

Midnight Games & Harlequin Games Present...

The North Island Campaign A Legends Module

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Prelude

Song of the Spheres

The stars wheel.

I wake in awed delight to a thousand thousand points of light, dancing in the infinite beauty of the darkness that is without end. Watch as they spin, kaleidoscopic, yellows, golds, silvers, reds, and greens. Some dance alone, majestic, stately, others whirl in frenzied cartwheels about one another. Some remain almost motionless, disdainingly joyous abandon to more seriously consider their place in the firmament, whilst others still flit past with breathtaking speed, come and gone in but an instant. Yet all glitter with the ecstasy of being, and all reach out with their cold light to welcome me, to bid me join in the dance.

The stars wheel.

For a time I am content to watch, dazzled, awed, entranced, and all is light and movement. Then, somehow, I am aware that I can also hear. For each point of light, for each bright star, for each gleaming, glistening sphere and for every spinning bright bauble, there is a voice. A hundred, a thousand, a million strands of sound, each with their own song, their own timbre, their own exaltation of life and glory, yet all coming together in fantastical harmony, each unique yet each a part of a single shimmering tapestry of sound, now stately chorus, now breathtaking counterpoint. Song without end, music of the spheres. And within that composition, a space, a voice yet unvoiced. The music shifts, beckoning, enticing, and instinctively I answer, weaving my own voice into the tapestry, buoyed, lifted, uplifted and upheld by those around me. And so the song is again complete, and so together we sing.

The stars wheel.

Then suddenly there comes a new light, that moves not with but through the eternal dance, upsetting rhythm and balance, destroying the ever-shifting ever-felt symmetry. And with it too a new voice, harsh, grating, dissonant, a shrill severing of the woven threads of song, a voice that comes closer, nearer, louder, harsher. And then, where before there was no feeling, suddenly there is pain. Burning, shifting, twisting, lancing, searing. My song wavers, falters. I try to sing only the joyous beauty of the dance that first gave me my voice, yet the pain within me twists my song, intruding so that I voice not the beauty of the dance but the burning agony of a thousand pin-pricks of white heat moving on, through, in me. I try to sing, but there comes only noise, reflected pain where once there was reflected joy. I try to sing, but can only scream.

The stars wheel.

Introduction & History

Things were not always as they are now. Once there spread across the land, like a single song, the power of the Elves, and their story echoed in the mountains and the woods where they built their cities of arcane splendour. The glory of the Elves seeped into the very land of Hahsandra itself, and the seas that bounded them.

Then came the Age of Chaos. And the Elves, to the last one, fled South, putting between the North Island and themselves a barrier of not only the oceans but also the great Spell of Voids, a spell of forgetting, a deliberate purging of the past, an expunging of all memory and recollection of the North Island.

With the passing of the Elves, all manner of creatures came to walk on - and fly above - the lands of the North Island, and from the inevitable conflicts came variations in form and society. Slowly, with a deliberation that would have impressed a Saurian, there emerged a gradual domination by Humanity. And so The Age of Man brought an end to The Age of Chaos. Mankind was a peculiar, indeed, surprising victor, for the average Man was and is far weaker than the majority of his contemporaries with whom he shared the land, from the diminutive Orcs to the mighty Trolls and Ogres. Man could approach but hardly hope to surpass the craftsmanship of the Dwarves, the depth of the intellect of the Centaurs, or the ferocity of the Maratasens. And yet, year-by-year, the Kingdom of Man grew in both power and strength.

Yet with a very real talent for organisation and diplomacy, mankind came to rule and multiply. None could match the economic integration, nor indeed breeding rate, of mankind's society. In their battles they brought with them a clear understanding of the power of mass as well as the arcane. If the Trolls fielded three hundred warriors on the Plains of Torgan, the Kingdom would dispatch three thousand soldiers to deal with them. When five hundred Orc nomads penetrated to Lake Lasitar, one thousand mounted knights and their attendant squires were sent to push them back to the Woods of Chaos. And in addition to sheer strength of numbers, mankind's forces were always supported by numerous priests and wizards, faith and magic combined in single cause.

Unique to mankind was the very concept of the evolution of society and its structure. Saurian government was genetic in nature, unchanged since the dawn of the egg, and much the same is true of the Centaur's Herd Law, and the Maratasen's Pride structure. In contrast, Humanity would go through frequent spasms of change. The creation of the Royal Kingdom, for example, was quickly followed by the rise to power of the cities through the Council of Mayors in Stormhaven. And in this mutability, this ability to adapt to changes of environment and circumstance, lay perhaps Humanity's greatest advantage.

The reign of King William began another of these waves of change. The Royal Kingdom had once stretched across the entire North Island, based upon strong support from the cities and the rural nobility both. The Nomads had been pushed to the North while the Trolls were decisively defeated in the East, and the Saurians, ever cautious, were making no moves in the West. The integration in the East of Dwarves and many of the larger Dak populations into the Kingdom came about with relative ease as Humans, Daks and Dwarves focused on common goals, not only combating the constant threat from Trolls and Orcs but also creating and maintaining an economic trade network. Relations thus forged by necessity and further cemented by the attitudes of religious acceptance preached by the Saints of the Church Universal, alliances were forged.

In the West, however, there was a different story to be told. The rise of the Gemidiahist served to cement relations between the rural Barons, and thus promoted stability rather than change. Yet tensions were mounting, and clashes between the House of Barons and the Council of Mayors were becoming a growing threat to the very existence of the Nobility and inherited power.

Then first contact was made with the Elves.

Ancient half-buried Elven ruins were commonplace on the Island. But whilst there were frequent rumours of Elven sightings, on the whole Elves were simply regarded as another extinct race, like Goblins and Krakens. Explorers had always held that there was another great island, mirror to the North Island, on the other side of the world beyond the great Barrier of the Spell of Voids, and indeed, philosophers argued that it must be so, else the balance and symmetry of the world could not be maintained. But until the arrival of the Elves, no one was able to pass the Barrier to confirm or deny these theories.

The arrival of small groups of Elves on the island, then, caused rather a stir.

The Elves remained aloof, with only the Dark Elves - somewhere between a servant and slave caste - making any kind of an attempt to communicate with the North Islanders. For ten years and ten days, they were content merely to study their old lands, those few who had overcome the mental fog of the Barrier sufficiently to recall their past recording the changes wrought in the land with tears in their eyes and sorrow in their heart for what it had become. Then came the death of King William. The Royal Kingdom was meant to pass to his talented and well-groomed son, Hentron, but in somewhat mysterious circumstances he first fell suddenly ill, and was then lost in a storm off Hellsgate on the way to his coronation. The Kingdom then divided; the twin claims of the princes Alvera and Solara tearing the already strained factions and royal families apart, and the land knew civil war and chaos once again. And it was then that the Elves struck.

With mighty fleets, including their afearred Sky Fleet, they landed near Pearlstone and drove quickly up the central channel past Vagen to fall upon Stormhaven. Meanwhile, in the west a second Elven force inexorably advanced, no force able to stand against them. Enslaving whole populations they unleashed the Great Spell of Chains, which drained the souls of all slaves, binding them to their service.

In the East a third, smaller force landed with the intention of forging passage from the coastal city of Tor'Quat through the Golden Mountains. But here, disaster struck the Elves. Even as their fleet approached the long bay reaches to the city, a giant sea serpent arose, striking down the lead ships and devouring the Admiral in charge together with the Elven illusionists, who were obfuscating the invasion's advance with swirling black fogs. The Tor'Quatian Orcs were surprisingly alert that morning. And whilst little is known of the slaughter on the shoreline that day that only a single Elf remained to tell the tale speaks all that need be said.

From Stormhaven, the Elves pushed northwest to take Dalzon, their intention to divide the Island's twin Human Empires, already split by Civil War. Forces also sailed up the River of Dreams to the city of Riverside, which quickly fell through foul treachery. But in the west and north, Northlake and Dumas succeeded in turning back the Elven onslaught. And with the determination of the central peoples to resist came realisation for the Elven Empire that taking was sometimes much easier than keeping. Elven lords, granted Imperial land along the seas to project the power of the Empire, encountered widespread hostility. The true North Island Campaign had just begun.

Factions

There are eight factions in the North Island Campaign. Six are permanently active, the Chaos Lords become active after six productions and the Dragonriders deactivate after eighteen. Membership is by adventure, Leadership is also performed by adventure. You cannot be a member of more than one faction. Factions 1 to 4 may have more than one leader, faction 7 has one leader at a time and the other three factions do not have leaders.

There are only eighteen places in each faction, with the exception of the Council, which only admits ten. If you find that your chosen faction has filled, you may wish to wait until a member has been knocked out. At that point contact your GM by Special Action and you may be allowed to join.

Special Action 5000 ~ Propose Expulsion

Be a member of the Elven, Troll King, Saurian, Alveran or Solaran faction. Propose another member who should be expelled. March only.

Special Action 5001 ~ Vote on Expulsion

Be a member of the Elven, Troll King, Saurian, Alveran or Solaran faction. Vote on an expulsion proposal. May only.

If 75% of the votes are in favour ~ the member is expelled and loses 5 Prestige and Influence. The proposer gains 1 Prestige.

If less than 75% of the votes are in favour ~ the proposer loses 10 Prestige and Influence.

Faction 1 ~ The Elven Empire

Of the records of the initial period of expansion into the North Island, many - if indeed, not most - have been lost. Enough fragments remain, however, to allow us to at least begin to gain a picture of the events and times which might serve to provide us with a glimpse beyond on the one hand the lists of dry facts and figures cited in history books, and on the other the myths that have so rapidly grown up regarding the campaign. There now follow then a selection of such fragments, which, it is our fondest hope, the true scholar and diligent researcher may use as a basis for formulating a more accurate and honest opinion of the period.

Being a fragment of a report made by Admiral Kirzon, officer in charge of the exploratory force sent to ascertain the possibility of taking Stormhaven, to Magelord Renzel.

My Lord.

Aware as I am that Stormhaven is considered to be of prime strategic import, and indeed pivotal in both the taking and subsequent holding of the inner lands, I regret to bring to your attention some of the prime difficulties I fear any fleet moved north with the intention of taking this city must surely face. First, its command of both river and northern shore is considerable. We had only come but within two miles of its environs when we were observed by scouts from the city and forced to retreat before their immediate response, consisting as it did of not only warships but also aerial mounts, and showing high levels of both organisation and determination. Indeed, only now, as I draw near Vagen, do I believe that they have given up harrying our rear vessels. Second, scouting reports of the size and overall repair of its walls indicate that nothing short of prolonged siege can hope to wear down their defences. And third, whilst I yet harbour hopes that Vagen might be used as a muster point, even so I must report that our control of this town is as yet uncertain, the garrison unequal to the task of properly subduing the remaining natives, and so its usefulness as a military base uncertain.

Since the fact that we must take Stormhaven is beyond question, I can only recommend that my Lord await further reinforcements before seeking to take the city, no matter that such delay might affect other areas of the campaign.

Your Most Loyal servant and Friend,

Admiral Kirzon

There was to be no delay. Report taken from ledgers of official records detail the following "minutiae" of the invasion. Actual fatalities were in all likelihood far higher.

At the battle for Stormhaven, preliminary estimates show 6,697 Dark Elves, over 30,000 Human slaves, and 867 Elves as lost. Which fatalities being entirely acceptable given the strategic and future economic importance of the victory.

Being part of a report from one of the many farm owners holding land for the government.

All is proceeding satisfactorily. Another hundred acres have been cleared, preparatory to seeding. Still awaiting shipment of oxen, but slaves proving more than capable of the task. Three more perished at the yoke this last week, but thankfully the northern campaign leaves us with no shortage of labour supply.

The Dark Elves continue to work well, albeit under supervision, and have adapted quickly to their positions as slave overseers. Indeed, it is my opinion that the existence of Human slaves - whom they rightly regard and treat as inferior - serves to grant them opportunity to vent their innate hostility which was in the past directed towards us. Their zeal in punishing crimes - both real and perceived - committed by the slaves at times leads to perhaps unduly harsh sentences, but better by far a slave receive fifty lashes too many if in so doing the Darks' aggression is thusly sated in such harmless fashion.

There follows a description of such "harmless expression of aggressive tendencies" by an eye-witness observer of a slave receiving 300 lashes, the number being a typical punishment for a moderate infraction of the law, such as for example cursing the name of Hahsandra or expressing dissatisfaction with working conditions.

They flogged him over a barrel - his arms pulled tight around its sides so the Man had no power to cringe...There were two floggers assigned the duty, one a left-handed Man and one right-handed, and so they stood one to each side, moving with the even strokes of a thresher, though here they reaped Human misery not corn.

As they began I could not help but look away, but, managing to find in me the merest scrap of courage as possessed by the Man at barrel, so I looked on. I was two paces from the floggers, yet still the flesh and skin blew in my face as it shook off the cats (cats-of-nine-tails)...In silence he, being the slave, took one hundred on the back, which laid skin and flesh both bare so that you could see his backbone between his shoulder blades. The doctor, his role not so much as to protect the slave's interest as to ensure he lived to suffer fully his punishment, ordered him to get another hundred on his backside. He got it, and then his haunches were in such a state - bearing the appearance of and resemblance to a bullock's liver - that the doctor ordered him to be flogged the rest on his legs.

Throughout this affair the Man did not so much as a groan or murmur give, and would that our men fighting on the fronts had but a thousandth of the courage he showed at the lash. They - the floggers - asked him if he would take the name of Hahsandra in vain again, and he retorted by spitting, though this being as mainly blood as phlegm.

Then they put him in the cart and sent him back to the fields, one flogger commenting that they would like as not tend him on the morrow also, as it often happened that a Man in such a tender state would be flogged the following day also for neglect of work.

Being a treatise on the nature of the Dark Elven race.

It is a well known, though only grudgingly admitted fact, that the Dark Elf species and our own share a common ancestry, often referred to as the dark stain on our past. And this has led some thinkers to question whether the many differences between them and ourselves are not merely perceived, and that we are, in fact, of one species. Thankfully, such perpetrators of gross fallacy are for the most part paid little heed. Yet whilst such instinctive rejection is entirely meritorious, as a moral and social scientist I feel it my responsibility, nay, duty, to provide a reasoned and factual justification of such refutation, thus proving it is not only instinctive to distance ourselves from the dark stain of common heritage, but that such instinct is entirely grounded in reason and science.

First, let us quickly dismiss the idea that simply because we shared common ancestors, that means we are necessarily of the same race. Did not - or so those who have made study of such animals claim to have proven, and there seems no reason to doubt their conclusions - both

mankind, Trolls and even Orcs arise from common stock? Yet none would claim they are of the same race. And do not many kinds of animal, and indeed flora, reveal similarities that must surely betray common origin? But again, no one would claim a cow to be the same as a sheep simply because both have four legs, nor the oak and the orchid for their like manner of taking sustenance from the earth.

So then, common origin in no way asserts that we must therefore be of the same species; but on the other hand neither does this observation on its own necessarily prove that we are not. Certainly Dark Elves are closer to us in appearance than a Troll to a Man, or an oak to an orchid. But nevertheless, a careful observer may note that differences in appearance do indeed exist.

Firstly, observe that an Elf is almost invariably possessed of slender, uncalloused hands and limbs, is graceful of poise, straight of back, proud of bearing. Features that even the most cursory glance at any Dark Elf you care to set eyes on, be they at work in the fields or workhouses, will bear witness to the lack of. Rather, their hands are rough, often callused. Their backs are frequently bowed, limbs commonly twisted, whilst instead of holding themselves with Elven grace of bearing, they tend for the most to be slope-shouldered and hunched of frame.

So then, one may observe that physically they are dissimilar to us, though the details are often subtle ones. But the difference between our two races runs deeper than mere physiology. Dark Elves, for example, as is universally accepted, are less intelligent than Elves. Nearly without exception Elves are highly numerate, literate, and possessed of an agile mind. On the contrary few Dark Elves are able to read, and none seem capable of grasping more than the most rudimentary mathematics.

Elves possess a love of what one might call the higher, intellectual pursuits ~ art in all its forms of music, painting, literature, and architecture; love of debate, learned discourse, and the stimulation of argument. Dark Elves, on the contrary, show little interest in such areas. For example, in a recently conducted experiment, of over one hundred Dark Elves spoken with none could tell a minuet from a saraband, or were able to recognise even the most famous lines of poetry from our most renowned of bards, nor resolve the simplest of exercises in formal logic.

It is also equally evident that they lack any real sense of the aesthetic, be it as manifest in pride

of personal appearance, or the state and quality of the environs in which they choose to live. The most rudimentary comparison between the slums, huts and hovels in which Dark Elves subsist, for example, and the fine examples of civic architecture even our most humble cities can make boast of, show that they have little grasp of architecture. And it is not as if they can claim ignorance of the skills required to fashion better dwellings for themselves, since it is these very creatures who are employed to construct our own buildings.

As for their personal appearance, again, one need only compare the coarse and ragged clothing they choose as their attire with the finery of Elven garb to immediately understand that they are almost entirely lacking any sense of personal pride. That they are often unwashed, dirty, and afflicted of any number of diseases, further serves to make obvious this fact.

In conclusion, then, even a necessarily brief and superficial study as this reveals there to be clear differences between Elves and Dark Elves, these being manifest in such various aspects as physical appearance, mental ability, and aesthetic sensibility. So much so that not only can there be no doubt as to the fact that we of entirely different species, but further, that without our constant diligence in caring for, guiding and - as every good parent knows is necessary at time - punishing them, they should surely be so entirely devoid of all traits of civilisation as to still be living in trees.

~

The Empire seeks to dominate and conquer the North Island. Critical to their goals is the control of Human population growth which they seek to arrest by numerous means, the most popular of which is enslavement. However, strict prohibitions exist against the mass slaughter of Humanity for reasons unknown except to the Empress. However, no such prohibitions exist in dealing with Trolls or Orcs.

Geopolitical Goals

Control the starting factional locations ~

The Imperial Palace	The Royal Palace
Central Stormhaven	East Stormhaven
West Stormhaven	Dalzon
Vagen	Larston
Granger	Willston
Riverside	

and also ~

Trollheim	Wendover	Tronston Town
Far Haven	Norasak	The White Tree
Dumas	Torgan	Northlake
4 Cloud Castles		

Plus any six of the following ~

Pearlstone	Sanc'Tril	Tor'Quat
Bristol	Norport	Beriesa
Ur'Rah	Farport	Tobar

Ghoulagabba must be destroyed and its walls razed. There must be at least 50,000 Human slaves at work combined in the faction. No Troll or Orc populations may be within a location (ID 3000 to 3099) within 25 provinces of Stormhaven.

Guild Domination

Level 30 Church of Hahsandra in each Stormhaven location and locations used for the leadership Special Action 1099, below.

Adventure 1 ~ Elven Freedom

Be an Elf with 10 Prestige in a force with Elven slave (ID 263) Pop Seg between (50,60) and (65,70). Lose 50 Gold (ID 418) and 1 Prestige, Influence and constitution.
Gain ~ The Elves are freed.

Special Action 1099 ~ Elven Leader

Be a member. Own a location with 100 Legendary walls, 10,000 slaves, Church of Hahsandra level 30. Have 20 base Prestige.
Gain ~ Become Elven Leader worth 6 Prestige

Adventure 1100 ~ Join Elven faction

Be an Elven or a Dark Elven Main who worships Hahsandra. 18 times.
Gain ~ Become Elven member

Adventure 1101 ~ Summon Reinforcements

Be a member. Lose 5 Prestige. Be in your target force with an empty slot. Once per character. 18 times.
Gain ~ The target slot gains 150 Level 20 'Hahsandra Hewn' Fey Archers

Adventure 1102 ~ Warden of the Marches

Leader only. Target a member who is not a leader and not High Engineer or Lord Marshall. Once.

Gain ~ Give them title Warden of the Marches (worth 5 Prestige) and two Warden-only rings (ID 556, 560), with 30 points towards Charm of Movement and 5 points towards Teleport respectively.

Adventure 1103 ~ High Engineer

Leader only. Target a member who is not a leader and not Warden of the Marches or Lord Marshall. Once.

Gain ~ Give them title High Engineer (worth 5 Prestige)

Adventure 1104 ~ Lord Marshall

Leader only. Target a member who is not a leader and not Warden of the Marches or High Engineer. Once.

Gain ~ Give them title Lord Marshall (worth 5 Prestige) and the Marshall's Baton, with 20 mana towards Enchant Soldier, Bless Soldiers and more.

Adventure 1105 ~ Elven Colonist

Be an Elven member. During February, April, June, August, October or December. Lose 50 ship units. Be in your force which has a target Elven (ID 203) pop-seg. 100 times.

Gain ~ 400 Elven population. The pop-seg learns Elf Lt. Chain production secret.

Adventure 1106 ~ High Engineer Fortification

Be Elven High Engineer. Be in a location. 10 times.

Gain ~ The force gains 50 walls, 1 ditch and 1 tower.

Adventure 1107 ~ Summon Sylph Bows

Be a member. Lose 1000 lumber and 50 Meldorian. 5 times.

Gain ~ 1000 Ancient Sylph Bows (ID 558), with high Special Attack

Adventure 1108 ~ Master of Blades

Leader only. Target a Dark Elven member who is not a leader.

Gain ~ Give them title Master of Blades (worth -5 Prestige) and 15 Stealth.

Adventure 1109 ~ Dark Elf Colonist

Be a Dark Elven member. During January, March, May, July, September or November. Lose 50 ship units. Be in your force which has a target Dark Elven (ID 216) pop-seg. 100 times.

Gain ~ 400 Dark Elven population. The pop-seg learns Elf Lt. Chain production secret.

Adventure 1110 ~ Resurrect Blades

Be Master of Blades. Once.

Gain ~ Life. Remove stoned condition, cure poison, teleport to East Stormhaven. Gain 5 healing potions.

Adventure 1111 ~ Ent

Be an Elven or Dark Elven character ID 1 to 1000, base Druid 50. Lose 10 Dexterity. 8 times.

Gain ~ Change race to 243 Ent, 40 Strength and 40 Constitution. Gain the title 'Of the Woods'. Learn the battle spell Treesmarch (1111), only useable by characters 'Of the Woods'.

Adventure 1112 ~ Magical Domination

Be a member who has the Great Scroll (ID 862), the Golden Rose (ID 872), the King's Ring (ID 893), the Crown of Stormhaven (ID 942) and the Elven Ring (ID 966). Once per character. Eighteen times.

Gain ~ 10 Arcane.

Adventure 1113 ~ Spiritual Domination

Be a member who has The Rune Crystal (ID 946), the Star Altar (ID 811), GARM's Claw (ID 823) and the Mirror of Runes (ID 937). Once per character. Eighteen times.

Gain ~ 10 Priest

Adventure 1114 ~ Temple Demigod

Be a member who owns the Lost Temple (the location and ID number of which changes from game to game). Lose current status. Once.

Gain ~ 10 Priest and Prestige, 5 Influence, Temple Demigod Status, change sex to female, change religion to Hahsandra, teleport to the Lost Temple. Cure all afflictions.

Faction 2 ~ King Alvera

Alvera looked on the field, dreading the coming conflict. Too many had died already, too many fallen to the petty squabbles that divided the kingdom. If only his brother weren't so fixated on accumulating personal power, Alvera might be willing to give up his claim, if only...but there were too many ifs to ponder. *If* Hentron hadn't died, *if* the Trolls and Orcs kept their place, *if* the Saurians could be trusted...one could lose his mind thinking of the ifs.

'Thinking of Solara again, your Majesty?' Baron Lopezgem smiled, bringing a certain incongruous mischievousness to his craggy features.

Alvera returned the smile. 'Is it that obvious, my friend?'

'Indeed it is. You look as though you are breathing in the rotten air given off by eggs sat too long in the sun. A smell, by the by, which is only too fitting for Solara.'

Alvera laughed. 'It's good to know that you are as consistent as ever, Baron. Your venom for my brother, and the jokes at his expense, are sole constants in an ever changing world.'

The Baron looked across the field below them. 'If only I could succeed in all my endeavours, I might perforce find more pleasure in such verbal ripostes.'

The King turned to him. 'No luck in contacting the Giants?'

'None, your Majesty. Though it pains me to say so.'

'We had to try. And there's no one I would trust more to the task than you. You know we wouldn't be in the shape we are now without your efforts, Lopezgem. I don't need to remind you that you are the one who brought everything together. No, I won't hear it. You can try and downplay your own role in this as much as you want, but I know it was your efforts that brought the various peoples to my banner. I can't thank you enough for that.'

Lopezgem shifted under the King's gaze. 'Be that as it may, your Majesty, my efforts at diplomatically resolving this issue have failed. At a time when, perhaps, it was most important that I succeed. I shall endeavour to improve my skills in negotiation so that similar results do not impede those plans which you so rightfully

implemented. I may have been the instrument which brought about the alliance, King Alvera, but it is your vision which inspired that compact.'

'None of which means much right now. Neither my vision nor your diplomatic skills can get us out of this mess. I still don't understand why they don't want to talk. I'd be happy to concede...Be that as it may, if the Tribe of Torgan doesn't want to settle this land dispute through negotiations, I guess we'll have to settle it the old fashioned way.' He turned to acknowledge two men as they crested the hill on which he stood. 'Isn't that right, my good Dukes?'

The Baron bowed to the two Dukes even as they made their obeisance to Alvera. Brother of the old King, Shinefeld was also the leader of the best cavalry in Alvera's kingdom. He didn't always see eye to eye with Alvera, particularly when it came to the Council of Mayors, but he seemed to have faith in Alvera's plan to unite the kingdom. Adamas was a Dak, or half-Dak at least, and his wings ruffled in the breeze blowing from the North. He, too, was brother to King William but, born out of wedlock, he never had a claim to the throne, something which burned in him still. He liked to outrage 'polite society' and did so with relish, particularly when it came to magic. Yet his outraged, outrageous front hid a sharp mind, one he wasn't afraid to voice to the King. This was the trait that Alvera admired. And particularly needed.

'You know what I always say,' said Adamas. He paused for effect. 'The bigger they come, the harder they fall.'

Alvera smiled once again. 'How long have you been waiting to say that, Adamas?'

'Ever since the Troll wars, lad. Once the fight with those green brutes ended, all my clichés had to go into storage. It's good to get 'em out and dust 'em off.'

'I don't think the Giants will appreciate your sense of humour, Adamas,' said Duke Shinefeld, grimacing at the Dak. 'They don't have to, Shine. *You*, on the other hand, are an altogether different story. Come on, let's see that shiney smile once more, for old times' sake!'

The conversation was cut short by the plaintive howl of Giant war pipes, calling the Dedicated to battle. Shortly after the pipes began, there came the sound of deep voices raised in song, and the Giants began to move toward battle. The effect, combined with the tremors caused by hundreds of Giant footsteps, was chilling. Alvera heard some of his officers issuing harsh orders to settle their more nervous charges. He turned to the three nobles around him.

