

The Phoenix Barony™

An Adventure Setting for Use with the Labyrinth Lord™ RPG



By David Bezio

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Authors Introduction



As we opened the ancient portal, the hinges screamed in protest. Before us was a rough hewn stair descending into a black pit of emptiness. The air was old, damp, and carried a smell of things long dead. I lit a torch and prayed to my Deity to protect us. Our quest had led to these dark caverns, and in we must go...

The Phoenix Barony has been a long time coming. 26 years to be exact. I began role playing in 1981 with a basic version of the world's most popular role playing game. Through several years and several editions the setting you hold in your hands gradually developed.

The Phoenix Barony isn't going to be for everyone. It's only real "unique" quality is that it doesn't try to be. This setting is hopelessly traditional vanilla flavored high fantasy. The setting takes a more lighthearted view of high fantasy. It draws its inspiration from cartoons, comic books, some fantasy literature, and the RPGs that inspired my style of play the most. Still, it is my hope in sharing that it is just the thing that some people have been searching for.

With the Labyrinth Lord™ RPG I can finally share this work using the type of rule set it was meant to be played with. I hope others have as much fun exploring The Phoenix Barony as I have. So, without further ado, I present you with my vision of a fantasy world ripe for adventure...





We had been traversing the tunnels for 2 days. Our damp clothes did little to fend off the chill of the dead air. The only sound for hours had been the shuffling of our feet, and the dripping of water from the tips of ancient stalactites.

The torch I carried cast deep shadows on the faces of my companions. Tival, the Halfling burglar, was unusually dour as he glanced nervously behind us into the oppressive darkness. Between us strode Gloral, the Elf Sorceress who was far removed from her wooded homeland. I, Duncan the Holy Warrior of Irnoch, as leader, felt responsible for their lives.

The merchant had hired us to find the Amulet of Dreg in this forbidden place, and perhaps discover the fate of the previous party of adventurers he had sent on this same mission.

The smell hit us even before we saw the skeletal remains ahead of us in the passageway. The rats who had been feeding skittered away, their angry chattering piercing the silence. Tival cautioned us to stay back while he investigated. Perhaps he was checking for danger? More likely he wanted to loot the bodies away from our prying eyes. I prodded the nearest body with my boot. This was, in fact, as far as the merchant's previous employees had gotten. Would a similar fate befall us in this dreary place?

A gasp from Gloral attracted our attention. The brooch on her cloak was glowing a dull blue. "Something is coming," She whispered, "and it isn't friendly!" She began the incantation for a spell as the whirling sound of Tival's sling grew louder and louder. I held the torch aloft and drew my sword, taking a stance while facing the gloom ahead.

We heard the raspy breathing only a moment before they crept into the edge of the torchlight. Goblins, at least a dozen, their gruesome mouths spread in wicked grins as they drew rusty blades from scabbards made of human skin.

Introduction

Nestled uncomfortably between the Gloomwoods and the Black mountains is the remote Phoenix Barony of Baron Marshall. *The Phoenix Barony* is a High Fantasy setting for the *Labyrinth Lord* Role Playing game.

This setting is a relatively small area about 64 miles square. In my campaign world The Phoenix Barony is located in the Southwester most corner of the Kingdom of Eagris and borders the wild unexplored lands to the west. Due to its rather secluded nature, the Barony can easily be placed in any fantasy world without causing too much upset.

The world itself is, physically, very similar to our own. It is about the same size, has one moon, and rotates at about the same distance from its sun. To this end, many of the mundane details, such as 24 hour days, 7 day week, 12 month and 365 day years, climate, flora, and fauna, comfortably resemble our own Earth. Day and month names

are (strangely) the same as those of our own earth (as proclaimed by the Church of Irnoch).

Due to its southern locale, the climate of the area tends to be mild. Summers are long and temperate, a little humid. Spring and fall are comfortable, while winter is short and generally mild (although great snowstorms do occur on occasion).

History

The Phoenix Barony is set in an ancient world. Civilizations are built on the ruins of ancient fallen civilizations that have been built on similar past civilizations. History is changed, rewritten, or lost with each age, generation, or faction that comes into power. Legends become history while myth and fiction becomes accepted truth.

The coming of Irnoch is technically the beginning of recorded time, referred to from this point on as the Age of the Phoenix (or AP), in the Phoenix Barony. However, most historically accurate documents from the area can only be traced back

about 500 years or so. Before that most stories are myths, legends, and folklore told by word of mouth, and only later recorded.

The current year, according to scribes, is 3,212 AP, the 50th year of Baron Marshall.

The Time Before Time

In the time before time the four titan races battled eternal. Their bodies crushed and broke the land, creating the mountains, valleys, chasms, and rivers. The Behemoths fell first and in punishment each was chained to the very ceiling of the sky. Next the Leviathans were vanquished, and their number chained to the bottom of the Great Goblin Head Lake, where even now they fight against their chains and cause turbulence, waves, and storms. The Dragons and the Giants fought to near extinction, each generation becoming less magnificent than the one before. Even now, their hatred for each other rages on.

It was after this that the great Deities and Demigods came to the world and created all its wonders,

including Man, Elf, Dwarf, and Halfling. Unfortunately, so also came the Demons, who populated the world with evil monsters and cruel humanoid races.

The Coming of Irnoch

The most important event in the history of the Phoenix Barony is the coming of the Demigod Irnoch to the land.

Thousands of years ago the sky split open and Irnoch arrived on the back of the mighty flaming Phoenix. He came in the form of a man, but, was obviously so much more. He brought with him incomprehensible magics, and taught the good races of the Phoenix Barony wondrous wisdoms and knowledge. When his time was done, Irnoch left the world never to return. To this day he is still the patron deity of The Phoenix Barony. (More information on Irnoch and his church will be found later in the Religion section).

Recent History

Most records in the recent recorded history concern the line of true kings of Eagris. This mostly includes political treaties, wars between the other kingdoms, civil wars, and the laws and customs that have shaped the kingdom and its society.

The land that would later become the Phoenix Barony fits little into this history, being a selfish land of clan wars, adventurers, and rogues. It wasn't until Sir Marshall was granted the Barony, and awarded the title of Baron, that the Phoenix Barony became a truly unified holding.

The most important history shaping event was the usurpation of power in the area by Geltrod, the Vermin Lord, 140 years ago. Geltrod was eventually overthrown (by a group of do-good adventurers) and tied to the bottom of the Skeeter Fen to be eaten by creatures that crawl in the slime. This turned out to be a mistake as Geltrod defied death, and returned 100 years later. His body appears ruined, but he is more powerful than ever as a result of selling his soul to Vulcoo and his study of the Black arts.

Geltrod withdrew into the Black Mountains and through evil magic expanded the Skeeter Fen as an effective barrier. There he built the dark fortress Geltsberg. Powerful undead, Goblin Clans, Rattlings, and all manner of evil creatures converged under Geltrod's banner. The cursed land of Geltrod's has remained a blight on the Phoenix Barony ever since.

Geltrod's plans are a mystery, but his land is near impenetrable and small battles between his forces and that of the Phoenix Barony rage constantly.

In the last 50 years Baron Marshall has cleaned up the land. Towns are thriving with trade contracts both within the Barony and without. Laws are in place, and modest taxes provide a certain amount of security to the land. Still, it is a wild land, sparsely inhabited and dangerous. But, under Baron Marshall's wise rule the Barony has been gaining status and power.

Politics

The Phoenix Barony is ruled by Baron Marshall. It was granted to him 50 years ago by Duke Adrian of Pellenon after young Sir Marshall, then 15 years old, slew a Dragon single handedly saving an entire village.

The barony was rewarded with mixed sincerity. Sir Marshall had come to the attention of High King Cent of the Kingdom of Eagris. Duke Adrian was jealous, yet needed to show gratitude under the gaze of the High King. The Phoenix Rift (as it was then called) was a lawless land on the border of his Duchy plagued by strife from within and without.

Young Marshall was granted this Barony under the assumption that he would most likely perish at the hands of his subjects, or at least fail miserably as a leader. However the new Baron surprised both Duke and High King when he took the reigns and shaped the Phoenix Barony into a productive land, and effective defense against the monsters of the

wild lands to the west.

