



BLOOD-CLANS OF JORIKK



SETTLEMENT GUIDE

DRHUYL

Drhuyl

Late afternoon in the month of Panimandr, known in other lands as Declarations, brought me to the ford of the Tukskug River, which ran heavy at that time with the flood of spring thaw. I needed cross it north, seeking to reach the further settlement of Drhuyl, and wondered how I might do so before nightfall and without unduly stressing myself or my mount.

A nearby shepherd, who grazed his flock on the southern banks of the river and bore so much resemblance of smell and likeness to his wards that I could scarce tell whether he was man or beast until he had opened his mouth to reveal his powers of speech, seemed to take interest in my obvious reluctance before the rapids, and so proclaimed to me the rather obvious truth that the Tukskug was impassable.

Despite the thickness of his rustic dialect, made even more inscrutable by a mouth devoid of teeth and full of Mleki, I was able to discern that the river might instead be crossed by a ferry some distance east. So I gave the man a coin for his trouble, the exchange having proved as trying for him as for me, and took my horse across the stump covered fields south of the River Tukskug till I found a barge of many logs lashed together and pulled from one side to the other by a very long thick rope tide to posts at either shore.

The ferryman, seeing my foreign skin, did strive then to extort from me a less than fair toll, but with some logic and a show of resolve to use the blade upon my hip, he lowered his price enough that I found it digestible, though I believe folk of local descent and lighter complexion would have paid less still.

Mleki is a bitter black root commonly chewed by the poorer classes east of the Byth. It has effects similar to those derived from tobacco and teas, though is generally considered much less pleasant in taste.

Having reached the further shore after some excitement from my horse, who became so spirited toward the middle of the crossing that I believe she would have clubbed us all to death and broken the raft to pieces had I not quieted her with a sack over her head, I continued on to the palisade of Drhuyl. It being still mid-afternoon, the gates were open, and through them came and went a flow of traffic of rough looking men, being all well bearded, dressed in the hides of animals, and, regardless of their primary trade, armed with some tool of war so that even foresters, cobblers and fishermen did wear at least a dagger, though many also carried axes, swords of iron, or spears.

Upon entering within the gates I was struck foremost by the thickness of mud which choked its central market, a fact of life to which I had not yet become fully resigned in those earlier days of travelling throughout the north. Even as I entered within I found teams of men laying planks upon the muddy sea-of-a-commons to make it possible for a man, let alone a heavy-hooved beast, to make way from one door to the next without becoming mired in spring muck.

I was next taken aback by the thickness of acrid and heavy smoke which hung about the roofs of many thick-built timber-frame halls, as though a green cloud of stench had descended over the place to keep all from breathing as they'd been formed to do. As I later learned, the men of Drhuyl burn much green wood taken from the detritus of the forester's cuttings a short walk north, as well as half-dried patties of cow shit, but worse than that they have within the settlement, only fifty paces from the front gate, a tannery which uses as its curative bath a mixture of cow and

sheep shit and man piss, the latter being collected in the mead-halls and local businesses and sold to the tanner at 1 cluusti per gallon.

Those above considerations, combined with the common tradition of squatting where one stands to relieve oneself (which I must grant is custom in most places, except that folk traditionally walk a bit from the front door), caused me to consider removing myself to the outer fields where I might spread my bedroll in unsafe, but relatively clean, solitude. As I do, in the end, prefer life to cleanliness, caution won-out, though I must say I never much felt safe in Drhuyl either.

In all, my experience of the place continued much the same as it had begun. I stabled my horse on a promise from the master that she should be well cared for at eight cluusti a night, to which I retorted that for such a sum I should be allowed the rest of the barn for my own board as well. After much back and forth, he finally agreed upon the more reasonable price of two cluusti and, once I'd convinced myself my mount would not be sold for steak and leather, I removed to the closest mead-hall, which was loud even at that time of day with much carousing and garrulous sound of laughter, curses and the songs of men deep into beer.

No sooner had I situated myself close enough to the stingy blaze put out by the hall's poorly seasoned wood with the hope of warming myself and working up a more positive outlook, than I was informed by five heavily bearded men, each of which could easily have picked me up by a hand, that none but loggers and trappers were welcome in their hall, and that if I could not remove myself within ten taps of the foot that I should be laid upon the fire to see what smell is made from foreign meat.

So did I remove myself, and somewhat bitterly as the reader might suspect, from that place, which turned out to be the common-grounds of Rolff's logging brutes. I realize now that in this instance I was actually quite fortunate.

I thus proceeded to the place where I would spend the rest of my time in Drhuyl; a large timber-frame longhouse owned and run by a man name Kjuld, who welcomed my coin not because of my looks or disposition but because of its mint. For two days I secluded myself in a corner of his noisome hall and took my meals with a close eye on all around me, for in the brief time that I was there I saw no fewer than eleven violent brawls, two of which involved upwards of thirty men, and none of which ended without someone being dragged from the hall either dead or beaten close to it. Indeed, I realized early on that what I had taken for a rich natural hue in the floorboards was really a deep-stain of unwashed blood.

