions: None.

Tenthonial Lania looks old. And to say that of a Spirinari means that the person will have seen things known only to historians—if at all. One reason for Tenthonial's aged appearance is her service on the ruling council of the Spirinari since just after the Dakass Luot; poli-

tics has a way of aging a person more than any other life experience. But, even after all these years, she is as dedicated to Selisee as she was when she first joined the council.

Tenthonial's life started out normally enough as the daughter of a minor lord in Selani who looked forward to doing nothing more than falling in love and raising a family. When she reached maturity, she became betrothed to the son of another minor house who was steadily rising in the ranks of the military. They had a good life and were very much in love, but it was never meant to last. When the Dakass Luot started, Setonis and his unit were summoned to fight the evil spreading throughout Erranon. With Setonis gone, Tenthonial had nothing to do but pray and worry. She spent many, many days in the Temple of Selisee, wishing she had the ability to keep Setonis safe. She also spent many days working in the infirmaries for the warriors who were returning home from battle. Her greatest worry was not that she would find Setonis in one of these places, but that she would never see him again. Tenthonial's fear for her husband and her people helped her focus her role in the world. She vowed that if it was at all possible to help her people she would.

That decided, she spent a whole week fasting and praying in the Temple of Selisee. When she left there, she was changed. She went to the infirmary and through the will of Selisee was able to heal some of the most grievously wounded soldiers. She became determined to not only help those who were brought home, but also those who suffered in the battlefield, as she had heard the horror stories of the fallen who died not in battle but en route to the city.

After practicing and advancing her healing skills for many months, she headed out to find her husband. Many of the warriors she had saved knew she would be walking into danger and feared she would not be able to defend herself adequately. The men took up a collection to get her a suit of armor that would serve her well. Just as she was about to depart, the men presented her with an exceptional spirit-bone breastplate and waist protector. Tenthonial was moved by such generosity and promised to be worthy of the gift.

Tethonial traveled with a squad of warriors on their way to join Setonis' unit near Galderest. As they traveled, Tenthonial kept her spirits high by focusing on her reunion with her husband and her desire to assist the forces of the Spirinari and their allies. When they approached Erod they were ambushed by a marauding band of orcs and goblins interested only in destruction. The Spirinaris were outnumbered four-to-one, but they fought bravely. The real turning point in that battle was Tenthonial and her healing prowess. Whenever it seemed that one of the warriors was about to meet his end, Tenthonial interposed and healed the soldier. As she moved through the battle, her powers enabled the small troop to fight longer and more effectively. Tenthonial also called upon Selisee for magic that destroyed a portion of the enemy, causing the monsters to retreat immediately. While the warriors were too weary to give chase, not a single one died, thanks to Tenthonial.

On their way, Tenthonial became the unofficial leader, with even the commander giving way to her suggestions. The squad eventually reached Galderest safely, but they were too late, for Setonis had died the day before in battle. Overcome with grief, Tenthonial vowed she would not return home until the Druegarn were driven from the land. The soldiers who had accompanied her swore allegiance to her as her personal guard, ensuring her safety in battle so she could heal the injured and keep them going. Thus was Tenthonial able to turn the tide of many battles with her healing and arcane abilities.

At the end of the Dakauss Luot, Tenthonial dimmed her desire for revenge, concentrating instead on helping her people as much as possible. She earned high praise and respect from the Spirinari military and its allies all over the world. Upon returning to Selani, Tenthonial had thought to live out her life simply and alone. Such, however, was not to be her fate. Her name was invoked by the returning soldiers, who recounted tales of her bravery, daring, and cunning. It wasn't long before the Spirinari people implored her to join the ruling council to help heal the wounds of the nation. Reluctantly, Tenthonial agreed and has been a member ever since.

Tenthonial is the longest-standing member of the council and has endeavored the hardest to keep the Spirinari on the right path in their interactions with the rest of the world. The Spirinari are the keepers of the world, and that includes all good folk. Her policies have put her at odds with the rest of the current council, which is nothing new. There have always been more problems than there should be on the Spirinari Council.

Even though Tenthonial has become a skilled negotiator over the past hundreds of years, she still yearns for the simple life of a field healer. Thus, there are occasions when she and her guard are absent for months. During these times she wanders the countryside, checking on the small towns and villages, healing where she can and driving monsters away.

Yes, Tenthonial looks old—just don't ever let her hear you say it.

ZYCHARISS

"I am eternal, and within that time evil will flow from my hand out into the world like water from a fountain! I am cruelty incarnate. All who oppose me will perish. Others whm I control are mere puppets in the ever-long play I have set into motion. Those surviving my machinations are only prolonging the inevitable, for in the end they too will give me their souls! My allies? Bah! They are nothing more than means to an end. Their loyalty has no meaning to me but as an example of the feeble, weak-minded pawns deluded into aiding my cause with hope of rewards, or survival….. Yes, I do play a dangerous game with life and the world. What have I to fear? Death? I have stared it in the face and triumphed. I am immortal. I will never truly die. I will be here when the earth rots away. It is I who watch as skin sheds from the bone and slowly turns to dust, and I will be the cause of that rotting to nothingness of this old world. Then I shall conjure a new, better world— a world of my vision, my wants, my desires, my pleasures. You, Sardraxan, will be at my side. When it is your turn to return, I shall mold you into an even more formidable harbinger of Death. You will shed your mortality, and your mind, strength, and powers will only magnify. Like I, you will never truly die; you too will be eternal. Now, let us be off. There is death to be made and deeds to lay claim. You and I, Sardraxan, will be at all of its naming."

Zychariss is perhaps the deadliest threat to Eranon. His evil knows no bounds. He has found the power to transfer himself into a lich, a state of unlife in which he can never truly die. Usually, Zychariss appears as a tall skeleton, though he can adopt any visage and does so to fit his needs. A master of arcane magic, Zychariss owes allegiance to no one but has entered into pacts with many of the dark gods for knowledge and even greater sinister power. In exchange, the lich executes the agendas of these dark gods with fervor and amusement. However, he does have his own grand scheme and thereby treads a thin line with the dark gods, though because of his arrogance he has never showed any sign of concern—and sometimes seems to flaunt that very fact.

Zychariss makes his lair in an enormous, pristine keep in the Mountains of Madness. The copious halls and corridors of the castle all glorify death in every form, manner, and intricacy. The plethora of spires overlooks not just the land below but the infamous Soulbane school of necromancy. Although Zychariss actually encourages incursions into his home by those seeking the untold fortunes within, no intruders have ever escaped from the stronghold to tell the tale. Not even the archmage Istolil Hune will step inside its doors.

The archlich oversees the secretive Order of the Skull. The Order pays homage to him, and he manipulates it freely to his own means, all the while falsifying his faith to the God of Death, Necru. He also holds control over a sect of vampires nestled even deeper beneath his keep, as well as their army of Blood Dragoons.

Zychariss commands a private army of aerial warriors he calls the Lavrix Riders. Wicked counterparts to Aurod's valiant Sky Knights, they mount large winged reptilian creatures that bear a strong resemblance to dragons, but missing the front appendages. These monsters are clad in the skins of the beasts' past victims. Lavrix Riders are versed in aerial combat and make intermittent forays into Aurod to the particular delight of their master, since they were created to antagonize Zychariss' nemesis, Istolil Hune.

Zychariss is an archvillain in every sense of the word. He plots endlessly, setting one wheel after another in motion in a constant bid for destruction of life and domination of Eranon. His power is immense and his "life" eternal, yet still he is not sated. He is a madman whose reign may be tested only by the mightiest of champions.

(Campaign Note: Zychariss is intended to be a major recurring villain, vanquished only when characters have reached epic scale in power and abilities. For that reason, the GM should create and alter game statistics for Zychariss to suit each individual campaign.)

8 The Pantheon of Ramlar

GODS OF RAMLAR

RAMLAR

Alari	Voshurn	Serpecia	Selyni	Hur	Anate'	Gabrun	Pilith	Lynstal	Ratiss	Veda'
Eleri	Pelatos Nind Vinar	Sorina Anaril Silia	Vede' Larin Nasil	Vour Lanul Sorith	Selisee Nate'	Necru Lasek Narcatiss Vouruk Vrang	Aratoriss Nurca Vytha	Mioril Vilan Nafur	Tela Visal Tunus	Elani' Noda Vylia

THE ALARI

Ten in all, these are Ramlar's first children, created from His own essence who, until the Sundering following Gabrun and Pillith's betrayal of His words, were beloved above all else. The Alari assisted Ramlar in the formidable endeavor of bringing every major thing into being, including the races and cultures that populate the world today. They are revered throughout the lands; even Gabrun and Pillith, "the Dark Gods," have their share of followers. The various sects devoted to the Alari constitute the backbone of the religious system on both Eranon and Isidria.

Since the Sundering, Ramlar has forbidden the Alari to physically manifest or intervene in the world. Instead, every Alari lends guidance from his or her own private, planar domain. They have all kept to this order well, and all have left means for their followers to contact or reach their realm should the exigency warrant their attention. The Alari visit mortals in other forms, however: dreams, visions, cryptic messages, and so on. Although each Alari has a popularly known and accepted appearance, which is included in the descriptive entries below, note that the Alari can change the way they look at will and appear in whatever form they choose.

ANATE

The campfire was burning low as Torus lay with his back against a nearby tree. He didn't feel the need to use any more of the wood on it, as the sun would be cresting the horizon in less than an hour anyway. His knights were all asleep near the dying flames; they deserved more sleep than they got last night.

Yesterday had been, for lack of a better word, hellish for Torus and his troops. Actually, the past week had been one of the worst of his life. He had lost all but six of the fifty men who had begun this mission with him, to the claws, fangs and weapons of the fell creatures residing in the swamp.

Ordinarily, he would have accepted his losses and aborted the mission, but all of the men still with him were stout paladins devoted to Anate. Besides, they would reach the ruined keep the next day. If they turned back now, all of the men who had died would have done so in vain. That was a burden his conscience could not bear.

Tomorrow would be a day of reckoning for him and his men, but also for the undead nightmare that haunted the keep. He still had no idea what the nature of the beast might be, as all of their scrying attempts had been met with vague visions of untold terror. Nevertheless, they were bound by oath and honor to either vanquish the evil or die trying. He whispered a silent prayer to Anate that she might deliver the former instead of the latter.

Some sages and scholars believe that the Sundering drove Anate mad, and that she believes the only way to rid the world of Evil is to destroy it. The actions of her sevars seem to accurately reflect that speculation, and many of her priests and disciples could accurately be called fanatics. Followers of Anate seem particularly bent on the eradication of evil beings and ideas, constantly throwing themselves into potentially lethal situations in the service of their goddess.

Temples dedicated to Anate can be found in almost any good-aligned city across Eranon. Anate's faithful must tolerate the presence of evil beings within the city, but such evil is strictly prohibited from setting foot upon the consecrated grounds of the temple, much less entering the temple itself.

Every day at dawn, the eldest priest present leads Anate's worshippers in a reverence to thank Anate for seeing them through the wicked night brought by Pillith. The first and last days of the year are religious holidays for the Church of Anate, and both days are spent in fast and meditation. On the second day of the new year, a great feast is held in Anate's honor.

Appearance

Sevars loyal to Anate typically dress in whatever is fashionable. Many wear platemail into combat, and wield war hammers with deadly skill, as Anate is often depicted in a similar fashion.

Holy Symbol

A shield inset with a great warhammer, crossed with a spear.

GABRUN

Anxiety's grip on Lord Vinith's heart tightened as the hours passed. Very soon, High Lord Dar'Kanis would awaken from his slumber, his being overflowing with divine inspiration. His trance had lasted longer than any of them had expected. The council knew not what to think of such an unforeseen occurrence except to wait for the High Lord to awaken, and hope for the best.

Vinith recounted the years he had spent as the High Lord's right hand . Some considered the High Lord insane. Vinith knew this to be untrue; the High Lord's visions were not his own. Vinith had known the man for more than twenty years, even before he was chosen by Gabrun to be the medium through which he conveyed the Dark Lord's divine wishes to his followers. Dar'Kanis was a different person now, perhaps he was insane, perhaps not, but he was changed nevertheless.

Vinith stalked through the corridors of the temple. His scowl was indicative of his desire not to be spoken to, and those that he passed in the halls simply averted their eyes as he strode by. He rather enjoyed the respect that fear inspired in men.

As he passed the great library at the east end of the temple, an agonized scream resounded throughout the building. Gabrun's sevars had kidnapped a girl from a neighboring village; her blood was required to wake the sleeping High Lord and apparently she had served her purpose. He made his way to his old friend's chambers, and whispered a prayer to the Dark Lord. Tonight was going to be eventful.

Gabrun sleeps, and dreams, his mad mind spawning poisoned fantasies. He has chosen to communicate the plans for his priesthood through the Supreme High Lord of his church. The High Lord is required to enter a deep trance-like sleep, which lasts as long as two weeks. During this slumber, the High Lord's consciousness is allowed directly into the mind of the Dark Lord. By witnessing firsthand the desires of his Lord, the sevar is able to better direct the church as proxy to his sleeping god. However, looking into the mind of a god invariably takes its toll on one's sanity.

No one knows why Gabrun chose to enter such a long slumber. Many among the priesthood speculate, but none of them knows for certain, not even the Dark Lord's chosen. While they wait for their Lord's return, Gabrun's faithful work to attain those goals set upon them by the Supreme High Lord of the church.

Unbeknownst to those concerned, Gabrun didn't choose to enter his current state. His consort, Pillith, poisoned the Dark Lord while he slept in a bid to rule the dark gods alone. It is she who delivers spells and guidance to his priests, and when the time is right, she plans to make her deception known to all. For now, she is content to wait for the critical moment to unveil her secret.

Oddly enough, Gabrun's followers dress similarly to those of Pillith, often preferring dark clothes and armor. His followers use whatever armor and weapons they wish, and some are quite adept in the arts of combat.

His temples are great, dark constructs, rarely located in hospitable regions, as good-aligned races generally persecute his followers. Hidden shrines to Gabrun can be found in most places, however.

Appearance

Gabrun is tall with handsome features. His black hair falls below his shoulders, and his eyes are black and soulless. He is easily one of the most beautiful of all the gods. Whatever attire he wears is always dark in color. He is fond of changing his shape to meet his needs, though his eyes always reflect the darkness within his soul.

Holy Symbol

A circular disk bearing a depiction of a dark dragon.

HUR

Drogan Silverbeard, High Chaplain of the Glardin Army, listened grimly as the war drums echoed throughout the caverns of Clan Ironforge's ancestral keep. That sound could only mean that their scouts had spotted the enemy. He had been sent to warn the clan of the Druegarn's advance toward the surface. The dwarven hold boasted barely five hundred warriors; clearly no match for the army of five thousand or more elves that was headed for them.

He sighed. He'd known that the dwarves would rather die than flee their homes, before he'd even accepted the mission to warn them. He'd also known that when they chose to stay and fight, that he would fight beside them.

He strode across the small room and retrieved his helm. Crafted of mithril, it had been blessed by Lord Hur himself. Though he could barely see out of the ornate cross-shaped slit, he'd be damned if he fought without it.

The thunder grew in volume as more drums joined in. The clan's warriors would be gathering in the lower halls now. It was his duty to make sure that they received what spiritual guidance he could offer them. There was no doubt in his mind that they were all going to die today. Perhaps with Hur's blessing, they might be able to delay the enemy's advance to the surface.

He donned his helm and hefted his great two-handed axe onto his stout shoulder. Breathing deeply, he opened the door and joined the stream of soldiers winding deeper into the mountains toward their doom.

Above all else, Hur appreciates strength. The Earth, which he represents, is strong; so, too, are the stout sevars who serve him. A large portion of his faithful come from the dwarven race, as he is their father, but there are plenty of non-dwarven sevars who serve his church.

Though he is a nonpartisan deity, Hur leans toward good in his actions. He despises Gabrun and Pillith for their betrayal and actively works against their churches and minions. He views their subordinate Eleri as dogs that will scatter when their masters are no more.

The dwarves have sung songs to Lord Hur for centuries in their ancestral halls beneath the mountains. Consequently, most large temples dedicated to the Earth Lord are located in the great dwarven cities. However, there are smaller temples and shrines located throughout Eranon. These are usually founded by humans who wish to worship in the comforts of their own environment.

Hur looks kindly upon adventurers, especially those who rely on physical strength to make their way in the world. His priests occasionally travel with such folk to spread the teachings of the Earth Lord. Such priests are valued additions to adventuring groups for their superior combat skills and love of battle.

The second day of Filas is a holy day for the faith. That was the day the first dwarven city of Tronle was founded.

Appearance

Hur resembles his dwarven children in every way except stature. Large, muscular and red-bearded, he is one of the fiercest warriors among the gods. He wears little protection in the way of armor, preferring to rely on prowess and skill to win his battles. His enchanted octmarc, Orestil, is ever at hand to aid him in such conflicts.

Holy Symbol

A double-bladed axe held aloft by a clenched fist.

LYNSTAL

"Lynstal commanded me to kill this man," Elder Tranis said to himself as he lifted himself from the ground and shook off the effects of his meditative trance. He crossed the stone floor of the room to his desk, wiping away the tears welling up in the corners of his eyes, and set about the labor of portraying the man in his vision within the confinements of a scroll for the church's records.

The walls of the round room below the temple proper were lined with torches, sending shadows dancing across the room. The odor down here was a mixture of incense and damp earth. Most of the temple's clergy preferred to meditate within their own chambers, but he rather enjoyed the old meditation room. He also found that his visions were purer here. Perhaps the blessings cast over the room allowed a more direct link with their Lord.

The Silence was a sub-sect of the mainstream worshippers of the Spirit Lord. Theirs was a task shunned by most due to the distastefulness of the work involved, but someone must continue with this portion of Lynstal's commandments. He and his colleagues did not relish in their task of culling the Unfaithful, but it was work that had to be done.

Yes, he thought, his was a terrible task at times, but it was Lynstal's will that this man die. The will of a god; the will of his god. Who was he to argue with such a command? Yes, he knew that this man would be dead by the rise of the next moon. He also knew that this man would understand why he must die. As he finished the portrait, the smiling eyes of his own son gazed up at him from the parchment.

The Faithful of Lynstal is broken into three distinct branches within the church: The Keepers, The Silence, and The Enlightened. Each branch is equally important in the eyes of the Faithful, and each acts relatively independently of the other two.

The Keepers are the scholars, and collectors of knowledge within the church. They spend their time collecting, deciphering, and determining how information relates to the Church. Once the information has been collected, it is then stored away in the libraries within Lynstal's temples.

The Enlightened are the teachers of the young. They are the instructors who counsel those wishing to learn of Lynstal, and it is they who decide which path of the church a young priest will follow.

The Silence acts as the Hand of Lynstal. It is they who carry out Lynstal's will upon Eranon. They are concerned with the culling of the Unfaithful, which they do with surprising efficiency. Members of the Silence are somewhat shunned by the rest of the faithful, though they understand that their actions are simply the will of the Spirit Lord. Despite the actions of The Silence, the Faith of Lynstal is a relatively benevolent one. Most of the sevars who worship Lynstal are scholarly and inquisitive, especially in matters concerning the Spirit Realm or its inhabitants.

Temples devoted to Lynstal are usually great ornate marble structures with many artistic creations adorning the courtyards and halls. Most are not within the protected walls of cities, due to the nature of the sevars research and activities. Clothing worn by those who follow the Spirit Lord usually consists of robes, unless certain activities would dictate otherwise. Many weapons have found their way into being used by the sevars of Lynstal, especially among The Silence, but most priests use a simple weapon, if anything at all. Daggers and maces are both likely to be found in use by a sevar devoted to Lynstal.

The devout are required to pray every day at dawn and again at dusk. Solstices are devoted to communal prayer and are considered religious holidays. These twilight times are important to the priesthood, as they are the times when the barriers between this world and the Realm of the Dead are the weakest.

Appearance

Lynstal is commonly portrayed as a tall, solemn humanoid with translucent skin and dark blond hair. His expression is one of troubled concern. To the gods, he appears to shimmer and fade in and out. His voice is that of a frail whisper and resonates hollowly.

Holy Symbol

Lynstal's symbol is of a full circle bisected by a horizontal line. The top half of the circle is light grey, while the bottom half is jet black.

PILLITH

Ker'en squirmed in her seat at the end of the long oak table. She was currently able to look at her position more objectively, and was beginning to wonder how many quality decisions she had made since she was recruited by the priesthood. Ultimately, she came to the conclusion that she would be lucky to leave this room alive.

The five High Lords of Night sat at the other end of the table, with the High Lord of Midnight at the head. They were clad in the dark armor common to the warrior priests of Pillith, Queen of Night. Their faces were covered with dark masks to keep their identities hidden.

The High Lord of Midnight stood up and began walking down the length of the table toward her. It took all the willpower that she could summon to keep from bolting from the room—or at least trying to do so.

"You do realize," the High Lord began, "that the Dark Lady doesn't consider failure a virtue?"

A greasy feeling washed over her when the man spoke. There was a faintly hollow quality to his voice that seemed to bubble up from the depths of his soul—or at least from the region where his soul would be kept, should he still possess such a thing. He walked behind her, and rested a hand on the back of her chair. Her elven senses revolted, even as her warrior's instincts caused her muscles to involuntarily tense at the nearness of the foul man.

Her nimble fingers slowly pulled the thin dagger from its sheath under her sleeve. The hidden blade had saved her life countless times before this, and against worse odds for that matter. She promised herself that this was the last time she ever had anything to do with cults.

"High Lord," she began, "the girl's master proved to be quite formidable, she—"

Her words were silenced by the High Lord's gauntleted hand entwining itself in her dark tresses, and jerking her backwards out of the chair.

"I don't recall requesting your excuses, elf!" he hissed into her ear. He tightened his grip in her hair and brought her ear closer to his mouth. "Your failure to retrieve the girl is most disappointing, but it occurs to me that you still have something that belongs to us, yes?"

She could feel his muscles tense as he began the incantation to contact the lines of magic that ran throughout the world. She realized that if she didn't strike now, she may not get another chance. With an explosion of movement, she yanked the dagger from her sleeve and thrust it into the High Lord's ribcage.

Hollow laughter erupted from the High Lord as he removed the dagger from his body, and finished his spell. Her muscles lost their strength as the magic poured over her. The High Lord released his grip on her hair, and she was vaguely aware of falling to the floor.

"I must applaud your skill, child," he said as he towered over her unmoving form, "however, your efforts have failed you on this occasion. You are afraid; I can see it in your eyes. Do not be afraid for your life. There are fates that some would consider worse than death, and those are very much worthy of fear."

The Church devoted to the worship of the Dark Mother rivals the Church of Gabrun in size and number of faithful. Most major cities have at least a shrine dedicated to Pillith, though her worshippers are persecuted in the lands of good races.

The largest temple dedicated to Pillith is located in Zentrulian. It appears to be constructed of onyx and black glass, however the materials are as strong as any dwarven steel. When Night casts its shadow over the land, the material comprising the structure begins to glow with a strange red light. It is unknown what causes this to happen, for no one outside the faith has ever spent a night within the place, and anyone who tries never leaves the temple.

Most races avoid acknowledging Pillith, much less worship her. Most of her faithful are human, although sevars of every race have known the embrace of the Dark Lady.

There is an order of knights devoted to Pillith. They are known as The Ebon Sword, and are based primarily in Zentrulian, though they have been known to travel as far as Seramis to promote the will of the Goddess.

Dusk is a time of prayer for the Faithful, as is midnight. Lunar eclipses are seen as a time when Lady Pillith's power increases upon Eranon, and is a time for rituals and meditation.

Appearance

Pillith's eyes are her most striking feature, as her pupils seem to burn amber, like the fires of the darkest plane, and her stare has been known to halt many dead in their tracks. Her extremely seductive voice resonates hauntingly, but. when she is enraged, her shrill could level a mountain. She moves with a grace that even the elves envy, although her elegant, voluptuous appearance belies a heart vile beyond expression.

Holy Symbol

A black triangle. The symbols worn by her faithful seem to be made from the same onyx-like substance as her temple in Zentrulian, for when subjected to the night, they glow with the same mysterious light.

RATISS

The fire crackled as Larian thought about the past two months he had been away from home. It was only through Ratiss's will that he and his companions had done so well. The world had been relieved of numerous foul orcs and goblins thanks to his comrades and his quick wits.

He sat back and let the fire warm him, thinking even further back in his life, to when he was young and first came to know Ratiss and all his ways. He thought about all of the adventures Larian had been on, his wealth and his loving wife Kaylin, whom he would not have met if it were not for a crusade down in the Lanthir Forest. Ratiss had given him much and Larian had given back ten fold in return. He was content and not ashamed to tell anyone of his good fortune or the ways of Ratiss, his god.

As the fire suddenly blazed brightly, he knelt in front of it and said a silent prayer, looking down onan orc camp below. Tomorrow morning, he and his band would storm the camp and sing high songs in praise to Ratiss as they dealt all the vile creatures numerous killing death blows. Tomorrow would be a glorious day and he was sure to be victorious for it was all in Ratiss's honor.

Followers of Ratiss seem flamboyant to a certain degree, with their attitude and zeal for their god. A follower of Ratiss is strong-willed, relying on an inner strength to see them throughany hardship. The source of this powerful sense of self comes from each followers can be traced back to a strong reverence and belief in Ratiss.

Temples dedicated to Ratiss can be found in almost any city across Eranon. Ratiss's faithful are ever loyal to their god, and they are constantly trying evangelize more to Ratiss's ways. Most temples welcome any into their sacred buildings as long as reverence and homage is given to Ratiss during their stay.

Sevars or other followers loyal to Ratiss typically dress in whatever is fashionable, but the colors usually worn are bright reds, oranges, and brilliant yellows. Many wear well made mail into combat, and wield a varity of weapons with deadly skill.

Every day at noon, the eldest sevar present leads Ratiss's worshippers in worship, thanking Ratiss for giving them the zeal and willpower to fight evil another day. The middle of every month is a religious holiday for the church of Ratiss, and the day is spent fasting, in meditation, and singing. On the last day of the last month, a great feast is held in Ratiss's honor.

Physical Appearance

Ratiss appears in many forms, but his favorite is of the human form bathed in flame.

Holy Symbol

A roaring flame atop a small hill.

SELYNI

The beast lay dead on the ocean floor; its massive body rent and sundered by the magic of the sevars.

The creature vaguely resembled a shark, though its body was malformed and twisted by another of Pillith's Nightspawn. The Nightspawn were wicked creatures that had no corporeal body of their own, and so traveled the world seeking a body to occupy. As a byproduct of its inhabitance, the creature it possessed was driven thoroughly insane, while its body gradually grew misshapen and deformed.

Derini directed some of the other priests in the task of destroying the body to keep the local scavenger fish from devouring the tainted flesh of the creature. There had been several such incursions into Selyni's domain of late. Derini had personally dealt with many of them herself. It appalled her that the evil forces present in the world had such long arms that they could reach even into the depths of the ocean. Apparently, none were safe from such things.

As Derini swam about, mentally directing her priests in their task of disassembling the beast's corpse for easier transport from the ocean, she noticed its body shudder. Before she could react, a barbed tentacle shot out of its bulk and speared Emile, a novice sevar, through the throat. The rest of the priests quickly drew their weapons and prepared for combat as the red swirl pouring from Emile's throat filled the ocean's waters.

Shortly after the Spirit War, Selyni took her surviving followers and secluded them within the depths of the ocean. She did this to protect them from the petty skullduggery and machinations of her fellow gods. Her sevars have built great temples underneath the waters, and reside within Selyni's realm. Some of them have returned to Eranon to represent the faith there, and attract new followers, though most remain beneath the waves.

Selyni has gifted her followers with the ability to breathe underwater and communicate with each other through a limited form of telepathy. As clothes would be more of a nuisance than anything else, they choose instead to barely wear anything at all, and make armor only from those substances that do not rust or weigh much. Their choices for weapons are usually those of the piercing variety, as piercing weapons are easier to wield underwater.

Selyni's followers forage what they need from the ocean, subsisting on kelp and fish, for the most part. They are, of course, excellent swimmers, and occasionally tame or befriend ocean dwelling animals such as dolphins.

Selyni's temples are magnificently constructed of coral and jewels. Great statues crafted from coral, depicting great leaders within the church or majestic sea creatures, decorate the winding corridors and courtyards of the temples.

Prayer vigils are held during the first three days of each month, during which the sevars fast and meditate. Otherwise, prayer times are dependant on individual priests.

Appearance

Selyni appears as a tall elven lady with cerulean skin and cobalt hair; her eyes are as black as the deepest depths of the ocean, and her toes and fingers are slightly webbed. She wears no clothing and a small dagger is her only visible weapon, preferring to rely on magic in combat.

Holy Symbol

A depiction of two tridents crossed on a small silver disk.

SERPECIA

Selorn watched as the small band of Druegarn—the dreaded dark elves—stalked through the forest. To their credit, they were completely silent. If the trees themselves hadn't whispered the news of their presence to him, they would likely have gone unnoticed. He had no idea what business they could possibly be conducting in this forest, but he would make sure that they wouldn't be conducting it in peace.

The night air filled his lungs as he leapt from the safety of the tree and started running toward the sacred grove of oak trees. The Sacred Grove was consecrated by the will of Serpecia, and tended by her faithful merthwargs.

He reached the Grove and darted to its center, where he found the council of elders in conversation. After a quick explanation, the alarm was raised and the Fetharn elves assembled themselves into small hunting parties, disappearing into the thick forest toward their quarry.

The Elders thanked Selorn for his diligence, and assured him that the Druegarn would pay dearly for their transgressions. Moments later, the sounds of battle erupted from the direction of Selorn's post; then the screams of the dying.

Merthwargs are the keepers of the wild lands, and the followers of those gods who are associated with nature. Serpecia's merthwargs reside deep within the most primal tracts of forest. They live as one with the forests, and dedicate their lives to preserving them. Followers of Serpecia wear only what the forests can provide for them, shunning inorganic tools, clothing, and armor.

Instead of cutting trees for the lumber necessary to build their temples, Serpecia's children have learned to live with the trees. That is, the trees themselves grow into special groves for the goddess. Occasionally, the trees even allow her merthwargs to live inside their mighty trunks.

Most of Serpecia's priests prefer to reside within the forests they hold so dear. There are, however, those that choose to lead a life of adventure. These merthwargs often accomplish great deeds in the name of the goddess, and against the many forces dedicated to evil.

Tunir, the first day of every week, is held sacred to Serpecia, and her followers spend that day in quiet meditation attuning themselves to the will of the goddess. Additionally, the spring solstice is a time of worship for the faithful of Serpecia, as it represents the growth of the plants and animals sacred to the goddess.

Appearance

Serpecia is depicted as a tall elven woman; her dark green hair falls in loose tresses over her shoulders. She never appears wearing any sort of clothing, preferring to revel in the naturalness of her perfect form. The slightest hint of green seems to touch every part of her body. She carries a gnarled staff sprouting leaves, topped with the antlered skull of a deer. A young stag accompanies her wherever she goes.

Holy Symbol

An oaken staff with leaves sprouting from the top.

VEDA

Toryl lowered his head as he listened to the nobles argue. Their ungrateful behavior embarrassed him greatly. Lady Veda herself had sent them a warning in an effort to save her chosen city, and all they could do was bicker and fight.

He looked down at the pristine red rose in his hands. The Lady's token. A faint bluish light radiated softly from the flower, and red blood perpetually streamed from each of its several thorns, only to dissolve before they touched the ground. There could be no doubt that this was anything thing less than a sign, an omen that war was brewing beneath the world.

The Lady had taken him alongside her to witness the carnage that the evil Druegarn Elves would wreak upon the world and the fair city of Seramis. His mission was to make sure that never happened. He was chosen by Lady Veda or this quest. Now it seemed he would be thwarted by a band of foppish nobles who would rather argue than implement the strategy of one of their fellows.

Lord Gunther was calling for a complete evacuation. Duke Kerrell had been the kingdom's Knight Commander for most of his life and was staunchly opposed. The other five nobles fell into line behind each of them. Today would be their fourth day of council. He wondered how long they could keep this up.

He stood and mumbled something, excusing himself momentarily before the strength was stricken from his legs. He fell to his knees before the beautiful lady that had suddenly appeared in the center of the lavish meeting room. He easily recognized her beautiful green eyes from his divine vision almost a week ago: Lady Veda.

Lord Gunther fell to his knees before the apparition of the Lady and wept as her saddened blue eyes swept over him. She was the most beautiful being that he had ever seen, and he longed to reach up and touch her red tresses.

Duke Kerrell's gaze never left the Lady as he knelt upon a single knee in humility. Her dark eyes reflected her enduring patience. Later, he would recall her dark hair and fair skin vaguely resembling that of his late wife, Naomi.

The remaining nobles each fell to their knees, basking in the divine glory of the goddess. Though each saw a different vision, the message had been clear. Toryl smiled, knowing that there would be no more debate.

Veda is the goddess of Beauty. Those who worship her are devoted to that ideal in all of its various forms. They are among the most optimistic people in the world, as they are able to invariably find beauty and wonder hidden in even the darkest places of Eranon. Though they are peaceful in most aspects of their lives, they are more than willing to fight to maintain that peace if there are no other options available to them. There even exists within the church a sect of knights devoted to such a cause. They are known as the Order of the Rose, and their coat of arms is the Rose of the Lady.

The rest of the clergy spend much of their time glorifying the beauty of the world. Many of them are artists and artisans of exceptional quality, and Veda's temples are filled with exquisite works of art from all across Eranon.

The followers of Veda are on relatively good terms with most regions and religions, as they model a peaceful lifestyle and seldom involve themselves in strife among others. They are staunchly opposed to the actions of several groups, however. Among those are most of the evil gods and the lands in which their foul clergies dominate. Though she is slow to anger, Veda will not tolerate evil acts committed against those who are undeserving of them.

The great city of Seramis is the center of worship for Veda, and she has come to their aid in the past during particularly harsh circumstances. The city has benefited immensely from the church's location and is considered one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Though she has few enemies, they know that if they ever wished to attack her, Seramis would be the place to strike. Veda acknowledges this, and has made the city quite defensible. Additionally, the Order of the Rose has made the city their base of operations.

During Midsummer, the week long festival of Erenial is held in the Lady's honor. Traditionally, the festival is held in Seramis, but in recent years, the custom has started being observed in the surrounding area. Every year, another city or town even further away seems to adopt the holiday and festival as their own.

Appearance

Beauty is truly in the eye of the beholder. With Lady Veda, that is literally true. She appears differently in the perspective of each person who sees her. To each, she appears to be the most beautiful being that person has ever seen.

Holy Symbol

A single red rose with blood running down its thorny stem.

VOSHURN

Just yesterday, Elissian had watched Urlan, his home, recede into the horizon as the merchant ship headed for the deep waters. This was his first journey at sea; it was just a few months ago when he had been initiated as a sevar of Voshurn. Excitement filled his body and soul, just as the salty air filled his lungs.

The cumbersome vessel had nothing in the cargo hold, so the priests could better maneuver it when the time came. The pirates that had been scouring the coastline lately would have quite a surprise if they came after this ship, which was the sole reason that the ship had set sail in the first place, along with four similar vessels.

The five faux merchant ships were seemingly unguarded—several warships waited just out of sight-- enhancing the illusion and making the bait more appealing. Yes, he thought, the pirates would indeed be surprised if they sprung this trap. He was beginning to wonder if they would actually fall for it, as he scanned the surface of the ocean from the crow's nest.

His doubts were washed away as he watched several ships in the distance approach them. As they closed the distance, the skull and crossbones flag unfurled. He sounded the alarm, and rushed down from the crow's nest to join the others assembling on deck. In a moment, the warships lurking in the distance would close in from behind the incoming ships, and the pirates' fates would be sealed.

Due to their control of the wind, the seamanship of Voshurn's sevars is legendary. Hence, the majority of his temples are located in port cities or close to the oceans , and nearly all of his priests are accomplished sailors. Those that aren't interested in a life at sea venture further inland to promote the will of Voshurn.

Many of his sevars are adventurers and dress according to whatever lifestyle they are accustomed. Preferred weapons include sabers, rapiers and the like if they are at sea, but any are accepted among the priesthood. Also, when at sea, light armor is generally the rule.

Temples dedicated to Voshurn vary in appearance, from elegant marble and stone constructs, laden with statuary and art, to simple shrines along the coastline. The needs and means of his followers dictate the form of his temples.

Every morning, prayers are uttered to the Lord of the Sky, and the first week of Linual is considered a holy time for his worshippers. His priests also revere the constellation, Ramlar.

Appearance

Voshurn appears as a seven-foot tall human with powerful muscles and majestic features. His face is shaven clean and keen eyes are ever alert and scrutinizing his surroundings. He wears plate mail into combat, and wields his fabled sword, El'rassil, with deadly precision. Though he is loath to commit to open conflict, when angered he will pursue a foe with utmost determination.

