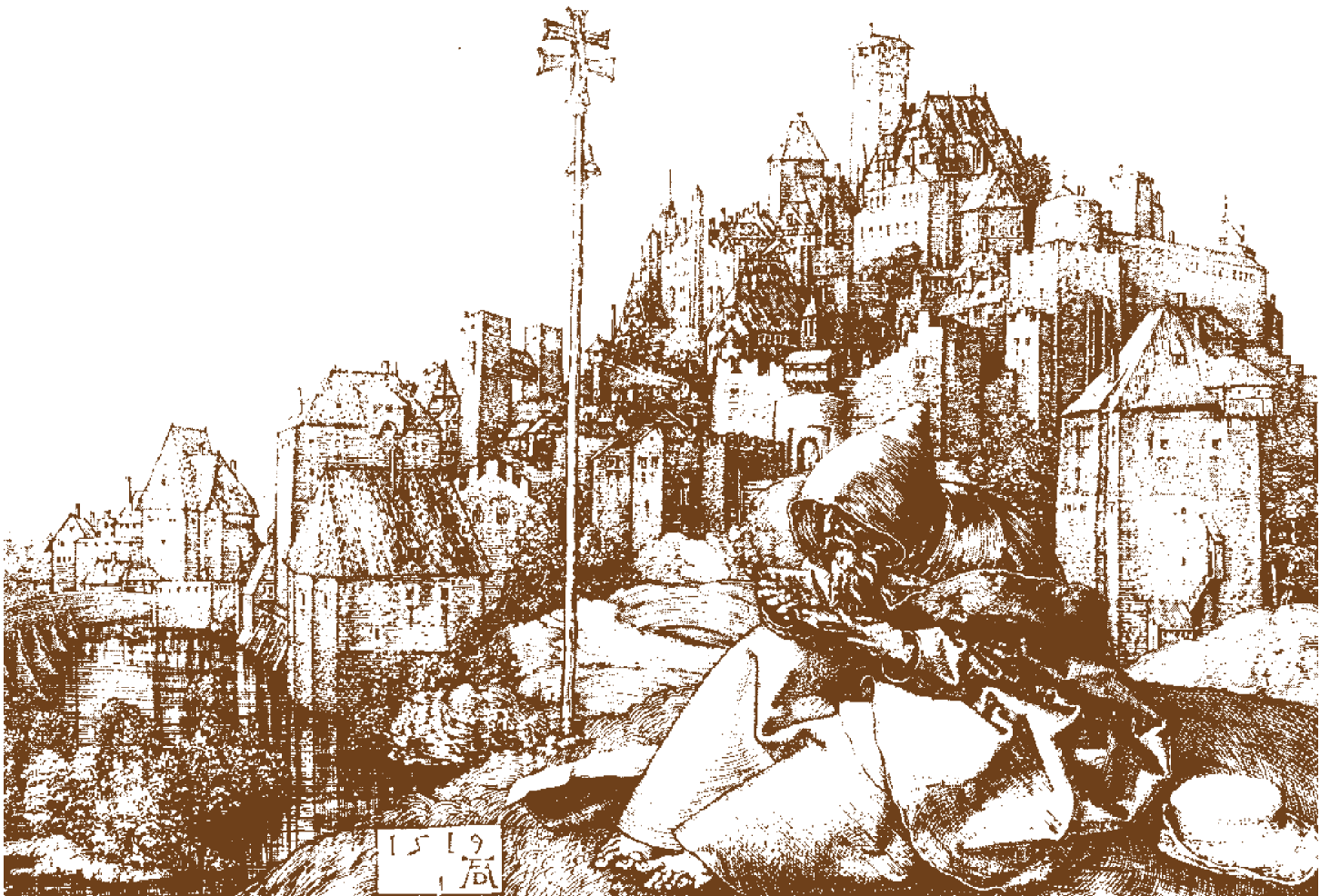


• **THE GRAND CAMPAIGN** •
ONE: A GATHERING DARKNESS



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Cover Art:: David Dorman Layouts: T. K. Amthor Color Jaiman Map: Peter Ledger

Page Design: Terry "I want to do everything myself" Amthor

"I never dreamt that I would get to be
The creature that I'd always meant to be
But I thought, in spite of dreams
you'd be sitting somewhere here with me."

Pet Shop Boys
"Being Boring"
Behaviour

ABOUT THE TYPE

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• THE GRAND CAMPAIGN •

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• FOREWORD •

*“All knowledge is heresy. Yes, you heard me correctly.
It is the nature of dark religions to thrive on ignorance.”*

ANDRAAX
DATE UNKNOWN



his sourcebook is the first of a trilogy of adventuring guides for the *Shadow World*. Together, the three volumes will detail a ‘grand campaign’: a living play or novel in which the player-characters are the heroes of a great quest. These books will document a long journey encompassing many events linked together and drawing the characters through a progression of crises and triumphs. It all ends with a cataclysmic confrontation with one of the ultimate evils of the Shadow World.