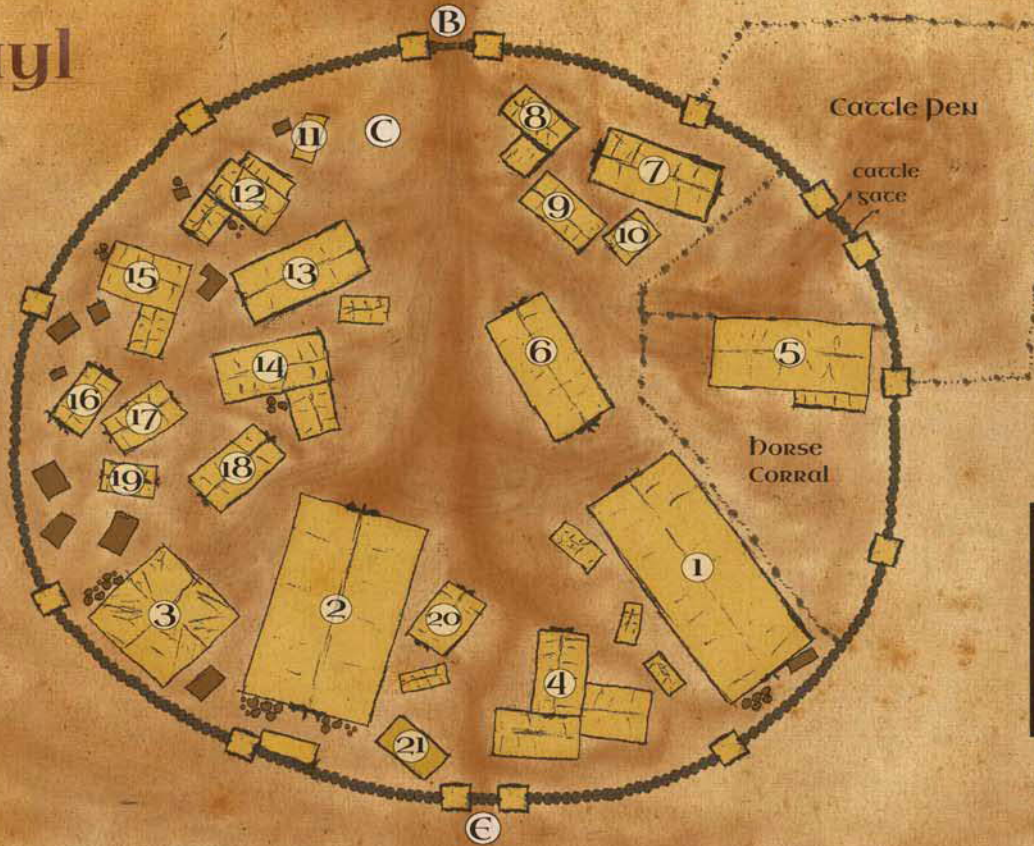
On my last day in Drhuyl I discovered that the Inn of the Zoan, an establishment run, appropriately, by a Reanaarian trader who came originally from that famed southern metropolis, was kept relatively civil by the breed of its occupants, as well as by the full-time employ of several armsmen. Had I known this earlier I would gladly have paid the extra coin charged in that lodge, but by the time I found it I had already achieved my goal in Drhuyl, which was to join company with a large and protected merchant caravan bound northward along the West-Road towards Ormyn, and ultimately the great frontier city of Narr'Rytar.

Thus did I leave Drhuyl early in the morning three days after my arrival, relieved that I still had my purse, person, and horse in hand. I promised myself not to return there unless the gods made such destiny plain before my eyes.

Of course, as it later proved, my experience in Drhuyl was only the beginning of many, as such places are all too common in the free-settlements of the north.

—Laetimus of Furz

Orhuyl



Feet

25 50 75 100

the Tukskug River

the Tukskug
Docks

Map Key

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Rolffhalkkr Mead-Hall | 12. Wektitukt's Tanner Hall |
| 2. Kjuldhalkkr Mead-Hall | 13. Maer's Brew-Hall |
| 3. Inn of the Zoan | 14. Carpenter Unfr's Hall |
| 4. Bath Hall | 15. Butcher Dokkit's Meat and Fish Hall |
| 5. Barn and Stables | 16. Taikk's Pewtersmithy |
| 6. Trade-Hall | 17. Leatherworker Vuntr's Hall |
| 7. Cattle, Fur and Timber Exchange Hall | 18. Cobbler Torfr's Hall |
| 8. Jalmjund Kyril's (Bailiff) Hall | 19. Potter Feddi's Hall |
| 9. Volff's Hall | 20. Weaver and Clothmaker Elti |
| 10. Volff's Smithy | 21. Svili's Hall |
| 11. Orrt's Fish Hall | |

Halls of Significance

-Trade-Hall - almost all sundry trade occurs here, where nearly anything of practical (non-luxury, non-exotic) use can be bought or sold at a negotiable market price (furs, scalps and coin are the only forms of portable wealth enjoying a fairly consistent value). While the hall is run by the Fuldr family, who also reside there, it is said to be controlled by the Rolff's, who take a significant cut of profits. The Rolff's have stopped efforts by newcomers to open a competing trade-hall.