Holy Symbol

Voshurn's holy symbol consists of an anchor, to represent his followers' seafaring, with forked lightning behind it.

THE ELERI

The Alari were instructed to create three subservient helpers each to aid in shaping and regulating the world. These assistants became the Eleri, deities in their own right, also worshipped by the mortals, but with less regularity then the Alari. The section below includes only the Eleri for whom mortals seem to hold a noticeable affinity. Like the Alari, Eleri can shapeshift at will, taking whatever form they choose.

ELANI

Cerine gazed up at the night sky. Ramlar's three moons were gone tonight, leaving no light in the sky except the stars. Most of the campfires in the area had died down a few hours ago, and very few of the Vadren guards patrolled the area. The evil centaur raiders, known as the Vadren, had attacked her family's campsite two nights ago. She was barely ten years old, and after watching her parents and older brother fall under the centaurs' blades, she didn't have the will to do any fighting of her own.

Many other prisoners were present. They had all been shackled and chained together into a long snaking line. After night fell, meager scraps of food were distributed to them and they were ordered to rest. Apparently, they would be walking for most of the next two days, and part of that would be through jungle. The Vadren made sure it was understood that if any of the prisoners couldn't make the journey they would be killed. She wanted to cry, but no tears came; she had already used them all.

Instead, she prayed. To every god that she could recall ever hearing her parents mention, to every god that she could remember hearing about in old stories, to anyone who might be able to rescue her. As she lay there, sleep overtook her tired mind, washing away her worries with blissful oblivion. The last thing she saw were the twinkling stars in the night sky.

She opened her eyes. The sky was still dark. All of the campfires had died into nothingness. Nothing stirred in the camp. No guards roamed among the sleeping bodies in the dirt. All was quiet, and everyone slept. She wiped the sleep out of her tired eyes, noticing for the first time that her heavy iron shackles were lying uselessly on the ground.

Nearby, partially covered with dirt, was a small wooden disc. It was black with three shining stars in a triangle pattern. She picked it up. Looking into the sky, it seemed that she saw a lady's face among the stars. The words, "Follow me", echoed in her head, and she did.

Elani is the goddess of the stars. She guides those who are lost, and watches over those who travel at night. She and her sister, Noda, are the enemies of Pillith, Queen of Night. Though they cannot hope to content with Pillith's might, they are able to undermine her on occasion through guile and subterfuge. Her followers use similar tactics when forced to challenge the might of Pillith's mortal minions.

Elani is the bane of those who use the cover of night to hide their evil deeds. For this reason she is reviled by many, yet seen as a savior by those she protects. Several of her followers have earned the personal enmity of Pillith's High Lords of Night.

She has temples in several major cities across Eranon, and shrines in many more. In recent years, her church has seen an increase in popularity as a large number of adventurers have chosen her as their patron deity and spread her faith throughout their travels. Many good-aligned rogues also venerate her above others.

Typical dress for Elani's sevars includes black or dark blue robes accented with gold trim. Most prefer to rely on magic when they engage in combat, though there are more than a few whose martial skills are quite impressive. Light weapons such as rapiers and short swords are more prevalent among her followers, but any are permissible.

The most holy day for her church is Midsummer Night. The celebrations are held at midnight and consist of hedonistic revelry.

Appearance

Elani is an elegantly beautiful lady with raven black hair, and shining blue eyes. A mischievous grin seldom leaves her lovely face. She is dark and mysterious, yet surrounded by an almost tangible aura of benevolence.

Holy Symbol

A ring of stars surrounding a larger star set in their center. This pattern is usually set on a black or dark blue disc.

NARCATISS

Acrid smoke poured out of the small brazier and into the room. Despite its small size, it had produced enough smoke to obscure the entire floor of Dalia's bedroom. The only thing that was still visible was the strange symbol that the girl had drawn on the floor around the brazier. The circular symbol glowed green through the smoke. Dalia fidgeted nervously, having no idea what she should expect, and prayed to whatever god would listen that her parents remained asleep. The cottage in which they lived was quite small, and she expected to hear her mother's voice at any moment. She wished that whatever was going to happen would hurry up about it.

The small dark-haired man that gave her the brazier told her that if she followed his instructions, she would be granted her heart's desire. Apparently, he was just passing through the village, for she hadn't seen him since that day. Her heart's desire, she had known what that was since her childhood. She wanted it more than anything else in the world, and would give nearly anything to obtain it. She didn't think that it would ever be a possibility for her, but that was about to change. When she was granted her wish, she would be rid of this tiny village forever.

All her life, she had been forced to live among those who were beneath her. To live in squalor, while her true place was among the nobility that lorded over the lands that the peasants inhabited. She was more beautiful than any other girl in the village, and many young men had tried courting her. She would rather die than allow one of those peasant boys to defile her. Soon, she would be the wife of a nobleman, and live happily ever after with the wealth and splendor that she truly deserved.

Her heart leapt as the mist obscuring the floor slowly faded to red and gathered more densely about the center of the circle. Tendrils of red mist writhed and twisted together, forming a pillar that reached to the ceiling. When the smoke subsided, the brazier was gone. Standing within the circle was a small misshapen man. He wore the fine clothes of a gentleman and a broad friendly smile. He was quite handsome with one exception. Nails had been driven through his eyelids, pinning them shut. Dalia's shock restrained her words.

The man bowed deeply. In a raspy voice he said, "Good evening Dalia Stockholm. My liege sends his regards. It seems that we have much to discuss before the dawn approaches . . ."

Scheming and plotting are ingrained into the hearts and souls of those who worship Narcatiss. His church fosters constant power struggles within its ranks. Only the strong are fit to rule, all others must serve. Rivalry and skullduggery are commonplace. Narcatiss promotes this behavior by transforming the most powerful of his clergy into demons after they pass into his realm. Those who were servants in life maintain their servitude in the afterlife.

Upon death, the Demon Liege's faithful enter the ranks of his demonic armies. Ever after, they fight their lord's war against the angelic armies of Tela's realm. While only the most prominent sevars are given positions of power within his realm, Narcatiss's faithful are not at the bottom of his power structure. The foot soldiers in his war are gleaned from the ranks of the unfaithful; those outside the church. This is made possible through the efforts of those who still dwell in the mortal realm.

As they roam across Eranon, the sevars of Narcatiss seek out people who are unhappy with their lot in life. They offer to grant these hapless mortals their heart's contentment in exchange for their agreement to serve the Demon Liege after death. If the mortal agrees, a devil is summoned to enact the deal and grant the mortal's wish. Dishonesty is a part of a devil's nature, so it is no surprise that many mortals come away from the bargain empty-handed when the devil followed the letter of the agreement rather than the intentions behind it.

Narcatiss is primarily concerned with destroying Tela and his army of angels. They are the only obstacle that lies between him and his future goals. Once they have been annihilated, he can concentrate on his long term plans. These ambitions are reflected in the actions of his church on Eranon. They primarily involve converting or subverting as many people throughout the world as possible.

Narcatiss's motives are a mystery to all but the Demon Liege himself. Should he ever manage to defeat Tela and his angelic host, the world would never be the same.

Appearance

Narcatiss's form changes frequently to suit his needs. Lowly paupers, highborn elven nobles and everything in between have been portrayed by the Demon Liege. However, with the passage of time, his appearance has begun changing permanently to reflect his true nature. His eyes have become empty black orbs, reflecting the true nature of his soul; his teeth have changed into slender predatory fangs, similar to those of hunting cats. Aside from these deformities, Narcatiss is very handsome and his charisma and persuasiveness are unparalleled by gods or mortals.

Holy Symbol

A red demon's head on a black disc.

NASIL

Lady Nasil gazed upon Eranon. She looked at the countless lives upon it, which were forever bound to the cycle of birth, life, and death. She saw them all in that instant. Time was her domain; omniscience her burden. She knew everything that ever was, is, and will be. She knew the exact moment of every mortal's passing into the next realm, but that wasn't the limit of her knowledge. She also knew the hour of her own destruction, and that of her fellows. Though her mind was that of a god, it had proved insufficient to bear the weight of it all. To know these things is one thing, yet to be unable to act upon them was quite another. But she was able to act upon her knowledge, wasn't she? She was a goddess after all.

She focused her attention more closely to the labors of her own priests. Her faithful worked diligently to further her goals, and bring about the end of time and everything; but also, the end of her troubled existence. Everything was coming into place. Time, like anything so existential, could hardly be considered a static thing, set in stone as mortals so often say. No, Time was quite fluid, and could be manipulated if one had the means …

The consequences of her actions saddened her, but there was only one way for things to be. Though time was fluid, it rushed like a mighty river; it could be guided, but never completely controlled. Her suffering must end. If it meant the end of everything, that was how it must be.

She harnessed her conscience and settled into her own realm. Though the flow of knowledge never ceased, she was able to dampen it so that she might have some reprieve. The time was drawing nigh for her direct involvement. Soon enough, her plans would come to fruition and all of reality would be no more. Only then could she be released into the blessed void of death. She smiled at the thought and rested. All of her power would be needed for the conflicts ahead.

Some sages theorize that Lady Nasil was driven insane by the trauma of the Sundering. Actually, the roots of madness had already firmly taken hold long before that time; though, it is likely that her condition was worsened by that event.

Most of her time is spent calculating and implementing schemes to bring about the end of Time, and subsequently, reality. As would be expected, her clergy are dedicated to furthering their patron's cause. They do not consider the end of existence to be a bad thing. Instead, they simply see it as a means to end the suffering of their Lady, and, to a lesser degree, that of all whose lives are filled with misery. Needless to say, mercy killings come relatively easy for the sevars of Nasil.

While not dedicated to the furtherance of evil causes, the clergy of Nasil is nonetheless looked upon with suspicion, if not outright enmity. Those who follow the Lady of Time are arduous in their tasks and dedicated to their goals. The occasional paladin has been known to dedicate his life to serving Nasil, though these are few and far between.

Temples of Nasil are rarities throughout Eranon. This is due to the populace's generally unfavorable view of the church which stems not only from the clergy's strange ambitions, but also from their strange behavior and unusual powers. All of Nasil's sevars seem to be touched by their goddess's madness, and their madness invariably intensifies with age.

Nasil considers no day to be more important than any other. Therefore, her clergy has no formal days of celebration in their goddess's name.

Appearance

Nasil sometimes appears to her followers as a youthful child, exuberant and full of life. Her lovely golden hair flows unfettered down her back, and she wears a perpetual smile. On other occasions, she appears in the form of a decrepit hag bearing a wicked scythe. In this guise, she wears a dark hooded robe that covers her completely, with the exception of her face. Every inch of her ancient visage is covered with the creases of time.

Holy Symbol

A black scythe crossed behind an hourglass.

NATE'

The light in the small chamber was dim, shed by the full moon as it flowed in through the skylight. Nine figures stood solemnly in a perfect circle around the room. Their crimson robes were a sharp contrast against the gray stone of the walls behind them. Each of the nine held an ornate ceremonial dagger before them reverently as they awaited the initiate's arrival.

The rune-inscribed wooden doors which connected the chamber with the rest of the temple opened, allowing torchlight from the adjacent hall into the room. A young girl walked into the room, her shadow growing longer and covering the floor behind her as she approached the center of the room and stopped. She wore nothing to cover her petite body, yet she stood proudly as the doors closed behind her.

"You have been judged worthy of induction into the priesthood, Seelia," one of the robed figures said. "Now is the moment of your final test of faithfulness and devotion to Nate'. Have you any enquiries of the Council, young one?"

"Nay, I have none, Eminence," came the reply.

"Then step forward and choose your master, child, and prove your willingness to travel the path of unconditional love," commanded another of the robed figures, in a woman's voice.

The girl looked to one of the robed figures on the other side of the room, and walked slowly across the room. Upon reaching the female figure, she knelt to one knee. The robed one traced an invisible rune in the air with her dagger before presenting it to the initiate.

The girl took the dagger from her new master and traced a different rune in the air. Upon completion of the ritual, she turned the dagger's blade upon herself. Carefully she traced a jagged line of blood across her lovely face, scarring her beautiful features permanently.

The child's master bade her rise and stand beside her. "Welcome to your new home, Seelia. Have faith that Nate' shall ever be your guide and protector."

The blood coursing down Seelia's face was mixed with tears of joy.

Nate"s followers are completely devoted to the romantic ideal of unconditional love. It is their belief that to truly love another, one must look beyond the surface of an individual and learn to love that person's soul. They accomplish this by ritually scarring themselves as an act of faith upon their induction into the priesthood.

All of Nate"s sevars have scarred themselves. These scars always adorn whatever part of their bodies once brought the most pride in their lives. Usually this means that their faces are permanently scarred, but occasionally priests have chosen to scar more obscure regions.

Nate"s followers wear crimson robes, and use whatever armor or weapons may be appropriate. They also don silver masks for their rites and ceremonies. Typically, they do not fight wars or embark upon quests to dangerous places, though Nate' has occasionally called upon them for such things in the past. When Nate"s faithful have undertaken such tasks for the goddess, they have accomplished everything set before them admirably.

Temples devoted to Nate' can be found in most cities. They are large, beautiful buildings, often made of rare materials and elaborately appointed. Her priests and priestesses commonly do much for the communities in which their temples are located.

Appearance

Nate' was once very beautiful, and many of the Alari and Eleri doted upon her. She came to consider this to be exactly how love should be. One day, she met a hooded young man traveling through her realm. After spending some time with him, she realized that she had fallen deeply into a love of him greater than anything she had ever known. After professing their love for one another, the young man removed his hood, and she beheld the hideous visage that was hidden beneath.

Upon witnessing her shock, he became acutely embarrassed of his deformity, retreated into the forest, and impaled himself upon his rapier. Nate' mourned his death for many years until some time later, when she bore witness to the Dakass Luot, the senseless war brought about by the evil nature of the Druegarn Elves.

She realized how beautiful the Druegarn were on the outside, while on the inside, they were completely and utterly evil. Remembering her lost love, beautiful on the inside but horrid on the outside, she took her dagger and began carving deep lines into her face, forever marring her delicate features.

She now appears as a graceful human woman, beautiful beyond description in every way with one exception: her face remains hideously scarred. This serves as a reminder to her faithful that true love goes beyond such confines as physical beauty, and to find true beauty, one must look past the physical and into the souls of other people.

Holy Symbol

A golden dagger dripping blood.

NECRU

Lord Necru sat on his throne. It was fashioned from the bones of the damned, and a sickly green light shone through the cracks between them. He gazed at his beautiful visage, reflected in the mirrored walls of his castle. The perfect contours of his face, the icy blue eyes staring at him from too many surfaces to count, he could sit here in his throne room for hours and simply marvel at his magnificent countenance—and he often did.

Tearing his sight from his own exquisite features, he looked past the walls and into the rest of his realm. He watched as his minions mercilessly afflicted torture on an Unfaithful soul that was unfortunate enough to be sent to his realm by Lynstal. The wretch would inevitably be sent back to the plane on which it lived, to torment the living as a wraith. His mind's eye soared over the bleak, dying landscape, and saw the birth of a new plague in the rotting intestines of a dead animal. His minions would ensure that it reached a community somewhere in the world, and the men, women, and children within would become sick and frail before they finally succumbed to the terror that stalks all mortals. He smiled.

Eventually, Lord Necru reigned in his errant consciousness, stood from his throne, and walked across the room to one of the reflective walls. As he admired his handsome body, he barely even noticed his servants toiling in their endless efforts to polish every surface in the place.

As they labored at their task, they all averted their eyes, for none of them could bear to gaze upon the hideous, decaying form of their lord.

Long ago, during the Age of Light, Necru's body slowly began resembling that which was named his divine province by Ramlar. That is, his body began to decay. Before the Sundering, Necru had been one of the most beautiful of the Eleri, and possibly the most vain. When his beauty began to fade, his sanity faded with it.

Recognizing his brother's plight, Lasek, the Lord of Lies, procured for Necru a magical potion, which when imbibed would preserve his dwindling beauty. Necru greedily drank the potion, and to his amazement, the potion seemed to work. In fact, it even reversed the decaying process that had already begun. However, there was one drawback to the potion's effect; only Necru saw his former beauty returned to him, as did his vanity in even greater abundance. The rest of the gods watched his handsome form turn into that of a rotting corpse.

The church of Necru is devoted to every aspect of death. His sevars vary greatly in demeanor and interpretation. They range from scholars and historians at one end of the spectrum to assassins and necromancers at the other. As such, there are no distinct castes or categories for them to fall into. Attire and armaments are also mostly dependant on the individual priest in question, as Necru does not feel the need for such cohesion among his followers.

His temples stand wherever they are unlikely to be acknowledged as such, usually appearing to serve as a library or tavern, with the cer

emonial halls located in another section of the building. Each temple is presided over by a Minister of Death.

The first night of Relrin is known among the faithful as Gul'Tikris, the Night of the Dead, when the vengeful souls of murder victims are said to stalk the night.

Appearance

Necru appears to be little more than a rotting corpse. Decayed flesh hangs from his bones, filled with maggots and disease, and a malevolent green light shines from behind his pus-filled eyes. His clothes are similarly rotted and moth-eaten. He carries the staff, Karindras, which was shaped from the souls of nine murderers.

Due to the elixir given to him by Lasek, Necru doesn't see the decomposed state of his body. In fact, he views himself as being very handsome, and is quite narcissistic. He is likely to make life very difficult for anyone who insults his appearance.

Holy Symbol

An image of a green skull on a black, circular disk.

NIND

The glowing magical chains held him in place. During the first hour of his bondage, he had struggled against the chains, his only reward being the bloody paths marked by them on his body. As the three men spoke, he started to weep. He would have begged them for mercy, but his tongue was held by their wicked magic.

"Donalt of the High Road," they spoke in unison, "the Tribunal has contemplated your actions, and your charges have been read to you. You will now be given a moment to speak on your behalf before you are sentenced."

The tall pine trees swayed in the windy ravine, as the magical bond lifted itself from his tongue. He hadn't the slightest idea how they had found him here, in his secret hideout, or how they knew what he had been doing. But now he was going to have to convince them that they shouldn't kill him somehow.

He looked at the three robed figures standing solidly against the wind. They each wore grey robes, and dark masks to hide their faces. A small circular disk hung prominently about their necks; on it was a depiction of a set of scales, the symbol held sacred to Nind, Lord of Judgment.

"We only intended to rob those people, we never meant to hurt anyone—" he began.

"Consider this your warning Donalt of the High Road," the Tribunal interrupted, "the Tribunal will not tolerate your deceptions. Speak the truth or your guilt will be assumed, and your judgment will be delivered accordingly."

"Okay, we intended to kill them, he relented, "and steal what valuables they had."

"What of the treatment given by you and your men to the daughters of the huntsman and his wife?" The Tribunal asked.

"I swear it was my men that did it, I tried to stop them—"

"You were warned, Donalt of the High Road. You have attempted to deceive this Tribunal on two separate occasions, thus you have inadvertently admitted your own guilt. You are hereby found guilty of the murders of the four people, and with the rape of the women. The sentence bestowed upon you by Lord Nind is death. May whatever god you follow have mercy on your soul, for you shall find none here."

The screams of the condemned resounded throughout the canyon, as the Tribunal of Nind administered their lord's will. The tall pine tree swayed as the wind raced through them.

The clergy of Nind are wanderers. They have no temples, and instead travel the world in groups of three, called Tribunals, ensuring that justice is carried to those who deserve it. They are, in effect, the judge, jury and executor of Nind's will throughout the world.

The Tribunals consist of three sevars, their titles being: Elder, Novice, and Initiate. It is the Elder's duty to instruct the younger priests in the ways of Nind's faithful. The Novice trains to become a teacher for future sevars. The Initiate's goal is to learn as much as he possibly can about the church, and to abide the instructions of the elder priests.

These Tribunals travel the land investigating infractions of justice, gathering as much information as possible from those involved, and dispensing justice as they see fit. Some authorities have decreed that sevars of Nind are prohibited from entering their lands and cities. Other have named them enemies of the state and have placed heavy bounties on their heads, while some actively promote the administration of judgment through Nind's divine will.

Though there are no temples dedicated to the Lord of Justice, there are several libraries containing literature important to the church. These libraries are well hidden, as the church has many enemies.

Nind's followers have no particular sacred days that they set aside for ritual worship. Every thirteenth day, however, each tribunal meditates together. During this meditation, priests commune with their god to ensure that they are serving Justice appropriately.

Appearance

Nind always appears as a twelve-foot tall humanoid, draped in the grey robes of neutrality. A dark mask covers his face, so that his features may not be seen. He carries no weapons, nor does he have need of them.

Holy Symbol

Nind's holy symbol is a set of scales on a golden disk.

PELATOS

Warlord Gilan stood on the ramparts of the fort, overlooking the enemy encampment in the distance. The siege was going poorly. Of the eight hundred men assigned to his command, barely three hundred yet lived. The full moon shone brightly in the night sky, enabling him to observe the enemy more clearly.

They danced about the great bonfires, which illuminated their encampment. Judging from their behavior, they had no doubts concerning their ability to take this fort. If they didn't simply overrun them, they would just wait them out. There simply weren't enough provisions to last more than another few weeks. If they played the waiting game, his men would starve.

No, Gilan and his men would have to leave the safety of the fort's walls, and make one final charge before they starved to death. Arrows would likely shoot them down before they even reached the enemy's line, but at least they would die in battle.

His only wish was that this siege had stalled the Druegarn long enough to allow the Spirinari and elven forces to bolster Nelthor's standing army. If they made it to the port city in time, Nelthor might be saved. Otherwise, all was lost.

At the very least, battle would be joined soon. Pelatos would aid them in the upcoming battle, this he knew. Yes, they would likely be slain, to the man, but they would slay many before them, and that was what mattered the most.

Pelatos's followers live—and die—for combat. Their greatest desire is to die with a weapon in hand, and the corpses of their enemies lying beneath them.

The church is structured much as an army would be. Each temple's warriors are under the command of a single high priest, referred to as Warlord. The Warlord makes every decision concerning his soldiers, and the structure below him looks something like a pyramid, with squads of individual soldiers being directly commanded in battle by sergeants.

Pelatos's sevars continually train for combat, honing their fighting skills to match the keen blades of their swords. Armaments for a temple's army is always uniform, though this may vary between temples and squads depending on the squad's primary function.

The day of the summer solstice is a holy day for the clergy of Pelatos, as this is the day that Pelatos fashioned the first sword and slew the Devil, Guth'raknon.

Appearance

Pelatos appears as a large man, between eight and ten feet tall. His blue eyes pierce the soul, just as his spear pierces his enemy's breast. He always wears golden half plate armor and carries his spear, Telos, and his sword, Dragiss, with which he slew the mighty Devil lord.

Holy Symbol

An image of Pelatos's sword and spear on a golden disk.

SELISEE

Rythan's knees buckled as the ritual neared completion. Luckily, Terisia, his wife, companion, and fellow mage was nearby to steady him. Her lovely smile had comforted him for the past twenty years, and for that he was thankful. Though he could discern a touch of grey darkening her golden hair, she was still as beautiful as she ever was. He smiled wanly.

He was as fine a weapon smith as any on Eranon, and also an able wizard, though his wife was somewhat more competent on that end. He'd been crafting enchanted blades for many years, but tonight would see the birth of his finest and final creation. With the aid of Terisia and Selisee, Lady of Magic, he had bound a part of his soul into a magnificent sword. Not only would the blade be instilled with powerful enchantments, he would be with the weapon forever. Tomorrow, when the ritual's magic was done, the rest of his soul would join that which resided within the sword. One more night with Terisia was all that he had left. He only wished that there was another way.

A coven of cyantheer dragons moved into the area several weeks ago. It wasn't long before they found the small town of Hopefall and included it in their hunting grounds. Rythan could tolerate their presence no longer. When his soul fully rested within the blade, Terisia would ride against the beasts and hopefully drive them from the area. Due to his failing health, this was the only way that he would be able to help her. He placed his hand over hers as she held his arm. It had been a long while since they had done anything so adventurous. He prayed to the Lady in thanks for her help, and asked her to see them through the nightmare ahead.

Selisee's church is one of the few to be accepted almost everywhere on Eranon. Her sevars often have very different points of view where morals and values are concerned, but they all respect and revere the Lady of Magic. Thus, temples in different regions often reflect the outlook of that region's people. It is not uncommon to see temples of Selisee sharing a city street with a temple to Gabrun in one city, and with Anate in another, as all mortals and deities acknowledge the Lady of Magic's status and power.

Many of her sevars seek a closer relationship with their goddess by multi-classing as wizards. Magical power is a sign of station within the church and Selisee encourages the study and creation of magical items. Some of her followers commit themselves fully to such endeavors and become spectacular artificers, inventing new and wondrous items as tribute to their Lady. Others take to a life of adventure, seeking out ancient places of magic to rediscover and dedicate to Selisee.

As her religion is spread so widely, many customs are dependant upon the region in which a particular temple is located. Things such as holidays, times and days of worship, and manner of dress all vary throughout the world. The first day of Eldune is regarded as sacred by all, however, for that is the day that Ramlar gifted magic to the world.

Selisee's temples are elaborate and beautiful in most cases, and are usually crafted from marble or some other aesthetically pleasing material. Magical wards and runes protect the places from would-be thieves, and everything short of a small army would be well-advised to avoid trespassing on her consecrated grounds. Also, despite the value differences of Selisee's clergy, any of her faithful can expect to be given safety and respite at any of her temples.

Appearance

Selisee appears as a youthful, yet stern maiden dressed in austere robesbedecked with runes. Her hair is golden in color and her eyes are dark with mystery. She is cautious when dealing with her fellow deities, especially those of good or evil persuasions. She has seen the travesties that have occurred for the sake of both, and intends to have no part of either. Conversely, she is magnanimous with her faithful and aids them frequently when they are in need.

Holy Symbol

The Mark of Magic, a rather angular symbol reminiscent of perhaps an hourglass comprised of triangles.

SILIA

Lady Silia lay back in her rented bed. The Laughing Lady Inn had been a most hospitable establishment. She would definitely stay here again if her travels brought her back this way. She'd spent most of the night dancing and carousing her way through the revel that was still going on downstairs, and the night was far from over. Ordinarily she would have remained for the duration of the festivities, but tonight she wanted to be alone.

She resented her occasional introversive mood. Before she had come back to the world of mortals, she had never been this way. It didn't seem natural that she act so somberly, but certain thoughts weighed heavily on her mind.

Since the gods were forbidden by Lord Ramlar to venture into the world of mortals, she had missed the creatures and wonders within it. She missed being among her followers and watching them grow throughout the years. Of course she could watch them from the confines of her realm, but it was hardly the same thing. Interaction was what she sought… orhad sought. That was before Lasek approached her with a special offer.

It hadn't taken long for her to make her decision to return to the world. Until then, she had been in the midst of an inner struggle between her desire to return and her distrust of the Lord of Lies. Both she and Lasek knew which side of her thought process would prevail before she even answered. She also knew that there was a reason to distrust the fallen Eleri, but she didn't discover that reason until it was too late.

The thing that Lasek hadn't told her was such a small piece of information, yet so important. She had no idea what would happen to her if any of the other gods discovered her. The memory of Ramlar's command haunted her daily, as did her memory of the Sundering. Even gods could be held accountable for their actions.

She wished—not for the first time—that she had ignored Lasek's offer. Mostly she just wished that there was no restriction on her presence here. As she saw it, whatever punishment that she would suffer for her insubordination would almost be worth her time spent here.

Silia's faithful are among the most talented composers of song and poetry throughout Eranon. Bards, minstrels and poets count themselves among her followers, and most, despite possible moral and ethical differences, look to her for inspiration. All sevars that worship her are talented artists, almost without exception. Many of them take to a life of adventuring as such endeavors invariably produce inspiration for songs and poems.

Temples of the goddess of song are predominantly located in larger cities, where their audiences are likely to be larger. The buildings are usually beautiful in their design, and all contain an amphitheater so that art prepared by the Lady's faithful can be heard by all.

None of Silia's followers know of her return to Eranon. She has occasionally been tempted to confide in them, but has decided against it. That information could only cause trouble for herself and her followers if it were to fall into the wrong hands. Perhaps one day she

will sing to them the song of her return, but for now, she is content to wait. Since her return, sevars who worship Silia have seen their divine powers amplified. Due to her nearness, recent years have seen some of the best and most inspired poetry and songs ever produced.

Every year, many celebrations are held in the goddess's name. The most notable celebration is a week-long festival held during midsummer. Poets of all manner and persuasion gather in Treyln Forest to revel, dance, and recite poetry of every sort.

Appearance

Silia appears as a remarkably comely young lady with scintillating dark hair cascading the length of her spine. Her eyes are in the deepest blue, her high cheek bones evince authority and nobility. The Eleri's voice is unrivaled in its melodiousness. Silia carries herself with an unworldly grace, seeming to float on air when she moves. Her beauty is said to approach even that of Veda herself.

Holy Symbol

A golden lyre with golden strings.

VRANG

The baying of the hounds was getting terribly close, which could only mean that their quarry was nearby. The hunters pressed their horses into a gallop in anticipation of the kill. They had been on the hunt since the early morning, and noon would soon be upon them. The fox had proven to be a particularly wily one, and this would be a proper conclusion to a marvelous hunt.

Their steeds thundered across a stream and headlong into a patch of underbrush. The forest floor had gotten abnormally moist once they crossed the stream, the lower ground having trapped rainwater from several days past.

As they crested a hill, the hunters spotted the hounds. They were barking and growling near the entrance to a small cave. The hunt was done: their quarry was cornered.

The hunters dismounted and followed the fox's tracks toward the cave. Near the entrance to the cave, imprinted in the dirt, was a large claw mark inside of a hole—nay it wasn't imprinted at all, but drawn in the dirt inside a circle. Upon examining the symbol closer, several of the hunters thought to themselves, "How strange…".

The hounds began to growl and back away from the cave, while the horses reared and bolted. The hunters were so preoccupied with trying to gain control of their terrified mounts that they never even noticed the hideously deformed and enlarged fox emerge from the cave, saliva dripping from its hungry jaws, and no one heard the death cries of men, horses and hounds as the grotesque beast leapt into their midst and procured its next meal.

Vrang's priesthood is fractious and broken. There is no cohesive religion as such, and that is how Vrang desires it. Before the Sundering, he loved and was loved by all beasts, but now he only has love for fell and evil creatures.

The few temples that are dedicated to Vrang are almost always found deep in the wilderness. Unlike most of the other gods, he doesn't often send guidance to direct the faithful of his church, so most of the doctrine of the Faith is based on speculation on the part of the elder sevars.

The most notable temple, known as The Heart of the Beast, is supposedly located somewhere within the Frendell Forest. The only account of the temple itself comes from the sole survivor of a caravan passing through the forest: "…the temple is alive; it is a creature of darkness, for there is no light beneath those trees."

Followers of the Beast Lord seldom wear heavy armor, as it would slow them down on the hunt. Their weapons tend to revolve around aids to life in the forest. Bows, axes and daggers are all likely choices for armaments. Their clothing also reflects their choice of environment, with skins, hides and rough leather tunics being the standard.

The tenth day of Minta is a holy day for this Faith, as that was the day that Vrang became the twisted husk of his former glory. This day is the only day that is held in reverence by the entire religion. All other holy days—and there are many— depend on the individual cell, and the eldest sevar's interpretation of Vrang's Litany.

Appearance

Vrang is seen most in a hybrid human form that is overly feral in nature with long rezor sharp claws and long wolf like tail.

Holy Symbol

A circle surrounding the claw mark of a great beast.

VYLAN

Quiet and serenity pervaded the forest as Vylan, the Lord of Beasts stood motionless under the night sky. No moon lit the clearing where he stood; he needed no light to know where his quarry lay, however. He was the King of Hunters; none could elude him forever. Not even Vrang, the Fell One's abominations.

This one had been cleverer than most, and it had taken nearly a fortnight for it to fall into the trap Vylan'd laid. Now it had nowhere to run except through him.

The brush behind him rustled. The great wolf, Kashar, walked into the clearing and lay down. His large dark form made an inky impression in the already dark night. His intelligent yellow eyes watched the forest.

Moments later, a vicious snarl came from the forest ahead of him. Vylan smiled as he saw the enormity of the creature before him. Its head was that of a bear except for the large tusks protruding from its mouth. Its legs were bent backwards at the knee, giving it a strange gait as it loped into the clearing. The hands were similar to those of a man. Long taloned fingers curled downward from each. An eerie green light shone from its eyes. The monster wore no skin to hide its twenty feet of muscle, bone and sinew.

Vylan had launched three arrows into its face before it cleared the brush: one in the left eye; two in the right. Though blind, its momentum and rage carried it through to its target. He dodged the creature's clumsy blows, though one of them managed to snap his bow in half. He tumbled away and came to his feet several feet from the beast, sword in hand. Perhaps this creature would prove more challenging than the last.

Vylan's worshippers are chiefly comprised of druids and rangers; mostly the latter. They erect no temples and seldom congregate. They are individualists and hunters without peer as befits their god. Vylan himself shuns the company of his fellow gods. His only companion is Kashar, Father of Wolves.

Vylan is obsessed with the destruction of Vrang, the Master of Dark Beasts; Vrang returns the sentiments wholeheartedly. Long ago, they were equals in their love of nature and its creatures. However, at the time of the Sundering, Vrang's mind was darkened and tainted by evil. All of his minions and followers reflect that taint and therein lays the strife between the two Eleri. Just as they despise one another, so do their followers harbor similar enmity.

Other than combating the minions of Vrang, those who follow Vylan seek to preserve nature and the creatures that dwell therein. They have little love for civilization, and spend most of their time in the company of good aligned and natural creatures that make the forests their home. He is also the protector of the various good-aligned, civilized creatures that bear resemblances to beasts, such as the centaurs of the Pazion Plains.

Since there is little congregation among Vylan's church, they observe only one ritual. Annually, on the day of the winter solstice, all of the faithful gather together in various wooded places across Eranon. At the stroke of midnight, the assembled host sets out on the Wild Hunt, which lasts until the rising of the sun. Afterwards, a great feast is held in the honor of the animals slain to furnish it, and in honor of the Lord of Beasts.

Appearance

Vylan appears as a youthful man of elven descent with a slim muscular build and long dark hair. He wears black leather armor when expecting combat, which is often for he is constantly on the trail of his latest quarry. His loyal traveling companion is the great Kashar, Father of Wolves.

Holy Symbol

A longbow notched with three arrows, the tips dripping blood.

VYLIA

Erris paused from gathering wood to look up at the afternoon sky. A swift autumn wind whipped dead leaves among the trunks of the trees. Winter would be especially harsh this year, since the orcs had begun their intrusion into the Banewood. Before their appearance some months ago, the small community of druids had been alone with the forest. So far, they had been more successful in routing the orcish raids than not. But as autumn waned, so would their divine powers. If the orcs pressed their attack into the winter months, the druids might be forced to retreat from the forest.

Dusting off his hands, he walked away from his work toward the nearby stream. He hoped that they wouldn't have to leave. The trees here were ancient, untouched. The orcs would defile it as was their way, and, within a year, its majesty would be lost forever.

He reached the narrow stream and laid his sword in the grass beside it. It had seen far too much bloodshed for his liking, but was quite likely to see more. He knelt down and leaned over the water, plunged his cupped hands into it, and brought the water up to splash over his face. After cleaning the grime from his face, he cupped more water from the stream to drink. Mid-drought, he heard the faint cry of a whippoorwill from somewhere in the distance.

In a swift motion, he swallowed the rest of the water, and snatched his sword from the ground. Moments later, he was racing away toward the source of the bird's call. No such bird dwelt within the sylvan spread of the Banewood. That was the reason the druids used it as a call to arms.

As he ran, he thought about how close the call seemed to their camp; he just hoped he arrived in time to help.

Among the Alari and Eleri, time is an irrelevant thing. None are more aware of the passage of time than Vylia, Lady of Seasons. Though she too is immortal, her personage and personality change as the seasons do. During the winter months, she dies; leaving her followers bereft of their object of worship and their granted powers. To compensate her faithful for this inconvenience, for the remainder of the year, their divine powers are greatly enhanced, even beyond that of other deities' followers.

Most of Vylia's faithful are druids or rangers. Though her following is small, those who worship her are devoutly loyal. Due to the nature of her followers, there are few communities devoted to her worship. Those rarities are only present in the most primal and untouched sylvan glades on the continent of Eranon.

Her devotees commit themselves to the preservation of the natural environment. They generally remain aloof from the rest of the world until something threatens the wilderness in which they reside. A rare few choose to take the fight to the enemy, and doggedly hunt down those who dare defile the world.

The beginning of every season is a sacred time for Vylia's followers. The summer and autumnal equinoxes are met with festivities and praise for the goddess. The winter solstice is met with somber meditation and lamenting prayers for her death. Spring's solstice is the most joyous time for her church, as it is the day Vylia is reborn. The first week of spring is devoted to prayer, meditation, and thanks to the Lady for returning to guide her faithful.