IMPORTANT NOTES FOR THE GM

Unlike most ICE adventure scenarios, the *Grand Campaign* is a directed series of events. It must be understood by both the GM and the players that, while there can be subplots and sidetracks, the main purpose of the group is a much larger scheme. Deliberate attempts to derail the campaign will only ruin the game for everyone. On the other side of the coin is a reminder to the GM that he must not ‘push’ the players along too quickly. Allow them to pursue other activities for an adventure or two; don’t lay a heavy hand on the plot. If the PCs seem confused or at a loss, subtle help might be in order. However, never resort to blatant maneuvers (e.g., do NOT do this: “A Loremaster appears in the middle of your room and hands you a map to the citadel. She says that you had better hurry or there will be ‘trouble’.”)

This book and the ones to follow are organized in ‘Parts’ not unlike Acts of a play (beginning with Part V; Parts I-IV are general information and background material), and within each Part are ‘Sections’ which correspond more or less to scenes. In addition, there will be ‘Encounters’: these designate specific events which will precipitate the use of rules to arbitrate the situation. An Encounter can be anything from a run-in with a shopkeeper to a planned raid on a Dark Priest’s tower to coming face-to-face with an Ordainer.

While only this book and the *Shadow World Master Atlas* (and of course *Rolemaster* or the FRP rules of your choice) are really required to run this Grand Campaign, it is strongly suggested that the GM owns the following Shadow World books: *Emer*, and *Jaiman*. These are available at hobby and bookstores, or can be ordered directly from ICE. These books will not only provide valuable background material, but have other adventure ideas which the

GM will find useful to fill out the campaign. Also helpful (but not as critical): *Norek*, *Quellbourne*, and *Eidolon*.

To those who might own copies of the *Iron Wind* or *Cloudlords of Tanara*: these materials may prove useful—but have a care! They are set in earlier times, and in some cases the dates (and even a few facts) in these early chronicles are muddled.

It is important that players do not read any of the material in this book unless it is specifically designated for player consumption. The following material is for the GM's information only, though he may photocopy certain parts of the Character backgrounds and other marked text for player use.

GENERAL REMINDERS

At critical points in the campaign text we remind the GM to make certain 'atmosphere' rolls: weather, Essænce, 'random' encounters on the road and in cities. These are certainly **not** intended to be the only times the GM makes these rolls.

WEATHER AS 'ATMOSPHERE'

The GM is encouraged to make weather checks daily. General weather descriptions are given in *Jaiman*, and a chart is provided in the *Rolemaster Character & Campaign* book, page 109. Weather is an important part of the 'feel' of a gaming environment, and can help the GM in describing prevailing conditions. GMs are also reminded to enrich their *Shadow World* with sights, sounds, smells and textures of the world. Bring it to life every day!

OTHER ENCOUNTERS

Depending on how long the GM wishes to draw out the campaign (ICE plans to release Part Two of the *Grand Campaign* later in 1994), he might wish to include several side encounters interspersed with those detailed here. Enough is provided in these pages and in other published books to provide ample material for a GM to keep the PCs adventuring in Jaiman alone for many sessions.

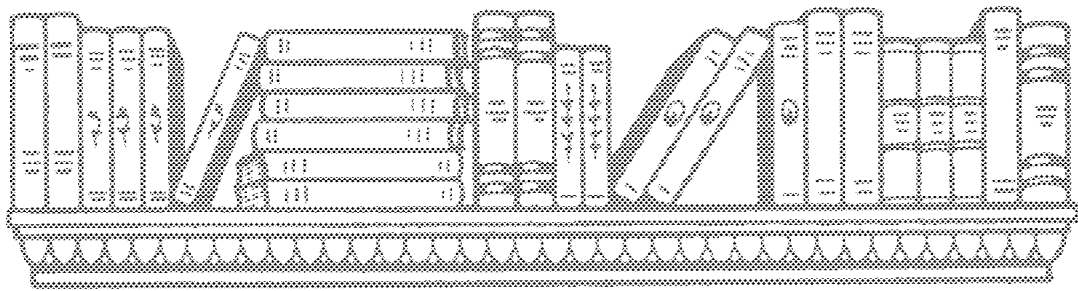
KEEP A CALENDAR

It is important for the GM to make and keep a careful record of the progress of the characters along their quest. This not only helps the GM keep organized in her own timeline, but it is critical to match the movements of the characters with event going on in the rest of the world. The explosive political situation in Haalkitain alone warrants this; many things are going on elsewhere as well.

• PART I •

AN OVERVIEW

THE QUEST AND ITS CONTEXT IN THE WORLD



ountains of lava spewed from the tortured earth, washing over verdant lands in a burning tidal wave. Shattered ruins lay where boulders had been hurled like a rain of pebbles to crush glittering cities. Oceans vaporized. The Sun and the Five Moons were lost behind a black cloud of soot.

At last two stood upon the planet which had become one vast battlefield. Kadæna, Empress of the Galaxy and Queen of the K'ta'viiri race, faced her opponent: the rebel Utha. They had the look of siblings but for the glaze of hate in Kadæna's violet eyes, and the haunted mask which Utha's face had become. He held in his bleeding hands a sword. A strange barbaric weapon for a time when ships flew between the stars and the people of his race could slay with one thought of their telepathic minds, but the Soulsword was all that could protect him from She who wore the Shadowstone.

Pulsing with a thirsty crimson light, that gem lay upon Kadæna's breast, held by a heavy chain of black iron. Kadæna thrust her hands forward, palms out at waist height, her bearing one of readiness. "Here we stand at the end of all things, my cousin. Are you well pleased that you have brought about the downfall of your people?" Her words were barbed with psionic knives, but Utha was beyond feeling.

