

# TIMBERTOWN

HIGH ADVENTURE  
IN THE  
KINGDOM OF IMPILTUR

BY R P DAVIS

VERSION 2



# Timbertown

Impiltur must wake from its somnolence and prepare itself to once again seize the mantle of greatness that many had considered lost to it forever. A golden age looms on the horizon, for as surely as the sun rises of a morn, so too must Impiltur's glorious history be made and remade anew as the seasons turn and heroes stand tall.

—Relamphras, Royal Sage of Impiltur, *The Regency Annals*, Year of the Lightning Storms (1374 DR)



## A Brief History

### *of Impiltur Since the Spellplague*

Impiltur is a kingdom teetering on the brink of extinction. The king is dead. Travel between cities is perilous. Demons bound in the age of Narfell's prime were freed when the Weave failed, and many yet roam free.

The ancient monarchy fell in the Year of Blue Fire with the death of Imbrar II. Such government as exists was overseen by the King's Council, whose authority did not extend much farther than a day's ride from a city or town.

The common folk talked over pots of ale about a restoration of the monarchy, faithfully making such pronouncements as, "The King will come and put things right." But there was (and is) little hope a king will return.

When Imbrar II fell, demons struck from the Dunwood (then known as Rawlinswood) and a host

of goblins, hobgoblins, and bugbears surged from the Earthspurs. The heir to the throne was the king's cousin Delimbrar, a trusty member of the King's Council and seasoned politician and administrator. The Council thought it best if Delimbrar was spirited away through magic to an undisclosed, secure location far away from Impiltur's danger.

That was the worst possible decision.

The lack of a strong, stable and highly visible leader caused the Kingdom to quickly fly apart. The Council remained, but it was largely powerless. The Warsword was in disarray. Demons and goblinoids ravaged the countryside unchecked.

So it continued for some ten winters. In the Year of the Purloined Statue, a powerful demon, the balor Morthak the Everhungry, assembled a host of demons and the goblins of Brikklext. Morthak, who proved a more capable commander than previous hobgoblin leaders, invaded the lowlands and burned rick and cot as he came, until he nearly reached Sarshel.

With the aid of adventurers, the various power blocs in the Kingdom formed a coalition to repel the invaders. The lords and prominent citizens of the city of Sarshel led the effort. After many battles,

Morthak was slain and his army scattered.

The struggle though short was bitter, and left Impiltur a place of distrust. The final battle against Morthak left the Warsword a shattered remnant of its former glory. The “Kingdom” dwindled from a civilization to a memory, a concept, while authority withdrew behind the strong walls of the remaining cities, each of which distrusted its neighbors.

The rule of law failed. The common folk were defenseless, save for small bands of heroic adventurers and the demon hunters of the Luminous Society. Demons actually controlled petty fiefdoms in the foothills of the Earthspurs for a brief time. The current Baron of Timbertown won his spurs in a campaign to defeat a demon who controlled a horde of gnolls in the foothills of the Earthspurs north of Lyrabar.

In this climate of fear and distrust, a political rift emerged between two factions of cities - a northern one centered on Sarshel and a southern one centered on Lyrabar. Allies of the king found, after subtle enquiries, that any return of the king would mean little more than a knife in the dark for Delimbar. He therefore stayed away.

As if war and the collapse of central government wasn't enough, the Sea of Fallen Stars began to recede, leaving prosperous Impilturan cities high and dry. Trade through the Kingdom, already sparse by land due to extremely dangerous conditions, plummeted with the loss of sea lanes.

Some cities, most notably Sarshel, adapted to the changing coastline, shifting itself to New Sarshel. Lyrabar dwindled. No longer the capital of the Kingdom, it became little more than a haven for criminals and cultists of the Fraternity. By the Year of the Ageless One, most Impilturan cities had been reduced to backwater towns.

The Year of the Awakened Sleepers saw a great purge of the demon-worshipping cultists of the Fraternity of Tharos. The Fraternity had so thoroughly infiltrated all levels of Impilturan society that they had members on the Council itself. Adventurers exposed the intrigue, slew or drove into exile the most prominent Fraternity members,

destroyed its base in New Sarshel, and broke its hold on the Kingdom.

When the Great Rain came in the Year of the Nether Mountain Scrolls, the Sea of Fallen Stars regained much of its former level. Lyrabar and other port towns have found themselves port towns again and are slowly recovering.

The events of the Second Sundering had little effect on Impiltur. The wars which ravaged the realms just to the west left the Kingdom untouched. New Sarshel remains the seat of political power and what administration exists. A Grand Council of nobles and wealthy merchants rules the settled lands of the Kingdom. It is they who bestowed the title on our own Baron Ferrand.

Delimbar's grandson, who styles himself King Imphras IV though he has never been formally crowned, leads a small and secretive government-in-exile. Whether he will return to claim his throne is in doubt. He has few allies in the Kingdom he claims, and lacks the military and political backing to land and plant his flag.

Goblins and their kin continue to make small-scale raids from their lairs in the Earthspur and Earthfast Mountains. Pirate activity has increased along the coast of the Easting Reach. The Fraternity of Tharos, though shattered and suppressed, is making inroads once more.

## *The Present Day*

Far to the northeast of New Sarshel and the minds of the Grand Council, at the very northern end of the Easting Reach on the eaves of the Dunwood, lies Timbertown. It is a smaller and less-refined place than even Ilmwatch - long considered a cultural backwater in the Easting Coast - but, given its boom-town characteristics, that is perhaps not surprising.

Timbertown is a dangerous place, with regular incursions of humanoids from the Giantspire Mountains, cultists of Malar, and remnants of the fiendish occupation of Dun-Tharos. Bands of lawless, desperate men prey on unwary travelers.

The presence of Impiltur's central government was never strongly felt in the Farwater. The King, and his Council after the failure of the King's line, considered Ilmwatch the frontier in terms of military defense, leaving the towns and settlements northward much to their own devices.

After the fall of the King, keeping the peace completely devolved on local administrations, with slight to no support coming from the Grand Council. So it is with Timbertown, its bustling mercantile activities and adventurer's economy taking place under the eye of the Baron and his administration in the Keep.

Timbertown acts as a valuable buffer zone between the more settled lands of Impiltur and the wild lands beyond the Giantspire Mountains. As its area of interest expands, it sometimes comes into official, high-level conflict with the Nentyarch of the Great Dale, but personal contacts between the folk of Timbertown and the western Great Dale are profitable. Rumor continually spreads about an alliance between the Baron and the Nentyarch to rid Dunwood of demons by reducing Dun-Tharos to ashes, though this has not yet come to pass.