Appearance

During the summer, Lady Vylia appears as a youthful maiden. Her radiance and beauty equal those of even the most beautiful gods and goddesses. As summer changes to fall, her countenance turns slowly into that of a decrepit old crone. When winter overtakes fall, the goddess dies, only to be reborn again with the coming of spring in the form of a beautiful child.

Vylia's personality is irrevocably linked to her current identity and the time of the year.

Holy Symbol

Three oak leaves on a white disk. The first leaf is small and green. The second is larger than the first and also green. The third is brown and shriveled. Each leaf represents the three seasons: spring, summer, and fall respectively. The blank white disk represents winter.

VYTHA & NURCA

Kasha walked into the chamber. There was complete silence save the rattle of her chains and body piercings. She was the High Priestess of Vytha, the Goddess of pain, and as was customary to a sevar of her status, her eyes had been sewn shut. Anything that her goddess wished for her to see would be shown to her through the goddess's will. A man was chained to the wall, one of the new clergymen. All of the new members of the Faith had to prove their resilience to Vytha's affection. This man was currently undergoing the final test of the Mul'Thek trials, and it was Kasha's task as the temple's leader to administer it. Though her eyes were sightless, Nurca, the goddess of torment and sister to Vytha, would ensure her ability to inflict pain on this fledging.

The clergyman looked up from his chains, his face worn and battered. He knew the worst was still to come. The trials administered by the Mul'Thek order were the more welcome of the two. The order of Nok and its high priest, Kalif, were notorious for their trials of induction to the faith. The Nok were said to have administered such awful, mind-breaking techniques that even elder Vythan priests had cried out for release from the pain. The clergyman had heard the tales, and he had some idea of what horrors awaited him, but it was in the name of Vytha. The clergyman opened his eyes completely; blood and tears ran from them like a tainted river. He smiled wide at Kasha and spoke, "I am ready, in the name of Vytha, my goddess."

The faiths of Vytha and Nurca are intertwined. The beliefs of the two religions complement one another, though their followers do not necessarily worship both goddesses. The followers of Vytha, the goddess of pain, believe that only suffering, both physical and emotional, can bring true enlightenment. Pleasure and ecstasy only cloud reason and pure thought. The followers of Nurca, the goddess of torture and torment, act as the enforcers of law and administrators of pain and torment for the faithful of Vytha. Most followers of Nurca are also followers of Vytha, though the inverse is rarely true. Nurcan followers administer the majority of the Trials of Vytha, which test the loyalty of potential members of the church.

The Vythan religion is divided into two houses. The house of Mul'Thek, whose members revel in physical pain, and the house of Nok, whose members believe the true path to enlightenment is paved with emotional pain. They use mind reading techniques and illusion magic to cause themselves and others to experience extreme emotional torment. Very few members of the house of Nok are Nurcan followers, as most followers of Nurca believe in physical torture and question the effectiveness of the Nokan techniques. In reality, though, fewer people live through the Nok trials than through the Mul'Thek trials.

Members of the house of Mul'Thek administer the first series of trials; these sevars act as vessels for Nurca's wrath. The potential priests are bludgeoned, pummeled, and beaten unmercifully. Their flesh is pierced, torn, ripped and burned. Those who survive the pain

and learn to embrace it then move on to the trials of Nok. The trials of Nok are administered by elder sevars devoted to Vytha, in contrast to the trials of Mul'Thek, which are primarily supervised by Nurca's priests. Through a combination of telepathy and illusion spells, potential members are forced to relive the most horrific moments of their lives, experience again their most terrifying nightmares, and anything else that the elder Sevars' imaginations can produce. The Nokan trials last for days, during which the prospective member of the faith experience a non-stop assault of the mind and the emotions. The trials end only when the administrators feel the time is right, or when the subject dies. On average, more people die during the trials of Nok in the course of one month than there are in the entire Faith at any given time. Only those who learn to appreciate, harness and learn from their pain are worthy to worship in the name of Vytha.

Appearance

Most Sevars comprising the Vythan and Nurcan faiths use belt-strap leather to cover their bodies, in addition to flowing, tattered robes. Their backs and chests are usually left bare, so that everyone may view the road maps of pain adorning their bodies, marks of their loyalty and love for the goddess. Common members of the Mul'Thek house usually only wear the leather, also leaving their chests and backs bare for all to see. Elaborate piercings are the rule among the members of the Mul'Thek. Members of the house of Nok commonly wear elegant yet tattered robes. Also, many Nurcan followers carry scimitars, along with whips and bludgeons.

Many of the House of Nok sew their eyes shut, so that they may witness only the tortures that they have experienced. Males of both houses are required to shave their heads. Females are not required to do so, but many of them do.

There are two wings located within each temple, one for each house. The Mul'Thek wing has rooms full of torture devices. Of course, there are also sleeping quarters for clergymen and a library. The Nok wing has more trial rooms, but they are generally smaller than Mul'Thek rooms. There is usually a library in this wing, as well.

Holy Symbol

As the worship of Vytha and Nurca has been combined, so have their holy symbols. Their symbol is a depiction of a cat o' nine tails, to represent Nurca, with blood dripping from both ends of the weapon, to represent Vytha.

9 Dragons of Ramlar

Of all the myriad beasts in the world of Ramlar, none strikes fear and reverence straight into the heart as the dragon. Dragons are both hunters and the hunted; there are wyrms living solely to destroy, and those that would gladly aid the very creatures that would have them dead. With a lifespan of never less than two hundred years, the dragons have ridden the winds of Ramlar since before even the elves and giants were alive to gaze upon their magnificent scaled frames, soaring through the clouds high above.

There is no set color for any of the draconic species; dragon scales vary in hues, even within the same lineage. Instead, they are distinguished by anatomical features such as configuration of the horns and wings, and more easily by the pattern of the prominent black markings on a dragon's face and head. All dragons of a single species have matching marks regardless of color or physical appearance, branding them for quick identification.

Dragons are carnivores, and humanoids are not exempt from their diets. Their claws are akin to blades enchanted to slice through stone, their fangs even keener—both dedicated to just one purpose: to render meat from bone. Dragons will often raid the village livestock, and a dragon may make off with as many as three full-grown cattle. On the flip side, meat of infant dragons is a known delicacy to most humanoids. Such a dish is indeed rare, though, as mother dragons keep their offspring well outside of view for the first five years, until the younglings' wings are sufficiently strong and developed to venture beyond their mother's protection.

All dragons also breathe fire. Two sacs, at the base of the throat where the esophagus meets the trachea, produce biochemical substances that, when mixed voluntarily by a dragon's muscle contractions with a blast of air from the lungs for ignition, escape from the dragon's mouth and combust into volatile flame. A typical burst lasts five to ten seconds, depending on the species. The glands are linked to the pituitary and become hyperactive when the creature is excited or agitated, thereby pumping out large quantities of the compound very rapidly. When the dragon is at rest, the process remains, so eventually it must "breathe" fire just to purge the excess substance or risk implosion from the build-up. Sure, the dragon's scales are completely resistant to fire, and the esophagus is specially lined to protect the throat from a fiery release, but internal combustion caused by the violent reaction of stomach acid and the compound is still fatal to all other organs. These glands do, however, require a respite before resuming the biochemical production after each blast.

Seven species of dragon have been identified and categorized. In addition to the markings, a major factor separating them is their dispositions. Three of the seven—Cyantheer, Magentura, Tethsharin—are thoroughly wicked beyond redemption. Two, Lerinia and Rezthanin, are philanthropic. The Gethnarsus prefers to stays uncommitted and indifferent. The last species, the Albesherak, are mentally unstable with berserker tendencies because of genetic abnormalities and mutations from crossbreeding. Albesherak are also the only ground-bound dragons, without wings to fly.

(All game statistics given herein are for a typical adult dragon of its species. The GM should adjust them for dragons of considerably earlier or later stages.)

ALBESHERAK
Threat Rating: 9
Attack Rating: 16
Defense Rating: 16
CHA: 50
END: 50
INT: 15
NIM: 55
PER: 50
STR: 75
TEN: 55
WIS: 15
Movement: Near (ground)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Bite (1d8+3 damage); claw (1d8+3 damage); tail (1d8+3 damage)
Special Abilities: Berserk: As per the Berserk warrior path talent, treat as 9th-level warrior; twice a day.

Firebeath: Costs 4 Momentum SV to use, Intermediate perimeter, 10d10 damage, NIM -20 resistance roll for half damage, usable once per round.

Immunity: Takes half damage from fire.
Disposition: Aggressive, chaotic
Environment: Any
Encountered: 1

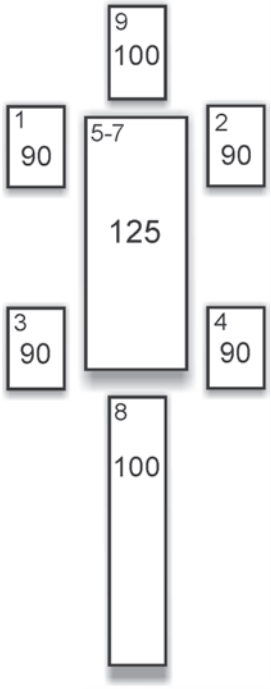
The Albesherak (al-besh-uh-rak) are unanimously the rarest and oddest of the draconic species. Their minds leap aimlessly and never follow any single thought consistently. If not for the basest survival instincts, they would surely starve to death since they would not think to eat. Such an utterly chaotic nature makes them perhaps the most dangerous of dragons, and they should be avoided whenever possible. They are, fortunately, easily avoidable because they are so few in numbers.

The wingless Albesherak are sterile, too, without reproductive organs; therefore, they do not reproduce. They come into being purely as the result of interspecies mating, from which only one offspring would and could occur. The genetic scrambling invariably leads to insanity and lack of wings, both primary characteristics of the Albesherak.

They do not prefer—nor do they maintain coherence long enough to prefer—one terrain or habitat over another. They have no permanent lairs and are nearly always on the move, all the while causing trouble (mostly unintentional) such as randomly setting forest or town on fire with their breath. They will eat almost anything they can chew for subsistence, but they must intake meat eventually to survive.

The Albesherak rely on their eyesight the most, given that their ears are usually underdeveloped or nonexistent, and the sounds they are able to hear are distorted and confusing. Their olfactory sense is likewise retarded, often misinterpreting the pungency of scents. The eyes are dependable, albeit without night vision.

They are strong physically, but their scales do not repel fire as well as other dragons'. They are really their own worst enemy because they recklessly endanger themselves on a regular basis, having been known to march themselves over precipices or into deep water (they cannot swim). One Albesherak was found embedded in a mountain, its skull crushed and blood plastered around the crater—it had bashed its own head in.



Tactics

Encounters with Albesherak are totally unpredictable. They may rush into attack immediately, then just as quickly become discombobulated and retreat, or take other nonsensical actions.

CYANTHEER
Threat Rating: 11
Attack Rating: 18
Defense Rating: 18
CHA: 85
END: 75
INT: 70
NIM: 95
PER: 95
STR: 85
TEN: 75
WIS: 85
Movement: Short (ground); Short (fly)
Size: 5 (Average)
Attacks: Bite (1d8+4 damage); claw (1d10+4 damage); tail (1d8+4 damage)
Special Abilities: Firebeath: Costs 3 Momentum SV to use, Intermediate perimeter, 4d6 damage, NIM -30 resistance roll for half damage, usable once per round.

Immunity: Takes no damage from fire.

Swooping Rake: Costs 4 Momentum SV to use, perform four simultaneous attacks as one action at 1d8+4 damage each, but ends the Cyantheer's turn for this round afterward immediately.
Disposition: Aggressive, malevolent
Environment: Andual Mountains
Encountered: 1-15

High in the crags and palisades, the evil Cyantheer (si-an-theer) dragons make their lairs. These wyrms gather in colonies of up to fifteen, the majority of which females, enabling males to select multiple mates. There is no "family," as the females raise the young alone. Cyantheers are the weakest species of dragon in terms of sheer physical power, as well as size; hence, they have adapted the lifestyle of a pack to maximize their odds. They hunt in flights of five to twelve and engage prey together. However, once the quarry falls, it's every dragon for itself. There is no sharing (except between mothers and their young). The males, being outnumbered and the less voracious gatherers of the two genders, are definitely at a disadvantage.

Although most of the Cyantheers' time is spent hunting, they still find time for malicious acts, especially antagonizing the Lerinia dragons. The eggs of the two species have a very similar appearance, enough for a Cyantheer to substitute a Lerinia egg with one of its own unnoticed, while the Lerinian mother is away foraging. Because Lerinia dragons lay large amounts of eggs at once, the Cyantheer egg conceals easily among them, plus its shell readily absorbs and mimics the scent of other eggs to allay all suspicions the mother dragon may have. When the eggs hatch, the baby Cyantheer will instinctively kill and feed on all fellow Lerinian hatchlings.

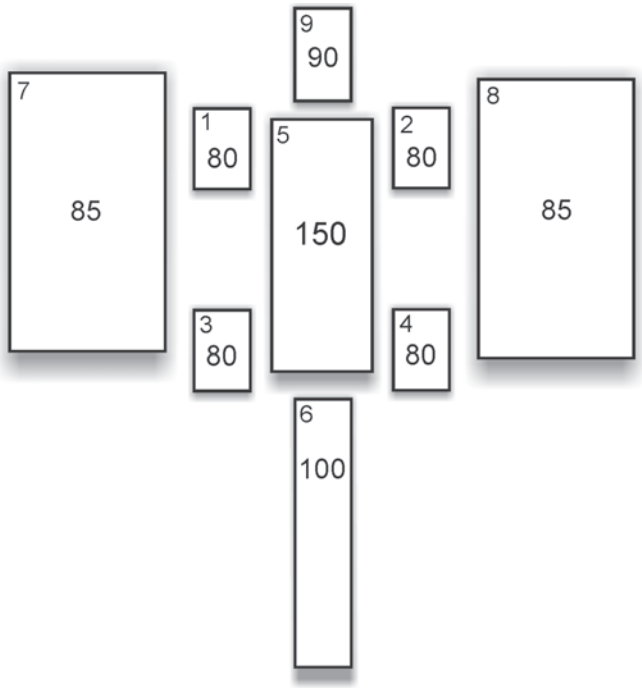
The Cyantheers also relish tormenting travelers passing through their territories. When a pack scout spots an unsuspecting party negotiating the narrow mountainous pass, it will signal the rest to gather the heaviest boulders they can lift. What follows leaves little to the imagination, as they either blockade the path or, should they be in a particularly sadistic mood, bombard the hapless victims who have no room to maneuver out of harm's way. Of course, feasting on the trapped travelers is always an option too.

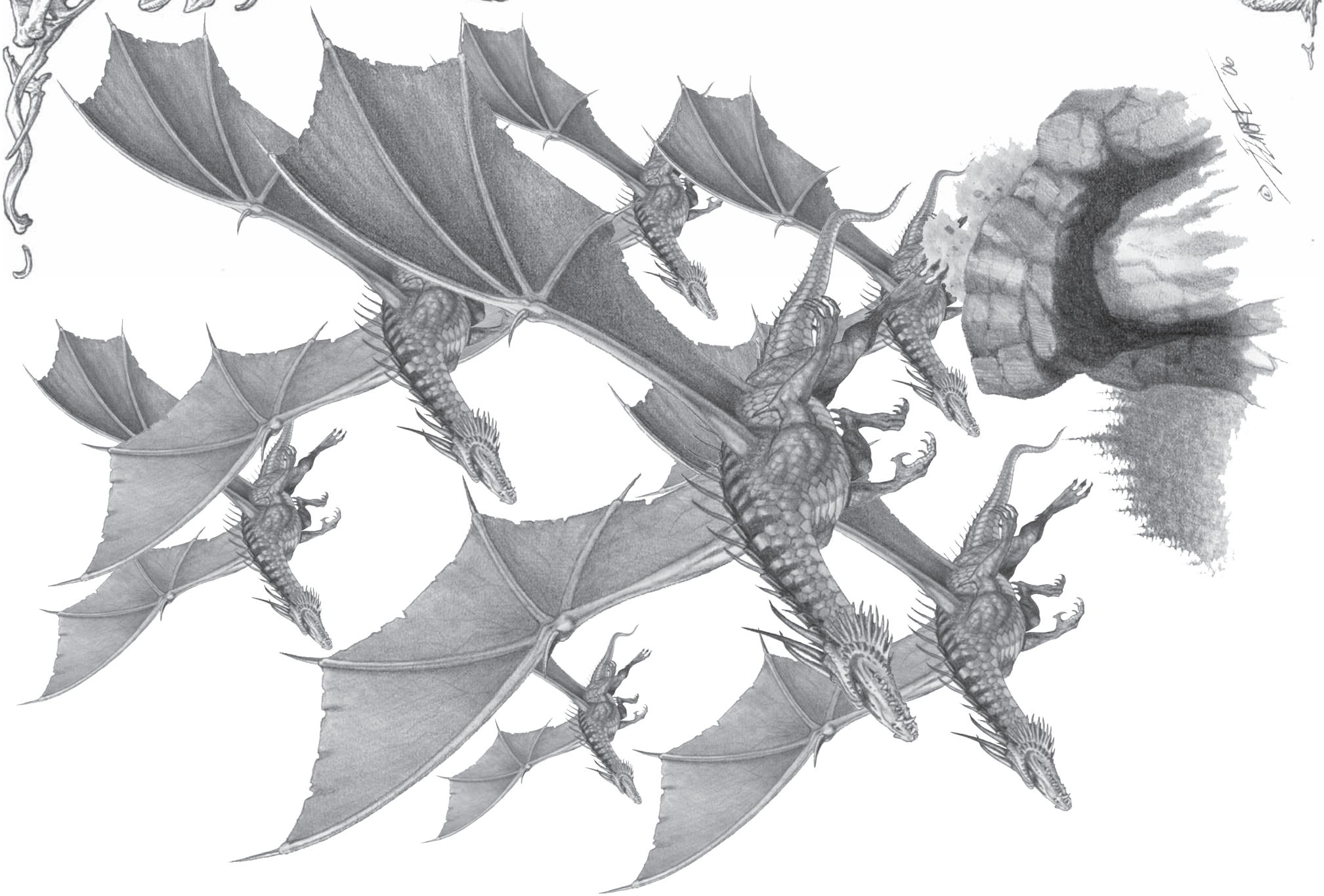
Cyantheer dragons possess keen sight (with perfect night vision), hearing, and smell to compensate for their diminutive physique (by dragon standards). Their lifespan averages 500 years, with the females usually enjoying longer lives than the males. Also, in a normal litter of five eggs, females consistently account for four of the quintet. The imbalance necessitates that Cyantheers do not mate for life, but rely on the few males to take multiple partners simultaneously. Female Cyantheers reach maturity around age six and reproduce every twenty years until age 200. Most fledglings will eventually leave to start their own pack elsewhere, but until then, their mother shoulders the sole responsibility of raising them. Some scholars are quick to note the irony in giving up her eggs to the Lerinia.

Tactics

What Cyantheer lacks in size is made up for in quickness and agility. These dragons are sleek and optimally built for speed. They will always remain aerial in combat, resorting to fighting on ground only when the pack has successfully brought down a prey, or if they have absolutely no other options (including retreat).

All Cyantheers employ a unique diving attack in which they plunge from a high distance, wings tucked, claws bared, and rake at a target with all four claws as they fly by. This has been observed to shred a victim completely, or at least inflict a much more severe injury than a single slash ever could. The dragons frequently perform this maneuver in tandem; one Cyantheer will trail the initial attack in the same spiral swoop, except to lift the target off the ground at the last possible moment, attempting to jar it off-balance for a second pair to follow with another attack, then repeating the same in a looping array. If this favorite tactic fails, they are not reluctant to commence short bursts of firebreathing. A vicious tail slap is not ruled out, either, when it comes to their arsenal of fly-by assault.



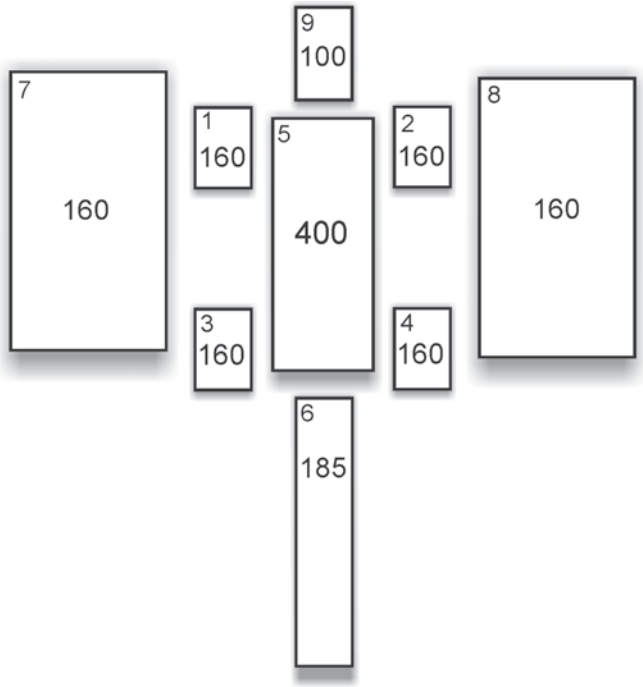


GETHNARSUS
Threat Rating: 11
Attack Rating: 18
Defense Rating: 18
CHA: 95
END: 135
INT: 75
NIM: 85
PER: 125
STR: 130
TEN: 110
WIS: 75
Movement: Near (ground); Short (fly)
Size Rating: 8 (Great)
Attacks: Bite (1d10+8 damage); claw (1d12+8 damage); tail (1d12+8 damage)
Special Abilities: Firebeath: Costs 4 Momentum SV to use, Wide perimeter, 8d10 damage, NIM -10 resistance roll for half damage, usable once per round.

Immunity: Takes no damage from fire.

Mesmerizing Gaze: Costs 6 Momentum SV to use, Short range, TEN -30 resistance roll to avoid inaction for 1d4 rounds).

Wind Blast: Costs Momentum 5 SV to use, Intermediate perimeter, STR -10 resistance roll to avoid knockdown, END resistance roll for down targets to avoid unconsciousness, usable twice per encounter.
Disposition: Indifferent
Environment: Any except desert
Encountered: 1



The Gethnarsus (geth-nahr-sus) species is seen as neutral because it exhibits no obvious inclination toward either good or evil. It is, for the most part, indifferent. The primary motive for a Gethnarsus is whether it feels threatened and whether it is hungry. It will rampage and destroy, but unlike the Cyantheer and Magentura, such action is compelled by self-preservation or feeding rather than plain malice. Wizards of all dispositions are fond of these dragons because they're easier to satiate and thus easier to keep compliant. The fact that they are clearly the largest, as well as one of the more intelligent, of all dragons just reinforces the advantage of using them as pets or minions. However, Gethnarsuses are solitary creatures at core, so although they may be persuaded to serve a master, it is unwise to place too much trust in them, for the dragons can be enticed to spurn such a tie in favor of new—and better—ones. In any case, their services will assuredly not exceed seventy-five years.

Peculiarly, Gethnarsus dragons sport the black markings of sinister wyrms; perhaps at one point in early history they were actually bad, but somehow lost that instinct over the eons. They can be spotted in nearly any environment but the desert, and prefer thinly wooded forests the most, though they are known to carve out lairs in rocks and make underground dwellings similar to those of the Tethsharin.

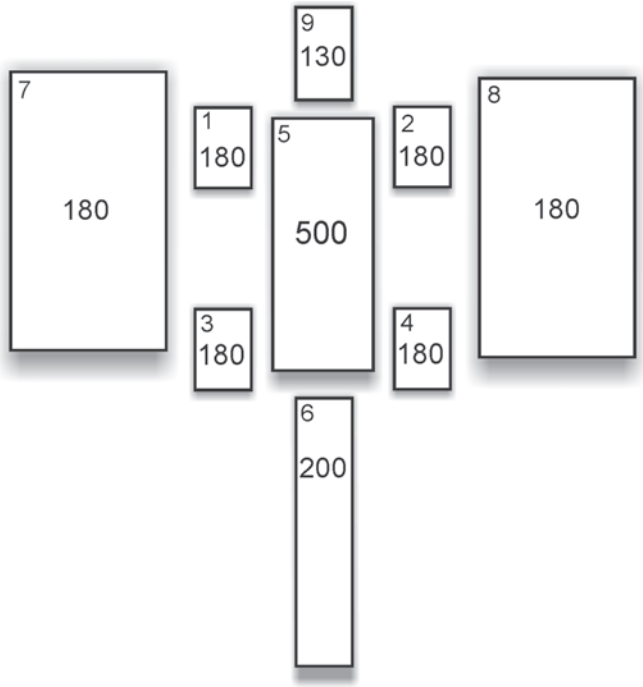
Gethnarsus females don't attain maturity until fifty, thereafter giving birth to two or three younglings every twenty-five years. The newborn are without a protective shell and, therefore, vulnerable to disease. It is common for nascent Gethnarsuses to perish from ailment or infection. Otherwise, they can live up to three- to four-hundred years.

Tactics

In aerial combat, a Gethnarsus will ram opponents head-on, talons bared, intending to send the enemy plummeting to the ground in a mangled heap of torn flesh or crushed bones.

On the ground, they are known to fan their outstretched wings to create great blasts of air, gales strong enough to knock most opponents down and often unconscious. In addition, they can mesmerize a foe by gazing into the eyes; this is apparently an innate psychic power, since these dragons do not cast magic.

LERINIA
Threat Rating: 10
Attack Rating: 17
Defense Rating: 17
CHA: 115
END: 100
INT: 90
NIM: 85
PER: 95
STR: 100
TEN: 105
WIS: 85
Movement: Near (ground); Short (fly)
Size Rating: 8 (Large)
Attacks: Bite (1d8+5 damage); claw (1d10+5 damage); tail (1d8+5 damage)
Special Abilities: Firebeath: Costs 4 Momentum SV to use, Wide perimeter, 7d10 damage, NIM -20 resistance roll for half damage, usable once per round.
Immunity: Takes no damage from fire.
Disposition: Conscientious
Environment: Coastal rocky or mountainous regions
Encountered: 1



Technically "good-aligned," Lerinia (leh-rin-ee-ah) dragons are not entirely the altruists that Rezthanins are, in the sense that they do not actively seek out the needy, but will assist in kind when approached. Lerinia is the sole draconic species without an Eranon origin, crossing the sea millennia ago from Isidria, where they are the only dragons found. They apparently are also the only creatures to freely travel between the two continents, and often providing rides for elves wishing to do the same (but never any non-elf). In Eranon, Lerinia dragons inhabit coastal tracts. A rare few may be seen farther inland, usually near a large lake. The Andual Mountains, on the west coast of Eranon, are a hotspot for them, though that also makes them prone attack by the malicious Cyantheers native to the range.

As fighters, the Lerinia dragons are curiously weak and, when fighting other dragons, seldom able to inflict fatal wounds. Their greatest asset is their flight speed, which exceeds that of the strongest wyrms. They can fly higher, faster, and longer than any other flyer in the world—a very good thing that enables them to escape a battle with minor scratches (usually).

Lerinian females can lay batches of up to seven eggs from the time they are 75 until approximately 500 years old. The specie's lifespan is extraordinarily long, hitting upward of 8,000 years. This has been attributed to their Isidrian origin, where most things enjoy exceptional longevity (elves being the prime example). They possess good vision and hearing, but their night vision and sense of smell are so rudimentary as to do very little for them. In fact, their poor olfactory sense is mainly what permits the Cyantheers to pull off the egg-switcheroo.

Tactics

Lerinia dragons will opt to flee from combat first, but if that is unavoidable, they will use their firebreath at every chance and keep the enemy as far as they can from themselves. They will claw, bite, and tail slap—in that order—when forced to engage in melee.

MAGENTURA
Threat Rating: 11
Attack Rating: 18
Defense Rating: 18
CHA: 100
END: 125
INT: 70
NIM: 85
PER: 105
STR: 125
TEN: 110
WIS: 75
Movement: Near (ground); Near (fly)
Size Rating: 8 (Great)
Attacks: Bite (1d8+8 damage); claw (1d10+8 damage); tail (1d10+8 damage)
Special Abilities: Firebeath: Costs 4 Momentum SV to use, Wide perimeter, 8d8 damage, NIM -30 resistance roll for half damage, usable once per round.
Immunity: Takes no damage from fire.
Disposition: Malevolent, relentless
Environment: Any
Encountered: 1-2

Magentura (mah-zhun-tu-er-a) dragons are unarguably the cruelest, most unrelentingly heinous of their kind. They travel and cohort in pairs, a male and a female that are lifelong mates. No Magentura is found able to co-exist alongside another Magentura outside of its mate. Natural ravagers, Magenturan duos frequently plunder villages, towns, and woodlands, then gleefully set them ablaze afterward. They clash often with their Rezthanin cousins and the Fetharn elves in their path of destruction, as their inherent evil seems always drawn to their nemeses' good. These dragons also have an uncanny ability to track down the wounded and helpless, to whom they show absolutely no mercy. While their comrades-in-wickedness, the Cyantheers and the Tethsarins, occasionally subjugate themselves to malevolent sorcerers, the Magenturas are utterly willful and never allow anyone to tame them.

When hunting, one dragon in the couple always lags slightly behind the other. When the lead Magentura meets an enemy or prey on surface, it will signal its mate by beating its tail against the ground. The trailing dragon will then carefully circle around out of sight and attempt to flank the target from the opposite direction. Against an aerial target, the tandem descends on it from both sides. Such precise teamwork has netted the creatures regular successes (and many a fine meal).

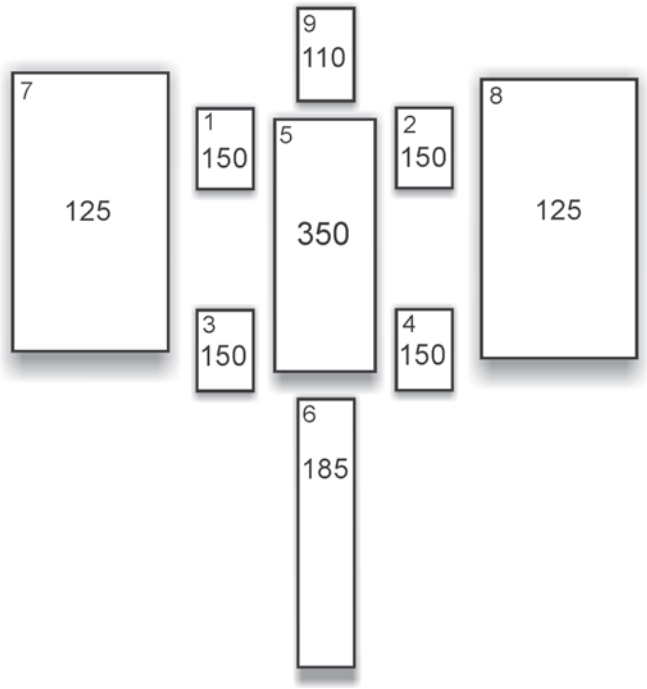
Though their vision is fair, they do boast very acute hearing and olfaction. Next to that of their own mate, the strongest, most euphoric scent to them is blood, which they can smell from five miles away. They possess night vision as well, but it affords them little more than faint outlines in darkness.

A Magentura can expect to live up to 2,500 years, by which time its body begins degenerating, and the creature becomes ineffectual hunter, eventually starving to death. Females are born with five to six ova and reach reproductive age around the seventh year of life. By then a mate has usually been found through the secretion of a powerful hormonal scent, one that is unique to each Magentura dragon, permitting instant identification. Females hit a birthing cycle once every one-hundred years, bearing one offspring at a time. They lay a single egg and devote themselves to guarding it throughout the four- to six-week gestation period—the only time the male will hunt alone.

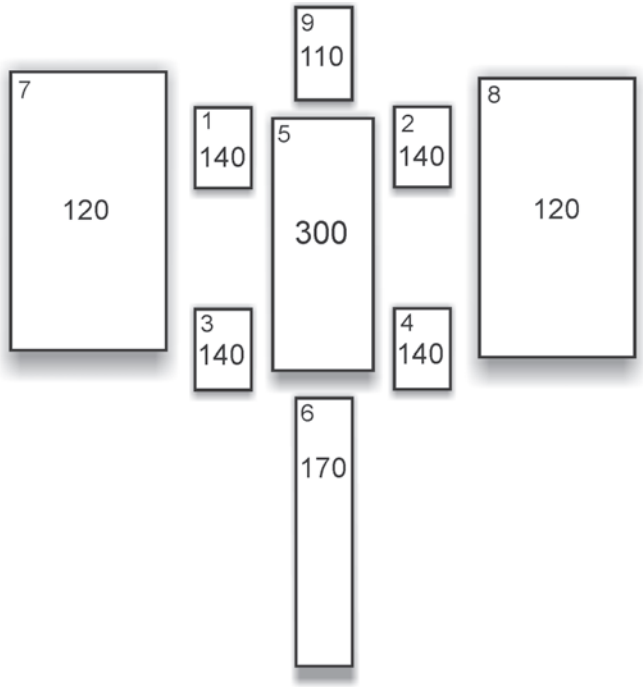
Tactics

Coupled Magentura dragons hunt as a duo. Typically, the male confronts and distracts the prey, while the female sneaks up from behind in surprise to create an opening for her mate to strike the target down with firebreath, claws, or tail. Beyond that, the Magenturas will try to maintain flanking positions and coordinate their assault on the target. They seldom retreat, but it's known to happen when one of the pair receives grievous injury.

Many have observed that even an unmated Magentura male will slam its tail when fighting. This is thought to be an instinct ingrained in all males of the species. One thing is certain, though: A female Magentura never uses the tail slap unless it's some sort of a conniving ploy.



REZTHANIN
Threat Rating: 10
Attack Rating: 17
Defense Rating: 17
CHA: 115
END: 125
INT: 90
NIM: 85
PER: 115
STR: 120
TEN: 105
WIS: 85
Movement: Near (ground); Short (fly)
Size Rating: 8 (Great)
Attacks: Bite (1d8+7 damage); claw (1d10+7 damage); tail (1d8+7 damage)
Special Abilities: Firebeath: Costs 3 Momentum SV to use, Wide perimeter, 7d10 damage, NIM -10 resistance roll for half damage, usable once per round.
Immunity: Takes no damage from fire.
Wing Buffet: Costs 2 Momentum SV to use, Close perimeter, STR -30 resistance roll to avoid stun for one round.
Disposition: Benevolent, compassionate
Environment: Any
Encountered: 1



Noble and altruistic, the Rezthanin (rez-tha-nin) dragons often ally with the forces of good, sometimes even volunteering their services under mages, merthwargs, and sevars of impeccable repute. They will come to other virtuous personalities' aid at a moment's notice, and are known to escort the weak and innocent past loathsome beasts in dangerous territories. These dragons are solitary, coupling themselves with a mate just long enough to procreate and rear offspring, the male providing for the female and hatchlings until the fifth or sixth year. The youngs' independence also signals the male's departure and end of the relationship. But although the urge to reproduce can be potent, Rezthanins will suppress it and postpone such personal concerns should they be engaged in a righteous campaign.