"You destroyed us long ago, My Queen. Better that we die now than live on as a mockery of what we should have been."

"You wanted my throne!" Her hands snapped forwards and from her fingers lashed twisting bolts of white-hot energy, arcing towards her opponent.

But they splashed aside harmlessly: the sword shielded Utha. It diverted those deadly charges, but it took its own toll on his strength. The earth trembled. He took an unsteady step closer to his cousin.

Again Kadæna attacked with lightning, again the Soulsword absorbed the energy.

The black blade began to glow with a faint silvery light.

Utha raised the sword, his sinewy shoulders protesting, every muscle trembling with fatigue.

“No!”“

The sword flashed in a mighty horizontal arc, severing the beautiful Kadæna’s head.

Groaning in its own pain, the earth opened at her feet, and the Shadowstone tumbled from Kadæna’s shoulders into a fiery crevasse. The Empress of the Galaxy’s body trembled, then disintegrated to dust, floating to the smoking ground.

Utha stood silent for a moment to gather his strength. He touched a finger to his forehead and vanished from that battlefield. The most difficult task was yet to do.

The Battle for the Shadow World
The End of the First Era (≈ 112,000 years ago)

The Quest spans the continents of Jaiman and Emer (and beyond) in a series of challenges physical, mental and spiritual which match the characters against the Jerak Ahrenreth, the Secret Circle of Evil as old as this Era.

Of course it is implausible that a group of young lords could possibly defeat a cult as powerful and devious as the Secret Circle. The goal of this great quest is merely to strike at the weakest point in the circle and hopefully forestall their plans for dominance. As one can tell by reading the background on this evil order (found in the Emer supplement), it is comprised of a number of factions. It is not a seamlessly unified whole, and there are weaknesses which can be exploited. Several members have schemes to further their own power at the expense of others of the cult; in the end these individual ambitions could be the undoing of the whole. The Circle is also largely dependant on huge crystal fragments which allow the members to focus and direct Dark Essænce. The destruction of the crystal would cripple their power base.

On this first leg of the campaign, the characters meet and travel across the continent of Jaiman. As their journey progresses through a series of encounters, they gain insights into themselves as well as the greater role they must play in the saga of the Shadow World. Following (in a very abbreviated form) is a synopsis of the events of this first phase of the campaign. While many things mentioned in this section will be somewhat obscure at this stage, it will be a handy reference later as the details are filled in. Player-character names appear in italics.

LETHYS:

The gathering of the Company takes place in Lethys, a thriving seaport in on the southern coast of Jaiman. They probably meet in a tavern, the Library, or some similar place. They witness an assassination by the Cult of Stars. Morden is given a confusing verse in a dream. From there the group sets sail to the island library of Nomikos (for several reasons), where the deeper meanings of early memories are revealed. En route they encounter pirates.

POINT-BY-POINT SUMMARY:

- The characters meet (at tavern or library)
- Witness assassination by the Cult of Stars
- *Morden* is given a cryptic verse in a dream
- The party decides to go to Nomikos
- Encounter with pirates en route

NOMIKOS LIBRARY

Nomikos Library is guarded by Chamgramai monks (*Rælen* beware). Research done: scrolls by Zener Morndaak (rumored to now live in Tanara).

Their information leads them to want to go to Tanara, so they set sail there. However, a Flowstorm has other plans, and the next thing they know they plow into the desert of Zor...

POINT-BY-POINT SUMMARY:

- Nomikos is guarded by Changramai (warning to *Rælen*)
- Research done: scrolls by Zener Morndaak, now rumored to live in Tanara.

- Set sail for Tanara to visit Zener for more info.
- Essænce storm wrecks ship in Zor

ZORIAN WASTES

Trekking through the Zor Wastes, the PCs encounter a ruined city of Zor, and many creatures and hostile beings residing within. They clash with the Priest of Dansart—one of the Priests Arnak first mentioned in the Iron Wind. They are captured, but escape with the aid of a Loremaster. They pass through a Portal, which takes them eventually to Haalkitaine. They were allowed to escape by Vaag t’Kang, who can magically track them. He hopes that they will unearth useful secrets for him.

They appear in the sewers beneath Haalkitaine, and Terek’s pendant guides them out.

POINT-BY-POINT SUMMARY:

- Encounter mutants and wild dogs
- Captured by Messengers of Ulkaya (servants of a Priest Arnak)
- Imprisoned in the citadel of Dansart; meet apprentice Loremaster
- Audience with the cruel Priest Osaran
- Vaag t’Kaang releases the prisoners (unbeknownst to Osaran) so he can track them to secret information
- Escape via a portal
- Emerge from portal into ancient sewers; as they near an exit, *Terek’s* pendant indicates going another way.

HAALKITAINE/LORDS PASSAGE

Exiting the sewer group and ship survivors split up. They are rewarded by Sæn, the Loremaster apprentice.

