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BARNAYNIA
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The Book of Legends



An AWESOME collections of Non-Player Characters, Magic Items, Monsters, Cults, Legends and Ideas written for Old School Rules but a brilliant resource for ANY Fantasy Role-Playing Game

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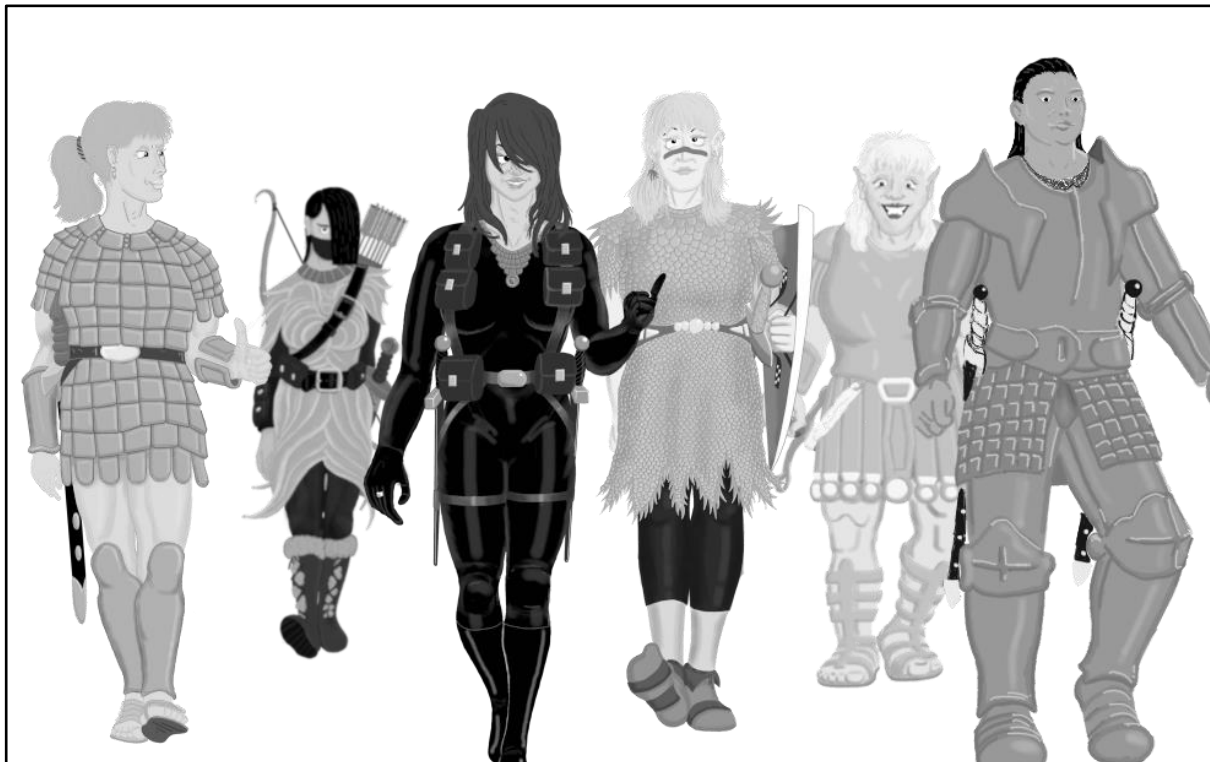
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The Book of Legends

Another BRILLIANT role-playing resource from Dunromin University Press.

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As with all the Barnaynia game world FRPG setting products, this resource is designed to be as useful and flexible as possible.

The statistics and game mechanics are written for the OSRIC v.2 FRPG system but this means they are readily usable in any other Old School style FRPG based on the mechanics of 1st and 2nd edition Advanced Dungeons and Dragons. This also means that all the ideas and most of the statistics for the NPCs and Monster herein can be easily converted and used in almost any other FRPG system, new or legacy.

Cover "The Widows of Poldaaak" by Simon Miles.

All artwork by Gareth Sleightholme [hesir.artstation.com] and Simon "Milo" Miles

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Dedicated to **The Eight**, for they **are** legends. My oldest role-playing friends whose support, love, advice and threats of blackmail have got me to where I am today, mostly. *They know who they are...*

The Book of Legends

Monsters, Magic Items, NPCs and new classes: Welcome to a resource designed to do most of the heavy-lifting for the stressed Games Master. Behold! Fully detailed and varied adventuring parties, individuals and hirelings; new magic items; some unusual monsters, deities and even two new Character Classes. All this and some interesting legends and trade goods too!



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Introduction

Dunromin and the World of Barnaynia that it exists upon are extraordinary in many, many different ways. It is a place of legendary personalities, items and places. Whilst the majority of the physical, geographical and astronomical phenomena are dealt with in **SM05 The World Guide to Barnaynia** and there are many personalities, guild and temples detailed in **SM02 The Games Master's Guide to Dunromin** (as well as our many other publications) there are some other extraordinary things that deserve mention. That is the purpose of this book.

This is a rather disparate collection of NPCs, NPC groups, new monsters, magic items, deities and more, including some ideas about trade-goods and other materials that might add some extra interest to potential treasure hauls other than just another bag of gold.

While there is an underlying thread of larger plots and campaigns all the data in here is essentially system-agnostic and you are, of course, free to use and adapt it however you wish and to whatever gaming system you fancy. The main rules and statistics are written with OSRIC in mind but this does mean they



are VERY easily transferrable to all the Old School systems like AD&D First and Second Editions, and even to more modern versions of the Great Game with minimal tweaking.

Herein, there is also a wealth of background for a lot of the material offered below. They are all designed to fit seamlessly into any Barnaynia based campaign, but this isn't saying much. The dilemmas, plots and adventures offered can be run in almost any FRPG setting, high, low or medium magic and fantasy.

It is the sincere intention of Dunromin University Press that you find the following useful AND entertaining.

Please feel free to share your thoughts and opinions of our products on our web-page www.dunrominuniversitypress.co.uk, or our Facebook page. Similarly, if you have any ideas for anything that might fit with the Barnaynian world-view, let us know and we can see if we can incorporate them.

NPCs and NPC Groups

This section lists several groups and individuals, some of whom are based on previous player characters and non-player characters from play-testing and older campaigns. There is a wealth of information on each that may or may not be useful to you. Most of the groups are adventuring parties but there is no reason you can't use them as individuals or mix and match characters from different groups. Each section includes their stats as developed under the rule variations dealt with in **SMO1 The Players' Guide to Dunromin** and **SMO2 The Games Master's Guide to Dunromin**.

As stated, most of these groups are ex-Player Characters and have all been generated for and used in play-testing. Each group was generated using a different style as per **SMO1 The Players' Guide to Dunromin** so they are of different personal ability and different magical levels – the Chevaliers in particular were generated using the *Dunromin Hero Rolling* system so the impact of this technique can be seen. Veteran GMs will realise that this character generation technique can be Kryptonite to a campaign if not properly handled...

There is also a short section under each group called "Adventure Hooks" that suggests how they might be used in your own campaigns. With some of them extra details are included to help use them – such as details of physical appearance, look-a-likes or even favoured quotes. Of course you are free to use, adjust or ignore than as suits your own purposes.

Within the statistics given for these NPCs are including some Magic Items; where they have a magical weapon this is not duplicated from the "Wpn" section. Where required some key pieces of non-magical equipment are also included, in italics. These specific items are intended to be in addition to the usual range of adventuring equipment and personal items appropriate to each NPC's character and position. Assume that all these characters have backpacks, bedrolls, clothing, knives, tinderboxes and all the usual adventuring kit associated with experienced campaigners as well as that listed.

You may note that some of these characters exceed the limits of the Core rules as written, but this is to allow coolness and excitement; the so called "Rule of Cool". This is with the specific intention of allowing them to become significant, possibly recurring characters in any campaign.





The Beasts of the Spirit of the Moon – *Her Enemies will Bleed.*

Within the deep of the Darkworld there is a tribe of orcs that call themselves the Disciples of Fire. They are followers of a Fire Elemental deity, which is an unusual manifestation of the usual Orc deity, and their king was Beglvitagg, meaning “Shining Flame” in Grunt. He had several sons by a number of different wives and concubines, as well as a number of daughters. One of these sons, **Firebornknife** was touched by greatness and, with his blood brother, **Slab**, he was trained in the ways of the warrior king with a great future of conquest before him.

As this son grew to maturity his father became enslaved to the priests rebuilding a Temple of Elemental Evil and the tribe began a pilgrimage to this site. However, Firebornknife, nick-named **Gurt**, was visited by strange visions of the Fire of the Temple

being put out by light falling from the Moon. He shared this vision with his peers but was not listened to save by two twin brothers, trained as witch-shaman, called **Red-eye** and **Blue-scar**. These brothers had also been troubled by such visions and recognised Gurt as the Chosen One they had been told of by the Spirit of the Moon in their dreams over and over again.

The four orcs (including Slab) got together and discussed what they had all seen in their visions. They decided to leave the tribe and seek out their own destiny. It is worth noting that Slab had no great love for his tribe as he had been known for some time as ‘Elf-blade’, a terrible slur, due to his natural affinity and skill with the Long Sword.

Key to this rather radical decision was an old book that Red-Eye had found written by a half-orc adventurer from the upper World of Light, describing his journeys in the world hunting goblins. From this tome Red realised he had a great insight into the way the World of Light worked. He understood from it that when the orcs and goblins raided the World of Light then the humans would unite and strike back at them, regardless of the humans’ tribe or actual personal interest. Red discovered that humans extended cooperation beyond an individuals close friends and even beyond their tribe.

This revolution of thinking made it clear to him that, in order to avoid these widely organised reprisals, orcs must raid secretly deeper into the World of Light and then retreat by hidden ways, moving base often. It highlighted the vulnerability of remaining in an area after the raid. The book also stated that combined forces of allied experts and races would achieve far more than orcs alone, their different skills complimenting and

empowering each other rather than being the object of fear and superstition.

Red-Eye's revelations were too extraordinary for most orcs to comprehend and fell on deaf ears. But Gurt, renaming himself now **Moonwater** in heresy to his father, realised Red's new learning was the key to successful raiding above. He also suspected that small, highly motivated and skilled groups would achieve more in this than large raiding parties, which inevitably suffered from ill-discipline and made themselves easy to track.

One night the four braves split away from their tribe and headed eastwards towards the Burning Woods, where they thought they might find similar minded orcs from other tribes, or wild wanderers of no allegiance whom they might convert to their Moon Goddess, The Spirit of the Moon. They were hunted but managed to evade their pursuers with the help of a mysterious goblin and his two followers.

This goblin, called **Shubby** by all, was a survivor of a lair that had been raided by elves. He and his two young friends had managed to sneak away and sought shelter in an abandoned temple. While in this temple an ancient, solitary goblin Shaman initiated Shubby into the ways of the Moon Spirit. The old goblin died when the temple was raided and pillaged by Bugbears; Shubby, **Bobbler** and **Togg** only just managed to get away. As they roamed without direction they bumped into the Gurt's group one evening. While they all faced-off, ready for a fight, Shubby spotted the holy symbols now worn by Gurt, Red, Blue-scar and Slab and took it as a sign. Orc wine was offered and drunk, oaths were made and a bond resembling friendship forged.

The group then headed south into the deeper woods and came upon a way to a Deep Elf trading post deep below the ground in the Darkworld. Here, disguising their loyalties and origins to gather information and food, they fell in with an Ogre pit-fighter called **Lard**. This curious and clever ogre felt his days as a pit-fighter were limited as he had somehow gained his master's displeasure. The group fled with their new heavy-weight convert.

Once again daring the surface world of the Burning Woods the party were formulating a

plan to raid into the Land of the Young, the closest and richest land of humans they knew of. Unwilling, at this stage, to take on elves or bugbears they thought to find a weak spot in the Land somewhere, although their ideas were muddled and lacking in knowledge of their target.

Penetrating up through the swamps of the land east of the Burning Woods they came to ruined buildings of an old and frightening power. They recognised the marks of the Temple of Elemental Evil and worried they had strayed too far and become dangerously close to their old King's new ally. As they wondered whence they might go now a single Lizardman rose from a nearby pool and bade them a welcome as 'Brothers of the Moon and Guardians of the Chosen One'. Stunned by this and his peaceful approach they listened to what he had to say.

Cyril had been born in the far east, in the Saltmarsh, where his father made a living serving the humans as a pearl diver. Cyril was a very talented lizard and quickly outpaced all his siblings in his wisdom and strength. This was noticed by a human ranger who needed a guide in the wilderness and a translator to talk to the lizard-folk and other Grunters in the place. Cyril agreed to do this and stayed with the man, called Rob of Tendrill, for many years, observing his craft and learning from him. It came to pass that Rob died of a swamp fever and Cyril took his sword. Heading back towards his parents he was visited by the Moon Spirit while smoking Dream-Slime. The Spirit told him he owed his life to the dead and must serve the Chosen One of the Moon until he died. Cyril is a grim and circumspect creature but felt he was compelled to do this thing (a *Geas* spell from the Spirit of the Moon).

Cyril knew a little of the local area, having been waiting here for a while. He doesn't entirely understand the motives and habits of his new colleagues but is prepared to tolerate their behaviour on the back of his *Geas*. And so the Beasts were Nine.

Given their shared faith and seemingly special status, the group are a lot more tolerant and respectful of one another than their races would normally be. As well as their shared faith they have observed each has considerable skill with magic or weapons. Cyril soon demonstrated himself to be an outstanding swordsman while Togg and Bobbler are

excellent archers. Lard, now known as Big Lard, or just Big Lad, had even demonstrated great skill as a butcher and cook. They were a curious bunch and soon became almost fond of one another, helped greatly by sharing the Dream-Slime that Cyril had brought with him.

Over several years they completed a few key raids into the soft under-belly of the Land of the Young, managing to flee before being caught. They have also had some brutal encounters with the other inhabitants of the Burning Woods and the eastern Horn Mountains which has resulted in them being very experienced and very well equipped. Their long term plan is to unite an army together in the patronage of the Spirit of the Moon but are, meanwhile, desperate to get more powerful and avoid the ire of King Beglvitagg, his Fire tribe and the rest of the staff at the Temple of Elemental Evil.

All of these guys are exceptional examples of their species, selected by the Moon Goddess for their outstanding skills and minds. They are fanatics to her cause but also very shrewd and cunning in all things, especially combat. Thanks to their adventuring they are also very well equipped; as well as the items listed below assume they will have normal adventuring kit like backpacks, tools, lanterns, oil and so on, as per a human adventurer of equivalent level.

Adventure Hooks. These guys can fulfil anything you have in mind as regards an adventure chasing humanoids all over the place. They can be, either individually or in their entirety, the Big Bad End Guy (BBEG) for any kind of adventure. Or you could use them as a wandering distraction, the object of a quest or orc-hunt, a rival band seeking the same thing as the party, or thread them into a bigger, complicated campaign concerning rival Moon Cults vying for power over some artefact or for the attention of their fickle deity.

Prince "Gurt" Moonwater

Race: Orc Class: Fighter 5
Str: 18:80 Int: 16 Wis: 13
Dex: 18 Con: 18 Cha: 17
HP: 57 AC: -6 Almt: LE
Wpn: +3 Broad. Sword (Dbl Spec;
+8/+10)
Magic Items: Plate Mail +2; Large Shield
+1; Medallion vs. Crystal Ball Detection,
Wand of Secret Door and Trap Detection
(48); Ring of Protection +1; Ring of
Swimming

Slab the Elfbade

Race: Orc Class: Ftr/Thief 4/4
Str: 18:75 Int: 13 Wis: 15
Dex: 18 Con: 18 Cha: 14
HP: 46 AC: -2 Almt: LE
Wpn: Long Sword +2 Black Wyrmbane -
double damage to Dragons (Dbl Spec;
+7/+9)
Magic Items: Leather Armour +3; Small
Shield +2; Ring of Invisibility; Ring of
Jumping; Rope of Climbing

Red Eye

Race: Orc Class: Cleric-MU 4/3
Str: 17 Int: 16 Wis: 16
Dex: 12 Con: 12 Cha: 14
HP: 20 AC: -2 Almt: LE
Wpn: Scimitar +2 (+3,+4); Dagger +1
(+1/+3)
Magic Items: Chainmail +2; L Shield +1;
Wand of Magic Missiles (41); Cloak of
Protection +1; Rod of Cancellation (48)

Bluescar

Race: Orc Class: Cleric-MU 4/3
Str: 17 Int: 15 Wis: 16
Dex: 12 Con: 15 Cha: 12
HP: 27 AC: 0 Almt: LE
Wpn: Long Sword +2 (+3/+4)
Magic Items: Shield +2; Dagger of Venom;
Chime of Opening (40); Rod of
Resurrection (5); Ring of Sustenance

Shublatter the 4th of Feltberg "Shubby"

Race: Goblin Class: Ftr-Cleric 4/5
Str: 17 Int: 12 Wis: 16
Dex: 18 Con: 18 Cha: 9
HP: 53 AC: -3 Almt: LE
Wpn: Scimitar of Speed (Dbl Spec +6/+7;
2 attacks per round)
Magic Items: Chainmail +1, Small Shield
+2; Potions; of Speed x2; Healing; ESP;
Flying; Gaseous Form; Plant Control;
Wriath Control; Scroll of Protection from
Breath Weapons

Boblerig "Bobbler" of Feltberg

Race: Goblin Class: Ftr-Thief 4/4
Str: 16 Int: 11 Wis: 11
Dex: 17 Con: 17 Cha: 10
HP: 36 AC: 0 Almt: LE
Wpn: Short Sword +2 (spec; +4/+5); Short
Bow (Dbl. Spec.; +4/+2; Double Damage
at ranges less than 30 feet)
Magic Items: Armbands of AC3; 10x
Arrows +2; Knife +1; *high quality*
Thieves' Tools.

Togg the Eyes of Feltberg

Race: Goblin Class: Ftr-Thief 4/4
Str: 17 Int: 14 Wis: 13
Dex: 18 Con: 18 Cha: 11
HP: 44 AC: 2 Almt LE
Wpn: Short Sword +3 (spec. +5/+7);
Dagger +2 (left hand; +1/+4); Short
Bow (Dbl. Spec. +5/+2; double damage
at ranges less than 30 feet)
Magic Items: Ring of Invisibility; 8x arrows
+3; *high quality Thieves Tools*, *silk rope*
and *small grappling hook*.

Big Lard the Pit Fighter

Race: Ogre Class: Fighter 5
Str: 18:00 Int: 10 Wis: 13
Dex: 15 Con: 17 Cha: 12
HP: 47 AC: 1 (-3 vs. Missiles)
Wpn: Morning Star +2 (Dbl. Spec.
+8/+11)
Magic Items: Shield +1/+4 vs. Missiles;
Cloak of Protection +2; Ring of Protection
+2

Cyril of Saltmarsh

Race: Lizardman Class: Ranger 4
*This is a special Lizardman form of Ranger.
They gain all the ranger abilities except
for extra damage against giant class but
their alignment must be neutral. They
are, effectively, a violent and selfish form
of druid, kind of...*
Str: 18:00 Int: 13 Wis: 17
Dex: 14 Con: 17 Cha: 17
HP: 45 AC: Almt: N
Wpn: Long Sword +2 Giantbane - double
damage against Giants (Dbl. Spec.
+8/+11)
Magic Items: Chain Mail +1; Shield +1;
Dagger +1; Ring of Protection +1; Boots
of Springing and Striding

The Black Sept:

There was a warrior cleric of Hecate who was gripped with strange and intense visions. This warrior cleric was called **Moran Darkspark** and was the son of a successful fur trader working the eastern banks of the Greyflood and up into the Low Moors. Despite having wealth and a comfortable inheritance to look forward to, Moran felt driven instead to join the Olympian Temple and follow the teachings of the Mistress of the Moon and Dark Magic herself. This he did and was the rising star of



the temple until Garibaldi appeared and Moran's star was dimmed by Garibaldi's meteoric rise. Resenting his lost place at the top table, Moran resolved to seek his own fortune adventuring and went about the city to seek out other like-minded individuals of power and cunning to join him on his adventuring. Carefully screening the applicants and actively seeking out old acquaintances, Moran put together a party and named it the Black Sept, after its number and the power of their patron Hecate.

Snipe was Moran's first recruit. An apparently dull-witted Halfling given into service of Moran's father as a punishment for poaching salmon, Snipe is a personal servant and grafter who is neither respected nor befriended. Snipe is utterly terrified of Moran (whom he calls Master) and totally in awe of him. Snipe's own personal history is a sorry tale of orphaned upbringing in a quiet village, living hand-to-mouth with his three elder brothers who abandoned him when they were caught poaching. Ever since Snipe has been in service of the Moran family and is completely loyal and subservient, but treated like shit.

Snipe has a soft voice and is given to humming when working, which might not help his Move Silently skills. None of the rest of the party

tend to pay Snipe much attention at all and he gets no share of the treasure. Snipe is unlikely to manage to get any treasure at all but he is not adverse to stealing things he comes across. These will almost certainly be passed to Moran at some point as Snipe knows he will be beaten if he is found with the items on him (although when Moran is absorbed in his own training and progression he does not notice Snipe sneaking off to train with the Poorhouse Guild).

Next came **Katerina of Riversdam**, or Kat, a peasant beauty who came across Moran when she came looking for better prospects in the bright lights of Dunromin. She is the third daughter of a miller in the town of Riversdam, capital of the Home Counties Barony of Riversdam. Her father is actually a travelling warrior whom her mother had a dalliance with and as such she has nothing in common with her siblings. After endless fallings-out with her father (mainly over undesirable boyfriends whom she learned her skills from), she stole the family savings and fled to the city. While realising she could make a fortune working for Lady Mary (see **SM03 The Games Master's Guide to Duromin**), Katerina fancied her chances as an adventurer, with natural talent for such. She came across Moran at a feast in the Temple of Hecate and set about making him her own. As with many things, she wasn't going to take no for an answer but Moran took very little persuading. She is a close confidant of her lover but guards him jealously. This puts her often at odds with Thelma but this amuses Moran who likes to remind Kat of her vulnerable position.

Thelma Billydos has long been inspired by Moran and his apparent connection with the goddess. Appalled by the liberal ideals of most of the Olympian Temple, Thelma has instead hitched her theological wagon to Moran and appears to be enthralled by him. There is a deep physical fascination here as well but she would be reluctant to make any move that might jeopardise a quite close and mutually respectful comradeship the two share. Thelma is contemptuous of Kat, seeing her as a kind of groupie and, as she is not a member of the Olympian Temple, outside the real circle of power within the group. This causes a lot of resentment in Kat which Thelma seems to be very amused by. This is predominantly for show however, as Thelma is secretly appalled

by the way in which Moran appears to have become infatuated with Kat.

Thelma is a city girl and the daughter of a local armourer who has very close ties with the Poorhouse Guild. She is the black sheep of a very chequered family and doesn't get on with any of them. Thelma plays it cool as regards being in the party, often making jokes about the name, but in fact she is desperate to remain close to Moran and practically bankrupted herself to get together the equipment needed to go adventuring, including owing her father a loan at a bad rate of interest.

Moran has an elder half-brother called **Saurus Darkspark** who is considerably more mature, calculating and ambitious than Moran is. Saurus' mother died when he was small and he has no real memory of her. His abilities are more in the realm of magic than Moran's as his mother, their father's second wife of three, was a sorceress of some power. As a result Saurus has trained as a Magic-User and spent some time working in the library at the College of Magic. He has determined, however, that more immediate power might be available to him if he were to re-train as a Diabolist and switch his abilities over to the Guild of Black Magic. His ultimate ambition is to achieve a position on either the Counsel of Three for the Guild of Magic or as Guildmaster for the Black Magic Guild, possibly both (the former is more realistic as he has neither the patience nor the people skills to deal with the majority of the members of the Black Magic Guild). To this end he has realised he needs to accumulate power and riches as quickly as possible. He has elected to try his hand at adventuring and intends to accompany his half-brother in order to accumulate at least 5 levels of MU before re-training.

Moran and Saurus operate under a vicious sibling rivalry between themselves, both in terms of success and for the approval of their father, but present a united and cooperative front to everyone outside this close relationship. While they would risk all to save each other they would excuse this sign of weakness as a strategy to maintain a support structure offering all advantages of power and skill. They work very well together, understanding each other implicitly and often cooperating on the basis of unspoken understandings. They are a formidable team;

Moran has the charisma and the leadership skills to get almost anyone to do what he wants and Saurus has a keen, detached, analytical and strategic sense possibly unmatched in the city, certainly in their peer-group. At low level Saurus realised his vulnerability in combat and will take absolutely no unnecessary risks, hanging back from any fight and steering well clear of anything that might be trapped.

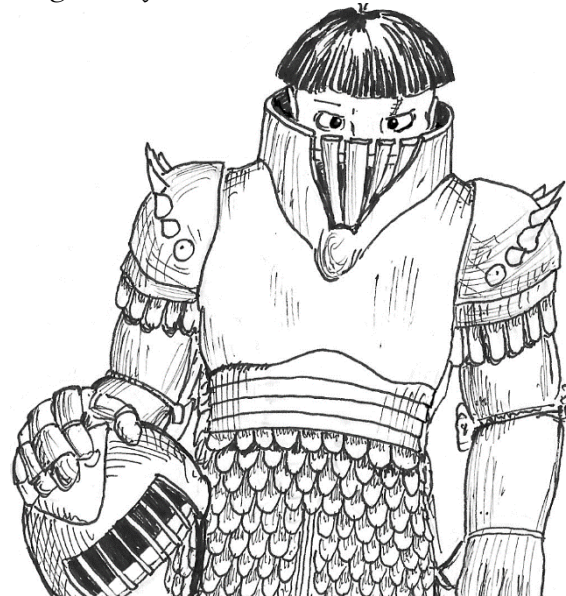
Saurus has a lover, **Gelnir Argentwood**, who is a half-elven and also a member of the party. Gelnir's real name is Thellin Mortgard but he has left this name behind him after a war between crime families in Loom when the Mortgard family were wiped out by their opponents, the Tulthellin and the Balderini families. Being a Half-Elf has enabled Gelnir to deny his Loomish roots and people think he is from one of the March Baronies. Even Saurus doesn't know the truth of it although he suspects not all is what it seems with his lover. Gelnir is a fighter-assassin posing as a fighter-thief and a member of the Poorhouse Guild. He professes that he wants to become a great archer to excuse not spending any money on training with the Poorhouse (it would be of no use to him) but his real ambition is to uncover the structure of the Dunromin Assassins' Guild and infiltrate it.

He wants to take over the city's organised crime networks and use the power he would then gain to revenge himself on the Tulthellin and Balderini families. He is not sure if Saurus would help him in this but is prepared to trust Saurus insofar as relying on him to help Gelnir become as powerful as possible.

Gelnir arrived in the city with a considerable purse, which he explains as a small inheritance from a distant relative in some barony or other. He claims to be uninterested in his family or their property holdings and is vague about where he is from. This vagueness has aroused Saurus's suspicions but no one else has picked up on it yet. Gelnir has an ability to get along with most people but has a polite distraction about him that makes it very easy for people to forget him. His appearance is plain but he dyes his hair black (naturally mid-brown) and shaves even though he could grow a reasonable beard with time. Moran cares not one jot about his half-brother's love-life but sees Gelnir as a competent and useful addition to the party. Kat is not so sure but

Thelma is quite taken by the worldly Half-Elf and the two talk a lot.

Dave son of Dirk is an arrogant and self-obsessed warrior with a huge ego and a very short temper. Moran has known Dave for a long time since they used to endlessly fight as children and came into regular conflict over the women they tried to see. Out of this maelstrom of mutual loathing has arisen a kind of grudging respect and when Moran realised he needed a tank to balance out his party Dave was the obvious person to ask. Dave was confused at first but realising the fame and prestige that could be got from an adventuring career, and knowing Moran was patronised by Hecate, he soon came on-board. Dave is a fanatic of the Olympian Temple, specifically the facets of Aphrodite and Hecate, and as such will follow Moran's suggestions as long as they seem semi-sensible.



Dave loves fighting and is always willing to try and prove himself to anyone who happens to come across to him as anything but servile. He has an ego the size of a planet and, frankly, it's quite surprising no one has killed him already. His body is covered in scars from fights as a teenager and there isn't a place in the city he isn't known as a trouble-maker. He has arguably calmed down a little of late but this is mainly because his father now refuses to help him out with bribes to the Guard when he gets arrested. Dave is utterly without qualm or conscience when it comes to his bloodlust.

Such is the mixed bag of ne'er-do-wells that came together at the Bawdy Wench one Spring

evening to discuss what they were to do. They vanished into the ruined lands of the southeast, seeking to re-open a lost trade route between Constantan and the eastern cities of the Blue Mountain Dwarves and returned scarred but richer and very, very dangerous. In truth, they were working further west than this, north of the Burning Woods. Here they observed parties of adventurers heading into the dangerous forest in search of stragglers from Kzenzakai's hordes and other beasts. The ones that came back, laden down with loot and battered by their foes, were rich pickings for a ruthless band of adventurers like the Black Sept. The Sept were very careful about leaving evidence behind and ensured that the fate of the parties they attacked would be attributed to the dangers of those dreadful lands, but that is not to say none of their victims have survived.

They have been assisted in this by an old drinking friend of Dave called **Temperrus Dirruk**. Temperrus encountered the Black Sept when his party was attacked by them returning from an adventure. Temperrus was already at odds with his party and so switched sides in the fight, possibly saving Kat's life in the process. Being unassociated with the Sept (at first) he was able to scout for information about adventuring parties for them. As yet no one has connected the disappearance of several adventuring parties with either Temperrus nor the Sept.

Temperrus is a broad man of a fighter background but has trained as a Magic-User as a character with two classes after being inspired by Saurus, whom is a kind of mentor.

The Black Sept have another dark secret too, although not one that bothers them much. In their original group was one other member; **Sally Wilderdos** was a wandering elf. Sally was a wild and free Wood Elf with nasty tendencies and an obsession with tormenting weaker creatures than herself, born from several unfortunate experiences as a child (which also explains her flight from the Forest of Loom where she grew up). Her one weakness was an utter devotion to Hecate in the form of the Elven Moon Maiden who she was convinced came to her in a dream and delivered her from the wilderness of the mountains when she fled the forests to the south. Moran was, for Sally, the embodiment

of the Moon Goddess on Barnaynia and she was fanatical in her devotion to him. Her chaotic streak had her blow hot and cold with everyone and she sailed a little close to the wind too many times. She enjoyed tormenting Snipe and embarked on an ill-advised heated and passionate affair with Dave. Unfortunately, her impulsive and selfish nature led her to double-cross the party and attempt to leave with some very choice treasure items. She wasn't successful. When caught the party "gave" her to Dave and he spent a night beating and torturing her before hurling her battered and unconscious body from the top of a cliff. The fall killed her but her twisted spirit would not be quiet and found another wandering soul in the dark valley bottom. She now inhabits an evil creature of great eldritch power and seeks out the part to wreak her revenge. The GM might have this beastie be a Revenant or something even nastier.

Adventure Hooks. given the amount of damage these guys can do it's pretty likely they will get a price put on their heads at some point. The party might be employed to hunt them down or perhaps retrieve something they have stolen. Or the party might come by something the Black Sept want, or upset them in some other way (probably very easily done). If the party succeed in defeating the Black Sept then the being that was Sally might even resent being cheated of its revenge on Dave, and switch its ire to the party or just the individual who killed Dave.

Moran Darkspark

Race: Human Class: Ftr-Cleric 4/5
 Str: 18:00 Int: 15 Wis: 18
 Dex: 18 Con: 17 Cha: 18
 HP: 53 AC: -4 Almt: LE
 Wpn: Long Sword +2/+4 vs. Orcs (Dbl Spec. +8/+11)
 Magic Items: Chainmail +2; Large Shield +2; Staff of Curing (14); Ring of Orc Command; Boot of Levitation; Potion of Healing x2.
 Lookalike: Karl Urban
 Quote: "The only witness to our black acts that I shall leave will be our Lady of the Moon"

Saurus Darkspark

Race: Human Class: MU 5
 Str: 11 Int: 18 Wis: 13
 Dex: 17 Con: 14 Cha: 11

HP: 15 AC: 4 Almt: CE
 Wpn: Spells and Dart (+2 to hit, rate 3)
 Magic Items: Wand of Magic Missiles (40);
 Potion of Longevity; Ring of Fire
 Resistance; Ring of Protection +3; Potion
 of Invisibility; Wand of Paralysis (11).
 Lookalike: Ozzy Osbourne (without any
 shakes)
 Quote: "Time spent in observation is
 seldom wasted. The impatient enemy
 will always give themselves away..."

Katerina "Kat" of Riversdam

Race: Human Class: Ftr-Thief 4/5
 Str: 18:93 Int: 14 Wis: 8
 Dex: 18 Con: 16 Cha: 15
 HP: 40 AC: 0 Almt: LE
 Wpn: Broad Sword +1/+3 vs. Humans
 (Dbl. Spec. +6/+9)
 Magic Items: Leather Armour +1; Ring of
 Protection +2; Periapt of Health; Ring of
 Feather Falling (*short bow*)
 Lookalike: Kara Thrace but with black hair.
 Quote: "The spider or the fly? Which are
 you today do you think?"

Thelma Billydos

Race: Human Class: Ftr-CI 4/5
 Str: 16 Int: 9 Wis: 15
 Dex: 13 Con: 11 Cha: 11
 HP: 34 AC: 0 Almt: LE
 Wpn: Long Sword +2 (Dbl Spec +6/+6)
 Magic Items: Chainmail +2; Large Shield
 +1, Ring of Protection +1, Potion of
 Neutralise Poison; Philter of Love (*short
 bow*)
 Lookalike: Helen "Excalibur" Mirren



Quote: "Tread wisely. Fools rush in and all
 that."

Snipe

Race: Halfling Class: Thief 6
 Str: 8 Int: 12 Wis: 8
 Dex: 16 Con: 12 Cha: 8
 HP: 28 AC: 6 Almt: LE
 Wpn: Short Sword +1(+1/+1); Dagger +3
 (+3/+3); Dagger Throwing +1 (3 of
 +2/+1)
 Magic Items: Gauntlets of Swimming and
 Climbing; Wand of Illumination (53)
 Lookalike: Brad "Wormtongue" Dourif
 Quote: "Yes, master, of course master,
 straight away, master."

Dave son of Dirk

Race: Human Class: Fighter 5
 Str: 18:95 Int: 15 Wis: 11
 Dex: 17 Con: 18 Cha: 16
 HP: 55 AC: -2 Almt: NE
 Wpn: Long Sword +2 (Dbl Spec +7/+10)
 Magic Items: Splint Mail +1; Large Shield
 +1; Ring of Feather Falling; Potion of
 Invulnerability; Potion of Extra Healing;
 Potion of Fire Resistance
 Lookalike: Michael Schwartz, NFL
 Quote: "Any Fuhkah gets in my way it'll be
 the last godsdamn thing they do."

Gelnir Argentwood

Race: Half-Elf Class: Ftr-Asn 5/4
 Str: 18:90 Int: 15 Wis: 11
 Dex: 18 Con: 16 Cha: 15
 HP: 40 AC: 1 Almt: NE
 Wpn: Long Sword +1 (Spec +4/+7); Long
 Bow +1 (Dbl Spec +5/+2, at less than 30
 feet +6/+3, double damage)
 Magic Items: Arrows +1 x10, Medium
 Shield +1; Potion of Hill Giant Strength;
 Ring of Spell Storing (5); Potion of Poison;
 Elven Cloak (*Platemail*)
 Lookalike: David "Faramir" Wenham
 Quote: "Give me a sec, I'll get my ...oh for
 fuck's sake, where's that arrow?"

Temperus Dirruk

Race: Human Class: Ftr-Mu 3/2
 Str: 16 Int: 15 Wis: 11
 Dex: 13 Con: 15 Cha: 16
 HP: 19 AC: 2 Almt: N
 Wpn: Spells and Long Sword +1 (Dbl Spec
 +5/+5)
 Magic Items: Chainmail +1; Large Shield
 +1; Potion of Heroism

Lookalike: Ben "Game of Thrones"
Crompton

Quote: "Whatever you say, boss. You line 'em up and I'll hack 'em down."

Captain Kevin of Trollbane and his Men

Captain Kevin of Trollbane is one of the chief warriors working for Baron Ketterall, a wizard of some renown. The barony of Ketterall neighbours the site of Mirt's Folly in the prosperous central south of the Land of the Young. Captain Kevin is a natural leader but also a bit of a chauvinist. He is very confident about his own soldiering skills but is a woodsman at heart. He has been tasked with sweeping the southern borderlands looking for any sign of monsters exploring the place. While lower level soldiers patrol the lands close to the Barony the good Captain has a wider brief and is tasked with accompanying the elfish princess Tetherin on her adventures. He is also looking to establish links with the Troll Hunters known to be in the more southern areas closer to the Burning Woods.



Boris, Tick and Will have volunteered to go with their Captain. They are fine horsemen and have patrolled the lands for some years, seeing off monstrous infringements on a regular basis. All are excellent swordsmen and unquestionably loyal to their captain; they will follow his orders to the death. That said they are not clones: Boris is the eldest, at nearly forty, but is not looking to retire. His life has been the service of the baron and his father before him. He has many memories and some cracking stories. Tick is a young and talented leader. 24 and married but with no children yet, he is torn between home life and

continuing in the military. Being a second son he has no inheritance to look forward to and Boris and Will know this. They may even help him out with some extra funds if the opportunity presents itself. Tick will not think twice, however, if his captain were to send him on a suicide mission. Will is a surly military man with a reputation about the county and a vicious streak. He is completely loyal to his mates but his morals are very loose and he seems to have no conscience or empathy with anything outside his immediate circle of male, military friends.

Bucknall is one of the Baron's Apprentices who has been sent along for the experience. He is mostly terrified beyond his capacity for rational thought. He is a clerk and an academic at heart and totally disagrees with his mentor, the Baron, that a jaunt in the wilds will do him good. He realises he has no way out and will do as much as he can to help Captain Kevin, of course he realises this is not much. He is not stupid and is very observant. One skill he has is incredible 3-d spatial awareness and will be mapping the exploration both on paper and in his head. This skill is outstanding and may be useful to him at some point (see the new adventuring class Navigator, below).

Owen Longstep is a member of the Dunromin City Guard, attached to the Ice Warriors Regiment. He had been sent by the Privy Counsel to get better relations with an elven Baron, Lord Oakbough. Owen has now been charged with being the bodyguard of the elfish Lord's daughter and is travelling the southern borders with her, hunting orcs. He is professional and ruthless, more than capable of looking after himself and with a wise head on his shoulders. His good sense and experience will temper the Princess's worst impulses, but she has grown to resent that.

Princess Tetherin Oakbough, a Wood Elf and daughter of Lord Oakbough, cares little for either of her two bodyguards, or wardens as she sees it. Despite being a capable adventurer her father still tries to clip her wings and keep the headstrong young elf out of trouble. The main problem is she likes trouble and is a good trouble-magnet. She knows her own mind but is also pretty savvy and won't do anything stupid, unless she thinks someone is trying to

stop her. She is likely to attack anything she perceives is obstructing her aims.

Mildred of Silverlight is a bit of a loose cannon. She had an affair with Lord Oakbough when younger and the Lord's wife has her suspicions, which places Mildred in a very vulnerable position. Mildred is very fond of the easy, society life her family's station has given her, and her experiences as a younger adventuress have given her a loathing of the rough and ready adventuring lifestyle. She will play the helpless prude but will soon spot the possible profit to be made and may let loose with a big spell if the fancy takes her. She is limited in magic due to bringing only her small travelling spell book with her as well as being flighty and very narcissistic. She will hide behind everyone else if she can but can also be quite devastating when she needs to be. She is utterly selfish, calculating and ruthless. She needs to get back to court alive – it is the only life she thinks is worth living or contemplating. She may fall asleep on watch.



Adventure Hooks. Captain Kevin is searching the lands for some particularly nasty humanoid insurgents. He has been joined with the Princess Tetherin on his travels and sees it as his duty to assist here. Princess Tetherin is desperate to hunt down the killers of her

brother (the Beasts of the Spirit of the Moon q.v.). The others in her group are honour bound or tasked with protecting and assisting her. As such, they might cross the Player Character's paths at any time. Tetherin herself is a spirited and determined lady who might inspire all sorts of feelings in people. This group are also closely associated with Bill the Hook's group (q.v.) and any encounter with one will be learned of by the other, prompting appropriate responses.

Captain Kevin of Trollbane

Race: Human Class: Ftr 5
 Str: 18:40 Int: 11 Wis: 14
 Dex: 16 Con: 12 Cha: 14
 HP: 34 AC: 0 Almt: LG
 Wpn: Broad Sword +3 (Dbl Spec +7/+9)
 Magic Items: Potion of Gaseous Form

Boris, Tick or Will of Trollbane (all have the same-ish stats)

Race: Human Class: Ftr 3
 Str: 17 Int: 10 Wis: 10
 Dex: 12 Con: 16 Cha: 10
 HP: 25 AC: 2 Almt: LG
 Wpn: Long Sword (dbl spec +4/+5)
 Magic Items: none (*plate mail, shield, dagger, light crossbows, etc.*)

Owen Longstep

Race: Human Class: Ranger 5
 Str: 18:29 Int: 14 Wis: 14
 Dex: 14 Con: 14 Cha: 15
 HP: 28 AC: -2 Almt: NG
 Wpn: Hand Axe +1 (dbl Spec +5/+7)
 Magic Items: Splint Mail +2; Buckler +2;
 Helm of Teleportation; Scroll of
 Protection from Undead; Ring of
 Infravision

Princess Tetherin (of) Oakbough

Race: Wood Elf Class: Rngr-MU 6/6
 Str: 14 Int: 16 Wis: 15
 Dex: 14 Con: 15 Cha: 12
 HP: 43 AC: 4 Almt: NG
 Wpn: Spells or Scimitar of Speed +2 (dbl
 Spec +5/+5)
 Magic Items: Scale Mail +1; Small Shield
 +1; Scroll of Protection from Breath
 Weapons; 2x Potion of Healing; Boots of
 Elvenkind

Bucknall of Ullwater

Race: Human Class: MU 1
 Str: 12 Int: 17 Wis: 12

Dex: 14 Con: 12 Cha: 11
HP: 3 AC: 10 Almt: LN
Wpn: Spells; Staff and pure hope
Magic Items: none
Lookalike: Matthew "Ladyhawke"
Broderrick

Mildred of Silverlight

Race: Wood Elf Class: MU-Thf 5/5
Str: 9 Int: 16 Wis: 12
Dex: 18 Con: 11 Cha: 14
HP: 25 AC: 3 Almt: CG
Wpn: Spells, Staff of Striking (36); Dagger
+1/+2 vs Small Targets
Magic Items: Ring of Protection +1 (*leather
armour; well-packed court lady kit
including jewellery*)



The Champions of Womankind

Christin Doomtread, a lady High Elf Paladin, is the highly motivated and driven daughter of a miller from the High Woods (Sylvanian Woods). Ever since a visit to the big city when she was small she has been smitten by the idea of serving Athena, the goddess of justice, as manifest in the strength and wisdom of all womankind. As a result she signed up for the

temple service as soon as she could and went through the training with flying colours. Since graduating she has been looking for a direction and settled, pretty much, on joining Sir Tristram's next Deep Elf Campaign (see **SMO2 The Games Master's Guide to Dunromin**). However, Sir Tristram's efforts are falling short compared to the new ascendancy of Baron Garibaldi, whom Christen knows as a nodding acquaintance at the temple. She now wants to be a successful adventurer without a mortal patron, serving only her patron deity and womankind in general. Her childhood friend Corellin, who had remained a close friend throughout their separate training in the city, put her in touch with Shayne, whom he knew through the fighter's guild. Christin forged the group on this basis, finding a common thread in their passion for justice and equality and/or the abolition of slavery (at least of humans and demi-humans). They are very ambitious in their aims, mainly driven by Christin's forceful personality.