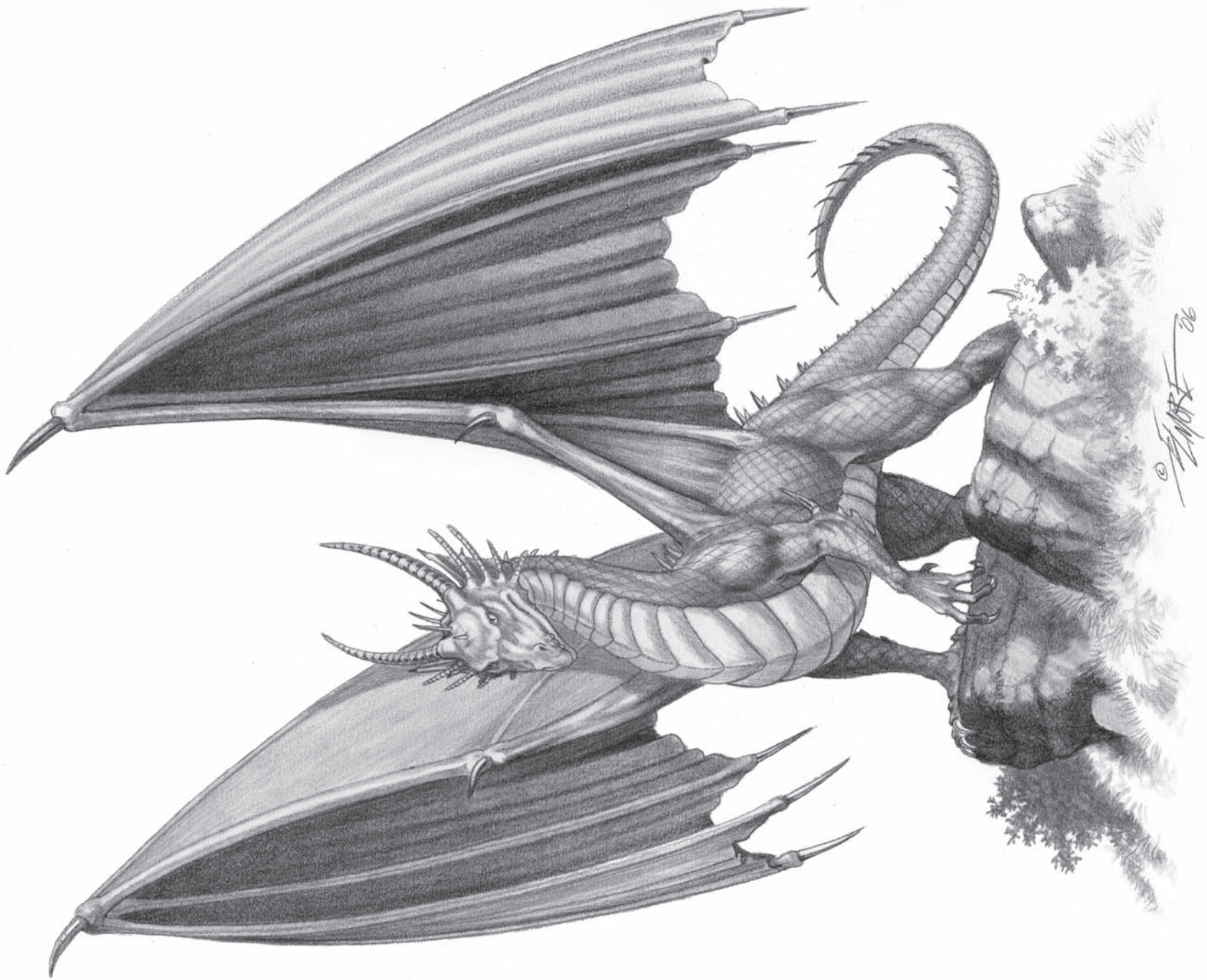
Rezthanin dragons favor mountainous regions and rocky foothills where, like most dragons, they can bore into the rock and carve out their lairs. Their residence of choice usually brings them into conflict with the mischievous Cyantheer dragons, mostly over rescuing travelers from the evil wyrms' torment. The Magentura dragons are another constant nemesis too, whom the Rezthanins will actively hunt down often enough.

Rezthanin dragons display awesome physical strength, as well as intelligence. Their senses are finely tuned to their surroundings, and their night vision is second only to that of the nocturnal Tethsharin.

Female Rezthanins become fully mature around age 85 and produce 5 to 10 hatchlings at a time. The reproductive cycles rotate in 75-year intervals, so they are able to procreate numerous times in their 2,000- to 4,000-year lifespan.

Tactics

They actually prefer ground-fighting unless the opponent takes it to the air. They like to wing-buffet the target to get it to shield its eyes before tearing into it with claws and bites.



TETHSHARIN
Threat Rating: 9
Attack Rating: 16
Defense Rating: 17
CHA: 90
END: 125
INT: 75
NIM: 85
PER: 125
STR: 110
TEN: 110
WIS: 75
Movement: Near (ground); Near (fly)
Size Rating: 8 (Great)
Attacks: Bite (1d8+6 damage); claw (1d10+6 damage); tail (1d20+6 damage)
Special Abilities: Firebeath: Costs 5 Momentum SV to use, Wide perimeter, 8d8 damage, NIM -20 resistance roll for half damage, usable once per round.
Immunity: Takes no damage from fire.
Disposition: Indifferent, territorial
Environment: Any
Encountered: 1

Tethsharin (teth-sha-rin) dragons are vilified by conventional standards as evil, for they bear the telltale dark facial markings. However, they are not intentionally malicious, unlike the Magentura and Cyantheer. Rather, their viciousness stems from their notoriety as possibly the most territorial beast in all the lands. The proprietary instinct to defend their "home"—which admittedly can be broad to interpretation sometimes—compels them to "repel" anything they believe to be trespassing or a threat, killing the alleged offenders indiscriminately. They are not completely free of evil taint, albeit it is faint and manifests only in their fierce territorial defense. Neutrality aside, the difference between Tethsharin and Gethnarsus dragons is that the latter will at least consider options and motives, whereas a Tethsharin will simply and always resort to violence.

Tethsharins are nocturnal and very reclusive, living alone in underground grottos they excavate themselves. The lairs often occupy ruins and similarly decimated areas, such as abandoned keeps and woods scorched in Magenturan raids. The dragons conceal the entrance so well that adventurers sometimes do not even realize they have intruded until it's too late. Escape without confrontation, though, is extremely feasible under full sunlight, for that's when the Tethsharins are in deep slumber—as opposed to during the night, when trespassers would be detected at two hundred yards distance and terminally dealt with.

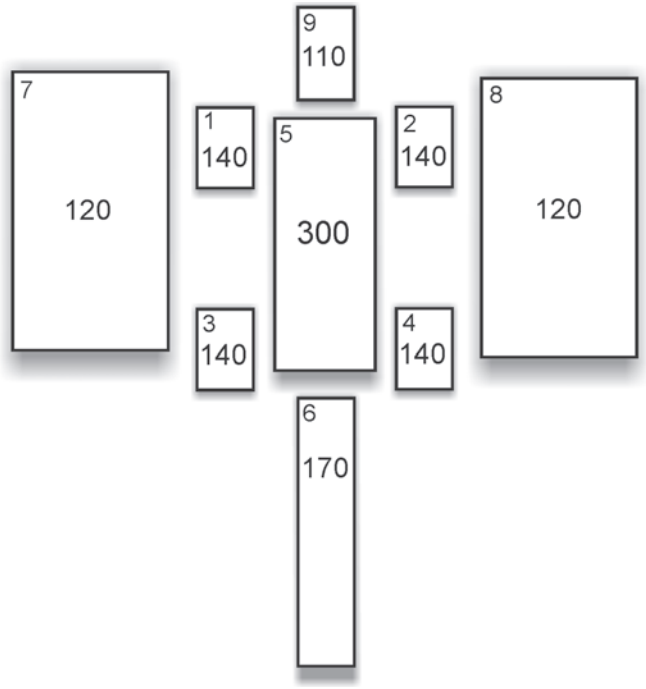
Nighttime is also when a Tethsharin's senses are at their keenest; daytime is the polar opposite because the dragon's retina cannot stand sun rays. Firebreathing is another shortcoming for these dragons. Since their sacs lack the efficiency to produce chemical compounds at the usual speed, it may take anywhere from one to three minutes to "recharge." Hence, the firebreath is often employed as the last resort in combat. Instead, they utilize their heavy tail, which is spayed near the tip and lined with menacing spikes.

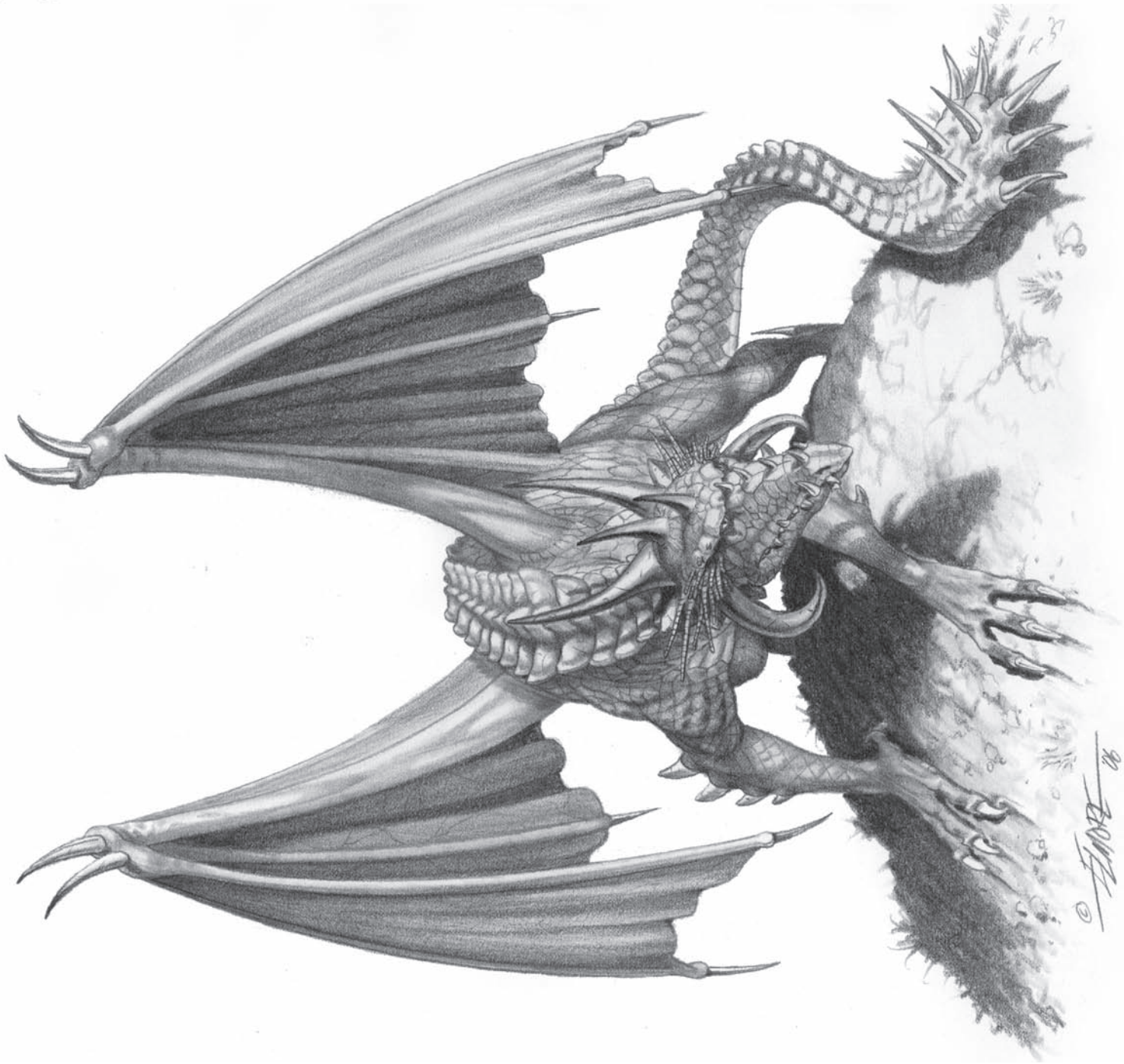
Tethsharins live for 3,000 to 5,000 years. Females start reproduction around 500 years of age, producing one egg every 50 years. The male is the bigger and physically stronger of the two genders. As common with dragons, the males leave females after impregnating them.

Tactics

Tethsharin dragons are masters of surprise, and for that they are ranked one of the most dangerous creatures in the world. Typically, they burrow a slim tunnel leading to their lair underneath the earth, then cover the mouth. Their incredible senses can discern any movement above ground from 500 feet beneath. They will wait until a creature is within 30 feet of the concealed mouth to swiftly emerge, engulf the target in flame, then snatch the startled prey with their jaws and drag it down the chute for dining (ala a trapdoor spider).

When fighting outside their tunnel, they use their spiky tail to cause as much damage as possible before closing in on the opponent. They take flight to signal their surrender, but will return to try and reclaim their lair shortly after.





SEVEN STATUES OF POWER

In ancient times, the dark god Gabrun and his fiendish cohorts crafted from adamant stones seven statues in the likeness of the seven species of dragons. In them the evil deities vested untold and unprecedented powers. The statues, made indestructible through divine enchantments, were released into the mortal plane and the throes of fate. It's understood that they can be gathered and magically assembled to form a dragon the might and malice of which would far surpass all that had been witnessed; it would be the harbinger of a new apocalyptic sundering to end the world.

Five of the seven were discovered and kept in guarded possession at the onset of the Dakass Luot, but all five became lost over the course of the Dark Elf War, never to surface again. The wizard extraordinaire Istolil Hune is rumored to have recovered the Tethsharin statue and hid it within his underground library, which is believed to magically relocate daily. Speculations also hold the archlich Zychariss the owner of the Cyantheer, and possibly the Gethnarsus too.

10 Animals

The stats given here are for a typical animal of the respective types.

Animal Descriptions

Like characters, animal also have statistics, though given in a slightly different format. The entries comprised of the following:

Threat Rating: Measures how menacing the animal typically is, when it does not have a significant enough role to warrant hit locations.

Attack Rating: Indicates how well the animal attacks.

Defense Rating: Shows how well the animal defends itself.

CHA/END/INT/NIM/PER/STR/TEN/WIS: Lists the animal's attribute scores.

Movement: The animal's distance of movement is measured in range terms: Near, Short, Medium, Long, with the addition of Miniature (less than 30') for exceptionally pondering, less-than-Near speed.

Size Rating: Rates the size for a normal adult of the animal's type.

Attacks: Lists all ordinary modes of attack that the animal possesses and their damage. Barring use of Momentum or otherwise specified, all animals receive only one action — and thus one attack — per round as normal.

Special Abilities: Details all special powers, including magical abilities, at the animal's disposal. Like Special Combat Manuevers, powers that have a Momentum cost count as an action, therefore multiple activations of such abilities in a round will require more than one action. All Momentum costs, however, are reduced to 0 against a surprised or defenseless target (although any extra action must still be paid for as normal).

APE
Threat Rating: 3
Attack Rating: 11
Defense Rating: 10
CHA: 20
END: 80
INT: 15
NIM: 75
PER: 50
STR: 110
TEN: 65
WIS: 30
Movement: Short (ground)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Bite (1d4+6 damage); unarmed strike (1d6+6 damage)
Special Abilities: None

APE, ALCOVERIAN UNGUS
Threat Rating: 4
Attack Rating: 12
Defense Rating: 10
CHA: 20
END: 85
INT: 15
NIM: 75
PER: 50
STR: 110
TEN: 70
WIS: 30
Movement: Short (ground)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Bite (1d6+6 damage); unarmed strike (1d8+4 damage)
Special Abilities: None

BAT
Level: 1
Attack Rating: 5
Defense Rating: 9
CHA: 10
END: 25
INT: 15
NIM: 60
PER: 75
STR: 2
TEN: 50
WIS: 30
Movement: 5' (ground), 60' (fly)
Size Rating: 2 (Tiny)
Attacks: Bite (0 damage); claw (1 damage)
Special Abilities: None

BEAR
Threat Rating: 3
Attack Rating: 10
Defense Rating: 9
CHA: 20
END: 85
INT: 20
NIM: 65
PER: 60
STR: 95
TEN: 60
WIS: 30
Movement: Short (ground)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Bite (1d6+5 damage); claw (1d8+5 damage)
Special Abilities: None

BEAR, ALCOVERIAN MAULER
Level: 4
Attack Rating: 11
Defense Rating: 10
CHA: 20
END: 85
INT: 20
NIM: 65
PER: 60
STR: 110
TEN: 75
WIS: 30
Movement: Short (ground)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Bite (1d8+6 damage); claw (1d10+6 damage)
Special Abilities: Fast Strike: Each extra action costs 2 Momentum SV (instead of 3).

BEAR, FRORINIAN GROWLER
Threat Rating: 5
Attack Rating: 11
Defense Rating: 10
CHA: 20
END: 90
INT: 20
NIM: 65
PER: 70
STR: 110
TEN: 80
WIS: 30
Movement: 65' (ground), 30' (climb)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Bite (1d8+6 damage); claw (1d10+6 damage)
Special Abilities: None

BOAR
Threat Level: 2
Attack Rating: 8
Defense Rating: 9
CHA: 20
END: 80
INT: 10
NIM: 50
PER: 60
STR: 75
TEN: 60
WIS: 30
Movement: Short (ground)
Size Rating: 5 (Average)
Attacks: Tusks (1d6+3 damage)
Special Abilities: None

BOAR, ALCOVERIAN TUSK MONGER
Threat Level: 3
Attack Rating: 9
Defense Rating: 9
CHA: 20
END: 80
INT: 10
NIM: 50
PER: 60
STR: 80
TEN: 60
WIS: 30
Movement: 60' (ground)
Size: Medium
Attacks: Tusks (1d8+3 damage)
Special Abilities: Charge: Costs 2 Momentum to use, +10 attack bonus, 2d8+3 damage.

BRIGHTWOOD STAG
Threat Rating: 1
Attack Rating: 5
Defense Rating: 5
CHA: 30
END: 50
INT: 20
NIM: 55
PER: 85
STR: 40
TEN: 50
WIS: 30
Movement: Short (ground)
Size Rating: 5 (Average)
Attacks: Horn (1d4 damage), Kick (1d4 damage)
Special Abilities: Low-Light Vision.

CAMEL
Threat Rating: 1
Attack Rating: 8
Defense Rating: 9
CHA: 15
END: 70
INT: 15
NIM: 70
PER: 50
STR: 85
TEN: 65
WIS: 30
Movement: Short (ground)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Bite (1d4+4 damage)
Special Abilities: Improved Carrying Capacity: +65 EV.

CAT
Threat Rating: 0
Attack Rating: 6
Defense Rating: 10
CHA: 30
END: 40
INT: 25
NIM: 75
PER: 65
STR: 10
TEN: 50
WIS: 40
Movement: Short (ground)
Size Rating: 3 (Little)
Attacks: Bite (1d2 damage); claw (1d3 damage)
Special Abilities: Fast Strike: Each extra action costs 2 Momentum SV (instead of 3). Low-Light Vision.

CHEETAH
Threat Rating: 3
Attack Rating: 10
Defense Rating: 12
CHA: 30
END: 55
INT: 20
NIM: 95
PER: 80
STR: 70
TEN: 70
WIS: 30
Movement: Medium (ground)
Size Rating: 5 (Average)
Attacks: Bite (1d4+2 damage); claw (1d6+2 damage)
Special Abilities: Fast Strike: Each extra action costs 2 Momentum SV (instead of 3). Low-Light Vision.

CHEETAH, HILSPAR PLAINS
Threat Rating: 3
Attack Rating: 10
Defense Rating: 12
CHA: 30
END: 65
INT: 20
NIM: 95
PER: 80
STR: 80
TEN: 70
WIS: 30
Movement: Medium (ground)
Size Rating: 5 (Average)
Attacks: Bite (1d4+3 damage); claw (1d6+3 damage)
Special Abilities: Fast Strike: Each extra action costs 2 Momentum SV (instead of 3). Low-Light Vision.

COUGAR
Threat Rating: 3
Attack Rating: 9
Defense Rating: 10
CHA: 30
END: 70
INT: 20
NIM: 80
PER: 80
STR: 80
TEN: 70
WIS: 30
Movement: Short (ground)
Size Rating: 5 (Medium)
Attacks: Bite (1d6+3 damage); claw (1d8+3 damage)
Special Abilities: Low-Light Vision.

COUGAR, LANTHIR RED CAT
Threat Rating: 4
Attack Rating: 10
Defense Rating: 11
CHA: 30
END: 75
INT: 20
NIM: 90
PER: 80
STR: 80
TEN: 70
WIS: 30
Movement: Short (ground)
Size Rating: 5 (Average)
Attacks: Bite (1d6+3 damage); claw (1d8+3 damage)
Special Abilities: Fast Strike: Each extra action costs 2 Momentum SV (instead of 3). Low-Light Vision.

CROCODILE
Threat Rating: 4
Attack Rating: 9
Defense Rating: 12
CHA: 30
END: 75
INT: 20
NIM: 40
PER: 50
STR: 80
TEN: 70
WIS: 30
Movement: Near (ground); Near (swim)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Bite (1d4+3 damage); claw (1d6+3 damage), tail slap (1d4+3 damage)
Special Abilities: Death Roll: 2 Momentum SV to use, requires attack roll, 1d10+3 damage, opposed STR roll each round as an action to break the crocodile's grasp or take 1d10+3 more damage.
Low-Light Vision.

CROCODILE, ALCODILE
Threat Rating: 5
Attack Rating: 10
Defense Rating: 12
CHA: 30
END: 75
INT: 20
NIM: 40
PER: 50
STR: 85
TEN: 70
WIS: 30
Movement: Near (ground); Near (swim)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Bite (1d6+4 damage); claw (1d8+4 damage), tail slap (1d6+4 damage)
Special Abilities: Death Roll: 2 Momentum SV to use, requires attack roll, 1d12+4 damage, opposed STR roll each round as an action to break the crocodile's grasp or take 1d12+4 more damage.
Low-Light Vision.
Note: Found only in the Jungle of Alcoveria.

DOG
Threat Rating: 1
Attack Rating: 6
Defense Rating: 11
CHA: 30
END: 50
INT: 20
NIM: 70
PER: 70
STR: 20
TEN: 70
WIS: 35
Movement: Short (ground)
Size Rating: 4 (Small)
Attacks: Bite (1d3 damage)
Special Abilities: Track Scent.

DOG, FRORINIAN WAR MASTIFF
Threat Rating: 2
Attack Rating: 7
Defense Rating: 11
CHA: 30
END: 60
INT: 30
NIM: 70
PER: 70
STR: 30
TEN: 70
WIS: 35
Movement: Short (ground)
Size Rating: 5 (Average)
Attacks: Bite (1d4 damage)
Special Abilities: Track Scent.

EAGLE
Threat Rating: 3
Attack Rating: 9
Defense Rating: 12
CHA: 30
END: 60
INT: 20
NIM: 70
PER: 90
STR: 35
TEN: 60
WIS: 30
Movement: Miniature (ground), Short (fly)
Size Rating: 3 (Little)
Attacks: Talon (1d6 damage)
Special Abilities: Low-Light Vision.

ELEPHANT
Threat Rating: 5
Attack Rating: 12
Defense Rating: 8
CHA: 30
END: 120
INT: 25
NIM: 40
PER: 60
STR: 150
TEN: 50
WIS: 40
Movement: Near (ground)
Size Rating: 7 (Large)
Attacks: Tusks (1d10+10 damage)
Special Abilities: Improved Carrying Capacity: +100 EV.
Trample: 3 Momentum SV to use, Close perimeter, 2d10+10 damage, NIM resistance roll to negate damage.

FALCON, SPIRINARI HUNTING
Threat Rating: 2
Attack Rating: 8
Defense Rating: 12
CHA: 25
END: 55
INT: 25
NIM: 90
PER: 95
STR: 25
TEN: 60
WIS: 30
Movement: Miniature (ground), Short (fly)
Size Rating: 3 (Little)
Attacks: Talons (1d4+1 damage)
Special Abilities: Fast Strike: Each extra action costs 2 Momentum SV (instead of 3).
Low-Light Vision.

FOX
Threat Rating: 1
Attack Rating: 5
Defense Rating: 6
CHA: 30
END: 55
INT: 20
NIM: 80
PER: 80
STR: 25
TEN: 55
WIS: 30
Movement: Short (ground)
Size Rating: 4 (Small)
Attacks: Bite (1d3 damage)
Special Abilities: Low-Light Vision; Track Scent.

FOX, DESO
Threat Rating: 1
Attack Rating: 6
Defense Rating: 6
CHA: 30
END: 55
INT: 20
NIM: 80
PER: 80
STR: 30
TEN: 55
WIS: 30
Movement: Short (ground)
Size Rating: 4 (Small)
Attacks: Bite (1d4 damage)
Special Abilities: Low-Light Vision; Track Scent.
Note: Only found on the Plains of Desolation.

HORSE
Threat Rating: 1
Attack Rating: 8
Defense Rating: 8
CHA: 30
END: 75
INT: 20
NIM: 70
PER: 55
STR: 70
TEN: 50
WIS: 35
Movement: Medium (ground)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Hoof kick (1d6+2 damage)
Special Abilities: Improved Carrying Capacity: +70 EV

HORSE, DWARVERN WAR
Threat Rating: 2
Attack Rating: 9
Defense Rating: 9
CHA: 30
END: 90
INT: 20
NIM: 60
PER: 55
STR: 80
TEN: 55
WIS: 35

Movement: Short (ground)
Size Rating: 5 (Average)
Attacks: Hoof kick (1d6+3 damage)
Special Abilities: Charge Kick: Costs 1 Momentum to use, +10 attack bonus, 1d6+3 damage. Improved Carrying Capacity: +80 EV

JAGUAR
Threat Rating: 3
Attack Rating: 10
Defense Rating: 10
CHA: 30
END: 75
INT: 20
NIM: 80
PER: 80
STR: 80
TEN: 70
WIS: 30
Movement: Short (ground)
Size Rating: 5 (Average)
Attacks: Bite (1d4+3 damage); claw (1d6+3 damage)
Special Abilities: Fast Strike: Each extra action costs 2 Momentum SV (instead of 3).
Low-Light Vision.

JAGUAR, EBON
Threat Rating: 3
Attack Rating: 10
Defense Rating: 11
CHA: 30
END: 80
INT: 20
NIM: 85
PER: 80
STR: 80
TEN: 70
WIS: 30
Movement: Medium (ground)
Size Rating: 5 (Average)
Attacks: Bite (1d4+3 damage); claw (1d6+3 damage)
Special Abilities: Low-Light Vision.
Note: Found only in the Swamps of Despair.

LION
Threat Rating: 4
Attack Rating: 11
Defense Rating: 11
CHA: 40
END: 80
INT: 20
NIM: 80
PER: 75
STR: 100
TEN: 70
WIS: 30
Movement: Short (ground)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Bite (1d8+5 damage); claw (1d6+5 damage)
Special Abilities: Fast Strike: Each extra action costs 2 Momentum SV (instead of 3).
Low-Light Vision.

PANTHER, ALCOVERIAN
Threat Rating: 5
Attack Rating: 12
Defense Rating: 12
CHA: 30
END: 80
INT: 20
NIM: 90
PER: 85
STR: 75
TEN: 70
WIS: 30
Movement: Medium (ground)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Bite (1d4+3 damage); claw (1d6+3 damage)
Special Abilities: Fast Strike: Each extra action costs 2 Momentum SV (instead of 3).
Low-Light Vision.

RAT
Threat Rating: 0
Attack Rating: 4
Defense Rating: 9
CHA: 15
END: 20
INT: 20
NIM: 75
PER: 50
STR: 1
TEN: 50
WIS: 25
Movement: Near (ground); Near (swim)
Size Rating: 2 (Tiny)
Attacks: Bite (1d2-1 damage)
Special Abilities: Low-Light Vision.

SABERTOOTH, FRORINIAN
Threat Rating: 6
Attack Rating: 12
Defense Rating: 12
CHA: 40
END: 85
INT: 30
NIM: 75
PER: 75
STR: 100
TEN: 75
WIS: 30
Movement: Short (ground)
Size: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Bite (1d8+5 damage); claw (1d8+5 damage)
Special Abilities: Fast Strike: Each extra action costs 2 Momentum SV (instead of 3).
Pounce: Costs 2 Momentum to use, requires attack roll, +20 attack bonus, 1d8+5 damage, STR resistance roll to avoid stun for one round.
Track Scent.

SHARK
Threat Rating: 3
Attack Rating: 9
Defense Rating: 11
CHA: 10
END: 65
INT: 10
NIM: 80
PER: 80
STR: 85
TEN: 65
WIS: 20
Movement: Short (swim)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Bite (1d8+4 damage)
Special Abilities: Blood Scent.

SNAKE
Threat Rating: 1
Attack Rating: 6
Defense Rating: 10
CHA: 20
END: 40
INT: 15
NIM: 70
PER: 70
STR: 15
TEN: 55
WIS: 25
Movement: Near (ground); Near (swim)
Size Rating: 4 (Small)
Attacks: Bite (1d3 damage); constrict (1d6 damage)
Special Abilities: Vibration Sense.

SNAKE, ALCOVERIAN RED TAIL WHIPBACK
Threat Rating: 2
Attack Rating: 7
Defense Rating: 10
CHA: 20
END: 45
INT: 15
NIM: 70
PER: 80
STR: 15
TEN: 55
WIS: 25
Movement: Near (ground); Near 30' (swim)
Size: Medium
Attacks: Bite (1d6 damage)
Special Abilities: Fast Strike: Each extra action costs 2 Momentum SV (instead of 3).
Venomous Bite: 2 Momentum SV to use, requires attack roll, 1d6 damage, TEN -20 resistance roll to avoid paralysis for 1d4 rounds.
Vibration Sense.

SNAKE, BLACK DESERT VIPER
Threat Rating: 3
Attack Rating: 7
Defense Rating: 10
CHA: 20
END: 45
INT: 15
NIM: 70
PER: 80
STR: 15
TEN: 55
WIS: 25
Movement: 50' (ground), 30' (climb)
Size: Medium
Attacks: Bite (1d6+1 damage)
Special Abilities: Venomous Bite: 3 Momentum SV to use, requires attack roll,

1d6+1 damage, TEN -50 resistance roll to avoid paralysis for 1d4 rounds.
Vibration Sense.

TIGER
Threat Rating: 4
Attack Rating: 10
Defense Rating: 11
CHA: 40
END: 75
INT: 20
NIM: 75
PER: 70
STR: 95
TEN: 65
WIS: 30
Movement: Short (ground)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Bite (1d8+5 damage); claw (1d6+5 damage)
Special Abilities: Fast Strike: Each extra action costs 2 Momentum SV (instead of 3).
Low-Light Vision.
Pounce: Costs 3 Momentum to use, requires attack roll, 1d8+5 damage, STR resistance roll to avoid stun for one round.

TIGER, ALCOVERIAN BLACK
Threat Rating: 6
Attack Rating: 11
Defense Rating: 11
CHA: 40
END: 80
INT: 20
NIM: 75
PER: 75
STR: 100
TEN: 70
WIS: 30
Movement: Short (ground)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Bite (1d8+5 damage); claw (1d6+5 damage)
Special Abilities**:** Lightning Strike: Each extra action costs 1 Momentum SV (instead of 3).
Low-Light Vision.
Pounce: Costs 2 Momentum to use, requires attack roll, 1d8+5 damage, STR resistance roll to avoid stun for one round.

TIGER, FRORINIAN WHITE
Threat Rating: 5
Attack Rating: 10
Defense Rating: 11
CHA: 40
END: 80
INT: 20
NIM: 75
PER: 70
STR: 100
TEN: 75
WIS: 30
Movement: Short (ground)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Bite (1d8+5 damage); claw (1d6+5 damage)
Special Abilities: Fast Strike: Each extra action costs 2 Momentum SV (instead of 3).
Low-Light Vision.
Pounce: Costs 3 Momentum to use, requires attack roll, 1d8+5 damage, STR -20 resistance roll to avoid stun for one round.

TOAD
Threat Rating: 0
Attack Rating: 4
Defense Rating: 6
CHA: 5
END: 20
INT: 10
NIM: 50
PER: 50
STR: 2
TEN: 40
WIS: 25
Movement: Miniature (ground)
Size Rating: 2 (Tiny)
Attacks: None.
Special Abilities: None.

WHALE
Threat Rating: 6
Attack Rating: 14
Defense Rating: 8
CHA: 20
END: 150
INT: 25
NIM: 50
PER: 50
STR: 200
TEN: 60
WIS: 30
Movement: 50' (swim)
Size Rating: 9 (Huge)
Attacks: Bite (1d10+15 damage); tail (2d8+15 damage)
Special Abilities: None.

WOLF
Threat Rating: 2
Attack Rating: 8
Defense Rating: 11
CHA: 30
END: 65
INT: 25
NIM: 75
PER: 75
STR: 60
TEN: 75
WIS: 30
Movement: Short (ground)
Size Rating: 5 (Average)
Attacks: Bite (1d6+1 damage); claw (1d6+1 damage)
Special Abilities: Low-Light Vision;
Track Scent.

WOLF, FRORINIAN
Threat Rating: 3
Attack Rating: 9
Defense Rating: 11
CHA: 30
END: 80
INT: 25
NIM: 70
PER: 70
STR: 70
TEN: 80
WIS: 30
Movement: Short (ground)
Size Rating: 5 (Average)
Attacks: Bite (1d6+2 damage); claw (1d6+2 damage)
Special Abilities: Fast Strike: Each extra action costs 2 Momentum SV (instead of 3).
Low-light vision.
Track Scent.

ANIMAL ALLIES

A player whose character has the Animal Ally or related talents (e.g., Improved Animal Ally) can, with GM's consent, design the animal ally as if it was another character, with Threat Rating not exceeding the limit imposed by the talent.

The creature starts with the attribute scores and special abilities listed above for its type, or make appropriate adjustments from one most resembling the desired creature with GM's help.

Expertise are acquired in normal fashion as well. Warrior is often the sole "path" available for creatures since their instincts are predominately of the "fight or flight" variety. Merthwarg is the only other considerable path, though spellcasting is all but impossible for any creature.

You may select two talents for every level the animal ally has, from both the core and path talent pools. Talents are applied to the creature as appropriate; for example, you can give a lion "Weapon Mastery: Claw" so that it gains bonus when it attacks with claws, or a horse "Fleet-Footed" to increase its movement, but something like "Improved Resources" would be next to impossible to justify. . . As always, the GM should approve all talents for an animal ally.

An animal ally can fully comprehend a complex command with an INT roll (or "intuit" it with WIS roll, though in this case the understanding is less precise), or on a successful Animal Handling or Animal Lore expertise roll from you.

Animal allies advance in levels only when you do, up to the maximum permissible by the talent selected. For instance, a creature acquired with the Animal Ally core talent for a 1st-level character will start at 1st level, and advances to 2nd level when the character reaches 3rd level (since the max for Animal Ally is 1/2 your character's level). If a character obtains a creature with the same talent at 8th level, the animal ally could then be no more than (8/2 =) 4th level.

11 Bestiary of Ramlar

In addition to the plethora of natural beasts such as lions and tigers, the world of Ramlar also boasts plenty of unnatural and supernatural creatures, all with unique abilities, powers, and motives.

Creature Descriptions

Like characters, creatures also have statistics, though given in a slightly different format. The entries are composed of the following:

Threat Rating: Measures how menacing the creature typically is when it does not have a significant enough role to warrant hit locations.

Attack Rating: Indicates how well the creature attacks.

Defense Rating: Shows how well the creature defends itself.

CHA/END/INT/NIM/PER/STR/TEN/WIS: List the creature's attribute scores.

Movement: The creature's distance of movement is measured in range terms: Near, Short, Medium, Long, with the addition of Miniature (less than 30') for extremely ponderous, less-than-Near speed.

Size Rating: Rates the size for a normal adult of the creature's type.

Attacks: Lists all ordinary modes of attack that the creature possesses and their damage. Barring use of Momentum or otherwise specified, all creatures receive only one action — and thus one attack — per round as normal.

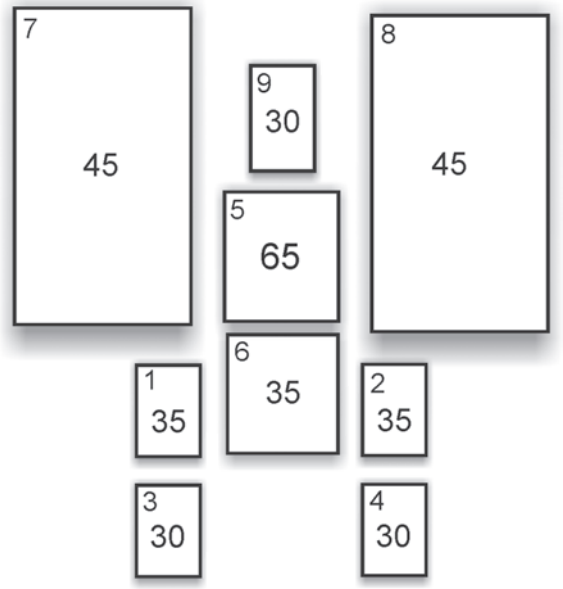
Special Abilities: Details all special powers, including magical abilities, at the creature's disposal. Like Special Combat Maneuvers, powers that have a Momentum cost count as an action, therefore multiple activations of such abilities in a round will require more than one action. All Momentum costs, however, are reduced to 0 against a surprised or defenseless target (although any extra action must still be paid for as normal).

Disposition: Describes the creature's typical temperament.

Habitat: Shows the creature's preferred environments.

Encountered: Indicates the number of creatures of this type normally seen in an encounter.