After resting in the capital of Rhakhaan (and possibly becoming embroiled in the political situation there) they resume their journey towards Tanara. Along the way through an underground passage, they encounter incredible creatures—and the Phoenix Sword (which Ty can use). A Doombringer pursues the PCs through the sewers/labrynth. They flee through a tunnel under the mountains and emerge in Tanara

POINT-BY-POINT SUMMARY:

- Emerge from the sewers in Haalkitaine
- Survivors split up (crew and other passengers go their way)
- PCs are rewarded by Sæn the Loremaster apprentice
- Return to sewers to follow the pull of the pendant
- Encounter with Uthgool in sewers
- Find Phoenix Sword (*Ty* can use it)
- Doombringer appears and pursues the party through a tunnel under the mountains
- Emerge in Tanara

TANARA

The group emerges from their underground odyssey only to be captured by the xenophobic Dúranaki. They are taken before the High Council of the Dúranaki, led by T’kaal Arain.

Terek was exiled for teaching his Myri friend Kel how to read; an act considered to be treasonous. Over T’kaal’s objections, Terek is sentenced to death, and the others are to be banished after he is executed.

Meanwhile, spies for the Priest Lyak have reported the appearance of the characters, and they will be trailed. Kel (with a group of domestic Myri and rebel Dúranaki who are living in exile) comes to the group’s rescue, and they flee, pursued by Dúranaki, and then

Messengers of Al-Athuul. They use the gift of the Loremaster to escape.

POINT-BY-POINT SUMMARY:

- Arrive at Morndaak’s house only to find him dead
- Dúranaki arrive at the scene and take the PCs prisoner on suspicion of murder
- The entire group is trailed by Messengers of Al-Althuul and a Priest Arnak (of Lyak)
- The PCs are imprisoned in a cave while the Dúranaki prepare to fight their trackers
- PCs escape by summoning a Navigator using the reward they received from Sæn in Haalkitaine (the reward is free passage to Gryphon College)

GRYPHON COLLEGE

The group arrives at the cloistered enclave, and are tentatively welcomed. There, they learn more about their quest, the Phoenix Pendant, and the Jerak Ahrenreth. They also meet meet Kalen and Jad.

POINT-BY-POINT SUMMARY:

- The party is given hospitality at Gryphon College
- Meet Lord Kalen Avanir and his Squire Jad. (A very observant PC might notice a resemblance between Jad and the evil Arnak priest Osaran; this will be significant later in the campaign)
- Zaris, matriarch of the College, helps attune the Phoenix pendant and Sword
- Decide to go to the Mur Fostisyr via the lakes with a stop in Saralis to look for Elor Once Dark, a renowned Loremaster.
- Leave by boat.

THE SARALIS FRONTIER

The group journeys through the central lake region and face dangers both monstrous and arcane. Arriving in Saralis, they cross a bizarre rural landscape and deal with otherworldly beasts, an ancient trap, and woman with a dangerous hunger. Finally, they meet a man of whom they have heard quite a bit. He might aid them on their way.

POINT-BY-POINT SUMMARY:

- Travel through the straits from southwestern lake into the middle lake
- Attacked by a Kraken
- Land on the northwestern shore and travel north
- Encounter a Soulslayer and 4 Vancu brought by an Essænce Storm from Foleenn to jaiman.
- Encounter the Spiral of Death—from which Elor may rescue them
- Guests at Elor’s house—he tells them to go around the mountains, through Lu’nak

LU’NAK

This eerie forested land holds hidden dangers, but also an escape towards the Land of Blue Light. They arrive at the coastal town of Kelfour’s landing, and manage to buy passage to the Mur Fostisyr—but the price is high.

POINT-BY-POINT SUMMARY:

- Forced into the Forest of Dír by Messengers of Syrkakang
- Attacked by Shards in the Forest of Dír
- Find safety in a temple in the forest

- Temple has secret passage down to a tomb where a body (Enris Joor) and the Windblade (useable by *Ræk* or *Vania*) lies
- Passage from the tomb leads underground to the coast.
- Follow coast to town of Kelfour's Landing
- A Ky'taari craftsman offers to take the PCs to the Mur Fostisy in his ice sloop —his price: the rescue of his sister who is imprisoned in the Aalk Gaath (Citadel of the Dragon)

MUR FOSTISYR

Before reaching Tælen's goal, they must help another Ky'taari rescue his sister—and confront a powerful being who has lived in this icy land for millennia. Tælen might also find a great treasure in an unlikely place. They flee the lord of the manor, aided by the Udahir.

The journey continues as the characters reach Dawnwater's Edge, and Tælen receives guidance from his Mistress. But their arrival has precipitated a crisis, and the group is forced to depart once again.

POINT-BY-POINT SUMMARY:

- Across the straits to the Aalk Gaath
- Climb cliffs from the shore to get to it, rescue Tirilin, Luklin's sister, and steal the sword Ashaanaar (it calls to Rælen)
- Hunted by the White Dragon as they leave
- Rælen 'summoned' by his goddess to her secret temple
- They group sees a Herald of Night
- At the temple, they see the goddess Ariana
- An Ordainer attacks, and the goddess opens a portal for the party to escape; Ariana tells *Rælen* to remain with the group for now.

URULAN

They arrive in a haunted place cloaked by mists, and only have a few moments to get their bearings before they are attacked by Night Hounds. They are observed by a otherworldly watcher, and flee to ancient ruins for safety. It is there that they meet a spirit and learn their location.

Heading south, they observe an ominous project underway, but may not understand its significance until much later. Finally, a chance encounter with a shipwrecked sailor offers a plan to escape to civilization.