Corellin Kimbatar, a Wood Elf Fighter-Thief, is a quiet, watchful young elf with a mixed background. He is the fourth child of a wood elf mage of some repute, however Corellin has showed no skill with magic at all. Indeed, he is quite firmly on the autistic spectrum with an obsession for order and justice, not dissimilar to Forrest Gump. He has considerable physical prowess and is never happier than climbing, running or fiddling with complex mechanisms, which he delights in dismantling whenever he can (with no idea how to reassemble them, usually). Corellin forms very firm friendships and his oldest, deepest friendship is with a young High Elf he has known all his life – this is Christin.

Of course no one has any idea quite what Corellin's problem is and most people view him as a little slow and potentially dangerous given the rages he suffers when confronted with injustice. When Christin asked him if he could help her plan her expedition to the southwest he said he knew some adventurous people at the fighter's guild and introduced Christin to Shayne. Corellin has found the fighter's guild very much to his taste of an ordered, steady environment and has spent a lot of time there. He is also a member, of sorts, of the Arboretum Thieves' Guild, although this is an arrangement of convenience as no one at

the guild believes the alignment-varied young elf good or trustworthy enough for any real work.

Corellin is a rather non-character as regards most people's expectations. His father basically cashiered him out of the family and abandoned him to his fate. Christin realises this and keeps Corellin around as a friend and comfort in the lonely city, however Corellin himself will hear nothing said against his father despite the way he has been treated. He has very little ambition of his own but has realised he is more at home in the ordered surroundings of the city but knows that he needs funds to enable him to live here.

Corellin is completely loyal to Christin and will do anything she asks of him. He does not have any romantic inclination however and would never dream of interfering with that side of her life. He has become a follower of Athena as a result of this friendship and his mental issues have removed the alignment clash he suffers as a result of his class and being Lawful Good.

Shayne the Blakarik, a half-elven Fighter-Magic-user, is the son of an elven druid, traveller and story-teller, and his muse, a low class girl struck by the elf's silvery words and soft hands. The elf has since vanished to the horizon, abandoning Shayne's mother. Shayne's elven lineage has meant he has aged at a slow rate and his mother is now old and her health is failing. When his grandmother died, Shayne found some ancient jewellery in her attic. He cashed this in to pay for his training, aiming to become a wizard and provide for his dear old mum in her dotage. This is all very well but his old mum is a very strong willed and powerful personality, engendering in her only son a profound respect and love for all woman kind. This unlikely women's libertarian is therefore more open to ideas of woman's rights than otherwise might be thought.

Shayne excelled in his magic classes and made firm friends with the other high fliers amongst the students. This friendship, with the aid of alcohol, led to an idea of forming an adventuring band. This drunken ambition may have ended there but for a chance friendship Shayne struck up with a rather slow but talented chap he met at the Fighter's Guild. This was Corellin and through him Shayne was introduced to Christin. It is likely that

Shayne harbours some romantic ideas about the striking Christin but he has put such feelings to one side for the time being. He realises her plans are the best opportunity he could have to achieve some real wizardry power. Shayne is a shrewd and intelligent man and always has an eye on the bigger picture.

Evelyn Deepener, a lady Hill Dwarf Fighter-Magic-User, is the product of a strong, ancient dwarven family. She is related to the royal family of one of the main clans of the Blue Mountains. As a result of her privileged upbringing Evelyn has some revolutionary ideas about the potential role of the dwarven lady outside the smithies and kitchens of their home estates. In her younger days she managed to persuade her father to fund training at the Magic College in Dunromin, where she has been ever since. Having completed her course and seeking to remain away from her family home (where an arranged marriage is probably waiting for her) she has been wondering what she might do. As she sees it, adventuring seems to offer an escape, and the challenge and danger also inspires her.

As a result of an over-heard conversation Evelyn has attached herself to the elven mages from her graduation class. While they are happy to tolerate her there does seem to be a mismatch here, or there was until Shayne introduced Christin. Christin and Evelyn immediately hit it off and are now firm and favourite friends. Evelyn tends to be a bit vague about her family background and, should a wedding match be found for her, she might even find herself being hunted down by her own clan.

Quite how she might explain this to her new friends remains to be seen. She has grown to value her freedom too highly to risk being found and chaperoned into adult life. In fact her family are already concerned about the fact she hasn't returned home after completing her course. A chaperone is likely to be sent to find her soon and, indeed, letters have already been written to the college hierarchy asking why their daughter has not yet been returned to the Blue Mountains. Needless to say the college elders have no intention of getting involved in the private life of one of their graduates, although they would be loath to do

anything that might offend Dwarven Royalty...

Pricilla Leffwalken is a lady Halfling Druid who arrived in the city of Dunromin as an outcast of her village. Her mother and father are dead and Priss has been the sole carer for her four younger siblings for many years. When she came of age her uncle decided, despite having taken no interest in her at all until that time, that it was time she was married into a family he wanted a business relationship with. Priss reacted violently to the idea and, after the whole community turned against her, fled.

Priss ended up falling in with a wandering druidess and was trained in the druidic arts. The druidess died of old age last year and Priss has been searching for a direction ever since. Happening into the city to find a bath and a good meal, she got into an argument with some misogynistic racists in the Storm Guarde at the East Gate. Gus came to her rescue and they have been friends ever since.

Priss has struggled to get along in the city, being a single, female Halfling, and is now very keen to get out of the city and sample fresh air and woods again. She has survived by selling the small amount of personal affects left to her by her druidess mentor.

After meeting Christin through Gus, Priss and her outspoken belief in the equality of women and men have become a popular mix among the rest of the party. Now she has friends, a future and a hope of gaining her own independence. It is worth noting that Priss is also a close ally of Libby the Tree (see **SMO2 – The Games Master’s Guide to Dunromin**); Libby’s early training was done under the same tutelage as Priss, with Libby graduating a season after Priss met up with the older druidess. The two worked well together, although not close enough to stay in touch. Libby and Priss have spoken on numerous occasions since but have not made any plans together.

Priss desires now to become powerful as a druidess and take her teaching of equality and fairness back to her people. How successful she would be in persuading them remains to be seen but she doesn’t lack for determination and the ability to make friends easily.

Gus Ten-Bollards, a gnome Fighter-Cleric, is a bit of an odd-ball in the group. He has a very close friendship with Priss since they both arrived in the city at the same time. They had a run-in with the Storm Guarde together over their height and various other attributes. Gus is from the Gnome Hills but, being a member of a small Olympian Sect in Constantan, he decided he would have more support for his future career in the ascending Temple of Olympus in Dunromin. As he entered the city some City Guarde were taunting a Halfling female and Gus felt honour bound to step up for her honour. There was a scuffle and the two fled into the city. The event blew over but Gus and Priss became firm friends and now just avoid the eastern parts of the city.

Being a new arrival in the city, the Olympian Temple paired Gus up with Christin as his guide for the first few days. They got on but it was apparent to Gus that Christin’s mind was on other things. After some discussions over wine in the evening, Gus realised Christin’s ambitious adventuring plans would need some clerical assistance and suggested she could do worse than invite him along too. Christin wasn’t keen at first but has come around to the idea. Quite what Gus will get from the arrangement is not entirely clear but the little chap does seem keen to make a name and a reputation for himself – perhaps in order to bolster the position of the Olympian Temple in Constantan.

The invitation of Priss into the group was Gus’s idea too and this was more popular due to Priss’s outspoken rejection of the male-dominated civil orders of Dunromin. Gus himself is not a great believer in women’s rights but knows when he is on to a good thing and does have a very clear perception of what is fair and what is not. He honestly believes that there is a great deal of wisdom in much of what Christin and Priss proclaim as the right way for society to be.

Ainala Ettellerin, a lady Grey Elf Fighter-Magic-User-Thief, is usually called Annie. She graduated top of her class from the Magic Guild. Austere, severe and incisive, Annie has few human characteristics but is very much the ideal Grey Elf wizard, except female. While any casual observer and almost anyone who knew them would say that Christin was very much the party leader, anyone who

paused, observed and thought about it for a while might start to think this really isn't the case.

There is something quite calculated about the way Annie runs her life. If you were to ask her, it would be apparent that she regards herself as the natural leader of the group but is quite content with the current state of affairs. Annie believes that she is almost employing Christin to run the angry group politics and leadership tasks for her. Annie will, of course, support Christin in all her decisions and address any differences in view privately, afterwards or in advance.

Unfortunately, Christin is a complete control freak and has probably not really come to terms with this yet. This means that, at some point, there is going to be a massive blow-up between them while they wrestle the control of the group from each other. That is a long time into the future, probably, and in the meantime Annie realises that this is a tremendous opportunity for her. She has every intention of making the most of it.

Annie was always good friends with Evelyn and Shayne and was even lovers with Shayne at one point, although this is a quite acceptable simple elven distraction compared with the magnitude such affairs have in human circles. Finding a common goal and a common methodology suits Annie and she believes that, when there is the inevitable power struggle, some compromise will be reached and a new order will be formed. Whether that will be the case is, perhaps, beside the point and Annie knows that, if she survives, she will go on to achieve her own ends with or without the party.

Annie also has a weakness; a weakness for power and absolutes. She perceives things as always changing and in different shades of grey, never true white or true black. She honestly believes in truth and justice, but she also believes in reconciliation and the power of the good in everyone. In a world like Barnaynia she might be being a little naïve but perhaps only in this might she be called that. She is very strong, very clever and utterly in control, all the time. She is a determined, capable and solid foe, but sometimes a less than reliable friend as well.

Sister Helen Fry, a Lady Human Monk (a special kind of Cleric) who is not popular in Dunromin. She has been, since childhood, an outspoken critic of the slave trade in Dunromin. She is a loud proponent of the belief that all peoples are created equal and it is unnatural and wrong for one species, breed, cult or family to place themselves above another.

Now grown up, Helen preaches these beliefs on street corners, in inns, anywhere she thinks people will listen. Few do. Some people, however, have taken notice and she has been the victim of some attacks. One of these attacks was witnessed by Corellin and he waded in to help. After this strange evening Helen got to meet Christen and hear her theories of equality. For Helen these crystallised into revolutionary views on the role of the woman in society.

As a result of this Helen has become the ideological core of the party. She is in fear of her life in the city and is keen to leave as soon as possible, with a view to getting some personal power to assist her in protecting herself. Helen has far-reaching, strongly political ambitions which are traditionally quite at odds with her age, influence and gender. This bothers her not a jot. She also realises that her only hope of ever succeeding in any of her ambitions is to cultivate powerful friends. In her fellow members of the party she sees these powerful friends.

Helen is the most vulnerable member of the party but also its most crucial. As a kind of wise big sister, she manages to express their joint desires and acts as a catalyst for their moral agenda. Christin respects her and is a little in awe of her, while Annie sees Christin as a respected peer and fellow academic. The others believe Helen is a genuinely good soul with the best interests of civilisation as a whole at heart. Many of her enemies, which probably includes most of the male population and much of the female, regard her as a dangerous, psychotic dreamer; fanciful and totally misguided.

Few citizens see Helen as a threat, being a young woman, and many see her as completely outside normal, moral society. She has rattled some dangerous egos, however, and there are some slavers, being bigoted, greedy and vain creatures, that think she

should be taught some respect for her elders and betters. And there are a great many in the Guard and in the various powerful groups in the city who would be completely prepared to turn a blind eye to any such action. Luckily, even in Dunromin, there are some who are listening and watching out for her. She has friends in high places, male and female, whom she does not know of yet...

In the short term, she has decided that, despite her poor training and lack of any military expertise whatsoever, she will become an adventurer and prove, to herself at the very least, that she can walk the walk as well as talk the talk. Personally, Helen is a very eloquent and charming young lady, although she lacks the inspirational leadership qualities of Christin and the wit and insight of Annie. She is a significant piece in the play of the party's future, and undoubtedly is the embodiment of its philosophical core. While Helen lives it would be unimaginable for any of the ladies in the group, and therefore any of the men, to leave.

Adventure Hooks. This is perhaps a niche party that might be used as any random encounter or might be used to embroil the party in a wider struggle more in keeping with their passions. Woman's Suffrage is perhaps a redundant concept outside a democracy but a concerted campaign for female equality in whatever context presents some interesting role-playing possibilities. The group are also keen abolitionists and are against Slavery of all kinds – perhaps an unpopular concept in Dunromin

Christin Doomtread

Race: High Elf Class: Paladin 5
 Str: 18:75 Int: 12 Wis: 15
 Dex: 18 Con: 18 Cha: 17
 HP: 48 AC: -5 Almt: LG
 Wpn: Long Sword +3 Frostbrand (+6 vs Fire Using Creatures; Dbl. Spec. +8/+8)
 Magic Items: Plate Mail +1; Large Shield +1; Ring of Protection +1; Ring of Fire Resistance; Scroll of protection from Undead; Ring of Unicorn Friendship (worn on a chain around her neck);
 Lookalike: Leelee "Joan of Arc" Sobieski
 Quote: "I am the equal of any man, as is any woman, and although we don't have to prove it, we do, every day."

Shayne Blakarik

Race: Half-Elf Class: Ftr-MU 5/4
 Str: 18:91 Int: 18 Wis: 14
 Dex: 18 Con: 17 Cha: 11
 HP: 48 AC: -4 Almt: LG
 Wpn: Spells; Long Sword +1/+2 vs Undead (Dbl Spec +6/+9)
 Magic Items: Golden Plate Mail +1; Shield +1; Potion of Growth; Potion of Invisibility; Ring of Free Action (*short bow, great helm, knightly stuff that looks cool*)
 Lookalike: Nikolias "Jamie Lanister" Coster
 Quote: "I will do what I came here to do and then I will leave. You would do well to stay out of my way."

Evelyn Deepener

Race: Dwarf Class: Ftr-MU 5/4
 Str: 18:99 Int: 17 Wis: 9
 Dex: 17 Con: 17 Cha: 14
 HP: 51 AC: -3 Almt: LG
 Wpn: Long Sword +1/+3 vs Dragons (Dbl Spec, +6/+9); Battle Axe +1 (Spec, +4/+8)
 Magic Items: Plate Mail +1; Shield +1; Ring of Fire Resistance; 2x Potion of Water Breathing
 Lookalike: Nicola Walker with a beard
 Quote: "I don't do missile weapons, only spells. Missile weapons are just so, well, er, elfish really, y'know?"

Corellin Kimbatar

Race: Wood elf Class: Ftr-Thf 5/5
 Str: 16 Int: 9 Wis: 8
 Dex: 18 Con: 14 Cha: 9
 HP: 41 AC: -3 Almt: LG
 Wpn: Short Bow (Dbl. Spec. +5/0; +6/+2 at less than 30 feet, double damage); Long Sword +2 (Dbl Spec, +7/+6)
 Magic Items: Plate mail +1, Large Shield +1; Dagger +1; Necklace of Adaption; Rope of Climbing (*Thieves's tools and such but tends to leave that kind of thing to the others*)
 Lookalike: A young Woody Harrelson
 Quote: "I'm with the Paladin. Whatever she says, goes."

Gus Ten-Bollards

Race: Gnome Class: Ftr-Cleric 4/5
 Str: 18:50 Int: 13 Wis: 18
 Dex: 15 Con: 17 Cha: 11
 HP: 45 AC: -1 Almt: LG
 Wpn: Short Sword +2 (Dbl Spec +6/+8); Dart (Spec +1/+4)

Magic Items: Ring of Protection +1; Chainmail +2; Small Shield +2; Staff of Curing (40); Scroll of Cleric Spells (Find Traps; 3x CLW; 2xSilence 15' and Detect Magic)

Lookalike: Kenan Imirzalioglu but shorter

Quote: Why are you arguing with us? Why would you do that? Can't you see what we are? Can't you see the nose on your foolish face? This makes no sense to me."

Ainala "Annie" Eltellerin

Race: Grey elf Class: Ftr-MU-Thf 4/4/5

Str: 17 Int: 15 Wis: 13

Dex: 19 Con: 15 Cha: 9

HP: 34 AC: 1 Almt: NG

Wpn: Long Sword +1 Flametongue (Spec +4/+4); Long Bow +1 (Dbl Spec +6/+2, or +7/+3 and double damage at less than 30 feet range)

Magic Items: Leather Armour +1; Rope of Climbing; Ring of Invisibility; Ring of Protection +1; Belt Pouch of Holding (as smallest Bag)

Lookalike: Aminika Wilmont

Quote: "It's OK. It's just my opinion, that's all, take it or leave it. But I am right. You know I am right, you're just too arrogant and scared to admit it."

Sister Helen Fry

Race: Human Class: Cleric (monk) 5

Str: 16 Int: 9 Wis: 17

Dex: 16 Con: 11 Cha: 9

HP: 15 AC: 4 Almt: LG

Wpn: Spear +1 (+1/+4)

Magic Items: Elven Cloak and boots, 2x Potion of Healing; Ring of Infravision; Ring of Protection +1; Potion of Invisibility

Lookalike: Annie Lennox

Quote: "We must be calm. In all things we must be calm. Panic and haste are the killers of reason."

Pricilla "Priss" Leffwalken

Race: Halfling Class: Druid 7

Str: 13 Int: 10 Wis: 18

Dex: 17 Con: 9 Cha: 15

HP: 40 AC: 0 Almt: N

Wpn: Spells; Spear +1 (+1/+1)

Magic Items: Leather armour +1; Wooden Shield +1; Bag of Holding (mid size), Ring of Fire Resistance; Cloak of Protection +2; 2x Potion of Healing.

Lookalike: Lily Allen

Quote: "No I am not a Thief! Why does everyone assume I'm a Thief? It's racist!"

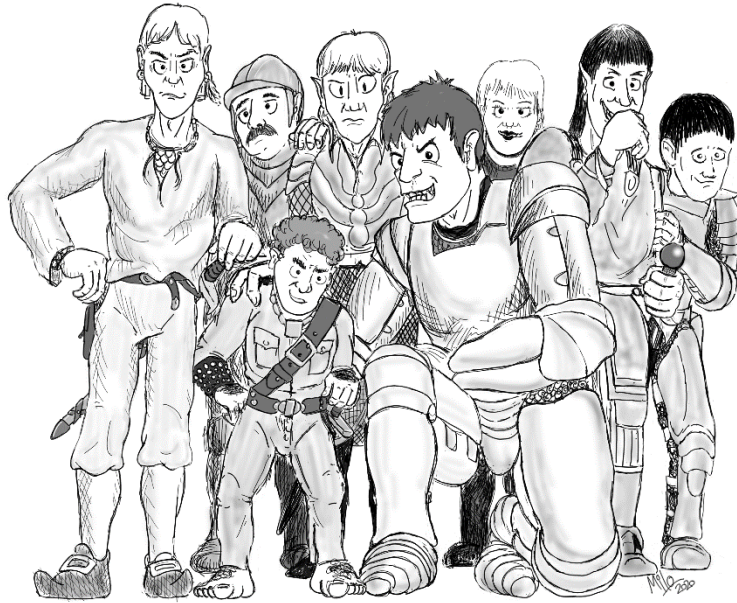
The Gentlemen of Verona

Verona is a small village to the far southeast of the Land of the Young, sandwiched between the Barony of Ulfhelm and the High Woods. It is a peaceful area these days but has not always been that way, which means there is deep suspicion of people from other areas. The Principality of Ulfhelm, as it used to be, remained fiercely independent for many years because of its easily defensible position on hilly ground and surrounded by rivers. Only in CY404 was it finally quelled to become a domain of Dunromin (later the Land of the Young) and a baronial royal family appointed. This royal family was actually the existing Prince but with appropriate marriages and hostages.

Being the front line against the Gnome Hills and remote in terms of the usual trade routes, the locals of Ulfhelm tend to be xenophobic and unwelcoming with a low view of anyone from elsewhere. The consequence of this is a kind of inherent xenophobia that is based on where you are from rather than what race or species you are. Anyone from the local area, or generally Ulfhelm, from whatever species are regarded as being naturally "better" than someone from outside the Barony or more specifically the Ridings, which is the name for the four halves of the Barony. Only among the Ulfhelms does their Riding of origin really become significant.

This breeds tough warriors and all commoners, male and female, are trained in the fighting arts to some extent, many managing to gain first level fighter standard and even developing some specialisations. Traditional weapons are the axe, from their human woodsmen traditions, the long sword and the short bow, from their neighbouring elves. The Yeomen (equivalent of a militia or home-guard, which is most adults) are also trained in use of the club for ceremonial and sporting reasons. The local Halfling population also prefer short swords to long swords for obvious reasons.

The men of Ulfhelm pride themselves on long hair and big moustaches. They wear coarse woollens over cotton, usually in dull colours but with green denoting woodsmen, of which



there are many. Trade is getting more common with the Gnomes, Elves and Dwarves of the neighbouring areas making even the quietest hamlets surprisingly cosmopolitan. The population is predominantly human with many Gnomes in the east, Halflings in the west and some Elves and many Half-Elves in the north. Due to this varied mix of race a person's Riding is more important to their sense of identity than their species in most matters. Drinking and Clubbing (a ceremonial sport similar to cricket) are the most common past-times.

The adventuring party calling themselves the "Gentlemen of Verona" are a bunch of youths who grew up together in the village on the edge of the border between the West and North Ridings of the Barony of Ulfhelm. The rich merchant father, George Thelmy, of two of them disappeared on a regular trade route west. A ransom demand from an unknown bandit gang was botched, so the sons were left without a father and without the funding that was taking them through their magical training. They were promptly evicted from their course (which one was re-sitting his final year for the third time and the other was just completing his first go).

The skint and frustrated youths returned home and started rounding up friends and acquaintances from their youth who might be interested in an adventuring career. The two brothers soon rustled up some ne'er do wells they often got roistered with for drinking too much, one of whom is a Half-Elf. This Half-Elf

also had a shady friend from the village down the road but staying in Verona at the time, to avoid the father of a pregnant lady from his home village.

The group considered they probably needed a Cleric so they got in touch with a resolutely lapsed follower of Bacchus. He had been thrown out of his temple and was relying on his questionable fighting skills as a Yeoman in the same temple's guard, hidden under a dodgy beard and a false name. He was delighted to leave and try and is determined to prove himself to his god. This did leave the group short of the healing prowess

they all believed he had but they didn't, at that stage, realise it.

The elder brother of one of the members also joined to provide woodcraft and some additional fighting skills. Thus the party were ready to go to war, and go to war they did.

Josh Thelmy of Verona (Human Magic-User) – a dark haired and thin, severe looking youth. Josh takes himself very seriously and regards the world around him with suspicion and contempt. He doesn't come across as being particularly friendly but has a habit of being over-friendly around powerful magic-users. Women may find him a bit creepy or arrogant, depending on their perceptiveness. This arrogance has got him into trouble and, married with his obstinacy, has led to him not passing his final magic exams two years running due to getting into arguments with the examiners. He is a perfectly capable Magic-User but has never actually passed his level 1 exams.

Gus Thelmy of Verona (Human Magic-User) – Thin and dark haired like his brother but slightly better looking and nicer to talk to. Not as bright as his brother but better able to focus and has done better at the College as a result. Gus can be a little fickle at times but, like his brother, can take himself far too seriously. Like his brother he has never passed his level 1 exams but this was due to being absent during the exams, trying to find his father; he would have passed and is a capable wizard.

Jeff Trigger of Verona (Human Fighter) - Jeff is a tense, angry young man with very low self-esteem. He tends to view any comment, at any time, as being critical of him and has a habit of over-reacting to situations. Although prone to panic under certain circumstances (not fond of explosions and magic) unless he can hide behind his fellows, he is solid in a fight but a loose cannon in an argument. He is not as clever as his best friend Josh Thelmy and was never as good at the fighting arts as his big brother Dart. This has led him to feel inferior in all things, which is a situation he tends to try and deal with through aggression. Not one to try and use reason or diplomacy to solve a problem.

Flint Delvelow of Verona (Dwarf Fighter) – Flint is the antithesis of Jeff but has grown very fond of him as they have worked together previously in the town militia. Flint is older and a little wiser than the others but had still never set his foot outside Verona or the road back to his parents' home city in the Blue Mountains (Lundenfukket) before they all started adventuring. He can handle himself in a fight and is quite prepared to face anyone down, particularly over a game of Clubs at which he is reasonably adept. He doesn't have a particular chip on his shoulder about his race, height or background and is generally incredibly cheerful, easy going and liberal for a dwarf.

'Big Jim' James Hoffer of Verona (Halfling Fighter) – As his name suggests, Jim is small, even for a Halfling, a fact which he accepts with the graceless aplomb of one who realised very early on his three sisters would always be taller than him. For a Halfling Jim is an incredibly practical, straight-forward kind of chap, with a no-nonsense, go-getting attitude and big ambitions. He wants to be Sheriff of his own barony one day, a simple plan which he is working, steadily, towards. His friends respect him and his abilities completely and do not make jokes about him at all (quite the opposite – they will instantly rally round if Jim is threatened). They are also deeply respectful of his calm decisiveness and openness to new and different ideas. Given his ambition and diplomatic manner, an observer of the group might realise that it's probably Jim that is actually the leader of the party. What he says usually ends up happening, but he is not so

arrogant as to not think about what others say very carefully indeed.

Halogen Furrllamir of Verona (Half-Elf Fighter-Thief). Halogen is another moody youth who probably takes himself far too seriously. He fell in love at an early age with the daughter of the Baron's younger brother. Being a Half Elf he was able to arrange to meet her and try and few lines, but she rejected him out of hand which has left him torn and bitter. He has few friends and is difficult to know. His father and two elder brothers were killed during a caravan ambush to the west which has scarred him greatly and, although he doesn't know much about the detail of their deaths, is keen to find the signet ring his father owned which is a family heirloom. Of course he has no idea how to go about finding such a thing although he will recognise it instantly as it has a unique arrangement of topaz gems around a diamond at its centre. He has no idea if the ring is magic or not. Halogen is an old friend of Josh's from their times sharing a room in Dunromin while Halogen was attempting to discover what might have happened to his father. But Halogen's only real friend is Douglas, whom he has known since they were children (their mothers are sisters although Douglas's mother moved to the next village when she married).

Douglas Affler recently of Verona (Half-Elf Fighter-Thief) was probably the most experienced of the party at the start of their adventures, due to a small spying job in the woods to the west of the barony. Douglas managed to get one of the local maidens of his home village pregnant and fled to Verona to hide out with his cousin Halogen. While hiding out Douglas fell in with the bodyguard of a local timber merchant and the merchant paid Douglas to find out a little bit about his competition in the neighbouring High Woods. This Douglas did and spent several months in the green woodland desperately trying to ingratiate himself with the local elves enough for them to employ him in some role. They never did for whatever reason and he eventually ran out of money and returned to Verona. Upon his return the merchant refused to honour their agreement due to the lack of results and Douglas was forced to take up his cousin's offer of a part in an adventure to try and make ends meet. Douglas is a very reluctant adventurer as he is not very brave

but, once in the field, he has found he has a real taste for it all...

Freddy Bull of Verona (Human Cleric of Bacchus) – Freddy was thrown out of his temple due to his fondness for wine. Given he is a follower of Bacchus this is somewhat hypocritical but since then Freddy has found his mojo and realised that the form and ceremony of temple life is far more important to him than roistering with his friends. This is no surprise as Freddy is touched by the gods and occasionally has images, dreams or visions, often at times of great personal stress. However, Freddy is also a dreamer and a storyteller prone to eulogising about his god's abilities and adventures. In fact his mouth has got him into and out of more than enough trouble for one much older than he is. One example is his predicament when his old friend Josh said "Aren't you an Acolyte of Bacchus now?" The answer was, by this stage, due to a misunderstanding about his use of Holy Wine, a resounding NO, but Freddy said 'yes'. This fact did eventually reveal itself to the rest of the party and was a big issue for a while. Luckily, Freddy is capable in a fight and is a useful sword-arm to have around the place. It came to pass, after several adventures, that Freddy reconciled himself with his deity and was once more able to cast Clerical spells. As yet, however, he is not reconciled with the Olympian Temple in Dunromin...

Dart "the Dart" Trigger of Verona (Human Ranger) – Dart is a devoted follower of Bacchus and deeply in love with the wilds and the greenwood. He loves wandering the rolling hillsides of his youth and exploring the woods and dales of the southeast of the kingdom. He particularly likes the company of elfish women but has, as yet, had little luck in convincing any that he is worthy of their time. He is an experienced woodsman and very capable with a sword (as well as a club, of course). He has a taste for wine and weed and longs to journey the world and meet strange and fabulous people for various experiences. He is a hippy with a big old streak of sword master and believes the expression of swordplay in the greenwood to be an art-form rather than a martial skill. To this end he has learnt much of healing and herb lore as well as the skill with a blade he inherited from his uncle. Although sceptical of his reliability at first, due to a childhood disagreement, Josh

accepted him into the group due to his knowledge of the paths and roads west of the barony as far as the Rushmoors.

Alice Jabber (Human Cleric) was invited to join the party when they encountered her in the wilds near a haunted castle they were heading for. Alice is also from Ulfhelm and even trained with Freddy. The others wonder if they may have had a relationship at some point. She had been intending to journey to the Barony of Garibaldi to help set up a new Shrine to Bacchus but got lost. She quietly believes their god guided her steps to the party to make up for Freddy's short-comings. Being known to the party they begged her to come along as an additional healer and she has been with them ever since. She is an imposing and stern lady, built as a warrior should be. She tolerates no foolishness from the men around her and has formed a bond of close friendship with Big Jim. She is smarter than she appears to be and Big Jim always listens to her advice.

Despite their yocal-ish appearance, behaviour and individual naiveté the group do have a good understanding of what they need to do to work efficiently together as a group. They have a deep bond in the most cases and a love for each other that belies their outward scorn, contempt and teasing. Together they work well, watching out for and trusting each other without a thought. They are not perfect and fight like harpies when they disagree but, when threatened by an external force, they will stand together and back each other unquestioningly. While Josh is ostensibly the leader of the group and Dart has the most



experience, it is Big Jim around whom the moods and opinions of the group as a whole seem to orbit. Freddy sees himself as a spiritual leader but will always, regardless of the situation, defer to Big Jim or Josh. Douglas will keep his opinions to himself and is more perceptive than he appears, while Flint and Gus rarely differ from the majority in their wishes.

Over several months the merry band explored a ruined fortress southwest of the Burning Woods, gradually adventuring lower and lower into the dungeons below over several expeditions, based out of Troll Bridge in the Barony of Garibaldi. They are now experienced and even more closely bound, loyal to each other and their patron deity, Bacchus. Whatever revelation happened on their last expedition to the fortress they seem changed now; calmed but more determined. They have no desire to return to the haunted fortress and are now looking to explore westwards, out into the Borderlands and the Wild Lands beyond.

Adventure Hooks: These guys are a pretty average adventuring party and can be used as a ready-made opponent or ally in an adventure. They are not tied to any greater ambition or plot as such but there is no reason they couldn't be tied into one. In role-playing the idea behind them was to be a bunch of Yorkshiremen with an elevated opinion of themselves. The concept of Ulfhelm is the concept of Yorkshire as suggested by Monty-Python crossed with Royston Vasey from the League of Gentlemen. Their passion for the sport of Clubbing (basically Cricket) might be used as a reason for them travelling about the area, trying to inspire other areas to take up the challenge.

Jeff Trigger of Verona

Race: Human Class: Ftr 5
 Str: 18:13 Int: 10 Wis: 10
 Dex: 16 Con: 17 Cha: 11
 HP: 45 AC: 0 Almt: CG
 Wpn: Long Sword +2 (Dbl Spec +6/+8)
 Magic Items: Chainmail +2; Large Shield +1; Ring of Feather Falling
 Lookalike: John "Clockwise" Cleese

Dart Trigger of Verona

Race: Human Class: Ranger 5
 Str: 15 Int: 14 Wis: 14
 Dex: 12 Con: 15 Cha: 11

HP: 43 AC: 0 Almt: NG
 Wpn: Long Sword +1 (Dbl Spec +4/+5)
 Magic Items: Plate Mail +1; Shield +1
 Lookalike: Beardy Frank Zappa

Flint Delvelow of Verona

Race: Dwarf Class: Ftr 5
 Str: 18:08 Int: 11 Wis: 11
 Dex: 16 Con: 16 Cha: 14
 HP: 51 AC: -1 Almt: NG
 Wpn: Battle Axe +3 (Dbl Spec +7/+9)
 Magic Items: Chainmail +2; Small Shield +1; Ring of Free Action; Potion of Speed (*short bow, silly furry hat*)
 Lookalike: Brad Pitt with a beard

Douglas Affler of Verona

Race: Half-Elf Class: Ftr-Thf 4/4
 Str: 18:05 Int: 15 Wis: 13
 Dex: 18 Con: 17 Cha: 15
 HP: 42 AC: 0 Almt: NG
 Wpn: Long Sword +1 (Dbl Spec +5/+7)
 Magic Items: Leather Armour +1; Small Shield +1; Cloak and Boots of Elvenkind (*short bow and thieves' tools*)
 Lookalike: Christian Slater

"Big" Jim Hoffer of Verona

Race: Halfling Class: Ftr 5
 Str: 14 Int: 11 Wis: 15
 Dex: 17 Con: 16 Cha: 12
 HP: 47 AC: 1 Almt: CG
 Wpn: Short Bow (Dbl Spec +3/0 or +4/+2 and double damage at ranges less than 30 feet); Short Sword +1, +2 vs Scaley Creatures (+1/+1)
 Magic Items: Leather Armour +1; Bag of Holding (small size); 7x Arrows +1
 Lookalike: James Hetfield but two and a half feet tall.

Josh Thelmy of Verona

Race: Human Class: MU 5
 Str: 9 Int: 16 Wis: 9
 Dex: 17 Con: 16 Cha: 13
 HP: 21 AC: 1 Almt: NG
 Wpn: Spells or dagger +2 (+2/+2)
 Magic Items: Ring Protection +1; Cloak of Protection +1; Armbands of AC6; Potion of Flying; Potion of ESP; Scroll (*Slow, Dispel Magic*)
 Lookalike: Nick Cave

Gus Thelmy of Verona

Race: Human Class: MU 5
Str: 11 Int: 15 Wis: 11
Dex: 17 Con: 16 Cha: 14
HP: 26 AC: 2 Almt: NG
Wpn: Spells or Dagger +1 (+1/+1)
Magic Items: Armbands of AC6; Potion of
Water Breathing; Potion of Red Dragon
Control; Cloak of Protection +1
Lookalike: Jonny Depp

Alice Jabber

Race: Human Class: Cleric
Str: 18:34 Int: 12 Wis: 18
Dex: 14 Con: 15 Cha: 11
HP: 28 AC: 1 Almt: LG
Wpn: Short Sword +1 (+2/+4)
Magic Items: Chainmail +1; Large Shield
+1; Scroll of Protection from Undead
Lookalike: Maxine "Twinkle" Peake

Halogen Furlamir or Verona

Race: Half-Elf Class: Ftr-Thf 4/5
Str: 17 Int: 11 Wis: 11
Dex: 17 Con: 16 Cha: 12
HP: 42 AC: 1 Almt: NG
Wpn: Long Sword (Dbl Spec +3/+4) or
Short Bow
Magic Items: Leather Armour +1; Shield
+1; Ring of Protection +1
Lookalike: a young Jay Baruchel

Hooky's Gang

Bill the Hook, or just Hooky to his friends, is the leader of a highly skilled group of experienced Bounty Hunters and adventurers. He is one of life's winners. From a stable but poor background he quickly realised adventuring was the life for him. He has no ties save for his friends but of those there are many. He is a hard, professional adventurer with a very keen sense of risk and self-preservation. He has evolved to be the leader of the group but he would never claim to be it. He perhaps doesn't even realise he is, merely thinking his mates put him forward as he's 'the best at all the talking and planning shit'. He has made an excellent living as an adventurer by punching slightly below his weight and seeking profit over glory every time. He will not take silly risks and will not put his neck on the line for anyone but his mates. Hooky has known Owen Longstep (currently working with Captain Kevin; see above) for years and has been adventuring with him several times.

They are good friends and trust each other completely.

Sparky of Morrigan is a priestess of the Celts. Sparky has been adventuring with Hooky for as long as the two could hold a sword. They met by chance in an ambush when working as caravan guards looking for free passage out to the Borderlands. They made it out and then went back to rescue the rest of the guards and the merchants. So successful were they that they defeated the attackers and got the survivors to lead them back to their base. This was the pair's first big pay-out and also met them up with Shuttle, who was a prisoner of the group. Sparky is a shrewd and clever warrior-lesbian of Morrigan. She is wild in a fight but otherwise very flighty and forever laughing at the silliest little things. She trusts Hooky and the others completely and has the capacity to go from peaceful banter to full-on banshee attack mode in an instant. She has a Rod of Resurrection with few charges left. This is a closely guarded secret known only to Sparky, Hooky, Beechy and Shuttle.



Beechstripe is a human druid. If he ever offers you something to eat or drink, don't take it; he often cooks with some very strange ingredients. He is also very free with his language and uses a cacophony of swear words like confetti when he speaks.

Beechstripe is a curious character with an indistinct background: He joined the party after they met him travelling through some woods close to the capital. They were hungry and he was able to help them prepare some of the local mushrooms for tea. When they all finally came down from that experience they found that they had developed a weird fondness for this crazy drug peddler and invited him to join them. This sounds like some kind of *Mass Charm* but it isn't. They all just found they got along really well and decided they could work well together. Beechstripe ('Beechy') himself is an intense but funny man who has an irrational and intense hatred of all undead. His memories of his early childhood are fragmented and sometimes contradictory, which is a source of frustration for him. He only clearly recalls his life from being an eleven-year-old foundling raised by high elf woodsmen in the Royal Parks. At the age of 15 he was then trained in the Druidic arts by the Druid in the Woods' father in Dunromin. He knows all the druids in the land and has a thorough knowledge of intoxicants and brewing, especially fungi. In combat he is a fast and relentless foe, tied to the yin and yang of light and dark, life and death. He is relentless and remorseless in fighting but loyal and effusive in friendship. He has an unusual sense of humour, a very working-class, earthy outlook on life and an obscene lexicon of normal communications. He also has absolutely no respect whatsoever for anyone with an inherited title, which often gets him into trouble.

Shuttle of Widdlin is a Halfling whose village was destroyed by a goblin band a few years ago while he was away. When he heard of the fate of his extended family it gave him a fierce hatred of goblins. Some time later Shuttle had been working as a small-time burglar in Karan but got embroiled in an adventure that was out of his depth. His party were slain and he was only spared by the bandits they were attacking because he managed to convince them he knew a secret way into the city of Karan. When rescued by Hooky and Sparky he realised this party was a good thing to get involved with and kind of tagged along. Shuttle is a quiet, unassuming little man who has a talent for slipping through society without being noticed. He is not a talker or a charmer but has a fascination with knives and knife tricks. Although talented as a thief his

real fascination is with knife fighting, and killing goblins.

Adventure Hooks. These swords for hire might encounter the Player Characters in all kinds of situations – enemies, allies, rivals, wandering monsters or whatever. They are often sought out by various Barons for clandestine and honest jobs and have a reputation for efficiency and secrecy. They are not completely without scruples, however, and would not kidnap or imprison any “civilised” race.

Bill the Hook “Hooky”

Race: Human Class: Ftr-Thf 5/6
 Str: 18:84 Int: 15 Wis: 12
 Dex: 18 Con: 14 Cha: 9
 HP: 45 AC: 1 Almt: NG
 Wpn: Short Sword +3 (Dbl Spec, +8/+10); darts (Spec., +4/+4)
 Magic Items: Leather Armour +3; Rope of Climbing; Ring of Infravision; Potion of Flying; Potion of Speed (*thieves tools and various other adventuring items of great use concealed about his person, including several knives*)

Sparky of Morregan

Race: Human Class: MU-Cleric 5/5
 Str: 13 Int: 15 Wis: 16
 Dex: 12 Con: 14 Cha: 15
 HP: 30 AC: 1 Almt: CG
 Wpn: Spells and Spear +2 (+2/+2)
 Magic Items: Large Wooden Shield +1; Rod of Resurrection (4); Ring of Swimming; Potion of Vampire Control

Beechstripe “Beechy”

Race: Human Class: Ftr-Druid 5/6
 Str: 16 Int: 9 Wis: 16
 Dex: 16 Con: 10 Cha: 15
 HP: 40 AC: 3 Almt: N
 Wpn: Spells; Scimitar +2 (Dbl Spec, +6/+6); Spear +1 (spec. +3/+4)
 Magic Items: Leather Armour +1; Wooden Shield +1; Potion of Plant Control; Ring of Sustenance; Potion of Wraith Control; Scroll of Druid Spells (Transmute x5) (*a range of pouches and bottles, packets and bags containing all kinds of paraphernalia including a lot of intoxicating substances of different types. He will always have a set of travelling chef's equipment with him usually carried as a carpet bag to be dropped in combat*)

Shuttle of Widlin

Race: Halfling Class: Ftr-Thf 5/5
Str: 18:10 Int: 9 Wis: 14
Dex: 18 Con: 12 Cha: 10
HP: 36 AC: -2 Almt: CG
Wpn: Short Sword +2 (Dbl Spec, +6/+8);
Dagger +2 in left hand (Spec +3/+7)
Magic Items: Elven Chainmail +3; Potion of
Speed x2; Ring of Delusion (he thinks it is
Feather Fall); Periapt of Proof against
Poison (*he has a number of knives
concealed about him. He also has very
high quality Thieves' Tools which give
him +5% on his chances of picking locks
and disarming traps*)

Jack Rider

Jack Rider is perhaps the unluckiest man alive, or perhaps the luckiest. Let me explain:

Like Rentakill and Garibaldi (q.v.), Jack is not originally from this planet. He fell through a magical portal in an ancient temple he was exploring with his best friends and found himself in a cellar under an abandoned house in Dunromin. Unlike Rentakill, he was on his own and unlike Garibaldi, Jack is not particularly bright and has struggled to survive ever since.