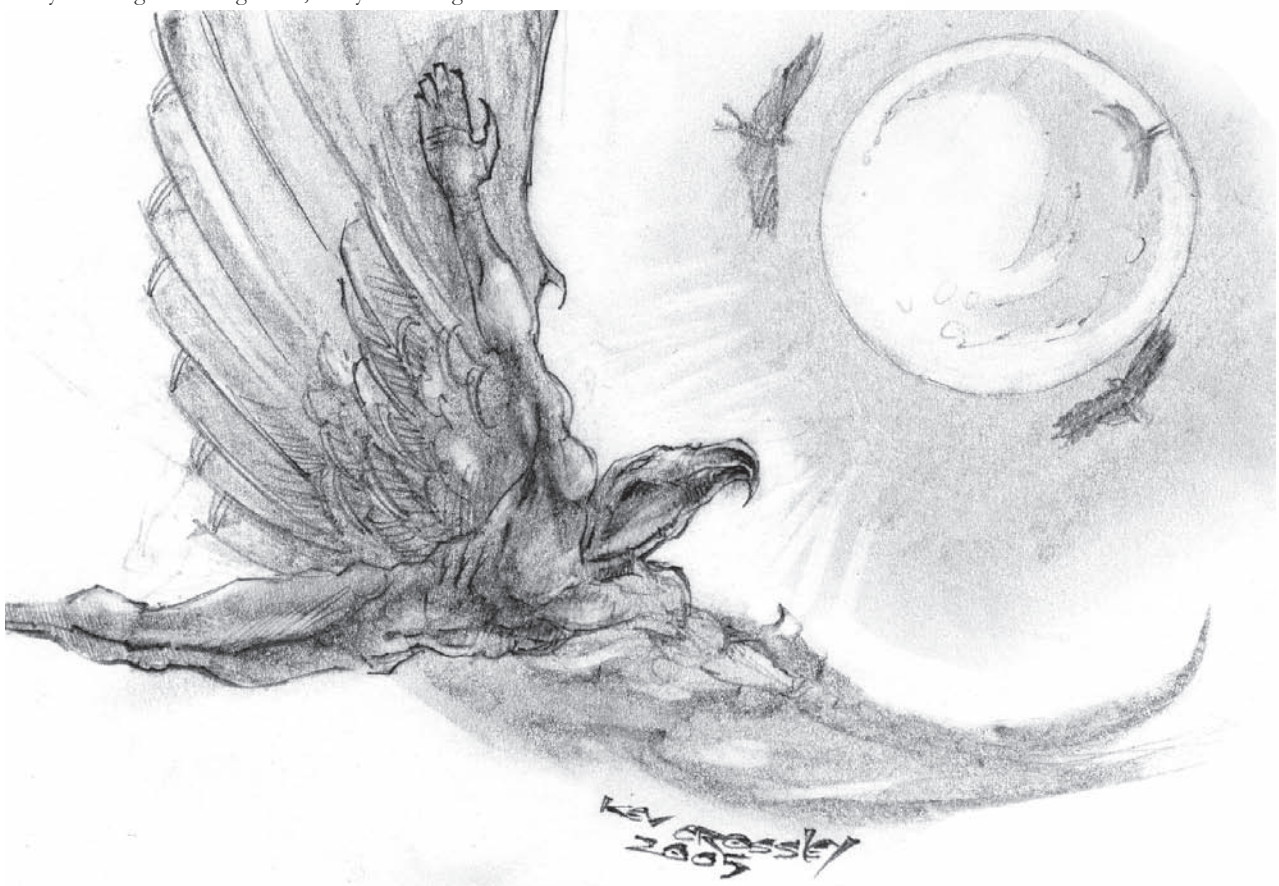
ARIAL SLEER
Threat Rating: 6
Attack Rating: 12
Defense Rating: 14
CHA: 55
END: 65
INT: 55
NIM: 80
PER: 85
STR: 50
TEN: 60
WIS: 70
Movement: Short (fly)
Size Rating: 5 (Average)
Attacks: Bite (1d6 damage); claws (1d8 damage)
Special Abilities: None
Disposition: Elusive, non-aggressive
Habitat: High mountain regions
Encountered: 1



The aerial sleer is a humanoid-like bird inhabiting Eranon and Isidria. Its body is reminiscent of a human's but without hands and feet, which are supplanted by talons. A large set of wings extends from the shoulder blades down to the elbow. An aerial sleer has the head of a great falcon, giving it excellent vision, which is necessary for the extreme heights it can climb to in its flight. Standing 10 feet tall with a wingspan of 20 feet, this creature sports a light tan-and-black body hue, tan to black wings, and jet-black eyes.

Aerial sleers are majestic but solitary; only one has ever been spotted at a time throughout recorded history, so their reproduction behavior is unknown, even to the Hethmarkn Book. A single bird always makes its home at the highest crevice or in the tallest tree atop the most elevated and secluded aerie it can find.

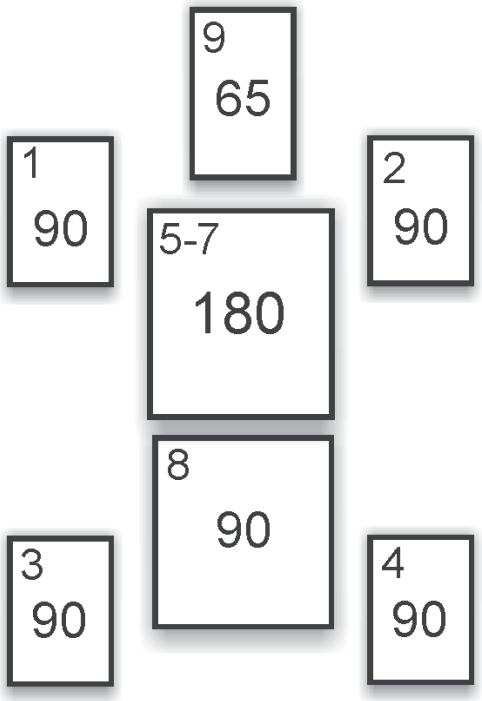
Tactics
They never fight on the ground, always attacking from the air.



BLACK FANG
Threat Rating: 9
Attack Rating: 16
Defense Rating: 16
CHA: 50
END: 60
INT: 65
NIM: 95
PER: 80
STR: 70
TEN: 60
WIS: 60
Movement: Near (ground)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Bite (1d10+2 damage); claws (1d8+2 damage)
Special Abilities: Camouflage: Costs 3 Momentum SV to use in combat, 0 otherwise; opponents must make PER -30 or are surprised.
Disposition: Animalistic, predatory
Habitat: Any
Encountered: 1

This large feline stands 5 feet at the shoulder and is over 8 feet in length, resembling an oversized lion. The creature got its name from the two saber-like fangs. Black fang is the result of a magic experiment gone awry that bombarded the beast with the camouflage abilities of a chameleon, making it an even deadlier predator. The creature has a habit of stalking caravans and travelers, attacking and feeding, before disappearing completely. No one is entirely sure of its true color, as no black fang has ever been captured.

Tactics
The Black Fang will stalk its victim for up to a week and only strike when the prey is the least guarded. It will attack with its claws first and then close in for the kill with its dangerously long fangs.



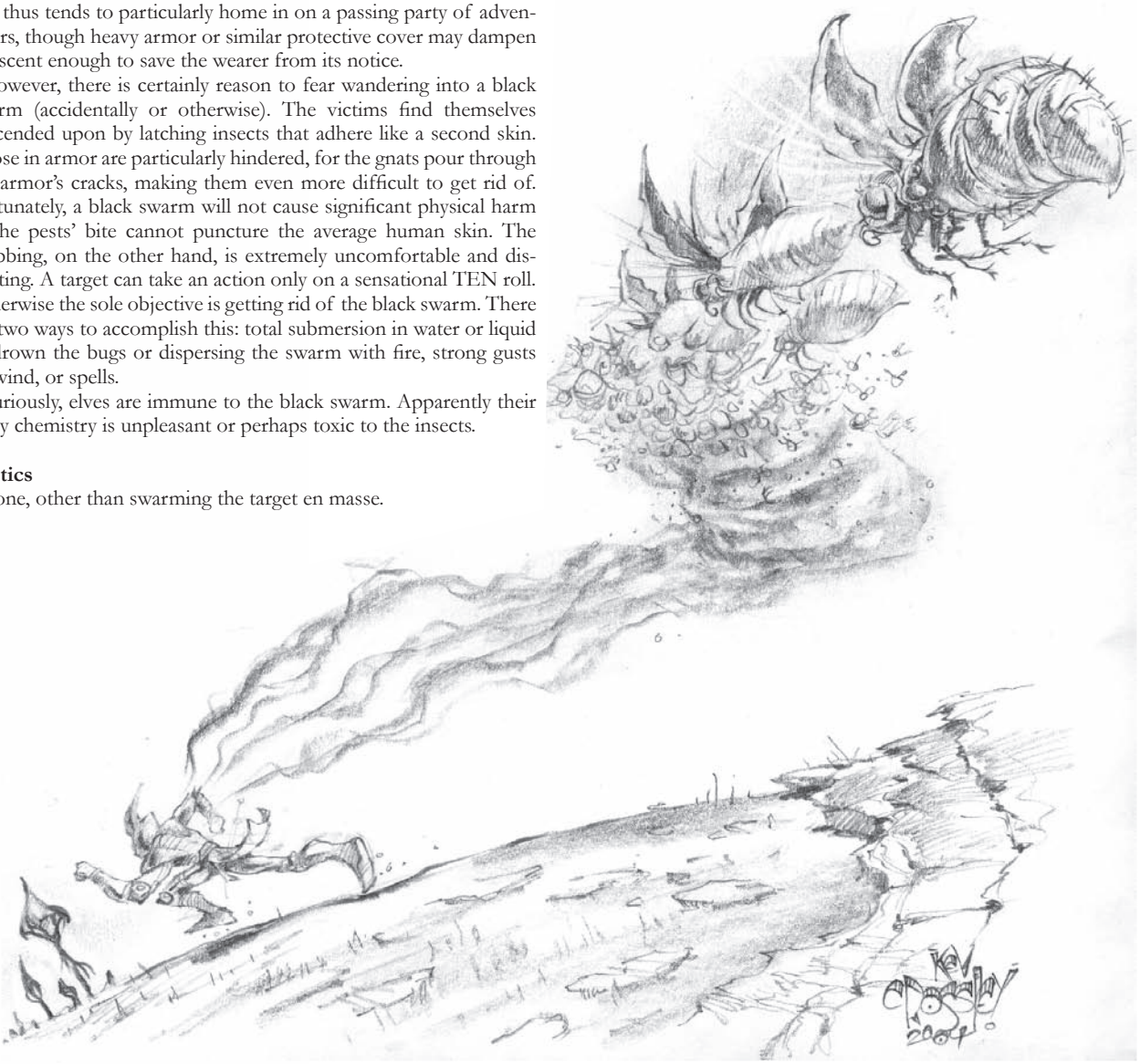
BLACK SWARM
Threat Rating: 0
Attack Rating: 5
Defense Rating: 5
CHA: 10
END: 20
INT: 10
NIM: 95
PER: 60
STR: 10
TEN: 30
WIS: 30
Movement: Near (fly)
Size Rating: 1 (Miniscule); 5-6 (Average to Big) as swarm
Attacks: None
Special Abilities: Distracting Swarm: Costs 1 Momentum SV to use, Close perimeter, sensational TEN resistance roll to take action, does not against elves.
Disposition: Neutral, primitive
Habitat: Any
Encountered: 250-500

A black swarm is an impenetrable cloud of miniscule, black nipping gnats regularly found in dense forests or swampy marshlands. These insects thrive on salt and water in the sweat of humanoids and larger animals. A black swarm is attracted by the scent of sweat, and thus tends to particularly home in on a passing party of adventurers, though heavy armor or similar protective cover may dampen the scent enough to save the wearer from its notice.

However, there is certainly reason to fear wandering into a black swarm (accidentally or otherwise). The victims find themselves descended upon by latching insects that adhere like a second skin. Those in armor are particularly hindered, for the gnats pour through the armor's cracks, making them even more difficult to get rid of. Fortunately, a black swarm will not cause significant physical harm as the pests' bite cannot puncture the average human skin. The mobbing, on the other hand, is extremely uncomfortable and distracting. A target can take an action only on a sensational TEN roll. Otherwise the sole objective is getting rid of the black swarm. There are two ways to accomplish this: total submersion in water or liquid to drown the bugs or dispersing the swarm with fire, strong gusts of wind, or spells.

Curiously, elves are immune to the black swarm. Apparently their body chemistry is unpleasant or perhaps toxic to the insects.

Tactics
None, other than swarming the target en masse.



CORAC
Threat Rating: 7
Attack Rating: 15
Defense Rating: 13
CHA: 20
END: 90
INT: 50
NIM: 40
PER: 60
STR: 75
TEN: 75
WIS: 50
Movement: Near (ground); Short (fly)
Size Rating: 7 (Large)
Attacks: Bite (1d10+3 damage); claw (1d12+3 damage); talon pin (1d8+3 damage)
Special Abilities: Fast Strike: Each extra action costs 2 Momentum SV (instead of 3).
Venomous Sting: Costs 2 Momentum SV to use, requires attack roll, 1d6+4 damage, plus TEN -30 resistance roll to avoid paralysis for 1d4 rounds if damage penetrates protection.
Disposition: Predatory, uncompromising, vicious
Habitat: Swamps, rivers, dense forests
Encountered: 1-3

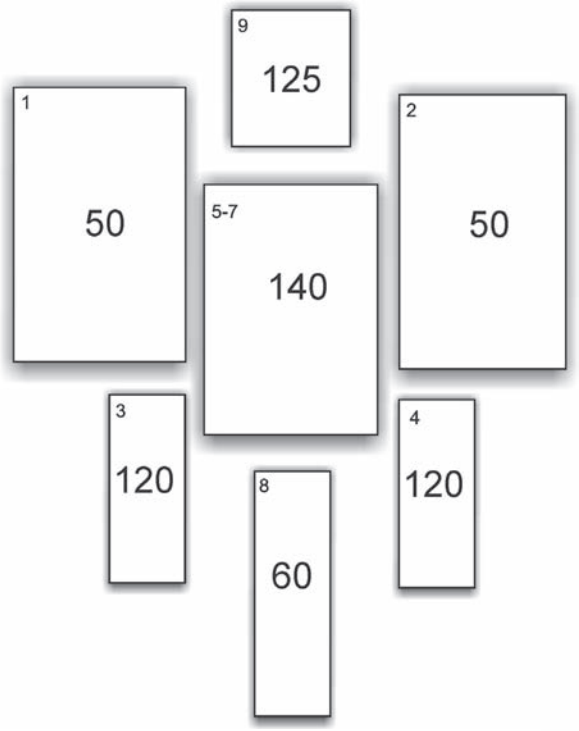
Known as the "Relentless Hunter," the corac is one of the most lethal predators of the swamp lands. The creature stands 18 feet when fully erect and is dark brown in color. It has two strong hind legs to propel a powerful liftoff from stand-still, and wings spanning 60 feet to sustain flight, but possesses no other appendage. Its head is well-carapaced, with four elongated horns to pin the prey, plus a maw full of razor-sharp rows of teeth not unlike a shark's. But maybe the corac's most feared weapon is its long tail, which ends in a barbed, venomous stinger. The neurotoxin paralyzes the victim for at least the remainder of the encounter, and is used when the creature has pinned its prey to the ground or a tree.

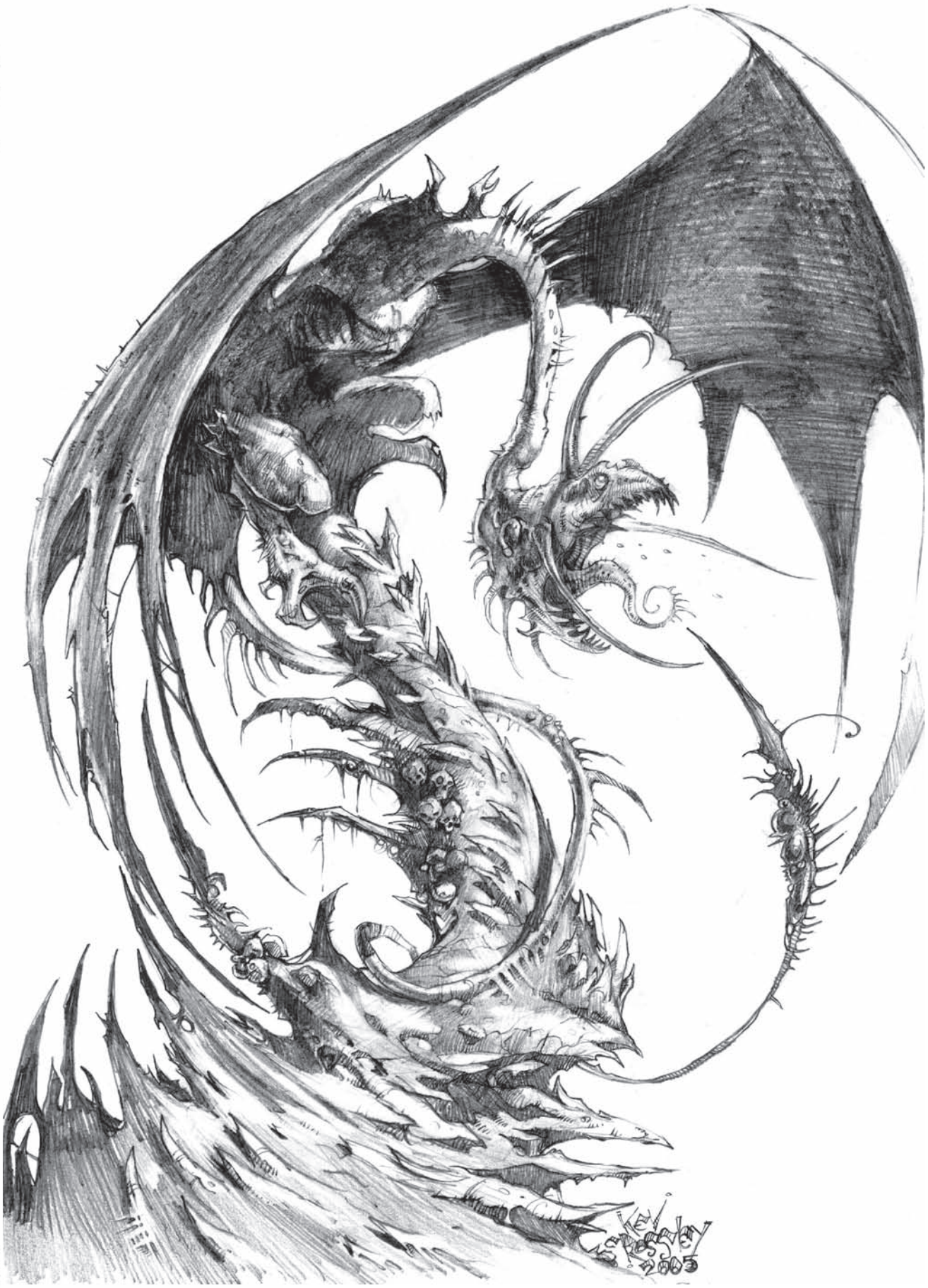
The corac has few natural enemies, and its stubbornness has no peer in Eranon. It preys on a target until either is dead. The original speculation holds that the Zentrulians bred this beast to harvest the venom, but later abandoned the plan when they found that three corac stings would cause indefinite paralysis with death soon to follow. Rumors also circulate that the corac was one of Vrang's most favored creations, and the once-regal creature was turned ill-tempered after the fall.

The noise a corac makes when stalking a quarry is unmistakable and not quickly forgotten. Its shriek can rattle even the hardiest adventurers, as it has been compared to an amalgam of dragon's roar and a griffon's shrill call, mixed into one terrifying wail.

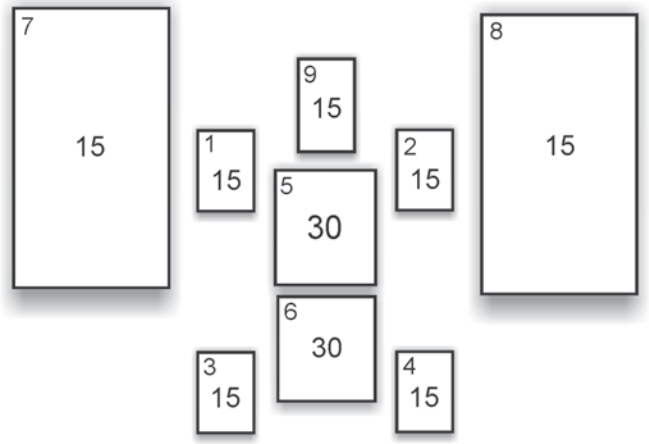
Tactics

The corac is never subtle in its hunt (or when merely killing for pleasure), always broadcasting the ear-piercing wail to announce its presence. The creature will first attempt to attack on the wing and strike and paralyze the target with its stinger. The corac initiates a ground offensive by unfurling and fanning its wings in an intimidating manner, then trying to pin the target and incapacitate it with a venomous sting. If all else fail, the beast closes in for the kill with huge bites and frenzied claw swipes. The corac never retreats from a fight or permits a prey to escape, fully living up to its "relentless hunter" moniker.





EQUION
Threat Rating: 3
Attack Rating: 10
Defense Rating: 10
CHA: 60
END: 70
INT: 95
NIM: 75
PER: 80
STR: 70
TEN: 65
WIS: 60
Movement: Near (ground); Short (fly)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Bite (1d4+2 damage); stomp (1d8+2)
Special Abilities: None
Disposition: Intelligent, neutral
Habitat: Any except jungle
Encountered: 1



Equions are the winged steeds of Ramlar, found in nearly all regions of Eranon (except in jungles). Aside from the large, hairless and leathery webbing for wings, they are identical to the average horse in physical appearance. Equions' bones are also nearly hollow and very avian in structure to further decrease their weight and aid their flight.

Equions are commonly black, but there is an incredibly rare albino species known to and prized by men. White equions are among the most expensive animals ever purchased, sold, or traded. Tame equions are very intelligent and trainable, obeying commands without question.

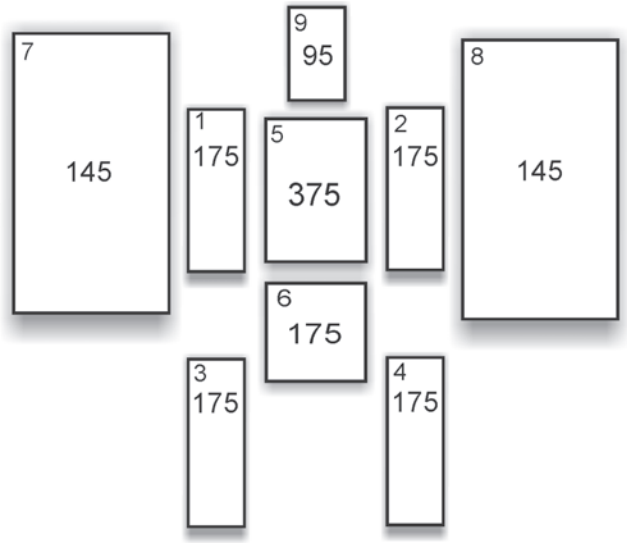
Tactics

Equions fight just like regular horses on the ground or in the air.

GABRISS
Threat Rating: 12
Attack Rating: 20
Defense Rating: 18
CHA: 30
END: 150
INT: 90
NIM: 50
PER: 85
STR: 150
TEN: 95
WIS: 40
Movement: Near (ground); Near (fly)
Size: Large
Attacks: Claws (1d12+10 damage); flaming sword (1d12+10 damage); pin/slam (1d10+10 damage)
Special Abilities: Fast Strike: Each extra action costs 2 Momentum SV (instead of 3).

Unholy Fire Blast: Costs 2 Momentum SV to use, 6d6 damage, TEN -60 resistance roll for half damage, usable 4 times per day.

Unholy Fire Burn: Costs 3 Momentum SV to use, Close perimeter, 2d6 damage, END -20 resistance roll for half damage).
Disposition: Dominating, malevolent
Habitat: Any
Encountered: 1



The gabriss is humanoid in shape, standing an ominous 30-foot tall with unsurpassed strength. Its skin is of constant searing fire, and the heat emission alone is enough to burn anything in the creature's path. A gabriss possesses a pair of vast, fiery wings that stretche up to 70 feet. Its eyes are two large, glowing white orbs obscured by rising steam.

Gabrun made these demons at the beginning of the Age of Darkness when his anger peaked, and into their creation he poured great amounts of power. Gabrisses can travel to the Prime Material Plane only through Gabrun's or a devil's will, or by powerful summoning magic. The latter is highly discouraged, for the wizard Rathiss called a gabriss forth only to have the demon break loose and destroy a city before its banishment. Many a power-hungry wizard has succumbed to a gabriss' blade. The Hethmarkn Book has recounted in detail how the Legion of Garbriss was dispatched to Galdarest, hastening the region's downfall and marking the beginning of the Dakass Luot.

The Gabriss are forever plotting evil against Eranon. They rule over all demons and are considered the lieutenants of all devils of the Planes of Darkness. One should tread very cautiously when confronted by a Gabriss. The best defense is to retreat and not engage its unholy might.

Tactics

Gabrisses taunt and intimidate their victims with their huge frames and set afire as many things as possible. They will wait until the most opportune time to use the Unholy Blast of Fire ability. The giant flaming sword of a gabriss is deadly and wielded with the utmost precision and skill. Nearly all mundane items coming into direct contact with the demon have a 50% chance of igniting from its white hot fire and melting completely to ash in mere minutes.

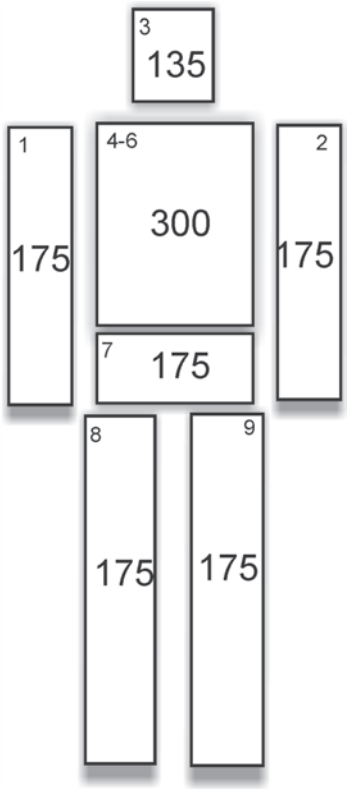
The gabriss does not hesitate to slam its huge fist into a victim or pin one—who will surely burn and die a very agonizing death—as recited in this popular rhyme:

When summers breeze burns hotter than the sun,
and noxious fumes burns the lungs,
there is no time and fate turns ill,
it is only through Gabrun's will,
the demon comes with the intent to Kill

GIANT
Threat Rating: 10
Attack Rating: 16
Defense Rating: 16
CHA: 75
END: 170
INT: 100
NIM: 80
PER: 90
STR: 200
TEN: 150
WIS: 100
Movement: Short (ground)
Size Rating: 8 (Great)
Attacks: Unarmed strike (1d12+15 damage)
Special Abilities: None
Disposition: Benevolent
Habitat: Any
Encountered: 1

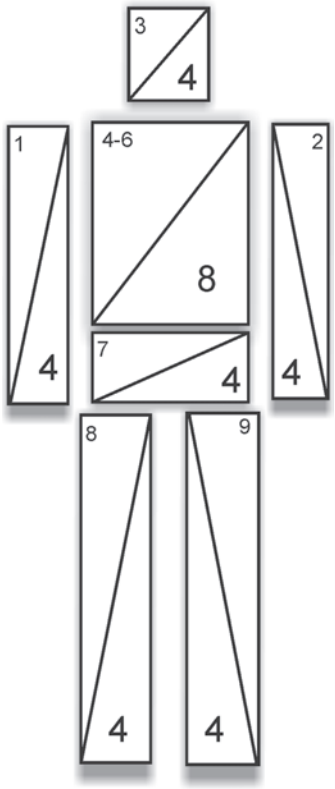
At an average height of 40 to 50 feet, giants have mysteriously stopped reproducing because apparently there are no female giants left. The cause for this is unknown. The relatively few giants who roam the world are the last survivors of their race, and they have lived for centuries. Giants have a very thick build and feature two curled, ram-like horns on their heads. They possess four oversized canines that are put to good use in their carnivorous diet. This mighty but elusive race is all but gone to the world, either deliberately hiding or concealed by mysterious magic from most eyes.

Tactics
Giants use melee weapons they make themselves, but never ranged weapons because they can cover great distances and see no need for such. As if the armaments aren't enough, their punches and kicks impart such force and ferocity that their power is virtually unmatched in Eranon.

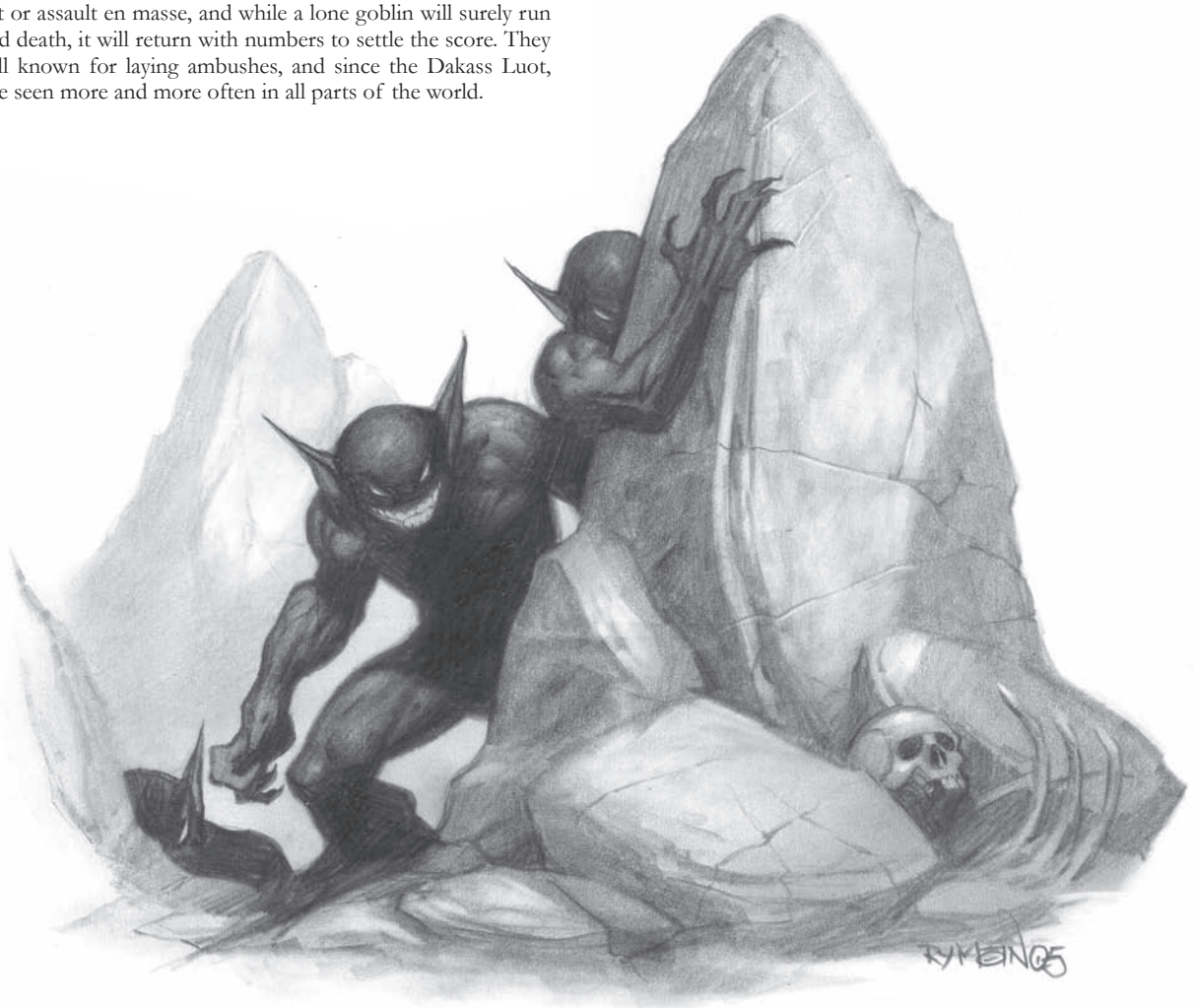


GOBLIN
Threat Rating: 1
Attack Rating: 7
Defense Rating: 7
CHA: 35
END: 55
INT: 50
NIM: 50
PER: 60
STR: 50
TEN: 35
WIS: 30
Movement: Near (ground)
Size Rating: 4 (Small)
Attacks: Claw (1d4 damage)
Special Abilities: None
Disposition: Aggressive, malevolent
Habitat: Any
Encountered: 1-30

These completely hairless humanoids have a forty-year average lifespan. They have jet-black skin and stark white eyes, with a physique that varies from slender to obese. Their jaws are very wide to accommodate the twin sets of canine teeth. Females reach full maturity around age of 10 and average two or three offspring per childbirth.



Tactics
The goblins are the tricksters of Eranon, and they thrive on sneak attacks and dirty fighting. They can use any small weapon and are quite proficient with their crude, makeshift daggers. Goblins prefer to hunt or assault en masse, and while a lone goblin will surely run to avoid death, it will return with numbers to settle the score. They are well known for laying ambushes, and since the Dakass Luot, they are seen more and more often in all parts of the world.



GRIFFIN
Threat Rating: 4
Attack Rating: 11
Defense Rating: 11
CHA: 40
END: 80
INT: 30
NIM: 75
PER: 70
STR: 90
TEN: 70
WIS: 40
Movement: Near (ground); Short (fly)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Bite (1d8+4 damage); claw (1d8+4 damage)
Special Abilities: Fast Strike: Each extra action costs 2 Momentum SV (instead of 3).
Disposition: Aggressive, indifferent
Habitat: Any
Encountered: 1-8

Soaring high on the winds of Eranon is the Griffin. This majestic animal is a fierce predator and only very few can claim the fame of befriending one. The griffin dates back to the very beginning of the world and has had its name in many legends and tales. The griffon is a solitary creature except during its mating season at which time the male will perform wild aerial acrobatics to impress the females. Fighting for dominance or mates rarely ever occurs with these creatures. Once a female has chosen her mate the pair will stay with each other until the third year of the offspring at which time the male will depart and reunite with this female during the next mating season.

Most griffins are somewhat approachable, but there have been instances when the beast gave ample warning to be left alone, thus prompting a vicious attack. If a griffin allows one to approach that individual is deemed worthy in its eyes and there have been times when a griffin has come to the aid of unwary travelers when they in dire trouble. If a griffin befriends a person, a comrade of sorts for life a person has gained.

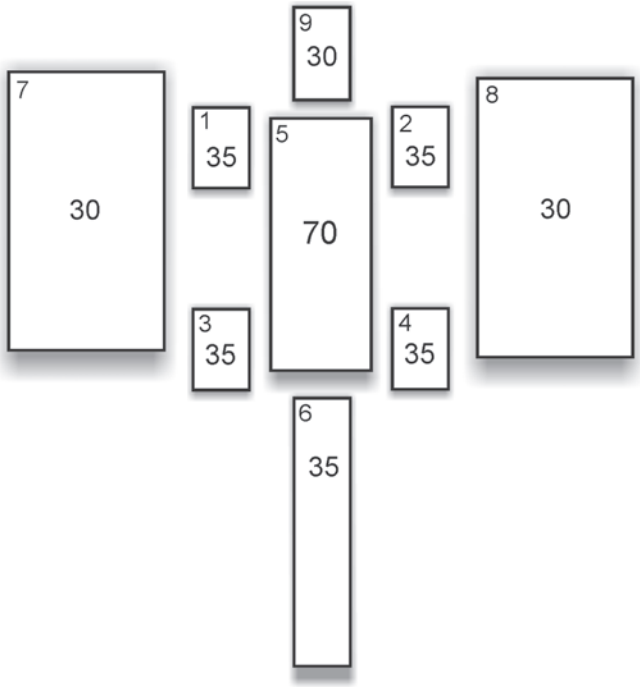
Griffins stand close to 10 feet tall at the top of the head and 6 feet at the shoulder. They are equipped with large powerful wings for swift flight, which span over 30 feet in total wingspan. The griffin's sharp beak is more than able to render massive deadly wounds to any adversary that comes in its way. The griffin is also equipped in the front with two massive eagle claws that can rip any flesh with ease. It also has two very powerful hind legs of a lion that can inflict devastating wounds to an enemy.