POINT-BY-POINT SUMMARY:

- The party arrives at the ruins of Ar-Talisen (an ancient elven city); they realize they are in Urulan
- Having heard of settlements to the south, they head there, and have an encounter with Night Hounds and an Althoi
- They pass by mines of the Steel Rain
- Encounter with an Epsilon Drone (a mechanism built by the Lords of Essænce)
- They encounter Kesien, who disappeared with *Leena's* brother *Ærik*. He urges the PCs to flee the area.
- Encounter first mate of a captured sky sloop while observing a pirate base. They help her reclaim her ship, and they return to Eidolon

ON TO SEL-KAI... AND EMER

The group has a glorious arrival in the glittering city of Eidolon. Surrounded by Elves and Shay, everything seems secure... until someone spots a specter of the past. Their quest has just begun.

POINT-BY-POINT SUMMARY:

- Receive a reward from the sky sloop's owner; see Vaag t'Kaang in Eidolon
- R&R in Sel-kai

• PART II •

THE PLAYER-CHARACTERS



he bedroom was dark and silent... absolutely silent.

The boy lay unmoving in his bed. His terror rendered him unable to move or even breathe.

Ty felt silly for being so afraid. Eleven-year-old princes should not be afraid of dreams. But still, he *was* afraid

That shadow by the wardrobe—did it have substance or not? Darkness seemed to move and flow around the polished wood doors.

There *was* something there!

Standing at the foot of his bed, not a shadow, but a shrouded figure! Ty's heart thumped in his chest, but he remained motionless. How had this intruder gotten in? By magic? The palace had many wards against even such intrusions.

Then the shadow spoke. The boy felt every his muscle tense as the silence broke.

“Greetings Ajkar Tyrus Faslurin, Lord of Elchar, third son of Emperor Talus Arej Malvion Faslurin VII.” The visitor had a soft, unexpectedly melodic voice.

Realizing that there was no point in hiding under the covers, Ty sat up to face his visitor. “What do you want?” he asked, proud that he managed to keep his voice steady. Sweat ran down his sides in warm trickles, yet he shivered.

The visitor stepped forward so that he stood in a shaft of moonlight cast from the tall windows. With a long-fingered hand he slowly pulled back the hood of his cloak. His face was white in the pale light, white and beautiful. His hair was raven-black, and fine pointed Elven ears protruded from beneath the thick locks. “To see you.”

The dead hearth-fire leapt up to light the visitor in angry red.

The Elf smiled. With a terrible crash, the windows splintered outwards in whirling glass shards, and a gust of wind exploded through the room Papers to fly and bedcurtains furling in the maelstrom. Amidst this fury of wind and sound and fire, the visitor casually stepped closer around the bed. Ty scooted up towards the headboard, but suddenly the Elf was next to him. He seized one of the boy's hands

in his own. The visitor's flesh was cold and hard as marble.

"Let go of me! The guards will be here any minute!"

"Brave little lord," the Elf smiled, exposing perfect white teeth. It was a leer of total malice, somehow... inhuman.

The visitor dug his fingers into Ty's hand, and he gasped as sudden pain lanced up his arm. His hand felt like it was being stabbed by knives.

"Look!" The Elven man whispered, his face close, his breath cold and dead like wet ash.

Young Ajkar Tyrus tore his blue eyes from the pale amber ones of the Elf and looked down. Blood oozed from around his fingernails, pooled at the tips, and began to drip onto the white bedsheet. Slowly the Elf raised Ty's trembling hand to his lips and licked up a few droplets of bright blood. To Ty's horror, the Elf's eyes began to glow with an inner red light.

Then he vanished.

It was as if he had never been there. The boy's bloody hand fell to the bed, numb and tingling. A cold wind swirled through the room, causing the curtains to furl lazily.

Ty realized with a start that a huge white owl was sitting on the broken window-sill, amber eyes staring fixedly at him for a long moment. Then it spread its great wings and was gone.

Tyrus cried out as he awoke from the nightmare, his shirt soaked with cold sweat. He frantically looked about the room, but the fire was out, the window intact. It was only a dream! Shivering, he raised his hand to wipe the perspiration from his forehead. Dark red stains rimmed his fingernails. He looked up. A huge white owl stared at him as it sat on the outer windowsill. It spread its great wings and was gone.

It was just the first of many visits by the Pale Man.

A Dream of Ajkar Tyrus Faslurin
Prince of Rhakhaan

1•CREATING CHARACTERS

The GM and players are welcome to use their own characters for this quest, but it is clear that the campaign will be more exciting when the characters have personal goals along with the greater purpose. The GM is strongly urged to customize the character backgrounds with goals along the lines of those included with the provided characters below.

Additionally, the GM may wish to use the backgrounds included below to further flesh-out the characters. The more interesting and 'three-dimensional' the character, the more fun the players can have.

Once the group has been settled, the GM will also need to review the adventures to get an understanding of how the adventures may need to be adjusted for optimal character enjoyment. (Some adjustment would be inevitable if the adventures are to be personally interesting to the player-characters).

2•THE PROVIDED CHARACTERS

Below are ten complete character backgrounds. They are meant to offer the group a selection of interesting individuals to play; it is suggested that the actual group not number more than six-seven at the outside.

Stats given below are for the character's starting level; obviously stat mods will change as the stats go up (or down).

CHARACTER SPELL LISTS

The spell using PCs should have starting lists; however, the choice of these is left up to the player.