Baron Marshall still rules the Phoenix Barony from his castle in Sunderia. He is a man of honor and respected by his subjects. Directly under him are the High Wizard of the Order of Sunderia and The Archbishop of the Church of Irnoch. Together they form a ruling council known as the Phoenix Triad.



Trusted Lords and Ladies rule the Baronies main settlements and the surrounding areas. Villages are often ruled by an elected mayor, or some other commanding figure. In Geltsberg, Geltrod rules supreme and holds no allegiance to the Baron, Duke or the High King of Eagris. Underneath him are his lieutenants, various commanders, and special agents. All of these are expendable fodder in his mind.

Settlements and Population

The Phoenix Barony is rather sparsely populated. The Four main races are prevalent throughout. Humans are the most populace and adaptable. Dwarves, Elves, and Halflings are roughly equal to each other in population. Together their number is equal to the total Human population.

The Dwarves, Elves, and Halflings each have one major community. These contain few visitors, and even fewer residents of other races. Most "Human cities" are peppered with members of the other 3 races, both visiting and living there. Tathor is the only city that is a true melting pot of all the races in relatively equal parts.



I remember how it all began... I had just left the safety of the Monastery of Irnoch in the capitol city, Sunderia. My mission was to spread the faith to the common man. I admit the thought of grand adventures along the way thrilled me. The quest would lead me north to less civilized lands.

Barely a day out of Sunderia, I was ambushed by a band of roadside brigands. I wasn't expecting an attack so close to the domain of the Baron, so was taken unaware. Even so, I managed to beat off their assault, slaying many of their numbers. As the rest fled into the wood, I yelled after them, "Repent for Irnoch judges your every move!" My mission was underway.

I was about to set off again when I heard a muffled yell. I wasn't the only victim of the brigands. Bound and Gagged in their camp I found Tival. In thanks for my rescue, he offered to accompany me north. He seemed like an

honorable person. He even checked over the bodies of the brigands, to make sure that none were still alive and needed healing. He did a very thorough job of checking through their pockets, I assume for identification papers so he could notify any relatives.

After traveling many leagues we arrived in the town of Tathor. While much smaller than the sprawling city of Sunderia, Tathor proved to be the home of a more diverse crowd. There, we met the beautiful Elf Gloral. After she saved my neck in a barroom brawl, a friendship was born.

It was later at the inn that the merchant approached us. He was a shifty looking little man who dealt in certain antiquities. He was looking to recover an ancient amulet, and we seemed just the heroic types to do it.

Travel

Travel in the Phoenix Barony can be very dangerous. As was mentioned, the Barony is rather sparsely populated. Travel between towns, villages, or even lone homesteads can take days without any sign of a friendly face, with the key word being "friendly".

There are often roads or paths between settlements, but these offer little protection. Sometimes they serve as a beacon for evil beings to just where the prey will be coming from.

There are a few main trade routes, both by land and water, which provide a bit more protection. They are frequented more often and there is power in numbers. These trade routes are also patrolled by the Baron's road wardens. There is an awful lot of road to guard though and on occasion the wardens become bigger bullies than the highwaymen they are supposed to be protecting the citizens from.

Organizations

The Phoenix Barony is alive with

organizations, both secret and public. Elite warrior groups, guilds, clans, churches, and cults all thrive while attempting to accomplish their own agendas. Below are listed a few of the most famous organizations.

The Church of Irnoch

There is no more powerful organization in the Phoenix Barony than the Church of Irnoch (there are more details on the religion itself a bit later on). The Archbishop Horace preaches and rules the baronies churches at the Grand Temple of the Divine in Sunderia. He also acts as chief advisor to the Baron in the Phoenix Triad. Each of the major towns has a temple or church dedicated to Irnoch, while even the smallest village has at least a simple shrine dedicated to the Irnoch or a patron saint. These churches all collect non-taxable revenue.

The Archbishop is so powerful, in fact, that the wisdom and strength of Baron Marshall is the only thing that keeps him from usurping complete power. Many fear that the Barons heir (Sir David) may not be strong enough to keep him in check.

The power structure of the church is as follows. Reigning above all is the Archbishop. Directly under him are

the 5 Bishops, one assigned to each of the major towns. Under them are the various Clerics, wandering Clerics and missionaries.

The church does not tolerate the worship of pagan gods in the Barony and any violators are usually banished. The worship of Vulcoo is strictly prohibited and blasphemers are subject to instant execution.

Irnoch's Templar

Irnoch's Templar are the most elite order of warriors in the Phoenix Barony. The order was established by the Baron himself in the second year of his rule. They are a religious order of fighters, totally dedicated to the Law and the gospel of Irnoch, the Baron, and finally to the Archbishop.

The Templar wander and patrol the barony doing good wherever it is needed. A Templar generally travels alone save for one loyal squire (usually a formidable fighter himself).

The current leader of the order is Sir Duncan. Sir Duncan is the epitome of Lawful values, often to the point of being the object of bar room jests. None, however, would challenge his virtue and all hold utmost respect for

his loyalty to the people of the Barony and his dedication to their protection.

The Order of Sunderia

The Order of Sunderia is the major wizard's guild in the Phoenix Barony. The Majority of the most powerful and influential wizards belong to the guild. Those who don't belong to the order are considered Hedge Wizards and won't be taught spells by members. However, some wizards are proud not to belong to the conventional guild.

The Order's main base of operation is the Grand College of Magic located in Sunderia. This is a huge complex of towers and learning halls where the greatest wizards practice their arts and teach those of lesser experience. The High Wizard Zie dwells at the college. He rules the order, acts as dean of the school, and is one of the chief advisors to the Baron in the Phoenix Triad.

Nimble Fingers Liberation Guild

More than any organization, the Thieves Guild has its fingers in almost everything that involves money, be it trade, political, or illegal (especially illegal!). There is a branch of the Nimble Fingers in every major town, and even some villages and Hamlets.

The Guild is currently run by the Halfling Guilyfoil family. While the Halflings are generally good natured, their agents are more than willing to put non-due-paying member practitioners in their place...usually floating face down in the river.

Trade Advancement Guild

The Trade Advancement Guild is a political group composed of representatives from various merchant families. They are dedicated to making the barony a major trade power in the Kingdom of Eagris. While the Guild has done a lot for the Baronies economy, internal conflicts have hampered its operation. In the opinion of some, the Trade Advancement Guild is little better than the Thieves Guild. In fact, there are rumors that both are in league together.

The Baron's Border Guard

Each town in the Phoenix Barony is required to maintain a Militia to act as border guards for their particular territory. These include the Archers of the Lady in Deledon, Frunder's Riders from Frunder's Rest, the Bordain Rangers, The Sunderian Outriders and the Tunnel Fighters of Kragagor. Irnoch's Templar patrol the entire Barony. Tathor, being close to the boarder of Pellenon, enjoys protection from that quarter, although they do maintain a (somewhat lax) militia.

There is a great amount of respect between these groups...and also a lot of friendly competition. There are two prominent alliances between the Barons Border Guard. The Bordain Rangers and the Archers of the Lady find each others company pleasant, and often work together. Also the Tunnel Fighting Dwarves never miss an opportunity to get together with Frunder's Riders for missions or festivities. Still, there is a bit of hostility worth mentioning. The Archers of the Lady find the squirrelly Frunder's Riders a bit irritating, especially when they get it in their minds to sneak into Haven and play some pranks on them.



Religion

While all Deities and Demigods are revered and worshiped, Irnoch is the patron Deity of the entire "civilized" Phoenix Barony. The Holy Church of Irnoch has dictated the religious beliefs of the area since the early days of the Age of the Phoenix. Details of the religion have been

craftily changed to suit the times. Faithful believer or doubting Thomas, there is no doubt that Holy Clerics and Warriors of the Gods receive spells from some source.

Irnoch

Irnoch came to earth in the lands now known as the Phoenix Barony over 3,000 years ago. He came in the form of a man and spread civilization, peace, and knowledge. His main gospels were that the strong must protect the weak, respect your brothers, and always be honorable. It's a hard doctrine to follow, but a noble goal.