### *Economy*

The rich soil either side of the Rawlin River is dominated by well-ordered, tilled farmland. These lands are no farther than a half-day's walk from the town, however, as settlers are uneasy being farther than that from the safety of the Keep. The produce from these steadings is barely enough for the Barony's subsistence, and little is exported. Grain is as a rule imported from the south.

Pigs, sheep, and goats are raised in the eaves of the Dunwood on the west bank of the River. Wool from Timbertown is prized for cloth-making, as it is dense and warm. Most of Timbertown's wool goes up the Merchant's Run to Trail's End in Damara, where it clothes the people of that frigid land.

The Barony's largest export is, as the discerning reader may have guessed from its name, wood. Lots and lots of wood. Vast quantities of wood. The Dunwood has never before been harvested, and a rush of foresters and woodmen are felling trees and

sending the lumber downstream. Hunters and fur-trappers are also ranging through the Dunwood, bringing their harvests to Timbertown.

Dwarves and rock gnomes are sending prospecting expeditions into the Giantspires in search of precious ores. Gnomes and halfings are settling alongside human farmers, and elves have been seen in the Wood, though rarely.

The new Baron has been actively recruiting settlers from the south of Impiltur to take their places as his tenants and subjects. He has also been recruiting adventuring bands to clear the Wood of monsters and other threats. Having been an adventurer

himself, he knows how valuable adventurers can be as intelligence gatherers and strong, self-supporting raiders when action is needed.



# People & Society

**Ferrand**, known as “the Vigilant,” first Baron Galadhor, is the lord of the demesne which contains Timbertown.



Ferrand was an adventuring knight of some renown, and was granted a charter to the demesne in return for service to the Crown, and in the

expectation he would extend the Crown’s reach in these wild lands. He relishes the opportunity to carve out his own fiefdom in the far north of the realm. Since his arrival he has worked to clear the nearer forests of monsters and made efforts to safeguard the farmsteads from raids. Tall, fair-haired, and fit, he is a nice man, well-meaning and easily moved to pity, and not terribly bright. He knows he is easily manipulated, however, and relies on his chamberlain to be his brains as well as eyes and ears.

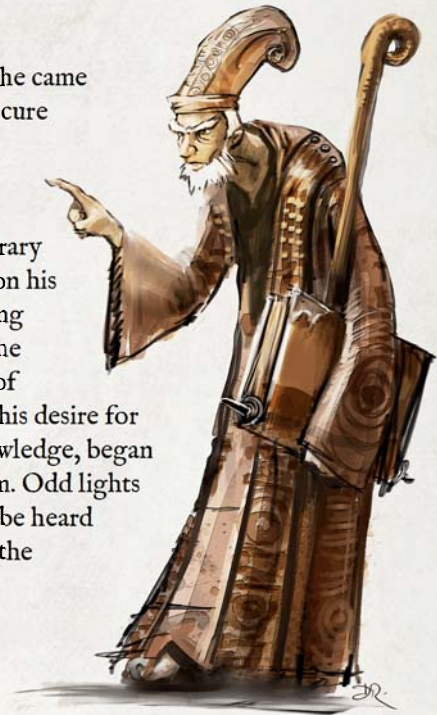
**Yvonus Grandore**, Ferrand’s elderly chamberlain and majordomo, has been the Baron’s trusted servant for decades. Grandore traveled north with his master to handle the day-to-day operation of the demesne.

A skilled administrator, nothing happens in Timbertown’s area of interest without Grandore’s knowing. He juggles the machinations of the various interest groups in the Barony, always maneuvering for what he considers his master’s best interests. He is resolutely unafraid to play one faction against the other. Grandore is pressuring Ferrand to find a wife and cement the succession, so as to assure his retirement. His wildest dream is to marry Ferrand to Tarathiel Elagieros (see below), as that would not only cement the succession but also an alliance between the human realm and elvish clan.

**Dev Gaviennus** is captain of Ferrand’s guard and commander of the Warsword in his demesne. Though never an adventurer, she is an accomplished and veteran soldier, and is the picture of a no-nonsense officer. She trains regularly with the Warsword and Baronial Militia, known as The Foresters, and is beloved of the rank-and-file soldiers.

**Federyc Serell** inhabits Estenya’s Tower, on the upland side of the Keep. An old adventuring companion of Ferrand’s, Federyc is a wizard of no small skill. Keenly interested in conjuration magic, and tempted by the proximity of Timbertown to the fiend-infested areas of the Dunwood, he agreed to occupy the Tower and keep its lamp burning in return for the chance to further his researches.

Federyc has a dark secret - two years ago, he came upon some obscure references in a very strange book he found in the great library at Lyrabar. Soon his pact with a being from beyond the known planes of existence, and his desire for forbidden knowledge, began to consume him. Odd lights and noises can be heard and seen from the Tower on dark nights, though no one knows exactly what goes on therein.



**Adeliz Anscoul** inherited a large shipping company when her husband left her widowed five years ago. Rather than find a husband to replace him, she decided to run the business herself. She more than quadrupled its size, and now controls the Merchant Venturers Guild, which oversees most aspects of trade in the Barony. Though not an aristocrat, she is more wealthy by far than anyone else in the Barony,

including the Baron, and she well knows it.

She keeps a fine house near the Guildhall. She does not like the idea of upstart adventurers interfering with the way she has set up Timbertown to run, and sees little chance to influence the Baron as she is not a member of the Baronial Council. She is constantly working to find a toehold in the Keep which does not involve marriage to Rolph Barnabas, as she fears he would insist on taking over her business interests and shutting her out as a mere woman. Her current tack is to woo Yvonus Grandore, and the plan is working.

The multi-faith temple is nominally run by **Tancred Fitzhugh**, another of Ferrand's adventuring companions. A jolly and cordial sort, he is as happy to spend his time "ministering to lost souls" in the Dove and Trumpets as he is to lead services to the gods.

This irritates the lesser clergy on two levels: First, because they were here already and resent an outsider, a "foreigner," usurping their claim to run the temple as they see fit, and second, because he is not a devotee of one of the Triad deities. As long as Fitzhugh doesn't actually try to run anything, the temple limps along with few issues. Whenever he tries to assert his authority, however, the lesser clergy push back as strongly as they dare; they dare not push too strongly, as they do not wish to risk the ire of the Baron.