All Pure and Hybrid Spell Users should be given four lists to start with; the Semi-spell users should be given two lists. Subsequent lists should be gained according to the usual acquisition method.

THE GM CRIB SHEET

The following page is a quick reference guide for the GM to help her keep track of the characters, remind her of their goals, secrets, possessions, and special abilities. It might be helpful to photocopy the sheet and clip it to the inside of the GM screen for easy referral.

RÆK TORREN

- Laan (high-man) Healer
- From Kaitaine, family of cotton traders
- Descendant of a member of the secret *Order of the Cloak* (Ahn Sye Zonar)
- Immune to spells of Zonar, partially so to those of other orders
- Gates and Portals of the Order will open for him
- Sexual orientation unacceptable in his society
- Left home to seek his fortune rather than marry

LEENA ÆRIEN

- Linær (fair Elf) bard
- From Linæri isles of Lys; daughter of a Lord there
- Older brother Ærik left to travel Emer with friends Kesien and Orrel; he has disappeared
- Leena left home to find her brother and to adventure

RÆLEN THIROK

- Ky'taari (half-elfen) Warrior Monk/Chanramai Novitiate
- Wishes to save his homeland (The Mur Fostisyr) from the Iron Wind
- Would like to find the lost sword Ashaanaar and return it to the high priestess of his people
- Must avoid the Changramai, to whom he owes 5 years service

VANIA KIRILIN

- Dryad Animist
- Agent sent from the Emerald Forest
- On a mission to learn more of events in the world
- Special abilities and restrictions

JYMSAN IXATA•CENTARUS

- Loar (high Elf) Mage
- Conjuror from Namar-Tol
- Obsessed with technology (like many of his race)
- Somewhat hedonistic and flirtatious

NUKITI MELENKA

- Nuyani Thief
- 4th son of wealthy landowner in Nuyan Khôm
- Traveller/adventurer because he has no inheritance
- Wishes to find the Sceptre of Khôm which was stolen from his people.
- Likes to drink

MORDEN NœK

- Itanian Mentalist
- 'Warlock' of Itanis
- Father unknown, thus he is a disgrace to his society (father is really Andraax)
- Has set out to find his father
- Special K'ta'viir abilities
- Has dreams of the Ahrenreth, Eye of Agoth, Schrek, etc....

AJKAR TYRUS FASLURIN

- Zorian (high man) Fighter
- Prince of Rhakhaan (3rd son)
- Has nightmares of the White Mage (who he knows only as the "Pale Man")
- Is fascinated by lore and Loremasters
- Is afraid of white owls

TA'A NCER

- Shay Rogue
- Amazon of Sarnak
- Mistake on her part caused death of fellow warrior - initiate
- Exiled herself from her people

TEREK AL-ARAIN

- Dúranak Mystic
- Eldest son of a member of the Dúranaki High Council
- Defied cultural rule that Myri are their inferiors: he taught his Myr friend Kel to read and was exiled for it
- Possesses a pendant (which he does not know is the powerful Phoenix pendant)
- Has information on pendants, swords, etc., penned by a scribe of Nomikos

AJKAR TYRUS FASLURIN

PRINCE OF RHAKHAAN (ZORIAN FIGHTER)

Ajkar Tyrus Faslurin ('Ty') would provide significant muscle for the group. A 'front-line fighter,' he is a skilled and hardy warrior. Though a youth, he already has an imposing presence.

BACKGROUND

The third son of Emperor Jerrin Arej Malvion Faslurin III, Ajkar Tyrus (his friends call him 'Ty') is itching for adventure. Because he is the third in line, he is not closely supervised. This allows him the freedom to travel the countryside in relative anonymity. Ty is frustrated at home, the Imperial Palace a warren of intrigue and politics. While intelligent and boyishly handsome, he lacks social skills. He is also somewhat uncoordinated right now (except when in melee), having so recently grown into his size. The young prince is also haunted by strange, terrifying dreams (see the introduction to Part II). The Visitor described there is none other than the evil being who has been known as the *White Mage*, and visits Ty (and the other heirs) in dreams. He is paving the way to controlling Rhakhaan again, but this time through terrifying dreams, a power he recently achieved. The dreaming power does not allow the White Mage to know Ty's actions and locations yet, but he is slowly gaining more power. The only way that Ty can break the spell is to confront the Visitor within his dreams. This he will not have the power to do until much later in the quest, but he will have the opportunity, for the White Mage is also known as *Phæniis Rhyn*, one of the Eight of the Jerak Ahrenreth.

TRAITS/DEMEANOR

Ty is outwardly cocky, but actually rather shy. He is confident in his swordsmanship, but is also interested in history and fascinated by Loremasters. His tutors have almost convinced him that he is stupid, however, so he is hesitant to speak up when intellectual topics are discussed. He also has a slight stutter which grows worse when he is nervous—adding to his reluctance to speak.

As noted above, Ty is usually an awkward youth, incapable of even walking without bumping into something. This apparent lack of grace does not add to his popularity around court. He has the usual contingent of young female followers, but he covers his shyness by behaving boorishly around them. But when in combat, he becomes as confident as a seasoned warrior and graceful as any dancer.

PERSONAL STATISTICS

Race: Zorian

Height: 6'4"

Weight: 210 lbs

Build: Muscular, big boned.