-Rolffhalkkr - run by Lowd Rolffsonr, and territorially claimed and defended by Drhuyl's loggers. Those not on close terms with the loggers are usually expelled from this hall violently.

-Kjuldhalkkr - rough and violent, but open to foreigners. Floor space is free for customers buying food and drink, though brawls regularly erupt over "privileged" sleeping areas nearer the fire.

-Inn of the Zoan - frequented by merchants and men of middling wealth. Reasonably safe, though expensive at 1 sp for floor-space and 8 sp for private rooms, of which there are 3.

-Maer's Brew-Hall - a relatively new establishment, this is primarily a brewery selling beer to the greater mead-halls, though it also offers weak beer and cheap stew, with room to sleep on the floor. Most of its immediate customers are poorer wayfarers. The establishment is under Rolff's protection and pays him tribute.

-Cattle, Fur and Timber Exchange Hall - a place to meet with regional players and those of real wealth and influence, mostly those with significant interests in the cattle, timber and/or fur trade. A certain minimum amount of local respect and recognition is required to transact business or engage parties here. Money can sometimes act where fame is lacking.

Major Players

-Rolff family - owns the largest Mead-Hall in town, as well as the Cattle, Fur and Timber Exchange. Controls most of the town through extortion and racketeering, and holds a controlling stake in the regional timber and cattle industry.

-Loggers - these men are a tight-knit and highly territorial bunch of mostly Fhokki who feel they own Drhuyl. They're fiercely loyal to the Rolff family, who pay their wages and treat them well. In fact many of the loggers serve also as strongmen for the Rolffs. They spend their off-time in the Rolffhalkkr Mead-Hall.

-Jalmjund Kyrl - holds a good deal of power in Drhuyl, but is said to be controlled entirely by the Rolff's. Kyrl is well known to directly interfere on behalf of the Rolff's in many matters.

Drhuyl at a Glance -

The young logging town of Drhuyl is a rough and violent place ruled by loggers, ranchers and fishermen. Outsiders are not much trusted, and are generally given a hard time. All the landed interests in Drhuyl are Fhokki, and non-Fhokki are openly discriminated against, if not physically abused.

Most common goods may be bought in Drhuyl, though luxuries and things of rare origin are found only by chance. The town enjoys able tradesmen that can mend or make most anything under the purview of their craft.

There is much of beer, liquor, gaming and whoring in Drhuyl. The two main beer-halls are rough and violent places where most of the men spend their hard-earned money. The bathhouses, owned by the Rolff family (see below), are also brothels. The water is brackish and lukewarm, and the sounds of patrons being serviced by slave women can be heard from as far away as the central court turnabout. Of course many customers aren't above getting a bob in public, perhaps in the washing yard or in the bathhouse itself, as a room costs as much as a cluusti (also said to be the going rate for that service).

For those needing coin, there is usually work in the stables and cattle yard, especially when herds are moved in and out. The Jodlutt Forest is said to still be rich in fur-bearing animals, though it is quite untamed and shows sign of increased Orc activity. Armsmen can almost always find work out of Drhuyl protecting merchant caravans headed up the Western Road to Ormyn. Cattle merchants sometimes hire as much as a dozen armsmen at a time to protect their herds on western-bound journeys to places like Dhrurkk and Dhreth. Free-warriors also use Drhuyl as a staging point for scalping expeditions into the middle Jodlutt Forest.

Scalps can be exchanged for coin anywhere in Drhuyl, though prices are about fifty percent less than in Narr'Rytarr. The Rolff family is said to claim a twenty-five percent cut off all scalp transactions in the town, one of the many rights the family guards with jealous brutality.



A Brief History of Drhuyl

Drhuyl got its start as a logging camp through investment by the Gothmerran Guild of Timber Merchants, a wealthy and influential group with bases in Narr'Rytarr, Gothmerr and Trarr that control the supply, and price, of timber along the Jorakk River. Within three years of its founding, Drhuyl had grown into a sizeable free-town owing taxes to none, and with the excellent timber harvest taken from the southern Rytarr Forest, combined with tributes collected from trade in the town, the Gothmerran Guild of Timber Merchants enjoyed exponential returns on their investment.