Above all this, Irnoch came to warn of the coming of Vulcoo! According to Irnoch, the demon and his demonic horde would eventually come to wipe out all that is good in the world. It is even said that he told the exact time and hour...but for some reason that information has become lost over the years.

Eventually Irnoch was forced to leave the earth and his human form and take his place again with the gods. It is said that the Sun is his eye that watches and protects eternal in the sky. The Flaming Eye is his avatar and holy symbol.

Saints

There are dozens of saints. Some particularly holy and faithful mortals are granted the status of Saint by the Church of Irnoch after their deaths. These beings are worshiped along with the gods they serve in the afterlife. Patron Saints are common among smaller communities who believe the gods themselves have bigger fish to fry while a saint is more likely to hear and answer their prayers.

Vulcoo

Vulcoo, also known as the Demon God, is the embodiment of all that is evil. He appears as a gigantic snake with clawed arms and 4 dragon-like heads. Even though his physical form is imprisoned in the moon for eternity his influence and essence still holds much sway in the Barony. His Demon servants have been known to manifest themselves to tempt or destroy the good. Evil



The merchant had paid us half of our wage in advance. Much of that was already gone as we celebrated our good fortune. The denizens of the Inn were more than happy to raise a glass in the praise of my God Irnoch...as long as I kept buying. My generosity converted many heathen that night.

When asked for some entertainment directly from Sunderia, I proceeded to recite some poetry of Glemesh. By the third verse the crowd was starting to loose interest and I feared I would loose my converts. Suddenly the Ale bubbles in my gullet took a churn and my throat erupted with the longest belch I've ever experienced. The crowd stared wide eyed for a moment and then burst out with cheers of Delight. I silently thanked Irnoch for this divine intervention.

At the coaxing of the crowd I drew my sword and gave them a show. My blade never cut the air as sharply when I demonstrated the whirlwind of Irnoch, a

move I had learned from my mentor. I clove through 4 goblets with one deft stroke as they were tossed into the air.

Not to be outdone, Gloral proceeded to show her magical skills. She created fantastic illusions in the air before us. As a finale she shot a great bolt of fire from her fingertips. The power of the bolt blasted a hole in the tavern wall. The crowd went wild with applause. I begged for more but Gloral advised that she would most likely need her strength for the mission ahead. The Innkeeper was so entertained he almost felt guilty charging me for the damage to the wall and the 4 goblets I destroyed.

Later that night I asked Tival why he didn't show the Inns patrons his personal skills. He smiled at me and patted his fat little purse. "I already did ", he chuckled, "I already did!"

humanoids and monsters worship him or one of his many Demons. Members of the races of Dwarf, Elf, and Halfling and Human have also been known to worship Vulcoo and his servants though this is usually done in secret. Even though you would think they would know better, the promise of quick power, wealth, and earthly pleasures is too much for some to resist.



Demons

There are hundreds of Demons of various powers that receive worship (usually from evil humanoids or monsters). These Demons are servants of their master, Vulcoo, and by causing as much evil as they can,

believe that they can facilitate the return of their master to the material world.

Gazetteer

The map of the Phoenix Barony only shows the major land features and settlements. The map scale is quite large, and there are hundreds of smaller villages, rivers, forests, mountain ranges, lakes, and more that can't be pictured on the map. There are many square miles on the map that are "empty". Despite looking quite populated, when you consider the population of settlements (this population includes surrounding farmsteads) and the distances between them, you will see that the Phoenix Barony is still mostly wild untamed lands.

The following is an alphabetical listing and brief description of all the land features and settlements on the map.

Settlements

Bordane

Population: 1,500

Leader: Lady Nessa Bordane

Bordane is a beautiful and clean lakeside town. Bordane acts as a central point for trade between the north and the south of the Barony while its location on the Goblin River makes it invaluable to trade outside the Barony. The Lady Nessa Bordane keeps very good relations with the Lady Gloral of Deledon.

The Rangers of Bordane are known for their excellent horsemanship. They are tasked by the Baron and the Lady Nessa with patrolling the land west of the Haven Forest. They also patrol the shores of the Goblin River, but rarely enter the foreboding Gloomwood. The Rangers show no mercy to any evil humanoids or monsters they find roaming those lands.

Deledon

Population: 1,250

Leader: Lady Gloral

In the Lush Haven Forest you will find the Elven city of Deledon. There is not a more enchanting place in all of the Phoenix Barony.

The city is made up of natural living materials, all the color of the green foliage of the Forest. Strangely, the color of the city itself changes to

golden in the autumn (even though the leaves change color they never fall). The city lies both in the trees and on the ground with splendid walkways joining the two.

In the center of the city is a humongous oak tree and in its branches the "castle" of the Lady Barony (and perhaps the entire Kingdom of Eagris). The land is lush, dotted with pleasant little forests, streams, fields, farms, and villages. Frunder's Rest itself is a quaint little bustling town with wood and stone houses, comfortable burrows, and extravagant tree houses.

The Archers of the Lady are an elite organization of Border Guard that patrols the Haven Forest. They are especially dense along the southern shoreline where pirates, Hobgoblin bandits, or worse often attempt to land under cover of the trees.

While the citizens of Deledon would do anything for the lady, she hates to send her subjects beyond the borders of the Haven Forest. When she has a mission that requires travel beyond her realm she often summons noble adventurers from the "outside".



Frunder's Rest
Population: 1,000
Leader: Sheriff Podo Bombag

Frunder's Rest is located in the Frunder Hills just north of the Skeeter Fen. It is named after Frunder Fizweg, a fearless Halfling hero of myth and legend who is said to have settled here after his adventures.

Assembling this many Halflings in one area is no small feat! And if you say that in Frunder's Rest you'll

probably get punched in the knee by a Halfling who has had it down to here with short jokes!

But seriously, Frunder's Rest (both the town and its surrounding settlements and farms) is the largest Halfling community in the Phoenix Barony (and perhaps the entire Kingdom of Eagris). The land is lush, dotted with pleasant little forests, streams, fields, farms, and villages. Frunder's Rest itself is a quaint little bustling town with wood and stone houses, comfortable burrows, and extravagant tree houses. Festivities, fairs, and celebrations are almost as common as meals, and most strangers are welcomed warmly.

Still, one shouldn't judge Frunder's Rest by its outward appearance. Being this close to Geltsberg the Halflings have to be ever cautious and battle ready. They boast one of the most impressively organized militia. This militia is bolstered by the famous Border Guards Frunder's Riders. These skilled mounted riders fight atop the backs of giant weasels in the wilderness and giant toads (the swamp hoppers) when in the Skeeter Fen.

If the proximity of Frunder's Rest to Geltsberg doesn't put one on edge, the knowledge that the hills are crawling with the warrens of Rattlings certainly will! It is rumored that these tunnels run underground all the way to Geltsberg. This is unproven as most tunnels collapse upon discovery and exploration.

Geltsberg
Population: 1,000
Leader: Geltrod, the Vermin Lord

If there is a place in the entire world that radiates pure evil it is Geltsberg. This dark domain is more of a fortress than a city, built upon a great plateau. It is from this fearsome abode that Geltrod rules his cursed domain.

While the foul land around the fortress is the home of many evil humanoids there are also several unfortunate villages populated by Humans, Elves, Dwarves, and



Halfling. These poor oppressed people are held prisoner in this land and are little more than slaves to Geltrod and his underlings. There is little chance for escape since the land around Geltsberg is so hostile and fortresses guard the only feasible escape routs.

The roads leading to this loathsome place are adorned with the victims of those unfortunate enough to have felt Geltrod's wrath. Cages, filled with prisoners or their rotting remains, hang from poles every 20 feet as if beacons leading to the gates of doom. In the distance one can behold bodies skewered on long spikes or crucified on rusty iron crosses while others sway gently on the end of a noose tied to gnarled trees.

Geltsberg itself is surrounded with 200 foot tall Iron walls covered with bolts, spikes, the webs of giant spiders, and the skeletal remains of victims chained to the exterior. Thousands of torches and glowing evil eyes light the battlement. Behind the wall twisting stairs and towers reach relentlessly to the sky while dark smoke belches forth from long chimneys bathing the entire area in a sooty darkness. One can hear the incessant screams of tortured souls and the chants of dark rituals while the smell of rot and blood fill the air.