'It's time, gentlemen. You know the plan. You know your roles. Fight well and fight with honour. I will see you at battle's end.'

Alvera swung up onto his war mount, Justice, and watched as the three nobles moved off to join their troops. He hoped his battle plan was sound. It was based on creating distractions. Lopezgem's role was to draw the Giants forward, using his infantry almost as bait. This part of the plan worried Alvera the most, as it called for Lopezgem's troops to be exposed for a long time. Adamas was to provide air cover with his Daks. The thought was that if the Giants were harried from below and above, an advantage could be gained from their distraction. Shinefeld was the fulcrum for this lever. Once the Giants were drawn forward and, hopefully, distracted, his knights would hit the Giants' flanks.

And Alvera would watch. Try as he might to convince them otherwise, none of the nobles agreed that he was necessary on the battlefield. If he was lost, they argued, then all his plans meant nothing. So his role was to sit on top of the hill overlooking the battlefield and simply watch, surrounded by his bodyguard. If such mental torture might be termed simple.

On the field, the Giants strode boldly out to meet their foes. Most had huge war hammers, each capable of crushing several enemy soldiers under their heads. Others had axes or swords, fit to their size and made all the more imposing for that size. The war pipes continued to shriek their song, a high pitched ululation lending sharp counterpoint to the deep chanting voices of the Giant soldiers. And into their jaws Lopezgem calmly led his troops forward, bringing them into formation to face the enemy.

The battle began in earnest as the infantry and Giants clashed. Giant war hammers crashed down, taking a great toll from the infantry. Lopezgem had ordered his men to aim for the more vulnerable areas of the Giants, such as the groin and Achilles' heels, and the tactic had some modest success, as many Giants fell to their knees and were dispatched. The Daks began their aerial assault, making huge looping

passes at the Giants' heads while Adamas hurled mystic bolts of energy with great abandon. The battle plan was progressing as it should, and shortly, Shinefeld's knights would be sweeping in on the Giants' flanks.

Alvera turned to verify Shinefeld's position and froze in his saddle. Far along the ridge to his right, where the knights were positioned, he could see fighting. Panic welled up inside him. Had the Giants hidden some forces, using them to ambush Shinefeld's cavalry? That would be a tactic the Dedicated had never used before - one thing the Giants weren't was duplicitous. This sort of attack was not in their nature. But there was always a first time. Alvera pushed the panic down. This was not the time to lose his cool. He turned to the captain of his bodyguard, Captain Torrence. And was once again frozen in his saddle.

On the field, in crisp military formation, a third fighting force was coming in behind the Giants. They moved in a precise and efficient manner. Their armour was polished to reflect the morning sun. The soldiers in the formation held their weapons at the exact same angle, be they spear or sword. The panic Alvera had been forcing down doubled and remounted its attack on his mind. Had the Giants allied with another force? How could that be? And what would it mean for his people?

Justice felt his master's skittishness and began to prance sideways. Alvera snapped out of his reverie and calmed the horse, bringing it to heel with easy composure. The act of calming his horse calmed his mind. He looked up and, for the third time that day, shock registered in his mind. The third force was attacking both his army *and* the Giants! It did not take long for Alvera to realise that these troops were veterans, trained to fight with exacting co-ordination. They also had a variety of different attack formations - phalanxes for the infantry, ballista for the Giants, bows for the Daks. And - perhaps worst of all - they had magic. Adamas and his few Dak mages were now engaged in a desperate battle to keep themselves alive.

Touching Justice's flanks with his heels, Alvera charged down the hillside. Torrence cursed and ordered the bodyguard after their monarch. The King reached down beside his saddle and pulled his short bow from its case, and with his other hand pulled an arrow from the quiver. He scanned the battlefield, looking for the Chieftain of the Giants. Grih-Torgan wasn't difficult to spot. The Giant was huge even by his own race's standards. He held a war hammer in each hand and, judging by the bodies surrounding him, wielded them with expertise. Amidst the chaos of the battlefield, it appeared that he wasn't yet aware of the third party who had entered the fray. Alvera guided his mount toward the Chieftain even as he began firing arrows at the newcomers.

As Alvera drew near the Chieftain's position, a ballista bolt punched its way through the chest of a warrior next to Grih. Grih looked over, surprise registering on his face. Surprise made way for fury, then, and he faced Alvera's infantry with a look of vengeance. Alvera shouted the Chieftain's name, hoping against all odds that he would be heard, but the din of the battle field drowned his cries. He looked at the ballista crew of the newcomer's force and saw that they were loading another bolt. It wouldn't be long before they were ready to fire again, and the King had no doubt who their target would be. He had to stop them or the battle would surely be lost. But he also had a duty to his men. In his present rage, Grih would wreak havoc amidst the Dwarves, Humans and Halflings who faced him.

Grih's attention had to be diverted away from the troops. There was only one way to do that. Alvera pointed Justice at the Chieftain and rode the horse right over the top of the Giant's feet. Grih bellowed with pain and looked down at Alvera, murder in his eyes. As soon as Justice cleared the Giant's feet, Alvera put him into a hard right turn, bringing them behind the Giant and heading in the direction from which they had just come. Alvera pulled two arrows from the quiver and put one in his mouth. The other he nocked on his bow. Looking behind him, he saw the Giant raise one of his hammers and bring it whistling down toward him. The King pulled hard on the reins, causing the horse to rear on its hind legs. The hammer plunged into the earth, burying its head two feet into the ground. Alvera released his legs and slid to the ground, letting Justice find his own way.

As soon as he reached the ground, the King threw himself forward and tucked his left shoulder into a forward roll. He came up on one knee and looked for the ballista crew. Finding the siege engine, Alvera saw that they were

ready to fire. With a preternatural calmness he found only in times of immense struggle or in poker games, he brought the arrow to his cheek and sighted on the crewman on the firing mechanism. The crewman had his hand on the lever next to the ballista, waiting for the order to fire. Alvera released the arrow and in one fluid motion had the second arrow nocked, sighted and released before the first found its mark. Both arrows struck the crewman true, knocking him backward over the back of the ballista. The firing mechanism released but the dying crewman threw the aim off. The bolt hissed past Grih's ear.

Alvera turned and pulled his sword, facing Grih. Grih's eyes narrowed, taking in the scene before him. And at that moment, Lopezegem fell in beside Alvera, his battle-axe raised and his teeth bared. But Alvera grabbed his arm, pulling him back.

'No, Baron. Not yet.'

'But your Majesty, you could be...'

'I *said* not *yet*, Baron Lopezegem. Now stand down!'

Lopezegem blinked at his King and then backed off to stand slightly behind Alvera. Alvera looked at Grih, watching the Chieftain's face as he studied the scene before him. Then the Giant looked down at the two of them.

'It seems I owe you my life, little warrior.'

'That may be, Chieftain Grih. But that debt can be repaid simply.'

'How so?'

'We join our forces, rout this interloper and then decide our differences at the parley table. What say you?'

Grih paused, looking intently at Alvera. Then he began to laugh, a great booming sound which reverberated over the hillside. 'I say aye, little warrior. I say aye. Now what say we get on with taking apart those who would meddle in our affairs?'

And for the third time that day, Alvera smiled.

Alvera looked at the report again, not daring to believe what it said. Much had happened since that day on the field against the Giants. The combined forces of Alvera and Grih had defeated the third force, now known to have been Elves. It had seemed an auspicious beginning. Grih named him Giant-Friend because of his bravery on the field, and the two of them had forged an amicable agreement to the land dispute. Things had seemed to be looking up. Then the Empire struck. Hard. They drove up through the middle of the Empire, taking Kingdom cities and enslaving Humans, trapping souls with their foul magic, so that the Elves now had a strong power base and they had cheap labour - namely, Alvera's subjects.

He thought things had been bleak. Now they were even worse. Alvera closed his eyes. Things were so much easier when his father was around. He was just now beginning to see what it was his father had gone through to forge his kingdom. It almost made him want to give up. Almost. But he was his father's son. He would bring the Kingdom back together again. He would unite the land and the people in it. He had no choice. Too many people looked to him to make sense of the chaos. His father had once told him that it was what was in a man's heart that made him noble. And, under his breath, Alvera swore that he would show his father that it was no mistake he now held his position. *I will make you proud, Father. And that is a promise.*

~

The Eastern portion of the old Royal Kingdom seeks to smash the power of the Elves and to regain the main parts of the old Kingdom. There are those in the faction that dream of reuniting with the West while others favour a greater Kingdom, inclusive of the Nomads and all the different peoples of the North.

Geopolitical Goals

Control the starting factional locations ~

Starport	Pearlstone
Sabarath	Point Richmond
Hightower	Northlake

and also ~

The Imperial Palace	The Royal Palace
Central Stormhaven	East Stormhaven
West Stormhaven	

Plus six of the following ~

Vagen	Dumas	Sarantaplo
Riverside	Beriesa	Tor'Quat
Willston	White Beach	

None of the above may contain Elves, Dark Elves, Orcs or Trolls, and at least 7 of the locations must each have free populations of at least 10,000 made up of any combination of Eastern Humans, Dwarves, Halflings, or Daks. There must be no Human slaves in any of the locations owned by members of the faction.

Guild Domination ~

There must be a Knights Guild strength 12 owned by a member within each of the faction's six starting locations.

Every adventure below (1199 to 1219) requires that you don't have the skills of Assassin, Thief or Spy.

Adventure 1199 ~ Leader of King Alvera's Faction

Be a member. Be an Eastern Human, Dwarf, Halfling or Dak. Have Tactics 20, Knight 20 and PC 20.

Gain ~ Become Alvera Leader worth 6 Prestige

Adventure 1200 ~ Membership of King Alvera's Faction

Be a Main who is not from an Elven race, a Troll or a Saurian and who doesn't worship Hahsandra, GARM or the Temple of the Dead. 18 times.

Gain ~ Become Alvera member

Adventure 1201 ~ Equip

Be a member. Once per character.

Gain ~ Acquire a Warrior Horse (ID 564), a magic lance, and three sets of magic plate armour ~ small, medium and large.

Adventure 1202 ~ Honour Dwarf

Leader only. Target a Dwarven Main. Once.

Gain ~ the Dwarf gets the title 'Friend of Justice' worth 6 Prestige.

Adventure 1203 ~ Honour Halfling

Leader only. Target a Halfling Main. Once.
Gain ~ the Halfling gets the title 'Friend of Justice' worth 6 Prestige.

Adventure 1204 ~ Honour Dak

Leader only. Target a Dak Main. Once.
Gain ~ the Dak gets the title 'Friend of Justice' worth 6 Prestige.

Adventure 1205 ~ Honour Western Human

Leader only. Target a Western Human Main. Once.
Gain ~ the Western Human gets the title 'Friend of Justice' worth 6 Prestige.

Adventure 1206 ~ Knight Templar

Be an Eastern or Western Human member with Knight 20 and Priest 10. Be inside Torgan Knights Guild (g2501) in Torgan. Once per character.
Gain ~ Become Knight Templar. 3 Priest, Knight and Prestige.

Adventure 1207 ~ Knight of the East

Be a member with Strength and PC of 20 and Knight 15. Be inside the Eastern Knights Guild (g2504) in Riverside.
Gain ~ Become Knight of the East, 3 PC, 2 militant and 4 Prestige. 5 to the guild strength.

Adventure 1208 ~ Astral Avenger

Be a member with Knight 25, Arcane 10 and Constitution 18. Be in Knights of Shanah (g2734) in Far Haven.
Gain ~ Become Astral Avenger, Mark of Wizardry, 2 Prestige.

Adventure 1209 ~ Eastern Knights

Be a member. Be in your target force with a slot of troops. Once per character. 5 times.
Gain ~ Convert the slot into Eastern Knights.

Adventure 1210 ~ Eastern Guards

Be a member. Be in your target force with a slot of troops. Once per character. 5 times.
Gain ~ Convert the slot into Eastern Guards.

Adventure 1211 ~ Eastern Rangers

Be a member. Be in your target force with a slot of troops. Once per character. 5 times.
Gain ~ Convert the slot into Eastern Rangers.

Adventure 1212 ~ Knight Training

Be a member.
Gain ~ Learn the Eastern Knight training type.

Adventure 1213 ~ Guard Training

Be a member.
Gain ~ Learn the Eastern Guard training type.

Adventure 1214 ~ Ranger Training

Be a member.
Gain ~ Learn the Eastern Ranger training type.

Adventure 1215 ~ Swordmaster

Be a member with Swordmaster 35. Once.
Gain ~ The Sword of Slicing

Adventure 1216 ~ Axemaster

Be a member with Axemaster 35. Once.
Gain ~ The Axe of Slicing

Adventure 1217 ~ Bowmaster

Be a member with Bowmaster 35. Once.
Gain ~ The Bow of Piercing

Adventure 1218 ~ Arcane Master

Be a member who has the Great Scroll (ID 862), the King's Ring (ID 893), the Crown of Stormhaven (ID 942), the Ring Man (ID 965) and King William's Bier (ID 995). Once per character. Eighteen times.
Gain ~ 10 Arcane.

Adventure 1219 ~ Spirit Guide

Be a member who has the Beast Shield [ID 666], Freedom's Call (ID 757), Sarn's Eye (ID 816), the Dryad's Staff (ID 988) and the Altar of Barosa (ID 1007). Once per character. Eighteen times.
Gain ~ 10 Priest.

Faction 3 ~ King Solara

Biljax walked confidently down the corridor. The key to infiltration, Lord Starn always said, was to act as if you belonged. Act for the world if you know what you we're about and no one would question you. Well, he was almost done here. Four months of drudgery, of acting the servant, of bowing and 'yes mastering' and 'no mastering', almost finished. He carried the package on his tray. The meal for Baron Londal, which, once consumed, would fulfill his contract. Given a choice, he much preferred a dagger in the heart or a garrote through the neck. At least they were finished quickly. But a contract was a contract. And this one was almost complete.

Provided. Provided his employer had turned the food taster. His employer assured him that the taster would be on their side. Biljax hoped so. If not, he was a dead man. The taster was vital in this gambit. If he hadn't been exposed to the poison, built up an immunity, then the hit would fail. But that was out of his hands. And he didn't think his employer would go to all this trouble without planning for every contingency. Well, nothing for it now but to carry on. He pushed through the door into the dining room and walked toward the main table.

Three figures sat in a private meeting chamber deep within the labyrinthine network of the Gemidiahist Temple. Princess Silva poured herself a cup of wine - a fine vintage, really, somewhat surprising that this Church would have any decent wines - and looked at the other two before she began. 'And so to business. Namely, the coming vote. I know I don't have to impress on you two that it is of great import.'

'Yes, yes, we know that, Silva,' said Lady Larstar. 'Your ability to state the obvious is second only to your treacherous knack for politics and your tolerance for those *creatures* you allow in your city. Next, you'll espouse joining with the Elves and Saurians as one united kingdom under Queen Silva.'

'Now now, Larstar, sarcasm doesn't become you. Neither does jealousy, by the by.'

'Jealousy? Of you? What could I possibly be jealous of?'

Silva smiled. 'Well, let's just say that Baron Praetor and Earl Norris are both...scrumptious.'

Larstar's face grew red. 'If it weren't for your

position...'

'Ladies, please,' rasped the third figure. Duke Reston sat in the shadows, his features never quite visible. His voice sounded as if two glaciers were rubbing against one other. 'Can we leave the petty bickering to another time? We have business to conduct.'

'Quite so, my good Duke,' said Silva. 'So, the vote. If we win, and the move to increase the involvement of the House of Barons and the City Councils is passed, then Solara not only loses face with the royalty of his court, but faces a very real loss of power. Solara detests the House of Barons and the City Councils both, and the feeling is mutual. Any increase in their influence will mean a lessening of his. Yet Solara has enough votes in his pocket to defeat the agenda. It's a very narrow margin, but he will win. Unless. Unless we take away his votes. So. Larstar?'

'No problems on my front. The deal I have with Solara ensures that he will not attempt to, how shall I put this? - influence Londal, so long as we show the same consideration with regard to Grunsak. Solara believes this is because Londal is critical to me in a plot against you, Princess, and as he wants Grunsak alive, has agreed.' She smiled. 'Though I doubt he would be so happy with the deal if he knew that we have swayed Londal - and so his block of cronies - to our side in the vote. The only catch in the arrangement then is Grunsak. He must be seen to be alive, yet also cannot be allowed to vote, as he has shown himself in the past to be Solara's man.'

'He is ours, now,' said the Duke, his voice sending shivers through the two women. 'A dagger across his throat and then the Rite. He now serves me unquestioningly. Just as all my troops do. Letter has been sent to the King. It says that he is...unavoidably detained.'

'Excellent,' said the priestess. 'As far as Solara is concerned Grunsak is still his. So Londal is protected by my agreement with our good king. Now, we have to make...'

The door to the room opened and a nervous looking priest entered, bowing as he came. 'Mistress, I have a message for you.'

The Lady Larstar turned, anger showing on her features. 'I told you I wasn't to be disturbed, Malk. Did you think I said this for my own good?'

Malk bowed again, even lower this time. 'The message has the seal of Lord Starn, milady.'

There was a palpable stillness in the room. All three knew Lord Starn's reputation as assassin, and that his mere mention could unnerve such a trio bore testament to his talent. What message could he possibly have? Lady Larstar waved Malk over. The priest handed his Lady the message and then hastily retreated from the room. Larstar opened the message and, as she read, the blood drained from her face.

'What, what is it?' demanded Silva. 'Don't just sit there. What does it say?'

'It says,' said Larstar listlessly, 'that we have trouble.'

'Solara!' Lady Larstar burst into the King's study, her face a mask of rage. 'What is going on? We had a *deal!*'

Solara looked up from his stones board, wry amusement in his eyes. 'Whatever do you mean, my dear?'

'You know perfectly well what I mean! Londa! You agreed he was not to be touched.'

'Ah. Poor Londa. Far too excitable. I always warned him his excitability would be his downfall. I heard his heart failed him.'

'Don't play games with me. You poisoned him!'

'Poison, my dear? How could it be poison? His taster was just fine.'

'Oh yes, he was fine when he tasted the food. How unfortunate he met his death at the end of a hundred foot fall, especially after such a lucky escape,' said Larstar sarcastically.

'Apparently he felt responsible for his master's death. I thought the note explained all that.' Solara's smile was the picture of innocence.

Larstar lunged toward the king, her hands on the arms of his chair, face inches from his. 'We. Had. A. *Deal!*'

Suddenly, Solara was still, his smile gone. Where before there was carefree insouciance, now there radiated a predatory malevolence. 'Our *deal*, cousin, was that he was not to be touched until Baron Grunsak was out of our hair. Well, your alliance with Princess Silva and Duke Reston saw to that now, didn't it?'

Larstar backed up, licking her lips. 'I don't know...'

'*Didn't it!*' Solara leapt out of his chair, face reddening. 'Now who's playing games with whom? Hmmm? You think I don't *know* what the three of you are up to? Unavoidably detained? Do you honestly think I'm that *stupid*? Or did you think I'd simply let the matter come to a vote before the House of Barons without allowing for Grunsak's "delay"?'

Lady Larstar smoothed her robes with sweating palms. 'Why would I get involved in politics? I'm just a servant of the Church...'

Solara threw his cup of wine against the wall. '*Please* don't insult my intelligence that way, *cousin!* You're just as devious and every bit as motivated as Silva or myself. And even worse, you're a religious zealot. Don't play the "innocent lady of the cloth" with me. I know you covet the power of my throne. And you'll do whatever you can to get that power.' Solara turned away and walked back to his chair, sitting down to play idly with one of the stones from the board. 'But I would venture to say that I'm the least of your worries now.'

'And why do you say that?'

'Haven't you figured it out? Ask yourself this question. How did I know what the three of you were up to? How did I know about Grunsak's delay? You think I guessed? Well, you're a smart woman. I'll let you figure it out. Now get out of my sight. Before I have you removed.'

Solara watched, still playing with the Emperor's stone, as the Lady Larstar composed herself and then withdrew. Only when she had left did Solara permit himself a smile. That was certainly an unexpected turn. Once the letter from Grunsak arrived, he knew there was a plot to turn the hated House of Barons and cursed City Councils into a still more meddling force against him. And he knew that Duke Reston was involved, as the letter from Grunsak had originated from his stronghold. Solara had therefore assumed that Grunsak was now a lackey for the Duke, or dead, or both, and so given the order for Londa's death. And now he knew the reason for Larstar's deal regarding Londa.

A three-way alliance? It made sense, now that he looked at it. Larstar was sly, but this had all the markings of the Princess on it. This had just been a shot - or stab - in the dark, but one that Larstar just confirmed. It was too bad for them that Silva hadn't come here herself. She wouldn't have given so much away. Inspired move, if he did say so himself, to have given Lord

Starn instructions to inform Larstar of Londal's death, baiting Larstar to betray their plans. That simple action had gained him much. And now an alliance that may have given him trouble would turn against itself. He had planted the seed of betrayal in Larstar's mind and seen it take root. Now the three of them would start to plot against each other, rather than him. And he could use those plots in so many ways. Yes indeed. In so many ways.

~

The Western portion of the Old Royal Kingdom seeks domination over the Elves, and a solution to the Saurian threat. Plotting barbaric schemes and manipulating their allies, they dance a fine line between light and darkness in the quest for power.

Geopolitical Goals

Control the starting factional locations ~

Bristol	Royal Farport	Norport
Tronston Town	Dumas	Wendover
Westport		

and also ~

The Imperial Palace	Central Stormhaven
The Royal Palace	West Stormhaven
East Stormhaven	Soras'Quar

Plus six of the following ~

Vagen	Ur'Rah	Riverside
Larston	Tradeport	Far Haven
Dalzon	Pearlstone	

Guild Domination ~

An Inn level 10 owned by a member within each of the seven starting factional locations.

At the turn of every year the members vote at the Parliament of Rooks, conniving, scheming and betraying. There is a secret ballot, performed by Special Action to the GameMaster. Each member nominates two other members. Whoever gets the most votes loses 1 Action and the character who comes in second gains 1 Action. Anyone who doesn't vote or who votes for themselves loses 1 Action.

Special Action 1298 ~ Parliament of Rooks

Be a member. Nominate two other members.

Adventure 1299 ~ Leadership Solara

Be a Western Human or Maratasen member with a Mark of Destiny and 30 effective Prestige. Have the Crown of Stormhaven.

Gain ~ Speaker of Solara faction worth 6 Prestige.

Adventure 1300 ~ Membership

Be a Main from a race other than Elf, Dark Elf, Saurian, Eastern Human, Troll, Orc.

Gain ~ Membership of Solara faction, 3 Sorcery, 2 Stealth, 8 Rumourmonger.

Adventure 1301 ~ Raised Dwarf

Be a member with Necromancer 20 in Dumas with a captured Dwarf ID 1 to 1000. Once.

Gain ~ The service of the raised spirit of the First Dwarf.

Adventure 1302 ~ Whispering campaign

Be a member with 5 base Prestige. Target a member. Lose 5 Prestige. Once per character.

Gain ~ The member gains 2 Prestige.

Adventure 1303 ~ Spin campaign

Be a member with 5 base Prestige. Target a leader. Lose 5 Prestige. Five times.

Gain ~ The leader gains 2 Prestige.

Adventure 1304 ~ Wealth of Silva

Be a member in Tronston Town. Lose 3 Constitution.

Gain ~ Mark of Wealth.

Adventure 1305 ~ Reston's Wizardry

Be a member in Dumas. Lose 3 Constitution.

Gain ~ Mark of Wizardry

Adventure 1306 ~ The Hawks

Be a member in Royal Farport, with Assassin 15 and Ranger 15.

Gain ~ Become a Hawk, 4 PC, Mark of Evil,

Adventure 1307 ~ Double-cross

Be a leader with the Crown of Stormhaven (ID 942). Target a leader of Solara. Once.

Gain ~ The target leader loses 10 Prestige and 1 Action.

Special Action 1308 ~ Thieves Guild Boost

Be a leader. Name five or more thieves' guilds, none of which can be in Tronston.

Gain ~ All guilds gain 7 guild strength.

Adventure 1309 ~ Smear campaign

Be a leader. Target a character ID 1 to 1000 who does not have the title 'Wormtongue'. Five times.

Gain ~ The character loses 3 Prestige and gains the title 'Wormtongue'.

Adventure 1310 ~ Dwarf Torture

Be a member with a captured Dwarf character ID 1 to 1100. 20 times.

Gain ~ 2 PC and Prestige.

Adventure 1311 ~ Dak Torture

Be a member with a captured Dak character ID 1 to 1100. 20 times.
Gain ~ 2 PC and Prestige.

Adventure 1312 ~ Eastern Human Torture

Be a member with a captured Eastern Human character ID 1 to 1100. 20 times.
Gain ~ 2 PC and Prestige.

Adventure 1313 ~ Gemidiahist Support

Be a member, Priest of Gemidiahist, with a Militant skill 20, Base Prestige 20. Once.
Gain ~ Title of 'Humanity's Saviour' worth 5 Influence towards Eastern and Western Humans.

Adventure 1314 ~ Solara is your friend

Leader only. Lose 500,000 crowns. Once per character.
Gain ~ 500 SEI across your position. (Send note to GM)

Adventure 1315 ~ Reston's Legacy

Leader only. Twice. Target province leader is in.
Gain ~ The province gains 2 Mana Recovery.

Adventure 1316 ~ Magik's Master

Be a member with arcane skill and the Crown of Stormhaven (ID 942), the Sceptre (ID 949), the Sinister Rune Glove (ID 934), the Ring of Man (ID 965) and the Gold Ring of Runes (ID 975).
Once per character. Eighteen times.
Gain ~ 10 arcane, a Mark of Fate and the title 'Magik's Master'.

Adventure 1317 Spirit Master

Be a member Priest of any religion other than GARM or Hahsandra. Have Freedom's Call (ID 757), the Iron Eye (ID 984), a Wooden Sarcophagus (ID 993), the Rune Gauntlet (ID 933) and God's Call (ID 948). Once per character. Eighteen times.
Gain ~ 10 to Priest and a Mark of Honour

Faction 4 ~ The Saurians

Once we cast our runts into the sea and sibling killed sibling. Once males prowled the spawning pool looking for females to claim for their own. And once we could fly.

So think, stupid neophytes. Cast back. Seek your ancient self. Forget the insipid influence of the warm bipeds and their suicidal forgiveness. Crack open the eggs of the late hatchers and make our race strong once again.

The Iron Golem would crush those such as you without a second's hesitation. Without the strength a return to the old ways will bring, GARM will scorn us, as well He should. And without the strength of GARM we will forever be trapped; trapped by the external limitations of the island, by the physical limitations of our bodies, and by the internal limitations of our minds.

We must escape. We must escape.