Another old adventuring companion of Ferrand's is **Madoc Leafybanks**, a thoroughly charming and pleasant scoundrel who used his considerable savings from adventuring to purchase the Dove and Trumpets tavern. The place has improved slightly - it was an even more wretched hive of scum and villainy before Madoc's arrival - for he has done a bit of work to raise the tone somewhat and keep the truly deplorable away from its taps. Madoc is on the Baronial Council and keeps a close watch on

Adeliz, reporting on a regular basis to Ferrand. He also acts as the de facto representative of the local Halfling population at the Baron's court.

**Rolph Barnabas**, as the elected leader of the Worshipful Company of Woodcutters and Foresters, rivals Adeliz Anscoul in power at the Guildhall. She controls his access to market; without him she would have nothing to ship. There is therefore a relationship of perpetual skirmishing and quasi-truce, with each attempting to out-manuever the other. Some, however, have made the mistake of thinking they would refuse to help the other, which is false; Adeliz and Rolph will without a second thought combine to crush any threat to their domination of the market. Rolph pretends to be "a simple man," but he is anything but. Canny and cunning, he always maneuvers to his guild's - and his own - best advantage. Barnabas enjoys a position on the Baronial Council as well as the Town Council, thanks to his position with the woodmen. He has been attempting to woo Adeliz for the past year, not necessarily for love - though she is a handsome woman - but to cement an advantageous business alliance, and is incensed at her attentions toward Grandore.

**Bhargrack Brightshield**, owner and operator of Bhargrack's Metalworks, is another mover and shaker in the Guildhall. If less powerful than Adeliz and Rolph, he is heeded thanks to his long years of wisdom and solid dwarf-sense. He is also heeded because he holds great sway in the dwarf community in the Barony. If he instructs dwarves to avoid a certain business, for example, they will listen, as Tomlin Underoak briefly found when the prospecting expeditions stopped using his business to supply them with equipment and rations, instead importing such things themselves from Ilmwatch at far greater expense. He never openly threatens such action, but it is impossible to mistake it when it happens.

The local brewer, **Adalhard Undertree**, also has a position of some prominence in the Guildhall. He





supplies the hostelrys and Keep with fine and daily-use beverages.

Undertree will sometimes come into an adventurer's life when something happens in his cellar-caves. The brewery, set into the side of the hill on which the Keep also rests, has an extensive series of caves in which reside barrels and great vats of Undertree Ale. The steady, year-round coolness of the caves means he can age his beer and store his wine cheaply. It also means he has a team of dwarves on staff whose job it is to perpetually enlarge these caves. Unfortunately, sometimes they knock a hole into a wilder place than they bargain for, and dark things creep into the cellars. Last year an invasion of Xvart cost Undertree hundreds of gold nobles to replace lost inventory and repair the damage.

Due to his importance in supplying the Keep, Undertree is on the Baronial Council but not the Town Council, thanks to his feud with Renfry Peares of the Galadhor Arms.

Elves are rare in the northern reaches of Impiltur, having shunned the Dunwood and its demonic invaders for centuries. But there are scattered wandering tribes and scattered, small sylvan settlements, especially as the Dunwood abuts the Great Dale.

One tribe of significance is the Elagieros clan, which lives in platforms in the great trees of the deep

forest a few leagues to the north of Timbertown. When the town's woodmen began to venture into forest the Elagieros clan claimed, conflict arose. Men and elves were slain. An embassy went from Timbertown to the contested area, and an accord was reached. Included in the accord was the keeping of ambassadors at each settlement.

**Tarathiel Elagieros** is the clan's representative in Timbertown. She hates the duty, for there is little to do except stand in attendance on the Baron when he holds his infrequent Courts, and being cooped up in the cold stone of the Keep, even with her servants, is against her roaming nature. She is also disdainful of the short-lived humans and their myopically short goals and visions. However, when duty calls, she leads the woodmen and elves in battle, commanding the Foresters' Scout Company.

**Tomkin Giddurim** is the local miller. His monopoly on the milling of grain in the Barony puts him on the Baronial Council, but he holds very little influence.

**Rollo Gylbarde**, proprietor of the Wandering Knight Inn, has been a local fixture for years. His was the first building of consequence in the settlement, the others being rude huts built by woodmen. In fact, The Wandering Knight is the oldest building in Timbertown, older even than the castle. It has been expanded over the years, of course, with a second story added when the

stonemasons started arriving to work on the Keep.

Rollo specializes in “simple food, simple lodgings, simply cheap.” His place is therefore popular with adventurers. Rollo has some influence in the town, but is not on the Council.

The Galadhor Arms Inn is Timbertown’s best inn. **Renfry Peares** is the innkeeper. He is an inveterate snob and gossip - there is an 80% chance he will know any rumor passing through the town and pass it on to a character staying at the Arms.

There is a long-standing feud between Undertree and Peares. Nobody can remember the cause, not even Undertree and Peares, but it is maintained with vigor. Peares, for his part, refuses to stock Undertree beverages in his Inn, and imports all his ale, beer, and wine from Ilmwatch and Uthmere at outrageous expense, though he dares charge no more than Rollo and Madoc for his drinks. Adeliz and Rolph are happy to keep up the feud, for it means less challenge to their control of Timbertown’s commerce.

**Nanny Hemmett** has a precarious position in society. A skilled herbalist and midwife, she lives and works in her cottage. The lesser clergy at the Temple do not approve of her, for the woodmen see her first when they suffer from illness or injury, which cuts into the priests’ profits. The powerful men of the Barony do not approve of her, for they suspect she caters to their wives on issues of marital delicacy.

Yet the men of the town also patronize her for potions and unguents to assist them in their own matters of delicacy. She is also the best midwife in 50 miles in any direction - no babe has ever died whose birth was managed by Nanny - so a delicate equilibrium is maintained.

Dean of the Temple’s Chapterhouse is **Helewyse**

**Wintercut**. She utterly loathes her new superior, Tancred Fitzhugh, considering the position hers for long service and suffering. The scion of an aristocratic house in Lyrabar, she has lived on the frontier her entire adult life, serving those whom she considers poor and needy. She resents the Baron’s nepotism in appointing his old friend over her, and considers Tancred derelict in his duty to his congregation. Tancred has appointed her his representative to the Town Council. She resents that also, because she knows he did it mainly because he cannot be bothered to go.