In his previous life he was destined to become quite a significant individual, although he was only just starting out, really. He was a reasonably successful adventurer, on the up as they say, and had excellent riding and combat skills, as well as some magic items. He had also attracted the attention of a minor god. This god had selected Jack to be the saviour of a persecuted race that, like Jack, worshipped this god. This god also gave Jack a "Great Blessing" to assist with the task being set for him. Jack was very pleased about this and was trying to find out where he needed to go to find this beleaguered race when he ended up here. The race was called the Fallen Wanderers, or the Ashnagazi K'till; the deity was Great Alliniwirt of the Pool. The god's evil twin, T'Hurrt of the Pits Glimmering, however, had managed to *Curse* Jack with a spell that would hinder him forever, no matter what.

Well, such is the plight of a holy hero. So Jack set out on his quest, hunting for information as to where the Fallen Wanderers might be found. Having been told that there were many

ancient scrolls of knowledge in the hidden dungeons below a temple, he and his friends went to recover these scrolls. Whilst exploring the temple Jack fell through a random wormhole and ended up on Barnaynia. Neither his patron deity nor anyone else had any idea what had happened to him. That was about two years ago.

Ever since, Jack has been wandering around the Land of the Young trying to find out what on earth has happened to him. He has run out of money for research and has even been banned from the Great Library for an altercation with a number of fellows there: Jack had paid them in advance to find out how to get back to where he was from and to find out anything about the Fallen Wanderers or the other parts of the story he could remember. Nothing was found, of course, because Jack hadn't, at that time, quite realised that he wasn't even on the same World as he had been. Since then Jack has realised that Barnaynia is not right at all and has come to terms with the fact he sure as hell isn't in Kansas anymore. His requests to re-enter the Great Library with this new information has yet to be acknowledged in any way.

Jack's **Curse** has two parts – the first is bad luck; like a normal *Curse* he suffers a -1 or -5% penalty on anything he tries to do. *Anything*. As a result his body is a battlefield of scars and scratches from accidents and mishaps. He is also unable to benefit from



Clerical Magic at all and can't even cross the threshold of an active temple of any god, other than his own, in peace. This means he can't ask for magical assistance in the manner of divination from any of the Dunromin Temples. He can only enter a non-abandoned holy site if his intention is to rob it, kill its staff or otherwise do it harm. Likewise, when adventuring he cannot benefit from any Clerical magic such as *Cures* and *Bless* unless they are cast by a priest of his patron deity, of whom there are precisely none on Barnaynia. This is not so much of a problem as it might be for an adventurer due to Jack's Great Blessing.

Jack's **Great Blessing** makes it very difficult for him to die, although the majority of the effects only come onto play once he is unconscious. While he is conscious Jack benefits from being immune to all poisons, magical and material. His skin also gives off a very faint odour of foulness such that no creature would ever want to bite him, let alone eat him. Monsters will still bite him in order to prevent him from killing them but, once down, nothing will ever be tempted to then eat him, even vultures, slimes and such.

When Jack is knocked to the ground and is unconscious or dead, however, then the REAL power of his **Blessing** kicks in. When unconscious, he is completely immune to heat and cold of any form (normal and magical fire and ice, spells, lava etc. *Everything* to do with heat and cold!). Also, one round after falling unconscious or becoming dead, Jack will start to regenerate as per a Troll; that is 3hp a round with severed and battered limbs and bones re-joining and healing themselves. Once back to 1hp, Jack continues to heal as per a normal human, experiencing the pain and discomfort associated with recovering from serious injury. Jack is aware that he seems to be very lucky in surviving fights where he has been knocked unconscious and ignored, but does not fully understand the true magnitude of his powers. He is also very much aware that he still feels pain from all these things once he is conscious again and is unwilling to test his powers in any way.

Such is Jack's plight. His life is blessed and he is, barring drowning in acid or getting buried under a mountain, indestructible, or at least un-killable. He is a very capable swordsman, a great horse rider (which is where he got his

name) and he is quite good looking (with lots of scars) and interesting to talk to. In fact, if you have no sense of smell he probably has a Charisma of about 15, but the smell will put anyone off. He has clean habits and the smell doesn't transfer to his clothes or bedding, it just comes from his skin, enough to put off things that might want to eat him. This works on all organisms including rats, mosquitoes, other invertebrates and so on. It also works on Oozes and Slimes but only when he is unconscious – they will still attack him but then leave him alone. Also, it's not like a smell you get used to over time. Every time you meet him it's changed slightly so as to still be horrible. Even when you spend time with him the smell evolves to remain unpleasant. But once you can get past the smell, he's a pretty nice person.

Adventure Hooks. Jack can be pretty much anything; patron, enemy, ally or random encounter. His unusual background might put him in conflict with the party, or he might become a patron, seeking to ask any Clerics in the party for help with divine guidance. Perhaps one of the party might have a visitation from Jack's deity. Or maybe the party kill some monster only to find Jack's regenerating body in the depths of its lair.

Jack Rider

Race: Human Class: Fighter 3
Str: 17 Int: 9 Wis: 8
Dex: 18 Con: 15 Cha: 6
HP: 24 AC: 1 Almt: NG
Wpn: +2 Broad sword (Double specialised, +6/+6) or short bow. Note he suffers a -1 penalty on all attacks.
Magic Items: +2 Studded armour, potion of Invisibility, Potion of Flying, *good quality adventuring kit, lots of personal grooming products and perfumes, none of which work for him.*
Lookalike: Rafe Spall

Jasper of Longfield and Diana of Tat Lane

This would-be Bonny and Clyde grew up together in the slums of the Maze, in the centre of Dunromin, running with street gangs and generally getting into scrapes with the Guard. They had a kind of Romeo and Juliet love affair across the borders of two street gangs but fled into the countryside rather than following the plot of Shakespeare's romantic tragedy.

Since then they have managed to survive wandering the various baronies staying one step ahead of the law. They make their money on petty burglary and small-time swindles. A favourite is waiting by a lonely main road, between two Baronies, and then casting a *Sleep* spell from hiding on any passing travellers. If the victims fall asleep, the pair steal what they can, if the travellers don't fall asleep then the two wait for the next travellers. This latter eventuality usually works as the victims of the spell, although unnerved as if by some ghostly presence, see no threat and quickly move on.

Jasper and Diana are careful to only take a few things from each person so their theft is less likely to be realised immediately, if at all. They are not really greedy but very much in love and at a loss as to what to do next. Neither has the slightest interest in settling down and working for a living and they certainly don't fancy adventuring. They are also pretty peaceful and avoid violence and actually doing harm at all costs. It is likely that Dianna will get pregnant at some point and they will be forced to make some serious choices – although nothing would please them more than having children together.

Jasper somehow managed to train as a Magic-User, sponsored by a senior member of the Poorhouse Thieves' Guild (who may feel he is owed something) and has gained in power a little as he has lived his strange life. He has a few spells in his spell book and some valuable trinkets safe for hard times. Otherwise he comes across as a well-meaning but less than bright city sharp, built very tall and skinny. Despite living in the country for several years now he still has a very strong city accent.

Dianna has a very robust build and coy demeanour, but she is a professional Thief who is as hard as nails. She pretends to be very dainty and shy most of the time to allay suspicion. She pretends to be scared of the sight of blood and gets flustered if people raise their voices, even fainting, but this is all a sham. Her great weakness, besides Jasper, is her fondness for children. One of the reasons they elected to leave the city was that she was always giving away their money to the street kids they knew.

Adventure Hooks: this charming and slightly pathetic pair might cross a party's path in many ways. The party might be the victim of

one of their highway robberies, or the pair might come by some little something the party want, or someone wants and then gets the party to find for them. Or the news of Jasper and Diana's habits may get a Baron or two to hire the party to hunt them down. Or perhaps an old acquaintance from the city Thieves' Guild sends the PCs after them. A clever GM might have Dianna be very pregnant when the party catch up with them causing the party a moral dilemma as regards whether bringing them to justice is really the "right" thing to do (highway robbers are usually hung; the belief that having the roads are safe and well protected is vital for trade).

Jasper of Longfield

Race: Human Class: Magic-User 3
Str: 11 Int: 13 Wis: 10
Dex: 15 Con: 9 Cha: 12
HP: 10 AC: 9 Almt: NG
Wpn: Spells or Dagger
Magic Items: None but has a set of survival equipment and some odds and ends of treasure.
Lookalike: Steven Merchant

Diana of Tat Lane

Race: Human Class: Thief 4
Str: 16 Int: 9 Wis: 13
Dex: 15 Con: 12 Cha: 14
HP: 16 AC: 9 Almt: NG
Wpn: She is proficient with Club and Dagger which means she can fight with pretty much anything that comes to hand. She usually has a Dagger about her somewhere for self-defence (+0/+1)
Magic Items: None. She has a set of good travelling clothes and even some leather armour stashed away, but generally dresses as a normal village woman (sensible long dress).
Lookalike: Rebel Wilson.

Les Chevaliers Lunatic (the Warriors of the Moon)

Some years ago, the group of elven musicians from Loom who were to become Les Chevaliers Lunatic were playing among themselves in a moonlit meadow deep in the heart of the Forests of Loom. It was a magical night, cloudless after a warm summer's day harvesting grapes on the uplands. The musicians, making a living labouring on the



vineyards while they played away their youth, were relaxing and enjoying the warmth of the wines they had purchased with the last of their pay.

This is an elven tradition among the wine-makers and their extended families. As the youths grow towards adulthood they are required to spend their summers toiling on the farms, learning the skills of their fathers, being close to nature and generally getting a feel for the traditional values of the elven wine makers of the region. These youths were exceptional only in-so-far as they were of mixed breeds, being three High and three Sylvan (Wood Elf), and contained one in their number who had already been ordained into the priesthood of Nataliar Efferenduil, the Moon Spirit. This is a Wood Elven deity of indeterminate race and sex who represents the Moon in its ascending majesty of magic and power over the tides as well as the threshold of the gateways to the afterlife (see the later section on Gods, Demigods and Supernatural Entities of Barnaynia). On this night, this disciple of the Moon and skilful lute-player (it is claimed) had a visitation.

As the moon-beams filled the spaces beneath the trees with silvery light a creature emerged from the shadows that they immediately took to be a dryad. The figure was slim and bathed with sinews of blue light, dressed in the sheerest white gossamer and bore a crown of blue diamonds set in crystal, all glittering with faery fire. The elves recoiled with fear, wondering at the power of a dryad and fearing for their safety, but the figure bade them be calm and without fear. The figure, whose sex was impossible to tell, announced it was an illuvar of Nataliar Efferenduil and had been sent with a message for the newly indoctrinated priest – a high honour indeed.

“You are touched with the Moon,” said the messenger, “As are all your company here. The Multiverse will have its use of you in the near future but know now that you are chosen and that your steps are watched. Find in yourselves the skills you feel you will need and look to the north, to the lands of the gnomes and of men. Seek there for a sign and you shall find a future calling for yourselves. Beware impatience, and look to the Moon when in doubt.”

The company were transfixed by this magical portent and resolved to follow its guidance, each undertaking an oath to seek out this sign in the north. Before anything more could be discovered the light faded and the figure vanished, the wood left lightless and empty save for the soft tinkling of fey bells. The elves were stupefied for a while and resolved to travel to the Temple of the Moon that night and seek the counsel of the High Priest there.

Initially suspicious, once their stories had been verified by magical divination a long discussion was held, followed by a meeting with the parents of the chosen elves. It was decided, after a great deal of consideration and divining using bones, stars and dead leaves, that the six should be trained in their respective talents and then sent out, furnished appropriately by the temple and their parents, to discern the will of their patron deity.

After this long counsel of the High Priest and their parents, the six friends consulted closely on their chosen professions. They chose paths that complimented and matched one another and, being young and full of spirit, they competed closely with each other in their various training regimes.

Guided by their instincts and wise counsel, they selected very demanding, combined careers as Elven Knights first and foremost, a band of brothers equal and mutually faithful. They would become a potent fighting force with adventuring skills beyond compare. Or that was the plan. This meant they had very similar starting skills and, having pooled their resources and equipped themselves uniformly, almost identical appearances once their helmets were in place. Their lustrous green tabards naturally bore the token of the silvery-grey full moon.

When the training was complete the travellers set out onto the quest, to follow the ancient trade-routes to the lands of gnomes and men, north of the mountains, and come that way to Constantan and then the Land of the Young. The Cleric was elected their leader, now a Ranger too though still a dour child. He was scarred from a boyhood accident, but he was ably supported by his friends. As they journeyed they were often distracted by adventures, peril and monsters such that they were all well skilled by the time they reached Dunromin seeking their Sign. There they yet remain, taking occasional jobs to pay their way, awaiting The Sign.

Voltelemir [Ranger-Cleric, High Elf] – is disfigured by a childhood illness of a magical nature, like a fey small-pox, that gave him his un-elfin nickname, Zombie. He has always been an intense and solemn sort for a High Elf. He is uncompromisingly pragmatic in all matters but selfless in his considerations of the best solution to any given problem. Although dour, he is not without humour but charm is not his strong suit. He plays the lute passably well. His appreciation of being a chosen one of the Moon on some level has persistently confused him as, while he feels favoured and blessed, he doubts his own abilities and struggles with the lack of clear guidance or mission for him. He feels frustrated by the lack of direction in his life as a result and finds himself imposing missions, limits and demands upon himself to either prove himself worthy or perhaps just to keep his darker fears occupied. He is a steadfast friend but has a distance and objectivity to him which some find lacking in empathy or compassion. Born of a well-to-do local family he was trained in the ways of the wild woods by his uncle, a pure Ranger, as he grew up. Shunned by his posh

peers (except one, Olniritin, see below) he instead made friends with many from the lower classes who seemed more ready to accept him. Before completing his Ranger training however he felt a calling to the Temple of the Moon, keeping secret a deeper feeling of pre-destiny. After being indoctrinated as an Acolyte he then took his traditional turn harvesting the grapes. It was at the end of this period of time when the visitation took place and his secret feelings of being touched by a higher power were made plain to all. He responded positively to this but, at the bequest of his head priest, then completed his Ranger training so as to better serve the temple against the forces of giantkin and darkness.

Letelinir [Fighter-Magic-User, Wood Elf] is mercurial in his moods and often a firebrand, hence his nickname ‘Zappy’ among his friends. He is passionate in all things and makes decisions quickly but often without grace. He plays the pan-pipes well. A friend of Zombie since childhood, before the illness, he is loyal, clever and good-looking. While popular with the ladies his own ambitions are more towards the mysteries of magical power and he fancies himself a great hero in the most ancient traditions of Loomish warrior-mages. When his friend was visited by the Moon’s messenger, Zappy was the first to swear an oath to the quest and suggest a knightly brotherhood. The others quickly agreed but as a result Zappy seems to retain an unspoken leadership, or at least as a first among equals, when it comes to plans and initiatives.

Barthelias [Fighter-Thief, Wood Elf] is the quiet one of the group. Like Zappy he is an old friend of Zombie and has spent many years growing and learning with them both. He is more taciturn than either and, displaying more subtle skills, has been trained in the fine arts of the adventuring rogue, often referred to as the company’s burglar in the old fairy-story meaning of the word. Nicknamed ‘Bart’, he is a shrewd elf, although less wise or technically clever as his friends, his combination of insight, empathy and observational skills mark him out as something special. He is no leader but the group are always keen to hear his opinion and will react quickly to any instruction he gives, trusting his acute senses to be a sure and safe warning. His ambitions are simpler than the others, being of more

modest stock, and he merely wants to be rich enough to buy a vineyard, rather than being a mere vats-man like his father. He plays the flute.

Anteleminovar [Fighter-Magic-User-Thief, High Elf] has a quixotic mind and several talents that were observed when he was young. As a result, he was trained initially as a mage, with a great future marked out for him. As he grew older he discovered a speed and agility within himself but also became frustrated at the sedentary nature of mage training. His friend call him 'Snooks' after the favoured curse 'snukvellatin' of one of their old teachers, roughly translated as 'vagabond'. Even before the visitation of his friend Zombie, Snooks had been planning to diversify into fighting and roguish pursuits. Handsome and passably charming, he is also a poet and storyteller of sorts with a fine singing voice. His astonishing memory is now the repository of many ancient poems and legends which he often regales friends and family with. His skills are many and he is watched closely by several persons in the hierarchy of the Loomish Guilds, marked for greatness even before the ascendancy of his friend. Quite whether Snooks is as keen on the careers being mapped out for him as his father is remains to be seen. He is shrewd but impetuous, lacking empathy to some degree he has a selfish inclination in all matters save that of caring for his friends, in which alone is he steadfast. To all other plans and patrons he can prove fickle and wayward.

Olniritin [Fighter-Druid, Wood Elf] is the first and only son of one of the foremost houses in the largest wine-growing region of Loom. As such it was incumbent upon him to follow in the family tradition of joining the rather unique warrior sect of the Golden Sickle. Thus when touched by the destiny of his old friend Zombie, he was indoctrinated into the Brotherhood of the Golden Sickle and trained both as knight and druid. It is a combination thought to be unique to this small sect in the depths of the greenest woods of Loom who are bound to protect its borders. His nickname 'Sticks' comes from an old saying that he was often teased with when younger. Through his friendship with Zombie, Sticks has had his duties with the Golden Sickle suspended until such time as his Moon quest is ended. Then he will return to the woods of his fathers and take

up station there, as a Guardian of the Greenwood. This is a great honour and Sticks feels proud of this but also a little resentful, feeling his life has been mapped out for him by the tradition of his family and the weight of his friend's quest. He longs for space to relax and find himself, to discover his own destiny, although he would never admit to this.

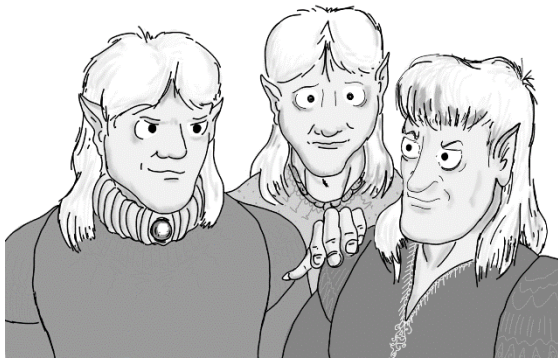
He is a charismatic young elf with an eye for the ladies and the wild life. Although trustworthy he does have some weaknesses and can be easily distracted. His druidic persuasion is for nature and the truth and beauty of the natural life. To this end he enjoys various physical pleasures as well as the more traditional wine of his homeland. He is mature enough to take his responsibilities seriously and would never allow these weaknesses to endanger his friends or his mission. He is cheerful, well-humoured and fun to be with, often quick with a witty comment but as free with compliments as he is charming in counsel. He plays the fiddle well and fast.

Fangolmar [Fighter-Cleric, High Elf] was attracted to the Temple of the Moon from a young age and was welcomed in along with his good friend Zombie, whom managed to graduate shortly before him. His nickname 'Tiler' comes from the elven for 'one who treads grapes' and could be taken as a derogatory term in some company, certainly he only permits his friends to call him this.

Soon after Zombie's visitation Tiler also managed to become an Acolyte and the two enjoy a friendly rivalry within the temple as regards their talents and prospects. Of a lower caste, Tiler is content to occupy the shadow of his friend as he feels, in himself, a little less driven, still finding his own way in the world. For the present he is more than content to follow the whim of the group but he has no doubt a new path will be made plain for him at some point. Perhaps he will be instrumental in whatever mission his friend will be given and so, for the present, he will put his own heart and soul into their solemn brotherhood. As a person, he is quiet; an observer and an outsider, but comfortable in that. In the company of friends he can be outspoken in matters he feels strongly about. Tiler plays the harp without great talent but enough to keep a group in tune.

Adventure Hooks: These very dangerous, militant, moon-worshipping elves are awaiting their deity to give them a quest. You might use them as a trigger for some broader campaign or as rivals, seeking the same artefact as the party. Or perhaps another powerful being pretending to be their Moon Deity (Nataliar Efferenduil) will try and fool them with a different mission suited to a darker purpose at odds with something your player characters are involved in. If your party were to do something offensive to the powers of the Forest of Loom or the elven Moon Sect then this group might be sent to punish them.

*Note – these characters were generated using the **Dunromin Hero Rolling** system so their statistics are higher than would normally be expected.*



Voltelemnir “Zombie”

Race: High Elf Class: Rngr-Cleric 6/5
 Str: 18:75 Int: 16 Wis: 18
 Dex: 17 Con: 18 Cha: 9
 HP: 63 AC: -4 Almt: NG
 Wpn: Long Sword +3 (Dbl Spec +9/+9)
 Magic Items: Plate Mail +2; Shield +1; Ring of Feather Falling; Ring of Swimming; Potion of healing (*plays the Lute and wears an open helm*)

Fangolmar “Tiler”

Race: High Elf Class: Ftr-Cleric 6/5
 Str: 18:75 Int: 10 Wis: 18
 Dex: 17 Con: 14 Cha: 9
 HP: 44 AC: -5 Almt: LN
 Wpn: Long Sword +2 (Dbl Spec +8/+8); Short Bow (Dbl Spec +4/+1 or +5/+2 and double damage at range less than 30 feet)
 Magic Items: Plate Mail +3; Shield +1; Ring of Warmth (*also has a harp*)

Anteleminovar “Snooks”

Race: High Elf Class: Ftr-MU-Thf 5/5/5
 Str: 18:75 Int: 18 Wis: 9
 Dex: 19 Con: 17 Cha: 12
 HP: 55 AC: -4 Almt: CG
 Wpn: Long Sword +2 Chromatic Dragon Slayer (Dbl Spec +8/+8)
 Magic Items: Plate Mail +1; Small Shield +1; Potion of Heroism; Everlasting Candle (*Thieves tools are in a bag on left thigh*)

Letelinir “Zappy”

Race: Wood elf Class: Ftr-MU 6/5
 Str: 18:73 Int: 18 Wis: 9
 Dex: 18 Con: 17 Cha: 10
 HP: 63 AC: -6 Almt: LG
 Wpn: Long Sword +2 Giantbane (Dbl Spec +8/+8); Short Bow (Dbl Spec +5/+1 or +6/+2 and double damage at range less than 30 feet)
 Magic Items: Plate Mail +3; Shield +1, 7x Arrows +1; Ring of Fire Resistance; Wand of Wonder (6) (*silver pan pipes and open helm*)

Olniritin “Sticks”

Race: Wood elf Class: Ftr-Druid 6/6
 Str: 18:18 Int: 11 Wis: 15
 Dex: 18 Con: 14 Cha: 16
 HP: 48 AC: -3 Almt: N
 Wpn: Long Sword (Dbl Spec +5/+6); Short Bow (Dbl Spec +2/+1 or +3/+2 and double damage at range less than 30 feet)
 Magic Items: Splint Mail +1; Small Shield +3; 9x Arrows +2; Ring of Protection +1; Potion of Healing (*elegant, elven fiddle and open helm*)

Barthelias “Bart”

Race: Wood elf Class: Ftr-Thf 6/6
 Str: 18:75 Int: 14 Wis: 15
 Dex: 18 Con: 15 Cha: 9
 HP: 42 AC: -4 Almt: NG
 Wpn: Long Sword +1 (Dbl Spec +7/+7); Short Bow (Dbl Spec +2/+1 or +3/+2 and double damage at range less than 30 feet)
 Magic Items: Plate mail +1; Shield +1; Dagger +1; 6x Arrows +1; Cloak of Elevenkind (*keeps a suit of leather armour and his thieves tools in his backpack, also carries a silver flute and a penny-whistle*)

The Liliputians

This group of rogues and chancers are a mix of thieves with short stature. Their name, The Liliputians, is a mixture of the old Elvish words for Stature and Rich.

Reginald “Reg” Tubthumper is, effectively the leader of the party, or at least its spokesman. He formed the group around his friendship with **Alfred Bundlesnipe** with an aim to identifying ways to get rich quick, based on the concept that once you are rich it is easier to get richer. To this end he enticed **Dashinael Greywind** (known as Dash) to act as the front man for a prospective confidence trick based on raising cash for a woodland development project, based in Fetlin Woods in the Belentine Forest. Dash got his partner and fiancé **Sasarinia Ashen** (known as Sasha) involved as well as it all seemed tremendous fun and a jolly jape. Sasha brought with her a new acquaintance she was employing at the time as a guide in the woodland they were thinking of using. This was **Nesbit of Fetlin** and it was the Fetlin Wood that the party were planning their con around. The con failed when the party realised they were all as deceitful as each other, got drunk, and decided larceny in baronies farther from their homes was a better way of getting rich quick – Dash’s real name is Dashdividni Oakenbond and Sasha is really his sister, and her real name is Sasarinia Oakenbond.

Dash and Sasha are the half-blood children of a wood elven princess from Loom, estranged but still potentially bank-rolled by her uncle, a Leaf Lord of a minor trading fiefdom within the Forest of Loom south of the mountains. As half wood-elves the pair share a childish sense of humour and have a rather loafer-esque lifestyle. They don’t seem to take anything very seriously and are constantly looking for adrenaline-fuelled diversions, such as burglary or adventuring. As befits their rank they are well armed and equipped warriors but have also used their tree-climbing to conceal training in the arts of thievery. They have little respect for property but do like people with character. They have become very fond of their travelling companions over the months they have been together.

Nesbit is a gnome whose family were slain by ogres when he was a child. He escaped into the woods near where they were attacked and

used his father’s spell-books, his natural abilities and some contacts among the local Brownies to teach himself some basic Illusionist skills. He is a great woodsman and tireless tracker, having more in common with the Bushmen of Namibia than the tinkers of gnomish legend. He is never-the-less a gnome with considerable natural ability in the arts of underground movement and mechanical manipulation. He has spent much of the last few years living wild in the Forest of the Belentine, trapping and selling furs and acting as a guide to travellers in the deeper woods. This part of Belentine is called Fetlin Wood, hence his name. Personally, he is a quiet, almost timid little person, deferential to Sasha, whom he regards as an employer as much as a friend. He is essentially well-meaning but has an absence of appreciation of the significance of property and ownership that could easily get him into a lot of trouble. He gets on well with the rest of the party although he is confused by their ongoing discussions about personal hygiene. He has a simple wit and charm but can lie convincingly when he needs to. He is no one’s fool and the rest of the party realise this and like him all the more for it. Despite his natural Charisma few people can stand his low levels of personal hygiene for long.



Reg is a Priest of Loki, which is a faith he doesn’t openly advertise but a manner of thinking he follows as regards spreading mischief and disorder, especially when it comes to embarrassing other Clerics. Alf is a Magic-User, having graduated from conjuring tricks and sleight of hand to managing to enrol on a course at the Magic College in Dunromin,

entirely funded by ill-gotten gains from street tricks, petty theft and some bigger “capers” with Reg. There is probably some dispute as to whether Alf is a qualified Magic-User because he never attended his graduation ceremony as there was a concern over some issuing books from the library that his name had become associated with.

Reg and Alf are a veritable double-act who understand and trust each other without question. They always play the most appropriate partnership as befits their situation without pride or second thoughts, be that a pair of bumpkins, old lags, master and servant, simple traders or whatever they require. They know each other so well as to almost share a telepathic link. Outside the party they trust no one but have a great number of acquaintances in Dunromin and into the Home Counties to the south, most of whom are on good terms. In Dunromin they are also acquainted with Gerym Twofella and are associate members of the Poorhouse Thieves Guild, although they are quite happy for Sasha, Dash and Nesbit to remain freelance thieves. They are also old associates of Rembrandt the Rogue (q.v.) from his time in Dunromin but it is not clear how favourably he might look upon them now. Certainly they worked together on some projects and Rembrandt and Alf have been known to swap spells and knowledge in the past. The books Alf was thought to have taken from the Great Library were certainly found in Karan some years later, allegedly sold by someone resembling Rembrandt. Alf and Reg have a long and colourful history within the cities and baronies of the Land of the Young but scant dungeoneering experience. They are of such low profile, despite their numerous contacts, they can pass through the Home Counties quite quietly and would be unknown beyond there.

Adventure Hooks: these five individuals are always getting into messy scrapes. They have done some grave robbing in the hills around Creb Untool and have even burgled a few baronial properties without being caught. As they have improved in ability they have managed to keep their low profile through a mixture of deliberate anonymity in the case of the Halflings, not giving a damn in the case of the half-elves and disbelief in the case of Nesbit. As a result they offer a number of

unusual possibilities in terms of adventures – the party might come by (accidentally or on purpose) some item from them that is then recognised by its previous owner. Or the party might witness and/or be blamed for some larceny or other that the Lilliputians are responsible for. The party might be hired to find these people or to get something back from them that they have taken, perhaps without knowing the true value of the item; the person from whom the item was stolen might have their own reasons for keeping the recovery secret too. These guys are not straight-up fighters; although very capable of looking after themselves; they are more likely to flee a straight fight. This might make them a different kind of challenge to a heavy-handed party. They might even try to rob or swindle the party as it returns from an adventure.

Reginald “Reg” Tubthumper

Race: Halfling Class: Cleric-Thf 6/6
 Str: 15 Int: 13 Wis: 16
 Dex: 18 Con: 16 Cha: 14
 HP: 43 AC: -2 Almt: CG
 Wpn: Spells; Short Sword +2 (+2/+3);
 Dagger +2 (Left Hand, +1/+3); Short
 Bow
 Magic Items: Armbands of AC4; Ring of
 Spell Storing (Invisibility, Magic Missile,
 Shield; Death Spell; all at lv12); Ring of
 Protection +2; Potions of Climbing,
 Longevity and Acid Resistance; *only
 carries his thieves’ tools when he has to
 and even then disguised amongst a
 general handyman toolkit shoulder bag.
 His clothes are always top quality but
 never “showy”.*

Alfred “Alf” Bundlesnipe

Race: Halfling Class: MU-Thf 6/6
 Str: 15 Int: 15 Wis: 11
 Dex: 18 Con: 17 Cha: 13
 HP: 41 AC: -3 Almt: CG
 Wpn: Short Sword +2 (+2/+3); Dagger +3
 (Left Hand, +1/+4); Short Bow
 Magic Items: Arm Bands AC3; Wand of
 Magic Missiles (13); Ring of Protection
 +2; Scroll (Haste, Hold Monster, Slow,
 Water Breathing; all at 9th level); *thieves’
 tools carefully concealed about
 comfortable “country gentle-hobbit”
 clothes.*
 Short Sword +2 (+2/+3); Dagger +2 (Left
 Hand, +1/+3); Short Bow

Dashinael "Dash" Greywind

Race: Half-Elf Class: Ftr-Thf 4/3
Str: 18:75 Int: 10 Wis: 10
Dex: 15 Con: 11 Cha: 12
HP: 34 AC: -1 Almt: CG
Wpn: Long Sword +3 (Dbl Spec +8/+9),
short bow
Magic Items: Chain mail +2, Shield +1,
Open Helm of Protection +1

Sasarinia "Sasha" Ashen

Race: Half-Elf Class: Rngr Thf 4/4
Str: 12 Int: 13 Wis: 15
Dex: 13 Con: 15 Cha: 10
HP: 38 AC: 1 Almt: CG
Wpn: Long Sword +2 (Dbl Spec +5/+5), short
bow
Magic Items: Chain Mail +1, Shield +1
Note: *She has a red scar from a garrotte
around her throat*



Nesbit of Fetlin

Race: Gnome Class: Ill-Th 6/6
Str: 14 Int: 15 Wis: 12
Dex: 18 Con: 14 Cha: 12
HP: 22 AC: 0 Almt: NG
Wpn: Short Sword +2 (+5/+9); Dagger +3
(Left Hand, +5/+10); Short Bow
Magic Items: Belt of Hill Giant Strength;
Armbands AC4; Boot of Elvenkind; Wand
of Fireballs (16); Ring of Fire Resistance;
Helm of Nesbit (q.v.); *Nesbit has many
grubby pockets, pouches and straps
about his body in which are arranged lots
of odd tools that comprise his Thieves'*

*Toolkit and includes various woodsman
kit like skinning knives and snare wires,
but they don't look incriminating and,
frankly, the smell generally puts people
off checking too closely...*

The Moon Shadows

Brutus Trojan is the fifth son of the Baron Trojan, one of the lowlier March Barons holding a poor stretch of arable land a day's ride west of Dunromin and some way off the north side of the Great West Road. This land farms wheat, fruit and cabbages for sale in the capital and the Baron Trojan made a reasonable tariff from the trade as well as rent and such. Brutus' elder brothers often called him "the Runt" as he was the smallest and weakest of the set, even failing to make the cut and be trained as a Knight like his brothers, father and uncles before him. A source of great shame, Brutus persisted in training as a fighting man but then left the family home in search of adventure and respect.

Despite the derision received from his elder siblings Brutus was not a weak man and, when measured against normal men, he had considerable strength and skill. He is also somewhat cleverer than his brothers, although this is not saying a lot by all accounts. Brutus is a severe and sour-faced young man, hiding his inherent insecurities and self-doubt behind a grim exterior and brash humour.

When he left his home he travelled with three hirelings; Bodkin Merryweather, his cook, Gerald Smith, his squire, and Vincent Potter, his new valet. As his wanderings continued and he failed to find the sniff of adventure and earnings, his monies dwindled and he was, in the end, unable to offer his hirelings pay any more. He offered them a partnership in his adventuring plans instead and Bodkin and Vincent, for their own reasons, accepted. Gerald thought this profession too wearisome and returned to his home.

A short time later they met Sensor, her friends and some others in the town of Troll Bridge on the far southwest border of the Land of the Young, at the start of the Wine Road; a new trade route to the Forests of Loom. Being the son of a Baron, Brutus made himself the captain of this rag-tag adventuring band, which no one else seemed to have an opinion on or objection to. Since then they have styled



themselves the Moon Shadows, owing to their shared faith in the Moon Spirits and its associated religious fraternities.

Brutus was deeply affected by the death of one of the party called Willow in their first adventure. He blames himself for her being left to melee a Hippogriffs alone as he was blinded by a cursed item when they attacked. He made sure he did whatever he could for her afterwards but still has an issue dealing with the whole affair.

Siegfried Wagnerian is a high elf from a family serving one of the Low Lords of the Forests of the southern Land of the Young. His father's elder brother is a Troll Hunter (see **SMO2 The Games Master's Guide to Dunromin**). Siegfried's family traditionally served as gamekeepers and land-watchers on the lower slopes of the Blue Mountains west of High Pass and this is what Siegfried had been trained for – including mountaineering and specialising in the use of the bow. Siegfried, however, was not content with such a life. From a very young age he had been enchanted with the idea of travel and had watched the passing caravans of exotic produce and peoples, wondering where they were going and where they had come from.

When he came of age he explained his desire to travel to his father and a proper argument ensued. As an only son his father felt Siegfried had certain obligations to the family and his lord but they could find no compromise. Siegfried left home and fled to the big city. His father may never forgive him and his lord

probably regards him as a traitor. Siegfried could care less about this and has spent the time since wandering the Land of the Young and meeting Willow the Walker along the way. Willow was a Ranger, seeking her brother, Sindarin. Sindarin had been lost on an expedition to the Burning Woods along with the rest of his adventuring party, but no one knows where or how. Priests have informed Willow that her brother remains in the land of the living but can offer no more information (for what she could afford, anyway).

Siegfried is a self-contained, contented spirit whom seems never glum nor distressed. While not inspiring, he is a determined and polite person, not popular but not despised. He makes friends with difficulty but is fiercely loyal to those he does make, particularly Willow and, over time, Brutus. His motives seem merely to explore and see the world. Adventuring was the ideal means to this end and he seems uninterested in fame or fortune as such, viewing the fighting skills he has as tools, the combats as necessary evils. Any greater philosophy or taste for the world he keeps to himself.

After Willow's death in their first adventure Siegfried's switched the aim of his adventures and vowed to find her brother for her, effectively taking on her quest as she was no longer able to.

Vincent Potter is an ambitious thug from Dunromin who grew up running with the street gangs and joined the Poorhouse Guild as an enforcer at the age of fifteen. This career soon went sour as he was involved with beating up the son of a baron and a price was put on his head. He fled west, using his saved money and ability to appear more than he was to secure training as a valet in a market town halfway between Dunromin and Karan. As a valet he was employed by Baron Trojan to look after his youngest son, Brutus, with whom he has been ever since. When Brutus offered him a partnership, Vince realised that he would have to start from the bottom in another post and risk someone recognising him if he travelled back to the east, so he decided to stick with Brutus and see where it led him.

Vincent is a self-serving and selfish outlaw. He has let his greed and violent nature destroy one

career but has managed to find another in which these very character flaws might serve him well. It is impossible to tell, looking back, if Vincent felt any loyalty, comradeship or even affection for his old boss Brutus. His behaviour since is a friendly enough manner and is willing to do whatever is needed to serve the group's best interests.

Vince undoubtedly has a taste for the high-life and his choice of clothes, pastimes and companions when not adventuring reinforces the perception of his preoccupation with the fleshy delights of life and the appearance of success and power. In more modern parlance he would have been viewed as a gangster but this is perhaps unfair on him. His motives are not nastiness or evil, but purely self-serving. Any friendships he formed along the way are regarded as means to an end. One old acquaintance from the Poorhouse street gangs summed it up as "He's a good laugh, nice enough and he would have your back in a ruck. But you wouldn't trust him with anything or miss him if he vanished."

Crowley the Cunning is the oldest member of the company by some measure, Crowley was already well known in the southwest as one of the acolytes at the new temple of Hecate in the Barony of Garibaldi. He spent most of his time travelling around the barony telling stories and providing mystic guidance to villagers in the style of a soothsayer. He made some reputation extolling the virtues of showing abeyance to the Moon and her powers, in the act helping out a number of farmers and their families.

The head of the new temple suggested that he needed to do something about improving his powers and suggested joining an adventuring band then forming in Troll Bridge. Realising things would become uncomfortable for him if he refused, Crowley reluctantly agreed and was soon attached to Brutus Troy and his troop. This was much to the appreciation of Brutus himself who sets a lot of store by getting the positive approval of the gods in all his endeavours. Crowley has developed some affection for his new group over time but he will never be more than indifferent about the prospects of fighting for his life in some dungeon.

Crowley is a not a leader but a very wise counsellor. He is very good at understanding

people and has what was often thought to be second sight in terms of noticing useful things – this is thought to be a god gift and his Observation/Spot-Hidden skill is exceptional. He doesn't make friends easily but is very good at associating himself with powerful people that might help his interests. When adventuring he tends to be cautious but is often the source of the best ideas and solutions to puzzles and traps that present themselves.

Sensor Blackwind is the eldest daughter of a Dunromin cloth merchant, with two older brothers. Showing a talent with magic from a very early age her father managed to scrape together the funds required to put her through Magic College. This proved ill for the father as the business went down due to quicker, cheaper imports of elven cloth from Loom via the new Wine Road. Her father ended up in debt and Sensor worked as a scribe to help pay the bills. Unfortunately, the business is not recovering and Sensor travelled to Troll Bridge to discover how they might recover using this new route themselves. While there she encountered her old college friend Alquin of Lacquer.

Over a long drink in a local tavern Sensor began to realise that, with Alquin's connections, she stood a good chance of rescuing her father's business by buying out a local cloth trader who was looking to retire. First she needed the capital and the only way she could see to do this was by going adventuring. Keeping this secret from her father, who would have stopped her straight away, she sought to join a party with equally urgent but realistic ambitions.

In an inn in Troll Bridge Sensor soon found a common, if slightly uncomfortable purpose with Siegfried Wagnerian and Jay Blinder. Realising they needed some heavy artillery and spiritual support, they all then chose to ally themselves with Brutus Troy and his Moon Shadows. Later they were joined by Vurst Geshtaldt and Crowley the Cunning although this seems to have been out of convenience rather than enthusiasm.

Jay Blinder was born to a wood elf in the woods of Dunromin. Although his mother was of poor standing and never said who her lover had been (she was a very mature elf and there is little doubt that her human mate was well chosen) Jay was brought up as any other elf in

the community. His mother had some skill in magic so it seemed natural he would too, although his own passions seemed far more physical. Jay's mixed heritage was a great burden to him and he struggled to feel accepted in his hometown. He observed his school-friends developed a natural skill with the long sword that he envied. He lacked their natural ability but was so determined to excel in this weapon that he drove himself to be a double-specialist before he had completed his training in the martial arts.

He proved a passable student at magic, hardly excellent, but his steadfast determination and self-reliance carried him through his joint courses. Once graduated, and with his mother's blessing, he headed straight away to the Borderlands, in search of adventure and fame. He didn't care much for fortune but has such a drive to prove to his old school enemies that he is a great warrior he would do anything to promote himself.

Jay seems an egotistical and humourless individual, being driven and almost monomaniacal in his dream to be known as the greatest swordsman in the land. Part of this ideal involves honour and discipline of mind and body. He does whatever he needs to in order to press his skills and learn to be better and better with his sword. His bow and spells are merely back-ups to deal with the dross he encounters, permitting him access to the real challenge beyond them. He always drives to engage the biggest, hardest enemy he discovers in single combat, often blocking his comrades from attacking to try and keep the glory for himself.

Once arrived in Baron Garibaldi, Jay met Sensor. Sensor and Jay did not get on very well initially but realised they needed each other and learned to tolerate and co-operate eventually. Jay saw Sensor as a money-grabbing gold-digger obsessed with her father's plight and getting any kind of profit from trade or collected loot. While Sensor thought Jay an egocentric sword fanatic with no understanding of the real world and what really mattered, which was family. They remain hostile but pragmatic, detesting each other's values and objectives but realising they both needed and benefited from their association. Siegfried and Vurst have secret

bet going that Jay and Sensor will one day fall in love.

Vurst Geschaldt is the eldest son of a traditional dwarven priest of Dernhelm and he was brought up in the faith. He qualified as an Acolyte with flying colours, despite struggling throughout his training with a certain lack of natural ability. His first assignment was to assist in the building and equipping of the new Temple of Dernhelm in the Barony of Garibaldi. Determined to honour his father he set off to do his best at the task in hand.