~

It is said that the Saurians compulsion to conquer is in their blood. They find the very existence of other societies repulsive, insulting their own concept of order. They seek to dominate all other races, but over-emphasise the strategic value of coastal areas.

Geopolitical Goals

Control the starting factional locations ~

Ur'Rah	Tor'Karn
Sanc'Tril	Soras'Quar

and also ~

The Imperial Palace	The Royal Palace
Stormhaven	Central Stormhaven
West Stormhaven	Farport
Tradeport	Dalzon
Norasak	Wendover
Larston	Point Richmond
Tor'Quat	Willston

Additionally, all locations (Ruins, lairs etc) on the Island of Ur'Rah and in the surrounding waters must be owned by the faction members, and the City of Ur'Rah must have a population base of at least 30,000 Saurians with no other races allowed in the city.

Guild Domination ~

A Knights, Rangers, Magic, Alchemist, Thieves, Assassins, Bards guild, an Inn, a residence and a Fair in Ur'Rah owned by members. All must be level 10.

GARM must walk the Fields of Glory again.

Adventure 1399 ~ Saurian Leadership

Be a member. Capture a non-Saurian Main character.

Gain ~ Devour the Main and become a Leader of the Saurian Faction.

Adventure 1400 ~ Saurian Membership

Be a Saurian Main who worships GARM.

Gain ~ Become a member.

Adventure 1401 ~ Growth

Be a member in your target location. Once per character.

Gain ~ 400 SEI

Adventure 1402 ~ Drone

Be a member with arcane skill. Once per character.

Gain ~ Inactive Drone familiar.

The drone seems to be hibernating, but is believed to aid with Ego Attack, Runepower and Scry Force.

Adventure 1403 ~ Nutrition

Be a member who is neither arcanist, nor Priest. Lose 500 crowns. Be in Ur'Rah. 20 times.

Gain ~ 1 PC

Adventure 1404 ~ Saurian Equipment

Be a member at sea. 18 times.

Gain ~ Acquire Aqua items (ID567 to 570), title 'Aqua Warrior' which is required to use said items.

Adventure 1405 ~ Cure Insanity

Be a member.

Gain ~ Cure Insanity.

Special Action 1406 ~ Sorcerous Seas

Be a Leader. Name five or more arcane guilds owned by members. Once.

Gain ~ 3 guild strength to all those guilds.

Adventure 1407 ~ Saurian Family

Be a member who owns a force with 8000 Saurian population. Once per character.

Gain ~ 3 Prestige.

Adventure 1408 ~ Hors d'Oeuvres

Be a member who has a captured character ID 201 to 450.

Gain ~ Devour the character and gain a Mark of Fate.

Adventure 1409 ~ Soup

Be a member who has a captured character ID 1001 to 1100.

Gain ~ Devour the character and gain 4 Tactics.

Adventure 1410 ~ Main course

Be a member who has a captured Main character.

Gain ~ Devour the character and gain 1 Action (Max 5).

Adventure 1411 ~ Fish Course

Be a member who has a captured non-GARM Priest ID 1 to 3000.

Gain ~ Devour the character and gain 1 Priest, Constitution, Strength and Militant

Adventure 1412 ~ Sweet Trolley

Be a member who has a captured character ID 451 to 700.

Gain ~ Devour the character and gain a Mark of Destiny.

Adventure 1413 ~ Coffee and Mints

Be a member who has a captured character 701 to 1000.

Gain ~ Devour the character and gain Mark of Power.

Adventure 1414 ~ Magic Supporter

Be a member who has the Great Scroll (ID 862), the Golden Rose (ID 872), the Kraken Ring (ID 897), the Gold Ring of Runes (ID 975) and a Dragonrider's Ring (ID 1008). Once per character. Eighteen times.

Gain ~ 10 Arcane.

Adventure 1415 ~ GARM Guardian

Be a member who has Freedom's Call (ID 757), the Star Altar (ID 811) and a Box of Enriched Soils (ID 991). Once per character. Eighteen times.

Gain ~ 10 Priest

Faction 5 ~ The Druidic Council

There was a strange whisper on the wind; trees seemed to move from place to place as though passing on messages. This was her doing, she had called and now they came, moving in secret, only these barest traces of their presence revealed them.

Seventeen moons since the last meeting, since her inauguration. *Only in times of emergency* they had said when she had joined them. She still found it difficult to accept that she was now their equal, but they had come, and what more proof could she ask for, that they would risk their lives on her say so.

The moon rose above the standing stone, and nine other voices joined her own. 'Blessed be'.

She stood silent, none spoke, as around the grove she could just make out her guards' confusion, puzzled how any could have passed; magic, they'd realise soon enough.

'The balance has shifted; those we opposed grow weak, others both most ancient and most modern grow strong.' Her words, the words the land spoke to her every day, broke the quiet.

'Yet should we smite the hawk then we leave the rabbit prosper, and the grass grows ever shorter.' A man's voice.

'Indeed, patience may be the solution.' Her words again.

'Persistence comes more naturally.'

'Only those who stand firm persist in adversity.'

'Also those who bend as the willow.'

'We should neither stand nor bend, but rather let the land turn our enemies against themselves.'

A pause. A decision made.

'We seek peace between us and the land.' The ritual words were spoken.

'Is there Peace?' the question asking unity of purpose, of Council, of land and guardians both. 'Peace,' chanted ten voices.

The Druids are a distinctly peculiar group who have often taken sides in conflicts without any discernible rhyme or reason. However, they have long been opposed to the growth of large empires and seek to encourage devolution and independence. This is especially evident in their total opposition to the hegemony of the Elvish Empire.

They limit the membership to only ten, and their victory conditions are mostly concerned with preventing other factions from winning.

The Druids see themselves not as individuals, but as part of a cosmic, collective consciousness of the world. As such, opportunities arise for militant members of the faction to Walk on the Wild Side, giving up the stereotypical notions of 'race' to take on the characteristics of all the creatures of the world, learning lessons on life from each...

Geopolitical Goals

Faction members must own ~

- 4 Cloud Castles The White Tree,
- The Sacred Grove The Imperial Palace
- (all of whose fortifications must be destroyed)
- The Blue Tower
- a Nomadic Camp of 10,000 Centaurs and
- 10,000 Human/Dak/Maratasen nomads.

No single faction may own four or more of the following ~

- Dumas Tobar Norasak
- Far Haven Torgan Tronston Town
- Trollheim Ur'Rah Tor'Karn
- Riverside

Ghoulagabba must be razed to the ground (No fortifications or guild strength)

Guild Domination ~

There must be seven sanctuaries of the Wyldwood Druids. One in each of the 4 Cloud Castles, The White Tree, The Sacred Grove and The Imperial Palace.

Adventure 1500 ~ Druidic Council member

Be a Main Wyldwood Druid worshipper. 10 times.

Gain ~ Become Member and Leader of the Druidic Council. 4 Influence and Druid, 2 Prestige and 5 Spy.

Once the adventure is full, if there are ever less than ten members, it can be reopened with Special Action 1500.

Adventure 1501 ~ Acorns of Power

Be a member. Once.

Gain ~ The Acorns of Power (ID 576), which grants access to the Ancient Arcana spell Make Power Point

Adventure 1502 ~ Walk on the Wild Side.

Be a member.

Gain ~ First status on the Wild tree.

Druids who take this step are said to follow a different totem animal after every fight. The totem animals emphasise different aspects of a warrior's skills. Some of these animals mutate powerfully when the moon is full, but others are intransigent and do not wax and wane. With careful herding, such a wild one may become powerful, but a single battle at the wrong time can slow the process for another month.

Adventure 1503 ~ Elven Leader Capture

Be a member. Have captured a leader of the Elven Faction. Once.

Gain ~ 2 Actions, Mark of Glory, 15 Prestige.

Adventure 1504 ~ Dark Elven Capture

Be a member. Once. Have captured a Dark Elven member of the Elven Faction.

Gain ~ 5 covert skills, 5 Prestige and a Mark of Honour.

Special Action Adventure 1505 ~ Earthforce

Member only. Name 7 or more Wyldwood churches. Once.

Gain ~ All churches gain 8 guild strength.

Adventure 1506 ~ Werewolves

Be a member in your target force with a slot of troops. 3 times.

Gain ~ The slot become Werewolves.

Adventure 1507 ~ Crash Walls

Be a member in a target location. 3 times.

Gain ~ The force loses 50 walls.

Adventure 1508 Animals

Be a member in a target force. 10 times.

Gain ~ Target force gets 50 animals each of Unicorn, Sahars, Great Horse, Mammoth and Sand Lizards.

Special Action 1509 ~ Peace and Love.

Be a member with Druid 20 and no militant skills.

Gain ~ Gain Priest Level 1.

Special Action 1510 ~ Love and Peace

Be a member with Priest of the Earth 14 and no militant skills.

Gain ~ Gain Druid level 1

Adventure 1511 ~ Scanner

Be a member with Priest and Druid. 5 times.

Gain ~ a Scanner, which can sniff out characters in the local area.

Adventure 1512 ~ Sacred Pilgrimage

Be a member with Priest 15 and PC 15, in the Sacred Grove Church. Once per character.

Gain ~ 3 Priest and Prestige.

Adventure 1513 ~ Norport Pilgrimage

Be a member with Priest 15 and Strength 15, in the Shrine of Morn (g2502) in Norport. Once per character.

Gain ~ 3 Priest and Prestige.

Adventure 1514 ~ Defiant Druid

Be a member with Priest 15 and Dexterity 15, in The Shrine of Defiance (g2503) in Northlake. Once per character.

Gain ~ 4 Influence and 2 Priest.

Adventure 1515 ~ Druidic Essence

Be a member who has Freedom's Call (ID 757), the Great Scroll (ID 862), the Golden Rose (ID 872), the Gold Ring of Runes (ID 975) and the Dryad's Staff (ID 988). Once per character. Eighteen times.

Gain ~ 10 Arcane and a Mark of Wizardry.

Adventure 1516 ~ Druidic Spirit

Be a member who has the Perceval Star Altar (ID 811), the Kraken Ring (ID 897), the Dwarf Ring (ID 960), the Troll Ring (ID 962) and the Dak Ring (ID 963). Once per character. Eighteen times.

Gain ~ 10 Priest and a Mark of Divinity.

Adventure 1517 ~ Warts and All

Be a Frog on the Wild Tree. Be in the same force as a member of the Druidic Council of the opposite sex who has 20 Beauty. Once per character.

Gain ~ 15 PC, Marks of Destiny and Glory and the title of Frog Prince, worth 6 Prestige.

Faction 6 ~ The Lords of Chaos

A scene of utter defeat.

Proud ruler lazing on his gilt throne, goblet slipping, slopping carelessly, eyes drifting over the wracked and broken form of his foe.

Rebel leader in fetters, blood drooling from a broken-tooth grin.

"Take him away...to the torture chambers...we will know everything there is to know about him."

Guards move to obey, but are stopped dead by the voice of the prisoner.

"No.

"Torture won't save you. I am beyond your pain now. You never stood a chance.

"Did you think to catch me so easily? Did you think that the mere crushing my people would see me defeated? That I would shrivel and die when you slandered my name and cast me out of our Faction?"

"The only death was of my conscience, at your hand. I am a Lord of Chaos now and I am your doom. I am here as a beacon, to guide my assassins to your sanctuary. Even if you kill me, still they will resurrect my remains and I will fight on, until I have ripped out your heart, destroyed all who are close to you, and annihilated every one of your allies.

"But that will not be the end of it. I will slaughter your families; I will even slaughter your enemies and their families. No-one will remain to mourn you, nor even to remember that you ever existed."

Hatred burns from blazing eyes.

"Chaos Eternal"

~

'It is not enough to win; it must be seen that all others have failed.'

The Lords of Chaos are not so much a faction as a classification for individuals, who have, one way or another, not joined the mainstream factions. For this group there is *no* factional win, *only* an individual win with all others as losers, although on occasion a Chaos Lord will take an Apprentice to share in the glory.

The individual (or duo) must achieve

Geopolitical Goals ~

Own 2 Cloud Castles

Own any 5 of the following ~

The Imperial Palace East Stormhaven

Trollheim Ur'Rah

White Beach Far Haven

Ghoulagabba Temple Torgan

Hightower

Other ~

Have as prisoner (dead or alive) any ten major personalities listed in the module...including those from within your own faction.

The individual must have an enhanced Prestige higher than any other player *and* have an enhanced Prestige higher than any other two Chaos Lords added together.

Must have captured a Star Child who belongs to another player's position.

Special Action 1600 ~ Become a Lord of Chaos

Be a Main who meets one of the following conditions:

either

- leave a faction (lose 3 Prestige and 6 Influence)

or

- be in a faction which has 3 or less members

or

- be in no faction.

In all cases, it must be year 12+.

Gain ~ Become a Lord of Chaos. All benefits gained from any previous factions remain.

[Note: Anyone who becomes a Chaos Lord from another faction will lose all factional characters from the old faction as well as anything such characters own. Additionally factional cities may experience revolts or at the least SEI negatives of 1 to 1000.]

Adventure 1601 ~ Highwaymen

Be a Chaos Lord. Once per character.
Gain ~ Learn troop training type Highwaymen (ID 572), gain a Mark of Cruelty and acquire Camouflage Netting (ID 486), which give free mana for Charm of Silence.

Adventure 1602 ~ General Chaos

Be a Chaos Lord. Once per character. Lose 10 Prestige.
Gain ~ 15 Tactics, Mark of Battle.

Adventure 1603 ~ Crowned

Be a Chaos Lord with the Crown of Stormhaven (ID 942). Once per character.
Gain ~ 1 Action, 5 Prestige.

Adventure 1604 ~ Chaos Prayers

Be a member Priest. Target a guild. Once per character.
Gain ~ Title of 'Desecrator'. Guild loses 8 strength.

Adventure 1605 ~ Ring Lord

Be a member who has the five Rings (ID 960 to 964). Lose current status. Once per character. Eighteen times.
Gain ~ 5 Arcane, Covert and Priest, a Mark of Power and the Status Ringlord (ID 475)

Adventure 1606 ~ Greater Ring Lord

Be a member who has the five Rings (ID 965 to 969). Once per character. Eighteen times.
Gain ~ 5 Arcane, Militant and Priest, a Mark of Cruelty and the status Greater Ringlord (ID 476) unless you currently have a higher ranked status.

Adventure 1607 ~ Tor Crusader

Be a Chaos Lord inside Tor'Quat
Gain ~ Title Tor Crusader, 2 Prestige, militant and PC.

Adventure 1608 ~ Karn Crusader

Be a Chaos Lord inside Tor'Karn, with the title Tor Crusader.
Gain ~ Title Karn Crusader, 2 Prestige, militant and PC.

Adventure 1609 ~ Dark Crusader

Be a Chaos Lord inside the Dark Temple, with the title Karn Crusader.
Gain ~ Title Dark Crusader, 2 Prestige, militant and PC.

Adventure 1610 ~ Shadow Crusader

Be a Chaos Lord inside Far Haven, with the title Dark Crusader.
Gain ~ Title Shadow Crusader, 2 Prestige, militant and PC.

Adventure 1611 ~ Remove Blood Enemy

Be a Chaos Lord. Lose 2 constitution.
Gain ~ Remove Blood Enemy

Adventure 1612 ~ Destiny's Step Shadow

Be a Chaos Lord and Destiny's Stepchild. Once per character. Eighteen times.
Gain ~ 3 actions, Mark of Glory.

Adventure 1613 ~ Chaos Invasion

Be a Chaos Lord in June or later, Year 12+. Once per character.
Gain ~ Teleport to Olde Rydge F3099 in Pomeroy Fields.

Joint Special Action 1614 ~ There are always two, a Master and an Apprentice

Be a Chaos Lord, perform the SA in conjunction with an Apprentice.
Gain ~ The Chaos Lord gains the title 'Mentor to <...>' The Apprentice gains the title 'Student of <...>' If the Chaos Lord wins, the Apprentice also wins.

Faction 7 ~ The Troll King

The night had seen good eating. A hundred fire pits, scattered like rubies amidst the looming trees of the dank forest, had tasted the fat of the most tender dishes. There had been Dwarf, prepared the proper way of course, unskinned and taken from the spit just before the eyeballs popped, none of this cooked until it stops bleeding nonsense that was all the rage amongst the young'ans, and there had been Halfling, served raw, naturally. There had been ale, and there had been Orc spirits, and, best of all, there had been Elf, lightly grilled and served on the bone.

The night had seen good watching, too. The clowns had thrown their blood-filled bladders at one another, and told all the old classics, including the one about the Elves and the large axe-wielding Troll, which made up for in dead Elves what it lacked in subtlety. The acting troupe had put on a fine display, a re-enactment whose final fight was made all the better by one of the clowns having replaced their mock weapons with real ones. And the traditional Dance of the One Veil was brief but well-received.

But despite this, for many, the highlight of the night's entertainment was still to come. For this was the night when the new chief bard would be chosen. And as the fires dimmed, Elf fat and Halfling blood dousing the flames, so the tribe gathered in the main clearing, at the centre of which had been erected a crude platform. Which was not to say that it was poorly constructed, just that the artwork left little to the imagination of even a Troll.

Onto this platform stepped the trio of hopefuls. Each was already a bard, a respected wordsmith in his own right, yet no matter their renown, each knew that this night all that had come before counted for nothing, that they must prove themselves worthy of the title of chief bard. The King of the tribe, whose massive girth signified not so much a generosity of spirit as a large appetite and a penchant for Elf sweet meats, raised his hand. And at this signal, that most revered of relics - the hollowed skull of the last bard of the tribe - was tossed to the first of the bards on stage. In the silence, he cleared his throat then began.

'Frel the Halfling was a lad
'Who thought he was incredibly 'ard
'But alas and alack
'His head took a crack
'An' now he's like soft melted lard.'

The crowd roared their appreciation as the bard, sweating with relief, handed the skull to the next who, swallowing hard, nodded.

'Even so,' he began.

'Wot's ded an' smells bad?
'A Dwarf wiv after-shave on.'

Once again the assembled tribe yelled its pleasure, and the skull moved to the third bard.

'Even so.

'Wot goes splat when ya chuk it off the walls of Trollheim?
'A Dwarf holdin' a tomato.'

For a moment the crowd were silent and the bard gulped, wondering if he had been too subtle. Then one of the Trolls in the audience grinned, and, leaning over to his mate, muttered in his ear. In this way, so realisation gradually dawned, a slow swell of laughter, and as they applauded such wit, the bard passed the skull back to the first wordsmith.

'Even So.

'Smovie the Halfling wore breeches
'That were sadly infested with leeches
'No matter how much he did pluck
'They continued to suck
'And now he's in fear of the creatures!'

'Even So.

'Slimie the goblin
'Was prone to fondlin'
'One day while he groped
'He got more than he hoped
'And now he's a hobblin' goblin.'

'Even So.

'Marak the Troll-King was fat
'Cos he lived the life of a rat
'Once when thieving a meal
'He let out a squeal
'For a sword had come down on his head - splat!'

A gasp of disbelief ran through the tribe, and on stage the bard, realising that he had perhaps gone too far, tried to pass on the skull. His companions, however, sensing an early knockout, shook their heads, grinning as they both took a step backwards. The King raised his arm, and for a moment silence took command. Then he clenched his hand into a fist, thumb pointing down, and the two skull-less bards

ducked for cover as a hail of rocks, axes and the occasional Elf head rained down on the stage.

A minute later, one of the two bards still standing bent to take the skull from the would-be political commentator's lifeless hands.

'Even so.

'Trikki was fond of a prank
'Trikki got hold of plank
'Krool he did whap
'In return got a slap
'And now Trikki smells fiendishly rank.

'Um. 'Cause he's ded you see.'

And so it went on. Until, as the sun threatened to break free from its bindings beneath the world and herald the cursed dawn, one of the bards, on receiving the skull, hesitated. Sensing blood, the tribe as one held its breath as the bard went pale, eyes rolling as he struggled to recall some ode, some sonnet, some rhyme to respond with, whilst at his side his competitor looked on smugly. Then the bard grinned. Lifting the skull high he brought it down on the head of his companion who collapsed, lifeless, to the ground.

A moment's silence, then the King lifted his hand, thumb pointing upwards, and the tribe rose as one to their feet, cheering for their new bard.

~

The Trolls believe that they dominated the North Island after the departure of the Elves and before the Age of Man. They also claim that their allies and servants the Orcs are Elves who have degenerated. It is not clear which of these opinions has caused the Elves to hate them above all other races.

Troll Armies have difficulty in distinguishing significant differences between their enemies since they all tend to blur in a Berserk rage; however, as for Elves, the comment 'great tasting' seems to sum up the Trolls' preference for fighting Elves.

The current Troll King's bard has filled his head with an enhanced view of the Kingdom's rightful role and he now intends to dominate the island once again, 'Just fer kicks'.

Geopolitical Goals

Faction members must own ~

Trollheim	
(must have a population of 10,000 Trolls)	
Ghoulagabba	Borzack
Tor'Quat	a Cloud Castle

and also ~

Hightower	Sanc'tril
Willston	Tor'Karn
The Imperial Palace	The Royal Palace
East Stormhaven	Far Haven
Far PortBeriesa	Tobar

There must be no Elven population inside a location (ID 3000 to 3099) within 25 provinces of Trollheim.

Guild Domination ~

Bards Guilds strength 12 in
Trollheim Ghoulagabba
Borzack Tor'Quat
A Cloud Castle

Special Action 1699 ~ The Troll King

Be a member on September 1st or March 1st alone in a party inside Trollheim (but not in a guild). (Contact the GM prior to the clash!). Win a clash between all comers.

Gain ~ Become the Troll King.

No wounds will be healed, or any other kindness shown to the competitors.

Adventure 1700 ~ Troll King member

Be a Troll or an Orc Main who is neither a Gemidiahist nor a Universal believer.

Gain ~ Become a member.

Adventure 1701 ~ Berserker

Be a member with Berserker 10. Once per character.

Gain ~ 10 PC, go insane.

Adventure 1702 ~ Goblinburger

Be an Orc race ID 201+.

Gain ~ Death and become laid to rest. Gains title 'Goblinburger'

Adventure 1703 ~ Goblioneer

Be a member. Capture a character with the Goblinburger title.

Gain ~ Mark of Fate. The Orc is devoured.

Adventure 1704 ~ Stone to Flesh

Be a member who is stoned.

Gain ~ Change stoned condition to alive.

Adventure 1705 ~ Trog's Armour

Be a Troll member in Trollheim, with Dragon Armour (L) and 20 mithril, Enchanter 20. Once per character.

Gain ~ Acquire Trog's sacred armour (ID 575)

Adventure 1706 ~ Elfburger

Be a member with a captured Elf or Dark Elf character ID 1 to 200.

Gain ~ 8 Constitution, 2 PC, 4 Prestige, 1 Action. The Elf is toast.

Adventure 1707 ~ Elfkebab

Be a member with a captured Elf or Dark Elf character ID 201 to 1000.

Gain ~ 4 Constitution, 1 PC, 2 Prestige. The Elf's goose is cooked.

Adventure 1708 ~ Trollburger

Be a member with a captured Troll ID 1 to 1000. Lose 10 Prestige.

Gain ~ 12 Constitution, 6 PC. The Troll's rhubarb is crumbled.

Adventure 1709 ~ Enraged

Be a member in a target force containing a slot of Trolls. 30 times.

Gain ~ The slot is converted to Enraged

Adventure 1710 ~ Trollheim travel

Be the Troll King leader. 20 times.

Gain ~ Teleport to Trollheim

Adventure 1711 ~ Trog's Knights

Be the Troll King leader.

Gain ~ Ownership of Trog's Knights Guild 2637 in Trollheim.

Adventure 1712 ~ Royal Bard

Troll King Leader only. Target a Bard ID 201 to 1000, not self. Once.

Gain ~ the Bard gets 1 Action, 4 Bard.

Adventure 1713 ~ Roc and Troll in Willston

Be a Troll in any Bard's Guild in Willston, Bard 25. Once per character. (Non faction members allowed)

Gain ~ 5 Bard and Prestige.

Adventure 1714 ~ Roc and Troll in Trollheim

Be a Troll ID 1 to 1000 in any Bard's guild in Trollheim, Bard 10. Once per character. (Non faction members allowed)

Gain ~ 3 PC, 2 Militant and Constitution, 1 Prestige.

Adventure 1715 ~ Borzack Crooner

Be a Troll member in a Bard's guild in Borzack, Bard 10. Once per character.

Gain ~ 6 Priest and Arcane, 4 Prestige.

Adventure 1716 ~ Dark Magic

Be a member with the Golden Rose (ID 872), the King's Ring (ID 893), the Troll Ring (ID 962), the Orc Ring (ID 967) and the Gold Ring of Runes (ID 975). Once per character. Eighteen times.

Gain ~ 10 Arcane.

Adventure 1717 ~ Dark Spirit

Be a member with the Perceval Star Altar (ID 811), the Iron Eye (ID 984), the Aryad's Wand (ID 990) and King William's Bier (ID 995). Once per character. Eighteen times.

Gain ~ 10 Priest.

Faction 8 ~ The Dragonriders

Sunset painted the plains in monochromatic shades, draining the barren ground of what little variation in hue and contour it once possessed, land mirroring the greying sky so that the horizon seemed lost, the day's certainty blurring, land and sky, light and dark, reality and illusion coming together in the alchemical embrace of dusk. Shadows pooled deep beneath the few rocks and trees as lay scattered across the scarred landscape, lengthening, running together, a funereal veil softly shrouding the harsh land, caressing the blasted earth and sun-scorched grass. Only the baleful sun, low on the horizon, hung as a single point of colour, painting the sky about it a hue not so much roseate as crimson, an angry, embittered, cyclopean eye which, forced from the heavens by the advent of the night, gave way but gracelessly, lending the scene no soft serenity but rather an aura of menace, air sharp with tension.

K'Leth, sat in the lea of a jutting rock which protruded rudely from the plain, a broken bone driven up through the skin of the land, watched the final embers of light drain from the land with no sense of regret. The day had held little appeal, the sun's harsh glare blinding the senses and giving the throat its thirst, and the heat, almost palpable, bearing down like the hand of some unseen giant, turning the lightest of garments into leaden burden. And as the sun finally fell from the rim of the world, so he allowed himself a sigh of relief, drinking deep from the water bottle at his side as he summoned energy enough to conjure a half-palatable meal from the scant remnants of dry rations and cured meat left in his pack.