There are only two ways to enter Geltsberg. The first is the winding road that leads directly to the heavily fortified and guarded iron gates. The second is through miles and miles of diseased Rattling infested tunnels



Our adventure was to take us to the Troll Mountains, a couple days journey to the northwest. The merchant had heard a rumor that the amulet was to be found there. Apparently a Woodsman who frequented those parts had investigated the lair of a particularly nasty clan of Goblins. He had discovered that the amulet was hidden somewhere inside, though he couldn't locate it. Gloral was sure there was more to tell, but the merchant was guarded with his information. His bag of gold on the table was all the coaxing Tival and I needed to accept the mission.

Before heading to the Goblin caverns, we thought it best to hit the marketplace and stock up on our waning supplies. Gloral and I wandered about the various tents and stores looking for the best prices on necessary items. Tival seemed confident that he could get better deals on his own and separated from us early on.

It was mid morning by the time we had everything we needed. I was happily munching on my breakfast, a chunk of unknown meat on a stick, while Gloral implied she didn't like the look of the vender who sold it to me. Something about him smelling of the sewers...but the meat was tasty anyway.

We were about to head to the stable where our mounts had been prepared for the upcoming journey when the glint of the sun reflecting off a sword caught my eye. On the edge of the marketplace sat a wagon laden with weapons of all sorts. On the side of the cart was the rune of the Dwarven smith Grimbrax.

The Dwarf Grimbrax was known for making the best weapons in the entire Kingdom of Eagris, let alone the Phoenix Barony. Once I held one of his balanced blades in my hand, I knew I had to have it!

Later that day as we rode I noticed that Tival was wearing a short sword. The weapon bore the unmistakable mark of Grimbrax. When I asked Tivil the price he paid for the weapon he just smiled and said, "Oh, a whole lot less than you did!" With that he winked at me and urged his riding dog forward.

that burrow through the entire plateau itself and into the city's vast dungeons. One can only gamble which path will lead to a quicker death. If one manages all these horrors and steps foot into Geltsberg then he shall know what lies in this terrible place.

For those who like to live on the edge, Geltsberg and the surrounding area is a literal haven of adventure. Humanoid lairs and ancient ruins dot the borders of the Black Mountains. The nearly impenetrable Skeeter Fen promises to hold sunken cities. For the noble hero there are spy missions against the necromancer that need to be done and villagers that need to be rescued.

Kragagor

Population: 1,200

Leader: Lord Boloff Goldenshield

In the far northwestern corner of the barony high in the Black Mountains can be found the Dwarven realm of Kragagor. This is certainly the place

to go if you want to purchase the finest weapons and armor in the entire Barony with the famed smith Grimbrax making his home here.

The walled town proper itself lies above the ground and contains some of the most impressive stonework to be found. To the rear of this one enters the side of the great mountain Kragagor, and this is where the true marvel awaits. The massive underground complex is a sight to behold. The rest of the town lies in a vast cavern while smaller villages, mining complexes, and ornate halls are attached by miles and miles of finely sculpted tunnels. The stonework and decorations in Kragagor are masterful, being inlaid with silver, gold, copper and precious stones.

The Dwarves do not keep a standing army. This is only because each and every dwarf (male, female, and child) is already a formidable fighting machine. They do however provide some of their most elite fighters to

the Barons Border Guard. This group is known as the Kragagor Tunnel Fighters. They mainly patrol the border of the Black Mountains from their northern realm all the way down to Frunder's Rest (where they are sure to stop and drink a few gallons of fine Halfling ale).

Despite its wonders and powerful peoples the dwarves of Kragagor dug a little too deeply into the mountain. Where the refined Dwarven tunnels give up to rough hewn passages one finds the dangers of the Black Mountains. The evil humanoid races here wage an eternal war for both riches and living space. Battles in the tunnels are an everyday occurrence in the life of the denizens of Kragagor.

Adventure abounds in Kragagor. The tunnel complexes are so vast, with many being abandoned, taken over by evil races, or constantly changing ownership. Some haven't been explored for hundreds, or even thousands, or years. Some hold

treasures and mysteries just waiting to be discovered.

Sunderia

Population: 3,500

Leader: Baron Marshall

The great capital city of the Phoenix Barony, Sunderia is located on the southern shores, where the barony gives way to Irnoch's Bay and the Great Southern Sea. In this grand city the Baron makes his home.

The history of Sunderia goes back thousands of years. Legend has it that when the great Phoenix of Irnoch first arrived in the land. The giant flaming bird came swooping down on Sunderia passing judgment on its entire peoples. The evil half of the city was destroyed and sank into the sea taking the unbelievers with it. There must be at least a grain of truth to these legends, for below the great cliff face that Sunderia is built upon a graveyard of ruins can be seen jutting from the waters.

The city proper is walled and well defended, being the Baronies foremost defense against attack by sea. The city is clean and well kept up boasting an impressive sewer system. While the city isn't without crime and its seedier parts, the city watch is capable and keeps crime to an acceptable minimum.

The city itself is built upon a great cliff face. However, to facilitate trade and travel, the great trading caves were constructed below the city. This massive cave allows the entry of trade boats and their goods. There is an active community thriving in the cave itself and it can almost be said that it is a separate city unto itself, containing about a fourth of the cities population.

The Baron's castle on the cliffs crest is another impressive structure in Sunderia. While not fancy or artistic it is possibly the most soundly defended and well fortified structure in the entire Kingdom of Eagris. The large courtyard and underground storage is designed as the last retreat for Sunderias population in the event of a fateful attack.

The grand temple of the Divine is also located in Sunderia. This massive and gaudy structure is a testimony to the power of the church (and its wealth). The ground the temple is built upon is said to be the place where Irnoch first set foot on the land.

In Sunderia you will also find the sprawling spires of the Order of Sunderia's College of Magic. In these towers the Baronies greatest wizards practice their trade and train the next generation of spell casters.

Tathor

Population: 750

Leader: Lord Arbottom

Tathor is known throughout the Barony as "The Adventurer's Town". It is a complete melting pot of all types of races and professions. One can even find a stray Gnome, Ogre, or decidedly clean Goblin Outcast in the city on occasion. It is a popular base town for the more adventurous types in the Barony and the town is set up to accommodate this.

Since so many "interesting" items come through Tathor, the Nimble Fingers Thieves Guild has set up its main "secret" base here. While they don't challenge Lord Arbottom's rule, they do share a certain amount of power in the town. The Town relies on this economy of adventurers treasure and doesn't dabble in trade too much.

Tathor's only official defense is their admittedly inept city watch. They prefer to rely on the protection of the town's plethora of adventurers who are always just looking for a fight.

Recently Tathor has had run-ins with an evil wizard named Nindoo, who has taken up residence in the Troll Mountains. Nindoo seems to have intentions for Tathor that only he knows of.

Forests

Feywood

Many travelers have gone to great lengths to traverse around the enchanted Feywood. The forest drips with magic. Not only are

beasts and monsters to be feared but the Pixies, Gnomes, and other fairy creatures hold court here and love nothing more than to cause travelers all types of misfortunes. Perhaps the most feared creatures are the rumored Evil Elves that call the Feywood their Realm. These reclusive Elves shun the outside world preferring the company of their own kind and that of forest dwellers to the civilizations of man. The Elves of Haven deny the very existence of these Elves and there is no proof that they have accepted.



Gloomwood

The massive sprawl of Gloomwood is an unpleasant place. The wood is ancient and some say evil itself. The ground is squishy and in some places swampy. The whole place smells of rot and decay. The creatures that dwell here are horrendous and vile. Fortunately the denizens tend to stay within the borders of the wood itself. The Gloomwood is literally crawling with giant spiders of the creepiest sort. This is probably the single



We left the road heading northwest. I looked over my shoulder at Tathor, and the last sign of civilization I could hope to see for some time. Ahead in the distance the Troll Mountains rose on the horizon.

The Troll Mountains looked foreboding in the mists. As much as I dreaded going there, they looked like mere foothills compared to the monstrous heights of the Black Mountains off to the west. Those evil peaks cut through land like some barrier of chaos that dared any to cross.