Tactics

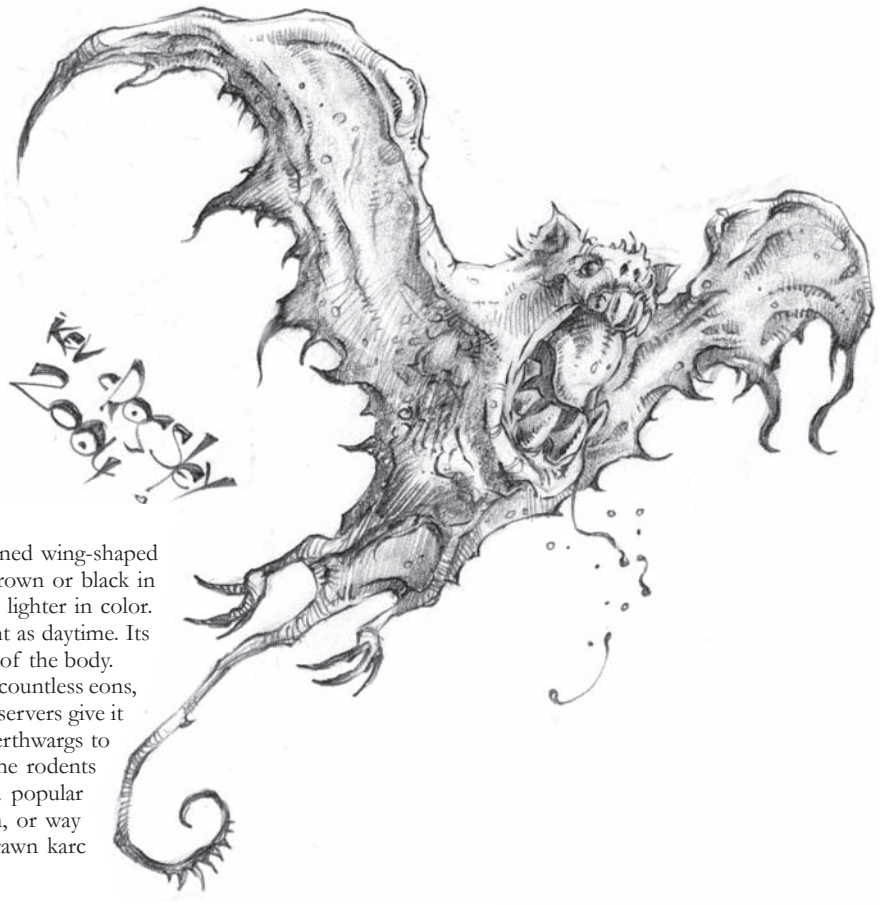
The griffin uses low sweeping attacks and uses its speed to its greatest advantage while ripping and clawing with its two front talons. The griffon rarely fights on the ground, but will do so if cornered and flight is not possible.

Note

The griffins used by Aurod's Sky Knights are not like native griffins in the world. They were magically altered and conceived by Istolil Hune. Their temperament and attitudes are more calmly and their color is jet black. The Sky Knight Griffin stands 12 feet tall at the top of the head and 8 feet tall at the shoulder. The Sky Knights and their griffins share a very special bond and no one other than their rider, unless permission is given by the rider, may ride this magnificent lord of the skies.



KARC
Threat Rating: 1
Attack Rating: 7
Defense Rating: 11
CHA: 30
END: 45
INT: 50
NIM: 80
PER: 70
STR: 30
TEN: 35
WIS: 30
Movement: Near (ground)
Size Rating: 3 (Little)
Attacks: Bite (1d6-2 damage)
Special Abilities: None
Disposition: Neutral, opportunistic
Habitat: Any
Encountered: 1-8

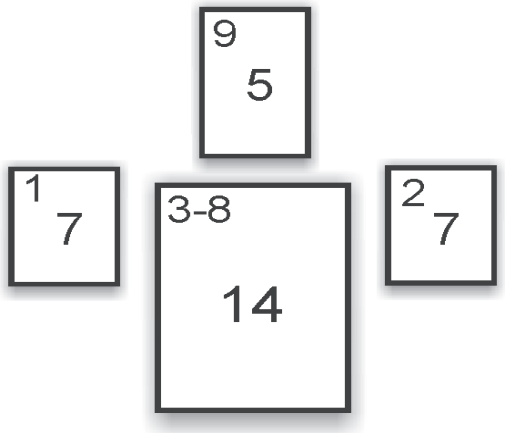


Small, rodent-like in appearance, the Karc glides through the air by means of a flattened wing-shaped body. The creature's fur is coarse, either brown or black in hue. The underside fur is usually finer and lighter in color. Karc's eyes are black and see as well at night as daytime. Its mouth is hidden ventrally on the underside of the body.

The karc has been present in the world for countless eons, and it packs more of a punch than most observers give it credit for. The creature is often kept by merthwargs to rid their groves of other, more troublesome rodents and small insects. Meat stew of karc is a popular menu item for just about every eatery, inn, or way stand in Eranon. Many a youngster has drawn karc tracking as his first hunting lesson.

Tactics

Karcs leap upon the faces of unwary targets and sink their sharp teeth into their victims' eyeballs and tear them out. When not feeding in this fashion, they prey upon larger woodland animals such as dogs, wolves, and bears, with the same tactic whenever possible, but will settle for a conventional pack attack.



KRIEGG
Threat Rating: 3
Attack Rating: 10
Defense Rating: 10
CHA: 65/20
END: 65
INT: 50
NIM: 60
PER: 70
TEN: 55
STR: 60
WIS: 50
Movement: 30' (ground)
Size Rating: 4 (Small)
Attacks: Claw (1d4+1)
Special Abilities: Illusion: Targets must make PER -30 resistance roll to penetrate a kriegg's illusionary appearance and avoid surprise.

Poisonous Bite: Costs 1 Momentum to use, requires attack roll, 1d6+1 damage, END -10 resistance roll to avoid paralysis for 1d4 rounds if damage penetrates protection.
Disposition: Devious, malevolent
Habitat: Dark alleys, deserted towns, ruins
Encountered: 1-12

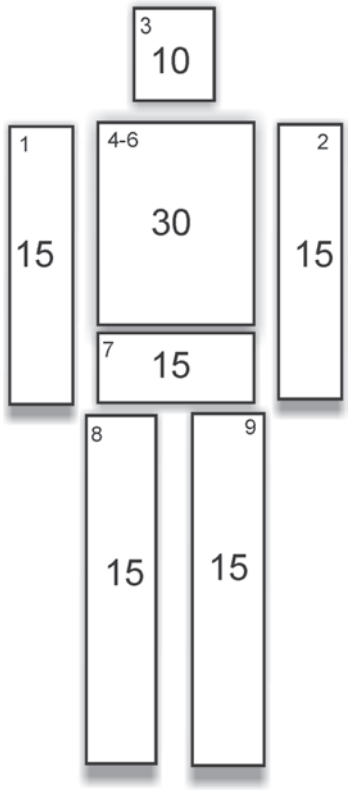
The kriegg appears as a kempt human, but this is just an illusion to trap its victims. Past the illusion its skin is pale gray and severely decayed, and its eyes are pure white. The creature has four large fangs to deliver paralyzing poison through biting.

The origin of these creatures is uncertain. Many thought krieggs are an offshoot of vampires, but the theory is not accepted in scholarly circles. Their first sighting was during the Dakass Luot, so some believe they may share roots with the Druegarn.

Tactics

A kriegg will appear to be begging for food or a frail, or as a helpless human (usually child or woman) asking for assistance, and it does so quite convincingly. It a target falls for the charade, it then transforms back to its kriegg form and tries to sink its long fangs into the target, regardless of hit location (it will take anything it can sink its teeth into).

Krieggs hunt with extreme precision. One kriegg will take the role of a lure or bait, while others wait in hiding for their opportunity to mob a bitten victim, slashing with their claws and inflicting more poisonous bites.



LICH
Threat Rating: 10
Attack Rating: As original +2
Defense Rating: As original +2
CHA: Original score
END: Original score +50
INT: Original score +20
NIM: Original score
PER: Original score
STR: Original score +20
TEN: Original score
WIS: Original score
Movement: Original
Size Rating: 5 (Average)
Attacks: As original form
Special Abilities: Damage Resistance: Liches have 10 Protection Value to all hit locations against all non-magic physical attacks.

Eternal Endurance: Liches automatically succeed any END roll (and thus never need to actually roll).

Host Shell: Liches can transfer their life essence from one physical body to another lifeless body instantly, regenerating 20 Life Points to all hit locations per round in the reanimated body until all Life Points are restored.

Immunities: Liches are immune to cold, electricity, transformation and mind-affecting attacks.

Power of True Name: Costs 3 Momentum SV to use. This is identical to the Demonbane path talent, though liches can use it against any entity, demonic or mortal.

Steal Life: Costs 2 Momentum SV to use, Short range. Liches can siphon life energies from an unwilling target failing an END -20 resistance roll, losing 2d6 Life Points from all hit locations (4d6 versus lump-sum LP). These points can be used to heal any combination of wounds the lich has, but does not restore any hit location to above the original value.

Steal Soul: Costs 4 Momentum SV to use. This is identical to the arcane spell of same name, but requires no Contact roll, components, or Mana expenditure.

Transmute Life: Liches can convert their life energies to fuel their magic, sacrificing Life Points for Mana Points on a point-for-point basis. They choose hit location from which to lose the Life Points. There is no limit to the amount of points they can exchange, but the action requires complete concentration.

Unmake Demon: Costs 3 Momentum SV to use. This is identical to the Demonbane path talent, though liches can use it against any entity, demonic or mortal.
Disposition: Malevolent
Habitat: Any place of darkness
Encountered: 1

Perhaps it is the lust for power that motivates them, perhaps it is the promise of eternal life — the fact remains there are many necromancers on Eranon. Many are self-taught, spending their lifetimes seeking to understand the nature of life and death. Others, less patient, attend Soulbane Academy in the Mountains of Madness, and indenture themselves to the dark adepts there. The necromancers of that school have indeed harnessed the very essence of death into their service. Upon the creation of a phylactery necromancers become virtually indestructible. And, even if they are killed, they are often able to assume control of another body and continue their "lives." For some, however, this is not enough. Among the necromancers of Eranon there floats a rumor: A cult, known as The Order of the Skull, possesses an even greater understanding of Life and Death. The greatest of this order is the necromancer Zychariss, who also makes his home in the Mountains of Madness. Members of the order hold the secret of becoming a lich. Many have served Zychariss in life, and served him further in death, hoping to learn the secret. Also, among the necromancers at Soulbane persists a rumor of a tome, a text of forgotten ancients that contains the path to becoming a lich. It is from this book that Zychariss is purported to have learned. Finding the Book of Eternal Life is the ultimate ambition of many necromancers. Although it is possible for a powerful necromancer to achieve immense power, a lich has power comparable only to the gods.

Liches, having long ago given up the need for sustenance or sleep, and having escaped from the grasp of time, realize that they need not maintain their bodies at all. They often lose interest in their physical shell, and let it decay, sometimes into virtually nothing, activating a body only when they have a project that requires their physical presence. Liches exist in two states, embodied, and bodiless. Normal necromancers, if they have learned to create a phylactery, can travel to it on the death of their body, and from it, reanimate a new body. Liches no longer require a phylactery. They have bound their soul into itself, making it a free-roaming entity in the planes, and no longer vulnerable to the lure of the realms. If they are in a physical body, and it is destroyed, they are able to instantly animate any corpse they wish. Liches keep this regenerative ability at all times, and, when combined with their Steal Life and Transmute Life abilities, lends them virtually unlimited mana whenever they are in combat. Liches are necromancers and thereby have access to all the spells and abilities they had in life. Additionally, they are able to use all Necromancer path talents as many times as they desire in any given encounter. Furthermore, in their extensive studies of the soul, liches have mastered some of the powers of Demonbanes—specifically, Power of True Name, which they may use on any entity, demonic or mortal, and Unmake Demon, which they can also apply to non-demonic entities. Needless to say, there are no stories of liches ever being defeated in battle. There is only one ray of hope. Some speculate that a powerful demonbane might be able to use Power of True Name and Unmake Demon on a lich, and thereby destroy it. Certain mages propose that the spell Steal Soul may be the only way to achieve victory over the abomination.

LINTRAN
Threat Rating: 6
Attack Rating: 15
Defense Rating: 15
CHA: 60
END: 70
INT: 65
NIM: 70
PER: 70
TEN: 65
STR: 70
WIS: 60
Movement: 45' (ground); 60' (fly)
Size Rating: 7 (Large)
Attacks: Bite (1d12+3 damage); claw (1d8+3 damage)
Special Abilities: Fast Strike: Each extra action costs 2 Momentum SV (instead of 3).
Disposition: Agressive
Habitat: Grassland and desert
Encountered: 1

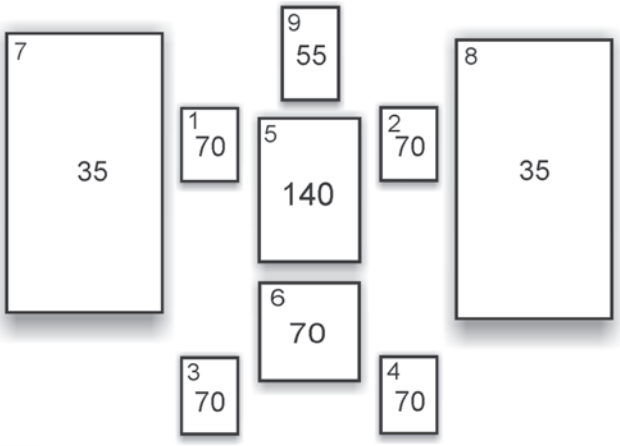
The lintran is a dreadful creature that is a cross between a wolf and a lion with wings. It has the head and upper torso of a wolf, lower half resembling a lion, and a huge pair of draconic wings. These creatures are very large, averaging 8-10 feet tall at the shoulder, 11-12 feet to the top their head. Lintrans are of a light grey and white mixture in shade, with ghastly pale yellow eyes and light ashen-grey wings spanning 50 feet between tips.

Vrang unleashed the lintrans to wreak havoc upon the world and Hur's children in specific. Dwarven flesh is seemingly a delicacy for these monsters, and they will attack and pursue dwarves above anything else. As clearly evident in the "King Theonere and the Lintran of the Black Desert" tale of the Hethmarkn Book of Histories, Lintrans are one of the dwarves' most feared foes.

Tactics

Lintrans will swoop by and swipe at their targets with their claws first before landing to fight up-close. On the ground, the lintran relies on its powerful bite to vanquish its target.

Against a party including dwarves, lintrans will attempt to incapacitate everyone quickly and savagely, then drag the dwarves back to their lair for a feast.



LYNTURE
Threat Rating: 7
Attack Rating: 15
Defense Rating: 12
CHA: 45
END: 85
INT: 55
NIM: 70
PER: 55
TEN: 110
STR: 120
WIS: 60
Movement: Near (ground)
Size Rating: 7 (Large)
Attacks: Fist (1d12+7 damage)
Special Abilities: Charge: Costs 3 Momentum SV to use, requires attack roll, +15 attack bonus, 1d12+13 damage.

Extraordinary Resistance: Complete immunity for one encounter against all subsequent attacks of the weapon/energy/form from which the lyntures regenerate.

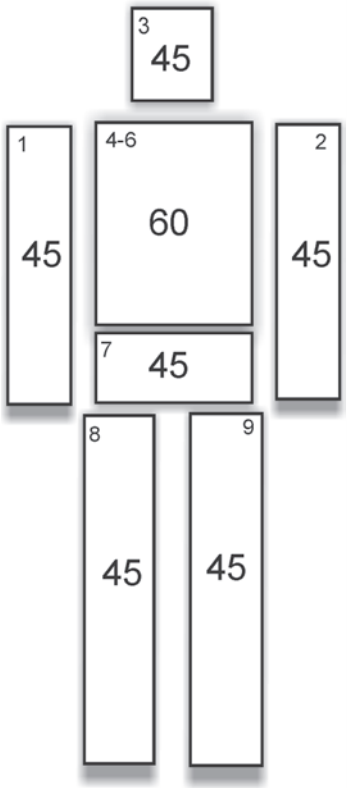
Regeneration: Costs 2 Momentum SV to use but requires no action, heals 10 total Life Points, usable once per round.

Tough Hide: 5 Protection Value to all hit locations.
Disposition: Territorial, vicious
Habitat: Any
Encountered: 1-5

Lyntures resemble large apes, walk on all fours but stand 12 to 15 feet tall. Extremely muscular, they are hairless, with black eyes that see only in black, gray, and white colors. They have two fingers and a thumb, and three toes on each foot. While they are not so aggressive as to kill anything on sight, lyntures are very territorial. Their diet is solely vegetarian. The creatures' thick brown hide is resistant to attacks, and their system is so extraordinarily adaptive that they become practically immune to further wounds from attacks or weapons from which they have regenerated. Therefore, one must kill a lynture quickly and decisively.

Lyntures originated from the vast southern jungle of Alcovaria. They have begun to migrate southward and subsequently cause problems in that part of Eranon. They are another of Vrang's creations, but they did not undergo much physical change during the Sundering. They have, however, a mean streak and will attack any intruders upon their territories, regardless of size.

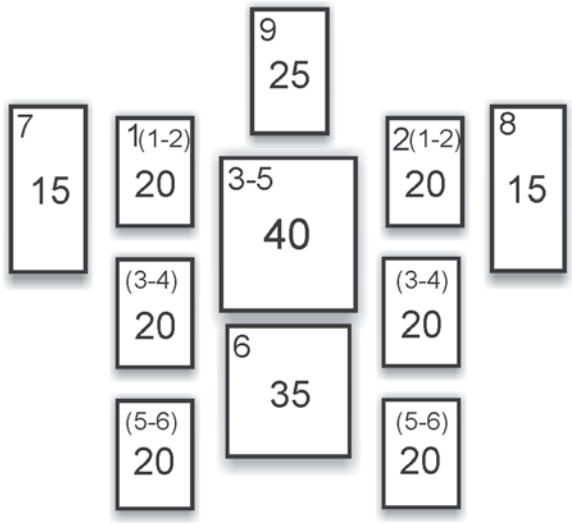
Reports have reached various realms about these lumbering beasts and the potential threat they pose, prompting many states to formulate plans to deal with the impending menace.



Tactics

A lynture charges anything coming into its territory, using powerful punches to pulverize the trespasser until it either is dead or decides to retreat from the lynture's sight.

MEADRA
Threat Rating: 4
Attack Rating: 10
Defense Rating: 12
CHA: 45
END: 65
INT: 55
NIM: 60
PER: 55
STR: 60
TEN: 60
WIS: 50
Movement: Near (fly)
Size Rating: 5 (Average)
Attacks: Spiked carapace (1d8+1 damage)
Special Abilities: None
Disposition: Neutral, territorial
Habitat: Any
Encountered: 10-25



Meadras are big, fairly strong dangerous bugs 3 to 4 feet in size. In addition to a razor-sharp, dull black carapace, they have a pale-green skin. They are not generally considered a nuisance since they mostly keep to themselves in secluded areas. Some enterprising individuals seek out these creatures with the intent to convert their exoskeleton into armor, which may be used as a weapon for attack (1d8 damage). Meadras are territorial and will swarm and try to repel intruders until they themselves are destroyed.

Tactics

Simply, overwhelm the target and cut it down with their sheer numbers and sharp carapaces.

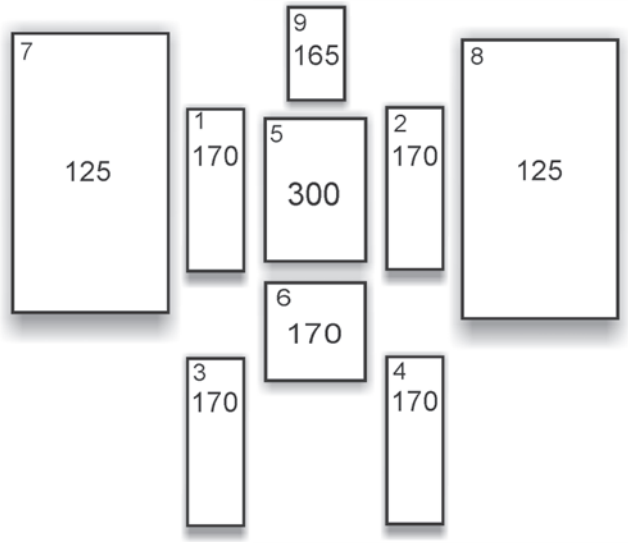
NURCAVANT
Threat Rating: 11
Attack Rating: 15
Defense Rating: 12
CHA: 45
END: 85
INT: 55
NIM: 50
PER: 35
TEN: 110
STR: 160
WIS: 30
Movement: Near (ground)
Size Rating: 8 (Great)
Attacks: Bite (1d10 damage); claw (1d10+11 damage); horn (1d12+11 damage); tail (1d12+10 damage)
Special Abilities: Howl of Rage: Costs 4 Momentum SV to use, Intermediate perimeter, TEN -30 resistance roll or cannot attack for 1d4 rounds.
Disposition: Destructive, violent
Habitat: Any
Encountered: 1

Ruddy green, the nurcavant is a hulking bipedal monstrosity at 18 feet tall. Each of its fingers ends in a foot-long claw capable of puncturing stone with ease. The beast has two impressive wings of 50' in length, but they do not enable flight because the nurcavant's girth is well over 8,000 pounds. They do, however, conjure winds strong enough to scatter dirt and debris in all directions when flapped. The Nurcavant has solid black orbs for eyes, and a prominent, powerful jaw with menacing fangs. Its v-shaped forehead crest is lined with horns for goring and ripping apart virtually anything in its path.

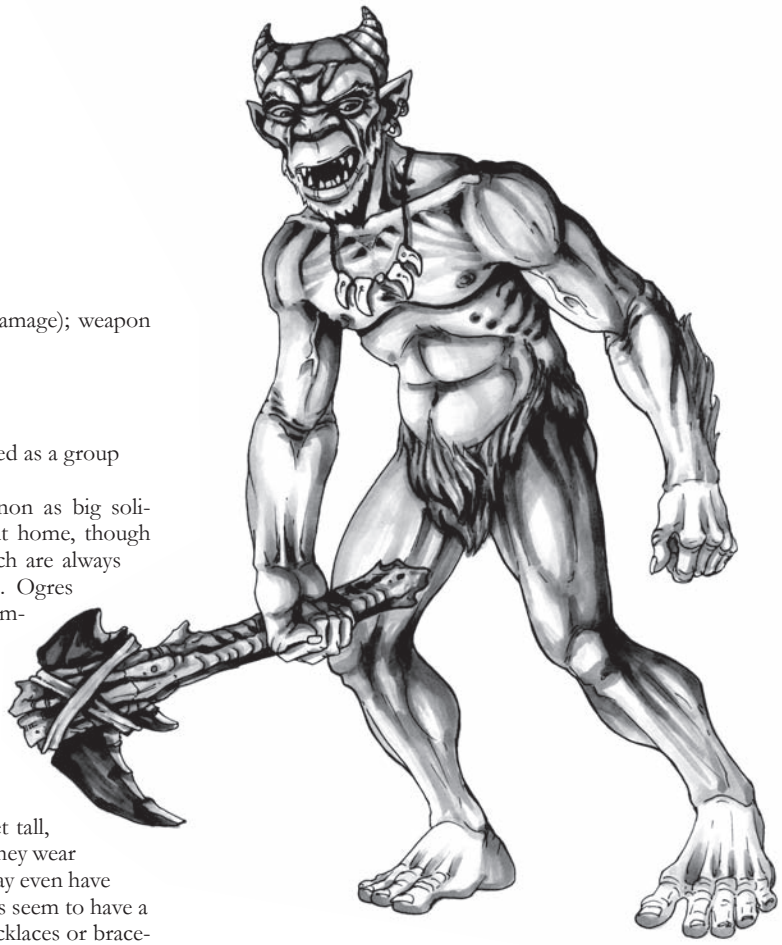
Bred by the eleri Nurca, the nurcavants are brutes knowing only destruction. They call no place home and wander the land laying waste to all locales. When enraged, a nurcavant enclouds itself in a small storm of dust, shrapnel, and debris and lumbers toward foes. The cry it makes in the interim can instill fear. Those brave enough to survive an encounter with a nurcavant rarely wish a repeat.

Tactics

Continue fighting until one side is killed. Swipe, bite, crush, impale, gore, tear, and straightforwardly destroy with any other means.



OGRE
Threat Rating: 4
Attack Rating: 11
Defense Rating: 12
CHA: 60
END: 85
INT: 40
NIM: 60
PER: 55
STR: 90
TEN: 70
WIS: 30
Movement: 60' (ground)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Bite (1d6 damage); unarmed (1d10+4 damage); weapon (as per weapon)
Special Abilities: None
Disposition: Malevolent
Habitat: Any
Encountered: Usually 1, from 3 to 5 if encountered as a group

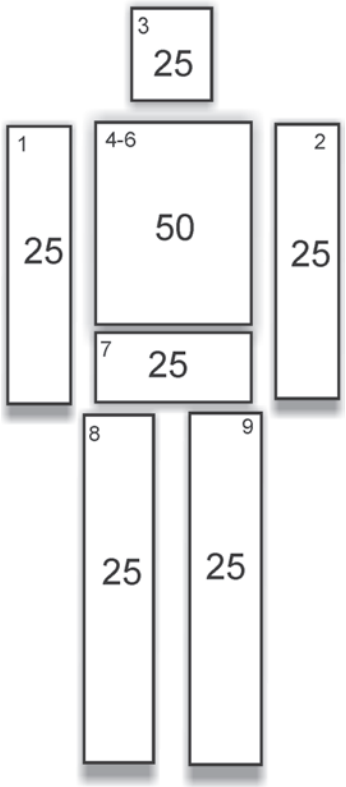


Ogres usually raid settlements throughout Eranon as big solitary figures. Most ogres do not have a permanent home, though some have made lairs in deep, large caverns (which are always extremely crude and rudimentary in appearance). Ogres can be enslaved with modest forms of reward (commonly food) since they have the intelligence of children, and not much enticement is needed to sway them. However, these beasts are also capricious and unpredictable, as they can throw massive temper tantrums at the smallest slight — and unlike a child, they are a great deal stronger and more destructive.

A typical ogre stands between eight and ten feet tall, with ruddy skin tones and a very muscular frame. They wear very little clothing and speak in fragments. Some may even have little horns protruding from their heads. Most ogres seem to have a penchant for primitive jewelry and usually wear necklaces or bracelets made of bones, teeth, or other parts and shiny materials they may deem valuable.

Tatics

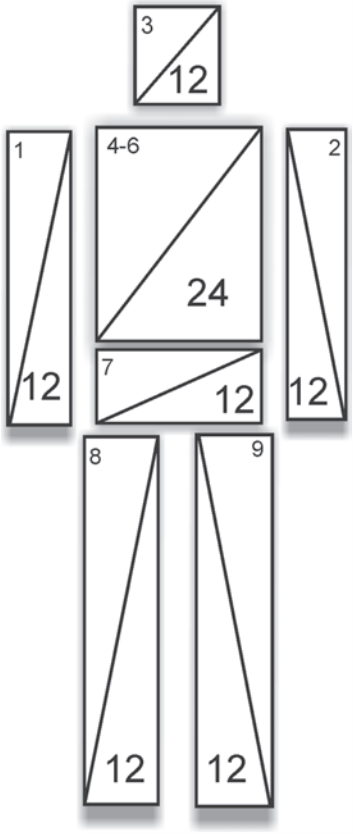
The ogre employs brute force in combat, such as a powerful charge with a large tree stump, accompanied by a bellow or loud grunt as it works itself up into a frenzy.



ORC
Threat Rating: 2
Attack Rating: 9
Defense Rating: 9
CHA: 30
END: 70
INT: 60
NIM: 65
PER: 65
STR: 70
TEN: 60
WIS: 40
Movement: Near (ground)
Size Rating: 5 (Average)
Attacks: Bite (1d8+2 damage); unarmed strike (1d6+2 damage); weapon (as per weapon)
Special Abilities: None
Disposition: Aggressive, malevolent
Habitat: Any
Encountered: 1-15

Averaging six feet in height and a 150-year lifespan, orcs are a muscular race of humanoids with light-brown skin and long brown or black hair popularly fashioned in a tight ponytail bound by ringlets of gold and silver. Their eyes, limited to brown or black, are not round as is the case for other humanoid races, but instead are more angular and peek over high-set cheekbones. An orc's jaw is heavy set and protrudes forward to accommodate the two oversized canines in the lower mandible. The orcs decorate themselves with abundant jewelry, especially their disproportionately large ears, on which they hang huge earrings.

Female orcs mature between ages 20-25 and can reproduce throughout their life. The orc population is kept under control in no small part because of the males who destroy all newborn they deem too small, feeble or unfit for combat.



Tactics

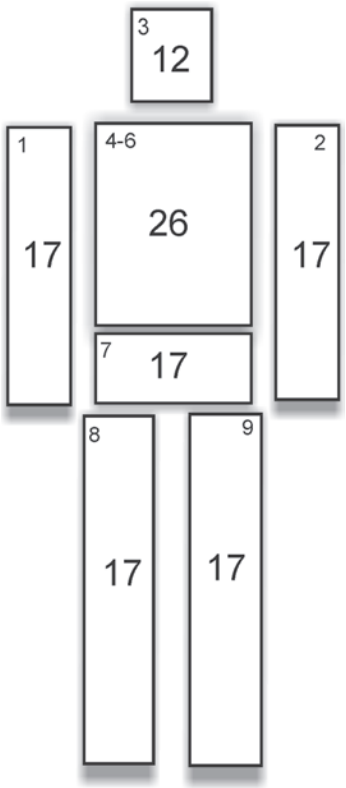
Orcs are harsh, brutal fighters, able to wield martial weapons with great ease and proficiency. Most orcs depend on their raw strength when engaging in combat, while some will occasionally complement that with rudimentary strategies (and cheating) to gain the maximum advantage—including biting, aiming for a stunned opponent's jugular.

QUAD-MEN
Threat Rating: 2
Attack Rating: 7
Defense Rating: 5
CHA: 25
END: 35
INT: 35
NIM: 30
PER: 35
STR: 30
TEN: 20
WIS: 30
Movement: Miniature (ground)
Size Rating: 5 (Average)
Attacks: None
Special Abilities: Acid Splash: 1d8 damage to a random location against attacker who damages it in melee combat, NIM resistance roll to negate damage, but any protection loses PV equal to the damage rolled, plus 1d4 damage for 2 additional rounds.
Disposition: Neutral, reclusive
Habitat: Underground
Encountered: 10-15

Quad-men are a humanoid race whose loathsome appearance has them shunned almost universally by other races. Their bodies and faces are hideously deformed and disfigured—making quad-men easily one of the most repulsive humanoids in existence. Quad-men reside in colonies, usually inside dark caves or beneath the ground surface. Centuries of living in darkness have regressed their sight to the point that they no longer even have eyes. They compensate for the handicap with a keen sense of smell, and to some extent, hearing.

Quad-men vary in height, mainly due to their random mutant deformities. For the most part, they are only slightly smaller than an average human. They have no body hair. Their teeth are usually very small and primitive, for their diet consists almost entirely of fungi. A quad-man typically has four arms, but as with their height, the number does vary. The quad-men's skin has no pigment and is translucent, stretching over a flabby physique (though the flab is certainly not fat).

Quad-men are one of the races that Vrang forsook during the Sundering. These grotesque humanoids have been seen on both Eranon and Isidria. Though not overtly aggressive, they do not like to disturbed in any way. The true origin of the quad-men or what they once were is still a mystery, and many don't see the value of solving it, either.



Tactics

Fitting their gross appearance, quad-men can secrete acidic pus from the pores of their skin as a weapon. It is this pus that lends their flabbiness, for it builds up in massive pockets underneath the skin; their bodies are essentially one bloated blister filled with acid. The secretion can erode through most things, except dragon skin, stone, iron, gold, treated leather. Because gold is immune, quad-men lairs are often littered with the gold of long-dead adventurers (though all treasure must be cleansed of residual acids first before they're safe for handling).

To compensate for their lack of physical strength, quad-men attack in great numbers, usually 10 to 15 at a time, in an attempt to overwhelm the target.

QUIREX
Threat Rating: 5
Attack Rating: 16
Defense Rating: 15
CHA: 30
END: 90
INT: 70
NIM: 70
PER: 85
STR: 80
TEN: 50
WIS: 40
Movement: Near (ground)
Size Rating: 7 (Large)
Attacks: Bite (1d10+3 damage); claw (1d12+3 damage); horn/ridge (3d4+3 damage)
Special Abilities: Mesmerizing Tentacles: Costs 4 Momentum SV to use, TEN -30 resistance roll to avoid stun for one round.
Venomous Sting: Costs 2 Momentum SV to use, requires attack roll, 1d8+3 damage, END -30 roll to avoid paralysis for 1d4 rounds if damage penetrates protection.
Disposition: Cunning, predatory, patient
Habitat: Any
Encountered: 1-3

The quirex is a solid, black-skinned beast that is humanoid in shape, very lithe and moves with the grace of a big hunting cat. The head of a quirex is jarringly angular, featuring a sharp beak-like nose and serrated ridges to impale a pinned target. The creature's eyes are prominent and able to change color at will. When fully upright (which is rare), the beast reaches over 9 feet in height. The true lethality of a quirex lies in the eight tentacles writhing from its sides. These tentacles can extend up to 15 feet and mesmerize a target with hypnotic movements before landing a long stinger and injecting a paralyzing venom.

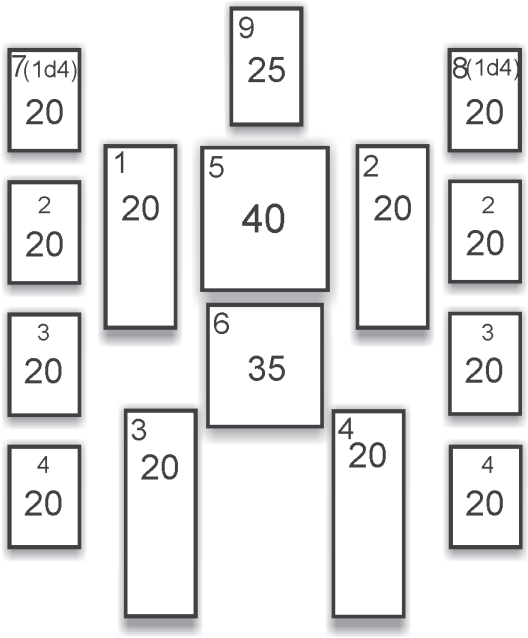
According to the Hethmark Book of Histories, Vrang merged two of his creations to form the quirex during the Sundering. The Tylvar elves hunt this fearsome creature for their coming-of-age ritual in Isidria. The Quirex's wicked temper is familiar to all elves, as the monster is considered a bane and a spiteful gesture toward them from Vrang. The creature is no less malicious on Eranon. It has caused much terror among farmlands and remote settlements. When livestock goes missing, the Quirex is one of the first suspects in conversations and investigation. A hellish nightmare for the weak and a formidable adversary for the stout-hearted, it is a wonder that many young Tylvar managed to complete the ritual. Rumors do float abound that the Tylvar know the quirex's weakness and fully exploit it.

In addition to ground stalking, the carnivorous quirex is also fond of perching atop trees, waiting to ambush its quarry. The creature's black hue blends in well with the darkness of night—its favorite time to hunt and wreak havoc.

Tactics

The quirex is a very cunning and vicious opponent. It will leap forth from hiding to startle a prey, and then tries to intimidate with sheer size and screams both guttural and high-pitched, before proceeding to mesmerize the target with its tentacles. Should the target be larger or more powerful, the quirex will conceal itself and snipe with its tentacled stingers from cover, then consume the prey once it's immobilized by the venom. When a quirex pins a target, it will grip the victim in its beak or impale it with its horns.

The creature is known to exhibit unusual patience; it has been observed to remain perfectly still in hiding for three full days without even the slightest movement.



RACSHIA
Threat Rating: 13
Attack Rating: 20
Defense Rating: 20
CHA: 30
END: 90
INT: 75
NIM: 95
PER: 100
STR: 110
TEN: 80
WIS: 60
Movement: Medium (ground)
Size Rating: 8 (Great)
Attacks: Bite (1d12 damage); claw (1d10+6 damage); crush (1d12+6 damage); sting (1d10 damage)
Special Abilities: Magic Resistance: Immune to all magical attacks.
Poison: Costs 2 Momentum SV to use on a successful hit with bite/claw/sting, END -50 resistance roll to avoid paralysis for 1d6 rounds if damage penetrates protection.
Disposition: Aggressive, fearless, savage
Habitat: Dense forests, grasslands, plains
Encountered: 1

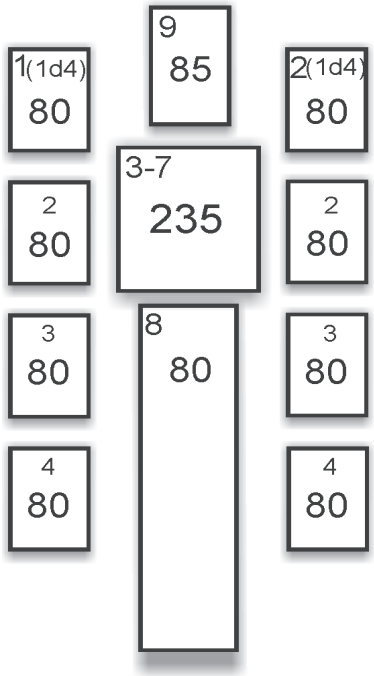
Standing 35 feet tall and 80 feet long, the racshia is one of the fastest-moving land creatures. The beast owes its speed to the eight legs on the lower side of the body, which also happen to be well protected with foot-long talons at the end. A racshia has the physical structure of a lizard and is light tan or brown in color. Its head is reminiscent of a dragon, primarily because it shares the same reptilian roots. Aside from its hauntingly white eyes, the racshia features two oversized fangs that immobilize a target with paralyzing toxin, as well as a powerful barbed tail to deliver the same.