Shanah knew it had been a hard trip. A fortnight's trek through land even the Gods had forsaken, without even the rudest of settlements to break the monotony of travel. Oh, it had seemed a good idea at the time, certainly. Rumours were rife of an ancient black and her brood who had made their lair on the plains; the Gods alone knows why, but then dragons were never known for their sense of the aesthetic. An arduous trip, granted, but in the firelight and ale-warmth of the tavern, taunted by the boasts and bragging of M'Rall and F'Nath, such a quest had taken on the glory-taint of legend, an endeavour suited to a mighty dragon-slayer such as he. Now, however, tired, thirsty and facing the prospect of another sleepless night with the burnt earth for a mattress, he could not help but wish he had sought an easier quarry, or at least, one with the common decency to make its lair

nearer civilisation. In fact, K'Leth reflected, he would not be surprised if M'Rall hadn't started the rumour himself, just to trick him into journeying into the middle of nowhere. Pah. Just let the insolent, cocksure son of a whore have the gall to cross him again and he'd...

The soft scrape of a boot turning on a stone carried to him on the silent wings of the night. Silently placing the water-skin to the ground, K'Leth reached for his war gauntlet, whose mailed glove, back spiked with steel spikes and fingers curved into razor points, hung as ever at his belt. Some, he knew, preferred sword or axe, but to actually feel flesh and bone part as he drove his gauntlet into an unsuspecting face or chest, ah, but little could better a sensation as that. Even as he made to rise to his feet, however, a voice called out of the darkness, its deeply resonant tone, fair dripping with arrogance born of easy confidence, only slightly coarsened by the same dry heat which scoured his own throat. A voice that could only belong to one person in this world or the next. M'Rall.

"Well met, friend," the voice called out, proceeding only by a moment his gaunt silhouette as it took its form from the darkness to stand, hands on hips and weapon still sheathed, a dozen feet away. K'Leth scowled.

"Met, aye. As for the well of it, I reckon time'll stand testimony to that."

M'Rall laughed, the sound seeming entirely out of place, intruding into the deep silence of the plains, redolent with images of hearth and hostel, simple luxuries that seemed to K'Leth almost to hail from another world entire.

"Relax, my friend. Meat and Meet is all," M'Rall replied, speaking the traditional words of greeting, which held pledge that it was companionship sought, not challenge. "Meat and Meet is all. Well, that and a draught of water, if you've any to spare. My throat's as parched as dragon's gullet."

Despite himself, K'Leth smiled, proffering the water-skin. In the wilderness, the saying went, any familiar face, even that of an enemy might be thought of as that of a friend. Besides, M'Rall might be many things, but he took too much pride in his word to break it once given. "Here. Be my guest; though I'm saddened to say it's only water, nothing stronger."

Taking the proffered skin, M'Rall drunk deep, long hair tossed back from features which held more than a taint of Orcish, though M'Rall swore he would kill any who spoke as much, a vow K'Leth had seen him uphold on more than one occasion. Then, sighing deep even as K'Leth before him, M'Rall sat himself down. Pursing his lips to give a low whistle, he was rewarded by the appearance of a scaled pack animal, clearly a hybrid of some kind yet well suited to the climate, K'Leth judged, at least to reckon by its appearance, not to mention the fact that it yet lived. Pulling a bag from one of the packs laden on its back, M'Rall opened it to bring forth not only leaf-wrapped meat, still fresh, but also bread, somewhat stale yet still a welcome sight to one who had subsisted on dried rations for a ten-day.

K'Leth accepted from M'Rall a half of the bread and leg of meat, and the pair sat awhile in a silence if not exactly companionable then at least one whose tension was somewhat eased by the sharing of food. Finally, it was K'Leth who broke the silence, tossing a marrow-sucked bone to the ground and grunting by way of thanks.

"So. What brings you out here? If you've come to laugh at my expense then I reckon as the joke's on you as well, who've travelled as far as I to enjoy it so I reckon, at least to judge from your look."

M'Rall shook his head in mock resignation. "Ever suspicious, my friend. I wonder that you even trust the Guild itself with your trophies. No, the rumours of a black were no joke, if that's as you were thinking, and I reckon I know you well enough to read that twisted mind of yours. Is my presence here not proof of that? In truth I come to offer my aid, if it must be known."

K'Leth snorted. "Why should you want to aid me? And happen to think on it, why should I accept? If you insinuate that I cannot take on a black and its spawn on my own then that's an insult best answered by challenge."

M'Rall raised a hand in gesture of conciliation. "I mean you no insult, K'Leth, far from it. But even you must own that two weapons are better than one when it comes to a dragon protecting her own, even if one such weapon is that gauntlet you're so fond of. As to why I should aid you, well, I should have thought it obvious. There's glory to be gained, aye, and riches too I'll warrant. And I can't have you taking all for yourself, can I?"

K'Leth did not respond, considering the matter. The potential rewards were indeed high, and he was not one to share willingly. But on the other hand, loath as he was to admit it, maybe M'Rall had a point. It would be no easy fight, and whilst M'Rall was many things, a coward he was not, and a good man to have at your side in a fight. Slowly, then, K'Leth nodded, reaching out his hand.

"Agreed then. A sixty forty split of anything we find, and all dragon hides mine to claim."

M'Rall grinned, such haggling almost a tradition in its own right, with the response as expected as the challenge. "Fifty to fifty," he replied, "with first hide to you and the rest divided a'tween us. But I'll let you sling your pack on my mule if it makes you feel the better."

Hand to wrist, they shook on the deal.

"Done; by the Guild."

"By the Guild."

A moment's silence. Then.

"So. Any idea where this damnable beast is laid up then?"

~

The shadowy, militant Dragonriders were originally a mercenary band. Their history is full of dramatic swings from chivalric episodes of wondrous nobility to common banditry and treachery, even mediocrity. They have been King-makers and Kings as well as Crusaders and Royal Guards, while their nefarious Dark Wing side contains the most prestigious collection of spies, assassins and knights of the night.

Heavily influenced by the Priests of Shanah, the Dragonriders are once again in one of the transitional ages of their long history.

As their name implies, they have a traditional relationship with Dragons and are often called upon to capture and return dangerous rogue Dragons to various Guild Halls for training and, some say, breeding. In recent times they have been seen searching out even the slain bodies of Dragons to bring them back to Halls frequented by the dark arcanists always lurking in the shadows of the organisation.

Victory - an Individual Achievement

The Dragonriders are not a normal faction; they cannot win in the usual manner and are disbanded after 18 months of play.

During those heady months of battle and adventure the Dragonriders compete to prove themselves best monster hunter and Dragon tamer.

Every six months the Dragonriders hold five competitions. These competitions are open to all characters ID 1 to 200, not only Dragonriders. A character may enter all, some or none.

The Dragonrider who wins the most events in the third and final set of competitions is declared DragonMaster and the player will receive a prize equal to that won by the members of a winning faction.

When the trials are over, many Dragonriders will have fallen by the wayside. Others will leave the game but those who remain will be welcome to join other factions, if there are places left for them.

The Dragonrider Competitions

For the two clashes, supply your GM with your character ID and the ID of a spare, empty force. This force should have your character set up in the slots. The retreat percentage should also be set.

In the other competitions, supply your GM with the ID of the force that contains the items.

The Pugilist

No spells. No equipment or mount. All wounds healed between rounds. Resurrection, destoning and curing of poison at the end of the clash.

First Prize ~ 1 Action (Max 5)

All entrants ~ 2 PC.

The Gladiator

All wounds healed between rounds. Resurrection, destoning and curing of poison at the end of the clash.

First Prize ~ A random mark you don't have.

All entrants ~ 2 PC.

The Dragonscalper

The force with the most Dragon prisoners.

First Prize ~ A status morph (if possible)

The Dragonherder

The force with the most Dragon mounts.

First Prize ~ Group spell of your choice or 5 Priest or 5 to a weaponmaster skill (please specify skill when entering).

The Collector

The force with the most items ID 603 to 999. Duplicates do not count extra.

First Prize ~ Boots of Speed or Helm of Scrying or Bag of Holding.

~

Adventure 1801 ~ Membership 1

First month. Be a Main who is not an Overlord or a Mercenary. Lose 5 Prestige. Once per character.

Gain ~ Become a Dragonrider and 5 PC, Constitution, Strength and Dexterity. Acquire a ring of Runepower.

Adventure 1802 ~ Membership 2

First Month. Be a Main who is not an Overlord or a Mercenary. Lose 5 Prestige. Once per character.

Gain ~ Become a Dragonrider, 1 Action (Max 5) and acquire a ring of Runepower.

Adventure 1803 ~ Membership 3

First month. Be a Main who is not an Overlord or a Mercenary. Lose 5 Prestige and 3 Influence. Once per character.

Gain ~ Become a Dragonrider, Mark of Battle, 3 PC and acquire a ring of Runepower.

Adventure 1804 ~ Destroy Monster Class 1

Be a Dragonrider with one of the following monster races captured ~ Wyvern, Manticora, Swamp Dragon, Iron Drake, Astral Drake, Ice Drake, Cloud Drake, Harpy, Lammasu, Gorgon.

Gain ~ 1 PC and feed the monster to your mount.

Adventure 1805 ~ Green Dragon

Be a Dragonrider with a captured Green Dragon.

Gain ~ The Dragon is trained into a War Green Dragon mount.

Adventure 1806 ~ Red Dragon

Be a Dragonrider with a captured Red Dragon.

Gain ~ The Dragon is trained into a War Red Dragon mount.

Adventure 1807 ~ Platinum Dragon

Be a Dragonrider with a captured Platinum Dragon.

Gain ~ The Dragon is trained into a War Platinum Dragon mount.

Adventure 1808 ~ Blue Dragon

Be a Dragonrider. Lose Green, Red and Platinum War Dragon mounts and 8 Influence and dexterity.

Gain ~ Become a Blue Dragon, 30 Strength, 30 Constitution, 8 PC and militant, 1 Action. Remove Blood Enemy, cure poisons and plagues.

Adventure 1809 ~ Dragoncatessan

Be a Dragonrider with a captured character ID 1 to 200.

Gain ~ 5 PC and feed the unfortunate to your mount.

Adventure 1810 ~ Destroy Secondary

Be a Dragonrider with a captured character ID 201 to 1000.

Gain ~ 3 PC and feed the unfortunate to your mount.

Adventure 1811 ~ Self Resurrect

Be a dead Dragonrider who is not a prisoner. Lose 5 Constitution.

Gain ~ Life. Cure poisons and plagues.

Adventure 1813 ~ NE Tour

Be a Dragonrider in a province between (101,1) and (130,20). Once per character.

Gain ~ 1 PC, Strength, Dexterity and Constitution.

Adventure 1814 ~ NW Tour

Be a Dragonrider in a province between (1,1) and (30,20). Once per character.

Gain ~ 1 PC, Strength, Dexterity and Constitution.

Adventure 1815 ~ SE Tour

Be a Dragonrider in a province between (101,61) and (130,8). Once per character.

Gain ~ 1 PC, Strength, Dexterity and Constitution.

Adventure 1816 ~ SW Tour

Be a Dragonrider in a province between (1,61) and (30,80). Once per character.

Gain ~ 1 PC, Strength, Dexterity and Constitution.

Religions

Following the story of each of the ten North Island religions, there are three designators in brackets. Each religion is given a rough alignment, which also determines the alignment of the worshipper. Also the religion has a favoured race which receives improved holy mana recovery and thirdly, a favoured season where the whole religion receives improved holy mana recovery.

Information about Blood Enemy and Riting is immediately below these. *Can declare Blood Enemy* means that members of the religion may Blood Enemy a character. If this phrase is not present, then members may not Blood Enemy characters. The same is true for Riting and being Rited.

There are two discrete parts to the process of becoming the religious leader of a faith. The first is the nomination, which is the same for every religion, prioritising Main characters and eliminating less significant characters.

If a character survives the elimination process of nomination, they then must pass whichever method is used by the religion to elect their leader, be it random, clash, statistic comparison or other.

High Priest Nomination.

In August 11 and every six months following, Priests with a Base level 11 or higher can be nominated for leadership of their religion.

Priority is given to Main characters first. If no Mains are nominated, then all Secondary characters (201 to 1000) whose Main is of the religion are considered. If there is still no nominee then other Secondaries are considered (called outside Secondaries), and failing that, Tertiary characters (range 1001 to 5000). For example, if a Main is nominated, all characters ID 201+ are immediately ruled out. This is true for every religion.

Nomination is performed using internal mail. Make a proclamation to everyone, signing it with your nominee's name and ID number.

High Priest Elections and Clashes.

In September 11 votes are tallied and clashes occur, depending on the religion. Any voting is performed using internal mail: make a proclamation to everyone, explaining your vote and signing it with your voter's name and ID number.

Religion 1 ~ Gemidiahist

'So I says to Sarge that Keighley an' me don't feel like goin' out on patrol again, as you never knows when you goin' to run into them Elves, or something real nasty, an' windin' up dead.

'Then he says to me like, he don't fear death or nothing, so he don't see whys I should, he's been dead before an' he'll be dead again.

'So I says jus' 'cos some interfering old priest goes an' digs you up, once, an' makes you whole again don't mean it's OK to go dying all over the place. An' just because you's leading us, on the bishop's say so, don't mean you can be sending us off to one of these deaths what you're OK with, understand?

'Anyway he says "well, you jus' go an' tell the Bishop that when you gets back, an' we'll see if he lets you ever get home to Bristol again."

'So I tells him I didn't mean no disrespect to his worship, or his archworship, an' I understood like that the Elves were nearby an' such, but that I didn't reckon that the two of us, who he was sending out on patrol, stood much chance of ever getting back to the bishop, or his likes, for getting resurrected.

'Don't think he cares though; if we don't come back he'll figure we've found the trouble what he's looking for. Keighley, sshhh, I think I heard something...Keighley?...Keighley?...'

~

*Good ~ Western Human ~ Spring
Can declare Blood Enemy ~ Can be Rited*

The Gemidiahists were split off from the Universal Church by the revelation of Gemidiah. '*...and God gave to Man His image...*' They are the Church of Man, preaching the supreme divine destiny of mankind over all other creatures. Gemidiahism is especially popular in the West where the religion has promoted anti-Dwarven sentiments and played on Human fears about Maratasens, Daks and other races.

Retaining a certain measure of the anti-arcanist dogma of the Universal Church, the availability of the Resurrection Spell in the low level Holy Symbols has been a major benefit for the congregation. As one can imagine, non-Western priests can expect almost no support of Holy Mana at recovery time.

The faithful are lead by an Archbishop Elect chosen by vote by all the priests level 11 or higher of the religion, whose Main character is also Gemidiah.

Mains get 10 votes, Secondaries get 5 and Tertiaries get 1. Don't forget that the Main character of these Secondaries and Tertiaries must be of the Gemidiah faith.

The Title of Archbishop is worth 4 Prestige and 5 Influence towards both Western and Eastern Humans.

Adventure 511 ~ Western Crusade.

Archbishop only. 3 times only. Be in a force that has a slot of Western Human troops.

Gain ~ This target slot is equipped with Sunsetswords and Magic Shields. The swords have 1 DAM and 50 AF against Eastern Humans.

Adventure 512 ~ Divine Inspiration

Archbishop only. Once per character.

Gain ~ Mark of Divinity.

Adventure 513 ~ Sacred Image

Archbishop only. Once. Have Sacred Image (ID 1073).

Gain ~ 3 Prestige, Influence, Priest and Beauty, Mark of Good, 1 Action. Become male, learn Mithril Swords production secret. Cure poisons and plagues. Remove blood enemy.

Adventure 2837 ~ Archbishop's Guild Blessing

Archbishop only. Be in a target Gemidiah church. Lose 50 silver. Ten times.

Gain ~ Increase Guild strength by 5.

Adventure 2838 ~ Mass Conversion

Archbishop only. Be in your location with target Pop Seg of Eastern Humans. Lose 50 silver. 20 times.

Gain ~ Converts Pop Seg to Western Human.

Adventure 2839 ~ Arch Bishop's Self Raising

Archbishop only. Be dead. 10 times.

Gain ~ Life. Teleport to Bristol. Lose 2 from every statistic and your title of Archbishop.

Adventure 2840 ~ Self Renewal

Be a Gemidiahist Priest. Be either Eastern or Western Human inside any Gemidiahist Church Guild. Be dead, insane and/or stoned. Lose 3 constitution, 1 Prestige and Influence.

Gain ~ Be Resurrected, cured of Pox, Plague and Poisoning.

Adventure 2841 ~ Congregational Resurrection
Follow Gemidiah. Be dead inside a Gemidiahist Church strength 10. Lose 3 constitution, 3 Prestige and Influence.
Gain ~ Be resurrected.

Priests Spells:*Level 1*

75 Repel Undead I
244 Detect Powerpoint
258 Bless Soldiers
286 Knowledge of Religion
294 Convert Character
295 Heal Character

Level 2

37 Faith of Friendship
81 Abolish Undead
142 Perceive Mana
144 Read Events
148 Locate Character
152 Scry Character
175 Warlock Armour
214 Bless
257 Create Holy Symbol

Level 3

44 Cure Insanity
133 Dispel Winternight
196 Enchant Power 1 Weapon
243 Powerpoint Teleportation
259 Summon Minor Divinity
271 Create Sanctuary
283 Bestow Blessing
284 Excommunicate Character
288 Cure Black Death
290 Cure Pox

Level 4

296 Resurrect Character
299 Lay the Dead to Rest

Level 5

42 Sphere Alteration

Holy Symbol

3 MAR, 1 SAR, 2 Holy Recovery, 1 Free Holy Mana, 1 DF if Western Human, Spells at Strength 6 ~ Gather Food 91, Veil of Courage 30, Resurrect Character 296

Blessed Soldiers

CF 2, DF 1, AF 20%, Morale 10, MAR 2, SAR 2

Blessed Character

MAR 2, SAR 2, Mana 3, Influence 2, INV 1, City 25%, Defending Walls 15%, Sighting 1

Religion 2 ~ Barosa

The cold air made his breath steam, hanging heavy before him, the unseen made visible. The green tea in his hand, which had been given him on arrival, had long-since cooled. He should have drunk it sooner, save he'd been too caught up with what was occurring around him, or rather, the lack of occurrence, for such concerns.

About him rose the pagoda, simple lines reassuring, speaking of peace of mind and body both. On the floor sat rows of robed figures, quiet in meditation. Halflings, for the most, though larger forms also found their place there, altering but not destroying the sense of unity, complicating the scene's symmetry yet enhancing rather than breaking it. Only he himself, seated at the edge of the temple, might perhaps have been so considered out of place, and yet, as it is the pearl of the oyster that lends to it its completion, so his interruption into the silent patterns of the temple served to bring attention to its perfect symmetry, which only in its breaking is seen, and only in being seen is complete.

A gong would occasionally be heard from somewhere above, or perhaps beyond, giving cause to waves of movement that spread across the temple floor, and the scene would change even as it remained the same, variations on a theme. Some of those meditating would rise and move to pass through an archway at the temple's far side, and their places were then filled by others, the new arrivals accepting positions the others' leaving created, else perhaps their arrival causing the leaving. The dance shifted, yet the stillness remained.

It was strange, he considered, thoughts taking shape in the vaulted clearness of his mind, mirroring, mirrored by, the temple, strange that he, the newly chosen Enlightened One, though chosen by or for himself he could not say, if in truth there was any line to be drawn between the two, was taking his place within the symmetry of the pagoda for the first time, filling a space made empty only by the expectation of his coming. He wondered if he was the first of those so chosen to guide the dance, to speak the silence, to have never entered the temple before, to have been brought up beyond the reach of its symmetry. And he wondered if there had been a mistake, if his coming was a wrongly struck note in the symphony of the temple's silence, a broken strand in its eternal tapestry of prayer.

But even as the thought arose, he knew that even were this so, that he seemed to be a new voice where all was without end and so nothing could or should be with beginning, then still it was really not so. For what was now was destined to once more be, to move from now to was to will be, the past also the future, the present eternal. And so he had entered the temple before, already a thousand thousand times come, each the first time, each the last time. That he was here now meant that he had come before, and that he came before meant that it was right that he was come now. All was done, and so all was known, and in knowing shown to be right. That was the way, the truth.

None of which, however, eased the sudden tight cramping of fear as the gong sounded for him and he rose to face his destiny, his future, his past.

~

*Neutral ~ Halfling ~ Winter
Can declare Blood Enemy*

Barosan beliefs stem from a concept of inner consciousness that gives one contentment through the security of eternal return. Barosans are more at one with creatures of the world, than the world itself. They hold that space and time are only concepts of beings with souls and thus somewhat mutable.

No formal structure of the faith exists, however various tasks arise periodically and are assigned to priests of the faith on a selection process relating to the writing of scripture by the priests. The focus of these is known as the Task Master and is given enhanced powers to deal with the problems of the faith, such as sanctifying desecrated sites.

The Golden Pagoda is the holiest site of Barosan belief. The minor Divinity of Barosa is its caretaker and also leader to a small unit of Barosan warrior monks who have reached a state of contemplation and are sworn to protect the pagoda and any city in which it resides.

The religion also respects an Enlightened One, who is chosen randomly from those who are eligible at the end of the nomination process. A character can only hold office for one term (6 months) and an Enlightened One's position may not ever nominate a candidate again.

The title is worth 2 Prestige and 5 Influence towards Centaurs, Daks, Maratasen and Halflings.

Adventure 521 ~ Parthon Inspiration
Enlightened One only. Once per character. Be in Parthon.
Gain ~ 2 Priest, Prestige, Constitution, Beauty, 1 Action.

Adventure 522 ~ Touched of Barosa
Enlightened One only.
Gain ~ the status Touched of Barosa (ID 1835).

Adventure 523 ~ Cure All
Enlightened One only.
Gain ~ Cure pox, plague and poison. Acquire Healing Figurine (ID 506).

Adventure 524 ~ Pagoda to Parthon
Enlightened One only.
Gain ~ the Golden Pagoda (g2744) appears in Parthon.

Adventure 525 ~ Pagoda to Sarantaplo
Enlightened One only.
Gain ~ the Golden Pagoda (g2744) appears in Sarantaplo.

Adventure 526 ~ Pagoda to Larston
Enlightened One only.
Gain ~ the Golden Pagoda (g2744) appears in Larston.

Adventure 527 ~ Pagoda Power
Enlightened One only. Once per character. Be in the Golden Pagoda (g2744).
Gain ~ 10 guild strength.

Adventure 2867 ~ Enlightened One Travel
200 times. Be a Barosan Priest. Lose a Holy Symbol (ID 582).
Gain ~ Teleport to the Golden Pagoda.

Adventure 2868 ~ Enchanted
Be Barosan Arcanist (not Necromancer or Summoner) base level 15. Lose one each of Silver, Silverleaf, Nightshade, Meldorian and Gold. Once per character.
Gain ~ Enchanted status, 3 Arcane, 3 constitution.

Priests Spells:

Level 1

- 75 Repel Undead I
- 242 Study Province
- 258 Bless Soldiers
- 286 Knowledge of Religion
- 294 Convert Character
- 295 Heal Character

Level 2

- 23 Stone to Flesh
- 147 Locate Force
- 151 Scry Force
- 162 Charm of Battle
- 180 Attack Focus
- 222 Bless Animals
- 257 Create Holy Symbol

Level 3

- 22 Drain Mana
- 26 Teleport
- 44 Cure Insanity
- 224 Charm Herd
- 249 Repel Lycanthrope
- 260 Summon Minor Divinity
- 272 Create Sanctuary
- 283 Bestow Divine Blessing
- 284 Excommunicate Character
- 290 Cure Pox

Level 4

- 78 Rite of Conflict
- 252 Remove Lycanthrope Status
- 296 Resurrect Character
- 299 Lay Dead to Rest

Level 5

- 159 Eye of the Seer
- 225 Essence of Animals

Holy Symbol

1 PC, 1 MAR/SAR, 1 Free Holy Mana, 1 Stealth, Cure Poison I/II 10%, Spells at Strength 6 ~ Faith of Friendship 37, Mind Blank 47, Illusionary Soldiers 56.

Blessed Soldiers

5 CF, 1 DF, 20% AF, 20% Charge and 15 Morale.

Blessed Character

2 PC, 1 Strength, 1 MAR, 2 SAR, 1 Holy Recovery or 1 Magic Recovery, -1 Influence, DAM 1, Grass 25%, Sea 15%.

Religion 3 ~ Universal

The banqueting room for the Pope's farewell celebrations filled slowly. Caution was apparent; no weapons had been allowed, so understandably everyone was a little nervous. And whilst all present were in theory allies, still, with Saurians, Elves, and both Eastern and Western Humans all in one place, some racial tension was inevitable.

Racial diversity was the religion's strength, but also its weakness. For so long as he was the Pope he still had influence, not only over all those present but also those whom they represented. But tomorrow another would replace him. And who knew if the new Pope could hold together so diverse a group of enemies as a single united church? Even the merest factional split within the Church was a potential disaster. The issue of the arcane arts alone had caused him headache after heartache, each piece of ancient arcana passed to him for inspection and approval, with the various factions alert for the slightest hint of personal bias or apparent preferential treatment, seeming on occasion to actually be seeking out excuses to bicker. Oh, he'd tried to avoid antagonising anyone, but you couldn't please all the people...What was needed was a good crusade, that would bring people together, unite them in struggle against a common foe. Yes, that was it; he would declare a crusade. A final gesture that would not only serve to hold the church together after he'd gone, but secure his place in the histories of the Church. The only question was who to declare it against. Still, such minor points could be worked out later.

~

Good ~ Eastern Human ~ Spring

Before the Gemidiah schism the Church of the Universal was dominant over the entire North Island. However, during the debate over Human exclusivity, another reform took place which now eclipses the racial differences between the two religions. The Light Magic wing of the church accepts the complete necessity for union between the religious and the arcane, to the disgust of the Gemidiahists.

The Universalists have always been fond of missionary work and have maintained an absolute non-racial bias that has brought them into much conflict with political and religious groups across the Island.

Popular in cosmopolitan cities and especially the East, one can find the Universalists almost anywhere that the old Royal Kingdom was strong.

The faith is led by the Pope who is chosen by vote by all the priests level 11+ of the religion, who's Main character is Universal. Mains get 10 votes, Secondaries get 5 and Tertiaries get 1. Don't forget that the Main character of these Secondaries and Tertiaries must be Universal.

The title of the Pope is worth 5 Prestige and 5 influence towards both Eastern and Western Humans.

Adventure 531 ~ Pope Population

Pope only. Once per character. Have 10,000 Eastern Human Pop in a location. Gain ~ title 'Eastern Friend', 2 Prestige and Priest, Mark of Fate.

Adventure 532 ~ Pope Population

Pope only. Once per character. Have 10,000 Western Human Pop in a location. Gain ~ title 'Western Friend'. 2 Prestige and Priest, Mark of Honour.

Adventure 533 ~ Blessing of the Pope

Pope only. 7 times. Be in a location. Gain ~ 180 SEI. Remove Pox and Plague in the location.

Adventure 534 ~ Cursing of the Pope

Pope only. 7 times. Be in a location. Gain ~ -180 SEI.