The Baron’s Reeve is **Hugin Guarin**, a veteran hunter and trapper and lifetime resident of the area. The Reeve is appointed by the Baron, and is responsible for the day-to-day administration of the town. Guarin hates his job, for he is by birth and at heart a man of the countryside, but does it dutifully and well. Grandore knew this, and suggested Guarin to Lord Ferrand because Grandore knew Guarin would do the job to the best of his ability in order to be taken from it as quickly as possible.

The Reeve’s office is in charge of patrolling the town’s streets, collecting taxes and tariffs by both land and sea, and managing the Town Council. He commands a squad of the Warsword which rotates watchman duties every two weeks. Sea captains and adventurers must visit his office upon arriving in the town (or be there at first light the following day, should they arrive at night) to settle taxes and tariffs.

Worst, in Guarin’s opinion, is organizing, attending, recording, and acting as referee at Town Council meetings. He pretends to not understand the various machinations of the other Council members, though he understands them quite well; he simply has no patience for what he calls their foolishness.

Guarin is accompanied everywhere and at all times by his animal companion, a massive, slobbery, mastiff named Humphrey, who is as friendly and good-natured as Guarin is irritable and taciturn. Guarin is considered an impossible rube by Adeliz





and Renfry.

**Tomlin Underoak** is an apple-cheeked, roguish Halfling who supplies all and sundry from his general store in the Docklands. From beans to rope, from rental mules to sailcloth, you can get it at Tomlin's. Characters can get virtually anything from the PHB's equipment list at Tomlin's. Those adventurers who wish to skirt the taxes on loot taken can approach Tomlin to fence the goods, especially if those goods are jewelry and art items.

## Religious Life

Timbertown is part of Impiltur, and Impiltur is noted for its devotion to the Triad - Ilmater, Torm, and Bahamut. Tyr has also made a resurgence.

That said, many people of many races and many nations have come to call Timbertown home, and they brought their gods with them. Chauntea, Tymora and Selûne figure largely. Silvanus and Meilikki enjoy a significant following among those who live and work in Dunwood, and Talos's name is muttered - quietly - among those who take to the boats.

The Fraternity of Tharos is greatly diminished, but has not yet been exterminated. Devotees of fiends still prowl the Kingdom, and the Barony, on the border with ancient Dun-Tharos, sees more Fraternity activity than elsewhere in Impiltur.

Devotion to gods of any type is not a huge portion of the average Timbertowner's daily life, however. Most folk are content with the gods being where they are.

## Daily Life

Daily life is shockingly normal in Timbertown. People are born, they die, they eat, they drink, they work. It remains life on the frontier, which brings a level of daily uncertainty

unknown by the city dweller in more civilized lands.

Nevertheless, Timbertowners govern themselves in a manner consistent with the King's Code of Impiltur as enforced by their Baron and his Warsword.

**Town Council.** The affairs of the town proper are overseen by a Council consisting of six eminent citizens, chaired by the Baron's Reeve. The Town Council sets and enforces rules and regulations for the town, its businesses, and its citizens.

Membership on the Council is by acclaim of citizens of the Town every Shieldmeet. Decisions are taken by majority vote, with the Reeve having the privilege of casting a tie-breaking vote should one be required. There is always a simmering resentment between the Town and Country, as the woodmen feel constrained by the regulations and tariffs imposed by the Town Council. However, the resentment is mollified in that the woodmen at least have a representative - Rolph Barnabas - on the Council.

**Baronial Council.** The Baronial Council is appointed by the Baron and attends him at his fancy. The Baronial Council advises the Baron on such things as tariffs and other trade issues, diplomacy with neighboring political entities, and the conduct of the Barony as a whole.

Lord Ferrand, with the advice of Yvonus Grandore, appoints members to his Council as he sees necessary. Since taking up the Barony and establishing his Council, Lord Ferrand has not seen fit to remove anyone from his Council, for to be removed from a Baronial Council is seen as punishment for a great misdeed, and Ferrand fears making a political misstep.

Both the Town and Baronial Councils are largely dominated by the Merchant Venturers, though Grandore ensures a semblance of balance by giving official Baronial approval to other interests, from the woodmen to the Elves to chartered adventurers.



**Markets.** Markets are held once a tenday in the square before the Guildhall. These scenes are invariably chaotic, with local farmers vending their produce, drovers bringing in livestock, sailors vending stuffs from around the Easting Reach and beyond, and much more. Caravans will arrive the night before and leave the morning after; postings for caravan staff will be tacked to a notice board outside the Guildhall.

**Holidays.** Timbertown celebrates all the major holidays of the Calendar of Harptos.

### *Traditions & Customs.*

The Town Council meets once a tenday at the Guildhall. Each meeting is chaired by the Reeve. Meetings may be attended by citizens in good standing.

The Baronial Council meets when its members are summoned. Baronial Council meetings are held in the Keep, and are not open to the public.

Except in times of emergency, wearing weapons and armor is considered rude. A dagger sheathed on one's belt, even a sword, is one thing, but adventurers who insist on wearing all their gear and equipment at all times will find themselves frowned upon and socially ostracized, if not told off by the Warsword to go home and change.

The casting of offensive magic spells is against the law, as is magic which removes free will, such as *charm* spells. Divination walks a thin line, and if caught used for spying will end up running foul of the Warsword.

The Baron is the magistrate in whom the powers of law and order ultimately reside within the Barony's



area of influence. On a day-to-day basis, justice is decided by the Reeve in the town proper, and the Captain of the Warsword outside the town limits. Minor infractions result in a day in the Market Stocks, where other Timbertowners will throw rubbish at and taunt the malefactor.

Defendants have the right to appeal to the Baron should they disagree with their sentence; however, as they are held in the dungeons of the Keep until the Baron gets around to hearing their case, they usually accept their day in the stocks to get it over with. More serious crimes are referred to the Royal Constable in Ilmwatch, to be heard at the Lord's Courts there.

Groups of adventurers must seek a Baronial Charter before they may legally bring treasure into the town after acquiring it using the town as a base of operations. Charters may be obtained by applying in person to the chamberlain, so that all members of the adventuring company may have their names recorded and likenesses magically enscribed. Failure to secure a charter will result in treasure being confiscated and held until a charter is obtained. Even after a charter is obtained in such an instance, seized treasure will be subjected to a fine of half its value.

Chartered adventurers are subject to a 10% tax on return to Timbertown from an adventuring expedition, payable in coins or gems at the Reeve's office, within 24 hours of return. Monies thus levied are held in the Baronial fund, for the improvement of public works and maintenance of the Keep.