The creature originates from the Dark Sprawl. It's the result of a magical crossbreeding by the Druegarn sorcerer-turned-liche, Zychariss. The former wizard guarded his creation well and granted it the ability to repel all forms of magical attacks. It was set free into the world well before the Dakass Luot as a precursor to the doom Zychariss intended to bring upon the world. Several journals retrieved from the darkness of Elek Kithe detail the racshia's creation. These documents are now in safe possession at the Runespar University in Tronle, under severely restricted access.

Tactics

With superb hearing to alert the racshia when something comes within 1,000 feet, it tends to lay flat on the ground when hunting to discern the direction and number of targets. It will then stalk toward the prey while keeping close the ground, until it's within range for an ambush.

The racshia will strike first with its poisonous bite and tail, then alternate between using its claws to rend and its weight to crush the target. Because of its tremendous speed, the racshia is hardly ever surprised. It is also fearless and will try to slaughter almost anything it sees.



ROCAR
Threat Rating: 7
Attack Rating: 14
Defense Rating: 13
CHA: 20
END: 80
INT: 70
NIM: 55
PER: 90
STR: 85
TEN: 60
WIS: 40
Movement: Near (ground), Near (fly)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Bite (1d10+4 damage); claw (1d6+4 damage)
Special Abilities: Poisonous Bite: Costs 1 Momentum SV to use, requires attack roll, 1d10+4 damage, END -20 resistance roll to avoid 1d10 Strength loss for one encounter if damage penetrates protection; the loss is cumulative.
Disposition: Chaotic, malevolent
Habitat: Mountains, swamps, woodlands
Encountered: 1-2

The rocar is a peculiar cross between a ram and a bat, standing an average of 8-10 feet. It has the upper torso and head of a bat, and the hind half of a ram. The bat portion is dull black in hue, the wings deep grey, the ram portion grey.

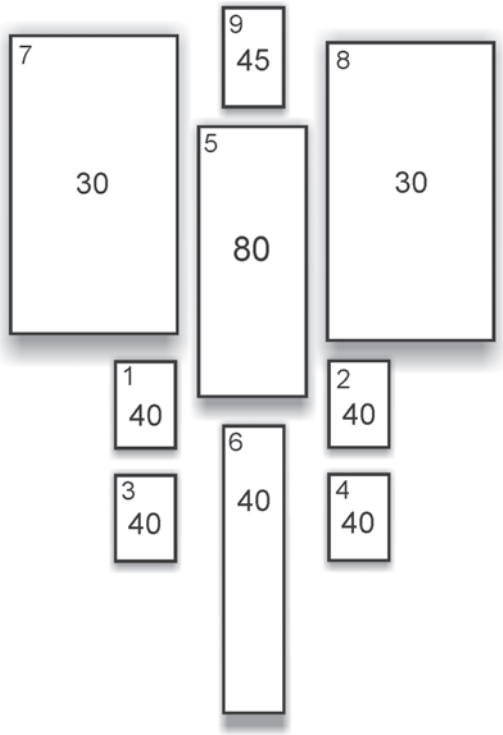
The hateful wizard Jarliss the Black was responsible for the rocar's existence through deliberate sabotage of his former mentor's arcane experiment. Jarliss then "stole" the creatures to serve himself. He was so pleased with his "new" invention that he bred more of them, but these beasts eventually became too feral for his control, turned on him and killed him. Jarliss' demise enabled the rocars to run free and loose on the world.

A copy of the rocar formula was purportedly pilfered by an adventuring party and is highly coveted by wizardly orders throughout Eranon. Some have considered breeding rocars as mounts for transportation, but the idea remains unrealized as well as unwise to pursue.

Rocars have an unpredictable temperament. Their attitude can sour at the drop of a hat. The creatures' bite imparts an enervating toxin that saps their prey's strength, and the hooks on their wings make for dangerous slashing weapons. Rumors abound that the first, original "king" rocar is still alive and cannot be destroyed, and is allegedly dwelling in an underground lair near Jarliss' ruined keep.

Tactics

The rocar is a straightforward opponent. It will usually rush a target head-on and try to overpower it, attempting to envelope the target within its huge wings and inflict its venomous bite. When multiple rocars are present, one or two will circle above the target to draw its attention from the other rocars, which are attempting to sneak behind it.



SHIAN
Threat Rating: 15
Attack Rating: 20
Defense Rating: 20
CHA: 95
END: 140
INT: 120
NIM: 70
PER: 100
STR: 120
TEN: 110
WIS: 90
Movement: 50' (ground)
Size Rating: 9 (Huge)
Attacks: Claw (1d12+7 damage)
Special Abilities: Extraplanar Travel: Costs 1 Momentum SV to use in combat, otherwise at will.
Mesmerizing Gaze: Costs 4 Momentum SV to use, -50 resistance roll to avoid immobilization for 1d3 rounds.
Rend: Costs 2 Momentum SV to use, double damage on a successful attack.
Sense Living Creatures: Functions at Long range.
Telepathy: Costs 2 Momentum SV to use, Short range, Intermediate perimeter.
Disposition: Devious, malevolent, sadistic
Habitat: Any, Planes
Encountered: 1

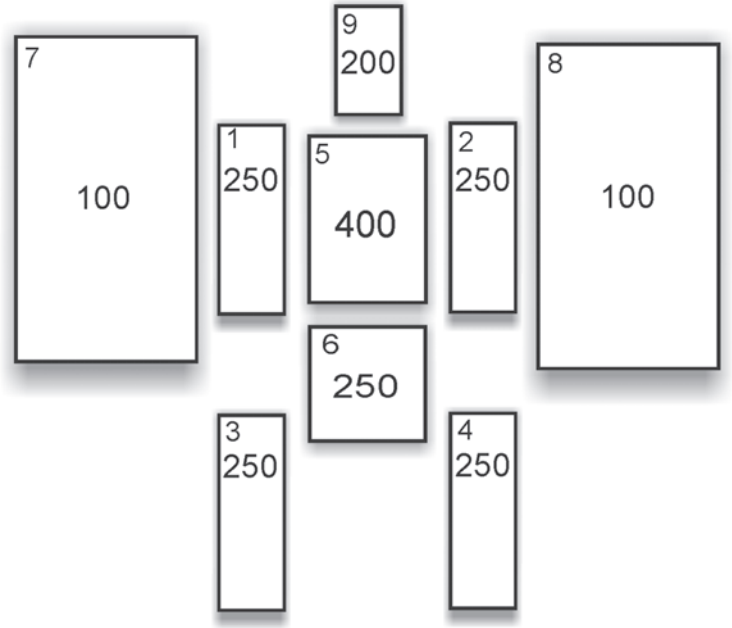
This fearful jet-black skeletal creature stands an ominous 25 to 30 feet tall from ground to wing tip, with elongated arms and claws to reach and seize its foe. Its eyes flare flame-red when it intends to kill, a dull, crimson red otherwise.

This monster is known by many as the Tormentor of Souls because of its propensity for sadistic torture of its victims. It is directly descended from the alari Gabrun, thereby mirroring the dark god's wicked personality to perfection. Shian calls the dark outer plane of Gulvix home and seldom visits Eranon on the prime material plane, but it is able to at will. As expected, Shian will destroy anything it considers useless or a threat, but not before inflicting prolonged anguish with its telepathic ability. During the Dakass Luot, numerous Shians led demonic legions and were culpable for countless deaths in the long war.

Tactics

The Shian is a very calculating opponent. It will taunt a target mercilessly via telepathy while stalking it like a cat does a mouse. In a direct confrontation, it prefers to lead with the mesmerizing gaze, and then rend the immobilized victim with its razor-sharp foot-long claws. Once the victim's death is a foregone conclusion, Shian will deliberately delay the inevitable to prolong the agony for as long as possible.

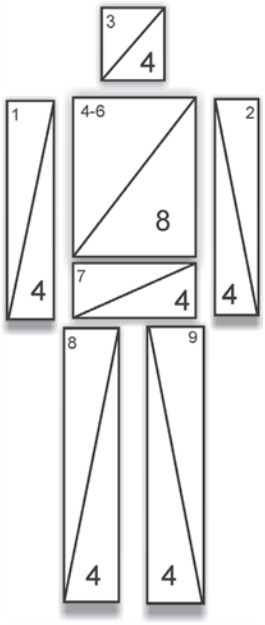
In an all-out battle, it is known to impale victims and keep them squirming on its claws to demoralize the opposition.



SKELETON
Threat Rating: 1
Attack Rating: 8
Defense Rating: 8
CHA: 30
END: 40
INT: —
NIM: 40
PER: 50
STR: 50
TEN: —
WIS: —
Movement: Near (ground)
Size Rating: 5 (Average)
Attacks: By weapon
Special Abilities: Undead: Immune to mental and poison effects.
Disposition: Malevolent
Habitat: Any
Encountered: 1-50

Nothing strikes fear into the heart quite like a fully animated skeleton. Skeletons are the undead, back from the grave, usually bound to and tirelessly serving the will of a master.

Most skeleton warriors do not have armor. Skeletal troops are often employed by necromancers in armies or as guardians.

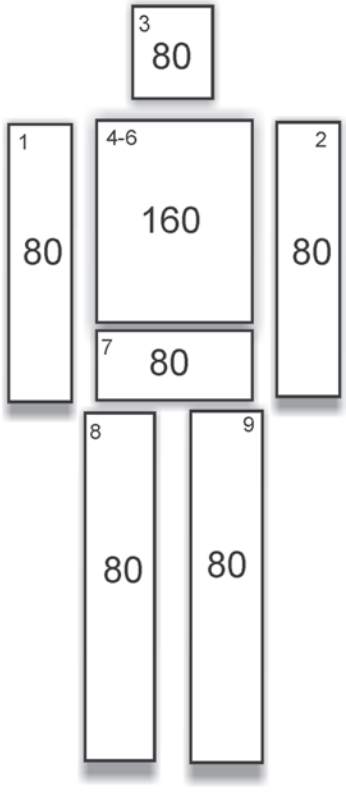


SLEK
Threat Rating: 9
Attack Rating: 15
Defense Rating: 16
CHA: 30
END: 70
INT: 65
NIM: 85
PER: 70
STR: 80
TEN: 70
WIS: 65
Movement: Near (ground); Near (glide)
Size Rating: 5 (Average)
Attacks: Bite (1d6+3 damage); claw (1d8+3 damage)
Special Abilities: Crush: Costs 2 Momentum to use, requires attack roll, 1d10 damage, target is held and must make opposed Strength roll as an action each round to escape slek's grasp or take 1d10 damage.
Disposition: Agressive
Habitat: Spurin tree forest only
Encountered: 1-10

A bipedal, muscular humanoid creature, the slek is 7-8 feet in height, with elongated fingers and feet to perch atop the spurin trees (as well as to maintain grasp of prey). It employs leathery wings, connected from the edge of the hand to the ankle, to glide down the treetop and close on its prey.

The slek has a hideous face, marked by a distinct pair of carapace-like antlers that extend above its head from the lower chin. The eyes are alabaster white with no pupils. It has very strong mandibles and can use its prominent canine teeth with deadly accuracy.

Sleks only exist on the continent of Eranon. Their history and origin is still shrouded in mystery and speculation. The elves shun the spurin tree forest in which these creatures populate, refusing to venture inside unless in dire need. Curiously, the sleks seem content to confine themselves within the forest of spurin trees, never wandering farther. The wizards and merthwargs who track them for their magical qualities have attributed the cause to an influx of magical energy on site or perhaps a ward spell going amiss.



Tactics
The slek hides atop spurin trees and ambushes unwary prey passing under its perch. In combat, a disadvantaged slek will call 1-3 more sleks from nearby perches for help, using a high-pitched scream too high for normal hearing to detect — even for elves (PER -20 roll if they concentrate).

A kill is hoisted up into the tree, where the slek waits until twilight to feed before returning to its underground lair. Each lair, fairly close to the spurin tree a slek squats in for hunting, is between 100-300 feet beneath the surface because sleks dislike direct sunlight. Magical darkness permeates these lairs (as per the Bring Darkness spell), so normal light sources will not function inside.

TELEDRIN
Threat Rating: 8
Attack Rating: 15
Defense Rating: 15
CHA: 45
END: 95
INT: 85
NIM: 60
PER: 85
STR: 90
TEN: 80
WIS: 65
Movement: Near (ground)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Bite (1d8+4 damage); claw (1d10+4 damage); crush (1d12+4 damage)
Special Abilities: None
Disposition: Destructive, malevolent, vengeful
Habitat: Any plane
Encountered: 1-5

The true form of the smoke-grey teledrin has brilliant yellow eyes and stands 15 feet tall. Teledrins can shift their body shape at will, but on Eranon's plane their color oscillates from grey to black constantly, giving them an ethereal appearance.

More commonly known as "Vrang's Fury," the Teledrins were transformed during the Sundering to personify the dark god's anger and spite. Once tall, proud protectors of all animals, the alteration left them hateful destroyers roaming the multi-planes.

Tactics

Teledrins will engage an adversary without hesitation regardless of their current form. They do not retreat, and will usually mark a foe that defeats (but does not destroy) it for vengeance.

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TITAN

The titans are an ancient race currently divided into two distinct tribes: The Macrillus, averaging 12 to 14 feet tall; and the Mirgus, the shorter of the two at around 10 feet in height. Both have a lifespan considerably less than the common humanoid races at between 45 to 50 years. Though they do not decline physically until age 40, the deterioration rate is alarmingly rapid when it begins, with accelerated aging the most salient sign. Thereby, a titan's body can degenerate in 5 to 10 years as much as a normal human's would in 30 years.

Tactics

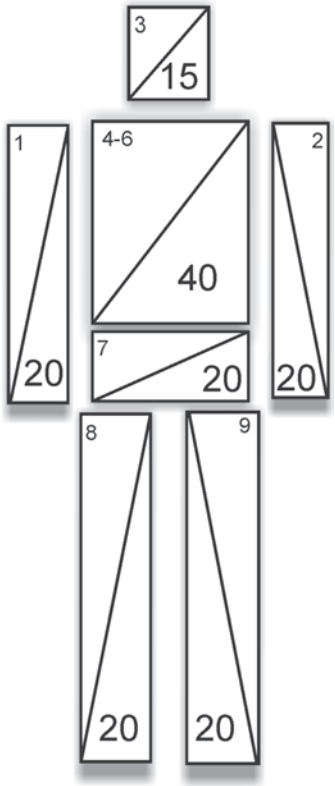
Titans vary their fighting strategies like humans do, typically using brute force first, weapons second. They will use their tremendous strength to the best advantage in hand-to-hand combat by grappling and crushing their opponent. Titans will stomp an unconscious opponent to finish it off. They are rarely apprehensive of any foe short of an ancient dragon or powerful demon, and even then they usually have sufficient willpower to not falter.

Macrillus
Threat Rating: 6
Attack Rating: 12
Defense Rating: 12
CHA: 70
END: 95
INT: 70
NIM: 50
PER: 80
STR: 120
TEN: 90
WIS: 70
Movement: Short (ground)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Unarmed strike (1d10+7 damage)
Special Abilities: None
Disposition: Belligerent
Habitat: Macrillus and Micrillus Islands
Encountered: 1-5

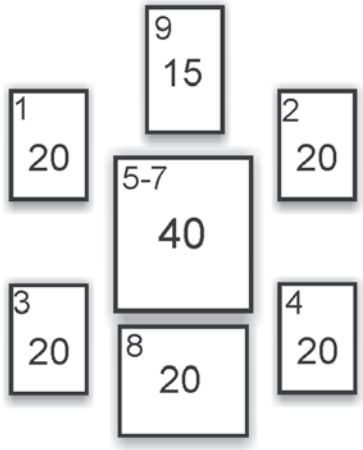
The Macrillus are the larger and more common titans. They reside in their own land, the Terra Titanis. The Macrillus are fierce warriors in a very militant society. They hold a considerable animosity toward their brothers, the Mirgus, whose pacifist demeanor runs contrary to their belligerence. The Macrillus are constantly at war with somebody, and for many years they have fought the similarly warlike orcs over disputed borders.

Mirgus
Threat Rating: 4
Attack Rating: 10
Defense Rating: 10
CHA: 75
END: 90
INT: 80
NIM: 50
PER: 75
STR: 110
TEN: 90
WIS: 75
Movement: Short (ground)
Size: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Unarmed strike (1d10+6 damage)
Special Abilities: None
Disposition: Benevolent, pacifistic
Habitat: Macrillus and Micrillus Islands
Encountered: 1-5

They are the smaller of the titan species and also the more peaceful of the two. The Mirgus lead a docile life, for they are farmers—not hunters—living in lands mostly free of wars and disputes. They wield no magic, but do receive magic herbs from their chief ally, the Fetharn elves.



TRELMAK
Threat Rating: 5
Attack Rating: 12
Defense Rating: 12
CHA: 60
END: 70
INT: 75
NIM: 75
PER: 90
STR: 70
TEN: 65
WIS: 70
Movement: Short (ground); Near (glide)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Bite (1d6+2 damage); claw (1d8+2 damage)
Special Abilities: None
Disposition: Amiable, loyal
Habitat: Any
Encountered: 1-5



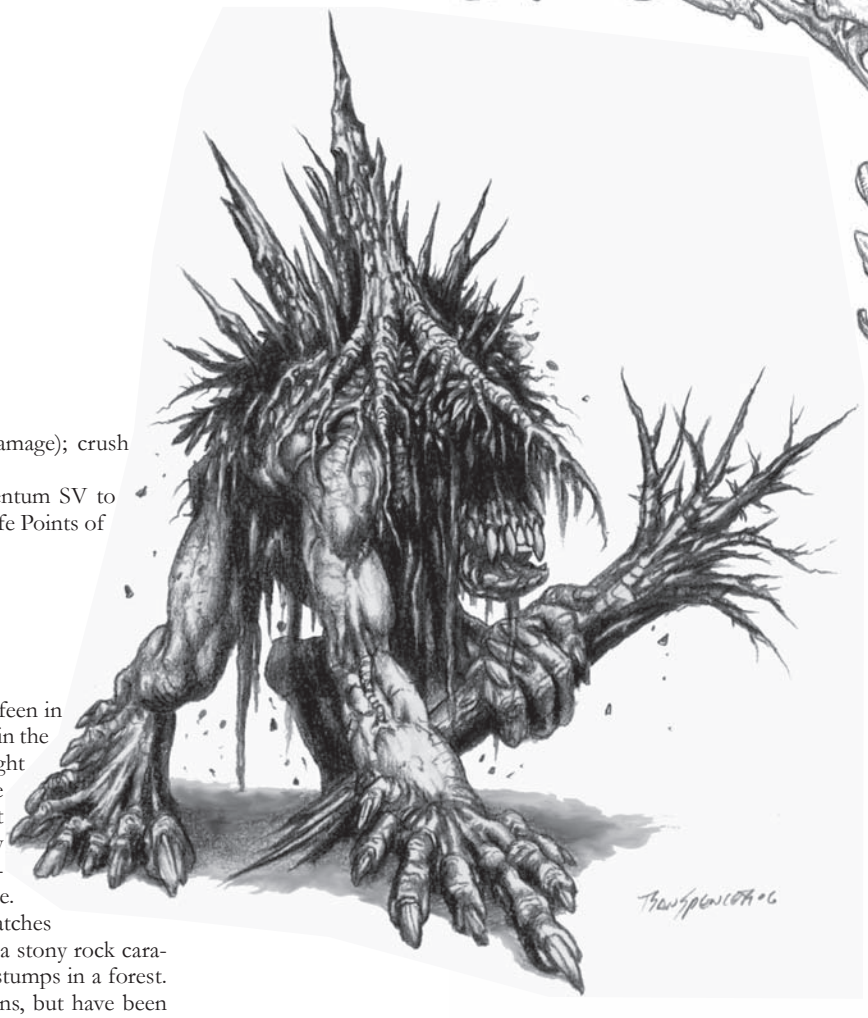
The Trelmak is a quadruped with the head of a bat and the body of a gigantic lion covered in reddish brown fur. It has a twin fold of leathery skin that runs from the forepaws to the hind legs along the mid-sides. The membranes actually help the beast "glide" along the ground, improving its running speed. The Trelmak is usually too big to glide over a long distance, but the membranes are sufficient for them to span a pit or narrow chasm.

Trelmaks are tamed and used as mounts throughout Eranon and Isidria — providing the riders are of good demeanor. The creatures refuse to carry evil riders. Trelmaks are intelligent enough to follow most commands and loyal enough to die for their masters. They are good for nighttime journeys since they have infrared vision and can see better than the most other mounts in darkness. Furthermore, these creatures do occasionally develop a limited telepathic link with their riders.

Tactics

Trelmaks fight with their claws, adding a bite to their arsenal in close-quarter combat.

TROLL
Threat Rating: 5
Attack Rating: 13
Defense Rating: 10
CHA: 60
END: 110
INT: 65
NIM: 50
PER: 70
STR: 100
TEN: 65
WIS: 60
Movement: Near (ground)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Bite (1d8+2 damage); claw (1d6+5 damage); crush (1d12+5 damage); stomp (1d10+5 damage).
Special Abilities: Regeneration: Costs 1 momentum SV to use but does not count as action, heals 10 total Life Points of non-fire damage, usable twice per round.
Trollish Transformation: See text.
Disposition: Cunning, vile
Habitat: Any
Encountered: 1-10



These large lumbering hulks, which average 15 feen in height, are Vrang's creation. They dwell deep within the earth and are natives to almost any region. The sight of a troll instills fear into all who haven't a brave heart. A troll can be of almost any color, but most are ruddy brown or deep green. They have a very angular and muscular frame, and their foul temperament seems to complement such a physique. A troll also develops a growth on its back that matches the terrain of its current residence. This may be a stony rock carapace in the mountains, or a small clump of tree stumps in a forest. They wield large uprooted tree trunks as weapons, but have been known to use just about anything nearby, from large boulders to even small cattle. It has been observed that a troll can subsist on just about on anything it can fit into its gaping maw.

Trolls do not actively seek to do harm, but they will defend their territory fiercely and will not stop until the intruders are destroyed or repelled.

Trolls possess some innate magic from their maker. For one, they can regenerate certain injuries, making them extremely difficult to kill. One has to dismember a troll, burn its body, and have a sevar consecrate that very ground to prevent its resurrection. Otherwise, the troll will come back to life in nine days, fully healed, and seek revenge against those who destroyed it.

Trolls do not reproduce; rather, they replenish or bolster their number by transforming non-troll humanoids, particularly humans, into trolls. This is done by erecting a special magical cell or cage that the trolls seem able to construct instinctively, then placing a bitten victim inside it. The victim will slowly transform into a troll until the process is complete after a month. Upon becoming a troll, the victim loses all past memories and will never know that he or she was once a humanoid.

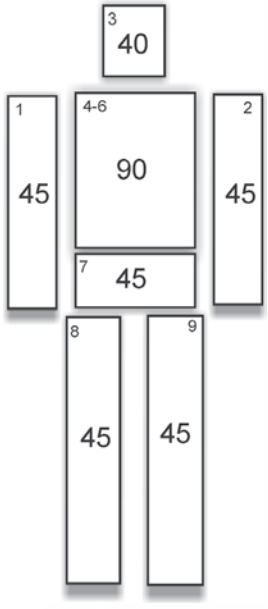
However, trolls have limitations. They can only come out of their lair when either of the two moons is full at night. Once the troll is outside, it can walk under the stars for nine nights afterward (with the duration doubling under a full lunar eclipse). It may do so during daytime, but it must stay within its dwelling, as any troll caught in full sunlight will burn to ash—though coming back to life as the next full moon occurs. Trolls burrow into the earth and entomb themselves when sleeping. They can be woken from the slumber during the nine nights they are permitted to roam. However, trolls are known to wonder in daytime due to magical darkness or severe weather.

Trolls were used in the Dakass Luot at the forefront of many sieges. The destruction they're capable of warns most people to stay clear of their rampaging path.

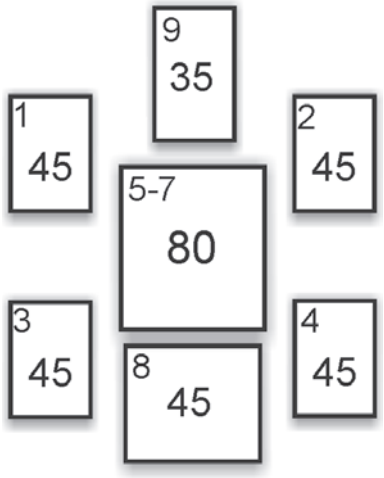
Humanoid Transformation

This process is possibly reversible by magic, with spells of the divine tradition owning the best chance.

Days 1-10: Victim begins to lose memory.
Days 11-20: Victim starts losing racial features.
Days 21-30: Victim begins to manifest troll-like features.
Days 31-40: Victim develops the feral temperament of a troll and fully changes.



VIRE
Threat Rating: 4
Attack Rating: 12
Defense Rating: 10
CHA: 30
END: 70
INT: 50
NIM: 75
PER: 60
STR: 70
TEN: 50
WIS: 40
Movement: Near (ground)
Size Rating: 5 (Average)
Attacks: Bite (1d10+2 damage); claw (1d12+2 damage)
Special Abilities: None
Disposition: Cunning, savage
Habitat: Any
Encountered: 10-20



Vire is a monstrous hybrid wolf, extremely strong and large — 4 to 5 feet at the shoulder, featuring a humongous head and maw teeming with butcher knife-like fangs. Two white streaks roll down their black body from the shoulders and converge at the tail, forming a visible "V" that gave these creatures of Vrang their name.

The vires were not always so brutish and feral. They were the faliflyn before the Sundering and one of beloved beasts on Eranon. After the Sundering, Vrang changed them and filled them with violent hatred and aggression. Now, the vires hunt in packs of 10 to 20, alternately led by an alpha male and alpha female. These beasts are known to ally themselves with the Druegarn—hardly a surprise considering they made up the dark elves' front rank in the Dakass Luot.

Tactics

Vires employ two common tactics. One, they flank and overwhelm their target. Two, the alpha male or female leads a charge to disrupt the enemy ranks, hopefully creating an opening for others to pounce.

VYLLIX
Threat Rating: 14
Attack Rating: 18
Defense Rating: 18
CHA: 40
END: 130
INT: 95
NIM: 75
PER: 100
STR: 90
TEN: 95
WIS: 60
Movement: Near (ground)
Size Rating: 7 (Large)
Attacks: Bite (1d10+4 damage)
Special Abilities: Darkness: Costs 4 Momentum SV to use in combat (otherwise 0), as per the Bring Darkness spell but no Contact roll or Mana Points required.

Doom: Costs 6 Momentum SV to use, on a successful attack from vyllix, the target must make TEN resistance roll to avoid dropping to 0 Life Points instantly.

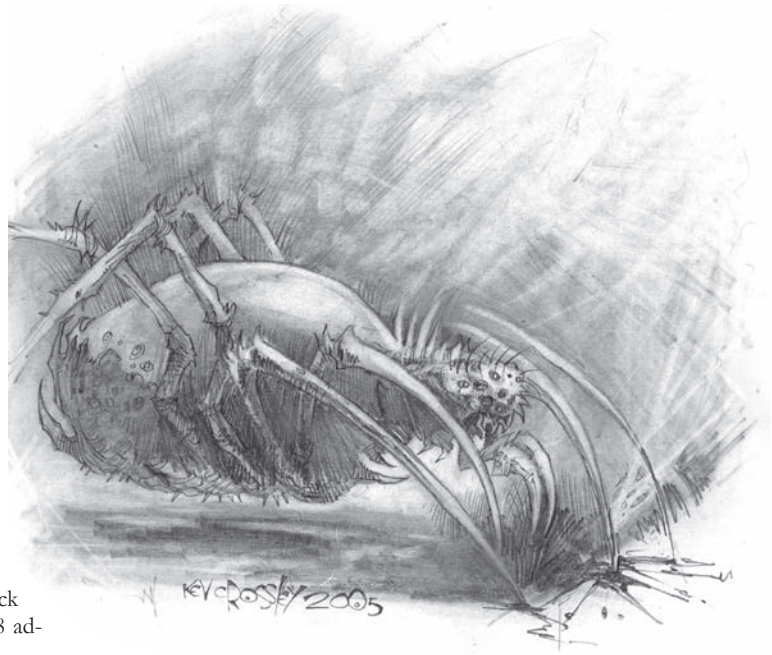
Impale: Costs 2 Momentum SV to use, requires attack roll, 1d20+4 damage, STR resistance roll to avoid 1d8 additional damage as vyllix's limb retracts.

Magic Resistance: Immunity to all magical attacks.

Teleportation: Costs 1 Momentum SV to use in combat (otherwise 0), as per the Teleportation spell but no Contact roll or Mana Points required.

Unholy Aura: Costs 5 Momentum SV to use, Intermediate perimeter, TEN -20 resistance roll or cannot attack for 1d10 rounds due to fear, usable once per encounter.

Venomous Sting: Costs 2 Momentum SV to use, requires attack roll, 1d12 damage, END -50 resistance roll to avoid losing 2d10 points from END, NIM and STR.
Disposition: Fearless, malevolent, vicious
Habitat: Any, but native to the Planes of Darkness
Encountered: 1



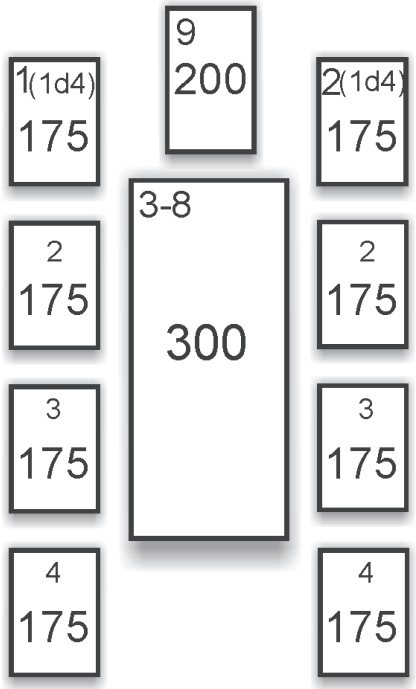
The Vyllix is the biggest and most diabolical of the arachnids created by Pillith, and it fears no foe. It towers 20 feet over the ground surface. Its eyes glow a dull red, blending quite complementary into its dark black, iron-like carapace.

Vyllixes dwell in different planes of Darkness, venturing into Eranon only to hunt, primarily in the Dark Sprawl. Their lairs are labyrinthine and littered with bones and treasures from their prey. These monsters are Pillith's most trusted seconds among her arachnid creations, two of which always accompany the dark goddess at all times. Pillith also dispatches these deadly pets of hers for duties ranging from spying and exploration to assassination. Their staunch conviction in combat rivals the dreaded racshia and is illustrated well in this age-old folk rhyme:

In the dead of night
Eight legs come
To extinguish life
Hide away all you hold dear
For the Night's Queen is near
Run far, run fast
Till you're out of Breath
To escape Pillith's Night Death

Tactics

The spider favors the "Bite of Doom," followed closely by the Unholy Aura. Should these prove futile, the Vyllix resorts to brute force and tries to impale its opponents and then teleport one impaled victim with it back to a plane of Darkness for a private feast.



WEREWOLF

Before the Sundering, a ranger sect was blessed by the power of Vrang, and the members were known as wolf-brothers. These brothers had the power to take on the form of the wolves that helped them guard and protect the wilderness. After the Sundering, the wolf-brothers became dark, feral and twisted. They lost control of their powers. Rather than shapeshifting protectors, they became monstrosities: half-man, half-wolf. Driven mad by their lust for blood and Vrang's hatred for all living creatures, they attack whatever they encounter while in their transformed state. Some rare individuals try to master the ability, but even the strong-willed shift into monsters and rage uncontrollably when neither of the moons is completely dark.

Werewolves, as they are now known, are terrible foes in battle. Still blessed by Vrang, they are often tremendously strong, disturbingly quick and agile, lashing out with their claws and fangs. Werewolves are extraordinarily efficient hunters, able to track their prey by scent alone, and often surprising the hunted with cunning ambushes.

Werewolves are large humanoids, from bulky to long and lean, but always with a malformed wolf's head, long talons, and a dark shaggy coat of fur. Their eyes gather the light and shine pale yellow or blood red in the darkness.

Werewolves are particularly feared because their curse is contagious. Survivors of their bite have may contract the curse. These newly infected lycanthropes, the "Half Blood," cannot control the transformations at all, changing whenever both moons are dark, and are prone to violent, mindless rampage.

Confronting a werewolf is a dauntingly dangerous task, to say the least. Their canny hunting skills and ferocity in combat make them more than a match for even the deadliest of conventional weapons. Luckily, they aren't without weakness. Silver is one of the few things that werewolves fear. Simply touching a piece of silver sears their flesh and negates their regenerative ability. Weapons forged of silver are the bane of their existence, as these weapons have the potential to cause grievous wounds that take months to recuperate.

A werewolf can only be destroyed through total dismemberment, the body burned, and the burial ground blessed by a sevar at the time of burial. The sevar must also place a small amount of their blood on the werewolves' grave. Otherwise, the werewolf will regenerate in the grave and come back to life.

Werewolves typically hunt in packs, but are not averse to hunting alone. During the Dakass Luot, they served the Druegarn as assassins and scouts with deadly efficiency.

In packs, one or two will try to hamstring their quarry, while the rest descend and rip it apart.

All werewolves are particularly susceptible to uncontrollable fits of rage during full lunar eclipses. At these times, they are even larger and stronger than normal. Increase all attributes by 15, add +2 to AR and DR, +15 LP to all hit locations, and add +6 points to all damage rolls.

BRUTES
Threat Rating: 10
Attack Rating: 18
Defense Rating: 17
CHA: 80
END: 120
INT: 85
NIM: 90
PER: 110
STR: 130
TEN: 120
WIS: 80
Movement: Short (ground)
Size Rating: 6 (Big)
Attacks: Bite (1d10+4 damage); claw (1d12+8 damage)
Special Abilities: Curse of the Werewolf: Costs 3 Momentum SV to use, requires attack roll, 1d10+4 damage, END -30 resistance roll to avoid contracting lycanthropy if the damage penetrates protection.

Fast Strike: Each extra action costs 2 Momentum SV (instead of 3).

Lycanthropic Pounce: Costs 2 Momentum SV, on a successful attack, target must make STR -20 resistance roll or be stunned for one round.

Regenerate: Costs 2 momentum SV to use, heals 20 total Life Points of damage, usable once per round.

Rip: Costs 6 Momentum SV to use. The Brute can shred through even the strongest armor effortlessly and render one choice limb completely useless on a successful attack, reducing it to 0 LP.

Shred: Costs 8 momentum SV to use. Similar to Rip, but targeting head or torso instead, reducing that hit location to 0 LP.
Disposition: Cunning, feral, savage.
Habitat: Any (but mostly the Chill)
Encountered: 1-20

The Brutes are the descendants of the original Wolf-brothers. For the most part, they are lawless and uncontrollable, occasionally banding together in packs. Certain brutes attempt to maintain their original purpose and beliefs, that they are guardians of the natural world. These are not accepted by others consumed by Vrang's Rage and are generally attacked on sight. Brutes call the Chill their home and are very seldom seen elsewhere in the world.