Eyes: Emerald Green

Hair: Blond/straight

Age: 18

Profession: Fighter

Languages: (s/w) Rhaya (8/7); Erlin (5/5); Iylar (2/3); Shay (3/1); Kugor (2/2)

Current Level: 1

Hits: 36 (Base: 31)

Power Points: N/A

Stats:	Temp	Pot	Stat Md	RceMd	TTI Md
CO	90	99	+10		
AG	45	98			
SD	66	80			
ME	75	82			
RE	45	90			
ST	99	100			
QU	86	94			
PR	80	90			
EM	58	76			
IN	60	60			
AP	95	99			

Spells: None

SPECIAL SKILLS/ABILITIES

Ty has one 'special ability'—if it could be called that. It is a knack for knowing completely random trivia. This knowledge comes from extensive reading he did as a boy; not the texts he was suppose to read for his tutors (and thus his reputation for being a dullard) but arcane histories and essays found in the deep recesses of the ancient Haalkitain Palace libraries. Ren Thryask, a Loremaster known to visit Haalkitain, steered the eager Ty towards many of these tomes. As a result, Ty's head is full of fascinating but fragmented tidbits of potentially priceless information.

This ability must either be handled by the GM through rolls, or—provided he doesn't get obnoxious with it—by the player asking if Ty has a chance of knowing about a given item/event/location. Anytime Ty is confronted by a unique item, place, person, name, etc which might have a tale behind it, Ty should have a 5-10% chance of recalling something about the thing. His recollection, if successful, could be as little as a related word or name, or as much as a perfectly recalled description or historical context. It should be noted that while Ty's recollections are never wrong, they should often be quite fragmentary.



POSSESSIONS

Ty has the following special possessions when he starts out. Note that the sword, armor and shield are enchanted and part of a set made for him as a prince of Rhakhaan. All are of a red-gold metal; the armor and shield are very lightweight but strong, and bear the crest of the Phoenix. Ty polishes his equipment religiously every night.

Ring: A gold signet ring bearing the crest of the Phoenix. It adds +10 to DB and +10 to RRs vs Channeling.

Sword: *Harbinger*, +10 Bastard Sword of a red-gold alloy, glows red within 100' of Undead.

Armor: Metal breastplate and greaves (AT 18). The breastplate is beautifully made with an enhanced form-fitting design. Because of the special alloy, the Quickness penalty is halved (-10), and the maneuver penalty is also halved (55 max, 10 min)

Shield: Protects as a full shield but weights only 8 lbs. Halves all damage (reduces criticals 2 steps) from directed fire attacks.

FOR THE GM ONLY

Ty could rightfully wield the Phoenix Sword, the magical weapon designated for the guardian of the Emperor. As such, this heirloom can be used by anyone of the royal blood or one designated by the ruler of Rhakhaan. The sword has been lost for centuries, but adventures in this book may take the company very near the sword's resting place.

About the dreams: the GM needs to continue the theme begun with the dream told in the beginning of this section, now that Ty is older, the terrors may have to become more 'sophisticated.' Occasionally (not too often!), a white owl will show up in reality, which should give the youth quite a scare. In the later books, Ty will be given hints which he can use to fight the White Mage on his own terms.

TA'A NÖER

AMAZON OF SARNAK (ROGUE)

Ta'a Nöer is a female warrior: an Amazon from the coastal realm of Sarnak in western Emer. Her training includes weapon skills, some martial arts, and a variety of abilities which make her at home scouting in the wilderness as well as skulking in urban environments.

BACKGROUND

Ta'a Nöer, daughter of a respected noblewoman, showed great promise as a youth, and soon made a name for herself in the sparring court. She had few rivals, though her arrogance was also rarely matched. But Ta'a's rise to prominence met with tragedy.

Ta'a was fifteen when, while involved in a wilderness trial with a fellow Warrior-initiate, her error in judgement led to an accident in which her co-dependant warrior was killed. Ta'a was not directly responsible, but her 'sister' would not have died had Ta'a not been careless.

Stricken by horror and grief, she panicked. Ta'a was unable to face the tribunal which would lead inevitably to discommendation (expulsion from society such that all record of your existence is wiped from records—considered worse than death), and she couldn't bring herself to commit ritual suicide. She fled before anyone discovered the death, and has lived in exile as a mercenary since then.

TRAITS/DEMEANOR

Ta'a is typical of her culture: beautiful in a severe way, arrogant, disdainful of all men. A competitive relationship between Ta'a and



Tyrus Faslorin is almost inevitable; whether it is friendly or antagonistic is up to the PCs. She is not afraid of combat, and in Ta'a's case she almost seeks it out too eagerly: driven by the nagging guilt of her crime as a youth.

PERSONAL STATISTICS

Race: Shay/Laan

Height: 6'

Weight: 160

Build: Lean/musclcd

Eyes: Green

Hair: Brown

Age: 22

Profession: Rogue

Languages: (s/w) Arlak (7/6); Erlin (5/2); Shay (4/2)

Current Level: 1

Hits: 22 (Base: 21)

Stats:	Temp	Pot	Stat Md	RceMd	TTI Md
CO	88	97			
AG	94	100			
SD	55	80			
ME	47	79			
RE	80	82			
ST	94	98			
QU	99	100			
PR	71	85			
EM	69	80			
IN	100	102			
AP	75	81			

Spells: N/A

SPECIAL SKILLS/ABILITIES

Sailing: 3 picks

Swimming: 4 picks

Stalk and Hide: 3 picks

Forage: 3 picks, useful in forest/mountainous regions

POSSESSIONS

Spear: A beautiful +10 weapon, it has an alloy tip and a shaft of rare black Dír wood. It is unbreakable by normal means.