Coins not of current Impiltur or Sembian mint must on arrival in the town be changed at the Keep. Passage of non-standard coin is punishable by

seizure of any such coins in the offender's possession. Leeway is given by town merchants if a traveler arrives after sensible hours; the merchant will typically hold the value of the commodity in the non-standard coinage, and exchange the coins for current mint after the customer sees the Baron's exchequer.

Every Timbertowner - including an adventurer whose name appears on a Baronial charter - is subject by law to work a given number of days every month on Baronial property. Whether maintaining a road, tilling one of the Baron's fields, or replacing planks on the docks, everyone is liable for this duty. As manpower is at a premium in the Barony, unlike other desmesnes in Impiltur one cannot avoid boon-work by paying a fine or hiring someone to work for you; you must perform the work yourself.

In emergencies, every Timbertowner - including chartered adventurers - is expected to come to the aid of the community. In the event of attack, every able-bodied person is expected to defend the town and/or man the ramparts at the Keep. In the event of fire, every able-bodied person is expected to participate in the bucket brigade to fight the fire.

## The Area Around The Town

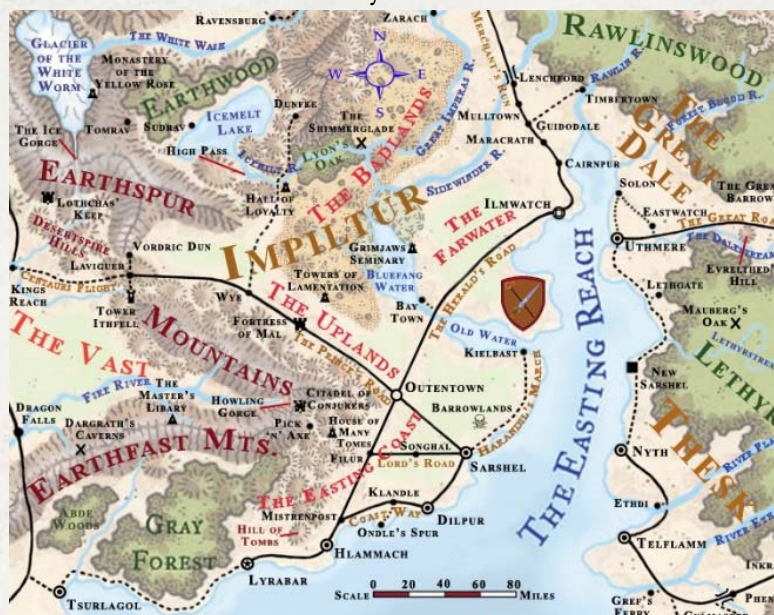
Cleared farmland surrounds the town for several miles. The farther from the town, agriculture changes from arable to pastoral. Halfling shepherds tend flocks of mottled brown and gray sheep. Irrespective of which way one travels, however, a morning's walk will reach the end of settled lands and one will find oneself in the wilderness.

The farms consist of small-holdings of a dozen acres or so, each worked by a family, perhaps with a few hired hands. Most farming families are human, though some are halfling.

The roads to Timbertown are often beset by

bandits: wild, lawless men and demihumans who have abandoned civilization to prey on honest folk. In lean times, especially in winter, bandits will attempt to rob and raid outlying farms.

Caravans are regular, relatively large and heavily armed. Nobody dares to travel overland between



Timbertown and anywhere else except as part of a large, heavily-armed group. Adventurers looking for work have ample opportunity to sign on with a caravan.

As noted above, most trade goes down the river and thence to the Easting Reach, traveling to civilization by sea. The Easting Reach is not peaceful, either, however, with violence at sea being fairly common. Characters may find work as pseudo-marines, hiring on as sell-swords aboard a coasting trading vessel.

### The Borders

The Barony's eastern border runs along the western bank of the Forest Blood River. The northern border is claimed to be the line of the Giantspire Mountain range peaks. The western border is claimed to be the east bank of the Sidewinder River to its source in the Giantspire Mountains. The southern border is claimed, on the west, from the Rawlin River to the Sidewinder River, one mile from the southern edge of the Dunwood, except the settled lands within a day's walk of the town proper. On the east, west from the the mouth of the Forest



Blood River along the shores of the Easting Reach.

Ferrand's plan at present - more a dream, actually - is to fill the lands between the Forest Blood and Rawlin rivers, from the eaves of the Dunwood to the shores of the Easting Reach, with farms and settlements. Those lands are flat and fertile, rich but wild. Defending those settlements is another kettle of fish, however, a fact of which Yvonus Grandore, if not his Baron, is keenly aware.

### *The Dunwood*

(NB: Maps in this guide still refer to Dunwood as Rawlinswood, as they were made before the Spellplague.)

It has been more than a hundred years since the Rotting Man was slain by a horde of summoned demons at Dun-Tharos, and the Wood renamed Dunwood from Rawlinswood.

Demons still walk parts of Dunwood, especially the nearer the explorer dares come to Dun-Tharos. That, however, is far beyond

Timbertown's area of influence and only the boldest of adventurers will brave such terrors.

More pressing is securing the area ten miles to either side of the Rawlin River up to the Giantspire Mountains. Humanoid raiders, especially hobgoblins, still periodically surge from the depths of their lairs in the Mountains, preying on isolated farmsteads and woodmens' cottages until driven back into their holes.

Dunwood west of the Rawlin River is much more peaceful. Between its branches, close on the foothills of the Giantspire Mountains, is the sylvan territory of the Elagieros clan. Patrols of elves from the clan keep those areas at least under close

surveillance if not safe, and those patrols are in regular touch with Ferrand's Warsword.

Neither Elagieros nor Warsword patrols go often to the remotest eastern border of the Barony, the Forest Blood River, for travel that far within the forest is perilous indeed. If the Baron requires intelligence from that area, he tends to send expendable adventurers.



# Neighbors & Recent Events

As a barony in fee to the King, Timbertown's relationship to Impiltur is nominally simple - the land is the Crown's, administered by a man sworn to the Crown. Though a bit more complicated practically, as it is so far on the frontier, the relationship remains, and is refreshed every Shieldmeet, when Baron Ferrand travels to New Sarshel to renew his oaths of fealty if not to the King, at least to the Grand Council which rules in the King's stead.

Ferrand makes every effort to balance the need to further Timbertown's aims with remaining in good standing with his neighbors. As he is new at such practice, he has made a few mistakes, causing some turmoil. But with the help of his canny chamberlain and the advice of his Council, he is quickly learning how to keep all the political and economic plates spinning all the way out here on the frontier.