However, as soon as he started his journey down the mountains towards the Land of the Young Vurst saw the green surface world for the first time. Uncharacteristically for a dwarf, he was entranced by the wonders and intricacies of the sunlit world around him. Although still determined to do well at the temple, Vurst's superiors became aware that his heart was not really in completing his work. He had realised the sooner he completed his task, the sooner he was likely to be sent back underground.

To avoid being returned to his old underground life Vurst tried to join the Moon Shadows. This proved easier said than done but, as he persisted, Vurst discovered a kindred spirit in Siegfried and was, eventually, invited to join. This proved fortuitous and Vurst soon proved a jolly, determined and courageous member of the troupe. He even became a close friend, possibly best friend, of Brutus Troy himself. Vurst is a cheerful and enthusiastic creature, that rarest of things; an out-going and friendly dwarf. He also has a great natural skill as a carpenter and wood carver.

Fred Sharpstake was born in a remote fishing village on the north coast, eking out a living from shellfish and other creatures from the edges of storm bay. Fred always had an affinity with the sea and its moods and tides, and the local holy men observed his natural talent. He was then chosen to be trained as a druid in the elven woods northwest of Dunromin along the banks of the river Greyflood.

Once qualified, with a natural sense of the magic of water and a feel for the flow of energy around the world, Fred felt strangely drawn to the temperate woodland of the southwest frontier. He joined there with the Grove in Owl Wood, run by Libby the Tree, by then well

established and famous throughout the land. Fred found friendship there but was far from happy so far from the sea. Frustrated and running out of good will he chose to leave in the night and found himself lost, wandering south, wondering where his next meal might come from. In walking he fell in with a Halfling likewise heading south, Bodkin Merryweather. The two formed a healthy curiosity about each other and Fred was invited to join the Moon Shadows the next day.

Fred is a dour man with a thick accent that many struggled to understand (broad Glaswegian is a good approximation). He was willing to accept the charity of others but was one of life's watchers and would sit quietly in company working out the hidden undercurrents. When he did talk he was friendly but softly spoken, reluctant to talk about himself but always keen to talk about the elements, water and particularly the sea, about which he was passionate and effusive.

Bodkin Merryweather is a Halfling from one of the cosy Sherifffdoms in the Home Counties to the east of Dunromin. At a very young age he travelled every week into the city with his father to buy and sell goods at market. The trek took all afternoon, they did their business in the morning having stayed overnight with friends, and then they travelled home in the afternoon. This gentle lifestyle had a huge impact on the young Bodkin. He became fascinated by the big city and soon learned some tricks to help him survive there. He also discovered an exceptional ability and interest in cooking. As soon as he was old enough he left his old village and managed to get an apprenticeship in the Outlaw Inn, cooking and cheffing. This was a happy time but also a time when Bodkin discovered a lust for pretty trinkets and started lifting them. This was soon discovered and he was dismissed from his job with a black mark against his name.

Unable to get any other work the wandering Bodkin found himself skint and hopeless in the Barony of Trojan, where he was lucky enough to be taken on as a kitchen servant by the Baron's own housekeeper. He soon showed his talent and was sent as cook and servant with the Baron's youngest son Brutus when he went away to make his reputation. The two quickly made a solid friendship, both seeking the approval of a distant parent but having failed,

to varying degrees, in their first attempt. When Brutus ran out of money Bodkin was first to suggest he continue as the Baron's son's friend rather than employee.

Bodkin is a well-meaning if slightly scatter-brained young Halfling. He is always cagey about his origins but his reputation at home seems unblemished. Quite why he is always reluctant to return to his father's fruit growing farm has never been explained. One thing Bodkin is hopeless with is money. Despite his light-fingered talents he is rarely able to stay in the black and often has no money and debts all over the place.

Wild Horse was a member of a barbarian tribe from Low Moors in the northeast of the Land of the Young. He often associated with visitors, acting as a guide through the area and reporting on events and changes to the local barons. These paid him well for his information as they knew they could trust him in the manner of a Troll Hunter although he is a Wild Domains Barbarian (see **SM01 The Players' Guide to Dunromin** for more information on this new Fighter Sub-class). He was well known in the area for this but fell foul of his chief for being too fair and considerate of others before loyalty to the tribe. Eventually, he was forced to leave the area.

Quite why he ended up in Troll Bridge is not known, but there were rumours of signs and portents he had seen in the wild and messages from the spirits of the Moon. Whatever the reason, as the Moon Shadows were forming up ready to travel one day he offered to be their guide if he could join them. They asked how well he knew the area they were going to and he admitted he didn't, but knew the wild as good as any of them.

When pressed he merely said that he 'had' to be with them. Against the wishes of some in the party, and mainly due to Crowley taking a liking to him, they allowed him to tag along, acting as the rear-guard. This role he became very good at and it is said his presence at the rear of the party often persuaded the less resolute not to run away. Indeed, he and Brutus became firm friends and he was even known to socialise with Vincent, who was less popular with the rest of the party.

Not the typical barbarian, Wild Horse is a chatterbox and chats to anyone and everyone

he comes across, amassing a vast amount of trivial information he seems to be unable to forget. He is friendly and open generally, and quick to forgive a slight. He is always keen to hear a different viewpoint and ready to accept new ideas. Even in combat he is less wild and more circumspect and cautious than many of his kind.

Adventure Hooks: This is a fairly standard adventuring party and can be used as NPCs however suits. They are fully detailed so can be just used if you need some adventurers in a hurry or some travellers visiting an inn.

Brutus Trojan

Race: Human Class: Fighter 5
Str: 18:23 Int: 11 Wis: 15
Dex: 14 Con: 16 Cha: 15
HP: 46 AC: -1 Almt: LG
Wpn: Long Sword +1 (Dbl Spec +5/+7)
Magic Items: Chainmail +2; Large Shield +3; Ring of Feather Falling; Boots of Speed
Lookalike: Alexander Armstrong with a moustache
Quote: "Show some spirit! With such friends as these how can we fail?"

Seigfried Wagnerian

Race: High elf Class: Fighter 5
Str: 16 Int: 13 Wis: 9
Dex: 16 Con: 13 Cha: 9
HP: 40 AC: 1 Almt: LG
Wpn: Short Bow (Dbl Spec +3/0; or +4/+2 and double damage if range less than thirty feet); Long Sword (Spec. +2/+3)
Magic Items: none
Lookalike: Haldir of Lorien (Two Towers Film)
Quote: "I mean you no harm. I seek merely to broaden my horizons."

Vincent Potter

Race: Human Class: Ftr-Thf 4/5
Str: 17 Int: 10 Wis: 14
Dex: 16 Con: 15 Cha: 11
HP: 35 AC: -1 Almt: N
Wpn: Long Sword (Spec. +2/+4); Dagger +1 (+2/+2); Short bow
Magic Items: Large Shield +1; Belt of Flying (52 charges); Ring of Limited Invisibility (up to 1 hour per day)
Lookalike: John "Pulp Fiction" Travolta
Quote: "I just don't like people barking orders at me all the time."

Jay Blinder

Race: Half-Elf Class: Ftr-MU 4/3
Str: 15 Int: 15 Wis: 10
Dex: 14 Con: 16 Cha: 14
HP: 30 AC: 2 Almt: NG
Wpn: Spells; Spells; Long Sword +1 (Dbl Spec +4/+4); Long Bow
Magic Items: Scale Mail +1; Shield +1; Amulet of Protection from Magic (+1 to saving throws); Ring of Free Action; Scroll (Cone of Cold, Clairvoyance)
Lookalike: Tom "Legend" Cruise
Quote: "Anyone can act clever until they have a sword in their hand. Then you see who's REALLY clever."

Crowley the Cunning

Race: Human Class: Cleric 5
Str: 12 Int: 14 Wis: 16
Dex: 9 Con: 15 Cha: 11
HP: 35 AC: 0 Almt: LN
Wpn: Spells; Short Sword (0/0)
Magic Items: Small Shield +2; Rod of Smiting (+3/+3); Ring of Demon Summoning (he believes this to be a ring of Demon Protection but if he pronounces the word "Summon" while holding the ring aloft he will summon a Bone Devil, which will 75% obey his commands for an hour before vanishing; one use per day); Scroll of Protection from Demons; Potions of Healing and Longevity; Mug of Six Beverages per day; Plater of 3 meals per day (*wears Plate Mail*)
Lookalike: Bill Nighy with long hair
Quote: "I think, perhaps, we might look at that first option again."

Vurst Geschaltdt

Race: Dwarf Class: Cleric 6
Str: 14 Int: 14 Wis: 15
Dex: 12 Con: 16 Cha: 11
HP: 47 AC: 1 Almt: LG
Wpn: Spells; Battle Axe +2 (+2/+2); Light crossbow
Magic Items: Small shield +1; Gloves of Fire Resistance; Potion of Clairaudience (*wears Plate Mail and full helmet*)
Lookalike: Any jolly, bearded fat Dwarf, a bit camp
Quote: "Oh, you are a one! I remember this huge bloke in Karan, nose like a leper, smelt as bad as this..."

Sensor Blackwind

Race: Grey Elf Class: MU 5

Str: 12 Int: 17 Wis: 11
Dex: 15 Con: 11 Cha: 13
HP: 13 AC: 5 Almt: LN
Wpn: Staff +3 (+3/+3; but this staff has a demon trapped in it which will be freed if the staff is broken; Sensor does not know this)

Magic Items: Armbands of AC6; Dust of Appearance; Wand of Fear (3)

Lookalike: Sasha Pivovaro

Quote: "If we could all just stop smashing everything to pieces I might have an idea here..."

Fred Sharpstake

Race: Human Class: Druid 6
Str: 14 Int: 15 Wis: 15
Dex: 11 Con: 17 Cha: 15
HP: 49 AC: 5 Almt: N

Wpn: Spell; Spear or Scimitar

Magic Items: Amulet +1 on saves vs. Magic; Armbands AC7; Ring of Protection +2; Potions of Diminution; Fire Resistance and Love; Scroll (Cure Critical Wounds)

Lookalike: Nick Oliveri from Queens of the Stoneage

Quote: "The ring of bright water will show us the way. Always watch for the undercurrent."

Bodkin Merryweather

Race: Halfling Class: Thief 6
Str: 11 Int: 13 Wis: 14
Dex: 18 Con: 14 Cha: 12
HP: 33 AC: 4 Almt: NG

Wpn: Short Sword; Dagger +1 (Left hand, 0/+1); Sling

Magic Items: Boots of Elvenkind; 2x Potions of Climbing; Cloak of Protection +2; Ring of Invisibility (this is a very special ring and Bodkin is unaware of it; it contains half the spirit of a very powerful Air Elemental Lord of Chaos and is merely "pretending" to be a Ring of Invisibility. When the wearer slays an Air Elemental or related monster of 6HD or more the ring will reveal its true nature which gives the wearer power Control of Air Elementals (no save) amongst other things. The Elemental Lord of Chaos is probably looking for his missing ring).

Lookalike: Roy Kinnear as Planchet in the 3 Musketeers

Quote: "You kill it, I'll cook it."

Wild Horse

Race: Human Class: Wild Domains
Barbarian 6

Str: 15 Int: 13 Wis: 12
Dex: 17 Con: 14 Cha: 16
HP: 44 AC: -3 Almt: LG

Wpn: Long Sword (Dbl Spec, +3/+3);
Spear; short bow

Magic Items: Shield +2; Pitcher of Endless Mead; Ring of Feather Falling; Onyx Dog (3 times per day for up to 3 turns can change into a talking black mastiff called Shadow; ac 5, hp 8, hd 2+2, d2-8; 90' infravision, Int 8, available for 6 hours per week. 100% track known scent (-10% per hour old), spot hidden 80%, spot invisible 65%, astral, ethereal and phased 50%. All else as War Dog) (*wears plate mail and open helm with shield*)

Lookalike: Dennis Storhoi (13th Warrior)

Quote: "Coming in chilly again, lets get a fire started and get a brew on. Anyone got any hard tack? I love a bit of salt beef me...." Etc.

Sir Oriq the Disgraced

Sir Oriq was a high-flying Paladin of the Babylonian Temple; a significant personality about the cities of Karan and Dunromin and having great influence on the (then) young King Mordred. Sir Oriq met a young Wood Elf maid at a royal function, a lady of the courts of the Forest of Loom and related to the Wood Elf royal family. He fell in love with this great beauty and sought to win her heart despite the fact that the Babylonian Temple expressly forbids any friendship between humans and other races. So infatuated with the lady was he that he didn't even bother to hide his intentions and was cast out of the Temple even as the elf herself went back to Loom.

As he had not actually broken the Temple Codes except in intent, Sir Oriq did not lose his Paladin powers. He was bereft by the Temple's rejection of him, however, and exiled himself to the Borderlands dedicating himself to protecting humans in these lands and slaying all non-humans, as penance for his failings.

And this is all he now does. He wanders the wilds on his faithful warhorse, seeking out humanoids and other monsters to kill and escorting humans across these perilous lands. He is as grim as they come, his armour battered



and soiled, his sword sharp but worn. He has nothing but hostility for all non-humans, even elves, but is even unfriendly and stern towards humans. If he saves someone then he will expect a material sacrifice from them in return, which should be donated to the Babylonian Temple. This will be a sum of gold or a magic item of his choice. He does not seek to cause hardship by these donations but does expect people to live up to his own high standards of personal sacrifice. Failure to do so would invite immediate punishment.

He is a massive, heavily-built warrior with unkempt hair and beard of dark brown. His steel-blue eyes are in a permanent scowl and he probably hasn't smiled for five or six years. Inhabitants of the Wild Lands who are human will always offer him free board and lodging, usually without realising it – they might just find his horse in the yard in the morning. He

has a very low opinion of everyone and everything, including himself.

Sir Oric the Disgraced

Race: Human Class: Paladin 14
 Str: 18:95 Int: 10 Wis: 14
 Dex: 16 Con: 18 Cha: 17
 HP: 146 AC: -5 Almt: LG
 Wpn: Holy Long Sword +3 Vorpal Weapon (Dbl spec +8/+12); +3 spear
 Magic Items: Plate Mail +2, Shield +2; Cloak of Protection +1; Helmet of Immunity to mind-influencing spells and illusion; horseshoes of the Zephyr; Ring of Regeneration; Ring of Warmth; Paladin's Warhorse in plate barding; *he has good but worn personal equipment and everything required for him and his horse to survive in the wild.*

Rembrandt the Rogue (Roger of Skuttul)

Rembrandt was originally called Roger and was born to a street walker of Dunromin by the name of Molly of Skuttul, (Skuttul is an old alley in the Maze). His father was a client, he was told, who told her of a story of a hero called (something like) Rembrandt. This stranger dallied with Roger's mother for a while and even promised to marry her. Of course, he never did and disappeared one morning. Molly would never reveal to Roger the man's name.

And so Roger grew up running with the scamps and the scum of the dregs of the city. His ability showed itself quickly; he had a quick wit and an animal cunning. He was quickly recruited by Gerym Twofella (see **SMO2 The Games Master's Guide to Dunromin** for more information on Gerym Twofella and the Poorhouse Thieves' Guild) as a runner and a guide. He built up a circle of friends and contacts quickly, having an easy charm and sense of humour that appealed to the kind of creatures he was now spending his time with.

At the age of fifteen Roger was planning how to take over the city. He realised that all the people he was associated with were criminal mobs, subclasses clinging precariously to the underside of the real city, not the real power. He had no access to this real power of the city, which was with the Upper Classes, Merchants and Magic-Users. He knew he was smart enough to move with those people but he couldn't get in. He lacked the funds and the right contacts. He was struggling to break through because all the people who could back him wanted him to go in a different direction. He knew he had to move on. And then fate got involved.

Roger tried his chat on some returning adventurers as they came through the south gate. The adventurers, of course, were far more interested in fencing their loot and getting on with spending their gold, so they waved Roger off and walked away. Roger was a street kid and probably expecting this treatment but had already spied an exposed scroll tube amongst their kit. As he was pushed away he managed to palm that scroll tube. Inside were two scrolls and he managed to palm one scroll before he had to pass on his swag to Gerym.



The scroll that he had stolen was his making. He couldn't read properly at that age but over time he learned more. He learned enough to read the scroll, which was a map. This map showed the way through the secret passages and locations within an old manor house. He was no burglar, yet, so he took his time and found out about what the scroll was telling him. After selling Gerym a tale about fleeing the city to avoid the father of a young lady he had got involved with, he and three friends robbed the abandoned manor house which was located some distance from the city. The group had a number of other adventures but after these adventures Roger was the only survivor, which is *exactly* how he had planned it from the start. Now a well-skilled thief, he re-located to Karan with a new identity, Rembrandt, and used the loot to train as a Magic-User.

Over the following years he had many adventures in the Borderlands with a number of different parties. Of all his fellow adventurers only Rembrandt and one other, a Cleric of the Life Travellers called Dudley, survived. Dudley is Rembrandt's only long-lived adventuring partner (although Dudley has been killed and *Raised* at least once) but even this is not what it seems. Rembrandt has *Charmed* Dudley to believe Rembrandt is the Cleric's long-time best friend. Dudley has done pretty well out of the deal but is far from being an equal partner. Certainly Dudley's family and temple have a very low opinion of Rembrandt the Rogue (which is one of his kinder nick-names). As word gets about Rembrandt is also finding it increasingly difficult to find adventurers who are both

willing to adventure with him and of sufficient power to be any use to him.

Rembrandt is a surly and secretive man of young-ish but uncertain years. He is pale and thin with wispy dark hair and straggly beard, usually wearing nice clothes that are poorly looked after. He has a taste for the finer things in life but has few, if any, friends. Certainly he has no female friends and, while probably desperate for female company, women are a source of confusion and fear for him. Roger of Skuttul is still sought after by certain senior members of the Poorhouse Guild in Dunromin but they have yet to make the connection to Rembrandt. Rembrandt is not about to let this loose end hang, of course, and is planning to use his Puzzle Boxes (q.v.) to assassinate the three individuals that not only know him but could still recognise him (these can be any members of the Poorhouse Guild as suits your campaign).

Dudley of the Life Travellers is a dismal and uncharismatic young cleric of the Life Traveller's Temple in Karan (see **SM03 The City Guide to Karan**). He still lives with his parents rather than in the temple and generally seems to be a bit of a loser. Far from it, he is actually a pretty successful adventurer and has come back from a number of very profitable adventures in the Borderlands and beyond. This is due completely to his close relationship with his best (and only) friend Rembrandt the Rogue. In fact, Dudley was *Charmed* by Rembrandt years ago and has been kept on as a walking ambulance ever since. To be blunt, Rembrandt knows he cannot heal himself and keeps Dudley on purely for this purpose. Due to the *Charm* Dudley places Rembrandt's personal safety above his own and has even died saving his friend. Rembrandt brought him back and had him *Raised* (paying for this out of Dudley's share of the loot of course) but this was no generous act – Rembrandt knows that there's worse things than orcs in the deep places of the world and his own life probably depends on Dudley's magic. Dudley's parents and temple disapprove of Rembrandt but do not realise a *Charm* is in place (and regularly refreshed). Dudley himself is a stunningly dull individual whose priestly capabilities are workmanlike rather than inspired. He is an efficient and effective member of the temple but is no leader of men. Since he was *Raised* from the dead he

has been given to dark moods and is probably suffering from PTSD.

Adventure Hooks: Rembrandt might seek to include the party in an adventure he is planning with Dudley, the larger plot being that none of the party will survive the adventure to maximise Rembrandt's Profits. Or the Poorhouse Guild in Dunromin might task a member in the party to hunt down Roger of Skuttul, leading them to make the connection with Rembrandt. And of course the party could do any one of a dozen things that might annoy Rembrandt and give him reason to come after them.

Rembrandt the Rogue

Race: Human Class: Thief-MU 6/10
Str: 11 Int: 18 Wis: 16
Dex: 18 Con: 12 Cha: 16
HP: 37 AC: -5 Almt: CN

Wpn: Spells; Long Sword +3 Frost Brand (+3/+3); Dagger +2, +3 vs. Large Targets (left hand +1/+2 or +2/+3 against Large targets)

Magic Items: Elven Chainmail +3; Ring of Protection +2; Girdle of Many Pouches (*appears to have 6 small pouches but actually had 12, all with capacity 4 litres; weighs 1 pound loaded or empty*); Murylund's Spoon (*stir in any suitable pot and this will produce enough food for four people for one day, works once per day*); Wand of Magic Detection (64); Ring of Invisibility; dark green velvet and hooded Cloak of Protection +1 (*thieves' tools and material components as well as various loot scattered through the Girdle of Many Pouches*)

Lookalike: a young Michael J Pollard
Quote: "Me, guv? No Guy, never seen/heard/known anything like that before"

Dudley of the Life Travellers

Race: Human Class: Cleric 5
Str: 13 Int: 9 Wis: 16
Dex: 13 Con: 13 Cha: 14
HP: 31 AC: 2 Almt: LN

Wpn: Spells; Hammer +4 (+4/+4)
Magic Items: Ring of Feather Falling (*wears plate mail and full helm with large shield, all covered with the symbols of the Life Travellers of Karan*)

Lookalike: Neil Smith (Gavin and Stacey)
Quote: "Sure Rembrandt, old buddy, old pal, whatever you say."



Rentakill

No one is really sure where Rentakill came from. They appeared on the scene in Dunromin a few years ago and have been pottering about pulling in whatever dungeoneering work they can find and exploring the Low and High Moors ever since. They were already competent adventurers when they arrived and are generally just looking for sufficient plunder to maintain themselves in the style to which they have become accustomed. They have curious accents which no one can quite place (they sound Afrikaans but Common seems to be their native tongue) and seem to struggle sometimes with the most obvious and normal everyday things. While here they have made firm friends with Baron Garibaldi, often patrolling his borders and running “errands” for him. They also spend a lot of time with Puttle of Elb, a sage in the University with a reputation for very odd theories of the Universe.

GM’s version: In fact Rentakill are not of this world at all. They were adventuring on another fantasy game world (probably Greyhawk, although they never called it that) when they fell through a mysterious portal and

found themselves on a hillside a little way south of Dunromin. Ever since they have been trying to find a way back to their home, although not trying particularly hard.

In truth they are growing to quite like it on Barnaynia. Of course, their home-world is a more standard spherical planet in orbit around a normal Sun surrounded by the infinite vacuum of space. This means they find the banana-shaped nature of Barnaynia confusing sometimes, but also means they have formed a good relationship with Puttle as his theories seem to have more in common with their home than Barnaynia. They got to know Garibaldi by accident and don’t entirely

trust him (few do, these days) but he does believe that there is a *Teleportation* device on the Isle of Dawn that could get them home (see **SM14 Of the Rakuli** for more information about this). Getting to this fabled island is very tricky so they haven’t yet been able to attempt it.

Perhaps even more interesting than all this is the fact that the party seem to have no leader and no real direction. They might want to get home, they might not. They might want to be successful adventurers, they might not. It is hard to find anything any of them feel passionate about and they certainly seem devoid of any driving ambition for anything. Their success as adventurers appears to have been achieved by merely following whatever mad idea presents itself to them from time to time. Their competence as a fighting unit and implicit trust in each other did the rest.

In truth Cool Hand Joe is the only one keen to get home, having a wife and two children waiting for him. Mongrol and Pogue are not so keen, as they both have prices on their heads from one of the neighbouring kings in their own world, due to a disagreement over some trifle or other. Cool Hand Joe might be able to

persuade Mongrol and Qugg if things got less easy on Barnaynia. Pogue is simply too carefree to be bothered either way.

Qugg Mitsnaiker (pronounced Kweg Mits-nay-ka) is a mid-level human fighter. He never seems to have a lot of money but it never seems to run out (Magic Purse). He has very earthy tastes and lodges in the Bawdy Wench. He is an averagely built, middle-aged man who looks older than he is, with a pallid complexion. He has a finely trimmed beard and wears his receding hair in a top-knot. He always wears brown suede armour (magical, as +2 leather and permanent *Protection from Normal Missiles*), an outrageous red velvet codpiece and carries a broad sword (magic +3) on a thick belt (Belt of Stone Giant Strength). Qugg is a quiet, but not shy individual who tends to be the main negotiator of the group. He has been unlucky in past adventures and has been *Raised* from the dead several times, hence his pallid complexion. As a result he tends to be a distant, sad man but, when relaxing, can be a lot of fun. He is very good friends with the Innkeepers of the Bawdy Wench and the local thieves know better than to try and pick his pocket.

Mongrol is a tank of the most classic kind. He wears heavy plate mail all the time and carries a two-handed sword with a battle-axe over his back (both magical). Even without his armour he is a heavily built man of enormous size. His skill with his sword is equally terrifying. A creature of grim mood and few words, Mongrol (not his real name) is in fact a very well educated, literate and eloquent man with royal heritage. He keeps his real qualities well-hidden and usually lets Qugg do his talking for him. He seems devoid of ambition or significant Charisma but kills things quickly, efficiently and remorselessly when he has to.

Pogue Mahone is a Wood Elf of unusual appearance, having a thin, white face with small, blue eyes and freckles. He wears elven chain of mediocre quality a dark cloak and golden headband at all times. He is skilled with the long sword and bow but is not outstanding as a warrior. Like most wood elves he is cheeky and delights in childish humour, but he is also childlike in his fascination with the world. He is endlessly curious about the most obscure things and

takes particular delight in folklore and strange stories of the fey and magical beings. He can often be found in the Great Library of Dunromin reading all kinds of esoteric texts.

Cool Hand Joe is a Magic-User of some experience and indeterminate age. He dresses in well-worn blue robes over soiled woollen garments and soft boots. His features are thin and pale, as is his whole body, with thinning hair and a grey goatee. Despite his frail appearance he is a jovial and cheerful man who hides his natural cheeriness behind a superficially grumpy exterior. He always has his trusty Wand of Fire close to hand. Like the others he is fairly happy-go-lucky in his ambitions but a part of him yearns to return to his wife and children or, preferably, somehow have them join him here.

Adventure Hooks: Rentakill are deceptively dangerous; despite their laid-back attitude and lack of ambition they are very competent fighters and used to fighting together. They might become rivals to the Player Characters over some mission or other, or even allies. If the party becomes embroiled in the many plots surrounding the Rakuli or seek to visit the Isle of Dawn (see **SM14 Of the Rakuli**) then they might find an unusual resource in the Rentakill group as the teleportation device on the Isle of Dawn could return the four to their home-world.

Qugg Mitsnaiker

Race: Human Class: Fighter 7
Str: 22 * Int: 12 Wis: 11
Dex: 13 Con: 9 Cha: 14
HP: 41 AC: 3 Almt: CG

Wpn: Broad Sword +3 (Dbl Spec
+11/+16)

Magic Items: Belt of Stone Giant Strength;
Suede Leather Armour +2 with
permanent *Protection from Normal
Missiles*; Shield +3; 2x Potion of Healing;
Ever-full Purse (will produce 1d10
random coins whenever a hand is put
into it; up to 50gp value per day, will
squeal like a pig if anyone but the wearer
touches it) (*Qugg always wears a red
velvet codpiece for some reason*)

Mongrol

Race: Human Class: Fighter 7
Str: 18:95 Int: 13 Wis: 9
Dex: 16 Con: 17 Cha: 8
HP: 62 AC: -4 Almt: CG

Wpn: Two-handed sword +2 (Dbl Spec +9/+12); Battle Axe +2 (+4/+7); short bow

Magic Items: Plate mail +2; Helm of Infravision; Boots of Speed (-2 to AC and double normal attacks, so four attacks per round with his two-handed sword)

Pogue Mahone

Race: Wood elf Class: Fighter 7
Str: 17 Int: 14 Wis: 9
Dex: 18 Con: 12 Cha: 14
HP: 40 AC: Almt: CG

Wpn: Long Sword +2, +4 vs. Undead (+3/+3); Short Bow +1 (Dbl Spec +4/+1 or +5/+2 and double damage if range less than 30 feet)

Magic Items: 12x Arrows +2; Cloak of the Bat; Boots of Elvenkind.

Cool Hand Joe

Race: Human Class: Magic-User 7
Str: 9 Int: 18 Wis: 12
Dex: 16 Con: 13 Cha: 11
HP: 20 AC: 3 Almt: CG

Wpn: Spells; Staff (+0/+0)

Magic Items: Wand of Fire (26); Armbands of AC4; Ring of Fire Resistance; Ring of X-Ray Vision; Potions of ESP and Gaseous Form;

Ruffler of Newtown, a Merchant

Ruffler's father was a spice-merchant and some-time pirate who owned the Sea Ghost; an armed merchantman (the most common kind of vessel in the ports of the Land of the Young). He paid for his only son, Ruffler, to get the best education money could buy with a view to him moving into politics or similar. Unfortunately, his father was killed by his mutinous crew who have switched into full-time piracy and smuggling. Ruffler had completed most of his education but discovered his father had a number of debts that Ruffler had inherited; debts with people no one likes to leave unpaid. Ruffler had been a gifted student and spent much of his time in the library. Contrary to what his tutors believed, however, he was sneaking into the ancient under-halls of the library and had found a store of books in a secret room which he had studied privately. He didn't really understand it completely but this reading had effectively trained him to be a first level Courtesan (see **SM02 The Games Master's Guide to Dunromin**) and his secret

notebooks had compiled a pretty good spell book.

Selling up his father's property in Dunromin he headed west to Karan. His mother was dead and he more or less paid off his two elder, married sisters and left them behind. In Karan he used his powers, initially subconsciously, to buy and sell goods and made some money – with the property sale this was enough to keep the debt collectors off his back for a while. At about this time he realised that the dwarves of the Blue Mountains had pacified most of the mountainous borders between the Blue Mountains and the Horn Mountains and wondered if a trade route might now be opened to the Forest of Loom through these high passes. In this he fore-shadowed Baron Garibaldi's Wine Road by some years. Unfortunately, whilst exploring the area he and his bodyguards were ambushed by bandits and Ruffler found himself sold into a slaving network feeding fresh slaves into the Deep Elf halls deep in the Darkworld. Thanks to his powers, growing now due to experience, Ruffler was able to escape and even made contact with some barbarian and non-humans groups in the eastern Wild Lands, including



Balthazaar the Red (detailed in **SM05 The World Guide to Barnaynia**).

Ruffler managed to make his way back to Karan and started a new trading network, smuggling manufactured goods, mainly tools and weapons, out of the Land of the Young and trading them to various interested parties in the Wild Lands. This trade included information and he became a key contact for Balthazaar in the Land of the Young. In this way Ruffler built up a network of trade contacts and became quite rich. The hazardous nature of his travels also provided some danger and his experience levels as a Courtesan slowly grew.

Exasperated that Garibaldi and Elegrin had opened the Wine Route, which he regarded as his idea, Ruffler decided to set up his own trading network with Loom. His plans were delayed by Kzenzakai's invasion but in the aftermath the opportunities piled up and Ruffler is now one of the most successful merchants in the country. He has paid off all his debts and even made some useful associates in the criminal fraternities of the Land of the Young. As well as his legitimate trade network he is also still servicing his old customers and supplying Balthazaar with information. He has a dislike of Baron Garibaldi and an intense hatred of Elegrin, whom he sees as his nemesis even though Elegrin is probably oblivious of Ruffler's existence.

Ruffler completely lacks any conscience and is interested only in increasing his own power and influence. He has many business interests which he manages with complete ruthlessness. They include trading fine textiles, wine and woodwork between Loom, Karan and Dunromin, weapons, tools and textiles out to the Wild Lands (which is still pretty secret, certainly the powers that be in Karan have no idea of the size of this trade) and various other smaller networks as well. He backs two money-lenders in Dunromin and is also involved in the slave trade in the Wild Lands – even dealing with the very slave network that sought to sell him years ago. If and when Balthazaar seeks to seize power in the Land of the Young Ruffler is likely to be one of the senior leadership team of the resulting economy.

Personally, Ruffler is charming, witty and funny, but he is completely ruthless and

selfish. He has no close friends and no one he deals with entirely trusts him, although he has many, many contacts throughout the land and beyond, including Saurus Darkspark in the Black Sept (q.v.), whom he knows from his school days and whom he has employed for various bits of dirty work in the past.

This is a common thread to his business and when strong-arm tactics are required he will always use someone else, to keep himself safe and his hands clean. He has contacts in the Dunromin Assassins' Guild, particularly Ogranis Divmeng (**SM02 The Games Master's Guide to Dunromin**). He still has civil relations with his sisters but has no significant partners of any kind. Whatever carnal desires he might have are probably satisfied using slaves and servants, before discarding them. He really has no redeeming features and, for him, everything he does is about the business.

Adventure Hooks: Ruffler provides endless possibilities as a bad-guy or patron for any band of young adventurers. He could be the head of a criminal network or illegal trade network the party have been sent to sort out. He might be used as a gateway to attack the Slaver network (the classic Slavelords campaign, for instance) or he might be a recurring villain seeking to undo the Party for whatever reason. He could be used as a Big, Bad End Guy (BBEG) for any level campaign with a suitably diverse and scary set of henchmen and hirelings for the party to work through.

Ruffler

Race: Human Class: Courtesan 9
Str: 11 Int: 17 Wis: 13
Dex: 17 Con: 16 Cha: 18
HP: 38 AC: -3 Almt: NE

Wpn: Dagger of Speed +5 (+5/+5)

Magic Items: Cloak of Displacement;
Armbands of AC3; Ring of Protection +3;
Ring of Invisibility; Boots of Varied
Tracks; Carpet of Flying; Bag of Holding
(smallest size; containing cash, jewels
and survival kit, and concealed in the
small of his back) (*he carries 4 throwing
daggers at all times and wears smart city
clothes*)

Lookalike: Richard E Grant

The Widows of Poldaaak

Poldaaak is, or was, a village in the mountains between the Blue Mountains and the Land of the Young, close to the abandoned hills around Creb Untool. Based around a Silver Mine, the village survived in a precarious existence, threatened by enemies to the east and dwarves to the south and west. Only a vague alliance with a Baron of the Land of the Young prevented the dwarves simply taking Poldaaak over. With this in mind all the youths of the village, male and female alike, were trained in the use of weapons and most achieved at least one level in fighter by the time they were eighteen.

Such a precarious existence could not last long, given the wealth of silver to hand. A night came when an Orc and Gnoll horde attacked the village and plundered the silver, slew or captured all present and put the village to the torch. Among those taken away were four young women; two new brides and two already betrothed, however their men were all among the dead.

Knowing only that they were to be sold to the Deep Elves, the four women were driven through endless caverns and slave markets in the Darkworld for they knew not how long. Pretty soon they were the only ones left of their village still together and had been mixed with other valuable slaves from various raids. As luck would have it, as they were being stored in a remote location awaiting a caravan to the deeper Darkworld, they were freed by a lone adventurer; the young and, as yet, unknown Garibaldi. This was a chance encounter as Garibaldi had not known about the slaves but was beneficial to all. Also amongst the prisoners were a royal dwarf and a very successful gnome businessman, both of whom



showed their appreciation to Garibaldi afterwards. Once Garibaldi had got all the prisoners back to civilisation they went their separate ways and the four women, helped with a gift of money from Garibaldi, made their way back to Poldaaak. They found the village an abandoned ruin and the silver mines in the hands of the dwarves, who saw no reason to help the women at all.

The four managed to get to Dunromin, seeking further help from Garibaldi, but he was already away on his next adventure. They each managed to find work of various sorts, as young and attractive women often can, although they all managed to avoid a life as a street walker. When Garibaldi did return, with increasing fame and wealth. They sought him out and he was more than ready to help them once again. The four ladies yearned

vengeance for their menfolk and wanted to learn the ways of the sword and magic. Garibaldi loaned them funds and they sought out training in various fighting arts. With their determination they impressed their tutors and trainers and were soon ready to venture forth as adventurers, properly, determined to kill as many orcs and their like as possible. Which is exactly what they did.

Somehow they missed out on the War of the Ring as they were deep in a dungeon in the northern Borderlands for the whole of the two month campaign, returning to find the kingdom in turmoil. They were delighted to help with hunting down the stragglers of Kzenzakai's defeated army of course. In doing so they came across two more warrior women whose homes, in the Baronies of Le Grande Nez and Le Shirt, had been razed and their families killed by the orcish hordes. These two joined the Widows and the party was now six very dangerous and highly skilled women, based out of a house they all share in Karan.

The Widows, named thus by Garibaldi, spend as much time as they can hunting humanoids in the Borderlands and beyond. They remain good friends with Garibaldi and his Heroes. Between adventuring forays they train hard to get themselves as tough and strong and dangerous as possible. They seem to have little time for home-making and new husbands. The Widows are difficult to get to know well, seeming to be pleasant enough as society ladies, but with a considerable reputation as adventurers. They have cold hearts, however, when it comes to their dead kin and the vengeance they wish to extract. It is unlikely their thirst for revenge will ever be quenched.

Feren of Poldaac is a warrior-mage and long sword specialist. She fought side by side with her husband during the attack and they were both bludgeoned down and made prisoners. Her husband fell to his death after a failed escape attempt coming back down the mountain. In Dunromin she made a living as a barmaid at the Bawdy Wench, using her skills to gather information and gossip about the city and spread disinformation about the humanoid traders in the area. Due to working with the staff of the inn she doesn't regard ogres and trolls with the same venom as other humanoids, but is still quite happy to slaughter them all. She favours simple, urgent tactics

causing as much damage as possible. Like the others she hates all humanoids and will always look to do them harm as much as possible.

Romera (Romey) of Poldaac is the youngest and most idealistic of the party. She was captured early in the fight and watched helplessly as her family was also captured – her father and two elder brothers were later butchered and eaten while prisoners. During this time she hid at the back of their cells and gaols and has developed an affinity with silence and darkness, in which she feels most comfortable. She is a bow specialist and will tend to hang back in combat, hiding as best she can, adding missile fire in to support her friends. This is not to say she is a coward but she is wise and taciturn, with an old head on her young, girlish shoulders. On the return to Dunromin she went to the Temple of Olympus and, being impressed by Garibaldi, trained as an Acolyte of Hecate.



Theresa (Terry) of Poldaac was not the daughter of a miner, as the others, and grew up on one of the goat-farms supporting the village community. She even started training as a Ranger under her father's guidance. She was captured in her sleep on the night of the raid and never saw her family again. Feren saw Terry's father slain as he fought for his life but no one knows what happened to the others. Auguries at the Temple of Olympus

suggest they are no longer in the land of the living but that is all she knows.

Upon coming to Dunromin she trained with the Cult of Aphrodite, showing outstanding promise. Then she spent some time in the City Guard, in the Ice Warriors Regiment, completing her training as a Ranger. She is a very self-contained but wily young lady with no reservations about using whatever powers she has to achieve her ambitions. Deep down she believes her family may still be alive and has had dreams (or visions) of her younger brother Emmott (who was 10 at the time of the attack, in CY 570) being brought up as a zealot of the Temple of Elemental Evil. She does not know what to do about this.

Gabriella (Gabby) of Poldaaak lost her young husband during the village attack. After being freed by Garibaldi she toyed with joining the Babylonian temple but was swayed from this path by Terry's enthusiasm for the feminine empowerment of Aphrodite. She made a living as a footpad in the city, trading on her good looks and light fingers for a few months before Garibaldi's return. On his advice she used her latent magical talents to develop mage skills as well as the thief and fighting skills she was already mastering herself. She joined the Western Old Guild and chose close combat as her speciality, using spells for preference but armed with two daggers. She will very often operate alone as a scout if she can. She hates gnolls and orcs and will go out of her way to hunt and kill them.

Gizella of Grande Nez is a very powerfully built woman with sharp eyes and straight, raven hair. Physically she is built along the lines of an ogre, tall for a woman but wide and strong as an ox, but with a handsome face. Her mind and hands are astonishing, however, lightning quick and full of energy. She seems aloof and blunt of wit and charm and, although capable of accurate reasoning and astonishing feats of memory, she finds other people; their habits, humours and emotions, confusing. People find her hard to trust and some of her habits annoying. As a result she made few friends in Dunromin when there training and lived a solitary and fairly dull life. As a relief to this tedium she took to practicing tricks she read about in the library, using her natural speed and surprising grace to teach herself thief skills. She did not join a Guild and

it certainly didn't enter her mind to use her skills to steal things, other than small items to frustrate those people who vexed her.

Gizella is the daughter of a maiden lace-maker and was born out of wedlock. Her father was the old Baron's second son. Uncle of the current Baron Le Grande Nez, and her existence was kept a secret until her unusual abilities became manifest. Her enterprising mother basically blackmailed her father into funding her magical and warrior training in far-off Dunromin.

Gizella is a dour, humourless woman with childish moods and fits of impulsive behaviour. While clever she is not wise and rarely thinks through the effects of, nor reactions likely to, her behaviour. She is not good company but actually more reliable and trustworthy than she appears. If anyone sees past her blunt personality they will find a staunch comrade and a powerful ally. Unfortunately, even as she finished her magical training and was thinking of heading home to find a future for herself, the War of the Ring happened and her family, both legitimate and illegitimate, were wiped out, along with their homes. Gizella returned to a smoking ruin and resolved to avenge herself on humanoids and monsters of all sorts.

Seeking advice and guidance, and to thank him for his efforts in destroying the humanoids that raided Le Grand Nez, she set off for the Baron Garibaldi, meeting Fontain on the way who was suffering in a similar plight.

Gizella is frighteningly strong and swift, utilising two short-swords in combat. She has some mage skills too but is poor at anticipating her opponents' ambitions and often has the wrong spells revised. She is driven by a rage against humanoids and the forces of darkness, desiring only to kill orcs in the main. If she thought longer term she might be tempted into a longer adventuring career, clearing the humanoids and their sponsors from the mountains around the dwellings of decent folk.

Fontain de la Shirt is a Half-Elf, the daughter of a powerful merchant in the Barony of Le Shirt and his Wood Elven wife. Fontain had two elder brothers, both true humans, and a younger wood-elf brother whose birth complications caused the untimely demise of

her mother. As the only Half-Elf in the family and being female she was a bit of an embarrassment to her father as he cannot marry her to anyone as she can't have children. Shunned by her family and subject to every kind of abuse at the Olympian temple-school she was sent to, she sought guidance elsewhere and found it in the shape of a war-wounded Paladin of Athena. He taught her fighting skills and the power of the Olympian Temple. She aligned herself with Hecate as the goddess's spheres seemed better matched to her own sensibilities than Athena, stole money from her father and headed off to Dunromin to seek her fortune. Following the death of her mother when she was younger her father had become more and more distant and resentful of her. He was probably relieved when she disappeared, even with some of his money - less than a dowry might have been - and didn't pursue her.