In those early days there existed significant threat from the Aeurk Ork tribes out of the Jodlutt Forest, as well as from the hostile Dejy Miilyukkt and Illitakkt tribes from the Tukskug River Valley, and the Timber Guild offered to personally pay market value bounties on Orc scalps in order to draw free-warriors to the settlement. They also offered steep bounties on scalps taken from hostile Dejy tribesmen.

However, four years after Drhuyl's birth, Gothr Golden-Mane, Dunvig clan-lord of Gothmerr and most of the surrounding region, asserted a claim that Drhuyl sat upon Gothr lands, and told the guild that a yearly tribute would need to be paid for his protection. The guild was incensed at this demand, as they had originally approached the Golden-Mane to see if he would back their venture with his warriors, and in return enjoy a tribute similar to what he was now demanding. Golden-Mane had, at that time, declined to participate in the infant enterprise, saying that an old feud with the southern Skits had most of his warriors committed through the raiding season. With Gothr's new, and seemingly unfair, demand, the guild reminded him of those earlier events, refused his demand of tribute, and subsequently began construction of the palisade wall that stands today, hoping to deter the Gothr from further aggression.

The Golden-Mane never marched on Drhuyl, and instead attacked the guild directly by having his warriors take hostage and confiscate all familial wealth of three of the most prominent guild members: the Halffs, Aldstons and Gurrivs,. He also occupied the guildhall in Gothmerr and said he would take all profits collected by the guild until they agreed to recognize his rights over Drhuyl. He further demanded a ransom for the release of the three hostage families as recompense for insulting him, saying that if ransom was not paid he would make his own recompense by selling them into slavery. Finally, he proclaimed that the belongings of the Halffs, Aldstons and Gurrivs were forever forfeit to the Gothr, and that they were no longer welcome to engage in business within Gothr lands.

What remained of the guild thus capitulated, and for the five intervening years have paid a tribute equal to a quarter of all yearly revenues generated in Drhuyl.

Though diminished by Golden-Mane's punitive actions, those members of the guild not banished have continued to thrive off a booming lumber trade, from which they exact high tolls and enjoy steep markups.

By implication of his claim upon Drhuyl, Golden-Mane is today honor-bound to protect it. His warriors rarely go there, however, and its townsfolk say that the Gothr are content to let the guild pay bounties out of their own pockets in order to keep Drhuyl armed with rough men. But, still, Golden-Mane has come to Drhuyl's aid when greater threat approached than could be handled by free-warriors, loggers and fishermen. Three years ago, when the Aeurk Orc tribes moved in force out of the central Jodlutt Forest with as many as four hundred warriors against Drhuyl, Gothr responded by sending three hundred warriors and armsmen, including one hundred heavy horse, in ten ships of war to Drhuyl.

The story goes that when the Gothr warriors arrived they did not go directly to Drhuyl's palisade, but rather waited upon the Island of Taikk in the central channel of the Jorakk River within sight of Drhuyl. For eight days the Gothr warriors camped on the island awaiting the Aeurk attack, which came at twilight in the middle of the Month of Kraknir, with many hundred of strong Orcs rushing across the abandoned fields north of the settlement with ladders and fallen logs for battering rams. As soon as the alarm was sounded, the folk of Drhuyl lit a great bonfire to signal Golden-Mane's warriors, which boarded their longships to slip quietly across the river.

Most of Drhuyl's men remember that battle well, it being only three years old, and love to retell it. They say the Aeurk came right up to Drhuyl's palisade, set their ladders, and began to beat upon the gates with a heavy ram made of a fir tree as thick as a man's leg is long. Aeurk archers shot many arrows and hurled many spears over the palisade, as their strongest warriors combed the ladders. Within seven minutes the gates were broken down.

Guarding the gate were sixty free-warriors packed together in a strong shield-wall. Those men had been paid ten silver pieces each merely to stand before the gate lest it fall. They had been told a fight on the ground was unlikely, as the Gothr were expected to break the Aeurk early on, but that if the gate did fall so that they were required to stand and defend it that each man who held the line would earn one hundred pieces of silver more, five head of cattle, a heavy bear fur, a keg of ale, and a year's service at Drhuyl's bathhouses.

Many townsfolk had been publicly critical of putting paid men behind the gates, saying they would merely take the easy earning of ten silver pieces and flee if the gates broke. But when the gates did break Drhuyl's free-warriors held fast against the blood-frenzy of the Aeurk. Even as the great berserker Orcs of the frontline flung themselves into the shield-wall so that it wavered and almost broke, none of the mercenaries fled. It's said that that first wave slew the entire front row of Drhuyl's hired men, but that the rear ranks pressed forward, slaying the berserkers with spear and arrow and then forming up in tight order to hold off the regular Orkin soldiers that came behind. They remained locked in brutal melee with the bulk of the Aeurk host for as long as ten minutes, refusing to give an inch, and piling before them the dead of frenzied Orcs, who charged wildly through the gates as though having no regard for their own safety.