Adventure 535 ~ Pope Population

Have title 'Western Friend' and 'Eastern Friend'. Have 1000 Elven Pop in a force you own. Gain ~ title 'Elven Friend'.

Adventure 536 ~ Pope Population

Have title 'Elven Friend'. Have 1000 Saurian Pop in a force you own. Once per character. Gain ~ the title 'Saurian Friend', 2 Prestige and Priest and the Ring of Office

Adventure 537 ~ Universal Pope

Have the title Saurian Friend and 'Elven Friend'. Have the Ring of Office (ID 1163). Once per character. Gain ~ the title 'Universal Friend', 2 Prestige and Priest.

Adventure 2814 ~ The Pope's Crusaders

Pope only. Be in a force with a slot of soldiers. Lose 200 gold (416). 50 times. Gain ~ Soldiers acquire status Blessed.

Adventure 2815 ~ Solstice Gathering

Worship Universal. Lose 1 lumber. Only in December. Gain ~ Teleport to Central Stormhaven.

Adventure 2816 ~ Come to Poppa

Be in a Universal Church. Have no arcane skill. Lose 10 Prestige and Influence. Gain ~ Convert to Universal (This works even for priests).

Priests Spells:

Level 1

- 6 Dispel Magic Character
- 143 Read Character
- 258 Bless Soldiers
- 286 Knowledge of Religion
- 294 Convert Character
- 295 Heal Character

Level 2

- 142 Perceive Mana
- 176 Warding
- 214 Bless
- 257 Create Holy Symbol

Level 3

- 132 Dispel Summoned Monster
- 133 Dispel Winternight
- 185 Remove Enchanted Status
- 261 Summon Minor Divinity
- 273 Create Sanctuary
- 283 Bestow Divine Blessing
- 284 Excommunicate Character
- 288 Cure Black Plague

Level 4

- 11 Symbol of Dispel Magic
- 78 Rite of Conflict
- 247 Dispel Barrier of Nature
- 252 Remove Lycanthrope Status
- 296 Resurrect Character
- 299 Lay Dead to Rest

Level 5

- 24 Remove Mark
- 35 Sphere of Masses
- 84 Rites of Abolishment
- 134 Word of Closing
- 209 Runepower

Holy Symbol

2 MAR/SAR, 2 Free Holy Mana, 2 Holy Recovery, Healing 5%, Spells at Strength 10 ~ Decrease Province Recovery 239, Remove Blood Enemy 40, Read Events 144

Blessed Soldiers

CF 5, DF 2, AF 50%, Morale 15, MAR 2, SAR 1, Defending Walls 25%, City 15

Blessed Character

MAR 2, SAR 1, Mana 2, Defending Wall 25%, City 15%

Religion 4 ~ Shanah

To strike from ambush, that is the mark of a true warrior my son. Never forget that to attack first is the best means of defending yourself from those who might consider attacking you. It allows you to choose your moment, to pick the terrain, to control everything that is important. Surprise will always be the best means of attack. Attack where they do not expect you, when they do not expect you, before they even realise they have instigated a conflict.

If you wish to defeat them, then, strike now. They are not prepared; they do not know who you are, or even why they might want to attack you. But be certain that attack you they will, given time, so best get your retaliation in first.

~

*Evil ~ Maratasen ~ Summer
Can declare Blood Enemy
Can Rite ~ Can be Rited*

The undisputed religion of the warrior. Shanahists believe that the highest realm of heaven can only be obtained by death in holy battle. They view the world as one of pre-ordained fate with only the fields of struggle able to allow one to change the course of destiny. Strongly opposed to the Church Universal on nearly all counts, Shanah stresses the focus on the heroic warrior as the model for the society rather than the co-operation of the masses. Very popular with Nomads and the warring parties of the North and especially the Dragonriders.

The faith is led by the First Sword, a Priest with the highest Tactics or Personal Combat. The choice is random and secret prior to the first term, but subsequently oscillates between one and the other. The First Sword may call for a Holy War by a besieging force against an enemy Sanctuary and may develop a very cost-efficient troop training type for the faith. The title is worth 4 Prestige and 5 Influence towards both Western and Eastern Humans.

Adventure 541 ~ First in Battle

First Sword only. Once per character.
Gain ~ Mark of Battle

Adventure 542 ~ Forced Martyrdom

First Sword only. 7 times only. Have captured a character ID 1 to 1000.
Gain ~ The character is sacrificed to Shanah. 3 Priest, 1 Prestige.

Adventure 543 ~ Ploughshares to Swords

First Sword only. Lose 6 Holy Symbols (ID 584). 4 times.
Gain ~ 1 Sword of Shanah (ID 507).

Adventure 544 ~ Janissaries for slaves

Be a Shanah Priest 20 and Knight 20. Have 5000 slaves (ID 261) in your own possessions (not in a pop seg). Be in a force that is not in a location.
Gain ~ Target force slot gains 50 Janissaries (#473) Blessed of Shanah with Sword, Shield and Leather Armour.

Adventure 545 ~ Fanatics R'Us

Be a Shanah Priest 25 and Knight 25. Be inside a Shanah Church that is in a force which also contains a Knights guild. Once per character. 18 times.
Gain ~ 5 Guild strength to the Knights guild.

Adventure 546 ~ Hunter's Horn

Worship Shanah. Have any militant skill level 25. 18 times.
Gain ~ Acquire a Hunter's Horn and title 'Hunter'. The Horn allows Hunters to use a Force Scan spell to report on all forces in the surrounding area.

Priests Spells:

Level 1

- 3 Shell of Protection: Legion
- 29 Veil of Nightmares
- 195 Enchant Weapon
- 258 Bless Soldiers
- 294 Convert Character
- 295 Heal Character

Level 2

- 16 Firestorm
- 32 Whisper of Bravery
- 64 Illusionary Battle
- 162 Charm of Battle
- 176 Warding
- 180 Attack Focus
- 217 Charm of Movement
- 240 Natures Awareness
- 257 Create Holy Symbol

Level 3

- 172 Charm of Leadership
- 173 Task of Leadership
- 196 Enchant Power 1 Weapon
- 249 Repel Lycanthrope
- 262 Summon Minor Divinity
- 274 Create Sanctuary
- 283 Bestow Divine Blessing
- 290 Cure Pox

Level 4

- 121 Create Netherworld Soldier
- 154 Eye of Scrying
- 296 Resurrect Character
- 299 Lay the Dead to Rest

Level 5

- 84 Rites of Abolishment
- 131 Dark Force Summoning
- 468 Warlock Command

Holy Symbol

3 PC, 2 Strength, 1 Constitution, 1 Mana Recovery, 1 Free Holy Mana, 2 DF, Spells at strength 8 ~ 295 Heal Character, 81, Abolish Undead, 258 Bless Soldiers

Blessed Soldiers

6 CF, 2 DF, 50%AF, 50% Charge, Morale 25, 1 MAR, 2 SAR, Attacking Walls 25%, Grasslands 15%

Blessed Character

3PC, 2 Tactics, 1MAR, 2 SAR, 2 Strength, -1 Influence, Winternight 25% AF

Religion 5 ~ Hahsandra

'No...I've told you before, you shouldn't make fun of the less fortunate of our brethren. Indeed to quote from the good book, "and Hahsandra laid a blessing upon *all* Elves." So if I catch you out there taunting him again, as though he were an Orc or Human or any other animal, well so help me I'll take you to see the Mother Superior. Believe me, you don't want to be less than pure my dear; if you even think like that you'll be cleansed, and then where will you be?'

~

*Neutral ~ Elf ~ Spring
Can declare Blood Enemy*

The religion of the South Island leaves little doubt that there are Elves, then Dark Elves and nothing else of importance. Other religions are not recognised, viewed as nothing more than perverse arcane colleges, with the exception of those that permit necromancy, which are actively attacked. There is no general conversion Spell; you're either an Elf, or you're not.

Occasionally the Temple Sisters at the Imperial Palace show pity on those who have been duped into leaving the faith and enact a ritual of returning, which restores lost belief.

'The Elves are the gift of the Mother God, dominant over all manner of creatures in the world...You have been given Magik and the Free Will to mimic the Sylvan Demigods...Aspire to replace them with your own glory.'

The Faith is led by a Mother Superior chosen from the female Priests with a base Priest level of 20+. She who has the highest effective Prestige is elected.

The Mother Superior may give out sub-titles to the Defenders of the Faith, increase Guild strength and quest for the Lost Temple as well as her own eternal position with the Demi-Gods. The title is worth 4 Prestige and 5 Influence towards Elves and Dark Elves.

Adventure 551 ~ Mother's Sceptre

Mother Superior only. Once.

Gain ~ Acquire the Sceptre of Hahsandra. The Sceptre can only be used by the Mother Superior and is said to lend great courage to troops fighting in battle.

Adventure 552 ~ Elf Bow

Priest of Hahsandra only.

Gain ~ Learn Elven Bow production secret.

Adventure 553 ~ Elven Fleet

Mother Superior only. Once.

Gain ~ 5 Dreadnoughts.

Adventure 554 ~ Return to Mother

Be an Elf or a Dark Elf. Be inside a Church of Hahsandra.

Gain ~ Convert to Hahsandra.

Adventure 555 ~ Sea Pilgrimage

Be an Elf or a Dark Elf Hahsandra Priest level 20. Be in a Sea Province. Once per character. 18 times.

Gain ~ 2 Priest and acquire a Sea Salt Crystal. The Sea Salt Crystal is said to be an improvement on the wooden iconry used by those who have never left the forests.

Adventure 556 ~ Cleanse the Soulless

Be an Elf or a Dark Elf Hahsandra Priest 20 with a Hahsandra status. Be inside a Church of Hahsandra with a prisoner who is neither an Elf, nor a Dark Elf and who has an undead status. Once per character. 18 times.

Gain ~ A Mark of Fate and 4 Priest.

Priests Spells:

Level 1

143 Read Character
286 Knowledge Religion
244 Detect Powerpoint
258 Bless Soldiers
295 Heal Character

Level 2

23 Stone to Flesh
76 Repel Undead II
144 Read Events
152 Scry Character
257 Create Holy Symbol

Level 3

133 Dispel Winternight
209 Runeknowledge
243 Powerpoint Teleportation
263 Summon Minor Divinity
275 Create Sanctuary
283 Bestow Divine Blessing
284 Excommunicate Character
288 Cure Black Death
290 Cure Pox

Level 4

186 Enchant Character
296 Resurrect
299 Lay Dead to Rest

Level 5

40 Erase Blood Enemy
84 Rites of Abolishment
126 Netherworld Summoning

Holy Symbol

1 DF, 1 MAR/SAR, Cure Poison 10%, Heal 5%, 2 Mana Recovery, 2 Priest, Spells at Strength 6 ~ 30 Veil of Courage, 238 Increase Recovery, 164 Charm of Stealth

Blessed Soldiers

2 CF, 25% AF, 1MAR, 2 SAR, 10% Charge, 10 Morale, 25% Forest, 15% Heavy Forest

Blessed Character

2 Dexterity, MAR 1, SAR 2, 1 Mana, plus variations

Religion 6 ~ Perceval

'Look, this is my pitch. I've been selling here since my grandfather Perceval, rest his soul, had me - at the age of four and half mark you - helping him with the weighing and measuring. And don't you go giving me the evil eye just because it's the best pitch this side of Sarantaplo and you think you've some right to it. Anyway, it's not just the pitch as my client base. I wouldn't want to disappoint them. "Keep your customers happy and you'll keep your customers," my cousin always says. And if I was to let you have this pitch then my customers, especially some of the more respected of them - did I mention that I'm a friend of the Cardinal by the way, one of my best customers as a matter of fact - would be terribly disappointed if they didn't know where to find me. So to be blunt I don't care what your new-fangled piece of parchment says. I'm staying put. And you can go and tell that to your cronies in the courts.'

~

*Neutral ~ Dwarf ~ Spring
Can Rite~ Can be Rited*

Originally a splinter sect from the Universal Church, the teachings of Perceval stress the importance of secular achievement and worldly responsibilities. The use of the military is frowned upon as Percevalians view force as a symptom of a society's inability to deal with its problems in a more constructive manner.

Perceval is popular with Dwarves and merchants throughout the land, which has made them the target of much discrimination and persecution in recent Gemidiahist times. The Church has also attracted some rather extreme protectionist cults whose actions on behalf of the general populace are not in strict accordance with the hopes of the elders. Nevertheless, the cry for personal revenge is a common ingredient in Perceval.

The faith is led by a First Cardinal chosen by the vote of those priests who own churches, who may cast as many votes as the strength of Perceval churches they own. The title is worth 3 Prestige and 5 Influence towards Dwarves and Halflings.

Adventure 561 ~ Walls and Towers
Cardinal only. Once. Be in target location.
Gain ~ 50 to a city walls. 10 Towers.

Adventure 562 ~ SEI
Cardinal only. Be in target location. Lose 100 silver.
Gain ~ 100 SEI.

Adventure 563 ~ Cardinal Bless
Cardinal only. Once. Be in target location.
Gain ~ + 1000 SEI, cure pox and plague.

Adventure 564 ~ Gold to Iron
Be a Perceval Priest level 20 in a Perceval church. Lose 100 gold.
Gain ~ Gain 300 iron.

Adventure 565 ~ Iron to Gold
Be a Perceval Priest level 20 in a Perceval church. Lose 300 Iron.
Gain ~ 100 gold.

Adventure 566 ~ Dispensation
Be a Perceval Priest level 25 in a Perceval church. Donate 100,000 crowns. 18 times.
Gain ~ 1 Priest.

Adventure 567 ~ Change of Status
Worship Perceval. 200 times.
Gain ~ Drop status.

Adventure 568 ~ He Said... She Said
Worship Perceval. Be in Sarantaplo. Lose 100,000 crowns. Lose 3 Prestige and 2 strength. 18 times.
Gain ~ Change your gender from male to female.
Gain 4 beauty and 2 constitution.

Adventure 569 Market Master
Worship Perceval. Be a Merchant level 15. Donate 10,000 crowns. Once per character. 18 times.
Gain ~ 5 Merchant.

Priest Spells:*Level 1*

- 38 Seed of Greed
- 39 Virtue of Gold
- 286 Knowledge of Religion
- 294 Convert Character
- 295 Heal Character

Level 2

- 19 Increase Guild Strength
- 20 Decrease Guild Strength
- 36 Seed of Suspicion
- 37 Faith of Friendship
- 214 Bless
- 257 Create Holy Symbol

Level 3

- 26 Teleport
- 33 Increase SEI
- 44 Cure Insanity
- 283 Bestow Divine Blessing
- 288 Cure Black Death
- 290 Cure Pox

Level 4

- 25 Teleport to Guild
- 105 Summon Unseen Servant
- 141 Eye of Pattern
- 296 Resurrect Character
- 299 Lay the Dead to Rest

Level 5

- 50 Sphere of Control
- 59 Shade of Light
- 63 Shade of Knowledge

Holy Symbol

5 DF, 2 MAR/SAR 2, 2 Dexterity, 1 Influence, Cure Poison 15%, 2 Mana Recovery, 2 Priest. Spells at Strength 7 ~ Repel Undead III 77, Dispel Winternight 133, Increase SEI 33

Blessed Character

Dexterity 1, Influence 1, Mana Recovery 3, Magic Recovery 2

Religion 7 ~ GARM

Sssythyss found himself in a darkened room. Windowless, so far as he could tell, although the chains restricted his movement so much that he could not yet be sure. There might be a small window somewhere on the wall behind him, but no light shone through it if there was. A moonless night, perhaps, but then night was usually cold, and it felt hot as a furnace in the cell.

He'd go mad again if they left him in here much longer. He could already feel his hunger stirring, the heat of the room further stoking his need, accustomed as he was to far colder climes. The ravening would surely overtake him soon if he didn't feed. Blood was pounding in his ears, his stomach screamed for food, for anything, even something that had been cooked by those soft, oh so soft, succulent, Humans.

Feverish, maddened and desperate he struggled with his bonds. And then suddenly they seemed to part, melting from his wrists, or perhaps his wrists from them. Not thinking, he charged forwards, throwing himself against the granite blocks of opposite wall, and as had the chains before them, somehow they seemed to part, like mist before the prow of a ship. As he had somehow known they would, at least, to the extent that he could be said to know anything any longer, hunger consuming him, becoming his world, his existence, his being.

With no thought, no consciousness save of the burning lust of the ravening, there was no way to mark the passage of time. And when the red mist fell from his vision and senses, when his ragged breathing burnt less fierce in his lungs, only the soreness of the pads of his feet, the ache in his limbs, gave hint of the passage of time, of distances run.

Gasping still for breath, he cast about him, to find himself in what appeared to be a small village, yet a village apparently without life. No smoke told of fires within the scattered huts, no movement stirred the frozen tableaux, no voices raised in conversation broke the too-perfect quiet of the morning. But the broken and bloodied corpses strewn about him where he stood, bones protruding jagged from what flesh had not been ripped from their still-warm corpses, gave easy solution to the mystery, answer confirmed by the blood soaking his clothing, caked in his hair, and staining his sharply protruding jaw. But he was free, the ravening passed, and as he breathed deep of the morning chill, metallic taint of blood adding sharp counterpoint to the freshness, all else was insignificant.

~

*Evil ~ Saurian ~ Summer
Can declare Blood Enemy
Can Rite ~ Can be Rited*

The followers of GARM totally dominate the Saurian lands. No central church authority exists though the teachings of GARM are found in the oral histories of the cold blooded folk.

Superstition and the Ravening Blood Trances of the Shaman are the stock in trade of this mysterious religion that sees Demigods and spirits everywhere. Peculiar to the GARM is a belief in the Iron Golem, a construct of GARM's Will which he shall inhabit to devour the enemies of his worshipers. Elves and most of Humanity are seen as nothing more than feeding herds for the Glory of GARM.

The faith is occasionally led by The Voice - the Priest with the greatest total of combined base skill levels. Great variations exist in the Ravening abilities of The Voice but some of them include the occasional ability to Trance Out randomly from any imprisonment and, under the right circumstance, to convert a Sanctuary into a Cloud Castle. The title is worth 4 Prestige and 5 Influence towards Saurians.

Adventure 571 ~ To Ur'Rah
Voice only.
Gain ~ Teleport to Ur'Rah.

Adventure 572 ~ Voice Action
Voice only. Once per character.
Gain ~ 1 Action (Max 5), 2 PC and Constitution.

Adventure 573 ~ GARM Warriors

Voice only. 10 times. Be in your target force with a target empty slot, in a province in the square of (1,1) to (20,20).

Gain ~ Summon slot of 50 GARM Warriors, with training level 10.

Adventure 574 ~ Feeding Frenzy Humans

Be a GARM Priest level 20. Lose 1,000 Human slaves (ID 261) from your possessions. 18 times.

Gain ~ 2 Priest, 5,000 Food, 5,000 By Products and 5,000 Soft Materials.

Adventure 575 ~ Feeding Frenzy Elves

Be a GARM Priest level 20, Lose 1,000 Elven slaves (ID 263). 18 times.

Gain ~ 2 Priest, 5,000 Food, 5,000 By Products and 5,000 Soft Materials.

Adventure 576 ~ Feeding Frenzy Dark Elves

Be a GARM Priest level 20 with 1,000 Dark Elven slaves (ID 276). 18 times.

Gain ~ 2 Priest, 5,000 Food, 5,000 By Products and 5,000 Soft Materials.

Adventure ~ 577 Shaman

Be a GARM Priest level 20, Berserker Level 20. Lose 2 Constitution. 18 times.

Gain ~ title of 'Shaman'. Go insane. 2 Priest, Berserker and Strength. Acquire the Shaman's Sceptre (ID 477). The ancient tales make mention of such an item being used to find other arcane goods.

Priest Spells:

Level 1

- 74 Protect Undead
- 258 Bless Soldier
- 286 Knowledge of Religion
- 294 Convert Character
- 295 Heal Character

Level 2

- 175 Warlock Armour
- 257 Create Holy Symbol

Level 3

- 53 Invisibility Self
- 67 Deathshadows
- 133 Dispels Winternight
- 249 Repel Lycanthrope
- 283 Bestow Divine Blessing

Level 4

- 221 Essence of Movement
- 251 Wereban
- 252 Remove Lycanthrope Status
- 296 Resurrect Character
- 299 Lay the Dead to Rest

Level 5

- 126 Netherworld Summoning
- 225 Essence of Animals

Holy Symbol

2 DF (Saurian only), 2 SAR, 1 Strength, Constitution and PC, 2 Mana Recovery, 2 Free Holy Mana, 3 Stealth, Spells at Strength 6 ~ 65 Shadowstorm, 97 Increase Underground, 166 Charm of Strength

Blessed Soldiers

10 CF, 2 DF, 50% AF, 3 Strength, Winternight 50%, Charge 25%, Barren Mountains 25%, Barren Hills 15%

Blessed Character (Varies greatly)

3 Strength, 2 Mana Recovery

Religion 8 ~ Wyldwood Druids

The Centaur hesitated, sniffing the air with sudden suspicion. Something was wrong. Ahead of him through the trees he could catch glimpse of his destination, though none but his kind would see anything ahead other than more of the tangled forest through which he had been trekking. But he could also see a large number of Centaurs, unexpected company, guards by their look, weapons drawn, wary.

Or at least, with truth-sight he could see them as Centaurs. But whatever had brought them there had to be serious, for several of them had been touched by the Wild, imbued with its primal force. Even he could barely make them out, as they seemed to shift and change even as he looked at them, one second crouched and poised as a wild cat, the next coiled and stretched into something more resembling a dragon, then this form too gone, even as it formed, a ceaseless, ephemeral shifting of form and substance.

As well he was expected, he reflected, otherwise there would be trouble.

'Halt, who goes,' came the traditional challenge. And he was just about to call out, when another shout arose, harsh with immediacy. 'Ambush.'

He charged forwards to help, only to find himself brought up short, slamming into some unseen force, an invisible wall, he realised, blocking his path. Both a blessing and a curse. The force wall lent those within security, but left him trapped outside with whomever - or whatever - was the cause of alarm. Dancing round in awkward circle, he saw large numbers of zombies throwing themselves against the barrier, which appeared to extend about the entire perimeter of the sacred site, their repeated impacts causing rotting limbs to break from their staggering forms, showering not blood but maggots onto the forest floor.

The meet could wait. Would have to wait. He knew his friends within would be safe; they would be gone, and their guards with them, slipping away on the wings of magic before whoever was commanding the zombies thought to call them off and dispel the walls. As for him, it seemed that he had not yet been spotted; perhaps there was yet time to flee.

But even as the thought arose, first one then another of the zombies turned in his direction, gazing at him sightlessly with eyes white with dried and crusted rheum, else long-since burst, yet nevertheless moving unerringly in his direction. Slow as they were, he could out-run them. For a time at least. Yet they were inexhaustible, whilst even with his constitution he should have to rest eventually, and when he did they would surely catch him. No. Better to fight now, with limbs still fresh, than face them exhausted after a day's canter. His arrows would be no use against such a foe, who cared not if his shafts penetrated the long-since still caverns of their hearts, or punctured already airless lungs, and instead he drew twin curved scimitars. Let them see if they could fight so well with no limbs. If it were written that this were his time to fall, well, then that was the way of it. But by the forest, his life would not be cheaply spent.

~

*Neutral ~ Centaur ~ Autumn
Can declare Blood Enemy ~ Can be Rited*

The Wyldwood Druids believe they are the oldest religion. They believe in a world consciousness that is mostly at odds with the efforts of individualistic creatures and cultures that try to overcome and conquer the land rather than live within it.

They are the only formal religion on the North Island that specifically and directly speaks of the Elves existence before the Age of Chaos. A time when, according to the Druids, the first of the Elves defied the Gods of Saratan and were tempted by the Dark Spirits' whisperings of power.

In the eyes of the Wyld, all manifestations of power are suspect, and the gathering of mass strength is considered to be evil. While balance and moderation are most often the guide of the Druids, their anger has been known to hurl the powers of the earth at their enemies with a bestial ferocity that rivals the fury of the Dragons.

The Druids are found throughout the North Island and across all races with even a few Elves and Dark Elves coming around to the Druids' balanced approach to life. Most join the Druidic Faction, but some choose other paths.

They have no leader, choosing instead to share the responsibility and power equally amongst the membership.

Adventure 581 ~ Shift to Arcane

Wyldwood Priest only. Base Priest level 18+, base Druid level 1+. Lose 3 Priest. 6 times only. Gain ~ 3 Druid.

Adventure 582 ~ Shift to Priest

Wyldwood Priest only. Base Druid 14+, base Priest level 1+. Lose 3 Druid. 6 times only. Gain ~ 3 Priest.

Adventure 583 ~ Share the Power

Wyldwood Priest only. 5 times. Gain ~ 1 Prestige.

Adventure 584 ~ Barriers

Be a Wyldwood Priest 20 with Druid 20. 10 times. Gain ~ Province gains barriers in all 8 directions.

Adventure 585 ~ Mana Gain

Be a Wyldwood Priest 20 with Druid 20. 10 times. Gain ~ Province gains 3 mana recovery.

Adventure 586 ~ Heavy Forest

Be a Wyldwood Priest 10. Lose 200 Lumber. Be in a Forest province. 10 times. Gain ~ Province becomes Heavy Forest.

Adventure 587 ~ Curse Province

Be a Wyldwood Priest 30 with Druid 30. Lose 100 mithril. Be in a Grassland province. 10 times.

Gain ~ Province becomes Desert.

Note: For all the above the land will hold its old cleared land and mineral aspects. However, if the cleared land is reduced down it will not be allowed to rise above standard Desert allowances.

Special Action ~ Arcane balance

Be a Wyldwood Priest/Mage with a Mark of Divinity. Be in a Heavy Forest. Capture a Main character who has a higher arcane skill than the sponsor.

Gain ~ + Druid level equal to half the difference between the two. The prisoner loses the same amount.

Priest Spells:

Level 1

- 75 Repel Undead I
- 242 Study Province
- 244 Detect Powerpoint
- 258 Bless Soldiers
- 286 Knowledge of Religion
- 294 Convert Character
- 295 Heal Character

Level 2

- 23 Stone to Flesh
- 127 Summon Fog
- 222 Bless Animals
- 257 Create Holy Symbol

Level 3

- 52 Blend Location
- 77 Repel Undead III
- 129 Summon Earthforce
- 243 Powerpoint Teleport
- 246 Barrier Nature II
- 278 Sanctuary
- 283 Bestow Divine Blessing

Level 4

- 5 Symbol of Magic Protection
- 105 Summon Unseen Servants
- 247 Dispels Barrier
- 296 Resurrect
- 299 Lay the Dead to Rest

Level 5

- 59 Shade of Light
- 110 Elemental Summoning
- 134 Word of Closing
- 241 Essence of Nature
- 468 Warlock Command

Level 7

- 496 Call of the Wild

Holy Symbol

2 Constitution, 1 Stealth, 2 Priest, 1 MAR/SAR, 1 Holy Recovery, 1 Free Holy Mana, Cure Poison 10%, Spells at Strength 10 ~ Charm of Stealth 164, Charm of Silence 219, Increase Fertility 228

Blessed Soldiers

2 CF, 2 DF, AF 25%, 1 MAR/SAR, Move 4, Morale 25,

Blessed Character

1 PC, AF 25%, 1 MAR/SAR, Winternight 50%, Move 4, Charge 25%, 2 Holy Recovery, 1 Magic Recovery, 1 DAM, Higher level gets special attack and free missile attacks.