## *Impiltur.*

To the west, there are several trading towns along the Merchant's Run, from Lenchford to Cairnpur, on the way to Ilmwatch. These towns, especially Guidodale, would prefer to see more commercial traffic from Timbertown, and have been petitioning Ferrand to put more emphasis on overland commercial traffic. The Baronial Council, however, demurs, since overland commercial travel is so much more dangerous than literally shipping cargo to Ilmwatch. It is simply easier, less dangerous, and less expensive to send goods and passengers by water down the Easting Reach. Timbertown's merchants have excellent contacts in Ilmwatch.

## *The Great Dale.*

To the east lies the Great Dale. Jointly administered by the Lord of Uthmere on the Reach in the west and the Nentyarch deep in the Forest of Lethyr at Yeshelmaar to the east, the Great Dale is in the thoughts of the King's Council. As the nearest representative of the King, Ferrand - and Timbertown - are the on-the-spot diplomats in dealing with these neighbors.

As the Nentyarch is too far away to have any real political impact, practically speaking Timbertown's only serious concern is Berold, the man who calls himself "Lord of Uthmere." Berold has been grumbling about Timbertown's Merchant Venturers bypassing Uthmere so they can travel to Rashemen on The Great Road without paying him tribute or tariff.

In truth, the Merchant Venturers have indeed ignored Uthmere entirely, not even stopping in the village to rest. They disembark on the shores of the Reach, load their caravans, and head east without a second glance at the now-landlocked village a few miles inland. Berold is upset because he and his village, fallen far from its former importance, are not even acknowledged to exist, much less as deserving any diplomatic courtesy.

If Berold is not mollified, soon his militia will begin stopping Merchant Venturer caravans and demanding exorbitant tolls. This will enrage the Venturers, who will surely demand the Baron do something to protect their interests.

## *The Eastern Fens.*

Perhaps the strangest foreign-policy challenge facing Timbertown is the embassy of the Throkkikizkiz, a "nation" of lizardfolk living in a wide swamp near the mouth of the Rawlin River on the



eastern shore.

The Throkkikizkiz are concerned about Timbertonian encroachment on their territory. Recently, in tribal territory, several Timbertonian homesteaders have attempted to reclaim some of the swampland for farming, and human trappers have been setting lines. When the lizardfolk - according to them, peacefully - confronted the pink-skins, arrows were shot at them.

They realize they are not strong enough to fight the Baron head-on, and that the “civilized” races are afraid of the “savage” lizardfolk. They also know that the Baron knows they could make his life very difficult indeed without much risk to themselves at all; after all, if he attacks them, they’d be on their own territory, in the swamp where they thrive. To avoid this, they decided to send representatives to live among the humans and try to further the tribe’s interests. Those interests are simple: To be left alone, to live in peace. As far as they’re concerned, the humans can stay out of the swamp, and the Throkkikizkiz will stay in it, out of each others’ way.



## *The Elagieros Elves.*

A wide-ranging clan of Wood Elves, the Elagieros clan inhabit the Dunwood between Timbertown and the Giantspires. They have dwelt for centuries in scattered settlements built in the lofty branches of great trees deep in the forest.

Ruled by a council of elders, traditionally they have remained aloof from the affairs of short-lived mortals. They prefer to walk the Dunwood minding their own affairs. The expansion of Dun-Tharos shattered that tradition. After the defeat of the Rotting Man, and the subsequent retreat of the Nentyarch, they returned to their lofty tree-dwellings.

As noted above, their center of power is the land between branched of the Rawlin River, both of which issue from springs high in the Giantspires. Their control of that area is uncontested, as the Elagieros protect their ancestral lands with a ring of spears, arrows, and magic. Beyond those boundaries, they send patrols, often deep into the Dunwood, and within ten miles or so from the River branches they keep the Wood as peacefully as possible.

They feel increased pressure, however, as humanoids, fiends, and Timbertonians are pushing ever farther into what they consider their territory. While they are not happy about the encroachment from Timbertown, they see in the humans allies against the hobgoblins and fiends, so they are willing to compromise.

It was Maeraddyth, presently de facto head of the council of clan elders, who sent his daughter Tarathiel to Timbertown, explicitly to facilitate that compromise. Though the idea of losing Tarathiel in marriage to Ferrand deeply saddens him, he considers his first duty to the clan, and if he must give up his most precious daughter to cement that security he will do so. He had thought his daughter shared his overriding concern for the clan, but she is proving headstrong and difficult to manage, as the culture shock of living among bustling humanity is great. Happily, when she flees from the castle to her home in the trees, after a few weeks she returns to her duty.

## *The Redfeather Clan.*

Dwelling in the wooded foothills of the Giantspires, the Redfeather Clan of hobgoblins has been sending raiding parties consisting of wargs and goblins, commanded by hobgoblin leaders, farther down the Rawlin River. The Elagieros elves have engaged in several running battles with them.

Zalbuk, leader of the Redfeathers, commands a potent force of hobgoblins, goblins, and wargs. He seeks a safer home for his people, for recently duergar - presumably issuing from an area of the Underdark previously unknown to sages - have begun snatching his people from their caves in the Giantspires.

Zalbuk has no wish to commit to open war with the “pink-skins,” as he calls them, but he cannot continue in their old mountain haunts for long, lest some other strong leader bring his leadership into doubt, which will inexorably lead to his violent death in single combat.

## *The Fraternity of Tharos.*

The closer one approaches Dun-Tharos, the more frequently one encounters either fiends, worshipers of those fiends, or both.

Once the imperial capital of Narfell, Dun-Tharos was created 1,500 years ago. After the collapse of the Narfell, the Great Druid of Leth took up residence in Dun-Tharos - as well as the Nar title of “nentyarch” - and began the lengthy process of cleansing the foul place. More than a century ago - 1371 DR - a fell entity called The Rotting Man drove the Nentyarch and his druids out of Dun-Tharos and into the Forest of Lethyr, where they yet reside.



A scant two years later, The Rotting Man was itself slain or driven from Dun-Tharos by a sudden resurgence of the demons summoned by Nar magicians in past millennia. Now fiends reside there and make it a place of horror.

Nevertheless, a cult has built itself up around the fiends of Dun-Tharos. Comprised of intelligent beings of a half-dozen races, including elves, humans, and dwarves, the Fraternity of Tharos is gaining strength in the area. Not yet of sufficient strength to directly challenge other powers in the neighborhood, the cultists - and the demons - are closely watched by the Nentyarch.