More than thirty minutes passed between the lighting of the signal fire and the final arrival of Gothr's warriors. Though many folk of Drhuyl say Golden-Mane's men simply waited for the easy pickings, and even wanted Drhuyl to fall, it must be said that thirty minutes is quite a short period of time for three hundred warriors and one hundred horses to load onto boats, cross a channel, form battle lines, and ultimately engage an enemy in orderly fashion. Whatever the case, by the time the Gothr arrived, the shield-wall at the gate had been reduced to less than half its original number, and over a hundred men lay dead upon the wall's defenses.

Gothr's warriors came sweeping across the riverside fields on horseback, followed by two shield-walls of warriors and armsmen. They slammed into the Aeurk rear, pinning the Orks in bloody and merciless slaughter against the palisade wall. Caught between the hammer and the anvil, the Aeurk turned and fought like cornered animals for upwards of half an hour, while the spears and arrows of Drhuyl rained down on them from behind. It's said that the weight of the Aeurk being pressed against the palisade by the Gothmerran shield-wall was so great the wall buckled, leaning back in several places by as much as thirty degrees. In the end nearly all of the Aeurk were slain.

Many of those warriors who fought in the shield-wall at the gate still work out of Drhuyl, making the journey back and forth between Ormyn, or else expeditioning into the Jodlutt Forest. Some, which had suffered wounds grievous enough to end their bloody career, used their earnings to settle down to a trade. A few have become prominent men in Drhuyl, such as Karl the Jalmjund, Volff the Smith, Maer the Beer-Master, Dokkit the Butcher and Wektitukt the Tanner. Notably the latter two are of Deji blood, hailing from southwestern plains tribes. Despite their blood, they are offered patronage in Drhuyl equal with the rest. All who fought for the gates are still regarded as true heroes, and many of them swear they would have held even had the Gothmerrans not arrived.



Present Day Drhuyl

Drhuyl is today a relatively large frontier settlement built up on confluence of the Tukskug and Jorakk Rivers, where the southern edge of the Rytarr Forest terminates northwest of Gothmerr. By foot along the Western Road, it lies a day and half north of Savvath, and two days south of the Dunvig stronghold of Ormyn. Drhuyl functions primarily as a logging camp, but has grown over the last decade into a bustling trading post on the edge of the northern wilderness. As is typical of those sorts of settlements, Drhuyl boasts all the amenities demanded by rough men who work hard, live dangerously, and spend most of their coin on quick pleasures.

The majority of its folk are Drhokkeran foresters, trappers, hunters, fishermen, and merchants brave and shrewd enough to keep business in such a place. In the summer it's common for Dejj plains tribes to camp outside the settlement in order to trade. Merchant caravans gather in Drhuyl in preparation for trips up the Western-Road, and bounty-hunters, mercenaries and free-warriors also gather in number, either heading north toward Narr'Rytarr or using Drhuyl as a basecamp for expeditions up the Tukskug River Valley or into the Jodlutt Forest, both of which begin a mile or so northwest of the settlement.

A palisade wall was built five years ago around the central settlement, which sits on the north side of the confluence of the Tukskug and Jorakk Rivers. A half-mile north of the settlement is the logging camp which begat Drhuyl, but which has over the years gradually moved away from its source of comfort in pursuit of the slowly receding tree line. Surrounding Drhuyl on all sides are rolling fields of coarse short-grass pocked with thousands of partially rotted stumps covered in moss and flowers, which stand as testament to the great forest which has slowly been whittled back by Drhokkeran timber-hunger.

On the east side of the settlement are several docks jutting out into the Jorakk River's sluggish flow. Shipping rarely docks here for respite, however. Though some merchants do business with Drhuyl via the river, most trade comes via the Western-Road. Many fishermen also live in Drhuyl, and camp in small wooden lodges north of the palisade along the river. They mostly leave their small boats beached on the gravelly riverbank.