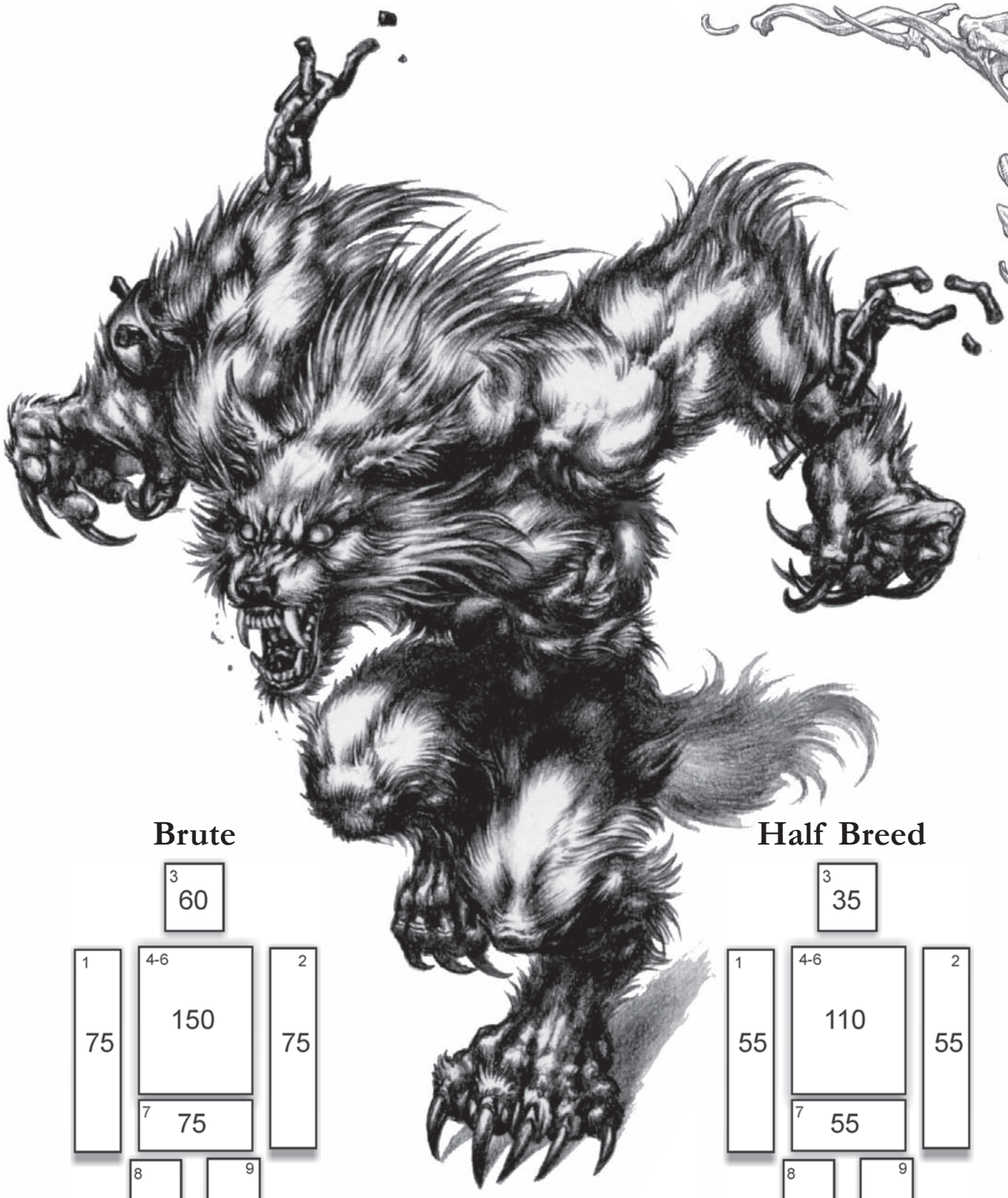
HALF BLOODS
Threat Rating: 7
Attack Rating: 15
Defense Rating: 15
CHA: 60
END: 100
INT: 80
NIM: 80
PER: 100
STR: 115
TEN: 110
WIS: 75
Movement: 100
Attacks: Bite (1d8+3 damage); claw (1d10+6 damage).
Size Rating: 5 (Average)
Special Abilities: Curse of the Werewolf: Costs 2 Momentum SV to use, requires attack roll, 1d8+3 damage, END -20 resistance roll to avoid contracting lycanthropy if the damage penetrates protection.

Lycanthropic Pounce: Costs 2 Momentum SV, on a successful attack, target must make STR -20 resistance roll or be stunned for one round.

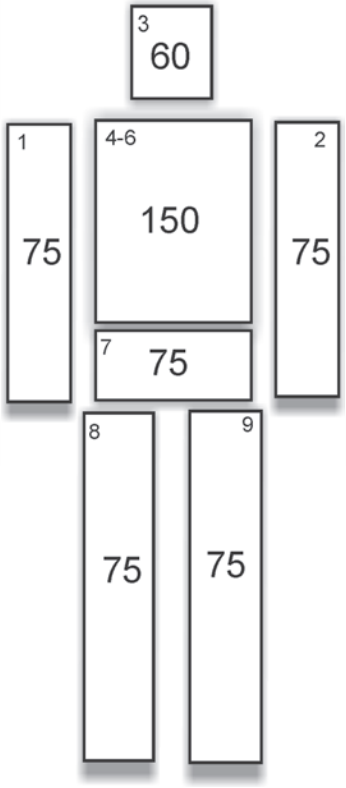
Regenerate: Costs 2 momentum SV to use, heals 10 total Life Points of damage, usable once per round.

Rip: Costs 6 Momentum SV to use. The Brute can shred through even the strongest armor effortlessly and render one choice limb completely useless on a successful attack, reducing it to 0 LP.
Disposition: Cunning, feral, savage.
Habitat: Any
Encountered: 1-20

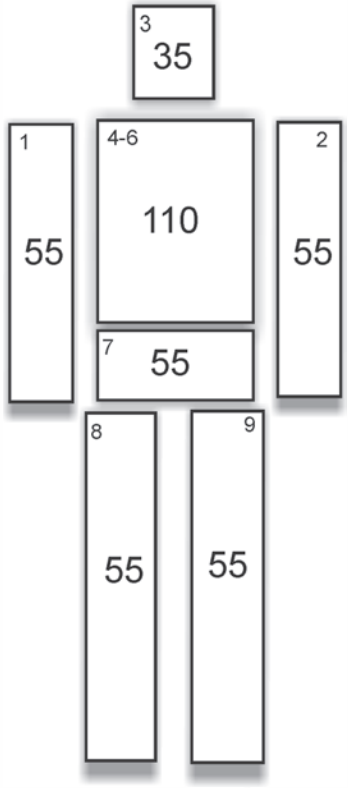
Smaller than their full-blooded brethren, Half Bloods are nevertheless fearsome opponents in their own right. They possess similar speed and abilities, if not at full strength and stature.



Brute



Half Breed



WINSHAR
Threat Rating: Character level in former life + 5
Attack Rating: As in former life
Defense Rating: As in former life
CHA/END/INT/NIM/PER/STR/TEN/WIS: As in former life
Movement: As in former life
Size Rating: 5 (Average)
Attacks: As in former life
Special Abilities: Deathless: Immune to Death Touch and similar spells.

Drain life: Transfers up to 20 Life Points from target hit location to winshar on a successful unarmed attack, once per round.

Ethereal Concealment: Only sevars may sense winshar against its will.

Weapon Resistance: Immune to all weapons mundane or magical, unless wielded by a sevar.
Disposition: Malevolent
Habitat: All
Encountered: 1

The winshar is the spirit of a dead evil sevar. It appears in the clothing that the sevar was wearing at the time of death, and all wounds and injuries sustained are visible to the onlooker—a very unpleasant sight.

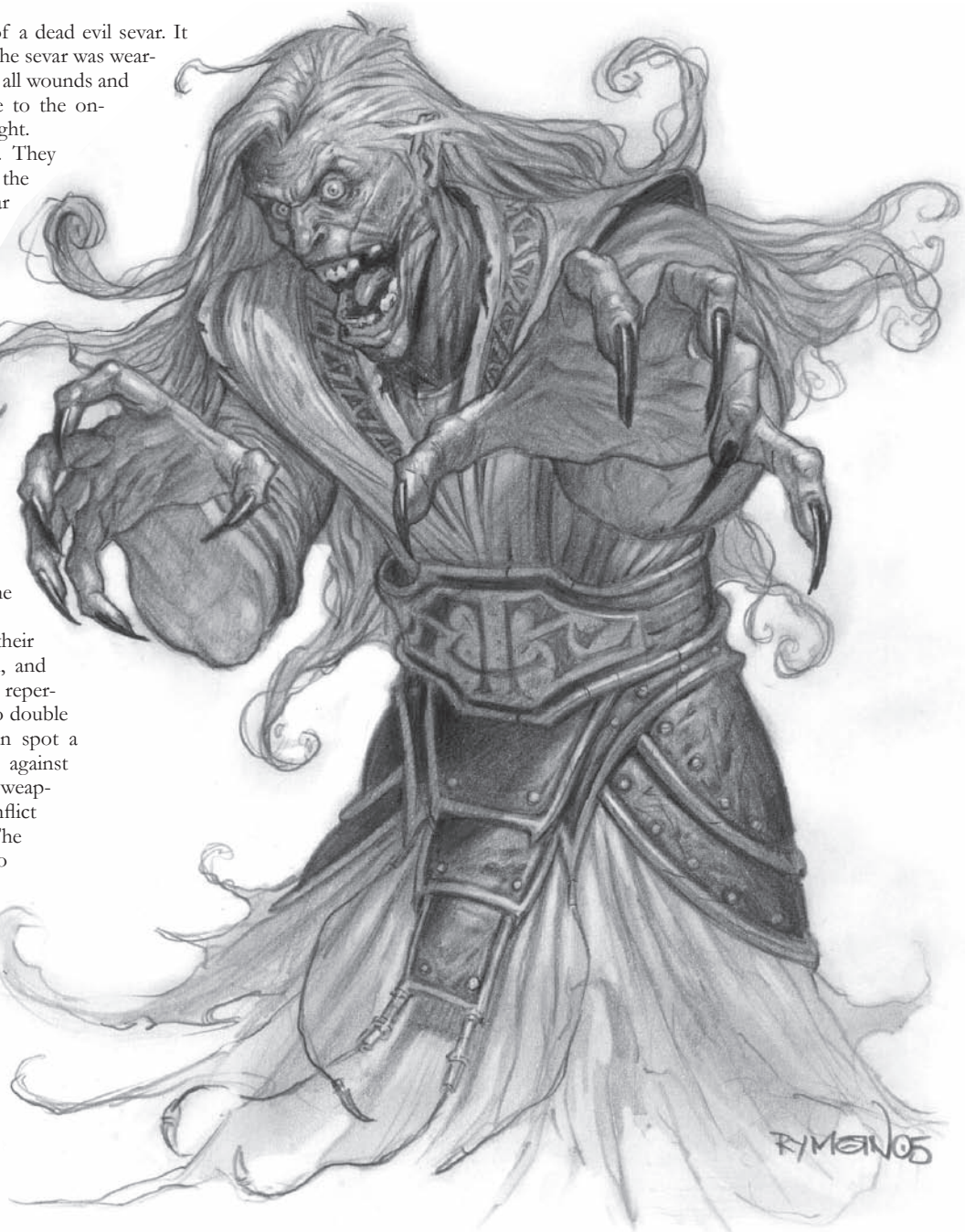
Winshars have no home. They roam the world and haunt the severely injured or those near death, trying to siphon what little is left of their life energy. Winshars are visible only to their victims and to sevars. When a winshar avail itself to a victim, those around him usually dismiss the panic raving as mere madness and totally unaware of the creature's presence. Once a winshar has seized sufficient life energy, it can regain physical form, though it must still feed on the same force periodically.

Winshars cannot access their spell until they are physical, and at which point their spell repertoire expands instantly, up to double in size. Although sevars can spot a winshar, they are powerless against it unless they use enchanted weapons, the only means to inflict damage against the spirit. The best defense for a sevar is to continuously heal the victim magically to counter the life lost to the winshar. However, the creatures may be pinpointed with the Detect Evil spell and banished or bound magically.

Winshars in physical form are susceptible to Death Touch and similar spells, which remove the energy keeping the revived creatures alive. Another means to destroy a "living" winshar is to prevent its feeding upon life energy so that it is unable to replenish. Such a feat is not easy, but it is the best way to permanently rid of the spirit, casting it instantly to limbo.

Tactics

A winshar fights the same way in combat as when it was alive.



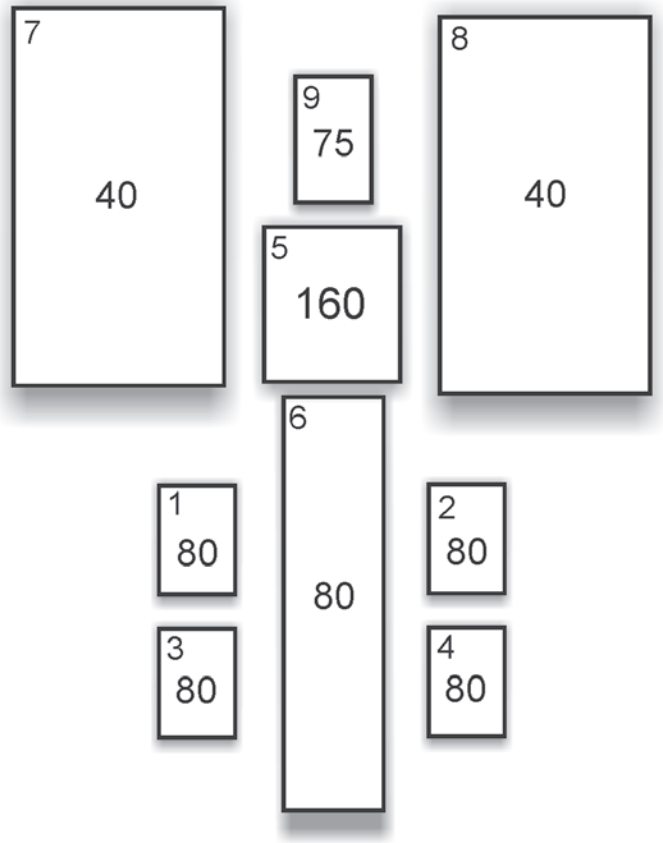
WULVERN
Threat Rating: 8
Attack Rating: 15
Defense Rating: 14
CHA: 55
END: 65
INT: 55
NIM: 75
PER: 85
STR: 70
TEN: 50
WIS: 50
Movement: Miniature (ground), Short (fly)
Size Rating: 7 (Large)
Attacks: Bite (1d12+2 damage); claw (1d10+4 damage)
Special Abilities: None
Disposition: Aggressive, malevolent
Habitat: Any
Encountered: 1

Wulverns are evil winged creatures chiefly found in the mountains and plains of Eranon and Isidria. It has black, tough leathery skin, two bulging eyes, and a beak capable of piercing armor. Measuring 25-40 feet from head to tail, the creature also possesses an impressive wing span of over 60 feet.

Originally a creation of Pillith's that was comparable to the dragons in strength and grace, the wulverns descended into darkness alongside their maker after the Sundering, embodying the Night Queen's pure wickedness.

Tactics

Wulvern attacks anything in sight relentlessly, heralding the assault with a blood-wrenching scream that will unnerve unprepared opponents. It relies on aerial quickness and speed in combat, snapping at the prey as it flies by.



KEV CROSSLEY
2005

Ramlar Pronunciation Guide

Albesherak (al-beh-shur-ACK)
Anaril (ANN-uh-rill)
Anate (ANN-uh-tay)
Andual (ANN-doo-ul) Mountains
Aquandix (uh-KWAN-dix)
Aratoriss (AIR-ruh-tor-iss)
Arax (AIR-acks)
Aurod (AWW-rod)
Auzronian (awhz-RONE-ee-un)
Bas Karus (BOSS KAWR-uhs)
Caniss (CANE-iss)
Castle of Ygin (WHY-ginn)
Churan's Vaults (CHURR-unz)
Corac (kor-ACK)
Corbesk (COR-besk)
Cyantheer (cy-un-THEER)
Daemar's (DAY-mahrz) Mouth
Dakass Luot (DAH-koss LOU-awht)
Dargris (DAHR-griss)
Doro Kyth (DOOR-oh KITHE)
Druegarn (DRU-garn)
Druxar (DRUCK-sawr)
Elani (ay-LAW-nee)
Elokarn (ELL-oh-karr
Eord (EEE-ord) Mountains
Eranon (AIR-uh-non)
Fetharn (FETH-arn)
Fexurn (FECKS-uhrn)
Forest of Xionoss (ZY-uh-noss)
Frorinian (fro-RINN-ee-un)
Gabrun (gah-BROON)
Galdarest (GAL-duh-rest)
Gauthlin (GAWTH-lin)
Gerukan (GEHR-uh-kahn) Mountains
Gethnarsus (geth-NAHR-suss)
Glehsarhan (gleh-SAHR-uhn)
Grynix (GRY-nix)
Hazaret's (HAZZ-uh-retz) Thicket
Hesat's (heh-SAHTZ) Temple
Hethmarkn (HETH-mar-kin)
Hilspar (hilz-PAHR) Plains
Hur (HYOU-or)
Ishgan (ISH-guhn) Warrior
Isidria (uh-SID-ria)
Istolil (ISS-toe-lihl)
Jahesit's (juh-HESS-itz) Keep
Jungle of Alcovaria (al-co-VAHR-ee-uh)
Jungle of Avariss (AAH-vuh-riss)
Kaljurn's (KAL-jurnz) Keep
Karis River (KAYR-iss)
Kasmarkn (KAZ-mar-kin)
Kherazun's (kehr-uh-ZOONZ) Depth
Kriegg (CRAIG)
Kytril (KY-trill) Bay
Lasek (la-SEHK)
Lavrix (LAV-ricks)
Leraskin (LEHR-uh-skin)
Lerinia (luhr-IHN-ee-uh)
Lintran (LIHN-truhn)
Lurn (LURRN)
Lynture (LINN-tor)
Magentura (maa-zhen-TOOR-uh)
Mahkahn (muh-KAWN)
Malfur's (mal-FURZ) Spire
Meadra (MEE-druh)
Merlanth (MUR-lanth)
Merthwarg (MERTH-warg)
Mioril (my-OR-ill)
Misani (miss-AW-nee)
Mt. Cardun (car-DOON)
Nafur (na-FEWUR)
Nal'Shuris (now-SHUR-iss)
Naldaress (NALL-duh-ress)
Narcatiss (nahr-KAHT-iss)
Nasil (nuh-SIHL)
Nasir (nuh-SEER)
Nate (Na-TAY)
Necru (neh-CREW)
Neera (NEE-ruh)
Nimrolt (NIHM-rolt)
Nind (NIHND)
Niscrian (nihs-CREE-uhn)
Noda (NO-dah)
Nune (NOON)
Nurca (NUR-kuh)
Nurcavant (NUHR-cuh-vont)
Nurinian (nur-IHN-ee-un)
Olati (oh-LAH-tee)
Osarian (oh-SAWR-ee-un)
Oshnyx(awsh-NICKS)
Pelatos (PEL-uh-toss)
Phenkar (FEN-car)
Pillith (PILL-ith)
Plains of Miracee (MIHR-uh-see)
Quenx (QUAYNX)
Quirex (QUEER-ex)
Racshia (rack-SHEE-uh)
Ramlar (RAM-lawr)
Rashek (ruh-SHEK)
Ratiss (RAT-iss)
Rawrist (RAWR-ist)
Rezthanin (rez-THANN-in)
Rilian (RILL-ee-un)
Rocar (ROE-car)
Ruins of Thom (THOM)
Rutan (ROO-tan) Mountains
Saliri (sal-EER-ee)
Sapheer (suh-FEER)
Sardraxon (sahr-DRAX-ihn)
Selani (sell-uh-NEE)
Selisee (SELL-ih-see)
Selyni (SELL-ih-nee)
Seramis (sehr-uh-MEEZ)
Serpecia (ser-PEE-see-uh)
Sevar (seh-VAHR)
Shian (SHEE-uhn)
Shree'oc (SHREE-ock)
Sialee's Ruins (SIGH-uh-leez)
Silia (SILL-ee-uh)
Sinflar (SIN-flar)
Skevak (skuh-VACK)
Slek (SLECK)
Slerass (sluh-RASS)
Solnec (SAWL-nik) Worm
Spirinari (SPIHR-in-ah-ree
Spurin (SPUR-in) Tree Forest
Tela (TAY-luh)
Teledrin (TEL-uh-drinn)
Tethsharin (teth-SHAWR-inn)

The Barrow of Balzere (ball-ZEER)
The Carrik (CARE-ick)
The City of Illiandri (ihl-ee-AWN-dree)
The Lair of Glarathrax (GLAWR-uh-thrax)
The Pools of Rahir (ruh-HEER)
Traige (TRAIG)
Trancton (TRANK-tun)
Trelmak (TRELL-mack)
Treyln Forest (TRAY-lihn)
Tunus (TUNE-us)
Tylvare (TILL-vawr)
Vahrnix (VAHRN-ix)
Veda (VAY-duh)
Vinar (VINE-ahr)
Visal (VY-suhl)
Voshurn (vo-SHURN)
Vouruk (vo-ROOK)
Vrang (VRANG)
Vresc (VRESK)
Vylan (VY-linn)
Vylia (VILL-ee-uh)
Vyllix (VY-licks)
Vytha (VY-thuh)
Winshar (WINN-shawr)
Wulvern (WOOL-vurn)
Zentrullian (zen-TRUHL-ee-un)
Zinsaar (zihn-ZAHR)
Zychariss (zy-CAIR-iss)
Zyraxon (Zy-RACK-suhn)

Name _____ Race _____

Distinctive Feature/Mannerism: _____

Passion/Aversion: _____

Secret/Vow: _____

Motto/Quote: _____

Path _____ Level___ Initiative___ Attack Rating___ Defense Rating___

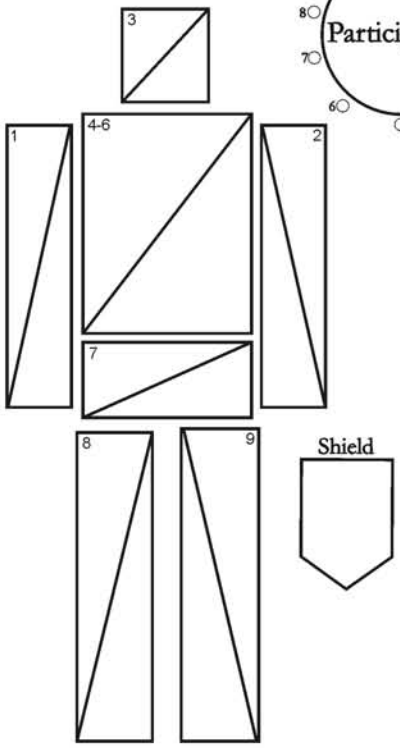
Contact Rating ___ Resource Level ___ Mana ___ Total EV___

CHA___ END___ INT___ NIM___PER__ STR___ TEN___ WIS___

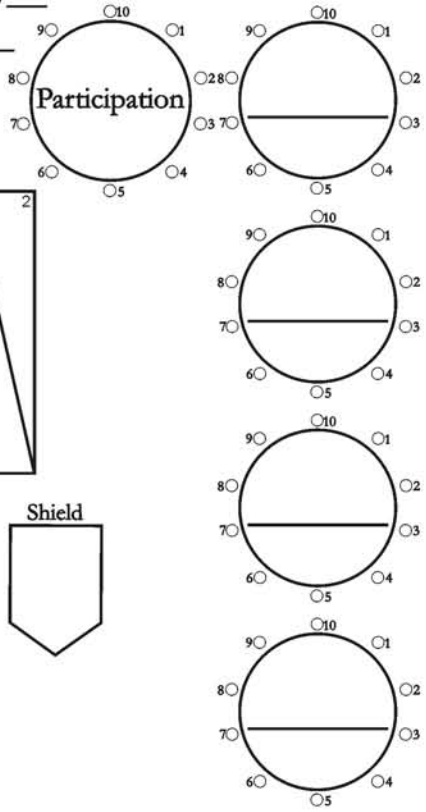
Talents

Patron Deity

Divine Boons



Shield



ARMOR & SHIELD			
TYPE	PV	DR	EV

WEAPONS			
Weapon	Damage	Range	EV

Attack Rating

DR 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 DL

Contact Rating

EXPERTISE	Reserved Slots__	
Description	Slot Cost	Rank

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Height____ Weight____Age____Gender____Eyes____Hair____

Description _____ History _____ Notes _____

SPELLS

Name	DL	Casting Time	Component & Bonus	Duration	Perimeter	Range	Resistance Roll	Effect

Common Melee Weapons	RL	Cost	Damage	MR	EV
Axe, Hand	0	6	1d6	Near	5
Cudgel	0	5	1d6	No	10
Dagger	0	3	1d4	Near	1
Hammer, Light	0	2	1d4	Near	4
Kukri	1	10	1d4	Near	2
Mace, Heavy	1	12	1d8	No	7
Mace, Light	1	5	1d6	No	5
Quarterstaff (2H)	0	2	1d4	No	8
Sap	0	2	1d6	No	3
Sickle	0	6	1d6	No	5
Spear, Short	0	3	1d6	Near	6
Sword, Short	1	10	1d6	No	7
Unarmed Strike	—	—	STR Mod.	No	—

Martial Melee Weapons	RL	Cost	Damage	MR	EV
Axe, Battle	1	11	1d8	No	20
Axe, Double-Bladed (2H)	1	20	2d6	No	23
Flail	1	9	1d8	No	13
Flail, Heavy (2H)	1	15	1d10	No	17
Glaive (2H)	1	9	1d10	No	24
Halberd (2H)	1	10	1d12	No	24
Hammer, War	1	12	1d8	No	18
Lance, Foot (2H)	1	10	1d12	No	25
Morningstar	1	8	1d8	No	8
Rapier	1	20	1d8	No	7
Scimitar	1	15	1d6	No	8
Scythe (2H)	1	18	1d10	No	25
Spear	1	5	1d8	No	9
Sword, Bastard	1	30	1d10	No	14
Sword, Great (2H)	1	50	1d12	No	18
Sword, Long	1	15	1d8	No	10
Trident	1	15	1d8	No	12
Unarmed Strike	—	—	1d3	No	—

Common Ranged Weapons	RL	Cost	Damage	MR	EV
Crossbow (2H)	1	35	2d4	Short	10
Crossbow, Heavy (2H)	1	50	2d6	Medium	16
Dagger, Throwing	0	3	1d4	Near	1
Dart	0	5 silver	1d3	Near	1/2
Hammer, Light	0	1	1d4	Near	4
Javelin	0	1	1d6	Medium	5
Sling	0	1	1d4	Short	1
Spear, Short	0	1	1d6	Near	6

Martial Ranged Weapons	RL	Cost	Damage	MR	EV
Axe, Throwing	0	6	1d6	Near	5
Bow, Long (2H)	1	75	1d8	Long	14
Bow, Short (2H)	0	30	1d6	Medium	9

Speical Melee Weapons	RL	Cost	Damage	MR	EV
Karthmarc	2	150	1d12	No	17
Octmarc (2H)	3	350	2d10	No	25
Staff, Short Double-Sectioned	0	5	1d6	No	3
Unarmed Strike	—	—	1d6	No	—
Whip	1	5	1d6	No	12
Whip, Light	0	2	1d3	No	8

Special Ranged Weapons	RL	Cost	Damage	MR	EV
Bolas	0	5	1d4	Near	3
Crossbow, Hand	1	35	1d4	Near	8

Gods of Ramlar

A=Alari - E=Eleri

Anate (A)
Selisee (E)
Nate (E)

Gabrun (A)
Lasek (E)
Narcatiss (E)
Necru (E)
Vouruk (E)
Vrang (E)

Hur (A)
Lanul (E)
Sorith (E)
Vour (E)

Lynstal (A)
Mioril (E)
Vilan (E)
Nafur (E)

Pillith (A)
Aratoriss (E)
Nurca (E)
Vytha (E)

Ratiss (A)
Tela (E)
Tunus (E)
Visal (E)

Selyni (A)
Larin (E)
Nasil (E)
Vede' (E)

Serpecia (A)
Anaril (E)
Silia (E)
Sorina (E)

Veda (A)
Elani (E)
Noda (E)
Vylia (E)

Voshurn (A)
Nind (E)
Pelatos (E)
Vinar (E)

Days of the Week

Tunir
Velyay
Renlay
Feylay
Munray
Wendas
Sreday
Pondir
Taylar
Kentar

Months of the Year

Minta
Vanta
Filas
Qualtin
Lorvar
Delinar
Eldune
Solbuss
Mendul
Legust
Relrin
Orindell

Seasons

Hardus (winter)
Linual (spring)
Solanus (sowing)
Breemas (summer)
Quindir (autumn)

DIFFICULTY LEVEL (DL)

ACTIVE RATING	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
1	50	47	44	41	38	35	32	29	26	23	20	17	14	11	8	5	2	-1	-4	-7
2	53	50	47	44	41	38	35	32	29	26	23	20	17	14	11	8	5	2	-1	-4
3	56	53	50	47	44	41	38	35	32	29	26	23	20	17	14	11	8	5	2	-1
4	59	56	53	50	47	44	41	38	35	32	29	26	23	20	17	14	11	8	5	2
5	62	59	56	53	50	47	44	41	38	35	32	29	26	23	20	17	14	11	8	5
6	65	62	59	56	53	50	47	44	41	38	35	32	29	26	23	20	17	14	11	8
7	68	65	62	59	56	53	50	47	44	41	38	35	32	29	26	23	20	17	14	11
8	71	68	65	62	59	56	53	50	47	44	41	38	35	32	29	26	23	20	17	14
9	74	71	68	65	62	59	56	53	50	47	44	41	38	35	32	29	26	23	20	17
10	77	74	71	68	65	62	59	56	53	50	47	44	41	38	35	32	29	26	23	20
11	80	77	74	71	68	65	62	59	56	53	50	47	44	41	38	35	32	29	26	23
12	83	80	77	74	71	68	65	62	59	56	53	50	47	44	41	38	35	32	29	26
13	86	83	80	77	74	71	68	65	62	59	56	53	50	47	44	41	38	35	32	29
14	89	86	83	80	77	74	71	68	65	62	59	56	53	50	47	44	41	38	35	32
15	92	89	86	83	80	77	74	71	68	65	62	59	56	53	50	47	44	41	38	35
16	95	92	89	86	83	80	77	74	71	68	65	62	59	56	53	50	47	44	41	38
17	98	95	92	89	86	83	80	77	74	71	68	65	62	59	56	53	50	47	44	41
18	101	98	95	92	89	86	83	80	77	74	71	68	65	62	59	56	53	50	47	44
19	104	101	98	95	92	89	86	83	80	77	74	71	68	65	62	59	56	53	50	47
20	107	104	101	98	95	92	89	86	83	80	77	74	71	68	65	62	59	56	53	50

Negative Chance: For negative chance, you have to roll a "01" first, then again at the negative percentage + 100 or less.

Failure for 100%+: Even if your percentage for a roll is higher than 100%, there's still a chance for failure. On a roll of "00," roll the dice again and add the new result to 100. It the total is greater than your percent-

DIFFICULTY TABLE

Difficulty	Enhances Story	Neutral to Story	Deters Story
Moderate	Automatic Success	-10	-30
Hard	+10	-30	-50
Extreme	+0	-50	Automatic Failure

THREAT RATING

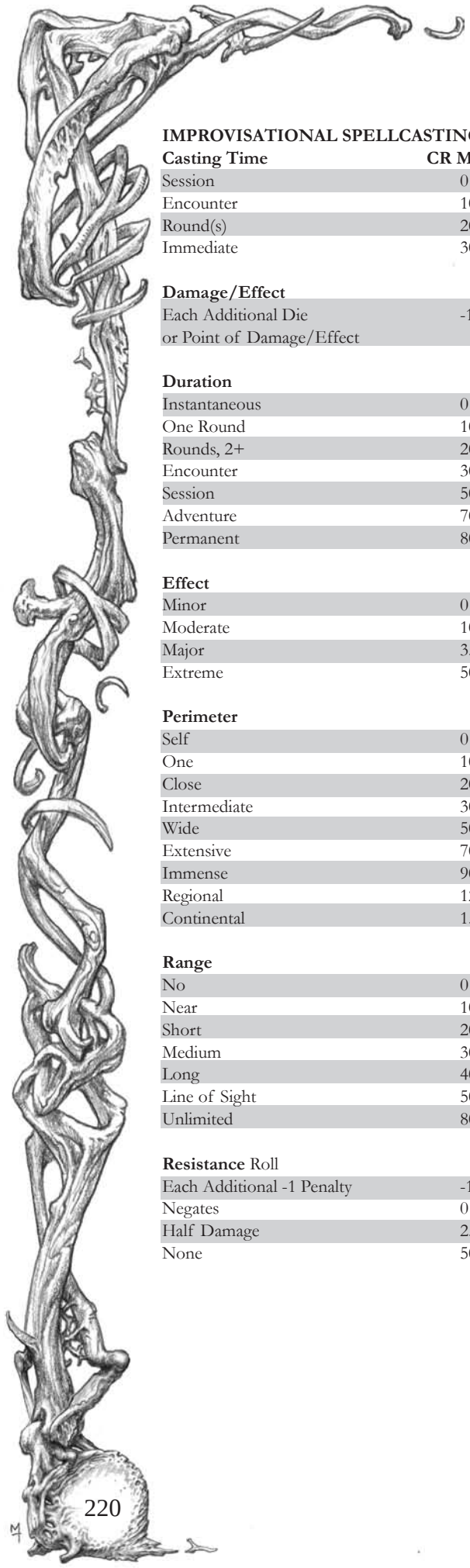
- Lump-sum Life Points = TR x 10
- Maximum Attack and Defense Rating = TR + 7
- Maximum Protection Value = TR
- Maximum amount of damage die = TR
- Highest primary attribute = (TR x 10) + 50
- Total expertise ranks = TR
- Combined total of offensive spells, talents, powers and special abilities = TR
- -1 Defense Rating for every 10 Life Points lost

Combat Sequence

1. Surprise
2. Allocating SV for momentum benefits.
3. Determine initiative.
4. Declare action.
5. Resolve action/damage.

HUMANOID HIT LOCATIONS

1: Right Arm.
2: Left Arm.
3: Head.
4-6: Upper Torso/Chest
7: Lower Torso/Abdomen.
8: Right Leg
9: Left Leg
0: Attacker's Choice.



IMPROVISATIONAL SPELLCASTING TABLE

Casting Time	CR Mod	Mana
Session	0	+0
Encounter	10	+0
Round(s)	20	+0
Immediate	30	+1
Damage/Effect		
Each Additional Die or Point of Damage/Effect	-10	+2
Duration		
Instantaneous	0	+0
One Round	10	+1
Rounds, 2+	20	+3
Encounter	30	+4
Session	50	+6
Adventure	70	+8
Permanent	80	+10
Effect		
Minor	0	+0
Moderate	10	+3
Major	35	+6
Extreme	50	+10
Perimeter		
Self	0	+0
One	10	+1
Close	20	+3
Intermediate	30	+5
Wide	50	+8
Extensive	70	+10
Immense	90	+15
Regional	120	+20
Continental	150	+25
Range		
No	0	+0
Near	10	+1
Short	20	+2
Medium	30	+3
Long	40	+4
Line of Sight	50	+6
Unlimited	80	+10
Resistance Roll		
Each Additional -1 Penalty	-1	+1/2
Negates	0	+5
Half Damage	25	+5
None	50	+10

MOMENTUM TABLE

Effect	SV
Each +5 Bonus to All Attacks for Self or One Ally	2
Each +5 Bonus to All Attacks for Self and One Ally	3
Each +5 Bonus to All Attacks for Self and All Allies	4
Each +5 Bonus to All Non-Attack Actions for Self or One Ally	2
Each +5 Bonus to All Non-Attack Actions for Self and One Ally	3
Each +5 Bonus to All Non-Attack Actions for Self and All Allies	4
Each +1 Defense Rating for Self or One Ally	2
Each +1 Defense Rating for Self and One Ally	3
Each +1 Defense Rating for Self and All Allies	4
Each +1 Protection Value for Self or One Ally	2
Each +1 Protection Value for Self and One Ally	3
Each +1 Protection Value for Self and All Allies	4
Each +1 Damage Bonus for one round for Self or One Ally	1
Each +1 Damage Bonus for one round for Self and One Ally	2
Each +1 Damage Bonus for one round for Self and All Allies	3
Each Additional Damage Die on one attack for Self or One Ally	2
Each Additional Damage Die on one attack for Self and One Ally	3
Each Additional Damage Die on one attack for Self and All Allies	4
Seize Initiative for Self or One Ally	2
Seize Initiative for Self and One Ally	3
Seize Initiative for Self and All Allies	4
Each +10 Initiative Bonus for Self or One Ally	1
Each +10 Initiative Bonus for Self and One Ally	2
Each +10 Initiative Bonus for Self and All Allies	3
Each Additional Action	3
Each Precise Attack	3
Each Precise Called Shot	5
Each Re-Roll	5
Each Stunning Attack	2
Each -10 to Resistance Roll against a Stunning Attack	1
Neutralizing a Weapon or Object	1-10

Hundreds of Mysterious Civilizations
under Guidance of a Hundred Gods. . .
Immortal Avatars of Unfathomable Powers. . .
Legends Lost, Forbidden. . .
Adversaries Dark, Cruel and Cunning. . .
Aftermath of an Apocalyptic War,
Prelude to the Song of Unmaking. . .

Innovative Momentum mechanic to encourage teamwork
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