She trained at the Olympian Temple and finished her magical tutorship at the Magic College. Even as she started work in the temple as an altar-maid, Kzenzakai's hordes invaded the south-westerly Land of the Young and the War of the Ring started. A short time later she heard of the terrible fate of all her family - all slain by the invading army, their capital destroyed. She returned home to see what could be recovered and honour her family in death. No trace could be found of her younger

brother, however, and she has resolved to discover what might have happened to him.

Fontain is no fey, elven beauty but hardly offensive to the eye. Despite her kind eyes she has the body of an athlete and is almost as strong as Gizella. Her build is inherited from her father, whose size and strength were famous. She finds it hard to make friends and is distrustful of all males, being scarred by horrible experiences as a child. She has no interest in romance and a poor perception of those who have inherited their power rather than earned it. She is independent, cold and calculating but has developed a soft spot for Gizella, whom she views as a similarly persecuted bird of a feather with herself. The two have grown close.

Fontain is quiet and plays dumb most of the time, watching and noting what goes on. Her religious fervour is reserved for the power of magic and she holds ambitions against the patriarchal hierarchy of the temple. She aims to be no less than the head of the Temple of Olympus in Dunromin, a role never before taken by a woman. Fontain is a fine swordswoman but is not averse to using her wit and spells when a sword is only one possible solution. She is far wiser than Gizella and will often be the calming influence on Gizella's hasty plans, seeing more possibilities and reading people better. Like Gizella and the



other Widows, Fontain also yearns to avenge herself on humanoids. She also wants to find her younger brother, the only one of her family besides her mother who wasn't mean or disrespectful to her, although this may be due to his young age and relative innocence. He would be the equivalent of a five-year-old human at this time.

Adventure Hooks. The Widows offer all the usual fun and games associated with NPC parties – as rivals, allies, targets or hunters. The fact they are all female may be useful or irrelevant as you see fit to play. Note that they are all very good friends of Garibaldi and all his heroes, you may even want to introduce some romantic interest into the mix if you wished. This would mean that anyone doing the Widows harm at all would find themselves the object of the vengeance of some quite powerful individuals.

Feren of Poldaaak

Race: Human Class: Ftr-MU 5/5
 Str: 18:33 Int: 15 10
 Dex: 18 Con: 18 Cha: 13
 HP: 57 AC: -2 Almt: CG

Wpn: Spells, Long Sword +3 Flametongue (Dbl Spec. +7/+8); Short bow (+3,0)

Magic Items: Plate mail +1; Wand of Magic Missiles (12); Potion of Gaseous Form; Rod of Alertness (35) (*shield and helmet; less interested in nice clothes than the others but prefers practical garments of a high quality, wears less or no make-up too*)

Lookalike: Gina Carano

Theresa "Terry" of Poldaaak

Race: Human Class: Rngr-Cleric 5/5
 Str: 15 Int: 13 Wis: 18
 Dex: 12 Con: 18 Cha: 16
 HP: 67 AC: 0 Almt: NG

Wpn: Spells; Long Sword +4 Defender (Dbl Spec +7/+8); short bow

Magic Items: Chainmail +3; Shield +1; Ring of Swimming; Helm of Speaking and reading languages (includes Arcana but not Magic) (*wears sensible clothes on adventures but loves to dress up in fine garments in town, often featuring the symbols of Aphrodite, love and fertility*)

Lookalike: Haley Atwell

Gabriella "Gabby" of Poldaaak

Race: Human Class: Ftr-MU-Thf 5/4/5
 Str: 16 Int: 15 Wis: 13

Dex: 18 Con: 18 Cha: 17
 HP: 61 AC: -2 Almt: CG
 Wpn: Spells; Dagger +2 (Right hand, Dbl Spec +6/+6); Dagger +2 (Left hand +2/+3); throwing daggers x6 (+3/0)
 Magic Items: Ring of Protection +2; Armbands of Defence AC4; (*Wears stylish clothes but always trousers rather than a skirt, often in dark shades, keeps daggers on show but thieves' tools hidden*)
 Lookalike: Natalia Tena

Romera "Romey" of Poldaaak

Race: Human Class: Ftr-CL-Thf 4/5/5
 Str: 12 Int: 8 Wis: 17
 Dex: 18 Con: 18 Cha: 11
 HP: 55 AC: 1 Almt: NG

Wpn: Spells; Short Bow +3 (Dbl Spec +7/+4 or +8/+5 and double damage at ranges less than 30 feet); Long Sword +2 (+3/+4)

Magic Items: Leather Armour +2; 3x Arrows +1; Quiver of Endless arrows (2 per round, up to 24 per day; normal capacity 12) (*no helmet but padded hat; shield; normally wears fine clothes about town (AC6) saving her armour and shield for when she needs them*)

Lookalike: Rose Leslie

Gizella of Grande Nez

Race: Hum Class: Ftr-MU-Thf 4/4/4
 Str: 18:25 Int: 18 Wis: 8
 Dex: 18 Con: 17 Cha: 9
 HP: 41 AC: -1 Almt: NG

Wpn: Spells; Short Sword +3 (Right hand-spec +5/+8); short sword +2 (Left Hand Spec +3/+7); short bow (+3/0)

Magic Items: Elfin Chainmail +2; (*Usually wears robust but quality clothes with the chainmail underneath so it isn't always obvious she is wearing armour. Only carries her Thieves Tools on adventures*)

Lookalike: Valerie Adams

Fontain de la Shirt

Race: Half-Elf Class: Ftr-MU-Cl 4/4/4
 Str: 17 Int: 18 Wis: 18
 Dex: 15 Con: 16 Cha: 14
 HP: 39 AC: 0 Almt: LG

Wpn: Spells; Long Sword +2 (Dbl Spec +6/+7); Long Bow (0/0)

Magic Items: Bronze Plate Mail +1; Shield +1; Ring of Warmth (*only wears armour adventuring, in town she wears clothes and make-up to accentuate her charms*)

Lookalike: Pink



Legends

This is a few of the legends and strange histories that are circulating the Land of the Young and further afield. These are included for colour and inspiration.

The Burning of the Pitta

This is a tradition more than a Legend but is mirrored through many world religions and species. It is a belief that, when eating, some sacrifice should be made to the gods or the world as a whole. This sacrifice usually takes the form of a Pitta bread or other flat oval foodstuff, which is burnt.

The general assumption is that this represents the mortal world and how the person appreciates their existence within the world. It is a familiar ritual and something that binds many different cultures together in their realisation that they are all, essentially, the same. Any traveller in the World of Barnaynia may come across this simple sacrifice done daily or weekly almost anywhere.

The act is so commonplace as to have entered many other parts of the culture too. For instance, the slang term “Pitta-burner” in Dunromin is a slightly derogatory term for someone who takes their religion very seriously. Similarly, there are many cults that have headgear or some other personal adornment that resembles the flat oval of the

world, usually bent about a quarter of the way along its length.

On a slightly deeper level it does suggest that the shape of the world, as represented by the shape of the foodstuff burnt, has been known for many millennia.

It is worth mentioning here that there is a plant that is common in the jungles of the Upper World whose bunched fruit are shaped like the world. These fruits, which are yellow when ripe, are called “World Fruit” in Urdum, which is the word “Banana”. Bananas are delicious and a very popular fruit for those people that have access to them. They are rare but not unknown in Dunromin.

The Century Plagues

One of the most frightening things about the city of Dunromin is the Century Plagues. Occurring at the turn of each century they are a terrifying sleeping disease which, over a period of a few weeks, causes up to ten percent of the population to die. Inhabitants of the city are struck down even after fleeing the city for the duration of the turn of the century. No preference for male, female, rich or poor is made, save that the Royal Family never seem to be affected. No sign or suffering is noticed, the victims merely seem to die peacefully in their sleep, leaving only lamenting families behind them.

There are many legends regarding the nature of this terrible curse but no one has yet been able to ascertain what started them, let alone how to stop them. It is not even known if it is a Curse or a Plague! Here are some of the more durable theories:

The King’s Gambit – since the King and the immediate Royal Family are never affected by the Plague it has been suggested the first of the Luftheart kings, King Murich I, made a pact with some powerful entity to guarantee he and his successors the throne. While seeming reasonable no one can determine what entity might have the power and inclination to exact such a deal. Nor does it explain why the first Century Plague only struck in CY200, over 150 years after the death of Murich I.

The Curse of the Old Tor – the city is built upon a great igneous extrusion of granite that is shot through with great magical energies. It is

apparent that this location has been the habitation of many powerful entities and civilisations dating back to the beginning of time and, probably, even the ancient and mysterious Rakuli. Perhaps the Plagues are some by-product of the location and the deaths have been happening forever. This theory fails on two counts, the first being that there was no plague in the year CY100 and nor is there any record of any before CY200 at all. The second is that the date of the turn of the century is completely arbitrary, based upon the building of a castle by some adventurers. Even the date chosen for the start of the year is unique to the Dunromin ruling classes and not even shared by many of the cults, religions and species living in the city.

The Spite of Gurtherod – Gurtherod was a figure of great power, it is said, in or about the second century. He supposedly set up a cult of personality based about himself and his lover, the enchantress Jeselda of the Shadow. He was taken down by the king of the time, one of the King Murders; probably the third. With his dying breath Gurtherod is supposed to have cursed the city with the Plague. This theory is not backed by any contemporary records and it is unlikely Gurtherod had the personal power for such a feat.

Similar tenuous theories include curses engineered by such figures as Tellendillian the Fey (a High Elf king); various Deep Elf individuals and groups; a Dwarven Diabolist called Drelt Hardknuckle; and a Necromancer called Narcoleptician Necranus the Dead. None of these candidates really fit the bill due to timing or lack of power.

The Bedevilment of Caspar – Caspar is the name of a powerful Demon or Demon Lord who is said to have been offended by the conflagration that created the Blasted Heath in CY168. The Century Plagues are said to be his revenge on the city of birth of the magician who destroyed the Hero's Tomb and caused the explosion. Too much of this just seems too tenuous to be real, not least because no one is really sure who the magician was nor who the dead hero was – there are many candidates for both. Plus the nature and date of the Plagues seem a little idiosyncratic, even for a powerful creature of Chaos.



The Epic of Zondar

Zondar was a low-born hero of ancient lineage said to have lived in the lands now in the eastern side of the Land of the Young. His race is unknown and all the local demi-humans tell stories of this folk-hero as if he were their own. He was a great warrior-thief, or possibly a Wild Domains Barbarian, whose exploits included fighting hordes of orcs and ogres, stealing a gem for a foreign king and seducing the princess of the Fey. He caught and tamed a Gold Dragon and fought in campaigns against the Undead and Deep Elves of the Hellmarch Mountains. His greatest foe was an evil wizard (or at least a wizard of some form) called Cheviott. Cheviott is an elven name but no one knows for sure what he really was.

Whatever their true natures, Zondar and Cheviott were once friends and adventured together. Then there was a great falling-out between them, possibly over a woman, possibly over a powerful magic item. From then on they acted as foils to each other's plans and ambitions until a final, cataclysmic confrontation in Cheviott's island fortress, believed to be one of the many islands on the eastern seaboard of the Land of the Young. Cheviott was slain but may have returned as a Lich; certainly his fortress island was blasted to a million pieces and sank below the Deep Bays.

The legends of course claim he persists in the Darkworld below the Land, plotting against all good peoples of the world.

Zondar survived this final confrontation but was poisoned with an incurable wasting disease. He died alone in the wilderness, it is said, betrayed by friends and kings. The beasts of the prairie dug a tomb for him and there he lays still, along with this sword, armour and other legendary items. Legend once again suggests that one who is as brave and honest as Zondar will be able to find his tomb and once more take up his sword, using it to slay the undead Cheviott once and for all.

All the local races of the eastern lands have stories, songs and other spoken histories concerning Zondar and his many adventures. Plus his name crops up in the name of many geographical features of the area.

The Fall of Beauvais

Beauvais of the Blade was a great warlord who made himself king of an area north of Storm Bay some 800 to 900 years ago. He was a strong and intelligent man, although legends suggest his physical power was magically enhanced. He built up a respectably sized kingdom, although small by Land of the Young standards.

King Beauvais decreed himself to be the ideal warrior and wanted every man of his nation to follow this ideal. He established an order of knights called the Perfect Men and an order of mage-priest called the Bygenial Gottelerby, which means “Those who know perfection” although this title was soon shortened to “Bigot”. It was the job of these priests to search out and measure the young men of the nation to see which of them deserved to be citizens. A set of criteria, called the Minor and the Major Criteria, were established and every boy of the nation was measured at the age of eight. Any that passed the Major Criteria were taken away and trained to be Perfect Men. Any that failed the Minor Criteria were cast out of the society to die in the wilderness.

King Beauvais also established a strict set of rules as regards what was and was not permitted in all kinds of ways. Most were normal, if extreme, laws similar to others in other cultures. A significant portion, however,

reflected his own, personal tastes and many people found them very difficult to cope with. The nature of these laws is not accurately known as different versions have come down through time, but it is generally accepted that they pertained to different dress styles, activities allowed or prevented at different times, limits on food stuffs and the banning of various sexual practices. What is known is that these laws were very unpopular and the people spoke up against them.

King Beauvais called upon the Perfect Men to put down the rebellion, which they did with vicious efficiency. After a few years of misery civil war ensued when it became apparent that many of the Perfect Men were corrupt and flaunting the very doctrine they enforced. Great slaughter was done and the kingdom destroyed as a coherent society. All the Bigots and Perfect Men were slain and King Beauvais was executed by being burned at the stake – his own favourite means of execution.

The experience of King Beauvais is told and retold as a warning to egotistical leaders everywhere that there are some extremes of behaviour that are simply not acceptable. Unfortunately, this lesson is ignored by many.



The Forty-four Undying Thyngs

In CY547 a scholar of great repute in Dunromin, called Oscar the Scratched, produced his seminal work "The Forty-Four Undying Thyngs". Oscar was famous for the depth of his research and the beauty of his script and illuminations. This work in particular had been long anticipated as it was the culmination of his lifetime's work, untold hours spent around his normal contracts, researching things for his own ends. It was an astonishing work. So astonishing, in fact, that none of his peers could quite grasp the enormity of what he was suggesting.

Oscar had researched long and in great depth amongst all the scrolls, diaries and books of the Great Library seeking knowledge about individuals who cropped up in legends, myths and folklore throughout the world. From an early age he claimed to have recognised patterns amongst such stories and slowly pieced together a puzzle that covered dozens of cultures and most of the realms of the known world. He named these exceptional phenomena the Undying Thyngs as they seemed to remain unchanged across many generations. He also thought there to be about forty-four of them across the world, although this was an estimate based on strange assumptions.

These Thyngs had in common that they were unique and appeared to be super-natural personifications of a feeling, emotion, vice or other mortal impulse. They existed only in societies of significant size and seemed to be manifestations of a guilt or passion that society had. They seemed to embody an impulse or nature the local culture found unsettling or embarrassing. Their purpose seems to be to act out punishments or indulgences targeted on those that demonstrated the impulse. Examples he gave were lust, fear, guilt, avarice, envy, collecting, fascination, idolatry and others, including different forms of madness.

So strange and convoluted were his suggestions that all his colleagues, and every serious philosopher, cogitator and other serious thinking person ever since, has dismissed this work as a mad scramble for justification of an existence bereft of original work. So nasty was some of this criticism that Oscar was found dead by his own hand (it was

claimed at the time) a couple of months later. The book remains known only for its exquisite penmanship and the beauty of its illumination. The only copy is in the locked depths of the Great Library and no one seems to dwell on the content. Which is a pity, because he was bang-on right.

These strange spirits do, indeed, exist and there are forty-four of them across the world of Barnaynia, all thinking of themselves as brothers, two of them even living in Dunromin itself. These two individuals are Rigger Neverdead and Moldark Shadowsoul; more information on these two astonishing creatures can be found in **SMO2 The Games Master's Guide to Dunromin**.

The Undying Thyngs are humanoid creatures of mainly pure human appearance, although caricatured in grotesque ways. They have a sensitivity to certain human failings and power over those persons suffering from those failings. Their powers are keyed into those weaknesses to extend and exploit them, generally to the detriment of the victim but sometimes to their benefit. For instance, Rigger Neverdead makes people's darkest wishes come true, whether they want him to or not, and they then find themselves indebted to him in some grim and frightening way forever. Whereas Moldark Shadowsoul has an incredible talent for calming the suffering of the near dead and helping their spirit pass into the afterlife without any trauma that might herald the creation of Undead of any form.

Other examples include a figure of legend in Oomland who appears as a tall, thin man with a painted face and antlers. His name belies translation but sounds like Amfallah. He seems to fulfil carnal passions, finding frustrated youths, of either sex, tormented by some unfilled sexual infatuation with another. Amfallah then enables these desires, at first as illusions but then, sometimes, by enchanting the victim and allowing the coupling to actually take place. Afterwards, things are supposed to return to normal but the relationship will, thereafter, be tainted such that the object of the desire finds the youth repulsive. The youth is often then driven to madness, homicide and/or even suicide.

Another example is the so-called Spring-Heeled Jack of Skull Crag. This creature bounds over the city raising individuals up to

undeserved social rank and then leaving them there to either survive or fail at their new posts. Since the culture of Skull Crag is so strange (see **SM05 The World Guide to Barnaynia**) it is difficult to ascertain what would happen then, if anything, or even if this is the only way one might progress up the iron-bound social hierarchy of The Manners.

There are many other examples of the Undying Thyngs, extant in most of the significant cultures of the world. They seem to be generally sponsored by some deity or other and are perhaps another type of divine being like the Norse Valkyries or the Olympian Heroes and the like.

[The Undying Thyngs are partly inspired by the Victorian stories of Spring Heeled Jack and the films "Nightmare on Elm Street", "Friday the 13th" and the like]



The Good Orc

Lord Doomspark, the Human Baron of Illmere, has no less than seven orc wives. His proclivity for handsome Orcish maidens is a source of much concern in many courts about the land, but, like it or not, the King has no issue with him. He and the tribes of his wives manage a very successful paper manufacturing business. Most of the paper and parchment in the Land of the Young originated in this eastern barony, which is also trying to manufacture velum.

Life in the barony is under a hard discipline and not really very pleasant, for the humans or the orcs. Of course this is no one's business but the baron's and the king's and the king has no interest in it.

This means that there is a steady flow of well-educated and ambitious Half-Orcs from the area. In what seems to be a side-project for Lord Doomspark, these Half-Orcs are all devoted and good followers of the goddess Athena, the great mage's own patron deity.

The most famous of this prodigy is Eltheza Gritch of Illmere, an Athenian Priestess who went adventuring in the Horn Mountains. There she met and fell in love with an orc king describing himself as King Gutarg, latest of a long line of Orc Kings of the Deeper Dark beneath the Agulth Ergeteg Mountains, which is the Orc name for the central peaks of the Horn Mountains. He has passed into history, however, as the "Good Orc". The young lady Half-Orc was then titled Priestess Eltheza of Athena and Queen of the Eltrect Vergeterg, the Blind Fountain Tribe of the Horn Mountains.

Even more astonishingly, the orc king and nearly a third of his tribe converted to worshipping Athena and changed alignment appropriately. This caused a rift between King Gutarg and his younger brother which resulted in Gutarg and his followers being run out of the mountains and seeking asylum in the Land of the Young.

There was a great deal of reluctance to allow a tribe of orcs access into the Land, whatever their beliefs, and the group were left in limbo on the southwest border while a solution was sought. Lord Doomspark lobbied the King to allow the tribe passage but the barons whose territories the orcs would have to cross to get to Illmere were less than keen. While the discussions continued, word spread to the Dwarves of the Blue Mountains that a tribe of orcs were close to their borders.

While King Mordred of the Land of the Young prevaricated a Dwarf war band fell upon the Athenian Orcs and slaughtered them all. While this resolved the immediate issues the event has had lasting repercussions as the debate of nature versus nature has resurfaced in terms of the prospect of Good Humanoids. In the short term this has benefitted King

Mordred in that it has helped to justify his more open trade strategy with regards to Humanoids but what might be the long term outcome remains to be seen.

Rumours yet abound that Eltheza survived the attack and yet roams the Borderlands, accompanied by a bodyguard of Athenian Orcs, seeking revenge on the false friends of the Land of the Young. While King Gutarg himself was killed and his head put on a stake by the Dwarves, legend also suggests that Eltheza was carrying a son who is now born and grown to maturity.

The Ladies of the Nativity

(also known as the Midwives of the Angels)

Whenever a significant child is born, legend has it that up to seven glowing figures of beautiful women, clothed in gossamer threads and lace, will visit the mother in labour and help her through the delivery. The figures do not speak and only the mother and certain individuals with “The Sight” can see them.

Reports of their presence, even just one of them, at the birth of a child is a great cause for celebration but, of course, many are sceptical of such reports. Never-the-less, stories of the visitations of these creatures can be found across many cultures and the phrase “that child’s mother saw the (or a) lady of the Nativity when they were born” is often associated with individuals of whom great things are expected.

The Lantern Wall

There is a region west of Karan, far into the Wild Lands, called the Prairie of Ashgaroth, which was once the human kingdom of Kinsarryn. This kingdom was a great and noble community, so legend says, ruling a significant area. It became part of the Empire of Karan a few hundred years before the founding of Dunromin and became the western border of that Empire, protecting the central west from the monstrous hordes of the hills and marshes in the Wild Lands beyond. When the Lufthearts of Dunromin annexed the Karan Empire into the Land of the Young about 300 years ago, the colonies of the Borderlands and the Wild Lands, including Kinsarryn, were naively ignored by the

Lufthearts. These fruitful but often troublesome vassal states were left to wither and die out. To be fair, Kinsarryn was already in decline due to famine from decades of poor harvests and the kingdom finally vanished from historical records after about CY50; another ancient civilisation lost to the dusts of time. Travellers report some of the ancient cities are still occupied by various barbarian and civilised peoples but little trade comes or goes there.

A legacy of this once great kingdom remains however, which is the networks of forts, watch-towers and fortresses that comprise the “Lantern Wall”. This complex defensive structure got its name from the lavish use of *Continual Light* spells in its construction, leaving a network of glittering walls and way-markers, some of which can still be seen to this day if one travels far enough west.

The wall was a frontier centred on a chain of five fortresses, built on high ground and each big enough to support a garrison of a thousand soldiers as well as a supporting community. These fortresses were built about twenty to thirty miles apart in a chain forming a deterrent stretching over a hundred miles north to south. Between and around these fortresses were watchtowers and smaller forts, built along a fine road called the Lantern Road and running north to the coast and south to the mountains. This road connected all the garrisons to the major trade links east-west and north-south, facilitating rapid communications and control of all traffic across the border.

The western sides of forts and fortresses had *Continual Light* spells cast upon them in their dozens. These were placed on the outside of the wall but below the battlements, so as to illuminate the space below and beyond the wall, and also to blind attackers without blinding the guards on the wall-top. In addition, a picket of “Lantern Posts” was erected several hundred yards west of the main fortifications, each post about thirty feet from the other and formed a line for almost, at its peak, all the length of the frontier. These posts were mostly stone pillars, or wooden posts three times as thick as a man, each about twenty feet tall. On the top of each was cast a *Continual Light* spell but on the western side so as to illuminate the land before them but

without blinding the watchers on the walls behind them.

Such lavish protection was very expensive to maintain and towards the end of the Kingdom barely twenty soldiers occupied each fortress, with most forts and watchtowers abandoned. In the centuries since the collapse of Kinsarryn the whole frontier has fallen to ruin and wilderness. Nearly all of the towers and forts are crumbled ruins or have vanished completely. Most of the Lanterns have been destroyed or their tops stolen and used for illumination in the Darkworld somewhere. The Fortresses remain but are ruined and occupied by fell things. Only a few of the Lanterns still shine out in their lonely vigil, although their numbers are dwindling. Even some of the Lantern Posts remain and can be seen as navigational points from miles around.

The names of the five fortresses have somehow survived to the modern day, although their exact pronunciation has been forgotten and probably corrupted. Each remains a stunning work of defensive architecture, with walls rising from steep cliffs or hills to support platforms and towers ready to fight off land and airborne threats. Archways, gates and towers are all carefully designed to afford maximum protection and are functional rather than comfortable. That is not to say they aren't grand and many are decorated with fine stone carving as well as coats of arms and heraldic symbols from their previous owners. Flying creatures and flowers were important symbols in the Kinsarryn society so these emblems are common, particularly birds of prey and songbirds in cages.

Even given the impressive nature of these fortresses, the majority of their fortifications, stores and barracks were underground in dungeons and catacombs, safe from surface raiders. These remain as a set of deep passages, wide and easy to navigate, connecting the extensive underground structures of each fortress and even following the route of the Lantern Road below ground. This underground highway has, by now, probably been connected by eager diggers into the greater Darkworld riddling the whole planet.

The current natures and inhabitants of the five Lantern Fortresses are as follows, from north to south:

Kashellian Castle:

Built on what is only a slight rise in a flat plane, this castle has suffered most from the action of wind and frost. It is a good seventy miles from the coast but remains exposed in a notoriously windy and wet area, due to the weather that Storm Bay is famous for being funnelled this way. The outer wall remains mostly in tact but most of the towers and inner buildings are ruined or roofless. Connections underground are still open and have probably been extended, but the inhabitants change regularly as they are rarely powerful enough to hold the place. A large body of warriors is required to secure such a rambling ruin and there are better places for such a force to set themselves up. Note that "Kashellian" is the Kinsarryn word for fortress or castle so the name of this place is really "Castle Castle"

The Fork Cliff:

Built on the tallest side of a cliff-face that is split by a huge river flowing west to east and forming a large waterfall here, this structure remains tall and impressive. The whole of the cliff is riddled with caverns and dungeons below the castle and the castle itself is mostly still intact. This place has been used as a base by Balthazaar the Red for some time (see **SM05 The World Guide to Barnaynia** for more information). The half-orc warlord has repaired a lot of the defensive structures and zoned the whole place to make defence easier. His own chambers and meeting areas are likewise hidden and well defended deep in the heart of the cliff. Underneath the old dungeons and barracks are deeper, haunted halls where the Necromancer known as Darkhand (Micky Dark – see **SM05 The World Guide to Barnaynia** for more information) manufactures and stores his undead army. Observers (that have survived to return) report regular shipments to and from this fortress to maintain the warriors inside, but also a stream of fresh cadavers in large numbers.

The Citadel of Hard Men (or Kashellian Gyn-Tyreninan Firth):

This castle was the home of a regiment of warriors who called themselves The Hard Men (Gyn-Tyreninan in the native tongue of Kinsarryn). This proud and noble legion of knights and paladins were based at this castle for hundreds of years. The place is covered in their symbol, the Pegasus, and there are stables

and landing areas for these proud beasts in every tower. At one time over three hundred were kept here, all now gone. Given the fanatical nature of the Hard Men it is likely this was the last of the castles to be abandoned and even then probably only because the last of the regiment died of old age.

Since then the atmosphere here has saddened and the place has become heavily linked with the Plane of Negative Energy. The very atmosphere reeks of frustration, hatred and despair which means the halls are now the home of many undead. The days are dull and cold the whole year around, the nights moonless and eerie. The whole place feels like death. The stern souls of the proud warriors who once lived and died in these chambers have seldom found peace. Their unquiet spirits walk the watches for ever more.

Gartellin Farmwir (supposedly translated as Hard Home or Rock Home):

Once the grandest of all the fortresses, this huge castle was faced in white marble and stood like a glittering iceberg above the green of the forests surrounding it. As well as being the commanding castle in the chain, and hence the home of the Commander in the West, to the east of the ruin there is also the grand Summer Palace of the king. This vast collection of interconnected villas was where the royal house of Kinsarryn spent their summers, hunting and playing in the greenwood.

Now the palace is overgrown and collapsed and the marble of the fortress is weathered away, stolen or collapsed. The outer walls and inner curtain walls are more or less entirely collapsed and the place is overrun with wandering monsters from the surrounded lands or deep in the Darkworld.

The Eagle's Nest (sometimes called the Southern Fortress):

This was a magnificent fortress built on a rocky outcrop linked to, but distant from, the Hellmarch Mountains about a hundred miles to the south. Using clever foundations and blending with the natural mountainside, the outer walls were built to a great height and finished to an astonishing smoothness. Time and violence has pitted the walls now but there is remarkably little collapse; very few having tried to scale or attack the walls. The fortress remains an impressive spectacle.

So much so, in fact, that a Stone Giant King named Krussibel the Stonefist has established himself here. The grand corridors and rooms allow space for the giants to roam and the protection they have is marvellous. The large courtyards and ready game in the woods allow the creatures plenty of food and they use lesser species, such as ogres and orcs, to farm and find food for them, lest they become food themselves. The Stone Giant King has an uneasy truce with other giants in the mountains and wilds to the south and east, as well as with the Deep Elves of the Hellmarch Mountains.

This Fortress could be used as an addendum to the G1-3 "Against the Giants" series produced by Wizards of the Coast (which are highly recommended) if you fancied that – experience and play testing has taught us these classic scenarios can easily be set on Barnaynia, from the woods of the southern Borderlands and the Horn Mountains all the ways to the deeps of the Hellmarch Mountains. They are available through Drive Thru RPG.com.

The Paradox of Pidcock the Pandimensional

Pidcock the Pandimensional was a great wizard in Dunromin, famed for his many and varied pan-dimension portals (see **SMO2 The Games Master's Guide to Dunromin**) and numerous types of Bags of Holding and Portable Holes. He was also the first mage to live in the Mage Tor of Dunromin and enchant its multi-dimensional nature. As well as his significant success in the manufacture of such devices he produced some of the most wonderful and world-changing books about the connection of the planes of existence and the nature of pan-dimensional travel, the Multiverse, the expanding Universe stories and the very nature of time and infinity.

One of his smaller books, called the Paradox of Pan-Dimensional Portals, has caused more controversy and even bloodshed than is usual for a pretty dry academic work. Its basic premise is that planar portals of any form act as anchoring interfaces between the different continuums, fixing them in time and space. This could have one of three effects:

The most likely effect is that nothing untoward results from them as the links are flexible enough to accommodate and changes in the nature of the cosmoses they connect. This is popular and requires no one to worry. It seems to be the conclusion that Pidcock himself favours and most people are happy with that, and leaving sleeping dogs to lie.

The second possible conclusion is that these portals, both natural and artificial, temporary and permanent, are the conduits through which magical energy travels from plane to plane to enable any and all enchantments to work. Thus they are vital to the continuation of the magic-based society we thrive in, perhaps even to the nature of life itself. Thus if the portals were to be all closed all magic and perhaps even life would cease on the detached plane. This means that any plane so detached would be left to drift in space without any ability to recognise or use magic. Quite what the inhabitants of such a continuum would be able to do, if they could even survive, could only be as a rather impoverished and sad existence with only the physical sciences and simple art forms left to them. Few, if any can imagine such a grim and dull world...

This has, however, been fuel to the fire of a social group from the big islands of the southern seas, called the Té Cuahacinan or, literarily, the True Aesthetes, who believe that all magic is wrong and unnatural. This group has spawned a group of fanatical but clever and well-resourced adventurers called the Clasz Parzefferal (trans. Magic Eaters). These highly combative and skilled warriors appear as classic barbarians but with a hatred for all magical devices and those that use magic. They are a dangerous breed and follow an eternal quest to find and destroy all portals and items of a magical nature.

The last possible conclusion, and perhaps the most worrying, is based on the idea of a constantly expanding and changing Multiverse, a controversial theory to say the

least. If this were the case then the portals become fixings, tying disparate parts of existence together when they should be moving ever outwards, past each other and away. As the Multiverse continues to expand these fixings become constraints, restricting the movements of vast volumes of space. The end result of such links would be a rip in the fabric of the Multiverse with untold and probably terrible results.



The logical consequence of accepting this theory is that such portals are a bad idea and should be limited or removed completely, with the consequential loss of magical energies as described above, but no one wants that, except the Clasz Parzefferal of course, but they're all mad.

Or nearly everyone. There is a group of monomaniacal and very, very powerful wizards that believe it is their job to police the manufacture and distribution of all magical portals. This collective call themselves "The Light" and live in a vast glass city in the Great Waste. Using great magics they travel the world in small bands, well equipped and guarded by paid mercenaries, usually the Ibid Azaam, seeking out and destroying all the magical portals they can find. One would think this would make them of a mind with the Té Cuahacinan but the two groups wholly detest each other.

Of course, if The Light succeeded in their ambition of destroying every magical portal in the world then their magical power would also be destroyed. This is the reason for their remote existence as, at the centre of their city, they are constructing a single, huge portal which they intend to make the only one in the world. Their thinking is that one link is no bad thing; it is when you have two or more that you get the constraint that might result in the ripping that would end the Multiverse.

This portal would incidentally give them the monopoly on all magical craft in the world and control of the flow of energies to anyone and everything on the planet. Such traffic would continue, they are happy to confirm, but they

would exact a toll from all such interactions. They believe that this would give them the ability to manage the world and all its inhabitants and establish a world-wide Utopia, based on their own values and beliefs (they are Lawful Neutral). Strangely, not many think this would be a good idea.

[Note the concept of the Paradox was inspired by an on-line conversation with Don Glover and Toddius Maximus during December 2020 and is a late addition to this text. My thanks to them both for sharing their thoughts.]

The Spear of Halibert

There was a split in the Celtic Temple about 200 years ago when a young Zealot by the name of Dyke of Nervalum tried to usurp the dominance of the Hunters in the hierarchy of the temple. This led to a lot of political in-fighting that was settled when Dyke returned from an adventure with a legendary weapon; the Spear of Halibert. It is not known how he came by this fabled weapon, said to have been wielded by the Celtic hero Halibert the Blue in the wars at the beginning of time.

This item polarised opinion within the temple and at the next hunt a band of ne'er do wells among the ranks of the Hunters managed to lead Dyke away from the main party and sought to assassinate him.

Fatally wounded, Dyke crawled to the edge of a dark pool of still water. Here he is said to have proclaimed "No one shall wield Halibert but me!" and cast the weapon into the pool just as he died. It is said that only someone of the blood of Nervalum might find the spear in the depths of the mirk of the pool. This seems correct as many have dived into the water to seek the spear, often with magical assistance, but the weapon has yet to reveal itself. The pool itself, located in the south-eastern corner of the Low Moors, is now a sacred site to the Celtic Temple.

Dyke was succeeded by a younger brother who went on to marry and have children but all of

whom proved uninterested in either the temple or the Spear. The inheritance fell out of mind and things moved on. The site of the pool, now called Halibert's Mere, was once guarded day and night but is now deserted, a shrine visited only when the Great Hunt happens to pass close.

Only one heir of Dyke's blood is now known of, an old warrior who lost a leg and became a moneylender; Claudius Nervalum. Claudius believes the family cursed and wants less than nothing to do with the legend of the Spear.



The Wars Before Time

Most religions have a variation of this myth in their legends pertaining to the early history of Barnaynia. The stories relate to great feats of combat and sacrifice amongst the First Gods when the world was new and still being shaped. The world is scattered with relics from these wars and battles and even the mineral resources mined from the ground are said by some to be the remains of the gods and heroes that fell then.

Weapons (such as the Spear of Halibert, qv.), tools and other items of great power are also to be found hidden in the depths of the world's crust, still laid where their previous owners dropped them. Stories of

such great prizes are legion and explain the origin of most of the artefacts that might be heard of in the world, such as Kuthric's Hammer; the Arrows of the Celestine; Bruntivaal, the Sword of Power; the Children of the Willow (magical bows); Old Teltherik's Great Spoon and the Shields and Armour of the Old Gods.

The sites of the major battles and personal combats of these old gods are also lined with treasure and other useful resources formed from the magical remains of the fallen. Ancient texts yet exist describing the nature and locations of these ancient troves but more often such sites and their locations hang between legend and myth, perhaps described in ancient poems or scratched as code into stone walls in the dark depths of the planet.

Mercenary Groups:



These are some well-known groups of fighting persons who might be hired for large scale operations – battles, sieges, invasions and so on – that might affect the Player Characters. They are not interested in guard duties or body-guarding.

Player Characters might encounter them as enemies or obstacles, or powerful Player Characters might seek to hire them. Costs for hiring them are not given but should work on a scale of about 5gp per level per day up to 10th level, double or triple this for higher levels. Expenses will need to be paid on top of this and would include transportation to get the mercenaries to where-ever they are required.

Ambitious individuals might seek to borrow the money they need but no mercenary group would take a job based on promises or credit (except, possibly, the Sand Snakes).

The Fentarc

The Fentarc are a cross between Mercenaries and a barbarian horde. Originally from the Dog Wastes they now live where-ever suits them and might be found anywhere in the Upper World. They consist of a core of humans, up to four or five hundred of them,

with several tribes of Gnolls in service to them. The humans are all Neutral or Chaotic Neutral and the Gnolls are bound to the human commanders by sacred blood oaths (although, being Gnolls, this doesn't mean much).

The Fentarc hierarchy is led by the Great Elder, currently an ancient Sorceress (an 18th Level Magic-User-Thief it is claimed) called Queen Joanna II, although the position of any leaders in this band is far from secure. She commands a counsel of warriors consisting of a number of high level Wild Domains Barbarians (see **SMO1 The Players' Guide to Dunromin**) and the Chief Gnolls, each commanding a tribe.

The core humans are all fighting people, male and female, generally of the Bandit or Brigand variety, but about 40% will be level 1 Wild Domains Barbarians and 10% level 2d4. Every 50 barbarians will be commanded by an individual of level 1d6+4 accompanied by a Magic-User of level 1d6+3 with 1d4 assistants who are Magic-Users of levels 1d6 each. All will have suitable armour and weapons, many with appropriate magic items.

The Fentarc are often hired by warlords looking for an instant army but can be unreliable, despite their apparent value. They cost less than other mercenaries and not all the payment has to be in gold; they like slaves as well.



The Ibad Azaam (Sand Snakes)

The Ibad Azaam (often called the Sand Snakes) are a scattered tribe of desert raiders in the central and eastern reaches of the Eastern Deserts and the Great Waste, all of which they refer to as the “Giant Sand” or Velgart. They consist of Humans, Half-orcs and Desert Orcs, and are all a part of a massive Cult of the Great Sand Snake, or Ibad-Atch Azaam. Their leader is an ancient woman called the Sahira Sitagooza who is claimed to be the granddaughter of Anterract the Great Mage, but her location changes constantly. Note that Anterract was a founder member of The Light (see the Legends section) and the Sand Snakes are the primary source of servants for that powerful magical order, which they call the Heckt, where the “H” is pronounced using a guttural noise made at the back of the throat.

Each clan within the Cult is led by an elder who is served by 1d20 Sand Snakes. The Sand Snakes are all Fighters, Thieves or Assassins, often multi-classed. At least one per Clan will be an Assassin-Illusionist multiclass and will be the spiritual leader of the Clan, even though the elders themselves usually have cleric levels (most are Cleric-Thieves).

With the right approach, the Sand Snakes can be employed as mercenaries. They do not take part in open war but rather raid ruthlessly, slaughtering all they come across, targeting military strongholds and supply networks. Finding them is difficult but a prospective employer will be taken into the deep desert to



meet the Sahira Sitagooza. After hearing the proposition the Sahira Sitagooza will go into a trance and seek guidance. Usually the bargain is taken, sometimes the job is taken with no payment (mercenaries for free!) but sometimes the bargain is refused and the customer will become a victim.

Victims will be incapacitated with a poison or spell and will wake up buried up to their neck in the sand. Sometimes they will be in the shade, sometimes not. Sometimes water will be left to tease them, just out of reach. They will then be left for the ants, scorpions and vultures. Sometimes the Sand Snakes will stay to watch, sometimes they won't.

The Sand Snakes are really nasty people. They are all Neutral Evil or Chaotic Neutral with vicious tendencies and will kill any enemies regardless of age or gender. They take no prisoners and enjoy torturing their victims, before killing them in the manner described above, which is a sacrifice to the Great Sand Snake. No slaves will be taken as they regard prisoners of any kind as another expensive mouth to feed.

When the summons from the Sahira Sitagooza goes out, by messenger vulture, the Sand Snakes from the various clans will come together, settle any outstanding business between them, and then head off to do the job. There will be up to three hundred of them, all mounted on horses or camels. All of them will be of level 1d6 and will be in equal proportions Fighter-Thieves, Assassins, Assassin-Illusionists, Thieves and Fighters. There will be 2d6 Clerics of level 1d8 and 10% of the number will be leader types of double the normal level. They will have a number of magic items but not as many as other groups of equivalent level. All weapons will be poisoned and they will readily use fire, acid and any other dirty tricks they can think of. Favoured weapons are long swords, scimitars, spears, short bows and other weapons usable from mounts. Their armour is usually surprisingly well-maintained, being chainmail or plate, sometimes magical, hidden under desert robes for fighters, or leather worn under robes for other classes. Favoured tactics are night attacks, ambushes and feints on one flank while others sneak attack another flank. Enemy camps will be infiltrated and often

dangerous desert creatures will be left behind after a feint or raid.

Anyone travelling in the area of the deserts of the Upper World runs the risk of being attacked by these vicious raiders. Regular caravans and the mineral miners of the area often pay a protection to the Sand Snakes to prevent being attacked. In fact, this practice is so good that the Sand Snakes have even been known to fight to protect some of the richer locations against other raiders, like orcs, kobolds and so on. Not that the Sand Snakes need much of an excuse to fight anyone.



The Knights of Coin

These blood-thirsty maniacs are some of the most experienced and dangerous fighting men (no women) in the world; all are Lawful Evil. They are based out of Gorgola and generally make money hiring themselves out as bodyguards and shock troops to the local gang lords. They can get together and provide serious firepower to anyone with enough coin to satisfy them.

There are about four to five hundred of the Knights at any time, consisting of about 150 knights, each served by 1d4 squires. The King of the Knights is chosen by election and serves a term of eight years before another takes over. No one may be King more than once (many have tried) and ex-kings return to the ranks but function as counsellors and wise elders, or King-Fathers to the current king. The election process is a bitterly fought one with only the most ruthless and ambitious individuals reaching the top of the pile. Despite this, there is very little in-fighting once the new king is

chosen, although the year before the next election tends to be a bit exciting for all involved. The King-Fathers often have to step in to prevent the more spirited candidates starting a civil war across the whole of Gorgola (not that this would really be a significant change in the normality of the city-state).