Shortly before nightfall we stopped to make camp next to a dark wood. Gloral assured me we would not only be safe here, but the Elves of these woods kept the land clear of many beasts that would do us harm. I hunted up some firewood on the forests outskirts while Gloral busied herself with preparing a meal. Tival was busy looking for soft leaves and wishing he hadn't eaten those green apples we found earlier.

After supper we settled down for the night. Tival took the first watch. As Gloral and I lay down, Tival serenaded us with an ancient Half-Folk ballad of the hero, Frunder Fizwag.

*Oh Frunder was a bold Fizwag
His arms hung loose and his gut did sag
He traveled by night, he traveled by day
Because no one would let him stay
Oh-Hi-de-hey adventurous Frunder
Oh-Hi-de-hey adventurous Frunder*

There were 10 more verses to follow. By the end I was dozing but it seemed obvious to me that Frunder had never actually done anything at all worthy of having his own ballad.

The smell of Tivals Half-Folk pipe weed filled my nostrils as I fell asleep. As he puffed Tival began to giggle. I wish I enjoyed guard duty that much!

most common reason that sane people avoid the place.

Despite its reputation, adventurers still enter the Gloomwood on numerous occasions. There are many rumors of ruins and treasures said to be there from ages past before the land gave way to the wood and swamp. Some say a hostile race of Treemen live in the Gloomwood. Whether these Treemen are evil or simply protecting their homes is unknown.

Haven Forest

The Haven Forest is the realm of the elves under the direct protection of the Lady Gloral of Deledon. If one is in the good graces of the elves and has permission to pass through this land they will never find a safer more beautiful place. Enemies of the elves will surely find a swift fate. Other than Deledon one can find small elvish villages and outposts

throughout the Haven Forest, all loyal to the lady. Wandering Druids and rangers also make the forest their home. It is said that the wildlife of the Haven Forest work with the elves to retain balance and it is told that many of the elves can communicate with these animals.

Mountain Ranges

The Black Mountains

This massive mountain range borders the entire western wild lands as if daring any to cross. It is mostly uncharted and speculation as to what can be found in its depths is a popular topic of discussion in adventurer taverns. Surely there is no shortage of evil humanoids and monsters but there are also many ruins and lost kingdoms from past ages. Considering the vastness of the Black Mountains one wouldn't be surprised to find entire self sufficient civilizations living in their center. Needless to say, adventurers can

find more adventure in the Black Mountains than they can shake a sword at. If nothing else, any cartographer would pay handsomely for accurate maps of any portion of the range.

The Troll Mountains

The Troll Mountains are a broken and hostile range of peaks jutting eastward from the Black Mountains and extending south to the Goblin Head Lake. Like the Black Mountains the Troll Mountains are host to all sorts of evil humanoids and monsters, especially their namesake the Trolls.

The Troll Mountains aren't totally impregnable and the dwarves have discovered many passes through them. These are used as dangerous trade routes to Tathor and Pellenon.

The Troll Mountains are riddled with ancient ruins, tunnel complexes, and fortresses which are manned, abandoned, haunted, or worse. The

Troll Mountains are a veritable haven for adventurers seeking action.

Recently, an evil and (wouldn't you know it) insane wizard named Nindoo has taken up residence in the Troll Mountains. This wizard is making the southeastern Troll Mountains his home and has been rallying a formidable army of Kobolds, Goblins, and Hobgoblins to his banner. His intentions remain unknown. Speculation is that he is either in league with Geltrod or in direct competition with him.

Rivers and Bodies of Water

The Ale River

The Ale River runs slowly out of Black Mts. And through the hills around Frunder's Rest. It weaves lazily through hills, grasslands, and woods until emptying into the Goblin Head Lake.

The Ale River gets its name from the small Halfling shire of Aleton located on the river about a day northwest of Frunder's Rest. Aleton, as you can guess, is known for its fine ale breweries. This ale is packed in barrels which are tossed into the river to make the journey to Bordain, Sunderia, and outside the Phoenix Barony. These barrels, along with the brave barrel-riding ale shepherds, are a common sight along the Ale River. The journey has its dangers but the Ale Shepherds are formidable fighters (when sober).

The Goblin Head Lake

The Goblin Head Lake is a huge body of fresh water in the rough shape of a Goblins head (hence the name). Fishing is great here and there are several fishing villages on its shore. Unfortunately there are also a lot of swampy areas around the lake that attract all kinds of undesirables like Lizardfolk and Troglodytes.

Fishermen are cautious not to go too far out into the lake due to choppy waters, horrifying creatures that dwell in the depths, and the mist. Even on the windiest of days the northern Goblin Head Lake is bathed in a thick mist that makes navigation difficult. If the mist is too thick the

fishermen stay off the lake altogether. When the mist creeps into the village itself the locals do everything they can to stay indoors until it passes. While there is no particular superstition explaining the mist, it is thought of as evil. Anyone who is caught in its damp cold touch feels much the same.

The Goblin River

The wild and choppy Goblin River pours rapidly out of the Goblin Head Lake heading east. This is the chief water trade route for dealing outside of the Phoenix Barony as the river runs straight through 30 miles of the Gloomwood into the Duchy of Pellenon. The way is rough and only the most skilled boatmen even attempt the journey manning the sturdiest of longboats and riverboats. Even then many meet their fate on the hateful rapids and in the ice cold waters of the Goblin River.

The river mellows a bit as it enters the Gloomwood but the perils that come from that quarter are often worse than mere nature. While it is totally possible to have an uneventful journey it is more likely to run into hostile humanoids, monsters from the murky depths of the river, giant spiders that drop from the trees above, and longboats manned by legions of Undead Pirates.

The Great Southern Sea

Innoch's Bay opens up to a vast ocean designated as The Great Southern Sea. The east coast leads to the fairer shores of Eagriss and the 10 Kingdoms beyond. The west coast follows the very rising cliffs of the Black Mountains to the end of the world. Whoever travels in that direction signs his own death warrant. They are dashed against the massive razor sharp reefs close to shore, swallowed by whirlpools and monsters in open water, or they simply disappear as if they never were. Some 50 miles to the south are the island kingdoms of Kelbrook

Innoch's Bay

This inlet to The Great Southern Sea is ideal, defensively, because it is filled with reefs, sandbars, and the ruins of sunken Sunderia. Thus a Nautical assault on the barony is all

but impossible. Smaller craft can be easily repelled by the Barons modest navy and shoreline defenses.

Trade ships from the tropical southern islands of Kelbrook, and other lands, anchor their ships well outside of the bay. They then send smaller longboats, skiffs, or rafts carrying their goods to the caves below Sunderia. There is still a lot of open water in the bay, and piracy is a constant danger, as well as the mundane hazards of navigation, weather, and giant monsters that can swallow boats in one gulp.

King's River

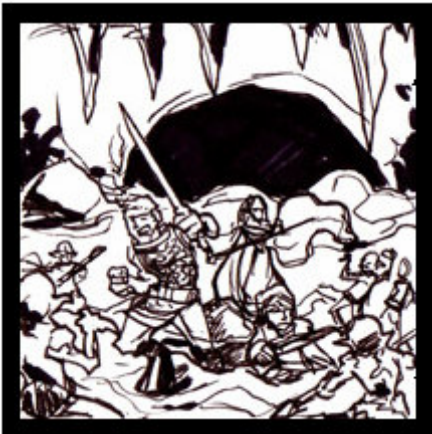
The Kings River flows northeast out of the Goblin Head Lake. Longboats and riverboats carrying trade goods use this route to take goods from Sunderia or Bordain to Pellenon.

The Kings River isn't as dangerous as the Goblin River, but in exchange for its safety one must endure the many toll points and locks. These toll houses also offer lodging and protection. Over the years, the families that control the toll points have become hostile toward each other and several "house wars" have broken out on the Kings River.

The Phoenix River

According to legend, when Innoch came to the land he rode atop the back of the Phoenix, a mighty flaming bird. As this bird approached the mortal world it wreaked havoc in its wake. The greatest scar left on the land from the Phoenix is the mighty Phoenix River. This river collected all the waters of the Black Mountains and spilled them into the valley, flooding the land and creating the Goblin Head Lake. It is guessed that the river runs clear through the Black Mountains to the Wild Western Lands beyond but the river is too rapid to traverse so this remains unproven.