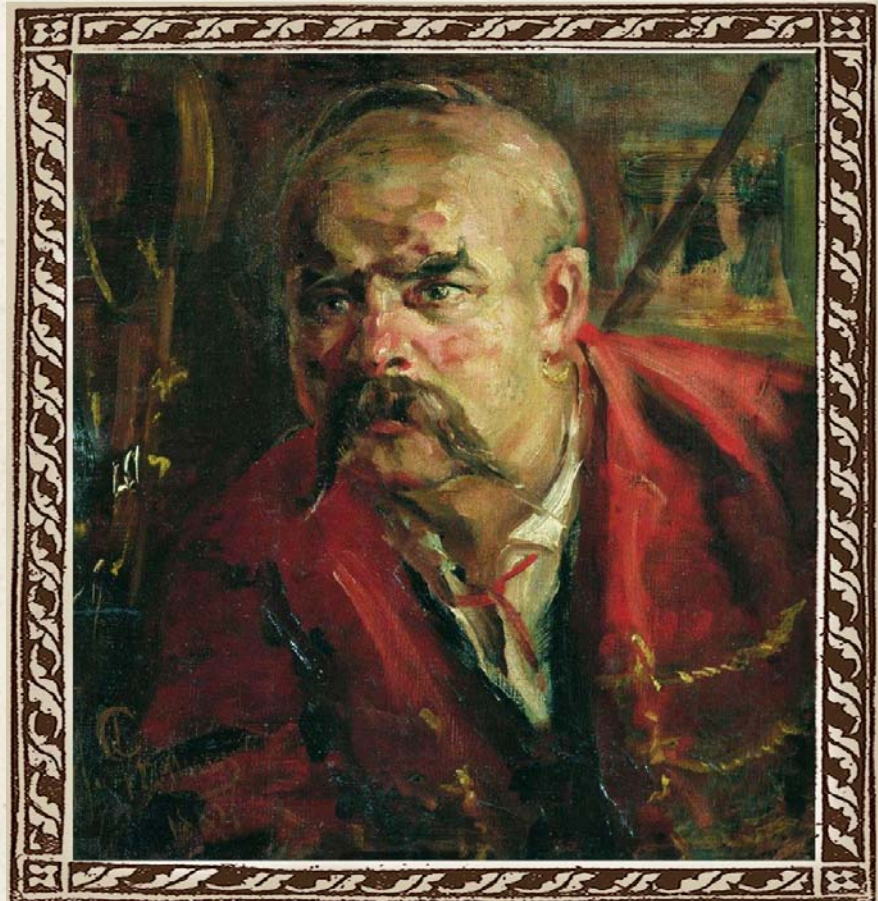


A hundred yards north of the docks can be seen great logjams floating in the river and awaiting transport south to Gothmerr. Trees cut at the logging camp are limbed and barked and hauled to the river by ox teams, where they're lashed together in rafts to be finally hauled south against the Jorakk's current to market.

Of all the folk in Drhuyl, the loggers are the most numerous and visible. They are rowdy, belligerent, violent, and highly territorial. They feel that Drhuyl is theirs, and resent outsiders, especially foreigners clearly of non-Fhokki blood. As is common throughout Drhokker, the loggers show much racial hatred toward plains Deji. Those tribes that trade with Drhuyl camp outside the gates, and are not allowed to enter except on the second day of the week. Drhuyl's loggers do have a quiet respect for other Fhokki who engage in manly trades, such as trappers and bounty-hunters, but this respect is not deference or friendliness, and they're happy to fight just as quickly with mail clad armsmen as a stinking fisherman or bow-legged Deji tribesman.

Special enmity is shared between the loggers and fishermen of Drhuyl, who have a longstanding feud going back several years which has cost the lives of many men, as well as children and wives.

The most prominent stakeholders in the town are the timber and cattle merchants. Foremost among the former being the Rolff family, who owns the main beer-hall in Drhuyl, as well as the bathhouse and many of the lesser buildings from which they collect rents. It's said that after the Geidl clan seized control of the timber guild in Gothmerr and forced it to pay tributes from Drhuyl (for more on that, see *A Brief History of Drhuyl*), Rolff Rolffsonr took advantage of the power vacuum by purchasing a controlling share of ownership in Drhuyl at a time when prospects for the settlement seemed bleak. He has since used a ruthless brand of business acumen to make



Drhuyl the leading supplier of timber for Gothmerr, Trarr and many outlying settlements. By manipulating prices of timber out of Drhuyl he has ultimately leveraged himself into position as the controlling partner of the Guild of Timber Merchants in Gothmerr, becoming in five years head of one of the richest free families in north-central Drhokker. Rolff's son, Lowd Rolffsonr, lives at the Drhuyl mead-hall known as the Rolffhalkkr, or Rolff-Hall, and oversees most of his father's affairs in the town. Lowd has a reputation for shrewdness, cruelty, and a temperament suited to criminality-as-business. Rolff himself spends most of his time in Gothmerr.

As one might expect, the Rolffs are both respected and feared in Drhuyl. Though they must pay tributes to the Gothr, in most practical respects they own and control the town, and guard their position ruthlessly. It's said Karl the Jalmjund (bailiff) is entirely their man, and enforces only laws that suit the Rolff family, even acting openly as their strongman; collecting their debts and hurting those who insult them.

The Rolffs also own the Cattle, Fur and Timber Exchange Hall in Drhuyl, which is built in the style of a traditional longhall and services the more important cattle, fur, timber, grain and beer merchants that come to Drhuyl to arrange contracts and transact business. Lowd Rolffsonr spends a great deal of his time in the Exchange, and it is regarded as the primary hub of political and economic interest for any meaningful players in the settlement.

Beyond timber, Drhuyl has in the last five years also grown into a sizeable cattle market, driven in large part by investment from the Rolff family. With the boom of Narr'Rytarr, cattle has become big business, and Drhuyl is ideally situated as a staging point into that frontier city. Herds are increasingly driven to Drhuyl from their western grazing lands, rather than being taken across the river by ferry to Gothmerr, as has been traditional for over a hundred years.