The King and King-Fathers will all be of at least 13th level with appropriate magical equipment. The current King (as of CY580) is King Dykar the Rose, named for the bloody shape he likes to leave his victims in. He is a Fighter-Thief of 16th level and wears +4 Elven Chainmail at all times, as well as a +5 Defender Broad Sword and a range of other powerful magic items. He is advised by four King Fathers, although two of these are too old or invalidated to fight any more.

Each knight will be of level 1d10+4, their squires will be of level 1d8. They will all have a fighting class and the majority will be pure fighters and wear plate armour. They are a mix of Humans, Half-orcs and Half-Elves, mostly pure Fighters but with some Fighter-Thieves and some Fighter-Magic-Users.

The Knights maintain six War Galleys, three of which are in port at any time. The others being used for piracy and other well-paying tasks.

The Pension

The Pension (pronounced "Pen-sea-own") elite warriors use wyverns as mounts but also have a wide range of cavalry and horse archers. They can be hired for gold or similar but may demand payment as secure land holdings. As a result they exist as small community enclaves in many modern civilisations, from the Woods of the Great Valley to Skull Crag. These enclaves will include training facilities, wyvern and horse breeding facilities and other martial support requirements. While the majority of the inhabitants of the enclave will be older, retired warrior/teachers or young mothers and their children, all the Pension are dangerous.

There are several groups in circulation who may be hired individually or combined. Each group contains between 100 and 200 individuals. All their warriors (male and female) are at least first level fighters (level

1d4) and will be trained to be specialists in their chosen weapons. All are accomplished riders and most can handle aerial mounts as well. In any group there will be about 80% light cavalry, all archers or lancers, with 15% heavy cavalry, which will be high level fighters, heavily armed and armoured, and 5% flying archers based on wyverns. For every ten soldiers there will be a higher level leader (level 1d4+2), for every twenty-five soldiers there will be another leader type of level 1d6+4. The Group Captain will be of level 1d8+6. All the troops will have good armour and weapons with a good number of magical items scattered amongst them. Leaders will have 1d4+2 magic items – no items not usable by Fighters.



Each group will have a commander who makes all final decisions in war, but business and social decisions are made by committees of elected, experienced warriors.

The one area the Pension are lacking is in spell-casting capability so they will be keen for any patron to make allowances for this as required too. Otherwise they are conscienceless and will work for anyone doing anything.

The Scarlet Enchanters

The Scarlet Enchanters are a group of Magic-Users based out of Rimland. There are about thirty of them and they all look and dress alike (despite being a mix of male and female elves), wearing hooded scarlet robes lined with Red Dragon hide and rubies, their faces obscured by webbed veils. The Enchanters are the public face of the Scarlet College; a college of

magic having over a hundred students. These students are sent there from all over the Upper World by a certain type of parent or sponsor seeking to train a certain type of wizard. Upon graduating most return to their homes but some, the most talented, are retained and kept on to be trained as Scarlet Enchanters. Such apprentices adventure with senior Enchanters until they achieve 5th level or more.

The Enchanters are identical in dress but might be identified by the magic items they carry, which vary, or their voices. Each Enchanter is of level 1d20+5 and up to twenty can be hired at a time. They will have a leader or spokesperson but, if killed or otherwise be indisposed, then this person will be seamlessly replaced by another.

The Scarlet Enchanters charge a lot for their services but may be paid in magic items. As might be guessed, they are very effective in whatever task they are given. Despite their sinister appearance they are mostly Neutral Good with some Lawful Good and some True Neutral; no one Chaotic and no one Evil. This will influence what contracts they accept and might even cause them to become the enemy of someone requesting them to do something distasteful.



Hirelings

The following individuals are all remarkable for some astonishing skill they have. While any skilled artisan, sage or crafter can be found and hired in Dunromin through the Merchants' Guild, these individuals are often singled out for their unique abilities or specific knowledge. These are the people you go to if you need an item fashioning that will be suitable for enchantment as a magic item, or if you urgently need some critical scientific gadget or ancient piece of lore. They are all extraordinary and, as is the way with such people, they are all a bit strange too.

To assist in finding the right hireling we have the following list of trades and skills available and likely people to speak to. Note that all these persons are reasonably well-known in Dunromin and much of the Land of the Young. They all also advertise their services on the Counsel House wall, the Merchants' Guild and their own Guild Houses. Those with magical skills advertise in the Magic College as well. Those that are not detailed in this book are listed with a * and can be found in **SMO1 The Players' Guide to Dunromin** and/or **SMO2 The Games Master's Guide to Dunromin**.

Services offered and persons offering them:

Architects & Builders:

Gurth Tidcum *
Edwardo Diminim *
Futil Migram *
Grom Glitterbone *
Herman Baalin *
Murman Skablok *

Cleric Training Facilities

All accessed through the relevant temple *

Fighter Training and Services

The Fighters' Guild

Heraldry

The Arms Guild *

Languages and Translations

The Dunromin University *
The School House *
Doroon Spronge *
Pavlova Generoe *

Legal Advice and Representation

Dooga and Brenn *
Kenard Proktor *

Gharn Ghambull *

Magical Item manufacture:

Feelarkin of Pool-Way (wands, rods, staves)
Fellomina Willowfingers (rings and Jewellery)
Nevellinir of the Greenwood (weapons)
Dr Wappo (Miscellaneous) *
Tulley Gadzoot *
The Magic College *
The Guild of Black Magic *
The Priestlings of the Bright Fruit *

Magical Research

Fellomina Willowfingers
The Guild of Magic *
The Magic College *
Jeremy Gazoot *
Mozgad Luftheart *
The Black Magic Guild *
Necrus Baaliagra *
Cornelius Stinge *
Malcolm Darkstar *
Archerez of Stook*
Gadrax the Summoner *
Zoot Allorz *

Magic-User and Related Training

Fellomina Willowfingers
Nevellinir of the Greenwood
The Guild of Magic *
The Magic College *
The Guild of Black Magic *

Mundane Research

Puttle of Elb
Hector of Penth (Botany and related)
Simon Chipping (Folklore and legends)
Guild of Alchemy *
Drevane Spronge (Alchemy) *
David Spronge (Art) *
Donovan Spronge (Physical Sciences) *
Drevalium Spronge (Philosophy and Psychology) *
Anthony of Bloomsbury-Seething
(Mathematics and Geometry)

Potions for sale and manufacture:

Hector of Penth
The Druid in the Woods *
The Druid's Guild *
Eldritch the Witch *

Scribe Services

The Royal League of Sages and Scribes*
Scribes Are Us *
The Alec Press *

Special Item Manufacture

Zelnellin of the Craft (blades)
Ricardo Delfer (engineer and plumbing)
Patrick of Deepdale (armour)
Gurth Sheltar (silver and gold smith)
The Craftsmen's Guilds *
Farnir Doomray (spears) *
Grundir Nirlagir (gold and Silver Smith) *

Thief Training and Services

The Western Old Thieves' Guild *
The Poorhouse Thieves' Guild *
The Arborium Thieves' Guild *
Gerym Tallfella *
The Assassins' Guild *

* These individuals are detailed in other Dunromin University Press publications, mainly **SMO2 The Games Master's Guide to Dunromin**.

Anthony of Bloomsbury-Seething is a sage based at the University and an expert in mathematics and geometry. He also has a natural talent with codes and code breaking and is excellent at looking at large data sets and spotting patterns and trends within them. His true passion is astronomy and he is head of the University Star-Gazers Society. He has many friends among the best glass-working gnomes of Constantan and often journeys there to discuss new designs and types of telescope. He is responsible for the invention (or re-invention if the elves are to be believed) of the Reflecting Telescope. His knowledge of the physical nature of the world and the universe is unmatched. He can be hired on a daily (100gp) or hourly rate (20gp) to research any related topic. He advertises his services on the noticeboard of the University, the Library and the Magic Guild.

Feelarkin "Freddy" of Pool-Way is a rotund, cheerful and rather camp wizard living in a large house close to the Magic College and the North Gate. He has eight children from his first marriage but after his first wife died he married a widow, Izzella of Bridge Street with four children of her own. The pair went on to have another ten together including two sets of twins. Freddy is now a proud grandfather and his large house is bursting with children, which seems to be the way he likes it.

Freddy is a popular person but seems to have few close friends among the Guild and College. He is a well-known figure at the Black Magic Guild as well, which is an unusual habit among senior wizards, although it has to be said that most of his contacts are mid-wives. He also has a number of close friends living in the local area, especially the younger brother of his first wife and the family of his current wife. Plus, of course, his family have many friends all over the city. Several of his children are also Magic-Users who either assist their father or are independent, adventuring Magic-Users. Freddy has also been linked with the Western Old Thieves' Guild but this may just be a baseless rumour.

He doesn't have a residence at the Magic Guild but does maintain a private reading room near the Tea Shop. Here he entertains guests and clients with many colourful jokes and ribald banter. His area of expertise is wands, rods and staffs of all kinds, which is an endless source of rude jokes for him. He has manufactured many devices and can make any of the standard items for 130% of the list price. He can also recharge wands, charge 20% of the normal list price for the wand to recharge 3d20+20 charges. A rod can hold 60 charges, a wand 100 and a staff 120 maximum using his own-brand techniques. Has also offers training to lower level mages (he is at least 18th level) at standard prices (see **SMO1 The Players' Guide to Dunromin** for more information).

Fellomina Willowfingers is a half-elf who is very much more elfish than human and has risen to become a very experienced Magic-User (possibly 14th level). She lives in an elegant, tree-top house on the eastern edge of the Elven Quarter of Dunromin, but also maintains a modest pair of rooms in the Magic College where she conducts her business. She was once married but her human husband disappeared some years ago. No one knows what happened to him but Fellomina hides her (genuine) grief very well.

Her area of expertise is all forms of legendary and magical jewellery, including rings, necklaces, ear-rings and everything that goes with them. She has a vast collection of mundane jewellery from all over the world which is very heavily protected magically. She

is always keen to extend her collection and will be interested in obtaining all kinds of such objects, especially if they are magical.

Personally she is infectiously enthusiastic and over the top about all kinds of fashion and will often compliment people on their clothes or ask them where they got the idea from. She never says anything bad about anyone and is generally irrepressibly cheerful. She will advise against making magical clothes as fashions change but is a firm believer in magical accessories and jewellery. She is very fond of pearls but, being of an organic rather than mineral form, do not lend themselves easily to magic.

She can be employed to manufacture jewellery-based magic items for 130% of the list price or can “coach” someone making their own for 10% of the list value, reducing the research and manufacturing time for the item by 20%.

Fellomina also has a vast knowledge of jewellery styles from all over the world and dating back thousands of years. If presented with a mystery item she is about 70% likely to be able to identify unusual items immediately. She is then 40% likely to know a bit about the culture they came from as well as the manufacturing techniques involved. She has a thorough knowledge of all the common and widely known (core rules) magical items and all legendary items.



Gurth Scheltar is a well-known dwarf artisan based in Dunromin. His particular gift is crafting silver and gold into fine jewellery, especially rings. He is best known for the rings he has crafted for various Magic-Users to turn into magic items. He can do other forms of jewellery and finely worked items of a similar nature. He also has good memory and library of designs and articles he has made in the past. Being an important member of the Metal-Workers' Guild he also has access to other records dating back to the founding of the Guild over 400 years ago. In this manner he can be a useful source of information on most magic items manufactured out of metal in the city over that period.

Hector of Penth is based in the village of Penth situated about half a day's ride south of Dunromin. Hector could be mistaken for a Druid but is actually a Witch. He is a timid man who lives in the woods behind his elder brother's business. His brother is a seller of herbs, ointments and rare woodland items. While Hector is shy and odd, his brother Walter is a shrewd and over-friendly businessman who manages charging for Hector's services. Hector used to be a Scribe at the Great Library where his Eidetic Memory was a considerable boon. Unfortunately, Hector was the victim of some kind of assault which caused him to have a nervous breakdown. He came home, the only place he feels safe, but people still come and hire him to consult on his knowledge.

Hector's own specialty was all forms of plants and botany. He has enhanced the knowledge he gained from reading and remembering every work on the subject of plants and fungi in the Library by following an exhaustive regime of his own experimental research. As such he has an extraordinary knowledge of all such things, especially their magical properties and how to extract them. The Druid in the Woods from Dunromin often used to consult with him before the Druid fell into his coma – see **SMO2 The Games Master's Guide to Dunromin** for more information. It may even be that Hector knows of a cure for the coma if someone were to ask him.

Hector's services cost the same as a normal researcher at the University of Dunromin but the time taken will only be a few hours or even

minutes as Hector has the whole library in his head.

Nevellinir of the Greenwood is a middle-aged dwarf of very delicate, even elfin proclivities and skillset. The reason for this, and his rather non-dwarven name, is that he was born an elf. In an earlier adventure he and his wife were poisoned and died. Nevellinir was *Reincarnated* as a Dwarf by his good friend and fellow party member Mozgad, now one of the Counsel of Three at the College of Magic and uncle to the King. Nevellinir then endeavoured to get his lover Raised but the unfortunate creature failed her Resurrect Survival roll and was lost irreversibly to the Outer Planes. Nevellinir was very much in love with the lady, who was called Aethellina of the Greenwood, and his broken heart has never completely healed.

He lives in a set of slightly musty but well equipped rooms in the heart of the Magic College. He is a prominent character in the college and can often be found in the Tea Shop or visiting the Mage Tower. He is close friends with all the senior Wizards and many of the Temple Heads, using his contacts to sponsor good works about the Land. He is a little bit of a snob but firmly believes one should leave the world a better place than one found it. As a result, he is always keen to hear about new ideas and technologies. One matter close to his heart is the inequality of human females compared with elven females. To this end he is very keen on the exploits of the NPC groups the Champions of Womenkind and the Widows of Poldaaak.

Nevellinir was already a great mage before his reincarnation happened and his progress as a Fighter-Magic-User does not seem to have been adversely affected by his new race. It is generally believed that he has risen to be at least 18th level. His personal infatuation and greatest skill is with magical swords but, since becoming a Dwarf, has discovered an innate ability for working in all fields of weapon-smithing and can be consulted on any non-missile weapon.

His ability is such that he offers his services as a consultant for 10% of the cost of the new magic item and can reduce a player's magic item construction time by 2d10+10%. He also

accepts commissions from trustworthy people and will manufacture weapons up to +4 power (without special abilities) for 150% of the listed price. Nevellinir can also be consulted as regards normal Magic-User level training at the usual prices (see **SM01 The Players' Guide to Dunromin** for more information). All his prices are absolute and if someone is a bit pushy about a discount or tries to haggle too much he will simply refuse to do business with them; he is not short of customers.

Patrick of Deepdale and his son **Desmond** are fine armourers who manufacture suits of mail and plate suitable for enchantment if required. Patrick married a lady from Oomland called Thes'Ngala who has some Witchcraft skills. Patrick also uses these in his craft. Desmond is already as good as his father even though he is only 19 years old. It is likely he will become a craftsman of legendary capabilities. Their forge is close to the Bawdy Wench Inn.

Puttle of Elb is an astonishing mathematician. He lives in private rooms *near* the University rather than *in* the University as he is generally unpopular and often mocked by his colleagues. This is because of his outlandish theories about the nature of the Universe. Despite vast amounts of evidence and eye-witness accounts to the contrary, Puttle insists the world is a sphere that orbits around the sun, which is a gigantic fireball fuelled by mysterious forces. More than this, he also insists that all the stars are similar massive fireballs but very, very far away. In fact he claims that space is infinite and stretches forever in all directions.

Despite these ridiculous ideas, Puttle has managed to develop some quite remarkable mathematical ideas. One of these involves using his theories to predict the movement and phases of the Moon about the sky, an art unmatched by any of the other professional persons offering such services. This knowledge is particularly useful to a whole range of different groups (Lycanthropes, Witches and the like) and Puttle makes a reasonable living out of supplying this information to interested parties. Despite his strange ideas, everyone will point anyone

needing help with mathematical, civil or mechanical engineering issues in his direction.

Puttle has a very good relationship with the Dwarves of the Blue Mountains and on large constructions they will often pay him to check their calculations, plans and such. Puttle's personal passion is for architecture but he is very bad at drawing and has never come up with an attractive design for anything more complex than a shed. He charges 50gp a day regardless of who or what the job is.



the civilisations that came before it. He works in the History and Geography departments and his memory of the maps and locations of the World of Barnaynia is unrivalled. He is well-known in the Black Magic Guild and pretty much anyone will recommend him as a source of good

information on most myths, legends and old stories about the areas around the Land of the Young. His name seems insulting but he insists it is an ancient title referring to someone who will always stand up for logic, fairness, justice and truth. He seems to have awarded this title to himself. While happy to chat with anyone over a beer (if they are buying) he only hires himself out on a Daily rate varying between 80 and 150gp per day depending on how much he likes the client and/or is intrigued by the task.

Ricardo Delfer of Constantan is a gnome living in Dunromin. He is an engineer of considerable skill, especially when it comes to water transportation and domestic plumbing. He was one of the premier talents in his industry in the gnome capital of Constantan in the east until he undertook installing a plumbing and heating system in the royal palace. While the system worked fine and included some revolutionary water closets, he made the mistake of including baths with hot and cold running water. The baths were therefore in a fixed and known location which may have compromised the privacy of the Gnomish royal family's personal habits. The shame forced Ricardo to take himself and his family into exile.

Always willing to take on complex architectural and other requirements, he can manufacture pipe-systems of the highest quality. His invention of the flushing toilet has yet to catch on. This is mainly due to him being a gnome and the average Dunromin person being very cautious about letting any gnomish invention near their genitals...

Simon Chipping the Embuggeration is a sage based at the University whose area of expertise is folklore, myths, legends, the various histories of the Land of the Young and of



Zelnellin of the Craft is the foremost blade smith in the Land of the Young. He is a small, slim man who appears to be entirely manufactured of skin and gristle. His stature and beard suggests dwarven heritage while his eyes and ears suggest he is an elf. His parents were both human which suggests he is a Changeling of some form. Whatever the truth of his nature, his skill and fascination with manufacturing blades is astonishing. He does not make the handle, pommel weight nor anything else about his blades, just the blade and tang itself. He can make any shape or size, from a dagger to a two-handed sword, but will take twice as long to make it as most other weapon smiths. His blades are the best in the country and ideal for enchantment into magic items. Zelnellin is based in an ancient forge in the caves beneath Karan (see **SM04 The City Guild to Karan**) where he is assisted by three dwarves. His work is in constant demand and items not destined to be enchanted may be part-worked or finished by his assistants. The same assistants also make handles, pommels and scabbards as required.

New Character Classes:



The Oni - The Failed Hermits of Asstract

Asstract is a country entirely ruled by a cult of powerful holy leaders. These leaders are called the Ynishi and they live as hermits close to centres of population. These Ynishi dictate to the lands around their remote hermitages via their followers, the Oni, who are basically those that failed to become Ynishi.

Asstract's population mostly dwells behind a Great Wall that separates them from the rest of the vast island they live on (see **SM05 The World Guide to Barnaynia**). On the "safe" side are several cities built around a very well defended walled citadels containing a library of highly valued books and manuscripts (each about a quarter of the size of the Great Library of Dunromin). Scattered about the cities, inside and outside the citadels, are precarious huts built on the top of pillars between thirty and fifty feet high. These are the Caves of the Ynishi and contain the eldest and most powerful of the Hermit Elite that lives in that area. The less significant Ynishi live in remote dwellings of all kinds scattered across the

landscape, inside and outside the Wall. Note that, while they are called "Caves" they are really huts.

The Ynishi religion is based on a belief system of seven core deities and they believe all other deities, regardless of pantheon, are merely incarnations of this core of seven. These seven are three male (Warrior, Farmer, Teacher), three female (Warrior, Mother and the Wise) and the Child. Each god is associated with a specific time of life but all mages are called Teachers, all Clerics are female and called the Wise. The Child represents chaos and evil but is always forgiven for its actions. The society is essentially Neutral Good but the Ynishi are Neutral and the Oni may be of any Neutral alignment except Neutral Evil and Chaotic Neutral.

The Oni are a holy army of dedicated fanatics who devote their life to abstinence and discipline. They avoid all forms of indulgence and will eat and drink only that required to keep them strong and healthy. They follow a strict code of personal ethics which includes not owning any other life-form, be it a pet, familiar, mount, slave or beast of burden. This does not mean they cannot eat meat but they can only obtain the meat after the creature has been killed (so not killing any domesticated animal themselves) or hunt and kill free creatures.

All Oni originally trained to become Ynishi but, for whatever reason, failed the final test. As such they are all highly trained and determined holy warriors not unlike Paladins in terms of their dedication and personal discipline. There are several thousand of them about the country and they are the police force, wardens and defenders of the land of Asstract. As the Oni get older their lives become less physical and they work as trainers, administrators and so on. The Oni have nothing to do with the normal citizens socially but rather live as a separate society based on strictly ascetic principles. The normal citizens are free to do whatever they like as long as everyone involved is willing, which means it is one of the most liberal and licentious societies for the non-Oni.

The Oni mostly live in walled temple complexes remote from the normal population, except for those performing law enforcement duties who are housed in

barracks in the citadels and other fortifications. This means the Oni ignore what the common people are doing most of the time. They only get involved when a crime is witnessed and/or reported to them. When they are involved justice is often swift and brutal, as decreed by the Ynishi who are the judges in all things. Those citizens that do break the law in terms of harming other persons or property not their own, are dealt with very strictly but never executed. It is a core belief that any law-breaker must have the opportunity to make amends for their actions and show penitence, much as the Child is always forgiven their evil. There are no prisons as punishments are physical or material or take the form of servitude wherein the criminal is given the status of a shackled slave to the one they have harmed for a period of time.

The Oni are not required to remain in Asstract for their whole lives and some feel driven singly or in groups to journey into the rest of the world in search of insights and clarity. Some will be sent out into the world on some mission or whim of the Ynishi as well. Such individuals might take to an adventuring career temporarily or permanently and become Player Characters in this way. Dishonoured Oni do not exist; they uniformly believe in death before dishonour.

The Oni are a Fighter subclass, meaning they have access to weapons of specialisation and multiple attacks per round as per a Fighter. The Oni training concentrates on agility and grace over raw power, although they can be extremely strong and hardy as well. The Oni are taciturn and speak little. They are not known for their charm nor their wit but this does not mean they are not clever too.

Only Humans, Half-Elves, Half-Orcs and Halflings may be Oni.

Oni must have a Strength and Constitution of 12 or more, with Intelligence and Wisdom not less than 10. Dexterity is their Prime Requisite and must be 14 or more. If Dex is 16 or more than they gain +10% on earned experience.

They roll their hit-points on 1d8 but get two hit dice at first level like Rangers.

Oni gain weapon proficiencies and similar skills as per Ranger (but not the starting skills Rangers have in tracking etc.).

Oni always shave their heads and will have some kind of seven-sided or seven-pointed motif on their heads somewhere, as a coloured tattoo or set of scars for instance. Bodies will also be covered in decorative and battle-earned scars. Personal wealth is usually carried in the form of gold jewellery.

Oni Restrictions:

- Oni must be celibate and may never voluntarily take any intoxicants other than the special medicines taken in the sanctity of their own temples at holy times.
- Oni must give 20% of all treasure, by value, to their Temple.
- Oni may not own or ride any creature.
- The Oni are limited to chainmail or leather armour but can use any shield.
- Oni will only ever use the following weapons: Spear, Dagger, Short Sword, Pike, Partisan, Khopesh, Scimitar, Axe, Battle-axe, short bow or sling.
- Oni can specialise in weapons as per a Fighter and gain multiple attacks per round at the same rate as Rangers.
- Oni cannot wear helmets or any other head covering other than headbands, straps and bandanas. Oni may not wear crowns of any kind.
- Oni will not use poison but are happy to use oil and fire.
- Oni may not multi-class but may have more than one class. As they are all trained as warriors initially they all have the skills of



a first level fighter on top of any other class they embark on as their career progresses. Only female Oni can select Cleric or Druid as their second class. Male or female Oni can select Magic-User or Illusionist in this way.

9	Oni	200000	10
10	Oni	350000	10+2
11	Oni	500000	10+4
12	Oni-Mar	650000	10+6
13	Oni-Mar	800000	10+8
Etc.	Oni-Mar	+150000	(etc)
		per level	

Oni Benefits:

- All Oni are very well educated and will be able to read, write and speak at least 4 languages; as well as Aabstract and Common - the Land of the Young is a significant cultural partner as well as trade centre so Common is a well-known language in Aabstract.
- Their education also means that Oni will have a reasonable knowledge of most religions, species and cultures as well as geography and astronomy. Some older Oni may have specialist areas of knowledge the equal of a sage.
- Oni are immune to all forms of Disease.
- Oni get a +2 save bonus against all non-magical poisons and venoms (including the venom from magical creatures).
- Oni heal 1d3 hit points of damage every 24 hours on top of any magical or other healing they might receive, even if not resting.
- Oni have a very highly tuned sensitivity to the real world and magic allowing them a +2 saving throw against Illusion-type spells.
- This sensitivity to the world around them also means that Oni are only surprised on a 1 in 6 as per Rangers.
- Oni have a chance to *Detect Magic* by touching objects or moving into the area of a magical field. This chance is equal to (their level plus their wisdom) x2%. If they fail they cannot be sure if the object is not magical or whether they have just failed to sense it. The GM may choose to increase this chance for more powerful objects and fields.

Level	Title	XP	D8 hp
1	Brave	0	2
2	Brave	2000	3
3	Brave	4000	4
4	Testi	8000	5
5	Testi	15000	6
6	Testi	28000	7
7	Oni	48000	8
8	Oni	96000	9

Oni never feel the need to settle down and establish a stronghold of any kind but can assist others to build theirs. Adventuring Oni will always eventually feel the call to return to their homeland and retire into a more formal life of servitude in their temples.

The possibility of having a PC Oni is an intriguing one. Such a player would have to be careful to come up with a valid reason for them to have left Aabstract and joined up with any adventuring party. Once decided on, such a story might become the core of the campaign. If the whole party begin as Oni this offers even more interesting long-term story arcs. Such a group might have some great quest to fulfil but their own, personal journeys will be very varied as they pursue their own specialisms, like retraining as Magic-Users, Clerics or even Thieves.

Navigators

A Subclass of Magic-User the Navigators are persons trained in navigation and exploration, usually with ships but also with land-based travelling and, at higher levels, spaceflight. Most Navigators are Grey Elves but Human and High Elf Navigators also exist. There is a myth that female Navigators are better than males but there is no evidence of this.

They are selected by the gods and often display curious talents from an early age. There are a number of civilisations that know the value of a Navigator and will facilitate their training in return for their service. While not a well-recognised tradition in the Land of the Young, the Grey Elves of Elven Isle have the oldest and most thorough training facility for Navigators. There are also Societies of Navigators based in the Urdum Empire and Kawiylant. It is said that Great Orcs have a tradition resembling Navigators as well.

A Navigator must have Intelligence and Wisdom of 15 or more and no statistic less than 11. Navigators do not gain any

experience bonus for high stats. Navigators roll their hit points on a d6. Navigators may not Multiclass but can have more than one class.

Navigators have a spell craft and psychic atonement with the magical fields of the planet as regards being able to find their way around the world. Specifically they have access to Druidic and Illusionist, spells as shown on the table below, due to their connection with nature and the magical fields surrounding the planet.

Their ability to navigate their way around the planet is key to their existence. As they grow in power they become more able to sense their way around the planet and read the weather. As they become more skilled so they are able to understand the water, air and magical currents and fields around them.

All Navigators must be Lawful but their progress is limited if they are not Lawful Neutral; Lawful Good Navigators are limited to 9th level and Lawful Evil Navigators are limited to 7th level.

Navigator Level Progression Table

Level	Title	XP	D6 hp
1	Pathfinder	0	1
2	Wayfarer	2500	2
3	Channeller	5000	3
4	Wavewalker	10000	4
5	Navigator	18000	5
6	Navigator	34000	6
7	Navigator	60000	7
8	Navigator	120000	8
9	Navigator	250000	9
10	Navigator	450000	10
11	Navigator	650000	10+2
12	Navigator	850000	10+4
13	Navigator	1050000	10+6
Etc.	Navigator	+200000 per level	(etc)

Navigators fight as Thieves but have no backstab skill. They can only use one-handed weapons, which precludes them from Two-handed swords, Battle-axes, Bows, Crossbows and so on, as well as lances, pole-arms and pikes, but they can use spears and javelins. They are also limited to leather armour and no shields. They will not use poison but can use oil and fire as weapons.

Navigators are natural wanderers to their core and so do not feel driven to settle down anywhere for any reason. Some older Navigators have been known to go back to their old training school or set up a new one but this is optional.

Navigator Spells by level

Level	Druid Spells by level				Illusionist Spells by level		
	1 st	2 nd	3 rd	4 th	1 st	2 nd	3 rd
1	1						
2	1				1		
3	2	1			1		
4	2	1			1	1	
5	2	2			2	1	
6	3	2			2	1	
7	3	3	1		2	1	
8	3	3	1		3	2	
9	4	3	2		3	2	1
10	4	3	2	1	3	2	1
11	5	3	3	1	4	2	1
12	5	4	3	2	4	3	1
13	6	4	3	2	4	3	2

No more spells are gained above this maximum.

Navigator Abilities by Level:

All the Navigator abilities that follow below are gained as soon as the required level is gained. They are the result of the Navigator attuning themselves more and more closely to the magical, gravitational and magnetic fields surrounding them. All these skills require a round spent considering the situation (without any distractions) but once this time is spent all the relevant skills will inform the Navigator of their surroundings.

1st level – Direction Sense: Due to the varying nature of the magnetic fields around Barnaynia this is an uncommon skill; Navigators will always be able to locate the direction of the Sun and the Moon by “feeling” the magical fields around the planet. In this way they will always know which direction is North, South, East and West, up and down.

2nd Level - Weather Sense: the ability to predict the weather in an area. After concentrating they must roll under their combined Wisdom and Intelligence on 2d20. This includes sensing the approach or proximity of unusual meteorological effects and traps. It also means the character will not get lost in fog, smoke or any other weather-like effect obscuring vision (not just poor light or darkness).

3rd Level - Neverlost: If the GM determines that the party have got lost or for any other reason, a Navigator has a chance of knowing in what direction and distance they have gone from their last known location. Success is dependent on the Navigator's level, Wisdom and Intelligence. These are all added together and doubled to make a percentage chance of success. This ability also allows the Navigator to try and figure out where the party are if they have just been teleported or otherwise transferred to a mystery location. It is also the chance of a Navigator being able to determine where they are going if blindfolded, trapped in a windowless container or similar.

4th level – Autocartography. This means they can draw a map very quickly and accurately after only a glance around the area they are in. Walls, corridors and other details can be drawn to an accuracy of 5% and, should an error be made, they can have a Wisdom check on a d20 to see if they can notice the error before they move on. When mapping buildings and non-natural underground structures Navigators have an ability to spot secret doors and concealed doors in the same way as Elves. Autocartography also allows them a chance to remember and reproduce every map they have ever seen, even if they only had a glance of the original. To determine success roll under the Navigator's Intelligence on a d20 to remember Intelligence x5% of the map detail. For example, Clunz the Well-riden catches a glimpse of the map of a castle vault while visiting a Baron. He has an Intelligence of 15 so if he can roll under his Int on a d20 he will remember roughly 75% of the map detail.

5th level – Lay of the Land: the Navigator has a "Feel" for the form and nature of the land around them. This allows surface navigation on land in darkness, avoiding obstacles automatically. It allows a Navigator to find the easiest and quickest ways through any kind of terrain, increasing distances covered per journey by 20% (or reducing travel time by 20% if appropriate) except on roads. On a successful roll under their Wisdom on a d20 a Navigator can also sense the nearest source of

fresh water within a quarter of a mile (if one exists) and sense the existence of ravines and dead-falls under snow, ice and similar. The Navigator also gets the Dwarven ability to detect sloping ground and similar at 5th level.

6th level – Feel the Flow; Similar to Lay of the Land but works on Fluids like water or air; predicting currents and nearby land masses, depths and other hazards, usually by touching the fluid with a hand or their head. This can reduce water-borne travel times by 20%.

7th level – Deep Sense: Like Lay of the Land and Feel the Flow except this skill works underground.



The Navigator can map their way through even the most chaotic underground structures, predicting weak and strong points and similar major structural features. The Navigator will know the kinds of rock being travelled through and even detect neighbouring corridors and rooms (through up to 10 thick walls, floors and ceilings) on rolling under their combined Wisdom, Intelligence and level on 1d100.

9th level - Astral Travelling: The Navigator gains the ability to navigate the Astral Plane. While actually getting on to the Astral Plane remains difficult, once there the Navigator will instinctively know how to manoeuvre about the place. They will be aware of hidden traps, the direction of home and certain landmarks so generally knowing how to avoid natural hazards and so on.

10th level – Plane Travel: And on each level hereafter the Navigator dreams the knowledge of another of the Outer Planes; randomly chosen or selected by the GM. The Navigator's knowledge will include the location of key places and how to get back to where the exploration started. They will also know the basics of survival on the plane in terms of dangerous land/sea and weather conditions, recognise dangerous or volcanic areas and so on. This is a very open-ended skill so the GM will need to apply restrictions and benefits as fits their style of play or plot options.



Magic Items:

It's always fun to try out some new devices on the Players and the following magic items are included for your consideration. They are a very varied bunch, ranging from simple items that just make life that little bit easier, up to some pretty major artefacts that should be dealt with very carefully. There is no table to randomly roll these items but they might be added to existing tables as alternatives to more widely known objects. XP and GP values are included where appropriate.

Armour of the First King – A unique suit of magical silver plate armour and great helm of *very* high quality; the breast plate is embossed with the coat of arms of the family Luftheart (a winged heart). It was manufactured by a mage of legendary capabilities, or possibly by a deity bound to the task by the mage, accounts vary. This artefact-level suit of armour was worn by the first Luftheart to be crowned the king of Dunromin and his sons. It was lost when the second son disappeared hunting ogres in the south east. Since then various adventurers and travellers have claimed to have seen the armour being worn by several creatures in different parts of the Darkworld. When worn the wearer feels the spirit of the previous owners running through them. The suit functions as +3 Plate mail and gives a +3 on all saving throws as well. When worn by a human fighter or fighter subclass of lawful alignment then an additional power is granted; the wearer fights as if 5 levels higher than they are (in terms of THACO and number of attacks per round). Legend has it the armour has other powers that are only accessible by a genuine male heir of the first king (the armour is not shaped for female bodies). If the armour is worn by anyone of Chaotic alignment then the wearer will suffer 2d20 points of damage when they take their first step in it and the armour and helmet will teleport 1d20 miles

away. 15,000xp and anyone selling it could probably ask almost any price for it, although the Royal Family of Dunromin may lay claim to it and use their (considerable) resources to reclaim it. Concealing the emblem on the front *could* be difficult.

Axe of the Jabberwock – This battle-axe has the same powers as a Vorpall Sword. This means it is +3 to hit and damage but on an adjusted roll of 21 using only the axe's own power (i.e. a natural roll of 18, 19 or 20) then the axe has severed the opponent's head, usually causing instant death. If this ability seems over-powered for your campaign then you could use the Hit Location System from **SMO1 The Players' Guide to Dunromin** and count the strike as an automatic serious slicing wound instead, probably still severing something but not automatically the head. 8,000xp, 40,000gp.

Babble Fish – This silver and yellow fish-charm is worn as an ear-ring. It allows the wearer to converse with any creature of higher than animal intelligence (not animals and plants) in that creature's own language; speaking with no discernible accent and understanding what is said to them or over-heard by them. The speaker can choose to speak in another language (which they know) if they wish, so as not to be understood by the creature they are speaking to (unless that creature knows this language as well). 750xp, 5,000gp. This enchantment has been known to be put into other items than ear-rings, such as finger-rings, necklaces and so on. When the device is a ring the wearer is limited to only wearing one other magical ring with this item.

Bandana of Life Force – This long head scarf needs to be tied about the head above the eyes to have an effect. No other head-covering (helmet, headdress, headband, crown or hat, etc.) may be worn at the same time. Each Bandana is embossed with the symbol of a deity, most commonly of the Babylonian, Olympian or Heliopian pantheons although some Humanoid and dwarf deities have been seen too. If the wearer is not a worshipper of the specific deity then the Bandana will only function as a Cloak of Protection +1 (to attacks and saving throws). If the wearer is a worshipper of the relevant deity, however, then everyone in the wearer's Party will be affected by the +1 protection effect while the



wearer themselves will receive a +3 effect. In addition to this everyone in the party will receive a +1 bonus to initiative rolls and their chances of being surprised will reduce by one point. If the wearer is a Cleric of the relevant deity then they will receive the additional benefit that any spell (including the Turn Undead ability) they cast which has an effect dependent on a dice roll then the dice roll will improve by two points to the maximum normally able to be rolled. For instance, if a spell does 1d8 points of damage, than the player will roll 1d8 but add two points to this, although still to a maximum of 8 points. 2,000xp, 10,000gp.

Bardiché of Cleaving – This long weapon is the same as the Axe of the Jabberwock in every respect except that it is a Bardiché rather than an axe.

Battle Masks – these carved wooden masks resemble spirit totems and are often decorated with dried grass, feathers and painted patterns. They are enchanted such that worshippers of the deities depicted in the masks are able to benefit from one or more of the following enchantments when wearing the mask. Usually a mask is empowered with one enchantment but 10% have two.

D%	Enchantment
01-30	Bless Spell - +1 on to hit and saves
31-50	Magical Shield - +2 on AC
51-55	Protection from Normal Missiles (limited to non-magical arrows, darts, quarrels, sling bullets,

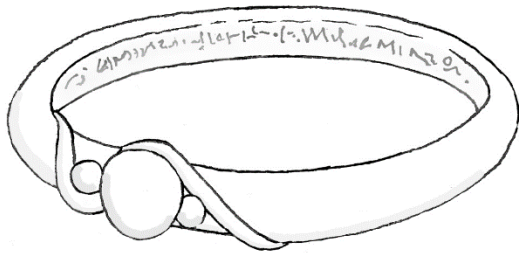
	spears and similar; not giant hurled rocks or large ballista style projectiles)
56-60	Invisibility to Undead
61-65	Invisibility to Animals (anything with Animal Intelligence or lower)
66-70	Protection from Evil or Good
71-75	Immunity to non-magical Poisons
76-80	Skin of Stone – half damage from edged or pointed weapons
81-83	Skin of the Angels/Demons – persons attacking the wearer needs a +1 or better magical weapon to hit them
84-90	Wisdom of the Gods – Immunity to Fear, Hold and Illusion type spells
91-00	Role Twice; ignoring this result hereafter

The oldest masks seem to originate from Kawiylant but later styles have been observed originating in other cultures. If worn by someone who is not a worshipper of the dedicated deity they will simply have no effect. While their XP value of 1000xp is available to anyone (1400 for the two enchantment type), only those able to use the masks are likely to stump up the 5000gp they are possibly worth (8000gp for the two-enchantment kind).

Beast Horns – These charms are made from the horn, antler or other hard part of an animal favoured by the patron deity of the original enchanter (which would usually be a Cleric or Druid, possibly a Diabolist). When carried by a Cleric, Druid, Witch Doctor or Shaman of that deity these objects confer that individual with an Aura of Invulnerability. This means



that they get a +2 bonus to armour class and saving throws and are hit only by +1 magical weapons or better (as per certain enchanted monsters like Gargoyles, etc.). The charms are essentially useless to anyone who isn't a holy-person of that deity but they are still worth 800xp if identified. If a suitable customer could be found they would be worth 5,000gp, although any customer would be VERY suspicious of how the seller came by the object.



Blood Ring – These silver rings will have a red stone of some type set in them. Despite their appearance they are not made of silver but Titanium (sometimes called, wrongly, Mithril). They radiate magic and Chaos and once put on cannot be removed save with a *Remove Curse* spell (against a 20th level caster), or by removing the finger, or by the death of the owner. When worn they confer the wearer with an additional 25hp or 25% of their hit points, whichever is greater. These “Virtual” hit points are always lost first and regenerate themselves at the rate of 1hp per 4 hours regardless of rest or healing. They cannot be restored by healing or curing magic. Only when they are used up will real damage be suffered by the wearer. Which is all very nice but in order for the ring to continue to work the wearer must kill 1 sentient creature (Intelligence of 3 or more – the GM can decide if “clever” animals like dogs and dolphins are allowed) every day (noon to noon period). Even being one hour over 24 between killings will result in the loss of 1 hit point off the wearer’s normal maximum hit points per hour, permanently. This will happen regardless of the situation of the wearer, for instance even if they are unconscious or imprisoned in some way, until the sacrifice is made or the wearer dies. Dead creatures cannot be saved up or banked against future needs, so killing eight enemies in combat will not solve the ring’s needs for eight days, only for that 24 hours noon to noon period. Of course a wearer can keep prisoners or slaves for such a purpose should their alignment and

comrades allow it. Despite the perils these items are still in demand and the finder will benefit to the tune of 2,000xp and they can be sold for up to 20,000gp. The origins of these frightening items are unknown but theories abound as regards demons, devils, ancient mages and the Great Old Ones. It is not known how many exist but some scholars believe there are thirteen of them. Strongly Lawful characters and organisations would probably seek to destroy them.

Boats of Navigation – these vessels resemble the Dhows of eastern Africa, with a raised, pointed bow, square stern and single mast with settee sail. In theory they could be any size but are usually 12 to 20 feet long. Designed as simple trading vessels they can be sailed by a single person but usually have a crew of two or three. The non-magical versions of these boats are common on the Seas of Daybreak and eastwards of there on the Upper World, utilised by humans, dwarves, orcs, goblins and similar of the area. The magical variety we are describing here have keels made from enchanted wood of one form or another and provide their owner with great magical support for their journeys. The Boats of Navigation were first made by the great wizards who occupied the lands now called the Dergrim Empire but the art was not lost and some are still being made. These boats will never capsize due to mishandling or rough seas, although they can be upset for maintenance or by a strong monster. They sail to where the sailor wishes and decrease any chance of getting lost by 50%. They will always find favourable winds and journey times will always be reduced by 1d6 x10%. Their carrying capacity is also astonishing and they can carry cargoes 50% greater than might be expected with no loss of performance. Many legends of heroic sailors include a lot of detail about their magical vessels and so most Boats of Navigation will be well known. About the seas they are used in; their voyages and adventures will be a part of local folklore. To find one or rest it from a hostile force could render the adventurer 5,000xp, but taking the ship by piracy from a famous owner would be bad news that would travel fast. Assuming someone could find a customer, any price might be demanded for one. It is more likely, however, that such vessels would change hands for things more important than mere gold.