The Phoenix River is massive being up to 5 miles wide at some points. Fishing villages are scattered along the coast as one travels away from the lake. Further toward the Black Mountains the river has spots that are said to contain gold dust supposedly carried from the



The Goblins stopped just on the fringe of our torchlight, never taking their glowing yellow eyes off of us. The chipped blades of their knives reflected the light of the flames and cast hideous shadows on the tunnel walls. Saliva dripped from the creature's clenched fangs as they cautiously approached us, muscles tense and waiting to pounce!

"I am Duncan, Warrior of Irnoch!" I spoke, straightening to my full height, "We have no quarrel with you. My companions and I seek the Amulet of Dreg. Can you help us?"

They looked at each other in confusion, obviously not expecting to exchange words before spilling blood. Their Leader spat at me through rotting teeth, "Piss off dung head, I spit on your god! We guard the Amulet for our mistress, the Dark Lady, with our lives!" With a ghastly scream his motley crew charged at us, blades flashing through the air.

Their attack was sloppy, and I easily sidestepped the first Goblin's charge. With a sweep I brought my blade deftly across his midsection and into the side of one of his companions spilling intestines across the floor. A sudden flash of blue light and the smell of charred hair told me that Gloral had cast one of her devastating spells. In the confusion Tival stepped out of the shadows behind the leader, stabbing him between the ribs.

Having seen their number quickly halved and their leader lying in a pool of dark ichor, the remaining Goblins fled screaming into the darkness.

underground realms below Kragagor. Some are brave enough to prospect and pan for this gold dust but the proximity to the Black Mountains make it extremely dangerous. As one moves further into the Black Mountains there are an abnormal amount of barbaric Goblin tribes that make their camps along the Phoenix River. These tribes sometimes trade with the human villages along the river...sometimes they just prefer to kill and eat them instead.

The Trog River

Running along the eastern border of Skeeter Fen is the murky Trog River. This slow running river weaves past many dilapidated villages and husks of ancient ruins before passing the fortress of Geltsgerg and eventually emptying into the Skeeter Fen.

Several years ago a group of Dwarf Tunnel Fighters got it in their heads to use this river to launch a surprise attack on Geltrod. They traversed the Black Mountains carrying several lightweight riverboats upon their backs till they came to the Trog River. They had barely paddled into the cursed land before a mass of Troglodytes arose from the murky depths to kill them all to the last man (or so the tale goes). Nothing travels along this river without

Geltrod's consent and nothing seems to pass unknown to him.

Islands

Isle of Mists

In the thickest mists of the Goblin Head Lake lies the lone uncharted Isle of Mists. Few travel to this cursed Isle although the myth of why it is "cursed" has been lost in ages past. On rare occasions a longboat passes close to the island on a day when the wind has thinned the mist. The men on these boats report, with awe, the sight of great ruined buildings of unnerving design. Needless to say, many a foolish adventurer has set out to explore and plunder the isle. If any have ever returned they tell no tale of what they have found.

Swamps

Skeeter Fen

The Skeeter fen is a sprawling mass of smelly damp bogs and rotting vegetation. The air is humid and thick and the gnats buzz and sting constantly...and these are the fen's good points! If there was ever a more foul and unfriendly place in the world it has yet to be discovered. Each step you take in the Skeeter

Fen could very well be your last as the ground constantly gives way to sinkholes and quicksand. Poisonous fumes constantly belch from the Fen's depths to create pockets of instant death to the unwary.

The swamp is the home to all sorts of foul creatures. Crabs, Crocodiles, Giant Leaches, Giant Scorpions, Giant Spiders, Giant Mosquitoes, and worse hunt the Skeeter Fen. If all the natural hazards and wildlife here aren't enough to scare one off it is also known that squads of Kobolds, Goblins, Hobgoblins, and Rattlings patrol the fen's few known safe paths. But worse than all of this are the hordes of undead that serve Geltrod. Deep in the swamp are the rotting remains of his victims and servants of wars long past. These foul creatures are known to rise through the scum encrusted surface of the swamp and lumber its vastness looking for intruders.

Still the Depths of Skeeter Fen are said to hold a deep dark secret. This rumor has lead to many adventurers heading off into the Skeeter Fen. Some are fortunate enough to be rescued by the Frunder's Rest Swamp Hoppers while most are never heard from again.

Heroes, Villains, & Troops

The following are descriptions and statistics for some of the major NPCs and troop types in the Phoenix Barony. They are subdivided into the settlement areas they are most likely to be encountered in.

All bonuses for ability scores are included in the AC, HP, and DG entries as well as any bonus due to magic items. Equipment of Note details magic items only. Labyrinth Lords should feel free to modify any of the profiles and should choose appropriate spells for Clerics and Magic Users.

Personalities of Bordane

Lady Nessa Bordain

Lady Nessa is a practical woman who rules justly and firmly. She comes from a fighting background and is usually encountered wearing leather armor and sturdy traveling clothes rather than courtly garb. Her gruff personality (beauty aside) is almost the opposite of the Lady of Deledon, but the two have always been the best of friends.

Level 8 Fighter: AL N; MV 90' (30'); AC 5; HP 48; #AT 1; DG Flail, Heavy +2 (1d8+4); ML 12;
Equipment of Note: Leather Armor +1, Flail, Heavy +2

Bordain Ranger

These horsemen are the heartiest fighters in the barony. They pride themselves on their self sufficiency and are encountered in patrols of 1d6. They prefer to attack from horseback with spears or lance but are just as formidable on foot (Bordain Rangers receive a +1 bonus to hit and damage with Lance in addition to all other mounted combat bonuses as described in the LL rule book on page 53 under the Melee Combat heading).

Level 4 Fighter: AL N; MV 90' (30'); AC 5; HD 4d8; #AT 1; DG Lance (1d6+1) or Short Sword (1d6); ML 10

Personalities of Deledon

Lady Gloral of Deledon

Lady Gloral is the guardian of the Haven Forest and leader of the Elf people in the Phoenix Barony. Looking at her petite and feminine appearance one would not expect her power as an impressive fighter and magic user. She rules with compassion and wisdom and is loved by all her subjects.

Level 10 Elf: AL L; MV 90' (30'); AC 5; HP 50; #AT 1; DG Dagger +1 (1d4+2) or Longbow +1 (1d8+1); ML 12; **Equipment of Note:** Bracers of Armor (AC 5), Dagger +1, Longbow +1



Archers of the Lady

The Archers of the Lady prowl the shadows of the Forest of Haven. They wear camouflaged cloaks and gear and are generally only spotted on a 1-2 on 1d6 when actively searched for. The Archers themselves are never surprised in Haven and are usually found hiding in trees or underbrush as they observe any intruders to their Elf realm. They prefer to attack with bows.

Level 4 Elf: AL N; MV 90' (30'); AC 7; HD 4d6; #AT 1; DG Scimitar (1d8) or Longbow (1d8); ML 10

Personalities of Frunder's

Rest

Sheriff Podo Bombag

The leader of the Halfling people is elected, not appointed by the Baron. Still, he is required to pledge his allegiance to the Baron once elected. Podo is gregarious, rotund, and a born politician who has won his people over with his charismatic ways.

Level 3 Halfling: AL N; MV 90' (30'); AC 9; HP 10; #AT 1; DG Dagger (1d4); ML 8

Frunder's Riders

Frunder's Riders are jovial Halflings who love a good brawl almost as much as a half-pint of ale and a seedcake. They Travel in groups of 4, sometimes accompanied by a traveling Dwarf Tunnel Fighter from Kragagor. They ride giant Weasels in wilderness and giant Toads in the Skeeter Fens.

Level 4 Halfling: AL N; MV 90' (30'); AC 5; HD 4d6; #AT 1; DG Spear (1d6) or Sling (1d4); ML 10

Ale Shepherds

The Halfling Ale Shepherds of Aleton ride the barrels of ale down the raging rivers of the Phoenix Barony. They are a jolly lot and spend the hours on the river singing, playing agility and word games, and joking with their brethren. They are fierce fighters when need be and woe is the brigand or monster that underestimates these diminutive guardians of the ale.