Beyond geographic location, this shift in the cattle market is also driven by Rolff and his partners offering prices as much as thirty percent higher for beeves than does Gothmerr. Some say this strategy represents a long-term ambition to take over the cattle-trade from Gothmerr entirely, at which point much more profitable prices and terms may be set in a monopoly climate.

However, as the cattle market has grown in Drhuyl its citizens have begun to look with unease towards the darkened northern forest, as it is well known that cattle draw raids like no other commodity.

It has been three years since a major Orc raid came against Drhuyl, but most agree that another large movement by the Aeurk Orc is inevitable, and many wonder if Gothr will again come to their aid when it happens.

As for the Golden-Mane, many also wonder how he will react to the upstart Rolff family. The Gothr are notoriously ambivalent about interfering directly in commerce-related matters, but they are also notoriously jealous of their privileges. It's hard to imagine Golden-Mane sitting idle for long while a major revenue stream like the beef market just slips through his fingers. If Gothr does move in challenge against Rolff, there's little doubt who would emerge dominant.

Adventure Hooks

Trapping up the Tukskug

Commitment Level: High

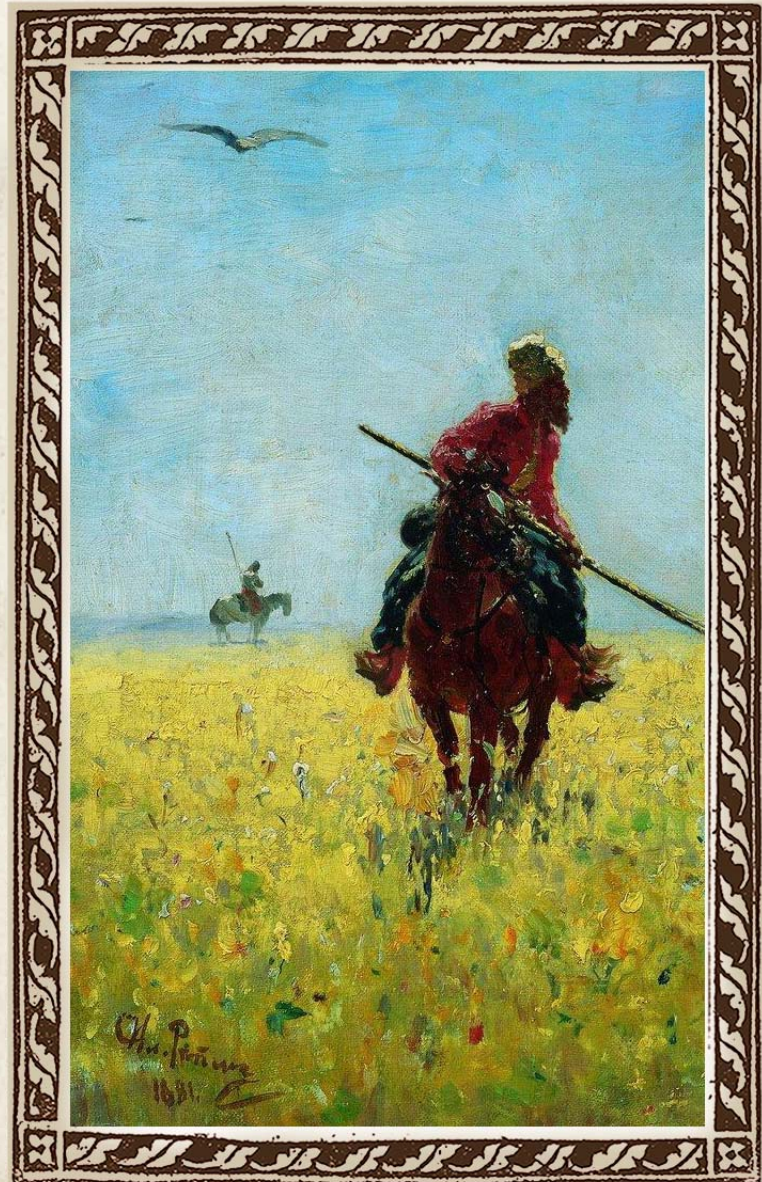
► A Fhokki trapper named Kolggi Beaver-Back wants to head north into the Jodlutt Forest for a summer season of trapping and prospecting. His plan is to head deep into the Tukskug River Valley, as far as 70 miles in, laying traps as he goes and eventually making a basecamp from which to pan for placer gold (he believes gold can be found in the Jodlutt and wants to pan for deposits with the goal of tracing them back to a mother-lode). Because of the strong Orc presence in the Jodlutt Forest, as well as some highly territorial Deji tribes, this is a rather foolhardy plan even with a large handful of well-outfitted armsmen. That would largely explain why no one has taken him up on the offer. Still, Kolggi is ambitious, and argues quite convincingly about the prospects of untapped wealth in the Jodlutt. He offers all scalp-bounties and plunder taken from