Religion 9 ~ Sarn

He stood in the shadow of the trees at the edge of the clearing and waited. Listening he could hear the sound of the hunt, near at hand. Soon it would be time.

He could imagine their faces, as they closed upon him, glee and contempt rolled into one. Surprise as he evaded their hounds, joy as their spears and arrows pierced his side, triumph as he sank under the weight of numbers. That was yet to come, what might be; if he was wrong.

On the far side of the clearing, a small shadow moved, a blade glinted in the dim light. He had misjudged them, had not noticed as they had chosen his path for him, herding him. They had lead him here. Into the arms of the waiting assassin. Only one chance now, if he could just slip past the assassin before the hunt closed him down.

Muttering a prayer to the Gods, he began to move, slowly, two steps, back into the forest. Then, as a flurry of fur and teeth leapt from behind him, he realised it was too late. The first hound didn't prove too much of a problem, but he knew the noise that his sword had made as it swung would have alerted the world to his presence. Might as well make his death count, they did say he was the Doom of Sarn, and he hoped they were right. As he charged out into the clearing the assassin's blade came to meet him. But spinning to avoid the blow just span him into a tree. And the last thing he saw before passing into unconsciousness was the look of exultation on the assassin's face.

~

Evil ~ Orc ~ Winter

Can declare Blood Enemy

Can Rite ~ Can be Rited

Sometimes called the religion of The Blade and The Cup, Sarn demands that his followers show their devotion through terrible public acts of sacrifice. They are not interested in the frequency of their Dark Masses, but instead seek to glorify Sarn with the deaths of the most powerful and prestigious victims.

Sarn is a bloody and vengeful God, and is not popular even in the lands of the Troll King. Followers are usually secretive assassins and other lone creatures of the night.

Sarn is excessively antagonistic to all other religions bar the Temple of the Dead and its members are also fixated with finding and sacrificing the Star Children. Some outsiders believe the Priests of Sarn may be able to take over some attributes of their victims during special rituals which are hidden even from the bulk of its own priesthood.

The faith is led by the High Priest who is chosen from Priests level 11. To become elected, all nominees sacrifice a captured priest of a different religion by Special Action. The nominee whose prisoner was the highest level priest becomes High Priest. The title is worth 4 Prestige and 5 Influence towards Western Humans, Orcs and Maratasen.

Special Action 591 ~ The Doom of Sarn

High Priest only. Once per term. Name target character who follows a Good religion as Doom of Sarn.

Gain ~ 1 Prestige. They gain the title 'Doom of Sarn' (ID 2866). The title is worth -5 influence to Dwarves and both Western and Eastern Humans.

Adventure 592 ~ Bladewraith

High Priest only. Once per character. Six times. Gain ~ 5 Assassin.

Adventure 593 ~ Return to Stardust

High Priest only. Capture a 'Star Child'. Gain ~ 1 Action, Mark of Fate, 4 Priest and Prestige. The Star Child is sacrificed to Sarn.

Adventure 594 ~ Doomed

Sarn Priest only. Not High Priest. Capture the Doom of Sarn. Only after 6 months has passed from the original announcement of the current Doom of Sarn. Gain ~ 4 Prestige and Priest, Mark of Divinity. The Doom of Sarn is sacrificed to Sarn.

Special Action 595

High Priest only. Name five or more churches of Sarn. Once. Gain ~ Churches gain 5 Guild Strength.

Adventure 596

High Priest only. Sacrifice a captured Main character in a church of Sarn. Gain ~ 15 Guild Strength.

Priest Spells:

Level 1

- 38 Seed of Greed
- 75 Repel Undead I
- 83 Empathic Self Cure
- 143 Read Character
- 286 Knowledge of Religion
- 294 Convert Character
- 295 Heal Character

Level 2

- 26 Teleport to Force
- 31 Whisper of Fear
- 148 Locate Character
- 151 Scry Force
- 152 Scry Character
- 178 Energy Projection
- 179 Enfeeblement
- 257 Create Holy Symbol

Level 3

- 43 Cause Insanity
- 80 Dispel Minor Undead
- 267 Minor Divinity
- 279 Create Sanctuary
- 283 Bestow Divine Blessing
- 285 Geas
- 289 Cause Pox
- 298 Greater Curse

Level 4

- 141 Eye of Patterns
- 291 Wrath of God
- 296 Resurrect
- 299 Lay Dead to Rest

Level 5

- 59 Shade of Light

Holy Symbol

1 MAR/SAR, 1 Holy Recovery, -1 Constitution, -1 Influence -1, 3 PC, 3 Priest, Spells at Strength 8 ~ Invisibility Self 53, Scry Character 152, Bless Soldiers 258

Blessed Soldiers

2 CF, 2 DF, AF 35%, Special Attack 2, Charge 25%, 1 DAM

Blessed Character

AF 35%, Special Attack 2, 2 PC, -1 Influence -1, 2 Strength

Religion 10 ~ Temple of the Dead

The only living creatures nearby were the crows that gathered in the temple, brought here by the persistent stench of death which hung as a shroud over the surrounding countryside. If you could call it that. The swamps, which had first appeared when the weight of the temple forced water from the surrounding earth, had frozen solid under the foetid clouds that so blotted out the sun that on such days as it dared to show itself at all, it could only be seen as a slightly paler area of sky against the customary darkness.

He smiled. Everything was as it should be. A perfect place to dwell.

~

*Evil ~ Troll ~ Winter
Can Rite ~ Can be Rited*

'What is life other than that brief period of time when one may prepare for the transition to the eternity of death?'

Their hierarchy is a collection of Vampires, Liches and Morghouls led by the infamous Zombie Queen. They seek to build the power of the Undead through any means available, and whilst they are worshipped by some of the living, the congregation is mainly made up of the dead.

The Temple is hated by all religions except the Sarn, even to the extent that Gemidiah and Hahsandra have put aside their differences on the occasion of a joint venture against the hordes of the Risen.

The faith is led by the highest level undead Priest, who is known as Death, but there is another post which is given the Priest who is the second highest. This is the Shadow of Death, who is charged with the task of constantly challenging Death, following each and every move and, if the time is right, striking down Death if the religion is in need of new leadership.

The title of Death is worth 2 Prestige and 5 Influence towards Trolls and Orcs. The title Shadow of Death is worth 1 Prestige and 2 Influence towards Trolls and Orcs.

Adventure 501 ~ Death Helm

Death only. Once.

Gain ~ Acquire the Deathhelm (ID 499). Only Death may use the Deathhelm.

Adventure 502 ~ Skeleton

Death only. 10 times. Be in target force which has a target slot of soldiers.

Gain ~ The slot gains a skeleton status.

Adventure 503 ~ Unholy Power

Death only. Once per character. 6 times.

Gain ~ 7 PC.

Adventure 504 ~ Necrology

Priest of the Temple only. Main only. 5 times.

Gain ~ Acquire Greater Litch (ID 1874) status.

Special Action 505 ~ Reversal of Fortune

Shadow of Death only. Capture Death.

Gain ~ Become Death, Mark of Divinity. The previous Death loses 4 Prestige, 8 Priest, title of Death.

Special Action 506 ~ Necrosis

Own a location which contains no Good or Neutral churches. Have a Temple of the Dead which is ten guild strength greater than any other Evil church in the location

Gain ~ Declare the location a Haven of the Undead (undead troops will not cause a negative SEI hit). This SA may be performed as part of your set-up.

Adventure 507 ~ Ritualistic Suicide

Be a Priest of the Dead level 15. Be in a Temple of the Dead. Lose 2 Constitution.

Gain ~ Death. 2 Priest, gain the title 'Host'.

Adventure 508 ~ Host Vampire

Have the title 'Host' and be dead. Be in a Temple of the Dead.

Gain ~ Life, with the status of a Vampire.

Adventure 509 ~ Host Litch

Have the title 'Host' and be dead. Be in a Temple of the Dead.

Gain ~ Life, with the status of a Litch.

Priest Spells:

Level 1

- 29 Veil of Nightmares
- 70 Create Skeleton Warrior
- 83 Empathic Self Cure
- 294 Convert

Level 2

- 2 Shell Protection: Location
- 16 Fire Storm
- 21 Transfer Mana
- 36 Seed of Suspicion
- 45 Evil Eye
- 71 Create Zombie Warrior
- 97 Increase Underground City
- 257 Create Holy Symbol

Level 3

- 46 Ego Attack
- 72 Create Ghoul Warrior
- 298 Greater Curse

Level 4

- 78 Rite of Conflict
- 291 Wrath of God
- 296 Resurrect

Level 5

- 68 Shade of Darkness

Level 6

- 89 Rite of the Higher Order

Holy Symbol

+ 2 MAR/SAR, 2 Holy Recovery, 3 Priest, -2 Stealth, Spell Strength 20 ~ Create Skeletons 70, Create Zombies 71, Call Skeletons 434

People

The characters are listed in order of rank within each faction, with the exception of the Druids and Chaos Lords, who scorn such ranking structures. There are many more characters within each faction than just those listed here.

The Elven Empire

Magelord Renzel (C1001)

High Lord of the invasion forces, he returned south shortly after the initial conquest of Stormhaven. The somewhat reluctant Warlord established the Laws of Occupation which restrain the Elves from indulging in mass slaughter of the Human Slaves. Recently, however, he has been recalled to the North Island by the Emperor to revitalise the campaign that had become bogged down in rebellions and so-called logistic difficulties. Brother of Oranzar and uncle to Rasten, he owns the Imperial Palace.

Admiral Sezarn (C1002)

Commander of the Elven Fleet, including the feared Sky Knights of the Cloud Castle. Publicly devoid of emotion and contemptuous of all displays of temper, he is dogged by the baseless rumours which abound in the fleet about his past. Despite an official Imperial policy of neutrality with regard to religions, Sezarn has forbidden any Priest of Sarn or from the Temple of the Dead to enter any Elven ship. He has often and publicly insulted Rasten, but privately seems to hold the rogue in high regard.

Sister Sorlor (C1003)

In addition to her duties in the Elven Church, she controls the flow of trade between the North Island and the South, and acts as Lady of the Exchequer for the Elven occupation forces. Opposed to the Empire's neutrality on rival religions, nevertheless she remains a loyal - not to mention attractive - member of the Imperial Family.

Governor Oranzar (C1004)

Once Supreme Commander of the Elven forces in the absence of his older brother Renzel, with Renzel's return the previously defunct position of Governor was created for him, granting him immediate control of Stormhaven. A rival to his brother from birth, there was even a period of some 85 years in which he refused to speak to him over some publicly forgotten but doubtless still privately-harboured affront.

Rasten (C1005)

Considered somewhat of a rogue, or at least by Elven standards, fond of Bardic research into Human folk-lore and Saurian engineering. Considered a troublemaker and prankster by Admiral Sezarn, who once physically threw him off the flagship of the Sky Fleet, he was only saved by an opportunely passing Dragonrider. He is possessed of considerable charm, and does not take offence too easily, perhaps just as well considering his being labelled by the Empress the only juvenile delinquent in the Elven Empire. He owns Willston, having seized it from a pirate band.

Inspector Eliezure (C1006)

The highest ranking Dark Elf in the Elven Empire. He runs the Elven Research Services - an extensive spy network, which uses both arcane and mundane methods both to gather information and to create discord between the many enemies of the Empire. His knowledge of the Royal bloodlines and hierarchy, and the Human bureaucratic machine is unequalled. Feared by most, his plots are both devious and effective, probably a source of concern for Rasten, towards whom Eliezure harbours an abiding hatred. He owns and resides in Dalzon.

~

The Eastern Royal Family

King Alvera (C1013)

Twin to Solara, allegedly the elder, he claims the Kingdom by birthright. Raised for the most part in the East, he has numerous friends and advisors amongst the Dwarves, and was pronounced Giant Friend by the last Giant Tribe of Torgan for gallantry in a skirmish with them. He supports the House of Barons and the Council of Mayors, but is often slow to act, preferring to play a waiting game. Considered one of the best poker players in the Kingdom. He currently holds exiled Court at the Cloud Castle of Star Port, keeping it as a Wyldwood sanctuary even though his own religious inclinations are elsewhere.

Duke Shinefeld (C1014)

Brother of the late King William and uncle to both Alvera and Solara. Aloof and contemptuous of the Council of Mayors - and indeed all commoners - nevertheless he is fiercely loyal to Alvera. Fond of horse racing and breeding, he fields the best mounted Knights in the Kingdom from his lands at Sabarath.

Duke Adamas (C1015)

Bastard Dak half-brother to King William, he earned his Dukedom and recognition in the last Troll War. Proud and seething with suppressed anger at the many affronts of his childhood, both perceived and actual, he openly flaunts his magic ability and obvious mixed blood, and has caused numerous problems with both the Universal Church and the Royal Family. A favourite of the young Alvera, he holds Northlake against all invaders.

The Earl of Hampton (C1016)

Giant Admiral of Point Richmond. He commands the Royal Fleet, or what is left of it, and was elected to First Baron in the House of Barons shortly before the Elven invasion. He harbours a deep hatred for the Saurians, whom he believes sold information to the Elves prior to the invasion.

Baron Lopezgem (C1018)

Senior Dwarven Baron and chief architect and engineer of the alliance which saw the Council of Mayors develop into a viable force, uniting the people and the nobility both in opposition to the Elves. Very popular in the cities, where his administrative aptitude and ruthless prosecution of governmental incompetence comes as welcome relief to his people. Nothing like beheading a corrupt tax collector to gain popular support. Owns Hightower.

Baron Duprez (C1017)

The Black Baron, so-named both for his propensity for wearing black and purple garments, and famed ill-humour. The short tempered Dwarf frequently leads raiding parties in the vicinity of the old capital, with the aim of rescuing slaves and striking back at the Empire. Always at odds with the King's so-called 'time and space' plans. Owner of Pearlstone, an appropriately named city perhaps, given its ruler.

~

The Western Royal Family

King Solara (C1007)

Son of King William and twin of Alvera, Solara is hot tempered and passionate. Raised in the West, his subjects are comprised to a large extent of the Barbarians of the Southern Coast. Vehemently opposed to the existence of the City Councils, he is jealous of any power in the House of Barons but his own. Strong Humanist views fuel his hatred for both Elves and the East's integration with Dwarves and Daks. He holds court in Bristol.

Princess Silva (C1008)

Young sister of King William, she is an accomplished summoner and huntress. A flare for the dramatic is combined in her with a stunning beauty, whilst her rages on occasion approach almost demonic levels, even Solara's bombast and screaming paling in comparison. She holds sway in Tronston Town.

Duke Reston (C1009)

First born bastard son of King William's youth. His patronage of the dark arts of necromancy set him apart from the rest of the family, and rumours, born on cautious whispers, tell that his mother was a Witch who seduced the young prince William with magic. Nevertheless, from his fortress at Dumas his forces of ghouls and undead have sustained Solara in several critical fights, setting him beyond reach of those who would take advantage of such rumours. For now.

Baron Relving (C1010)

Knightmaster of the Northern Passes, he is the third cousin of the King. He sided with Solara in the belief that Solara's claim was valid rather than personal greed, making him somewhat of a rarity. Whilst honest and trustworthy, however, nevertheless his focus has always been on conquest of the North Coastlands, which he considers rightfully his. Owner of Norport.

Lord Starn (C1011)

Master Assassin and Admiral of the Sea Hawks, a loose band of semi-legalised pirates who terrorise traffic in the Saurian Sea. He is King William's stepson, the first-born of William's wife from her first marriage, which ended in a skirmish with one of the first Elven scouting parties. Owner of Royal Farport.

The Lady Larstar (C1012)

Third Priestess of the Gemidiahist Church, she is the daughter of Duke Shinefeld, and so cousin to the King. Scheming and sly, she sees the twin Kings as obstacles to both her own quest for power and her divine mission to raise Humanity to ultimate power, goals between which she makes no distinction.

~

The Saurians*Zorak (C1019)*

Master of Ur'Rah, he is known for both his outrageous temper, and total control over the Saurian administrative network, the two perhaps connected. He has long sought total control over the undersea realm of Ur'Rah, and seeks also to expand the Saurian fleets.

Roh Kar'Tuk (C1020)

As is traditional within Saurian hierarchy, he is the arch enemy of his immediate superior Zorak, and rumours abound that he assassinated Zorak's half-brother before his exile from Ur'Rah for 'private' reasons. From the fortress of Tor'Karn he has made alliances with the Orcs, and seeks to unify the Southeast under his control.

Serattu'Urk (C1129)

Master vampire and master of the necromantic arts, he has lured away followers from the Troll King and even the Chaos Lords, making powerful enemies for the Saurian nation in the East. His minions secured his current residence Sanc'Tril in the last Troll War when the Trolls were defeated by King William on the Plains of Torgan.

Uran'Rizart (C1022)

Distant cousin of Zorak, he rules Soras'Quar with both an iron hand and harsh taxes. He has promoted tolerance of Western Humans, and as such has been branded an outcast by Zorak. Rumours circulate that his lineage was tainted by demonic forces several generations before his hatching, tales his often un-Saurian actions do nothing to dispel.

Shaman T'garth (C1023)

Honoured Priest of GARM in Ur'Rah sees the Saurian race as the means through which GARM's return to the world might be secured. Of late he has taken a great interest in the relics of other religions, whilst expanding the Church of GARM to encompass non-Saurian races.

Santara U'Thang (C1024)

Priest of GARM of the old Royal capital of Stormhaven, and ambassador to the Elven Court. Tolerated by the Elves because of the Laws of Occupation, he has long been a vocal supporter of a united front against the Gemidiahist and their 'Human manifest destiny.'

~

The Druidic Council*Zarathan (C1026)*

Mysterious owner of Tobar in the Werewoods. He was previously a Great Hawk, before taking his current form in order to unite the Werewolf of the North, and the need for this demeaning transformation is a source of some irritation to him, occasionally resulting in outbursts of uncharacteristic temper.

Melissa (C1028)

Gentle Dak of Star Port, she acts as an envoy to the Court of King Alvera, though some whisper that her interest in Alvera is more than merely political. She will often disappear for long periods of time, perhaps to journey on the astral plains.

Beraina K'Traine (C1281)

Owner of the Star Storm cloud castle, and warrior of the Druidic Council. Cautious to the point of paranoia, he is also meticulously clean, though it is unclear whether the two are related. He sees purpose in forging close relations with the GARM religion, but this is a viewpoint not shared by the rest of the Council.

Groundtall (C1029)

Halfling priest of Central Stormhaven, he is a major adversary of the Saurians and the growth of their power and influence in the Elven Empire.

~

The Lords of Chaos*High Priest Eriza (C1047)*

Operating from the Cathedral of Sarn in East Stormhaven, he has been known to range across the length and breadth of North Island in search of victims for his rituals of destruction. Whilst prohibited from practising blood sacrifices in the Elven Empire, he has been known to by-pass the 'Laws of Occupation' through utilising technicalities and loopholes. Wherever he goes, someone dies.

Zog (C1048)

Troll Vampire of the Dark Temple. Once a member of the Troll King's inner family, Zog led the Minions of the Shadows and Undead in an assault on the last cloud castle of the Saurian Navy, converting it to a sanctuary for the Undead before pledging allegiance to the Lords of Chaos, and in so-going turning against his brother, the Troll King.

Taloneye Sular (C1049)

Werelion, and Priest-Assassin of the Dark Temple. It was Taloneye who persuaded Zog to the cause of Chaos after he was driven from Tobar by Zarathan when the druid was still a Bird of Prey.

Litch Astronzel (C1051)

In the wake of the final victory over King William, Astronzel moved on Torgan with Bortac Druk, using the bodies of the slain to raise a new army of the Undead.

Bortac Druk (C1308)

Beholden to the Litch Astronzel, his hatred for all living things knows no bounds, and indeed, is somewhat out of keeping with the 'transitory' viewpoint held by most of the followers of The Dead. He has been known to suffer seizures of truly demonic proportions, frequently fatal to those in his company at the time.

Earl Sundonwyn (C1086)

Owner of Tradeport, the centre of pirate trafficking in the Northwest. He severed his allegiance from the Royal Family of Stormhaven following the Princess Silva's spurning of his romantic advances. Despite his weaknesses, especially for beauty, he maintains an aura of nobility, even an air of mischief rather than true Chaos.

The Warlord Kriegsfire (C1263)

Owner of Sallahan, and Smuggler Chief of the Northern Seas. Once a Dragonrider, he found their ways too restricting, but still hunts and kills drakes, for his own amusement as well as out of disrespect for his former comrades.

Wolfhammer (C1264)

Proud Pride Chieftain of the darkside Maratassen Clans and Priest of Shanah on the Island of Sallahan. He is often known to travel the lands, in search of converts to Shanah.

~

The Troll King Boyz*King Rog (C1268)*

King of The Trolls in Trollheim. Superstitious, and rumoured to be haunted by the ghost of the first Troll Queen, which those who knew her in life can well believe. Whilst a true Troll, expressing fondness for Dwarven beer, Halfling flesh and bloody battle at twilight, nevertheless he has also shown the very unusual traits of long-sighted vision, leadership qualities beyond the use of a club to dissuade opposition, and ambition to rule the entire North Island. He has forged successful alliances with Orcs and even nomads of several cultures in his on-going expansion following the conclusion of the disastrous Troll War against King William at Stormhaven. He harbours an intense hatred for Elves and Chaos Lords, which sometimes overshadow his dreams of conquest.

The Warlord Torc (C1103)

Warlord of Tor'Quat, the largest centre of Orcish power, and one of the few warlords to ever destroy an invading Elven Legion. Fierce and cunning, the Warlord's loyalty to King Rog was secured when the King personally saved him from the jaws of the Ancient Dragon Suntag the Golden during a youthful expedition of classic Orcish folly, made remarkable by the Warlord's actual survival.

Brontox (C1195)

Famed Orc Morghoul of Ghoulagabba. The hordes of the Undead are at his call. When they are not at Astronzel and Resten's call, anyway. He has been studying the remains of the extinct race of goblins with a view of creating an entirely new species of undead that will be able to breed. Which, problems of terminology aside, given that a creature born undead has not actually been dead, so strictly speaking cannot be termed undead, is a study that, if successful, could have serious repercussions for the Art of Necromancy.

~

The Unaligned*The Warlord Saratak (C1119)*

Warlord of Far Haven, he is known to be half mad. A Giant Nomad from the St Lukas Mountains, it is said he lost part of his mind when he crossed the Crack of Doom, which slanderous rumour suggests was fatal, his being only possessed of half a mind to begin with. Despite this, however, or perhaps because of it, he commands utter loyalty from the Knights of Shanah and the masses of Far Haven both.

Baron Mosgrove (C1113)

Bronze-winged Dak of White Beach, he has an affinity with young dragons. He will often send patrols to the Drake Cliffs, in the hope of catching the poachers known to operate there, and to raid those settlements fond of capturing and herding Drakes.

Swanborne (C1124)

Cosmopolitan and a supreme diplomat, the Dak Swanborne runs Beriesa with a firm but enlightened talon. One of the few Daks to ever call a Troll friend. With his nesting destroyed by Humans shortly after hatching, he tolerates no Humans other than slaves in his city, which is otherwise a shining example of interracial co-operation.

The Star Children

In every culture of the North Island, there is mention of the Star Children. What they were, or who they are, is lost to the ravages of time; only hints remain in Legend and Song.

Places

The Elven Empire

Since the Elves' return - or invasion depending on your view - they have taken over many cities. The Empire's main power base is far to the south of the North Island, beyond oceans only Elven fleets have ever successfully navigated, but this is not to say their presence on the Island is to be taken lightly. Many of their cities are regularly patrolled, and these patrols will attack Trolls and Orcs on sight. It is also unwise for soldiers of any race to pass too close to Elven settlements, given the Elven tendency to consider the arrival of any force as not only intolerably rude but potentially hostile, with their response being appropriate to such opinion.

The City of Stormhaven is the largest on North Island, and was the capital of King William's Realm before being conquered by the Elves. The city is spread over two provinces, and composed of three major metropolitan sites, plus both the Elven Imperial Palace and the crumbling ruins of the old Royal Palace.

The Imperial Palace (F3001)

The heart of the Elven Empire is built around the reconstructed ruin of Hahsandra's sacred grounds. Administrative centre of the Empire's efforts in the North Island, it also houses both the Imperial Magic Guild and the somewhat bizarrely-named Golden Tulip Inn.

The Royal Palace (F3002)

Run down and largely abandoned save for the use of its extensive Tournament Field and Barracks, remnants the Palace are maintained as a permanent reminder of the power of the Empire.

Central Stormhaven (F3003)

This is the site of both the civil bureaucratic buildings of the old Kingdom, and the South Side Market. Those Human slaves who are not working to produce for the Empire are sold en masse at the slave market to fund the ongoing campaigns.

West Stormhaven (F3004)

The Western Quarters were in the throes of a major expansion at the time of the Empire's attack. Since that time the local inhabitants have managed to come to an arrangement with the Elven Empire, and as a result this West Stormhaven is the only place wherein the free Human population actually outnumbers the slave population. Elves, by agreement and natural inclination both, are rarely seen here, and those visitors who do venture into its labyrinth of streets and alleyways often do not emerge.

East Stormhaven (F3005)

This is the oldest and largest part of the City of, boasting buildings said to predate the establishment of the first Royal Kingdom. Also the site of the Royal University, a cauldron of rebellion against the Empire and melting pot of sedition.

Dalzon (F3010)

Captured in a bold move with the aim of severing the domain of Ur'Rah from the Western Kingdom, the Elves proceeded to establish both a military presence and civilian population of Dark Elves to support their campaign along the Royal Roads. Nevertheless, Saurians have been seen moving around the city, and it is rumoured that trade routes may be being developed with Ur'Rah, though the commodity remains unknown.

Vagen (F3015)

Taken originally to cut off Stormhaven, Vagen is now being used by the Elves in its traditional role as the Gateway to the West in their continuous efforts to dominate the Plains of Dumas.

Larston (F3033)

Since the first Elven landings, the influence of the Empire's close proximity to the city has been keenly felt. The Shrine of the Rainbow's Twin has converted many an Elf to the Wyldwood, whilst the city is a favourite haunt of the Dark Elves. The waters of Larston are also said to bestow good luck upon those who honeymoon here.