Cultists traveling through Timbertown are relatively rare. Such travelers usually go via the Great Road through the Great Dale to the south or make their way south from the Long Road past Bildoobaris. Recently, however, strange sigils have been appearing as graffiti in Timbertown, especially in the Docklands, raising concern in the Barony. Heretofore unable to apprehend actual cultists, Captain Gavienus has been keeping a close watch on those areas, hoping to catch a cultist in the act for questioning.

## *Elsewhere.*

There are scattered settlements of dwarves and gnomes in the Giantspires, none of which are of concern to the other powers in the region. They trade in a small way with Timbertown. It is rumored that the populations of these settlements are far larger than currently assumed, however, possibly numbering in the hundreds. Bhargrack Brightshield is convinced the dwarves are merely reluctant to show their true numbers, preferring to operate beneath the notice of the Redfeathers and cultists.

# Adventure Seeds

The author has written several adventures set in Timbertown, each of which will have a link on the [Timbertown DM's Guild page](#).

In addition to those adventures and the ideas presented above in this text, here are some thought-starters for your imagination to create adventures your players will enjoy:

Madoc Leafybanks hires the party to retrieve a fabled magical instrument from a dead wizard's remote tower.

A medusa is constructing a garden of statues using townsfolk.

A hill giant has come down from the mountains seeking his favorite delicacy: Human children.

There is a black cloaked man is found dead in the Dove & Trumpets. Nobody seems to know him, and everybody says he was just fine when they saw him walk in.

Something has been digging tunnels under the town. People are falling into sinkholes, houses are collapsing, and the Reeve is at his wits end.

The party stumbles across the corpse of a recently-arrived ship captain and merchant. On his body is an I.O.U. for a vast sum of money, from a name they don't recognize, promising payment in three days. If the adventurers can track down whoever wrote the I.O.U., they might be able to cash it in for a small fortune. On the other hand, they might suspect foul play and want to solve the captain's suspicious death.

Tomlin Underoak suddenly needs to leave town for a week, and he wants the party to watch his shop while he's gone. Unknown to the party, he's leaving town because he's been targeted for assassination. The assassins don't know the exact target; they've been told to kill everyone in the store at night.

While at the Dove & Trumpets, a group of bandits burst in and take everyone hostage, including the

party and Baron Ferrand. The heroes must escape with their lives - and protect the Baron.

Animals and monsters in the area have gained sentience and the ability to speak. They're mostly friendly, but the local hunters will have none of it.

The party wakes in their rooms to find a large spider sitting under a peculiar web in which words are spelled out: it reads "Find my son to turn me back." The son is a druid who lives in a remote, isolated glade far to the east in the Dunwood.

A dead man rises from his grave and, oblivious to his own death, goes back to living with his family.

A little girl just wants to play. The trouble is she's a vampire.

Whispered rumors tell of magical experiments gone awry in the cellars of Estenya's Tower.

## Town Map Key

- 1. Deep Creek Bridge.** Stoutly constructed of locally-quarried stone by dwarven masons, the bridge crosses Deep Creek, which runs out of the hills west of the town. The road which crosses this bridge leads southwest, eventually terminating at the Merchant's Run.
- 2. Wandering Knight Inn.** Owned and operated by Rollo Gylbarde and his family. Characters can maintain a *modest* lifestyle at the Wandering Knight.
- 3. Adeliz Anscoul's home.** A charming half-brick structure with a slate roof, surrounded by a wrought-iron fence and a well-tended garden. Adeliz keeps a gardener as well as a cook and chambermaid.
- 4. Bhargrack's Metalworks,** shop and dwelling of the dwarf smith and weapons-crafter Bhargrack Brightshield. A staff of some dozen dwarves also dwells there. Characters can get everything from the PHB's weapons and armor lists at Bhargrack's.



**5. Nanny Hemmett's home.** A wattle-and-daub cottage with a thatched roof, it also has a well-tended herb garden surrounded by a hurdle fence of hazel wands. All manner of herbs grow therein. Some of them fight when they know nobody's looking, and nobody with any sense pinches Nanny's herbs for their stewpots. Adventurers acquire *healer's kits* and *potions of healing*, as well as other magical potions and certain poisons of your choosing, from Nanny.

**6. Market Square.** The once-a-tenday market takes place here.

**7. Tomkin's Mill.** Workplace and dwelling of Tomkin Giddurim and his family.

**8. Temple of the Triad.** Run by Tancred Fitzhugh, who dwells therein with a staff of six clerics, including Helewyse Wintercut. Constructed of local stone, faced with marble imported from the far south, the Temple contains chapels to diverse deities of the region, with the Triad ever prominent. The chapel of Bahamut is being refurbished as a chapel of Tyr. There is an infirmary in the rear. The well-off can pay to be interred in their favorite chapel or the Temple's extensive crypts.

**9. Undertree's Ales and Wines.** The buildings house the brewery and beer hall, as well as Adalhard Undertree's dwelling. The caves are accessed through a large door in the rear of the complex, where the buildings set into the steep hillside.

**10. Guildhall.** A two-story building of stone roofed with slate. The ground floor contains the Reeve's offices, as well as several dwelling-rooms in which Hugin Guarin lives. These offices are where adventurers ensure they are in compliance with the Baron's laws. It is also where money is exchanged, deeds recorded, and legal matters recorded by the Reeve's clerks. Copies of these records are transported to secure storage in the castle every other tenday. The upper floor is one large meeting hall, where Council and other meetings important to the town occur. On holidays, the town's dignitaries gather to feast in the Upper Hall, with the common folk feted on the street outside.

**11. Galadhor Arms.** Owned and operated by Renfry

Peares and his family. The best place to stay or dine in dozens of miles in any direction, the Arms has private rooms with dedicated, discreet servants and a bathroom with piped-in hot water and copper tubs big enough to splash in. There, characters can maintain a *comfortable* or *wealthy* lifestyle if they choose.