Level 3 Halfling: AL N; MV 90' (30'); AC 6; HD 3d6; #AT 1; DG Spear (1d6) or Shortbow (1d6); ML 10

Personalities of Geltsberg

Geltrod, the Vermin Lord

Geltrod may very well be the most powerful being in the Phoenix Barony and even all of Eagris. He is certainly the most evil. In a ritual known only to him he sold his soul to Vulcoo long ago in return for eternal life.



Having found the map in the tunnels of the Spider Clan Goblins, we made our way northwest along the Troll Mountains. Our destination was an ancient Keep built by only Irnoch knows whom.

"Go! Go to the keep and get your amulet!" the Goblin shaman has said through his blood spattered and cracked lips. The hate could be seen in his eyes, and before he swallowed his last dying breath he whispered, "The guardian shall wreak my revenge!" Surely it was the mutterings of madness.

On the Horizon the dreaded dark keep could be seen in the light of the full moon. Thorny vines crawled up its side and ancient tattered rags covered dark windows. The eye of Vulcoo was bright in the sky tonight as if mocking us by letting us view our doom in foreboding shades of grey. Yet more sinister, the long shadows cast by the keep threatened to hold unseen horrors watching and waiting.

Despite the Goblin Shaman's warnings of the fearsome guardian of the Amulet, we entered the keep without challenge. Weapons drawn we crept silently through the rusted portcullis, our breathing the only sound breaking the eerie silence. Skeletons littered the floors of every chamber. Skulls were cleaved in half and limbs had been severed and scattered about. The entire complex reeked of death yet we reached the inner chamber with little problem.

The chest sat across the room, an evil looking thing of wood and iron with skulls and demons engraved on its entirety. Tival moved toward it with surprising speed for such short legs. After a quick check for traps he opened the lid to gaze at the prize.

It was then that the shadow fell over the Halfling and the guardian made his presence known!

His skin is scarred, cracked, and mummified from being staked to the bottom of the Skeeter Fen. His ears are pointed like a demon, his eyes are sunken and dark, and his features are gaunt and pulled. But one mustn't be fooled; he is both powerful of body and mind!

Geltrod is a Wererat unlike any other in the Phoenix Barony. His abilities are wholly unique and one must wonder if he is the sire of all Wererats. Geltrod is formidable in both his forms and is immune to attacks from normal weapons even in "human" form.

In his Wererat form Geltrod can cause the disease of lycanthropy as described on page 85 of the LL rule book. Victims of the Disease become Wererats enthralled to Geltrod. In addition, Geltrod drains 1 energy level from a victim with each bite attack that causes damage. If a victim is reduced to level zero from these attacks they become a Ratling (see the following listing) slave of the Vermin Lord.

Human Form, Level 15 Magic-User: AL C; MV 90' (30'); AC 0; HP 45; #AT 2; DG Claw, Claw (1d6,

1d6); ML 12; **Equipment of Note:** Bracers of Armor (3), Cloak of Protection (+2), Crystal Ball with Clairaudience

Wererat Form Adjustments: MV 120' (40'); #AT 3 (bite, 2 claw); DG (1d10, 1d6, 1d6)

Rattlings

Rattlings are a race of small humanoid Rats standing about 2 feet tall. They are an abundant race living both in the wilds and infesting the sewers of most cities of all types. Rattlings construct crude armor and weapons and often ride Giant Rats as mounts. Rattlings form clans that are usually led by a Warlord or Sorcerer. There are rumors that there is a grand overlord of all Rattling clans but this has never been proven. If this is true, the numerous Rattlings can prove to become a very serious threat to human society.

Rattlings almost always attack in groups or packs attempting to outnumber and surround foes. Rattlings that outnumber their opponents 4 to 1 or greater receive a +1 to all attack rolls. Rattlings are disease carriers and anytime they

score a hit with a bite attack there is a 5% chance that the victim contracts a disease. A saving throw vs. poison is permitted but should it fail the character dies 1D6 days later (unless treated by a Cleric with the Cure Disease spell). If the character makes the save he still feels ill and suffers a -1 to all to hit rolls for 1d6 days.

AL C; MV 60' (20'); AC 6; HD 1; #AT 1; DG 1-6 + disease or by weapon; SV F2; ML 7



Personalities of Kragagor

Lord Boloff Goldenshield

The epitome of the Dwarven stereotype, Lord Boloff is a crotchety gruff Dwarf with little sense of humor and a love of gold and Halfling ale. He is battle hardened commanding with total authority.

Level 10 Dwarf: AL L; MV 90' (30'); AC 0; HP 65; #AT 1; DG Battle Axe +2 (1d8+5); ML 12; **Equipment of Note:** Shield +2, Battle Axe +2

Tunnel Fighters of Kragagor

The only thing more fearsome than the sight of a Dwarf Tunnel Fighter charging you is the same Dwarf after draining a barrel of Halfling ale! Tunnel fighters generally travel on foot moving surprisingly quickly and silently despite their short, stocky, and heavily armed and armored appearance. The traditional weapon of the Tunnel fighter is a large axe but they are fearsome opponents with any weapon.

Level 5 Dwarf: AL N; MV 90' (30'); AC 2; HD 5d8; #AT 1; DG Battle Axe (1d8); ML 12

Personalities of Sunderia

Baron Marshall

Baron Marshall is a noble, honorable, and intelligent man. He rules the Barony through wisdom and strength. He is rarely encountered alone, usually having a body guard of 2 Templar of Irnoch and possibly 4 Sunderian Outriders. He is normally based in Sunderia though he is not afraid to travel anywhere in the barony.

Level 12 Fighter: AL L; MV 90' (30'); AC 0; HP 64; #AT 1; DG Sword, Bastard (2D4+2)); ML 12; **Equipment of Note:** Plate Armor +2, Sword +2

Archbishop Horace

Archbishop Horace is an elderly man. Somewhere along his life path his loyalty to his God Irnoch and the people of the Barony has changed to thoughts of power and selfishness. While he already enjoys a lofty

position in the church he secretly desires total control of the Phoenix Barony. While the Archbishop respects (and to an extent fears) the Baron and his power he totally loathes the High Wizard Zie.

Level 13 Cleric: AL N; MV 90' (30'); AC 6; HP 44; #AT 1; DG Mace (1d6+2); ML 10; **Equipment of Note:** Mace +2

High Wizard Zie

High Wizard Zie is the oldest practicing Wizard in the Order of the Phoenix at a staggering 210 years old. He may appear somewhat distracted, even senile, but his mind is truly sharp as a tack. While he rather concentrate on running the college of magic, he retains his position as counselor on the Phoenix Triad to help keep the Archbishop in his place.

Level 16 Magic-User: AL L; MV 90' (30'); AC 6; HP 42; #AT 1; DG Staff (1d6); ML 12; **Equipment of Note:** Ring of Protection +3



Sir Duncan

Sir Duncan, at age 25, is the youngest man ever to lead the Templar of Irnoch. At times he seems almost naive but his nobility and righteousness are unquestionable. It is assumed that the Barony will be passed on to him someday as he is the areas greatest hero.

Level 10 Fighter: AL L; MV 90' (30'); AC -1; HP 65; #AT 1; DG Sword +1 Flame Tongue (1d8+3); ML 12; **Equipment of Note:** Plate Armor +2, Sword +1 Flame Tongue (see LL rule book page 119).

Sir David

Sir David is Baron Marshall's only son. This young Templar doesn't seem to have inherited his father's strength and nobility (or wisdom) and has yet to earn the respect of the subjects of the Phoenix Barony. He is, however, trying and may some day become a great man.

Level 5 Fighter: AL N; MV 90' (30'); AC 2; HP 25; #AT 1; DG Sword+1 (1d8+1); ML 8; **Equipment of Note:** Sword +1

Templar of Irnoch

The Templar of Irnoch is a Holy fighting order dedicated to the service of the Baron and the church. They roam the Barony, each with a lone squire, spreading the word of Irnoch's gospel and protecting the innocent and enforcing the law.