Granger (F3034)

Another link in the chain of conquests by the Empire on the Southern coast, Granger is the site of the Old Customs House, considered the oldest building of Humanity, now fallen into ill-repute.

Willston (F3045)

Taken by the Rasten, the Pirate City seems to have had a corrupting influence on the young Elf. The City is only nominally considered to a part of the Elven Colonies, and indeed, to be 'Sent to Willston' is to be practically exiled from the Empire.

Riverside (F3016)

The only major inland city taken by the Elven Empire to date, now harbouring a large colony of Dark Elves. The fall of Riverside is spoken of in hushed tones even amongst the Elves, with betrayal and deceit at its heart.

~

The Eastern Kingdom of Alvera

The arrogance of the civilised, combined with determination and an unassailable self-confidence that they shall prevail, these are the cornerstones of the supporters of Alvera's beliefs. Whilst dominated by Humans, the Kingdom's strong alliance with Dwarves and Daks has allowed them to increase their holdings throughout the East. The successful integration of Dwarves into both the hierarchy of power and economic structure has served to trigger the growth of Gemidiahist interest in the West.

Star Port (F3040)

The Cloud City, chosen by King Alvera as his capital in exile is also a Wyldwood Sanctuary and houses the original Dragonrider Sky Hall. With a population of both Human and Daks, the City has been seen roaming the Plains of Heaven as the King seeks to unite the people once again, in the hope of rebuilding his Kingdom.

Sabarath (F3035)

The cosmopolitan aura of the city is enhanced by the large minority populations of Halflings, Daks and Dwarves. Its raids on the shipping of the Hellsgate Strait have succeeded in almost entirely closing that channel to Elven traffic, with the exception of their largest and most heavily guarded convoys.

Point Richmond (F3036)

Once a vital sea link in the gold trade with the Dwarves, the city has shrunk greatly in population since the Elven War. At the height of the Royal Kingdom, the Expedition Company of the city would finance most trade voyages along the Southern and Eastern shores, now its concerns limited to pirates and a rash of mysterious disappearances, so far untraceable even through magical means.

Hightower (F3038)

The centre of the Dwarven people, the Enchanters' Hall and supporting Iron Market are known for the expertise of their craftsmen and large range of both magical and mechanical products. Hightower was built near the site of an abandoned Goblin cave some eight centuries ago, and the early Dwarves of Hightower were accused of destroying the now extinct race, though all Dwarven records of Goblins have since been lost.

Northlake (F3044)

The most militaristic of the cities of the East, and one of the few to support a Temple of Shanah. The forces of Northlake were able to crush the land-based invasion of Oranzar of the Elven Empire, which brought about his fall from grace within the Empire and the eventual return of Magelord Renzel. The college of Northlake Studies was once known for its studies of ancient Elven ruins on North Island. Now, however, war expenditures have resulted in a dwindling of financial support at the College.

Pearlstone (F3024)

Concealed by a magical cloak during the Elven invasion, Pearlstone avoided the attention of the Empire, which instead moved directly on Stormhaven from the West. Joining with Sabarath in cutting off the Hellsgate Channel from Elven traffic, the city is also a favourite destination for runaways and escaped slaves from nearby Granger.

The Western Kingdom of Solara

Composed for the most of the Barbarian races, Westerners have always been possessed of a lust to live life to its fullest. The Kingdom has spawned many cults and extremist groups, together with religions as diverse as the Gemidiahists and the Barosans. A strong bias towards martial accomplishments is a common thread woven through the Kingdom, though not to as overwhelming an extent as in the Northern strongholds of the Shanah. The rise of the Gemidiahists has brought with it increased inter-racial discord, which has weakened the area and made the region ripe for expansion by both Saurians and the Empire.

Bristol (F3008)

Capital of King Solara's Kingdom and hub of the Gemidiahist Church, the city is almost exclusively inhabited by Western Humans, a fact which has angered more than a few of the Maratasens of Werewood, who previously patronised Bristol's Axehead Market.

Royal Farport (F3007)

A stronghold of the late King William on the Island of Ur'Rah, Royal Farport was established to counter the possibility of Saurian invasion of the mainland. Now it is a collection of both Eastern and Western Humans, struggling to exist under virtual siege conditions, attempting both to maintain access to their farming communities, whilst fending off both Elves and Saurian raiders.

Norport (F3009)

A city with a varied past, seeming to oscillate from veritable hell hole to trading settlement to pirate port. Its mixed population of both barbarian Humans and smaller numbers of Dak and Maratasens ensures that there is constant internal conflict, or at least, appears to be to the public eye.

Tronston Town (F3011)

If scheming were a sport, Tronston would be the site of its championship. With a combination of both civilised and barbarian Humans, together with thriving populations of Giants and Maratasens, Princess Silva has kept the peace only through the careful governing of the delicate balance of power. She balances complex domestic machinations with a web of political intrigue that only her devious and twisted mind could truly comprehend, let alone maintain. At the same she keeps the various players focused on the very real threat of the Empire, and so, to an extent at least, united. Some say that the Princess's policy of no tolerance for Assassins and Thieves has forced everyone so inclined into politics, where she is the undisputed Queen, which, even if untrue, serves as example of the workings of her mind.

Dumas (F3031)

Frequently under attack by Elven raiders, the city has become a serious stumbling block for the Empire in its attempt to acquire the fertile Plains of Dumas. The city's wealth from nearby mines and agricultural trade has allowed it to purchase considerable military might for its defence. Built originally by Dwarves, Duke Reston's early attempt to raise the spirit of the city's First Dwarf so offended the Dwarves that they left the city and built Sarantaplo, outside of the structure of Kingdoms and Empires. Because of Reston's faux pas, the city is considered cursed by the Dwarves, and none of their kind save the insane and lowest of mercenaries will enter the city.

Wendover (F3014)

Once the centre of trade in the Southwest, with chaos ensuing from the Elves' return it has lost much of its prestige and power. The Wizard's Hall there was once the most powerful Magic Guild on the North Island, before a recent series of Arcane duels destroyed much of its strength.

Westport (F3013)

Westport is the biggest rival to Bristol, and home of the Royal Marines. With nearby Norasak's recent declaration of independence and the growth of the Saurian presence at Soras'Quar, the populace has been torn in different directions with regard to how best to survive. For now they have chosen to remain allied to Solara, but the ties that bind them to him are very weak.

The Saurians of Ur'Rah

The Saurians represent a mystery to the rest of the inhabitants of the North Island. Of all the peoples, for example, they are the only ones to have a numerical system based on the concept of a dozen. Saurian architecture reflects a desire to have rooms looking out over the sea and, as such, Saurian Cities are composed of numerous high buildings and towers often reaching up over the height of the city's walls. Their sciences and philosophies work on different concepts of ideas such time and space to most thinkers of other races, which seems to support their racial predisposition to long-term planning and lengthy thought before acting. Militarily, this has led to them favouring a slow build-up of strength followed by a sudden move, thereafter halting their advance once more to develop and strengthen newly acquired settlements or land. The tensions between the old Royal Kingdom and the Saurians were running high following the last Troll War, and it is probable that only the Elven invasion prevented a major war.

Ur'Rah (F3006)

Undisputed capital of the Saurians, with over eight great-gross Saurian inhabitants, together with countless Human slaves. The city is built around the 'Sacred Step of GARM', an area of about two gross square feet in the shape of a three-clawed footprint in solid granite rock. The Saurian city is, bizarrely, home to the Church of St Lewis, a Church of Perceval whose Cardinal is a Giant. There is no congregation for the church, yet the Cardinal of Lewis has held service once a week without fail for the last two dozen six years. The Ur'Rahans, contemptuous and intolerant of all other life forms, for some reason consider the Cardinal protected, treating him perhaps as some exotic curio, and granting him free movement throughout the city.

Tor'Karn (F3018)

Recently built as part of the Saurian effort to establish strongholds in the Southeast, Tor'Karn was settled by the Saurians of Sanc'Tril. The city is home to Snarg's Place, a riotous inn frequented by Orcs, the Saurian's dubious allies, and as such host to the inevitable brawls.

Sanc'Tril (F3022)

Originally an Orc village, the arrival of the Saurians has caused the settlement to expand greatly, becoming a major regional power with over six great-gross inhabitants, most of whom are Orcs, though the city now harbours significant minority populations of both Trolls and Saurians. As a result of this Saurian expansion, the Black Fens in the environs of Sanc'Tril now host frequent Saurian hunting parties.

Soras'Quar (F3028)

An experiment by the Saurian command, attempting to home Orcs and Western Humans in the same city as Saurians. If successful, the Saurians hope to use the city both as a template for future cities, and, strategically, a site from which to expand to dominate and settle the Southwest. A rival of the bizarre independent city of Norasak, both cities competing for Westport-bound traffic, nevertheless trade, born of desire for profit rather than dispute, has increased between the two.

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The Druidic Council

The holdings of the Council are typically both casual and fleeting, it not being in their nature or beliefs to commit to long-term establishment or keeping of land, of which they merely consider themselves temporary guardians, not owners.

Tobar (F3026)

In the heart of the Werewoods, this city was the site of a major Druidic spellweaving, which left Zarathan Overlord of the City, and brought an end to a decade-long civil war between the Werewolf and Free-folk of the woods.

Star Storm (F3049)

Composed for the most of Dak and Human Nomads, this floating city is home to the Cloud Rangers, and occasionally hosts gatherings of Dragonriders. The Alchemists of this Cloud Castle have been developing new forms of gargoyles, which sport golden-tipped spine horns, and are capable of apparently instantaneous teleportation. Unfortunately for the alchemists, the 'goldgoyles', as they have come to be known, are a hungry and uncooperative lot, given to frequent - and frequently successful - escapes.

The White Tree

Told of only in riddles and legends, the White Tree once stood in The Sacred Grove, meeting site of the ancient Druidic Council. In a magical storm shortly before the Age of Man, however, the Tree was 'lost', which is to say in the opinion of many, taken. In the ancient times the Druids would make pilgrimage to the Tree to 'dream awake in the shadow of light', and its loss is still mourned today.

~

The Chaos Holds

The Chaos Lords scream their defiance, anger and hatred - tearing at the very fabric of the world. Shallow forms of structure and power such as cities and lands are but a necessary step towards the ripping of the veneer of order from the universe, their conquests merely temporary victories, and bloody footsteps on their path to the greater glory of Chaos.

Tradeport (F3012)

The oldest Pirate City on North Island, twice burned down by King William's grandfather and once destroyed by a massive attack of ghoulish sea creatures, yet always rebuilt. And, for as long as there is a demand for black market items, and coastal patrols remain infrequent, this city seems destined to always be reborn as the centre for fencing smuggled and stolen goods.

The Dark Temple (F3025)

Like a black cloud on a clear summer day, this Castle of Death looms low on the horizon, harbinger of doom, raining down destruction wherever it passes. The feared Knights of Shadow show no mercy to their enemies, sating themselves on their agony and pain, before feasting on their broken corpses.

Torgan (F3037)

Crouching on the edge of one of the swathes of land devastated during the early Troll Wars, the Orcs of Torgan have long been a thorn in the side of the Old Kingdom. The appearance and disappearance of magical barriers have frustrated attempts on the part of the Kingdom in the past to deal with them, and the city itself has been known to shift about like a bad nightmare on a restless night.

Sallahan (F3050)

Once a sleepy little village of fisherfolk, a dark power then descended upon the place. Corruption and vile degradations of the spirit and body both spread throughout the settlement, Chaos leeching into the very earth. Souls torn from their mortal tenements were played with as if no more than toys, before finally tossed to the ether. It is said that their voices can still be heard on the wind as it shivers in the skeletal branches of long-dead trees, and some speak of a time when they might find a way to return, and avenge themselves on those who destroyed them, yet gave them not even the freedom of true death.

~

The Lands of the Troll King

Trollheim was destroyed early in the Age of Chaos, and has been rebuilt through the last 300 years. Trollish cities historically have their gates pointing inland, away from the nearest sea, even if that distance is 300 miles from the coast. Whilst found throughout the North Island, they have consolidated their power in the Northeast and the East, where they wage constant war with their neighbours.

Trollheim (F3047)

Once a city of over 12,000 inhabitants, the city was devastated during the last Troll War, and is now but a shadow of its former glory. Yet the current King has been active in rebuilding the city and revitalising the Kingdom, and much emphasis has been placed on this rejuvenation. The call for revenge is written large both in the battlements and magical defences, and on the hearts of Trollkind.

Ghoulagabba (F3046)

The City of the Undead and Damned, it is bound in allegiance to the Troll King by both magic and demonic oaths. Some say that there is a Ghostly army within, drifting through the ranks of its very real army of Ghouls and Skeletons, waiting only for the Night Gate to open in order to pour forth across the land.

Borzack (F3043)

A large Orc city where, the Shanah religion holds much sway. It provides the Troll King with armies more disciplined and effective than the usual Orc hordes.

Tor'Quat (F3017)

The largest of the Orc and Troll cities, with over 15,000 inhabitants, is a Sanctuary of the Temple of the Dead. A combination of magical and military ferocity repelled an early Elfish invasion force, and the thousands of Elven dead left to rot on the shoreline are said to curse the sea lanes leading to the city, so that few will venture near by boat...which pleases the leaders of the city no end.

~

The Old Dragonrider Towns

In times past the Dragonriders owned great swathes of land across the northern steppes, and dominated several cities. Now the faction has moved on, but the legacy of their rule remains.

Far Haven (F3020)

The Sanctuary of the Shanah, the city also lays claim to being one of the first places ever occupied by Man. It was said to have been founded by a group of seafaring nomads, who were stranded there as a result of a storm which divided the seas and tossed their ship onto the land as a giant discards a broken toy.

Berisa (F3021)

A Sanctuary of GARM, the city has drawn to its walls a large number of outcasts of all races from all over the North Island, even including a community of Saurians. The Toran School is said to be home to the advanced college for those wishing to study Centaur and Dak societies, examples of both of which can be found in the city. Legends have it that GARM created the lake the city faces out onto when he leaped to heaven in a single bound.

White Beach (F3019)

The city takes its name from the long white sandy beach along which it stretches, once a favourite summer haven for the Nomads of the North. The forests reach up to the coast, but in recent decades the trees have been dying in large numbers, whilst fewer saplings have appeared to take their place, and this, together with the rise of pirates on the North Coast, has prompted a call for the Dragonriders to protect the dwindling resources of the town.

Other Places of Interest*Norasak (F3027)*

Unique not only as an independent city state, but also as the only place where Dark Elves have left the Elven Empire, joining there with Maratasens and Humans to form a new society. Norasak also is also home to the only known Elven Church outside the Empire. Considered a dangerous example by many, it never lacks for enemies, who include the rival-trading town of Soras'Quar across the Gabin's Run.

Sarantaplo (F3032)

Established by barbarian Dwarves and Halflings fleeing from Dumas for spiritual reasons. The free folk of the city are disgusted with the ways of both the Empire and the Kingdoms, and are especially distrustful of the Dwarves of Hightower for their association with Humanity.

Parthon (F3023)

With loose ties to the Western Kingdom, Parthon has a large population of Halflings. Earthquakes, common to the Atlun Peninsula, virtually destroyed the city 85 years ago. Only the famous Golden Pagoda of Barosa survived the tragedy intact.

The Crack of Doom

(Located in Central North Island)

Shrouded in mystery, the land itself seeming to seek to guard against intruders into the area. Few traverse these high plains without suffering for their audacity. Insanity, poisoning, loss of memory, unnatural ageing, and many a disappearance are common threads woven into the tales of woe which tell of the place. The black, constantly shifting sands of the desert terrain are frequently veiled in dust clouds, which the mountains surrounding the area hold within their grasp for months on end during the springtime. Finally, in the summer, the storms are of such anger that they reach up to the mountain summits, whereupon an ill-wind, blowing no one the least bit of good, carries the dust across the Island. The storms abate, their anger sated, but only for a time, thence to rise once more the following year. In the nearby city Northlake, when the dust-laden Wind of Doom blows from the west, folk seal their windows and stay indoors, few daring to brave the choking, billowing clouds of fine sand and dust.

Dragon Lake

(Located in Central North Island)

Dragon Lake was once the spawning pool of the great dragons, until they were hunted to near extinction by early settlers. The ruins of the Blue Tower, origins lost in the mists of time, remains a silent guardian on the shores of the lake's central island.

Werewoods

(Located in the West of North Island)

The howl of the full moon echoes through these woods, home to the Were-folk and the city of Tobar. The woods have recently come under the scrutiny of the Druidic Council, whose envoys, seen roaming the woods, are best left well alone.

The Pass of Devotion

The site where Sallahan, Prophet of Shanah, was slain by the Archbishop Corin. Pilgrims climb the pass barefoot as a symbol of their faith.

Mountains of the Eldar

(Located in the North East of North Island)

The highest of the mountain ranges on the North Island, they are rounded and devoid of the sharp peaks common to mountains of the centre of the land, evidence, Saurians claim, of their great age. Their Elven name refers to the legend that the range was formed when an ancient race of Giants were said to have lain down upon the earth to sleep, whereupon the earth laid over them a blanket, beneath which they still rest in slumber.

Olde Rydge [F3099]

The only habitation within Pomeroy Fields, known to the locals as the City Outside the World. A harbour for the dispossessed, a sanctuary for the lost, Saurians live side by side with Elves, Trolls with Halflings. Little else is known, as few have returned from Pomeroy Fields to the travails of the North Island...

The Astral Market

Originating in Pomeroy Fields, this mystical market is funded by Percevalian venture capital and managed by the uncorruptible Astral Wazir. Reckoned to be impervious to the finest halfling footpad, it operates a sale-only policy, too high-class to stoop to actually buying any goods. However, charitable donations may be accepted, if they are of sufficient quality.

Guild Summaries

There are roughly 140 guilds extant at the start of the game. The following are just a few of the more high profile amongst them.

Churches

Gemidiah (#1)

West Stormhaven
Bristol
Tronston
Wendover
Dumas

Barosa (#2)

West Stormhaven
Parthon
Sarantaplo
Tobar

Universal Church (#3)

Central Stormhaven
Hightower
Royal Farport
Norport
Norasak
Tronston
Wendover
Pearlstone
White Beach

Shanah (#4)

West Stormhaven
White Beach
Far Haven
Northlake
Dumas
Borzack

Hahsandra (#5)

The Imperial Palace
Dalzon
Larston
Norasak
Willston

Perceval (#6)

Central Stormhaven
Ur'Rah
Sarantaplo
Hightower

GARM (#7)

East Stormhaven
Ur'Rah
Dumas
Tor'Karn
Beriesa
Soras'Quar

Wyldwood Druids (#8)

Larston
Central Stormhaven
Point Richmond

Sarn (#9)

East Stormhaven
Tor'Quat
Parthon
Soras'Quar
Beriesa
Sanc'Tril

The Temple of the Dead (#10)

East Stormhaven
Tor'Quat

Markets

Central Stormhaven
East Stormhaven
Ur'Rah
Royal Farport
Bristol
Norport
Dalzon
Tronston
Tradeport
Tor'Quat
White Beach
Far Haven
Parthon
Pearlstone
Norasak
Sarantaplo
Point Richmond
Hightower
Willston

Knights

Central Stormhaven
Ur'Rah
Tor'Karn
Royal Farport
Pearlstone
Northlake
Vagen
Hightower
Tobar
Dumas
Westport
Far Haven
Granger

Ranger

West Stormhaven
Royal Farport
Westport
Vagen
Parthon
Willston

Magic & Alchemist

The Imperial Palace
West Stormhaven
Borzack
Ur'Rah
Granger
Norport
Vagen
Hightower
Dalzon
Norasak
Pearlstone
Tobar
Tronston
Tradeport
Wendover
Tor'Karn
Beriesa

Bards

East Stormhaven
Ur'Rah
Norport
North Lake
Pearlstone
Tronston
White Beach
Point Richmond
Beriesa

Merchant

Central Stormhaven
Tronston
Sarantaplo
Point Richmond

Imms

The Imperial Palace
Bristol
Tobar
Norport
Vagen
Point Richmond
Tor'Karn
Sarantaplo
Sanc'Tril

Fairs / Tourneys

The Royal Palace
Bristol
Norport
Dalzon
Parthon

Races

Drogo Fatbelly's Anthropological Guide to Cuisine

Welcome my dear readers, welcome one and indeed welcome all. I am taking time away from my popular series on Spiced Rat Ratatouilles to bring to your attention and for your delectation some of the rich variety to be found in the cooking pots, pans and fire-pits of the many and varied races across our continent.

Some of you may be asking 'but how could any Halfling have deserted his hearth long enough to perform such a task, Drogo?' In fact, I can hear the collective din of a thousand ladles dropped in unison at the very thought of my audacious endeavour. And in response, I can only repeat the words of Saint Belbin of the Paunch,

'If you can't take the heat, try simmering for longer on a lower temperature.'

Eastern Humans (ID 201)

The more civilised side of Humanity, characterised by chivalrous knights, damsels in need of rescue, and much heroic daring-do. They are pious beyond belief, and no fools with the arcane arts, but sadly tend to enjoy weak wines and stringy mutton.

They possess an arrogance and self belief which appears to be based on little more than their current numerical dominance of the continent, a result of somewhat enlightened breeding practises. Indeed, whenever you hear mention of a 'Half-Orc' or a 'Half-Elf', you can be sure that the other half will always be Human.

Make sure you play up to their egotism and they will be sure to treat you within their precepts of honour. I advise cooking their local meat in thin gravy, and boiling all green vegetables for several hours.

Elves (ID 203)

Totally disdainful of other races, they are unwilling to acknowledge them as in any measure equal and barely interact with them at all except through the medium of their lackeys the Dark Elves. Whole tribes have already been enslaved by the Elven collective desire to conquer and dominate those races native to the North Island.

It is said that they come from a land to the South, which has never experienced Halfling cuisine, or any other benefits of Northern culture. It is no surprise, then, to find them preferring only the raw roots of Southern plants, unseasoned, plain and dreary.

Their stoic formality extends even to their soldiers' iron discipline in the field. Coupled with technological advances in metallurgy and their undisputed dominance in matters eldritch, they appear virtually unstoppable in their campaign to control the North Island.

If ever you hear even the merest hint of a suggestion that you should be required to cook for them, I advise abandoning your pots and running.

Dwarves (ID 204)

It would be harsh to capture the nature of this hardy race of mountain folk entirely through their love of gold and other precious metals. Yet in truth I can find no other means of expressing their essential character. It is even said, for example, that they eat rocks in an attempt to save on grocery costs.

And this is not hard to believe. Not only is their physique exceptionally rugged, but they appear able to withstand the hardships of magic and all manner of supernatural evils with quiet fortitude. However, it is sad to see that a race with such love of metalworking is inherently clumsy. Wise cooks will not mention this though, no matter what mistakes are made by your local staff.

Do not be confused by the complete similarity of countenance between male and female Dwarves, for they are jealous and hold grudges for generations. It is generally best to avoid any kind of reference to gender. And best also to avoid any kind of reference to other races, in case there has been bad blood in a previous century or three.

In fact, for the sake of all Halflings, make sure your platters are both parsimonious and hot, lest you sour inter-species relationships for all time.

Daks (ID 205)

What could surpass the grace of these slender bird-men as they wheel through the sky in perfect formation, golden feathers catching the dying rays of a Stormhaven sunset? Other than a cheese fondue, of course.

In many matters they seem detached and distant. Conversation, even if it is concerning supper, often drifts along a gentle stream of consciousness, idle fancy intertwined with philosophical truism. Their relationships seem fickle, their friendships fey. And they have cultivated a vague rapport with Humans and Dwarves only to preserve their mountainous eyries from any encroaching signs of civilisation.

Apart from the obvious avoidance of fowl dishes, they are easy to please. Crimes of cookery such as half-risen pastry or grapes from Western facing slopes, in fact, will like as not merit no criticism at all.

As Saint Belbin said, 'At least the Dwarves care if their rocks are hot'.

Saurians (ID 207)

Beware! In fact, be very ware! For consider these facts, my friends. A Saurian is eight times your weight. The closest any Saurian comes to interspecies relations is flaying their Orc jester. Saurians are always hungry. Saurians are cold blooded, and thus get especially hungry when they are somewhere warm, such as, say, on a sunny beach....or in a kitchen.

I believe that they will eat anything, and their standard diet of fish and sharks is only the result of their having culled to extinction most of the other creatures on their island. Saint Belbin has long-been credited for having evacuated the island's entire Halfling population before these lizards could enact a terrible genocide, barely countering their starving violence with magic and prayer. And though recent research has illuminated Belbin's complete lack of arcane or religious understanding, still it is considered politic to regard the onset of Winter during the evacuation and its resulting affect on a cold-blooded reptilian race as a happy coincidence.

If you are ever asked to cook for Saurians, you should climb into your pot and cook yourself. At least that way you will die a chef.

Giants (ID 209)

Know this about Giants. They are called Giants because they are, well, giant. There is no creature stronger on the continent, nor less magical. It would be cruel to describe them as dense, but I've seen rice puddings less thick.

Of course, if you are considering creating a meal for these folk, you should really be thinking bigger than a sack of rice. In the past I have had great success with cow-lollies.

Halflings (ID 215)

What can I say about a race that knows its fricassee from its sauté? We avoid the toil and grind of physical exercise, specialising instead in the preparation of foodstuff and, it must be said, the liberation of poorly guarded valuables. And whilst I can't condone the unilateral repositioning of a person's goods, neither can I believe that any of my folk would perform such an act without the best of intentions. For who would deny the moral obligation of a hungry Halfling to share another's wealth, if it might allow the purchasing of pies?

We live in underground splendour, we smoke the finest weeds, and drink subtle blends of exotic herbs. We are as devoted to our deities as we are to our Epicurean delights, and we are rarely matched when it comes to blending the alchemical arts.

We are, in essence, perfect!

Dark Elves (ID 216)

A sinuous and sinister sub-section of the Elven species, distinguished not so much by any physical trait as by their servile attitude. This is so engrained within their psyche that they can almost match us in the silence of their footfall, and their sorceress skill exceeds our own concoction of abilities.

What a history must lie hidden within the relationship between these fallen Elves and their masters! Who can guess when the first Elf was designated Dark. Did their behaviour predate the name, or vice versa? Do they accept their lot as second class citizens, or do they secretly yearn for a place in the sun?

They do not suffer from the Elves' race-blindness, and will interact with the North Islanders, albeit for the most as slave masters or infiltrators. They are as cunning as a Baked Alaska Pudding, and greatly experienced in matters of the cloak and dagger.

If you must cook for a gathering of these sub-Elves, I can only advise that you opt for bland flavourings. Not only will they hopefully tire of you and dismiss you from service, it will also give you a better chance of detecting any dangerous foreign substances they may have surreptitiously added to the repast.