Books of Levels – similar but less powerful than the more famous books that allow the reader to go up a level in their class no matter what. These books will allow the reader (who must first be able to read the language of the book, usually Arcana) to go up a level after a month of study, but only on a certain level. So, for instance, a particular book might contain information pertaining to a Magic-User moving from 5th to 6th level. The information contained therein is useless to someone over that level and incoherent to those below that level. When study is completed the reader must make a Wisdom saving throw. If they pass then they gain enough experience to be halfway up the next level above the one they were previously on. If this roll is failed then the learner still gains the level but only just – their new experience total is exactly that required for the next level. These incredible tomes do not vanish once used and are often sought after and kept by training establishments. Any such tome will be worth their gained levelx5,000gp or can be hired out by the owner for half or less of this amounts. Any establishment that happens to have such a book (the Great Library of Dunromin has several but keep them is a secret location) would of course NEVER let it out of their own buildings. Some would be happy to let a paying customer study it within their own halls for the fees mentioned above. 2000xp regardless of level.

Book of Secrets – These massive, ancient books are usually bound in old, dried leather. They are anything from 2feet by 3 feet to 4 feet by six feet in size, containing never less than a thousand pages. This makes them very difficult to transport and use outside a library. By spending a month studying these curious manuscripts great secrets can be revealed about the World around the reader. The words in the books are in a normal, common language but are endless nonsensical rhymes and poetry, rarely even coherent. However, after a month of studying the reader can make a roll against their Wisdom on a 1d20. If they fail nothing happens but they may start studying again. If they pass then they will suddenly realise what one small part of the many thousands of sentences means. This will reveal something about the world around them that they wouldn't otherwise know but is still relevant to them in some way. This might be the location of a secret treasure trove, magic

item or lost person. It might be a secret vital to some powerful NPC or other such start of a quest. The secret revealed will always be of some use to the reader although that use may not be initially obvious. These are very rare tomes and are worth 2000xp and anything up to 40,000gp. There used to be one in the Great Library of Dunromin but it was stolen, the librarians claim, 23 years ago. Since the safeguards in the library against such thefts are considerable many believe the tome is still hidden somewhere in the city, probably still in the library itself. It is not known who wrote the books nor how many such books exist, but it is thought at least two are in Rimland and legends suggests there is one in the Old Palace in the city of Greywall. Another legend suggests one is in the hands of a powerful entity living beneath Gorgola.

Bottles (or flasks) of Keeping – These vessels are usually made of glass with silver stoppers of the Quillfeldt style, but may be made of pot with some other air-tight seal. The capacity is usually two pints (about a litre) and the diameter of the neck will be two inches. Some are larger but these are VERY rare. Whatever is placed inside (assuming it will fit) will be then held in perfect stasis until such time as the bottle is opened again. The content may be living or dead, magical or mundane, sentient or otherwise. Some mages have even boasted of trapping *polymorphed* supernatural beings of great power in such vessels. In such cases, when (if) the beings are finally released they seem to have no memory of the time they were captured. It is probable that such prisoners will be less than happy about the situation if/when they find out how long they have been trapped. What limits there are on this entrapment is poorly understood. The vessels are very tough and get a +5 (or 25%) bonus on any check against them getting damaged. There are many in circulation as there was once quite an industry around their production in Rimland for some reason. Despite their number they are still highly sought after (500xp, 5000gp or more). Some speculate that they could be used for storing a freshly harvested Themebd Lobe in. These are the strongly magical gland from the base of the skulls of the terrifying Deep Race. One Flask could hold up to six such objects.

Bottles of Supply – The most famous of these bottles is the Decanter of Endless Water, which

is a glass object capable of supplying water at a substantial rate. The other objects in this family are less powerful but more diverse. Each bottle provides a large supply of a particular substance. Unlike the Decanter, the substances are provided at the same pressure as exists in their surroundings. This means

that the supply will stop once the mouth of the Bottle is covered by the substance they are supplying. Water is easy to supply in great quantities, the other substances offered are not, so the rate of supply is limited by the type of substance required. The most common varieties are listed on the table.

Substance	Vessel	Maximum Supply Rate	XP/GP
Sand	Clay beaker	5lbs (about 2kg) per round	500/2,000
Oil	Small glass bottle	¼ pint per round up to 10 pints per day	500/10,000
Molten rock	Iron cauldron or crucible 18 inches in diameter	22lbs (10kg) per round, up to 2 tons per day	500/2,000
Air	Flask	Up to 22pints per round (10 litres)	500, 1,000

Charm of Sustenance – These are stylised pendants representing some tool for food manufacture (fish-hook, plough or similar). When worn the wearer will find their food needs are met magically all the time. Further, any hunting or fishing activity will automatically succeed and supply sufficient food for up to eight other human-type persons. Water is not supplied. 500xp, 5000gp.

Charm of the Trees – This magic item must be manufactured by a high level Druid or possibly by a powerful Dryad. It is made from the wood of a specific tree and works for as long as that tree lives. The tree might be any species and could even be planted in a pot. The charm, usually a pendent, is worn by the owner and allows the wearer an awareness of the location of the tree. The wearer will be aware of the movement and nature of any creature of more than 0.5lbs mass within 60 feet of the tree, regardless of where the wearer is in relation to the tree. The information will be supplied instantly and will convey the size, actions and smell of the



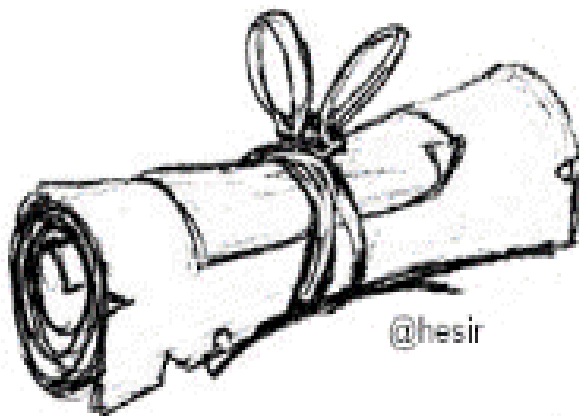
intruder. Thus a Druid might keep an eye on their Grove no matter how far they travel from it. Discovering and identifying such an item confers 1000xp but selling it will require the charm and the tree to be of use to the buyer. It could be worth up to 10,000gp but it is unlikely a suitable customer could be found easily if the tree is in a fixed location.

Cloth of Preservation – This rather simple item will be some kind of corpse wrapping, such as a shroud, bandages or suchlike. Any dead organism placed within the Cloth will be preserved as they are at that moment for as long as is necessary. Thus such a device could be used to convey a dead comrade to a place for resurrection, or a dead patron could be preserved until such time as the resources to *Raise* them become available, or a dead animal can be kept fresh until such time as it needed for food. The time spent in the Cloth is then not included in

the consideration of the time limits imposed by *Raise Dead* and similar spells. Such Cloths are worth 500xp and up to 5000gp. Some Cloths can also be worn as cloaks or cowls to prevent a disease getting worse. However, many

deities of Death regard these cloths as unholy. In such cases their servants will seek to destroy the Cloths and probably those who use them as well. Furthermore, with *some* of these items, if a body spends more than a week in the Cloth there is a 10% cumulative chance per week thereafter that when the character is *Raised* or *Resurrected* a Vampire, Mummy or similar powerful undead will come into being within the vicinity shortly after the process is complete. The Undead creature will be created as well as the person being renewed but with a resemblance to the person being renewed. Yet another style of the Cloth will only preserve the body for 9 years and then the individual with animate as an appropriate, powerful undead automatically.

Cunning Scripts – these are parchment scrolls bearing normal, non-magical spells (as if a page from a spell book) but with additional details, techniques or semantic components. They cannot be used to cast the spell directly like a normal spell scroll. They are mostly written in Arcana but may be in Old Elvish. When used to revise by the appropriate class of caster (Magic-User or Illusionist) a saving throw versus Intelligence must be made. If passed then the reader may then use that spell (from the Cunning Script or copied into their own Spell Book using a *Write* spell) without needing a Material Component. Although a small benefit, this can be hugely useful in terms of spells that need complicated components or consume the components when cast. The Scripts are not erased when used as per magic scrolls and so can be copied and then sold, although copies of the spell cannot be used by any other than the one who cast the *Write* spell to allow the copying. Not all spells can be converted in this way and, as a guide, if the material component costs more



than about 100gp then a material component-less version of the spell cannot be written. Cunning Scripts are worth about 200gp and 50xp per level of the spell. Only one spell per Script.

Ear-ring of Hearing – This diamond stud style ear-ring must be worn as a standard ear-ring in a piercing. When worn it increases the Hear Noise and/or Listening chance of the wearer by 30% and means they are only Surprised on a rolled 1 on the relevant surprise dice. They can also restore normal racial hearing to a deafened ear. 800xp and 4,000gp. The wearer is *not* more vulnerable to loud sounds and sound-based attacks.

Ghost Blade – These Scimitars seem like normal +2 weapons except their blade has a strange sheen and seems almost translucent in bright light. Their special ability is that they exist partially on the Astral Plane and as such are less encumbered by strong substances on the Prime Material Plane, specifically metals. The practical upshot of this is that normal metal armour does not protect the wearer against them and magical metal armour only benefits the wearer by their magical power plus one. Thus an opponent wearing normal plate mail might as well be wearing normal clothes. If the plate-mail was a suit of +2 armour then the wearer would only benefit from being three points better than normal clothes. This effect works on all metal armour but not leather or wood. 1,500xp, 9,000gp. It may be that this enchantment can be applied to other weapons but these items are of extreme antiquity and no one at the Dunromin Guild of Magic is aware of the process required to enchant them.

Hammer of Craft – Appearing as a normal ball-peen hammer but often bearing arcane symbols on the head or handle, these devices are much sought after by master craftsmen. When used in any manufacturing task working with wood or metal the result will always be of the highest possible quality (25% better in any measurable way, including value) and better than that crafter could manage without the hammer. Items manufactured with a Hammer of Craft would be suitable for enchantment as magical items. While hammers are the most well-known form, it is likely there are many more

similarly enchanted tools around the world. 1,000xp, 4,000gp.

Helm of Nesbit – this unique Gnomish mining helmet of superior craftsmanship is a metal basin of steel with a leather neck-guard stretching down to the shoulders. To activate the wearer, who **MUST** be a Gnome, must be still and concentrate on the concept of a precious metal (Copper, Gold, Silver or Platinum only) for a number of rounds equal to twenty minus their Wisdom score. When this is done the wearer will be able to detect any and all concentrations (5 pounds in weight or more) of that precious metal within 100 feet in any direction. This means the wearer will know the distance and direction and have a vague inclination of the amount of any significant deposits or treasure piles in the area. The power can be used up to three times per day. The detective properties are not blocked by any material such as rock, water, metal or glass, but may be blocked by magical fields. The detected metals must be stationary for the whole duration of the concentration and the information gained is only accurate for that few rounds – the wearer cannot track a target after they have detected it. This was a great boon made by an ancient Gnome miner called Nesbit Frittlewinter and has been handed down through his bloodline ever since. In recent times his bloodline became besmirched by a great deal of controversy and are no longer welcome in the Gnome homelands. The object is worth 1000xp to anyone and 10,000gp, but only to a Gnome.

Oni Heads – these brilliantly carved busts of beautiful people are thought to have originated in the land of Asstract. There are known to be many examples of each type, there being four common types; Coal, Brass, Ebony and Ivory. There may be others but they are not recorded in the Great Library of Dunromin. The heads appear as inanimate art objects unless a certain command word is spoken or incantation is enacted before them. The details of these ceremonies might be discovered by magical means or appropriate research. When complete the Oni Head will then animate and perform their function as follows:

Coal Oni (10,000gp, 2,000xp) function identically to a Prayer spell cast by a 20th level caster. Questions may be asked of the Oni,

which will answer them truthfully as per the restrictions of the spell. The duration is as per the spell or 3 hours, whichever is shorter. Once used that Oni Head may not be used again for one complete moon cycle (a Dunromin month or 3 weeks).

Ebony Oni (8,000gp, 1,000xp) can teach the person performing the appropriate ritual a skill. The process takes 3 weeks of daily discussion, instruction and practice and results in the tutee learning a Life Skill (or non-weapon proficiency if you prefer) *without* using up a “slot”. A particular Oni will only be able to teach one skill.

Ivory Oni seem to have one of two functions. They can either teach a language (like Ebony Oni teach skills, 5,000gp, 1,000xp) or they can tell of a location of significance to the user (also 5000gp and 1,000xp). In the Language function an Oni Head will teach one Language in 2 weeks of daily study without using up a language or Life skill (non-weapon proficiency) slot. A specific Oni Head will only know one Language. The location Oni Heads are very strange and somehow know what is important to the user. For instance, most adventurers are keen to find treasure so the Oni Head may tell them the location of a specific treasure they seek or the nearest available large body of loot. If the user has a more specific quest in mind then the Oni Head may give some very precise instructions as regards the next step required by the adventurer. Regardless of their nature the Ivory Oni only work once per person but the information/language given are never forgotten.

Brass Oni (10,000gp, 2,000xp) are always styled in the fashion of a warrior or some such with a fierce countenance. Each is associated with a specific weapon and will confer upon the user a weapon proficiency in that weapon, without consuming a slot, in three weeks of daily instruction and practice. If the user is already proficient with the weapon involved then they will gain a specialist, or even double specialism, in that weapon – whether or not they are a Fighter. A specific Oni Head will only know one weapon and any individual may only use that Oni Head once. If a fighter uses the Oni Head to gain a new proficiency then they may use their own entitlement thereafter to specialise in that weapon.

Lamellar Armour of the Chosen – this armour resembles a chest-sized flexible mat of wood or bone fastened at the centre and ends with tough twine. Worn on the chest this armour functions in a similar way to more complete suits of magical armour and acts as magical Elven Chainmail as regards protective capability and usefulness to thieves. Since they are not made of metal they can also be used by Druids. They cannot be used with other types of armour or Bracers or Armbands of Defence

but can stack with Rings and other devices of Protection as well as Shields. In addition the armour functions as a permanent *Protection from Normal Missiles* spell upon the wearer. Legends suggest that if the armour is anointed with the blood of the wearer before battle (at least 1 hit point's worth) then the armour also confers +4 on saving throws against Breath Weapons and/or spells. Their type is as per the following table:

Roll d%	Behaves as Elven Chain at	Special	XP	GP
01-20	+1	Protection from Normal Missiles	600	5500
21-50	+2	Protection from Normal Missiles	1100	11000
51-80	+3	Protection from Normal Missiles	1650	16500
81-90	+4	Protection from Normal Missiles	2200	22000
91-95	+3	Protection from Normal Missiles, +4 vs. Breath Weapons after a sacrifice*	1800	21000
96-99	+3	Protection from Normal Missiles, +4 vs. Spells after a sacrifice*	1800	21000
00	+3	Protection from Normal Missiles, +4 vs. Breath Weapon <i>and</i> spells after a sacrifice*	2250	25000

* - The Sacrifice involves the wearer cutting themselves and bleeding on the armour for up to 4hp of damage to themselves. The special power is then bestowed on the wearing for a number of days equal to the damage done. This power can only be used once per month/Lunar Cycle (3 weeks).

Monocle of Reading – This eye-glass allows the wearing to understand any non-magical script, pictograms or other “written” symbology, no matter the language or age of the writing. This includes Arcana and other non-magical methods of recording magical procedures. The Monocle also allows the wearer to discern the general nature of magical writing without triggering the effect of the magical writing (if there is one). For instance, the symbols over a doorway might be identified as a *Curse*, a parchment identified as a spell or a Protection, and so on. 500xp, 4,000gp.

Mouldy's Sack – When the common folk of Dunromin lose something small, misplacing a coin or some such, they are often heard to mutter “Damn, that’s lost to Old Mouldy’s Sack and no mistake”. The Old Mouldy in question is an affectionate if slightly treasonous name for King Murder III who was famous for his passion for so called “Blue” Cheese, that is cheese festooned with mould. Legend has it that this king came upon a Ring of Wishing somehow and with one of the wishes he used

he asked for a bag into which would happen every coin that anyone in the world lost without at first realising it. This he adjudged to be a small price, unnoticed by most, which would serve to fill his coffers endlessly. This item was duly delivered and, as designed, rapidly filled with the endless small and tiny change people were losing all over the world. Of course this arrived in such small denominations that it was hardly worth the bother of counting it, but arrive it did, in vast quantities over time. Exactly what happened to the Sack then is a matter of some debate. Some tales suggest it was hung, upside down, over a deep pit into the Darkworld, its contents falling on a magic sieve that sorted gold, silver and platinum from the deluge. Others say the sack was cast into the river in the King’s frustration at its small worth. Yet another tale suggests the sack was sold to a Dwarven Prince from the north, or perhaps the Gnome King of Constantan, or even stolen. Whatever the truth of it, if the bag still exists the current king professes no knowledge of it. It should be added that time has muddied the legend and some versions claim the sack was a silken bag,

velvet lined, some that it was a simple hessian sack that happened to be to hand when the Wish was uttered. Other stories suggest the object was not a bag at all but a vase, or perhaps a large jug. No one can really say for sure without some serious research. The value of such an item would be the subject of great debate but an adventurer finding it would probably benefit from about 2500xp.

Refuse Hole – Resembling a heavy canvas draw-string bag coloured brown or grey, these minor magic items are manufactured by Dr Wappo and sold in Dunromin. They are essentially a rather rough and ready one-way teleportation device. Their purpose is a general rubbish disposal system but this does make them potentially useful for other things. The capacity is only a cubic foot with an opening six inches diameter. When the drawstring is pulled there is a five minute pause and then anything placed in the bag is teleported “Away”. Magical items and living things get a saving throw versus spells. The five minute pause is advertised to be a safety feature to prevent losing things permanently or in case something living, like a pet, gets in the bag by mistake. But in reality, the time delay is to allow the weak magical field about the bag to charge up. The “Away” that the contents are teleported to is actually a specifically chosen location somewhere on the surface of Barnaynia. Having it on the same plane as the Bag allows the magic to be weaker and therefore easier to make – the Refuse Hole will only work on the Prime Material Plane. The location of the output is at a height of about twenty feet off the ground against a slope into a deep and fast flowing river in the western Dog Wastes. Anything passing through the Hole takes 1d12 points of damage due to the rather primitive nature of the Teleport spell used, plus the falling damage. Assuming the items disposed of survive the trip they might be recovered, although Dr Wappo *claims* the disposed of items are gone for good. There are over a hundred such Holes in existence and as a result there is quite a pile of material under the exit space, supporting a tribe of Gnolls who make use of what comes through. The Bags are sold for 8000gp but second hand ones can be bought and sold for as little as 5000gp. Buying or selling such bags does not gain anyone experience but finding one adventuring would be worth about 500xp.

Rembrandt’s Puzzle Box – this is not really a magic item as such but rather it is a kind of trap. Rembrandt the Rogue (q.v.) developed them as a device he could use to assassinate certain individuals with minimal chance of anyone linking the attacks back to himself. The boxes resemble cheap jewellery boxes based on hexagonal or octagonal prisms with drawers in the side of each face, either one or two levels tall. While pleasantly decorated they are made of a light wood and a skilled cabinet maker will immediately realise the material is far too weak to be used for such an application – this is because they are designed to burn away and leave no trace of themselves. Each drawer is less than an inch cubed so ideal for rings, neck-chains, ear-rings and the like. Often the drawers will have small, innocuous items in them so that the box rattles enticingly when shaken. All the drawers are linked to a catch on the top secured by a wooden locking mechanism. This is opened by a shaped key-like peg which is also fastened to the top of the box. Note that this mechanism is a safety device rather than a security feature. When the key-peg is turned in the locking mechanism all the drawers (all six, eight, twelve or sixteen of them) spring open at once. Each drawer has a *Firetrap* spell cast on it so the result is an explosion doing 1d4+10 points of fire damage *per drawer* to anything within five feet of the box. It is usual that this will set fire to anything in that area and the resulting conflagration will destroy the Puzzle Box as well, leaving behind no trace of the nature of the attack. The box radiates magic but this is the spells cast upon it rather than the box itself. Rembrandt plans to get them into the hands of his targets by an innocuous route so that the targets have no suspicion of the objects when they get them, and open them straight away – possibly after a quick check for traps that would reveal nothing save that the drawers all open at once.

Ring of Great Resilience – This magical ring will be made of Rose Gold and often be decorated with some emblem of strength such as a fist, bull’s head or some such. When worn it confers on the wearer all the benefits that a Fighter would realise if they were to have a Constitution score of 20. This includes +6 hit points per level, which are used exactly as normal hit points while the ring is worn. If the ring is removed then the wearer will drop to their normal hit points or their current hit

points, whichever is lower, unless they are also on Ohp or lower, in which case they will die immediately. The wearer also benefits from an immunity to non-magical poisons and venoms, including non-fatal ones, and a +2 save against magical ones. 5000xp, 15000gp.

Ring of Missile Protection – This magical ring is similar to a normal Ring of Protection but only protects against normal missile weapons, conferring immunity to such attacks as per the spell *Protection from Normal Missiles*. 1,000xp, 5,000gp.

Ring of Stasis – These unusual items are very much an emergency device for use after the event. When worn by anyone suffering from a degenerative effect for any reason the effect is suspended for as long as they wear this ring. The wearer is entered into a magical stasis resembling a deep sleep from which they cannot be awoken. They are unconscious of their surroundings and do not age or starve while they wear the ring, although they will suffer damage if they are attacked or in the area of effect of something damaging. Most common uses of the ring are to prevent someone from bleeding to death or suspend a wasting disease, poison or curse until medical or magical aid can be sought. 600xp, 6,000gp. If someone tries on the ring when they are well then they will be immediately affected by a *Hold Person* spell with a duration until the ring is removed. They are allowed a save. One novel use of such a ring was when it was placed on the finger of a person immediately after being turned to stone by a Medusa. The person was dead but not stone, making them a lot easier to transport than a statue. This enabled the party to get them to someone who could cast *Stone to Flesh* spell and save the wearer's life.

Sandals of Great Walking – created by the great mage Anterract of the Eastern Deserts

who had a fear of flying and was cursed with many animal allergies, making long distance travel very difficult for him. The legend suggests he made enough pairs for him and all his court although no one knows how big his court was. The sandals are comfortable, well-fitting footwear that are designed to enhance the ability of the individual to cover great distances in a short time. The wearer feels they are walking normally but, when they stop, they discover they have covered significantly more distance than they should have done. Anyone observing them will see them walking normally

past them but, as soon as they are out of sight, their position will immediately match where the Sandals should have got them to (so they might go over a dune or around a corner and seem to vanish, only to be spotted in the far, far distance). The speed adjustment depends on the nature of the terrain and the wearer's normal movement rate. In deserts and arctic tundra or ice, the wearer will walk at 500 times faster than their base movement rate. In forests, woodland, mountains and broken land the multiplier is 100 times. In all other terrain, including roads, the multiplier is 300 times. This only works on base movement rates and running achieves no greater distance covered. 1,000xp, 5,000gp.

Scabbards of Protection – these function and are available exactly as Rings of Protection except that they are weapon scabbards. Roll for their power as per Rings, with the same XP and GP rewards. They do not count against the total of rings an individual may wear but only one scabbard may be worn by one person. They may be sword, dagger or knife scabbards. Other such protective objects are also known of; helmets for instance.

Skewer of Deep Rending – These are purely the weapon of an assassin as they are of little use in a melee but can be concealed in the lining



of garments or as hat-pins and the like. They are a slim needle about eight inches long with one sharp end and a slightly thickened or flattened end for holding. Due to their light construction they are no use in a normal melee combat and can only be used in a surprise attack such as back-stab, assassination or against an unsuspecting or sleeping foe in close personal proximity. They can be concealed such that they might only be detected by a deliberate search for weapons on the owner's body. Even if then found the searcher must roll under their Intelligence x3 on 1d% to actually realise the item is a potential weapon – this is a magical effect and does not mean a normal searching person would mistake a skewer for a harmless fashion accessory. When used appropriately they damage as a magical dagger that is +2 to hit and +4 to damage. If Poison is applied to the blade this is also concealed by the magical aura of the weapon but the wielder must be as careful of the poison as they would with a normal poisoned blade. 600xp 8,000gp but the market for such a device would be very limited.

(Animal) Skins of Power – These resemble normal animal skins of the appropriate type but with a slight magical sheen of silver or gold, as appropriate to the normal colour of the skin. They are worn over the shoulders with the head of the creature forming a hood and the claws fastening to the hands. When worn they provide the wearer with the following abilities as per the animal they are from. All the Skins confer the wearer with improved senses of smell and hearing,



reducing their chances of being surprised by half and allowing them tracking and scenting abilities as per the average dog. The wearer's Hear Noise capability increases by 30% and they can hear limited forms of Ultrasound as well. The wearer remains in their normal form and does not transform into the animal. All Skins are 600xp and 5,000gp.

Bear – The wearer receives the benefit of Strength of 18:50 and two claw attacks for 1d8+strength bonus points damage per round.

Leopard – Gains a Climb skill of +40% and Move Silently +30%.

Lion – Gains a claw attack of 1d6+3 per claw, 2 claws per round as well as a Move Silently skill at +30%.

Tiger – exactly as lion but with a different appearance.

Wolf – Endurance and speed; the wearer can run at twice their current speed and their normal endurance is tripled. The wearer also gains two claw attacks for 1d4+1 damage each.

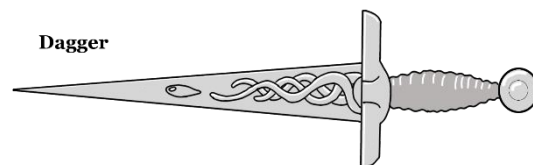
The Spear of Halibert – a legendary weapon, sacred to Celtic Lore. It was recovered by Dyke of Nervalum a couple of hundred years ago but he was betrayed by others in the temple. His last action before dying was to cast it into a pond in the south-east Low Moors. For more information on this see the “Legends” section above. The Spear was said to be a relic of the Wars Before Time and its precise capabilities are a matter of conjecture. It is known to have powers of Wyrmbane and Giantbane as well as rendering its wielder protected from magical attacks.

(Short) Spear of the Warrior – resembling the Zulu Iklawa (shorter than the Assegai), this is a long, broad metal spear-head mounted on a short, 2-foot shaft. While it cannot be thrown it functions as a +2 short spear for melee combat with the additional power that it affords the wielder one extra attack every round on top of what they are currently entitled to, even if under temporary magical effects like *Haste* spells and such. This extra attack always comes at the end of the round before the next round’s initiative is rolled. There are many of these weapons known to exist but their origin is unknown. Some claim they are relics of the Great Old Ones, known as the Rakuli in the Common Tongue, but even those sceptical of this do admit they are items of great antiquity. 1,500xp, 8,000gp.

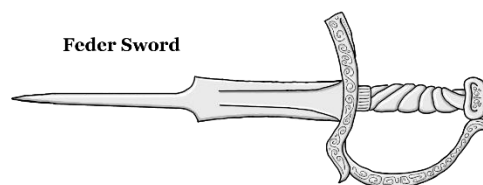
Straw Hat of the Medressar – The Medressar were an ancient cult of nature wizards and these simple but incredibly tough hats helped them survive in very harsh environments. The wearer will need neither food nor drink whilst wearing the hat for more than 12 hours per day, regardless of the climate or habitat. Similarly, while wearing the hat the wearer will not be affected by extremes of heat up to 70°C and cold down to -60°C. The Hats get +5 on all saving throws against being damaged. The hat does NOT work if worn with any other headdress, under or over, including, but not limited to, helmets, caps, balaclavas, hair nets,

hair bands or any kind of religious headdress. 500xp, 5,000gp.

Vouge of the Wind – This item is a highly decorated large-bladed pole-arm with a red or black shaft. Legend has it that about a hundred of these devices were manufactured in the city of Greywall several hundred years ago. It is thought many are still in the city, lost somewhere in the old palace or in use by the inhabitants, but at least half of them have been stolen, lost or sold on and may turn up anywhere in the world. The blade is unusually thin and flexible but also very tough. The weapon functions as a normal +2 type weapon but acts as a +4 weapon against anything with wings. In addition, if the wielder is a flying creature or riding a flying creature the speed and manoeuvrability of the wielder or the mount is increased by 50%. 700xp, 3750gp.



Weapons of Subtle Attack – this enchantment can be added to almost any kind of small, edged weapon but is most common in knives, daggers, short swords and other fast weapons with blades less than 18 inches long. It is most commonly put on a device that is already magical, for instance making a +2 Dagger Of Subtle attack. The enchantment improves the initiative roll made when using it by three places, even if this takes them into impossible levels. It represents the magical ability of the weapon to help its wielder to find openings and vulnerabilities in an opponent’s defences. This enchantment **adds** 300xp and 1,000gp to the normal values for that weapon. For example a +1 Short Sword of Subtle Attack would behave exactly as a normal +1 Short Sword but give the wielder a 3 point bonus on all initiative rolls. Note that the Subtle Attack enchantment does NOT affect the wielders chance of being surprised.



New Monsters



Blood Shadows

Frequency: Rare

No. Encountered: 1d12

Size: Small 3 to 4 feet tall

Move: 120 feet (60 feet climbing or swimming)

Armour class: 6

Hit Dice: 2+2

Attacks: 2 or 1

Damage per attack: claws for 1d4+1 each and/or bite for 1d6 + special (see below)

Special Attacks: HP Drain

Special Defences: Hit only by magical and silvered weapons

Magic Resistance: Standard

Lair Probability: nil

Intelligence: Animal

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Level/XP value:

Treasure: Nil

Blood Shadows are a form of undead that are thought to be formed from the dead victims of half-power Vampires. They are unusual in that while occupying spaces underground like

most undead they seem to have an affinity with tropical and subtropical forests and jungles above ground as well. They are unknown in arctic, subarctic and most temperate climates.

They resemble Shadows but are more powerful and have a deadly attack form similar to Vampires. Rather than draining levels, however, they drain hit points permanently. The bite of a Blood Shadow will cause 1d6 points of normal combat damage but will also permanently remove one hit point off that victim's maximum hit points. Given their immunity to normal weapons this makes them very dangerous indeed.

In order to deliver a bite the Blood Shadow must first hit with both claws or fall on the victim while it is surprised. If both claws hit a victim in the same round in normal combat then the Blood Shadow may attempt a bite the next round benefitting from +2 to hit. If the victim is asleep, incapacitated or Surprised in melee range then the Blood Shadow may attack immediately with a bite and two claws.

Any permanently lost hit points can be regained by a *Restoration Spell*, *Limited Wish* or *Wish* spell, with all lost hit points being restored immediately by one of these enchantments. Blood Shadows can be turned as Wights.

Blood Shadows can climb and swim at half their normal movement. Due to their Shadowy nature, they can Hide as a Thief with a 50% chance of success. Physically they resemble small, skinny humanoids with matt black skins, black claws and teeth with dead, shark-like eyes.

Given the nature of their main attack, Blood Shadows are treated with great caution by adventurers and commoners alike. Their easily recognised rasping bite-marks on livestock in hot climates always result in a call to the local holy men or the like. They are known by many names around the world.

Fey-Wisps

Frequency: Uncommon

No. Encountered: 2d100

Size: Small (less than 6 inches)

Move: 240 feet flying

Armour class: 2

Hit Dice: ½

Attacks: nil
Damage per attack: nil
Special Attacks: Energy Jolt, see below
Special Defences: None
Magic Resistance: 50%
Lair Probability: nil
Intelligence: non
Alignment: Neutral
Level/XP value:
Treasure: Nil

Fey-Wisps are animated manifestations of the power of the Positive Material Plane and are the opposite of the Shadowkin (q.v.). They randomly form in places where the separation between the realities of the Prime Material Plane and the Positive Material Plane are thinnest and the magic can bleed across. Such places include, but are not limited to, thunderstorms, volcanic eruptions, the Sun, the Moon, the Outer Shell, the tops of mountains and volcanic pools and geysers.

They have no will or apparent purpose other than attacking and destroying undead creatures, which they do by destroying themselves and discharging an energy bolt (see below). Some scholars have suggested this is the only reason powerful undead creatures like Vampires have not taken over the world already.

The Fey-Wisp appears as a flurry of white crystalline fabric, not unlike a fluttering white rag covered in frost. They have no recognisable features or limbs and are invisible when motionless. When moving they might be spotted out of the corner of the eye or observed within some disguising phenomena like lightning, fire, a snow-storm or similar. Despite appearing in large numbers they are seldom actually noticed unless they are specifically looked for or someone has the necessary sensitivity to their presence, such as *True-Sight* or permanent detection of magic.

In truth they are relatively harmless but their existence changes the balance of power in nature and those persons with a feel for magical fields, like Magic-Users and similar, will find their presence unsettling. If they are not moving about then a Magic-User or subclass has a percentage chance equal to their level of noticing the presence of the Fey-Wisps, plus 1% for every ten Fey-Wisps present.

While are pretty harmless and irrelevant to living creatures most of the time, if attacked they can retaliate by causing themselves to self-destruct. They will only do this as a last resort if they can't escape or hide. When a Fey-Wisp destroys itself in this way they explode with a little flash of positive energy, causing 1hp damage to all within two feet, or 1d10 points of damage to undead creatures if within two foot (class as melee range).

When Fey-Wisps encounter Shadowkin (q.v.) the two organisms will seek to collide with each other causing mutual annihilation without the explosion normally associated with their self-destruct. Rather the two entities will simply snap out of existence, perhaps with a small squeak.

Legends speak of great wizards somehow trapping Fey-Wisps and using their power in some way. Different stories suggest the creation of higher creatures, like Will-o-Wisps, from concentrating many Fey-Wisps together, or using them to animate different styles of Golem. It is thought that they can also be used to enhance the powers of certain magic items and witches can use them in potions and charms, it is said.

Shadowkin

Frequency: Uncommon
No. Encountered: 2d100
Size: Small (less than 6 inches)
Move: 240 feet flying
Armour class: 2
Hit Dice: ½
Attacks: nil
Damage per attack: nil
Special Attacks: Energy Drain
Special Defences: None
Magic Resistance: 50%
Lair Probability: nil
Intelligence: non
Alignment: Neutral
Level/XP value:
Treasure: Nil

Shadowkin are animated manifestations of the power of the Negative Material Plane and are the opposite of the Fey-Wisps (q.v.). They randomly form in places where the separation between the realities of the Prime Material Plane and the Negative Material Plane are thinnest and the magic can bleed across. Such

places include, but are not limited to, graveyards, battlefields, dungeons, plague pits and anywhere where significant numbers of Undead might be found.

Like Fey-Wisps, Shadowkin have no will nor apparent purpose. They occupy secluded places that are associated with death for some reason or that are inhabited by Undead. Shadowkin hide in shadows and are invisible when still in anything but bright sunlight. When they move they flit quickly from shadow to shadow and are difficult to spot. Sentient creatures can notice them by rolling under the Wisdom scores on 1d20, but even if this fails anyone within 30 feet of a Shadowkin will feel uneasy and/or unsettled by their presence. Sleeping in the area of Shadowkin guarantees bad dreams.

Shadowkin feed off the energies released by fear and anger, a little like Will-o-Wisps but are relatively harmless and do nothing to actively lure creatures into peril. If attacked they can retaliate by causing themselves to self-destruct. They will only do this as a last resort if they can't escape or hide. When a Shadowkin destroys itself in this way they explode with a little flash of negative energy, causing 1hp damage to all within five feet.

When Shadowkin encounter Fey-Wisps the two organisms will seek to collide with each other causing mutual annihilation without the explosion normally associated with Shadowkin self-destruct. Rather the two entities will simply snap out of existence, possibly with a little spattering noise.

Like Fey-Wisps there are many stories of great Necromancers and others using the power of captured Shadowkin in spells and enchantments, especially in the manufacture of powerful undead. Unlike the stories about Fey-Wisps there are well documented examples of this actually happening and Witches are said to trade bottled Shadowkin.

Snipes (Ravening Stirgekin)

Frequency: Rare

No. Encountered: 1d8 x40

Size: Small (1' long)

Move: 60 feet or 180 feet flying

Armour class: 7

Hit Dice: 1d4hp

Attacks: 1

Damage per attack: 1d2, then 1d3 each round until dead

Special Attacks: none

Special Defences: none

Magic Resistance: Standard

Lair Probability: 80%

Intelligence: Animal

Alignment: N

Level/XP value: 1 / 8 + 1 per hp

Treasure: None

These diminutive creatures are related to the Stirge but are only found in very hot, humid climates – mainly rainforests. They are not known underground. Physically Snipes resemble small Stirge but with a circular tooth-lined mouth like a lamprey rather than a proboscis. They fly rapidly on fast-moving wings or can crawl or climb using their clawed feet. They are coloured light to dark green, rendering them difficult to see from a distance in rainforest environments when not moving.

They attack by swarming their target and attacking all at once – up to 20 can attack a human or elf-sized target, 15 on a Dwarf, 10 on a Halfling or Gnome. Each successful bite causes 1d2 points of damage and once latched on causes 1d3 points per round thereafter until victim or Snipe is dead.

Luckily they have a very odd life cycle and will remain active from birth for only a few weeks before mating and laying their eggs in the bark of certain jungle trees. The eggs only hatch during the hottest of hot summers, sometimes remaining dormant for years. In averagely warm Summers only some of the eggs will hatch. When they hatch they generate a super swarm that will feed for a few weeks before laying more eggs and dying. Any given super swarm might break into five or six swarms on hatching and their ability to eat everything flesh in their area makes them greatly feared among the jungle dwellers. The only safe way to hide is to immerse yourself in water.

The eggs are no use as food but can be used in Potions of Healing and other spell components.

Unbirds

Frequency: Very Rare

No. Encountered: Indeterminate (one swarm)

Size: Large

Move: 240 feet flying or swimming

flitting about in lonely places; mountain sides, cold moorland, deserts and the like. Often they are not seen at all, or if they are seen then they are dismissed as a shadows, distant birds or piece of rubbish blowing in the wind. If, however, the character has been *Reincarnated* or has any association with the undead or animated creatures then the Unbirds might start to show more interest. They will usually start to gather and bunch around their target(s), their numbers and intentions unclear. If they are attacked then they will retaliate but otherwise they mainly remain uncertain for a long time, just following their target around for several hours, even days.

If they do attack, for whatever reason, then they will strike as a whirling mass of teeth, seemingly dozens of creatures, biting and rending their target. They remain a random phenomenon throughout and the target will suffer 2d8 attacks per round, each as per a 6HD monster and doing 1d8 damage per bite. This variation in damage is very dangerous and will be maintained until the target is down to -20 hit points, at which point all organic matter associated with the victim's body will be gone. At this instant the Unbirds themselves will vanish as their necessary energy has been cancelled out.

Fighting the beasts is likewise confusing as any attack will cause the mass no apparent damage. Any weapon below +3 in magic or spells of 3rd level or lower will have no effect on the Unbirds. Mind-influencing spells, cold and lightning likewise has no effect and fire only does half damage, or a quarter if a saving throw is allowed and made. The amount of damage done to them does slowly accumulate despite appearances, until all their collective 20 hit dice of hit points are used up and they disperse, vanishing into thin air. Until this point is reached they appear to suffer no damage at all – in this way they behave as a kind of single entity but there are quite definitely many of them.

This all means that the Unbirds are very dangerous so it is a good thing that they are very rare. They will not be encountered in a lair as they will only ever be present hunting their victims. A Games Master can use them as a threat against characters that have been reincarnated or might have otherwise breached the “laws” of the Multiverse

regarding the divisions between the living and the dead. It must be noted that not every Reincarnated character has a bunch of Unbirds seeking them out but every such enchantment will create a swarm of Unbirds, somewhere in the World. Similarly, the destruction of the target will not destroy the Unbirds, which will then merely seek an alternative target, usually any random entity from the Negative Material Plane.

The Unbirds can be held at bay with certain types of magical circle and similar enchantments; one sage claimed to have held them at bay by using a Scroll of Protection from Undead but this is unconfirmed. Certainly, *Protection from Evil/Good* has no effect on them. Assuming they can be halted in some way then they can be spoken with, although bargaining will not achieve any reduction in their determination to consume their prey.

(The Unbirds were inspired by the book “The Ocean at the End of the Lane” by Neil Gaiman)

The Vaganga

Frequency: Very rare
No. Encountered: 1d20
or more

Size: Medium
Move: 120 feet
Armour class: 3

Hit Dice: 5
Attacks: 2

Damage per attack:
1d8/1d8

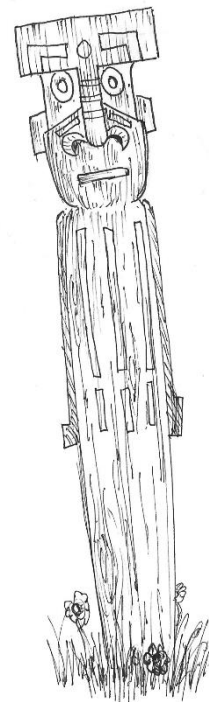
Special Attacks: None
Special Defences: Spell immunity; +1 or better weapons to hit

Magic Resistance:
Standard

Lair Probability: 100%
Intelligence: Non

Alignment: Neutral
Level/XP value: 5 /
300 + 4 per HP

Treasure: None but see below



Among many peoples of the forests and planes of the world the concept of sacred groves and woodlands is common. This superstition may be based upon witnessed magical phenomena

or an enchantment based on or around the woodland for some reason. If the reason for the belief is that the sacred wooded area is used as a graveyard then often the beliefs or direct magical action of the locals causes Vaganga to be called into being to protect the dead.

The Vaganga are the spirits of the dead that can animate crude wooden statues that mourners make as part of the burial ritual. They are thus a kind of mix of Undead and Animated effigy. It is important to realise that the Vaganga is a separate spirit entity to the statue and that the statue is merely its “clothes” on the Prime Material Plane. All the above details relate to the animated statue as the Spirit Form of the Vaganga cannot be attacked. If the statue is killed or destroyed the Vaganga is not killed and can reoccupy the damaged Statue or another form after a period of time detailed below.

If the burial area is violated in any way or the statues are harmed then the Vaganga will animate all their statues and attack the offenders, striking with flailing, barbed limbs like branches or bludgeoning clubs. The Vaganga have no treasure other than the Grave Goods which have been buried with the bodies they are protecting.

As they are a form of undead, the Vaganga are immune to *Sleep* and mind-influencing spells. They can be Turned as Wights but if successfully Turned or destroyed the statue will cease to be animated and the Spirit will just remain in the vicinity for 1d6+4 turns before animating a new host, or the same one again if not badly damaged.