Level 5 Fighter: AL L; MV 90' (30'); AC 2; HD 5d8; #AT 1; DG Sword (1d8) or Crossbow, Light (1d6); ML 10

Squire to the Templar

Each Templar of Irnoch is accompanied by a single squire. The squire learns wisdom and fighting from his master. Most squires either die in the service of their mentor or become Templar themselves one day.

Level 3 Fighter: AL L; MV 90' (30'); AC 2; HD 3d8; #AT 1; DG Sword (1d8); ML 9

Sunderian Outriders

The Sunderian Outriders patrol the lands around Sunderia and south of Skeeter Fen on horseback, enforcing the law and keeping the peace. Sometimes Baron Marshall sends them further abroad on special missions or as quick reinforcements in a battle.

Level 4 Fighter: AL N; MV 90' (30'); AC 4; HD 4d8; #AT 1; DG Spear (1d6) or Shortbow (1d6); ML 9



I stood over the body of the Guardian and wiped the blood from my sword. The battle had been our greatest challenge yet, but in the end we were victorious and could claim the prize. Despite suffering grave wounds, Tival managed to cross the room to the chest he had opened. He ignored the gleaming coins and gems that lie underneath, and slowly let his fingers fall on the ornate amulet, eyes wide with elation...and fear.

At last we possessed the Amulet of Dreg. Tival reluctantly handed it to me and I held it aloft. It cast a faint red glow on everything in the chamber. It was beautifully crafted, yet, somehow terrible to behold.

I held it out to Gloral but she backed away. "We have been deceived!" she said with a tremor in her voice, "The Merchant told us this was a mere trinket but I recognize this as an Artifact of the Demon God Vulcoo the Cursed! We must take this to the Wizards of the Order of Sunderia. They will know what to do."

I looked at the Amulet and at the faces of my companions. I thought our adventure had come to an end. It appears it had only started.

Boatman/Pirate Captain

Travel and trade is common on the many rivers throughout the land. These routes are often difficult due to both natural hazards and pirates. Boatman Captains and Pirate Captains are both charismatic and tough. These traits are necessary to keep the crew in line.

Level 6 Fighter: AL N; MV 90' (30'); AC 5; HP 30; #AT 1; DG Sword (1d8); ML 12

Boatman/Pirate

The crews of the trade and pirate boats that traverse the waterways of the Phoenix Barony must be skilled warriors as well as sailors.

Level 2 Fighter: AL N; MV 90' (30'); AC 5; HP 10; #AT 1; DG Short Sword (1d6); ML 10

Personalities of Tathor

Lord Arbottom

Lord Arbottom is a bear of a man, almost always seen armed for battle and dressed in the furs of a northern barbarian (complete with dear antlered helm). He is gruff and quick to anger, but, with the aid of councilors, rules Tathor as well as can be expected, considering the towns populace.

Level 6 Fighter: AL N; MV 90' (30'); AC 2; HP 32; #AT 1; DG

Sword+2 (1d8+2); ML 8; **Equipment of Note:** Sword +2



Flossy Guilyfoil

Flossy is the mastermind behind the Nimble Fingers Liberation Guild. Outwardly he is a good natured Halfling prankster with a bit of kleptomania. He is however, a skillful organizer of thefts and less than honest ventures. He is not cruel, and frowns on murder to obtain monetary gain.

Level 12 Halfling: AL C; MV 90' (30'); AC 5; HP 32; #AT 1; DG Short Sword +2 (1d6+2) or Sling (1d4); ML 10; **Equipment of Note:**

Leather Armor +2, Displacer Cloak (see the LL rule book page 117), Short Sword +2

Tathor City Watch

The Tathor City Watch is the classic stereotype of inept and bumbling city guard.

Level 2 Fighter: AL N; MV 90' (30'); AC 4; HD 2D8; #AT 1; DG Pole Arm (1d10); ML 6

Nindoo the Insane

Nindoo is still somewhat of a mystery. He seems to have appeared from nowhere, yet has fortresses, hideouts, and minions. The extent of his power and his intentions are unknown while his actions seem to have little rhyme or reason.

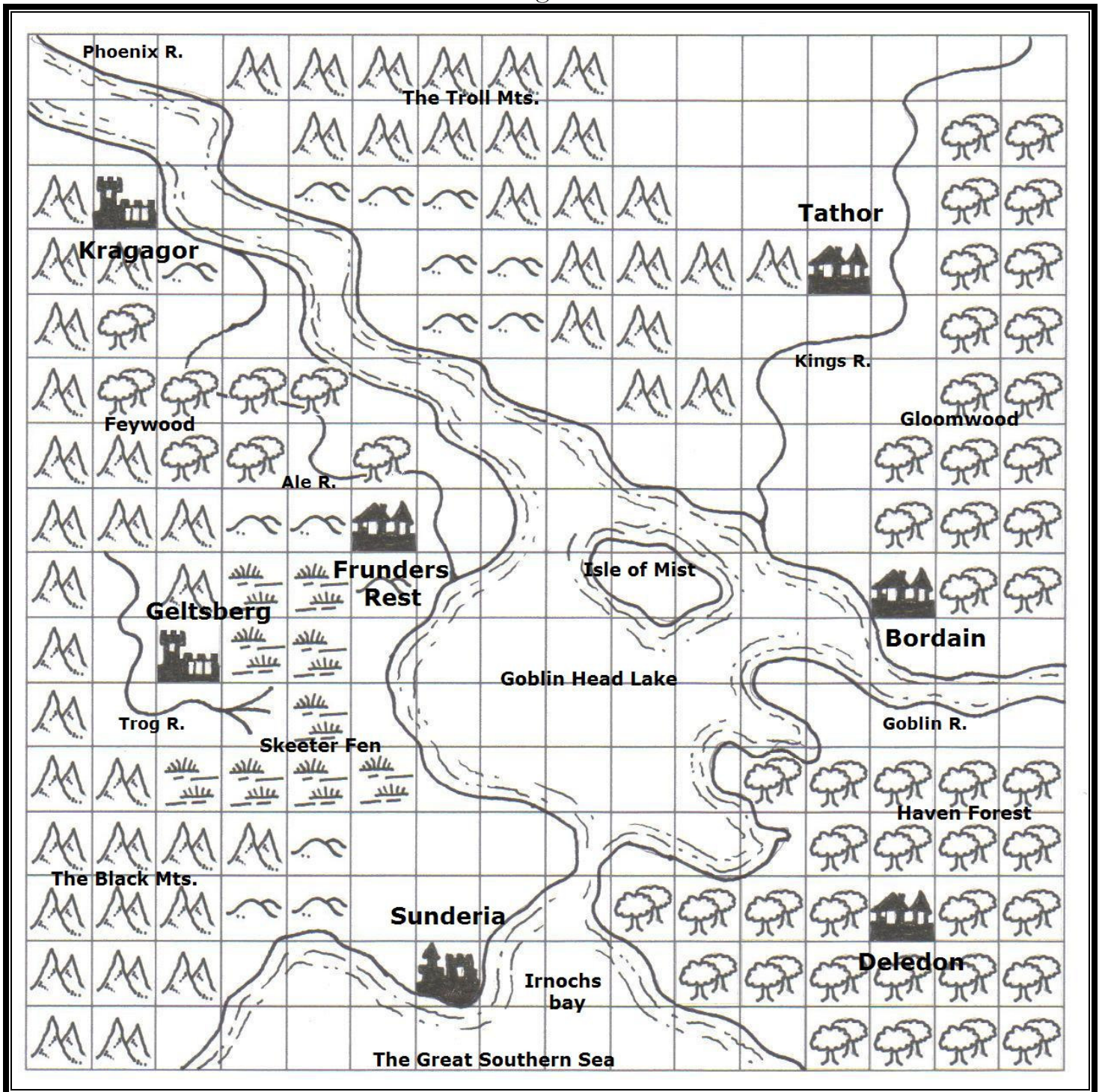
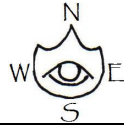
Level 8 Magic-User: AL C; MV 90' (30'); AC 8; HP 21; #AT 1; DG Dagger +2 (1d4+4); ML 6; **Equipment of Note:** Dagger +2, Wand of Magic Missiles (20 charges)

The End



The Phoenix Barony

□=4 square miles



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