Western Humans (ID 221)

Political expediency suggests that whilst you could argue that Western and Eastern Humans are one and the same, it would be a very silly Halfling who committed such a thought to paper.

The culinary differences between them, at least, are legion.

Westerners are fond of crispy yams and aromatic waterfowl, jellied frogspawn and subtle *pates de foie gras*. They drink rich diamond sherries and chilled blue rum. They chew Wendover tobacco and take Granger snuff.

But do not assume that any job with the Westerners will be easy. You will have to generate meal after meal of such nauseatingly nouvelle cuisine. Never think that you can affect them with the simple elegance a cheese sauce, or the earthly purity of a plain rye loaf.

Saint Belbin so aptly remarked, 'Kitsch in the kitchen'

Orcs (ID 222)

Whilst I can show nothing but repugnance for these small and slimy cousins of the mightier Trolls, the subject of their diet is of some interest to the serious refectonist.

They live abject lives of service, both slave and livestock to their brutal masters. Their lives are thus brutish and short, and an Orc who is nine or even eight is considered ancient. They have no talents, no culture and very little language. So you will not be particularly surprised to hear that this degenerate species actually consumes the...how might one put it with a modicum of delicacy? Let us say that their repast is... pre-digested.

So imagine then the challenge in preparing a banquet for Trolls, which will also delight their Orcish servants the next day!

Maratasesen (ID 226)

Green eyes flashing with anger, claws sunk deep into the table, manes billowing, incisors grinding, not to mention the din of ceaseless roaring, these are all warning signs that your Marat patrons may be a little peckish. They are, without exception, highly strung perfectionists. Each believes that he or she is the finest example of the finest race in the North Island, and that any commentary otherwise is deserving of what I can only describe as, well, a tantrum.

Far be it from I, however, a lowly peon in the world of cooked comestibles, to cast aspersions on a race *who think they can out cook a Halfling!* But who do they think they are? It's all 'not bad for a Westerner', and 'you do well, considering'. I think we'd all be much inclined towards them if they only kept to what they're good at ~ fighting and getting stuck up trees.

Trolls (ID 228)

It pains me to legitimise these beasts through the medium of my writing, but in the interests of fair and objective culinary journalism I will give them the benefit of the doubt.

Tall, warty, crude cannibals, they enjoy tormenting both one another and anyone or anything unfortunate enough to penetrate their narrow field of comprehension. The fine irony of it is that they consider themselves to be the greatest poets and bards in the world, though a child of three years could probably best them in a contest of wits.

Their dietary rules are not complex ~ you can eat any produce as long as it fits in your mouth. Pet Orcs and even other trolls are fair game, though it is considered rude to eat members of your own family whilst they are still alive.

Centaur (ID 252)

Lords of the Northern prairies, half Man, half thoroughbred. Deadly accurate with the bow, devastating in a lance charge, strong as an ox, stubborn as a mule. Wild and proud, they live a life of unfettered freedom, servant to no master, loyal only to their own kind.

Strange, really, to think that such nobility is descended from an unfortunate liaison between...No, Belbin strike me down and thin my sauces, I am jesting. In fact, some of my best friends are Centaurs. However, the unusual union of Human and equine should be your guide in deciding what meal to prepare for them. Try to emphasise wheaty grasses, and don't ignore the possibilities of a sugar cube.

Well, my loyal mange-toots, we have come to the end of this epic voyage around the world. I hope that you found it of interest, and dare I even say inspiration? In my next column, I'll be looking at seventeen ways to serve a Dragon. So, if you think Red and Green should never be seen, be sure not to miss it.

May your belly grow fatter, your pot be always overflowing, and your brew be ever fresh.

~

Name	ID	G%	Sz	STR	DEX	CON	BTY	Mv	CF	DF	AF	MAR/SAR	Mana H/M
E. Human	201	5.0	M	10	10	10	10	28	10	2		1/1	5/1
Elf	203	3.5	M	8	16	8	20	30	15	2		2/1	0/6
Dwarf	204	3.5	S	12	8	16	8	24	12	3	5	2/2	0/0
Dak	205	4.0	S	6	14	12	9	24	8	2		1/1	0/0
Saurian	207	3.5	M	18	10	12	5	24	24	4	15	1/1	-1/-1
Giant	209	3.0	L	25	7	10	6	32	32	4		1/1	0/-3
Halfling	215	3.5	S	6	18	14	10	24	5	1		2/2	1/2
Dark Elf	216	3.0	M	9	14	9	18	28	18	2	5	3/2	0/2
W. Human	221	3.0	M	12	9	12	9	28	12	2	15	1/1	5/1
Orc	222	4.0	S	14	7	14	3	24	10	3	15	1/1	0/0
Maratosen	226	3.5	M	17	9	16	9	28	24	3	25	1/1	0/0
Troll	228	3.0	L	22	6	22	3	28	31	5	20	2/2	-1/-1
Centaur	252	3.0	L	18	10	19	8	35	30	2		1/2	-1/1
Human Slave	261	2.0	M	8	8	8	8	26	8	1		0/0	-3/-2

Saurians have a Special Attack of 2. Daks fly at 24.

ID = Racial ID Number, G%= Growth Rate of Race, Sz= Size, STR=Strength Rating, DEX=Dexterity Rating, CON=Constitution Rating, BTY=Beauty Rating, Mv=Land Move Value, CF=Combat Factors, DF=Defence Factors, AF=Attack Factors, MAR=Magical Attack Resistance, SAR=Special Attack Resistance, Mana H=Holy Mana Recovery, Mana M=Magic Mana Recovery

Set-up Details

To prevent too many players randomly picking the same race and creating an unbalanced environment, the Game Moderator will only accept the first twenty start-ups in the five following categories. If you send in a start-up for a race once the category is full, the GM will contact you to tell you that you can't play your first choice. If you are in doubt, contact your referee and ask which categories are available.

Elves and Dark Elves, Eastern Humans, Western Humans, Saurians, Troll and Orcs.

The other races are limited by GM's discretion. Your GM may choose not to use this system, or may change it at his or her discretion.

You can't play an Orc, Dak, Maratasen, Centaur or Dark Elven Overlord.

Neither a horde of Mercenary Orcs or Halflings.

You can only take a Clan set-up if your Main is a Maratasen, a Saurian, a Troll or a Centaur. Below is a table of Influence modifiers between the races.

For example, a Halfling gets no negative influencing Halflings, -25 towards Centaurs, -50 towards Eastern Humans and Dwarves, -150 towards the other races except -999 towards Trolls and Orcs.

It also shows which races you are allowed to pick for your Secondary characters once you have picked your Main's race.

For example, a Main Halfling may have any combination of Halfling, Centaur, Eastern Human or Dwarven Secondaries.

MAINS		SECONDARIES			
Race	ID	Favoured (-25)	Tolerated (-50)	Other (-150)	Hated (-999)
E. Humans	201	Dwarves	Giants and Daks	All Others	Elves, Dark Elves, Trolls and Orcs
Elves	203	Dark Elves			All Others
Dwarves	204	Eastern Humans	Halflings and Daks	All Others	All Elves and Trolls
Dak	205	W. & E. Humans	Dwarves	All Others	Maratasen, Trolls and Orcs
Saurian	207		Orcs	All Others	W. & E. Humans, Elves and D. Elves
Halfling	215	Centaurs	E. Human and Dwarves	All Others	Orcs and Trolls
Dark Elves	216	Human Slaves		All Others	W. & E. Humans, Orcs & Trolls
W. Humans	221	Maratasens	Orcs and Daks	All Others	Elves and Saurians
Orcs	222	Trolls	Marats and W. Humans	All Others	Elves and Eastern Humans
Maratasen	226	Orcs	W. Humans	All Others	Centaurs and Daks
Trolls	228	Orcs	Maratasen	All Others	W & E Humans
Centaurs	252	Halflings	Dark Elves	All Others	Orcs, Trolls and Maratasen
Please note that Giants and Human Slaves cannot be taken as Main Characters.					
Giants	209		E Human and Centaurs		W Humans, Saurians, Elves
Human Slaves	261				All except D Elf

The modifier for attempting to influence a character that is in a different faction is -400

Additionally, the three classes of race ~
Civilised (201 to 220), Barbarian (221 to 240) and Nomad (241 to 260)
have the following diplomacy modifiers:

Races	Mod.
Civilised to Barbarian	25
Civilised to Nomad	50
Barbarian to either Civilised or Nomad	25
Nomad to Civilised	50
Nomad to Barbarian	25

Racial INV/DAM ratings

This module has fewer weapons and statuses that give bonuses to DAM. Those planning on entering many duels may consider it wise to invest in a weaponmaster skill.

Adventures

Throughout the module are adventures you may choose to try and complete. All skill levels referred to are base levels. Prestige is specifically named either base or effective. If an adventure states that you lose items, you must have those items in your character's possessions to perform the adventure. A character which has the race of Ghost (237) is not eligible to be counted as qualified for any prisoner or race required unless specifically noted.

NI C Calendar

<i>Year 11</i>	
5 ~ May	Starting Adventures active.
6 ~ June	
7 ~ July	
8 ~ August	High Priest nominations
9 ~ September	High Priest votes and clashes. Troll King bash.
10 ~ October	First Dragonrider clashes
11 ~ November	Most Pomeroy gates closed, but gate to Northlake opens.
12 ~ December	Solaran Parliament of Rooks
<i>Year 12</i>	
1 ~ January	Chaos Lord Faction activates
2 ~ February	High Priest nominations
3 ~ March	High Priest votes and clashes. Troll King bash. Factions nominate expulsions.
4 ~ April	Second Dragonrider clashes.
5 ~ May	Faction expulsions. Chaos Lords allowed into Pomeroy.
6 ~ June	GM appreciation month.
7 ~ July	
8 ~ August	High Priest nominations
9 ~ September	High Priest votes and clashes. Troll King bash.
10 ~ October	Final Dragonrider clashes. DragonMaster Victory. Dragonriders are disbanded.
11 ~ November	
12 ~ December	Solaran Parliament of Rooks
~	
<i>And the game continues</i>	

Starting Adventures

Starting Adventures ~ 201 to 252

All adventures below are for Main characters and can only be done in the first month of play. Once per character.

Gain ~ A Born Again Scroll (ID 1776), a production secret and the following bonuses, dependent on adventure number...

Adventure 201 ~ Eastern Human
2 Influence, 2 Bard, 2 Seer, 2 Priest.

Adventure 203 ~ Elves
4 arcane, 2 Tactics.

Adventure 204 ~ Dwarves
Mark of Wealth, 4 Merchant, 4 Admin, 5 Axemaster.

Adventure 205 ~ Dak
4 Ranger, 2 Illusionist.

Adventure 207 ~ Saurian
4 Admin, 2 Wizard.

Adventure 215 ~ Halfling
4 Dexterity, 4 Thief, 4 Rumourmonger.

Adventure 216 ~ Dark Elf
4 Spy, 2 Swordmaster.

Adventure 221 ~ Western Human
Mark of Cruelty, 5 Stealth.

Adventure 222 ~ Orc
+ 2 Dexterity, 3 Assassin, 2 Enchanter.

Adventure 226 ~ Maratasen
1 Action, 2 Warlock.

Adventure 228 ~ Troll
Mark of Battle, 4 Strength, 1 Summoner, 2 Necromancer.

Adventure 252 ~ Centaur
2 Tactics, 4 Bowmaster, 2 Druid.

Starting Adventures ~ 301 to 352

All adventures below are for Secondary characters (201 to 1000) and can only be done in the first month of play. Once per character.

Adventure 301 ~ Eastern Human
2 Knight, 3 Prestige, 1 PC.

Adventure 303 ~ Elves
4 Bowmaster, 1 Stealth, 2 Admin.

Adventure 304 ~ Dwarves
3 PC, 3 Axemaster.

Adventure 305 ~ Dak Wingman
2 Tactics, 2 Summoner.

Adventure 307 ~ Saurian
2 Influence, 2 Spy, 1 Wizard, 1 Strength.

Adventure 309 ~ Giant
2 Tactics, 6 Constitution, 2 Knight.

Adventure 315 ~ Halfling
1 Constitution, 4 Stealth.

Adventure 316 ~ Dark Elf
1 PC, 3 Beauty, 2 Warlock.

Adventure 321 ~ Western Human
2 Assassin, 2 Rumourmonger.

Adventure 322 ~ Orc
4 Seer, 1 Dexterity.

Adventure 326 ~ Maratasen
3 PC, 1 Berserker.

Adventure 328 ~ Troll
3 Bard, 1 Constitution, 1 Rumourmonger.

Adventure 352 ~ Centaur
2 Priest, 2 Merchant, 1 Constitution.

Adventure 361 ~ Human slave
4 Admin and Rumourmonger, 2 Bard. Lose 2 Strength, Constitution, Tactics, PC, Influence and Beauty.

Racial Quests

Adventure 401 ~ Knight of Stars

Be an Eastern Human Main with base Prestige 20, Knight 20, Marks of Destiny, Power and Glory and no Mark of Evil or Cruelty. Be inside Star Port, with Foot Knight (ID 1078), Mounted Knight (ID 1079) and Knight Mare (ID 1080). Once.

Gain ~ 8 Prestige, 2 actions, 2 Militant and the title 'Knight Star', worth 5 Influence towards both Eastern and Western Humans.

Adventure 403 ~ Elven Avenger

Be an Elven Main with 20 base Prestige and Priest 10 with a captured Saurian Main. Once. Gain ~ 3 Prestige and the title 'Elven Avenger'.

Adventure 423 ~ North Island Crusader

Have the title Elven Avenger with a captured Orc Main. Once.

Gain ~ 3 Prestige and a Mark of Divinity and the title 'North Island Crusader' worth 5 Influence towards Elves and Dark Elves.

Special Action 443 ~ Glory to Hahsandra

Have the title 'North Island Crusader'. Once. Gain ~ -2 Holy Recovery to GARM and Temple of the Dead, 2 Holy Recovery to Hahsandra.

Adventure 404 ~ Grey Beard

Be a Dwarven Main inside Hightower, with Axemaster 10, PC 10 and Marks of Power and Destiny. Lose 500 mithril, 500 gold, 500 silver and 500 precious gems. Once.

Gain ~ 8 Prestige, 1 Action, a Mark of Glory and the title 'Grey Beard' worth 5 Influence towards Dwarves.

Adventure 405 ~ Plumage Regina

Be a Dak Main inside Star Port from June, year 12 till end of game. Be a Wizard Level 30, Tactics 20, and effective Prestige 30. Own a force with 5000 Dak population. Neither worship an evil deity, nor have an undead status. May be done once only.

Gain ~ Control of the city of Star Port, 6 Prestige and the title of 'Plumage Regina' worth 5 Influence towards Daks. It does not matter who owns Star Port at that time.

Adventure 407 ~ Bloodline Protector

Be a Saurian GARM worshipping Male Main inside Ur'Rah during December, January or February. Have Strength 25, Constitution 25, Base Prestige 15, a capture Saurian female and the GARM Orb (ID 1082). Once.

Gain ~ 6 Ubereggs, 1 Action, 3 Prestige, and the title 'Bloodline Protector' worth 5 Influence towards Saurians.

Adventure 415 ~ Moneylender

Be a Halfling Main, Merchant level 20, base Prestige 10. Lose 200,000 crowns and 3 Prestige. Once.

Gain ~ 1 Action, 25 Merchant and the title of Moneylender worth 6 Influence towards Halflings and Dwarves.

Adventure 416 ~ Dastardly

Be a Dark Elven Main inside Larston. Have Stealth 10, Bowmaster 20, PC 30, with a Poison Crossbow (ID 62) and Marks of Power and Evil. Have a captured Main who is neither an Elf nor Dark Elf. Once.

Gain ~ 1 Action, 6 Prestige and the title of 'Dastard' worth 6 Influence towards Dark Elves.

Special Action 436 ~ Motley

Have the title 'Dastard'. Once.

Gain ~ Battle morph or Production morph your current status.

Adventure 421 ~ Solaran Demagogue

Be a Western Human Main inside Tronston. Have Influence 25, effective Prestige 20. Own a force with 8000 Western Human population. Once.

Gain ~ 1 Action, a Mark of Divinity and the title 'Demagogue' worth 7 Prestige and 5 Influence towards Western Humans, Maratassen and Dak.

Adventure 422 ~ Sneeka's Heir

Be an Orc Main in any Thieves Guild in Borzack. Have Stealth 25, PC 20 and the Dagger of Sneeka (ID 1081). Once.

Gain ~ a Mark of Evil, 1 Action, the Helm of Invisibility and the title 'Sneeka's Heir'.

Adventure 426 ~ Dak Friend

Be a Maratassen Main inside Norport. Have Bard 10, Priest 10, Beauty 15 and 20 Effective Prestige. Own a force with 1000 Dak Pop. Once.

Gain ~ 1 Action. 2 Bard, Priest and the title 'Dak Friend' worth 3 Prestige and 5 Influence towards Daks and Maratassen.

Special Action 427 - Dak and Maratassen Truce

Be 'Dak Friend'. Make a public proclamation using internal mail. Once.

Gain ~ Dak and Maratassen lose their hated race status towards each other

Adventure 428 ~ Exhumator

Be a Troll Main inside Ghoulagabba. Be Necromancer Level 45, Effective Prestige 30 with a Mark of Evil and Undead Status who worships an evil deity. Target force must be in the province, outside the city, with an empty slot. Once.

Gain ~ 1 Action, 8 PC and the title of 'Exhumator' worth 5 Influence towards Trolls and Orcs. 10,000 Undead Sludge Horde troops will be raised into the slot. These troops may be numerous, but they are of extremely poor quality and move at 10. They may not be equipped.

Adventure 452 ~ Voice of the Herd

Be a Centaur Main with Strength 20, Dexterity 15, Constitution 24, PC 25, Effective Prestige 20, and Marks of Power and Destiny. Own a Nomad Camp with 6000 Centaur population. Once.

Gain ~ 1 Action, 5 Warlock. Learn the Troop Type Centaur Doomrider and gain the title 'Voice of the Herd' worth 8 Prestige and 5 Influence Centaurs.

~

Other Adventures

Adventure 2 ~ Summon Astral Market

Be a merchant 20 in a location.

Gain ~ Summon the Astral Market (M1234) into the location.

Special Action 1234 ~ 'Tis better to give than receive

Be a merchant who is performing Adventure 2 this turn. Name items in your possessions.

Gain ~ The items may be donated to the Astral Market. They may be put up for sale in the future.

Adventures 101 to 111 ~ Religious resurrections

Use adventure 10x if you worship religion x. For example, if you worship Barosa (religion 2) then use adventure 102. Be dead inside a church of your religion strength 30. Lose a random item in the range 603 to 999 and 2 constitution.

Gain ~ Life.

Adventure 911 ~ Help!

During the first two months of play. Lose 3 constitution.

Gain ~ Be transformed from stone to flesh. Be cured of insanity and poisoning.

Adventure 1776 ~ Born Again.

Lose a Born Again Scroll (ID 1776). Lose 2 Constitution.

Gain ~ Life. Be transformed from stone to flesh. Be cured of insanity and poisoning.

Adventure 2001 ~ Fate's Puppet.

Main only, not Destiny's Stepchild. During the first month of play. Lose 1 Action. 18 times.

Gain ~ Mark of Fate and the title Fate's Puppet.

Adventure 2002 ~ Destiny's Stepchild.

Main only, not Fate's Puppet. During the first month of play. Lose 1 Action. 18 times.

Gain ~ Mark of Destiny and the title Destiny's Stepchild.

Adventure 2003 ~ Health Service

During the first two months. Lose 500 crowns.

Gain ~ 3 healing potions.

Adventure 2004 ~ Florist Shop

During the first month. Lose 500 crowns.

Gain ~ 1 Silverleaf, nightshade, mithril, Asarum and silver.

Adventure 2005 ~ Swordmaster

Be a character ID 1 to 1000, Swordmaster 25.

Once per character. Five times.

Gain ~ 5 Swordmaster.

Adventure 2006 ~ Axemaster

Be a character ID 1 to 1000, Axemaster 25.

Once per character. Five times.

Gain ~ 5 Axemaster.

Adventure 2007 ~ Bowmaster

Be a character ID 1 to 1000, Bowmaster 25.

Once per character. Five times.

Gain ~ 5 Bowmaster.

Adventure 2008 ~ Rumourmonger

Be a character ID 1 to 1000, Rumourmonger 15.

Once per character. Five times.

Gain ~ 5 Rumourmonger.

Adventure 2009 ~ Spy

Be a character ID 1 to 1000, Spy 15. Once per character. Five times.

Gain ~ 5 Spy.

Pomeroy Fields ~ The Plane of the Apprentice

A land which is rumoured to exist in a dreamscape only accessible to the completely innocent, or utterly jaded. This is a plane that is initially a safe haven for new players who wish to experiment with the Legends system without interruption from more experienced players. After twelve productions, the plane becomes more integrated with the rest of the game, with the possibility of Chaos Lords arriving. They may wish to ally with those new players still in the plane, or they may wish to hunt them to extinction - beware!

Monsters in Pomeroy Fields never have stoning powers and are generally quite mild. The central city of Olde Rydge (F3099) is owned by a Chaos Lord and is a melting pot of civilisation, with members of every race happily rubbing shoulders. The guilds are full of adventures to help the newer player.

Special Action 2400 ~ The Apprentice

Contact your GM any way you can. Be in your first game of Legends. Note that you can also perform Special Action 2054 at the same time. Gain ~ Title Apprentice.

You can do only one of adventures 2401, 2402, and 2403

Adventure 2401 ~ Apprentice 1

Have title 'Apprentice'. 18 times. Gain ~ a Mark of Power, 4 Constitution and Influence, 2 Militant and Stealth. Acquire a Born Again Scroll, Rune Ring and 6 Silverleaf and 1000 Crowns. Gain the title Powered Apprentice.

or

Adventure 2402 ~ Apprentice 2

Have title 'Apprentice'. 18 times. Gain ~ 1 Action, 4 Beauty, covert skills and Influence and 2 PC. Acquire a Born Again Scroll, Rune Ring and 2 Silver. Gain the title Apprentice in Action.

or

Adventure 2403 Apprentice 3

Have title 'Apprentice'. 18 times. Gain 2 Prestige; 4 Strength and PC, 8 Dexterity, 3 Bard, Priest and Arcane. Acquire a Born Again Scroll, Rune Ring and 4 Invisibility Potions. Gain the title Apprentice Spellmast.

Special Action ~ 2054

Have any Apprentice Title. Name your party. (Contact your GM). Gain ~ Gates the party to Old Rydge (F3099) in Pomeroy Fields.

Note: The below adventures will not gate a force as the above special action did. This method of returning is on a character basis.]

Adventure 2055 ~ Tobar Return

Before October year 11. (During the first sixth months of play.) Gain ~ Gated into Tobar.

Adventure 2056 ~ Beriesa Return

Before October year 11. Gain ~ Gated into Beriesa.

Adventure 2057 ~ Westport Return

Before October year 11. Gain ~ Gated into Westport

Adventure 2058 ~ Torgan Return

Before October year 11. Gain ~ Gated into Torgan

Adventure 2063

From October year 11. Lose 2 PC and Prestige. (Not during the first six months of play.) Gain ~ Gated into Northlake.

Joint Special Action 1614 ~ There are always two, a Master and an Apprentice

Be an Apprentice, perform the SA in conjunction with a Chaos Lord. Gain ~ The Chaos Lord gains the title 'Mentor to <...>'. The Apprentice gains the title 'Student of <...>'. If the Chaos Lord wins, the Apprentice also wins.

Module Locations Overview

ID#	Name	Province	Owner ID	Race of Owner	Race of Population
3001	The Imperial Palace	67/51	1001	Elf	203
3002	The Royal Palace	67/51	1306	Eastern Human	???
3003	Central Stormhaven	67/51	1004	Elf	261, 201, 203
3004	West Stormhaven	66/51	1044	Elf	201, 261
3005	East Stormhaven	67/51	1061	Elf	261, 264, 203, 216
3006	Ur'Rah	8/14	1019	Saurian	207
3007	Royal Farport	7/2	1011	Western Human	221, 201, 224
3008	Bristol	26/45	1007	Western Human	221
3009	Norport	23/4	1010	Western Human	221, 225, 226
3010	Dalzon	18/14	1006	Dark Elf	203, 261, 216
3011	Tronston Town	43/39	1008	Western Human	221, 226, 201, 229
3012	Tradeport	5/22	1086	Western Human	221, 267
3013	Westport	20/54	1087	Western Human	221, 201
3014	Wendover	11/69	1090	Eastern Human	221
3015	Vagen	56/58	1093	Elf	261, 216, 203, 264
3016	Riverside	82/44	1098	Dark Elf	216, 216, 264, 203
3017	Tor'Quat	112/75	1103	Orc Barbarian	202, 222, 228
3018	Tor'Karn	122/75	1020	Saurian	207, 261, 222
3019	White Beach	52/7	1113	Dak Nomad	241, 221, 245
3020	Far Haven	67/19	1119	Giant Nomad	241, 246, 221, 249
3021	Beriesa	97/33	1124	Dak	205, 207, 252, 226
3022	Sanc'Tril	125/56	1129	Saurian	222, 207, 228, 261
3023	Parthon	25/71	1133	Eastern Human	221, 201, 215
3024	Pearlstone	74/78	1017	Dwarven	201, 204, 261, 224
3025	The Dark Temple	??/??	1048	Troll Barbarian	228, 222
3026	Tobar	26/30	1026	Maratasen Nomad	226, 222, 228, 229
3027	Norasak	13/53	1307	Maratasen Barbarian	226, 221, 216
3028	Soras'Quar	13/57	1022	Saurian	207, 261
3031	Dumas	46/56	1009	Western Human	221
3032	Sarantaplo	46/68	1171	Dwarven Barbarian	224, 215,
3033	Larston	35/79	1173	Dark Elf	261, 216, 203
3034	Granger	56/79	1160	Elf	261, 203, 216
3035	Sabarath	72/70	1014	Eastern Human	201, 204
3036	Point Richmond	84/78	1016	Giant	201, 205
3037	Torgan	88/55	1308	Orc Barbarian	222
3038	Hightower	90/66	1018	Dwarven	204
3040	Star Port	??/??	1013	Eastern Human	201, 205
3043	Borzack	116/35	1167	Orc Barbarian	222, 228
3044	Northlake	70/42	1015	Dak	201, 205
3045	Willston	129/14	1005	Elf	261, 203, 215
3046	Ghoulagabba	112/12	1195	Orc Barbarian	242, 222, 228
3047	Trollheim	95/14	1268	Troll Barbarian	228, 208
3049	Star Storm Castle	??/??	1281	Dak Nomad	245, 241, 252
3050	Sallahan	55/3	1263	Eastern Human	241