Orcs and Deji to any warriors who come with him, as well as a 25% share of his season's take in furs (total take will be 5d10p SP market value in furs; Kolggi will tout the high end of that potential when making projections) and a full 50% partnership in any mineable silver or gold lodes discovered. Kolggi is a good salesman as will paint a picture of great fortunes waiting to be tapped, though adventurers with high wisdom may sense he might be more ambition and optimism than real know-how and experience. Kolggi asks that each party member outfit themselves for 3-4 months in the wilderness, but says he'll provide 1 month's food for up to 10 people (he assumes they'll be able to hunt extensively once they get into the Jodlutt), as well as group kitchen gear, mess tent, and pack mules (1 mule per 2 party members, plus another 3 mules for group gear). Kolggi will not be satisfied with the expedition until 2 months have passed, gold has been found, or at least half the party has died. If the party abandons Kolggi, he will defame them wherever he may (mostly around Drhuyl) as cowards. As to the finding of gold, we leave that to the GM. There is, however, no reason to think the Jodlutt would be devoid of precious metals, as other trappers have claimed to have found placer gold in some of the wilderness region's streams.

The Molsik Orc War

Commitment Level: Moderate

► Word comes into Drhuyl that the Molsik tribe (a band of plains Deji who frequently summer on the prairie 30 miles west of Drhuyl) has fought several skirmishes with Orcs coming out of the Jodlutt Forest 30 miles north of Drhurkk, and that two nights ago their camp was nearly overrun and many of their horses slaughtered. General thought in Drhuyl is that, while the Molsik have been regular trading partners over the years, they are better off left to their own devices since "there's no telling what a dark-skin will do once you have your back to him." Some even joke about the prospect of the plains-tribe being wiped out and debate any opportunities that may open up in terms of grazing and settling land. If the party decides to head west to investigate, they'll find the Molsik down to half their horses and with many wounded warriors. They'll have upwards of 25 good warriors, all of which actively ride out against Orcs which are moving with sobering regularity out of the Jodlutt Forest. Orc bands encountered during the day vary



from small scout groups to medium sized warbands. Backstory is that an upheaval within the relatively minor Sourkk Ork tribe has resulted in the expulsion of a significant number of exiled Sourkk warriors who are now caught between certain death at the hands of their former kin and the open plains (which are in Orc-Lore certain death as well). The Orcs are desperate, but divided, confused and afraid. They will fight to the death, but have difficulty pressing and consolidating gains. The recently successful raid against the Molsik may or may not recur, as the exiled Orc captains vie for control and argue over which course to take. The main Orc camp has 5d20p Orks, 35% of which are non-combatants. The Molsik will accept help from any who come, though reticently, and only if given respect and showed honors and gifts because of the demand of pride. The Molsik would move camp, but do not have enough horses to do so. Extra EPs and Honor should be granted for any action resulting in a large-scale defeat of the Sourkk exiles, as well as any action bringing 4d20p horses to the Sourkk (they can and will pay for the horses). Dishonorable actions against the Molsik will only be received negatively of by other neighboring plains Deji tribes, and may even be applauded by regional Fhokki.

The Fisherman Feud

Commitment Level: Low to Moderate

► A large group of off-time loggers have been drinking loudly in the Rolffhalkkr and frequenting the bathhouses throughout the day. Several fights have already broken out within their own group and rumor has it that a bathhouse girl was severely beaten by one of the loggers and that it's questionable whether or not she'll survive the night. Few care about this as she's a slave, and no one confronts the loggers. It's twilight, and the PCs happen to be outside near the central roundabout when 2d4p loggers accost a lone fisherman walking from the south gate to the north and carrying a basket of fish, likely bound for the Fish-Hall. If the PCs do not intervene, the fisherman will be beaten, stripped naked, and then tarred and feathered - the tar used will be very hot, though not boiling, and will nearly kill the fisherman. If the PCs join the loggers they will be accepted somewhat by that clan and invited to join them in the Rolffhalkkr. If the PCs intervene against the loggers they will have to fight 2d4p of them, with others joining if the fight lasts longer than d3p minutes. Weapons will be used if the PCs draw, otherwise the loggers will draw after a minute of fisticuffs. Fighting the loggers will make the PCs persona-non-grata in Drhuy1, and they'll have to leave or else be attacked (loggers will try to capture them and tar-and-feather them). However, they will very soon, within minutes even, be approached by a fisherman and invited to join him at their camp. Backstory with this fight is that a logger disappeared a week ago, being found naked on the shore by the Jorakk River. The loggers claim the fishermen attacked and drowned him, which is plausible given other stories of violence back-and-forth between the two groups, though no witnesses have come forward either way.