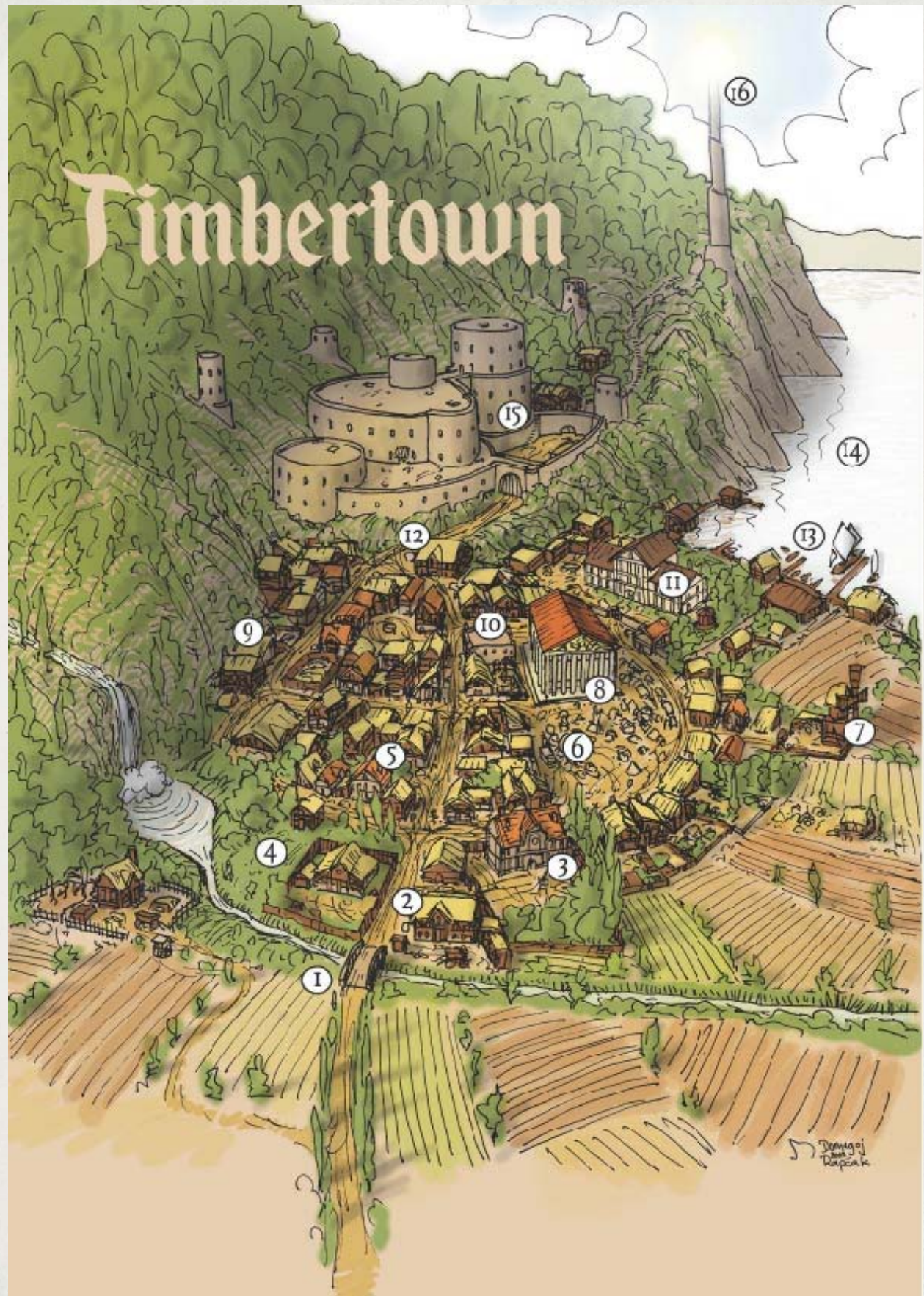
**12. Dove and Trumpets Tavern,** owned and operated by Madoc Leafybanks. Caters to the working classes, including soldiers of the castle's garrison.

**13. Docklands.** The large, brown-roofed structure is Tomlin Underoak's general store. Underoak keeps a secret gambling and drinking den in the basement, where Timbertown's underworld - such as it is - might be contacted. Persons wishing to enter require a password, which can be had from Underoak (for a price).

**14. Rawlin River** as it opens to the Easting Reach. Navigable by sail and oar, it is a deep-enough harbor to accept fairly large trading vessels, as well as the smaller fishing vessels which ply the waves.

**15. Castle.** Known colloquially as "The Rock," this massive and ancient stone structure is undergoing constant repair and upgrading under the direction of a master dwarf stonemason. Dwelling of Baron Ferrand, Yvonus Grandore, Dev Gavenius, and Tarathiel Elagieros, as well as dozens of servants and approximately a hundred soldiers of the Baron's Warsword. Tunnels lead from The Rock itself to the guard towers which can be seen in the wooded hillside. These towers provide an additional line of defense. The access tunnels can be closed in the event a tower is captured. The Rock is also the repository of foodstuffs and other materials taken in tithe for the Barony's emergency use. There is sufficient food, fodder, and matériel stored there for a prolonged siege.

**16. Estenya's Tower.** Home of Federyc Serell. At the very top is a magical light which can be seen far out over the Easting Reach, a beacon which can be seen for miles in the night. The upper floors contain Serell's lodgings, library, and laboratory. There are underground rooms as well, though no one other than Serell and his servants has been down there in years.



## *About the Author*

R P Davis is a freelance writer, editor, and adventure designer. He's been a tabletop gamer the entire time he's been sentient, and a role-playing addict for more than 30 years. In that time he's written countless things, from simple spell effects to D&D campaign worlds to complete role-playing games. Most of it sucked, but he likes to think he learned from the process.

You can find him at [The DM's Guild](#), [his website](#), and on [Facebook](#).

If you liked this work, please [go to the DM's Guild to rate and review it](#). That's how people like me figure out what people like you enjoy. Help us give you more high-quality entertainment!

## *Credits*

This work draws on the work of many people, to whom I owe a great deal of gratitude. The amount of people putting excellent material out there is incredible, and I have been very much inspired by their work.

- George Krashos is a Realms sage of note. His excellent [High History of Impiltur](#) is worth the read.
  - Maps are courtesy of Mark Taylor ([Markustay](#) on Deviant Art).
- Jonathan Gómez is another Realms sage who provided crucial information regarding Impiltur before and during the Spellplague.
  - Other information and a ton of inspiration was gleaned from the Scribes of [Candlekeep](#).
  - The Timbertown Map is adapted from [Domagoj Rapcak's Map of Berem Town](#).
- The interior artwork is from Guild stock art packs and David Revoy's [Environment Stock Art Pack](#).
  - The cover image is provided by the awesome Ara at [Kotchian Digital](#).

## *The Fine Print*

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