Similarly, if the Vaganga’s material form is slain by normal means (spells and attacks) then the Vaganga will re-enter and re-animate its statue, or take the form of another small tree or large branch in the area, after 1d6+4 turns.

Once it has re-animated a suitable host then the Vaganga will once more attack or, if the enemy has gone, take up its guard once more. There have been reports of Vaganga re-animated in this way repairing any damage done to the burial site and re-burying any exhumed bodies.



The only way to kill a Vaganga is to destroy its material form by combat or Turning and then burn all the bodies in the graveyard before the Vaganga can return. This is easier said than done but it is possible for the bodies to be burnt before the Vaganga’s statues are “killed” to prevent their return as well. Destroying the woodland around the graveyard without destroying the bodies of the dead will not destroy the Vaganga.

Vaganga and Dryads have a mutually respectful relationship and a Vaganga will never animate a Dryad’s tree or any other tree a Dryad has marked as special in some way.

Vaganga do not get on well with other Fairy Folk though, and will attack any Pixies, Brownies, Leprechauns, Quicklings or Fairies careless enough to enter the graveyard.

Vaganga do not have any animosity for other undead and there are reports of Vaganga and Ghouls or even Wights occupying the same area. Similarly, the bodies the Vaganga are guarding may be animated as well. This might cause numerous problems as the Vaganga are tied to the graveyard not the bodies. If an animated body were to leave the area it would make it very difficult to slay the Vaganga.

Whispering Death

Frequency: Very Rare

No. Encountered: 1

Size: Medium

Move: 150 flying up to 10 feet off the ground

Armour class: 2

Hit Dice: 7+7

Attacks: 2

Damage per attack: 1d12/1d12

Special Attacks: None

Special Defences: Invisibility, +1 or better weapons needed to hit

Magic Resistance: Standard

Lair Probability: 100%

Intelligence: Non

Alignment: Neutral (Evil)

Level/XP value: 7 / 1150+10 per HP

Treasure: None

This terrifying, Undead spirit creature is invisible all the time and doesn't even become visible if attacking or suffering damage. It is a manifestation of a dead, powerful creature of ice and cold. How they come to be remains a mystery but some have speculated that they are the remains of Rhemorhaz or other powerful cold-based creatures denied eternal rest for some reason. The Whispering Death inhabit cold, lonely places like glacial valleys, lonely mountains and even moving ice floes. They hover about their home ranges moving in and out of ice storms, howling at the wind and otherwise passing the lonely aeons waiting for something to cause pain to.

If an observer can see Invisible or has *True Sight* or similar then they will see the creature as a whirling blur of flashing blades of ice. Otherwise only a trail of frozen corpses that look like they have been flayed to death or a whispering, whirring noise will give any indication there is a Whispering Death around.

When a living, intelligent creature comes within sight of the creature, the Whispering Death will immediately move to attack them, concentrating its attacks on the first individual observed until it is destroyed, before switching onto the next creature seen and so on. This will continue until either all the victims or the creature is killed, unless the Whispering Death takes damage from its own attack as detailed below.

The creature attacks by slashing at the victim with the sharp ice blades that make up its

whirling body. These devices are very sharp, doing 1d12 points of damage per hit, but also a little delicate. Since the blades also make up part of the creature then if they are broken in an attack the creature itself will also take damage. If the creature attacks someone wearing hard armour or using a shield then the Whispering Death must make a save versus petrification. If this fails, the creature will take 1d4 points of damage itself and switch onto the next preferred life form. If the creature runs out of victims that it has not taken damage from the repulsion of its own attack will it flee. The beast may return though as, once out of sight, they appear to completely forget the encounter and will renew the attack if they see the victims again.

The creature is a kind of Undead and so has immunity from all mind-influencing spells. As well as being Invisible, inflicting -4 to hit penalty on attackers, anyone attacking the creature with physical weapons needs to have a +1 or better magical weapon in order to cause damage. If someone casts a visually targeted spell, such as *Magic Missile*, then they must make a successful to-hit roll at -4 on the dice in order to hit the creature if they can't see invisible creatures. This penalty does not apply to area affect weapons and spells.

The Whispering Death can be Turned as a Spectre and is immune to cold-based attacks. The creatures have shown no sign of intelligence or any purpose other than destruction, although they are never observed in population centres and seem to avoid warm places. That is not to say they suffer any fear of fire nor suffer extra damage from fire or heat-based attacks. They pursue fleeing victims only while they remain in sight.

The term "Whispering Death" is the generally accepted term of reference in the Great Library but it is certain that other cultures will have different names for them. It is known that many intelligent creatures who live in cold climates have a great fear of them and often have elaborate procedures to avoid them, which may be hokum or not.

In truth, very few Whispering Deaths have ever been encountered although stories of the consequences of running into one in an icy wilderness are many and often lurid. It is likely they are more common the colder areas of the planet.

Gods, Demigods and Supernatural Entities of Barnaynia

Most of Barnaynia is very well acquainted with the variety of deities represented in the Temples of Dunromin. These supernatural entities have made themselves pretty well known across the world and exist in most cultures in one form or another. These can all be found listed in **SMO1 The Players' Guide to Dunromin** and **SMO2 The Games Master's Guide to Dunromin**, but there are others too.

Some of these extras are listed here although even here some theologians suggest the examples given are merely different forms of other, more mainstream deities. Of course others suggest these are merely the tip of the iceberg and that there are many, many more about the world.



Dau'Chi-Chi - The King of the Court of Ghosts

The first human killed in violence became the symbol of vengeance and death in many pantheons. This creature is called the King of the Court of Ghosts and manifests as a shadowy humanoid figure or grey cloud of dust with glowing white eyes and seven long

horns about its head and shoulders. For the orcs the creature was once orcish and they named him Dau'Chi-Chi, with the D in Dau pronounced as a kind of spitting through their teeth (sometimes written in common as Pdau'Chi-Chi). For some reason all the other races adopted this name for the creature too. All souls killed in violence and seeking vengeance or justice become part of the Court of Ghosts, doomed to live out eternity in Limbo or trapped between the planes as haunting undead. Warriors tend not to follow this course as, if killed honourably, they will usually be welcomed into the halls of their ancestors or some such.

The Court of Ghosts is more of a concept than an actual place and the King of it has no power over the creatures in the court, or certainly most of them. It is said he stalks the shadows between life and death pouring scorn on those newly dead souls doomed to his realm, pushing some back to become undead, particularly those who have failed a *Resurrection* Survival roll. He is a terrifying figure whose precise powers are unconfirmed, although he has power over life and death as well as, it is said, the Wind and the Rain. Many races sacrifice to him not out of respect but to bribe him to leave them or their loved ones alone. In this way he can be persuaded to allow a soul from his realm to pass into their more usual afterlife. He is usually associated with mists and fogs as well as sites of funeral rites, graveyards and ancient battlefields.

Fu'Nithiln – The Fungus God

Throughout the Darkworld every food-chain seems to rest on the vast variety of Thaumofunghi that fill the deep places of the world with their alien fecundity. Many of the cultures dependent on these growths are aware of an entity that most refer to as Fu'Nithiln. Describing this creature as a deity is a bit of a stretch but it certainly seems to manifest immortality and god-like powers. No one is even sure if it exists on the Prime Material Plane much, if at all.

Its appearance is common throughout Dwarven, Elven and Humanoid mythologies, it being a mobile, bulging mass surrounded by millions of tendrils that stretch to every fungus patch in the Darkworld. The creature is feared and often blood sacrifices are made to it or

prayers chanted to appease it before fungus is harvested. Any disease or mental illness is thought to be a manifestation of the creature's displeasure. The Fungus People and similar species are thought to be the children of Fu'Nithiln and will often be tolerated or even feared in environments where less "different" species would be hunted to extinction. Orcs in particular seem to avoid war with any animate fungi for fear of upsetting this deity.



Ibid-Atch Azaam (the Great Sand Snake)

The personification of the endless pitilessness of the desert is often given the shape of a Great Snake amongst many of the cultures that dwell in the arid, sandy wastes of the world. Such a commonality of representations is not thought to be a coincidence and scholars tend to agree that all these deities are different forms of one nasty creature of great power, usually referred to as Ibid-Atch Azaam, the Great Sand Snake. Snakes are famously merciless and indifferent to the suffering of their victims. Similarly they

display no indication of emotion of any form. These abstract natures seem to be the source of the awe of the worshippers of the Great Sand Snake. Sacrifices involving great suffering are popular in all these cults, although the object of the sacrifice is not clear as nothing seems to be asked for in return. Rather these rituals appear to be a release of the frustrations of people completely at the mercy of their environment.

Captives falling in to the hands of these cultists will usually be subject to ever more elaborate and unpleasant modes of death. Of the Giant Sand Snake itself there is no record of any manifestation or direct intervention in mortal life, other than the supply of Clerical Magic. Its powers and ambitions are completely unknown but its worshippers include most inhabitants of the Great Waste, including Kobolds, Orcs, Humans and many others.

The Spirit of the Moon

Being the source of all magic on the planet the Moon is a significant symbol in all mythologies. Different human sects have several deities representing the Moon; Morrigan, Hecate and Hel, for instance, have aspects that are associated with the Moon, although some suggest these are all the same deity in different manifestations. The Elves have their own Moon deity as well as a number of separate entities that seem to be manifestations of the magical power of the Moon rather than the Moon itself. To the Dwarves the Moon is a pernicious creature, not to be trusted and for the Gnomes the Moon is a brainless creature enslaved to the heavens.

Giantkin and Humanoid races often refer specifically to "The Spirit of the Moon" in their own languages as a powerful patron deity. It is a manifestation of the power of the Moon in some



anthropomorphic form, usually a female of their species. Scholars have suggested this is a form of Hecate, the Olympian Goddess seeking power over humanoids by appealing to them in a more familiar form. Followers of Hecate deny this is possible as the Spirit of the Moon has a number of aspects to its/her form that are the antithesis of Hecate's general demeanour. Specifically, the Spirit of the Moon is quite consistent throughout the species as demanding sacrifice, in the form of blood, gold and magic, to be cast into isolated ponds of deep, still water while the Moon is reflected in their surface. Usually accompanied by the chant "Her enemies will bleed" or similar sentiment in their own tongue. This is not a practice remotely similar to the normal recognition of Hecate. Similarly, Hecate normally manifests as an overtly sexual entity with great magical powers, whereas the Spirit of the Moon is a cold, silent figure of a more matriarchal nature whose great powers are manifest in violence with little subtlety.

The Spirit of the Moon, who is never named as anything but "The Spirit of the Moon" or "Our Lady of the Moon", is a common sponsor for

humanoid clerics, shaman and witch doctors. Her servants are often popular sponsors of Necromancers, Witches and even some cults of Druids too, her servants being powerful entities representing different emotions manifest as animals or weather phenomenon. She seems to belong to no specific pantheon but rather inhabits a unique place among the gods, equal to them but separate from them.

The androgynous Elven deity Nataliar Efferenduul bears a striking resemblance to the Spirit of the Moon save for the necessity of blood sacrifice. In fact, Nataliar is different from the other elven deities in that it seems indifferent and takes no part in the normal natural cycle of the world. The figure even seems contemptuous of demi-humans and humanoids of all kinds, rather than being violently hostile. Those embroiled within the deeper workings of its mind, however, are often given visions through dreams and direct instructions. Such creatures often become fanatics of the particular facet of the Spirit, good or bad. The higher purpose of these contacts is rarely clear, if there even is one.



Famous Sayings and Slang of Dunromin

Dunromin and the Land of the Young in general is a thriving and evolving social cesspit. As such, the persons living in and about it have developed their own short-hand in speech for all kinds of situations. These can be anything you like from the real world or anything you make up. Here are some of the ones that have come up in the past, in no particular order.

He always has a penny in his hat – someone with a positive attitude; an optimist or possibly someone who irrepressibly cheerful to the point of being very annoying, e.g. “That idiot Andy, goes around everywhere like he’s got a penny in his hat.”

Papa Baz will have you for a Zombie – a general warning for a youth whose behaviour leaves something to be desired. Arising from the fact the famous circus owner Papa Baz once used zombie orcs to put up and take down his circus tent. He abandoned the practice after customers started to complain about the smell; e.g. “You stop hanging around with that street gang or old Papa Baz will be having you for a Zombie.”

A darned sock never forgets – a warning that doing someone or something harm may never be forgotten, or that some visible feature will always remind a person of some past misfortune, such as a scrape on some armour will always remind the wearer of a time they cheated death.

You can’t spend a penny and keep it – similar to the English saying “You can’t have your cake and eat it” but of a form that makes more sense; referring to the fact that once a resource is used up you can’t automatically have more of it.

Money doesn’t die – often referring to taxes or other debts, warning that ignoring them (or any other problem) doesn’t mean it’ll go away. Sometimes used as an excuse for remaining polite and well-mannered to someone who is not deserving of respect.

Selling/Buying a house on the moors – a reference to the once wonderful farmlands of the northeast that were torn up by great magics to form the High Moors and the Blasted Heath. It is used to describe something that sounds delightful but is actually worthless, e.g. “That sounds like a good plan but I have a nasty feeling we’d be buying a house on the moors.”

Telling a mage how to darn socks – general term for a pointless or thankless task; a reference to the fact that no powerful person, such as a mage will allow anyone “below” them to instruct them on anything, or possibly to the fact that a rich or powerful person like a mage will always have someone else to do their small tasks for them and have no need for the skill.



Barking at a dragon – a needlessly dangerous pursuit; a choice of action that will always end badly, e.g. “No point telling the King his taxes are too high, you’d just be barking at a Dragon.”

You’ll end up kissing an orc – a suggestion that your choice of action will fail or lead to an undesirable outcome, e.g. “Don’t volunteer to help Old Pony with his stall; you’ll end up kissing an orc.”

Magesplaining – Someone explaining something to someone in a patronising way, often telling them something they already know; a “Magesplainer” is someone superior who assumes they know more than anyone else, mostly just shortened to “Maysplainer”.

Old Gubbings might have something around the back – a dismissal of someone asking for something unreasonable or impossible, e.g. “You want cream with that? Go and see if Old Gubbings has some around the back.”

Don’t touch it with a ten foot pole – Suspecting that a specific object or person may be trapped.

I’m off to the ‘Wench to pick strawberries – The person is intending to go out for some drinks on the town (possibly at the Bawdy Wench Inn) with the intention of finding a strumpet. Usually uttered by married men

with the inference that no one should tell their wife where they are. Often shortened to “I’m off to pick some strawberries”.

He’d take a sailor for a pirate – often used in different ways; either to describe a person as being cynical and suspicious, or inferring they are actually a shrewd judge of character.

Teaching ogres knitting – a hopeless or endless task.

He/she knows their shovels – a person involved with organised crime or having a murderous or gangster reputation, referring to them having being involved with the disposal of murdered bodies.

He/she would tell a Temple it’s wrong – a headstrong, determined or argumentative person.

It would be like waiting for the City Guard – a fruitless endeavour or something that is likely to be cause someone to be occupied for a long time.

You can’t outrun the Centy-Plague – A reference to the fact that some persons living in the city die of the “Century Plague” at the turn of each century, whether they remain in the city or not. It is usually used to refer to any unavoidable event or mishap.

Badger – slang term for someone always looking for trouble, ready for a fight or just violent, e.g. “He’s a right badger that one.” There is a variation on this often used away from the city where someone might be called the “Village Cat”.

Charming Howard – slang term for a womaniser/seducer with a known record, as opposed to someone who claims to be able to seduce women.

Mary’s Girl – slang term for a prostitute.

(On their) Way to Boc – someone on the run from the law, an outlaw. Boc is a large Barony about half way to Karan; a comfortably long way from Dunromin and big enough to get lost in. Also “Boc-bound”

Hobbler – Slang term for the city guard, referring to a Hobbled Horse, meaning something unable to run. This is a reference for the reputation of the City Guard for not hurrying to the scene of a crime.

Shanty – Slang term for a horse race. There are also “Dog Shanties” which is greyhound racing or similar. The term comes from Shanty Town where such events are often held.

Blunt Sword; Stooly; Arse-wiper; Slug-brain; Patsy; Dungtool; – slang terms for someone demonstrating low intelligence.

Tosser; Crow Blinder; Prince of Ponds; Orc-mouth; Nag-saddler – slang terms for a liar or con-artist.

Streeter; Candlewaxer; Scraper; Muck-runner; Swagger; Bag-snatcher; Cutpurse; Alley cat; – Slang terms for beggars, thieves and general low-lives, although “Alley-Cat” can also be used to refer to prostitutes.

Grunter – Slang for any humanoid, usually an orc.

Quid – Slang for a silver piece.

Penny; Bob; Dud – Slang for a copper piece.

Score; Brass Magrit, Twenty Bit– slang for a Gold Piece.

Tenner; Gnomeling – Slang for an Electrum Piece. Electrum coins are uncommon as only the Gnomes mint them.

Pony – Slang for a Platinum Piece.

Muppet – Slang for 50gp, named after King Muppetrik who ruled for 6 months and whose only real claim to fame is in minting coins worth 50gp out of ivory which became almost worthless after his death. It was an early foray into using an equivalent to paper money but was too early in the history of banking to succeed.

Grand – slang for 1000gp.

Pitta-burner – A pious person; a reference to someone who takes their religious diligence perhaps a little too seriously.





Commodities for trading:

In this section there are a number of different trade goods that you can use to add detail and local colour to your campaign. They can be included amongst the treasure available and make the task of disposing of loot slightly more complicated or entertaining. Or you can use this as Dungeon Dressing to add distraction to dungeon settings. Amongst the comments are some extra details about the societies and cultures that trade the goods.

In and around the Land of the Young a variation on the Ale Scale from an early issue of White Dwarf magazine has been used to work out the value of different goods. This scale is based on 1gp being worth about twenty British Pounds (£20) or twenty US Dollars (\$20). This should be borne in mind when converting the following and other costs.

Common Trade Goods (Alphabetised):

Cheese – whilst not lasting forever, cheese has a relatively long shelf-life and may be traded all over the Land of the Young. Many different varieties are available, costing 2d12sp per pound. The most sought after Cheese can be worth more than this, for instance Hommlet Veiny, a Blue Cheese, is particularly well liked in Dunromin, worth as much as 2gp per

pound. Gnome Goats' Cheese is an even more expensive but an acquired taste – 2d12gp per pound. Others include the Frorbottle, Chad's Mature and the Thoroughgood range from the Halfling lands west of the Royal Parks.

Coffee – the coffee trade in Barnaynia is nowhere near the size and complexity as on Earth. The drink is a popular one but mostly in specific regions, mainly towards the middle and eastern areas of the Upper World of Barnaynia. That said, it has gained a foot-hold in Dunromin and is popular among the members of the Magic Guild who drink it as a social pursuit in the Tea Shop in the Magic College. A 20 pound barrel of coffee is probably worth as much as 50gp.

Cotton – grown in small plantations across Kawiylant, the Urdum and Dergrim Empires and in some areas of the eastern Land of the Young. Bales of unworked cotton weigh about thirty pounds and are worth about 20-30gp.

Crude Oil (also called Rock Oil) can be found in many places but in nothing like the abundance we have on Earth. This is probably due to the relative youth of the planet making the formation of fossil fuels unlikely. What Crude Oil there is has almost certainly been placed there by some deity for reasons lost in time. It can be collected and even refined for

fuel, but lamp oil is more often a vegetable oil. More powerful incendiary fluids can be made from Crude Oil, although the fractional distillation process will never be safe with even gnomish technologies. Crude Oil is required in some Magical Processes. Other than this unrefined Crude Oil is probably worth a lot less than normal lamp oil.



Foodstuffs come in many different varieties and their value will be dependent upon their relative shelf-lives and seasonality. Potatoes and Grains are probably the most common and easily traded. Fruits will be subject to short shelf-lives unless dried. Meats will also need to be preserved in some way (salt, brine, etc.). It may be that the Gnomes are working on some kind of refrigeration technique but, knowing them, they haven't yet realised how useful the technology might be. The values of any foodstuffs will vary hugely and drop rapidly over time.

Hemp – useful for all kinds of applications including rope and cloth, Hemp is a common commodity in the Urdum Empire. There it is broadly cultivated and shipped everywhere in bales about three feet cubed. Such bales weigh about forty pounds and will be worth about 20gp-30gp.

Mithril – is an Old Elfish word meaning God's Silver, or Godsilver; this material is included here mainly as a point of information. The term "Mithril" has been used by many species to mean different things: It is a term often used

to refer to any extraordinary or uncommon metal and has been used to refer to Steel, Titanium, Mercury, Platinum, Aluminium and even Tin at various times by various civilisations. This is, of course, not to say there *isn't* a mysterious metal out there that is true Mithril, as many legends suggest (there is), but no one has had enough of any such substance to try trading in it. More information can be found in **SM05 The World Guide to Barnaynia**.

Olive Oil – this cooking ingredient is also used as fuel and in a number of industrial processes including the manufacture of foodstuffs. As such it has value as any other food, however Olive Oil has a very long shelf life and if stored in suitably airtight containers (pot jars or amphora usually) can keep more or less indefinitely. A twenty pound container would be worth about 10gp.

Pig Iron – once iron ore has been smelted the resulting lumps of pure iron are usually worked into some kind of tool or other item of use on site. If such skills are not available or it is not practical, pure iron ingots or lumps, termed Pig Iron, can be stored, shipped or otherwise traded. Value is about 1-6sp for a 20lb mass, depending on quality and scarcity.

Rare Metals – all the precious metals and other forms can be used as a trade item in various parts of the world although many are unknown to science as yet. Besides the precious ones, which are well documented, traders might carry Bronze, Tin or any other that catches your fancy. Some metals will simply be unavailable (the alkali earth metals for sure) or very difficult to obtain and handle (Aluminium or Mercury) and so wouldn't be a general commodity on the market. Tin and Bronze would probably be about half the value of Copper.

Silk – is not a closely guarded national secret as it once was in China on Earth. Several countries are able to cultivate the Silkworm and manufacture silk from it, but the process is still a slow and difficult one so the end product is very valuable. A bolt of silk 1



yard wide and ten long (about 5 pounds in weight) would be worth 10gp in Dunromin.

Slaves – While regarded as a trade item in many societies and cultures the value and ethics of the slave trade are very dubious and inappropriate to classify here.

Steel – the secret of making Steel has been discovered and lost by a number of civilisations over the millennia. Its manufacture is generally a secret kept by the smiths of different cultures but Elves, Dwarves, Gnomes, Humans and some Humanoids (mainly Orcs and Goblins) can produce serviceable forms of it. Elves and Dwarves currently produce the best although there are some human smiths in Karan that can match them. While how it is manufactured is normally a well-guarded trade secret, once manufactured Steel Ingots can be worked by any Blacksmith with a hot enough forge. As a result Steel Ingots are a pretty common Trade Good, probably worth about 5gp for a 20lb slab.

Tea – grown in abundance in a variety of forms in the warm uplands of the eastern and southern parts of the Land of the Young this is a very popular beverage all across the country. It is particularly sought after by Elves, Halflings and, increasingly, Humans in the central Land of the Young, Home Counties and Dunromin itself. The most lucrative trade routes go over the mountains into the elven land of Loom where no one has been able to cultivate it in commercial quantities. Although available in many varieties, all the dried leaves are ground down and shipped in wooden crates worth about 50gp a crate. It is also manufactured and consumed in parts of the Urdum Empire and more southerly lands.

Weapons and Armour – these will be in demand anywhere in the world at any time. Quality varies but prices will usually track the figures in the Core Rules. People moving large amounts of such items about might draw the interest of the local authorities in terms of to whom they are being sold.

Wool is a very common and useful commodity all across the world but particularly in the central and western areas of the Land of the Young. Collected into bales for spinning out into yarn the bales are usually worth 8 to 12gp

for 30lbs of wool, while the same weight of yarn is worth twice this.

Spices, Seeds and Similar:

The sheer variety possible here is unlimited so what follows are just some guidelines and ideas for you.

Fellim Pear - a rare fruit found in the deepest jungles of the Urdum Empire. When eaten as a regular part of the diet it can provide a +1 on saves versus magical afflictions and spells. If eaten prior to casting a *Dispel Magic* spell this fruit, even in a dried form, increases the effectiveness of the caster by 1d6 levels. 50gp per fruit although without drying the fruit will be useless after 4 days. Drying is a skilled process that only certain Urdum tribes understand.

Honey – normal honey can be used as a flavouring and a preservative, so honey is valued the world over. It also has certain healing and antiseptic properties. It is usually transported in jars or amphora and can be sold for up to 5gp per pound, but usually less than 1gp per pound in the Land of the Young. There are more exotic forms of honey but the



honey of Giant Bees is bitter tasting. See also Mad Honey, below.

Moreflavin – This is a powdered mineral mixed with certain herbs and spices. This is a taste enhancer that is as ubiquitous in Urdum cooking as salt in most non-Urdum cooking. Within the Urdum Empire it is worth up to 10gp per pound but it is worthless elsewhere unless an enclave of Urdum people can be found or an unusual person uses it.

Preserves and Pickles are popular all around the world and their forms as varied and inspiring as almost anything else. The fame of certain forms might not travel well but the attraction of the exotic can always prick a new market into life, if the target has the disposable income. Different jams and marmalades are manufactured in vast quantities around the Home Counties of the Land of the Young and shipped all over the place in glass and pot jars. The Elves in particular seem very fond of Human and Halfling preserves and seem mysteriously unable to master their production themselves. Some say as much jam and tea goes south along the Wine Road as wine comes north.

Salt – Whether mined or produced from evaporation vats, salt is a vital resource as both a flavouring and a preservative. The value will vary a lot across the world but salt will always be a useful commodity. It is generally valued at about 10sp per pound for pure, mined salt, about half this for evaporate.

Spice – there are many, many different spices around the world that might be used as treasure in an interesting adventure. Prices of such commodities can vary a lot from location to location and well-travelled adventurers might even know where such material can be sold for the maximum profit. It is suggested that you value any spice find at 1d12x1d20sp per pound. The name of it can be anything you like from normal literature or new substances particular to certain areas and cultures.

Tears of Ishtar – these seeds are obtained from the Mundula plant, grown exclusively in the high valleys of the Wilsact Mountains. The seeds can be dried and ground to a powder and added to the material components of certain spells to enhance the effects. It is said that it can make *Cure Wounds* spells automatically heal the maximum amount of damage. In its

raw form it can also provide *Cure Disease* for certain biotic infections. 100gp per ounce.

Tobacco – the dried leaves of this plant are burnt and inhaled for their stimulating effects. There are two main varieties of Tobacco on the Upper World of Barnaynia known as Coldwater and Warmwater Tobacco, although they are worth the same at about 1d12gp per 5-pound barrel. Coldwater Tobacco is grown in the warm hillsides of the southern half of the Land of the Young where Halflings and Humans use it to make Pipe-Weed (q.v.). It can also be found in the low lands north of Storm Bay. Warmwater Tobacco is more widespread and is grown in the warmer climates of the Urdum Empire and similar latitudes further south. Warmwater Tobacco is a significant export for the Dergrim Empire and the Kawiylad. Both types of Tobacco have pleasing and stimulating effects but it is also highly addictive and carcinogenic. Coldwater Tobacco is usually smoked in pipes and other specialist apparatus; Warmwater Tobacco is more often rolled into cigars or chewed.

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Wine, Beer and Other Intoxicants

What follows is only a small selection of the vast array of ways that the various civilisations of this magical world have found to enjoy themselves. On top of this list you can add anything and even mundane Earth substances. There are more options in **SM05 The World Guide to Barnaynia**, including the subterranean delights of Thaumofunghi.

Beer is brewed all over the world in various different forms and qualities. Almost every small community in the Land of the Young will have a brewer or several, producing various different types of ale for popular consumption. In most communities it is safer to drink weak beers than it is to drink the local water and it is likely in some areas that practically everyone you meet will be in some state of intoxication all the time. Beer is normally produced in barrels containing 50 or 100 pints. 50 pint barrels will be 1d10gp each, the price indicating quality, the larger barrels twice this. The same rules can be applied to all the main kinds of beer that might be found; including but not limited to Ale, Bitter, Mild, Porter, Stout, Lager, Ciders and so on. Of course specific ales of local renown might be worth more than this, likewise weaker ales less.

Brandy is manufactured by Humans and Halflings all over the Land of the Young. Generally supplied in small barrels (2d6x5gp) and pot or glass bottles (1d6gp each), it is a popular trade good for rich populations (Baronial towns and cities).

Coca – is grown in various communities across the Urdum Empire. Coca is a very strong intoxicant in its raw, leaf form offering hallucinogenic experiences when chewed. Appropriate processing can increase its potency and value as a white powder. Value varies widely as it can be very dangerous if used unwisely and the potency varies a lot. As it is not actually illegal anywhere its value is much less significant than on Earth and no one really uses it as a trade-good. 10 pounds of leaf would be worth about 1d20gp, possibly up to five times this for the powder.

Distilled Alcohol appears in a vast array of different forms around and in the world, only a few of which are listed here (e.g. Brandy, Vodka and Whisky). A GM may use any Earthly inspiration as an alternative to spice up a game. It is known that the Deep Elves make

a liquor called Neetch (which is thought to mean “Tears”) from some Thaumofunghi or other. Few have tasted it but reports are that it is pleasant enough but gives terrible hang-overs. Goblins have many such frightening concoctions but Orcs are not known to produce anything distilled.

Dream-Slime – is an intoxicant made by Lizardmen as a relaxant and recreational drug as well as for use in some religious ceremonies. In Lizardmen the effect is similar to cannabis but to humans, mammalian humanoids and demi-humans it acts as a powerful hallucinogenic. It is mildly addictive. Normally it is transported as a green paste in clay or glass jars, each jar being about an inch in diameter and two inches tall, containing about ten tea-spoon sized doses. One jar is worth 1 to 20gp depending on the customer and the rarity in the area. The paste remains potent for up to a month in a jar but will lose its potency in twelve hours of exposure to air (the jars need to be resealed, which is sufficient to keep the paste fresh). Once past its best the paste becomes a low potency poison, causing 1d8 points of damage per dose, although the damage accrues at one point per hour after ingestion. Stomach-pumping or vomiting will cease the damage. Some societies and religions, such as the Babylonians and some Elven deities, regard Dream-Slime as a tool of evil and ban its use.



Elven Wine – There are many different varieties of Elven Wine and many particular vintages and blends command eye-watering prices. By far the majority are usually worth about 1d6gp per bottle wholesale or double this in retail (Inns and Bars). Some of the cheaper blends can be supplied in barrels of various sizes and are usually 1d6gp per gallon. In most of the world there is very little difference in the wine made by Humans, Elves or Halflings but in Dunromin wines from the Forest of Loom are particularly prized. This is partly due to snob value but also due to the fact that an ancient magical field or curse lies on the city. This means that no wine or beer brewed within five miles of the great granite tor upon which Dunromin Old Town is built is anything better than nasty to taste. As a result wine and beer importation in Dunromin is quite a profitable business, and why the new Wine Road through the western Blue Mountains is so important.

Fortified Wines – although distinct from Wine in terms of products and tastes, Fortified Wines can be treated exactly as normal wines in terms of trade goods. Sherry is almost exclusively the province of Halflings and the most famed names are in the Boc valleys of the western Land of the Young. They are very popular with Dwarves but not so Elves and Gnomes. They are traditionally shipped in bottles (1d8gp per bottle) and small barrels (1d8x5gp).

Mad Honey – this honey is made by a particularly vicious species of Honey Bee found in the southern Jungles of the Urdum Empire. It is collected and consumed as a hallucinogenic to assist in certain religious ceremonies. It can be worth anything up to 50gp per pound.

Opium – Derived from poppies grown in dry, hot regions mainly around Gorgola and the eastern Wilsact Mountains. Opium and the family of Opiates are strong and highly addictive drugs. It is not very widespread beyond these areas but has some spiritual and social significance in several societies and cults in and about the region. It has no real value, as yet, in the Land of the Young; even its anaesthetic properties are relatively untested due to the prevalence of magical health treatments.

Orc Liquor – Orc Wine has a reputation among humans and other species for being foul but this is perhaps unfair given the raw materials available underground and the difficulties in maintaining anywhere as a home for long enough to mature the stuff. If you are human and expecting to drink something resembling wine then you will be disappointed. But if you approach the liquid with an open mind and a reasonably rugged palate you may find something to your taste. It is a similar story with their beer. They are simply a very different form of intoxicating beverage since they are made from different raw materials. They will command similar prices amongst humanoids as “normal” beers and wines get amongst Humans. Besides Orcs, Hobgoblins, Goblins and Bugbears are also known to brew beers and some Kobolds are known to ferment different materials to produce wine of a fashion.

Pipe-Weed – this predominantly “Coldwater” tobacco (q.v.) based material is smoked to produce a variety of different effects. The best stuff is manufactured by Halflings and the precise mixtures of materials in the different blends is a closely guarded secret. Halflings and Humans in particular value the substances as a recreational drug although Elves despise them. Dwarves like them as well and it seems they are a lot less addictive for Dwarves than they are for Halflings, and Humans in particular. There are about thirty different varieties of Pipe-Weed across the Land of the Young and further west, and the value of the brands are about 2d8gp per small barrel, a small barrel containing about five pounds of the product, enough for about 200 pipes. Raw tobacco, that hasn’t been blended, can be bought in the same quantities for about two thirds of the Pipe-Weed price. In Dunromin disposable clay pipes, pre-packed with Pipe-Weed can be bought for 10-25cp per pipe. Gnomes are known to pack the weed in papyrus tubes that burn with the weed but it has only really caught on with some strange minorities. Dwarves are known to roll dried “Warmwater” tobacco (q.v.) of various sorts into large sausage-shapes called Cigars, which sell for 1d12sp each. Some humans and orcs merely chew the raw warmwater tobacco without any mixing. All the races share their ideas and no style of smoking is unique to one species or another. Pipe-Weed has pleasing

and stimulating effects but it is also highly addictive and carcinogenic.

Sarpa Salpa - is a fish that can be found among the reefs surrounding the Well of the World. It has hallucinatory effects – affecting all the senses and potentially lasting for days. The psycho-active elements are in the muscle tissue and will survive cooking and salting so it can be taken everywhere. It is popular as a recreational drug in some societies, notably Gorgola, and some island religious cults use it for ceremonial purposes. Pricing varies based on demand but a single fish could be worth up to 5gp.

Thrash – Many species of humanoid dry the flat tops of a Thaumofunghi called Trethellin to make a mouldy mush they call Thrash. Other races call it Orc-Dope, Grunter-Skunk and similar. Most Humanoid species except Lizardmen and aquatic races chew or smoke Thrash for an intoxicating effect similar to strong Cannabis. Normal Cannabis has no useful effect on Humanoids other than causing them severe headaches and Thrash usually just makes Demi-Humans and Humans vomit. Thrash has no value to Human and Demi-humans but can be sold to various Humanoid types for whatever you can get out of them, up to 1gp per pound.

Vodka – The Gnomes of Constantan in the Gnome Hills were the first to discover the joys of distilled potatoes (more details in **SM05 The World Guide to Barnaynia**). Most of their own manufactured product is consumed on the domestic market but many Gnomes living away from the city, or exiled from it, also make the stuff so it is available anywhere there is a significant Gnomish population. Vodka is normally supplied in glass or pot bottles or jars, often flavoured with other fruits or spices. Prices are about 1-2gp per bottle and there is very little variation in price as the quality of different blends are pretty much the same.

Whisky – first made by the Dwarves of the Blue Mountains by fermenting certain forms of Thaumofunghi and then distilling the resultant gravy. The result is a wide variety of different blends produced by various families across the region. Each blend and family has their own names but all are generally referred to as Whisky, which is a corruption of the Dwarven words for Charm and Bravery. Crude copies of this golden liquid have been

attempted by others, usually referred to as Rotgut. Humans and Halflings of the Land of the Young have produced blends of their own which they have called Bourbon and Brandy(q.v.), which follow a similar process but use different raw materials. Elves have produced their own, very sweet version called Conforte-dusud. All these products are sold by the bottle and can be worth 1d20gp per bottle or even more. It should be noted that not everyone appreciates the real value of many of these products and top prices will rarely be offered.

Wine is one of the most significant trade goods in terms of its effect on recent history. While most believe that Elven wine from the sunny vineyards of eastern Loom is the best in the world (see above) there are many other varieties. The Halflings of the Old East produce a number of types of white wine and many humans in the eastern regions produce lots of reasonable bottles of red for the bulk market. Around Dunromin there is an ancient and mysterious curse that prevents the manufacture of good wine and ale so it is a significant importation business across the central regions. Any wine can probably be sold for 1d8x5sp if a random determination is required. Dwarves and Gnomes seem unable to produce reasonable wine, for different reasons, but Dwarves in particular are legendary consumers.



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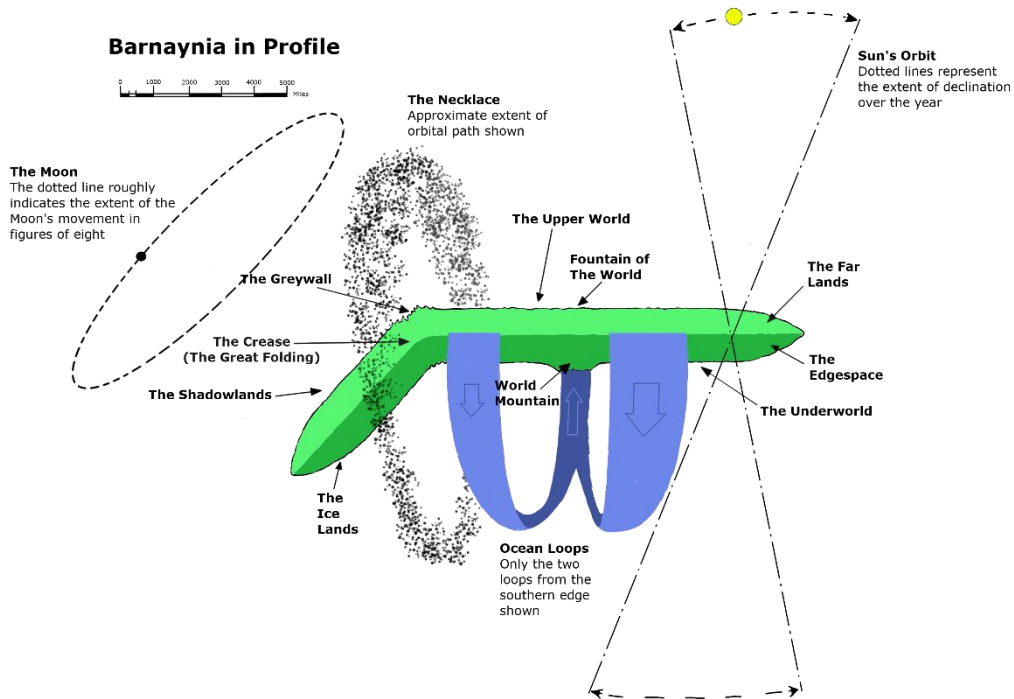
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The concept of Barnaynia, the banana-shaped world, was designed originally in 1986 for Advanced Dungeons and Dragons (AD&D) First edition

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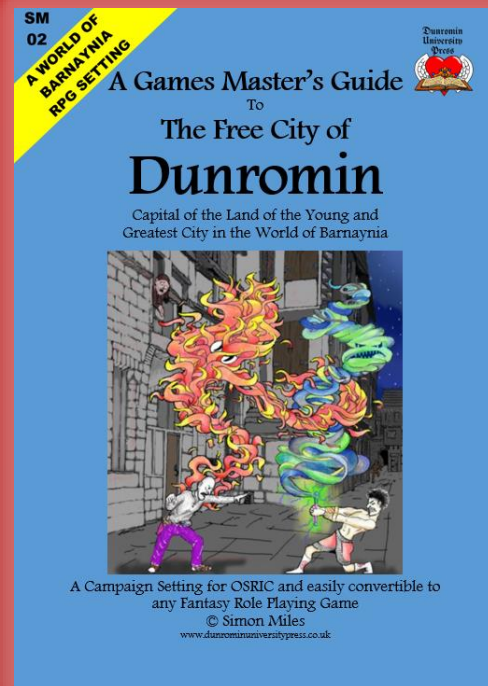
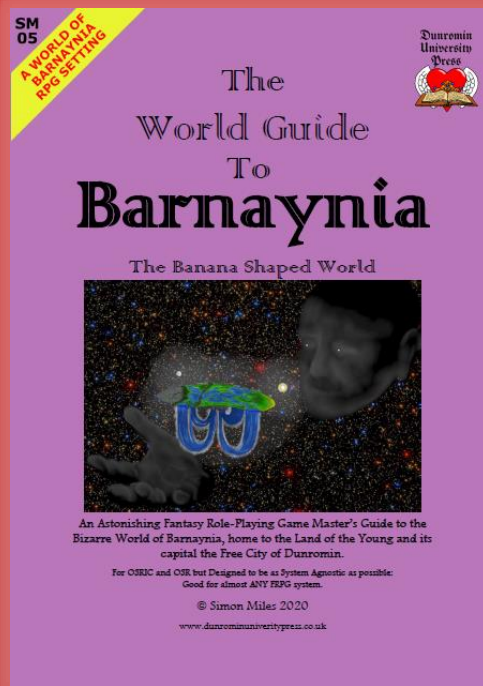
Our website has many products listed, all at the most cost-effective pricing possible. There are also some interesting items in the blogs that might distract you for a while. Please see what other products we have and join in the conversation on our website and our Facebook page.



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If this publication has whetted your appetite for some wild adventures in and around the Land of the Young, then have a look at these other publications set in the

BIZARRE World of Barnaynia!



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- SM00 - Atlas of Dunromin and the Land of the Young
- SM01 - The Player's Guide to Dunromin
- SM02 - The Dungeon Master's Guide to Dunromin
- SM03 - City-guide to Karan; Second City of the Land of the Young
- SM04 - Gazetteer of the Land of the Young – Campaign Resource
- SM05 - A World Guide to Barnaynia – Campaign Resource
- SM06 - The Warren – an Adventure for character levels 6-9
- SM07 - Under Mirt's Folly – an Adventure for character level 4-7
- SM08 - Adventurer's Guide to the Barony of Garibaldi – Campaign resource
- SM09 - Collected Maps of the Land of the Young and its Provinces – Campaign resource
- SM10 - The Pit of Panzar – an Adventure for levels 4-7
- SM11 - The Orc Battle Forge – an Adventure for levels 4-7
- SM12 - The Trials of a Young Wizard – Introductory adventures
- SM13 - The Tomb of Firkin – an Adventure for levels 1-3
- SM14 - Of the Rakuli – A Monster Resource
- SM16 - The Book of Legends – A Games Master's Resource