Shield: Very lightweight, it protects as a full shield but only encumbers as a target shield. It is reinforced hide (stained black) stretched over a lightweight metal frame.

Leather Breastplate and greaves: A finely made set of armor, the leather is dyed black and reinforced by metal straps and rings. As a result, it is AT 10 with an additional +10 to DB.

Comp Bow: A laminated bow, it is of fine workmanship.

FOR THE GM ONLY

Ta'a has an innate intuitive ability to 'Detect Ambush' (*Spell Law*, p 58), and though this ability also works indoors with a 30' range, she is only right 50% of the time. That is, she never falsely suspects ambush, but she has a 50% chance of failing to detect one. It does not work unless there is actually a thinking being (or at least a beast) waiting.

Note: should the PC begin to abuse this ability by asking too frequently, it might 'burn out' for several weeks...

TEREK AL-ARAIN

DÚRANAKI MYSTIC

As one of this reclusive, nocturnal race, Terek has unusual skills and attitudes. Part of the nature of a Mystic is that they are solo operators, and Terek's cultural background only reinforces this tendency. But Terek is driven by a desire to learn about the larger world, and the mystery of the pendant hanging around his pale neck also drives him.

BACKGROUND

As the eldest son of Zerin Al'Arain (a member of the Jyaad Council and cousin of the famous warrior-mystic T'kaal Arain), Terek is considered something less than nobility, but more than a mere aristocrat. This is the nature of the class/caste system of the Dúranaki: classes among their own people, the absolute distinction between them and the Myri.

Terek is a bit of a rebel in this unusual society, and his defiance of cultural rules have led to his exile from the Dúranaki lands.

While the Myri are just as intelligent and capable as the Dúranaki, they consider them to be mentally inferior; little more than bright pets, in fact. Romantic relationships or even close friendships between the races are forbidden.

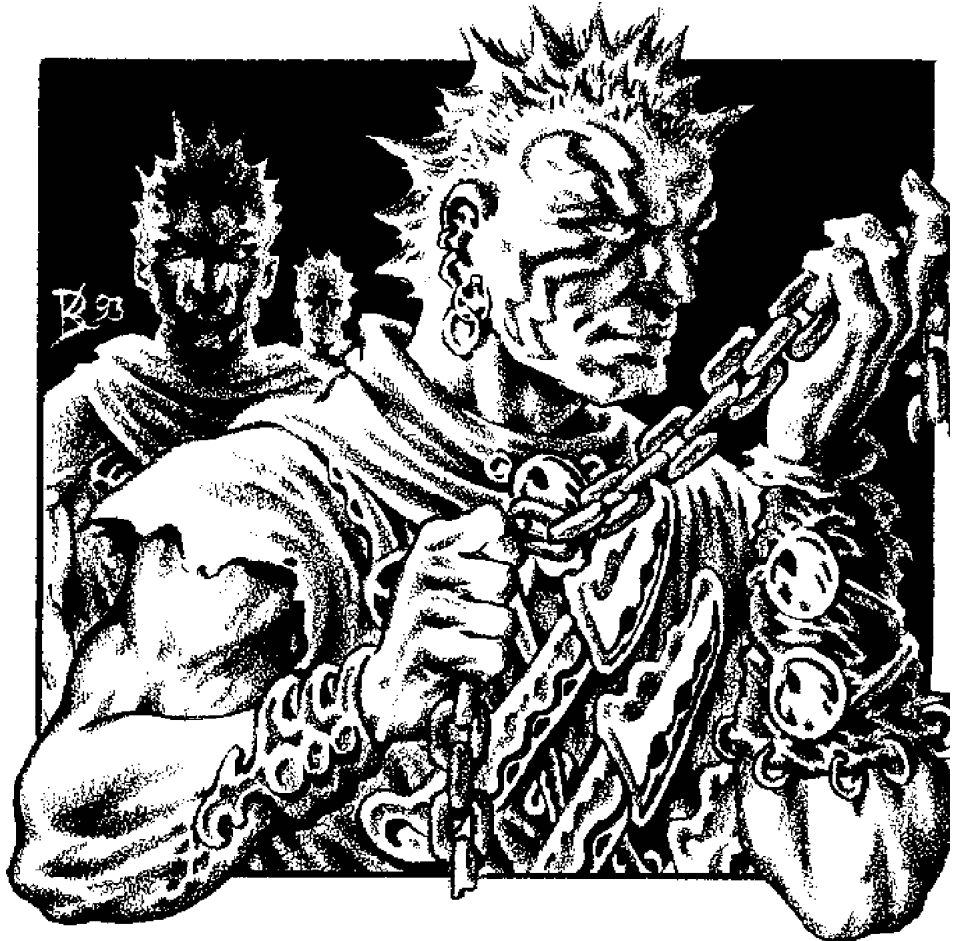
Terek is (or was) leader of a group of youths who work to break down the barrier between the races. They meet in secret with Myri friends, ostensibly educating them (but in reality the greater gain is how they learn about each other's culture).

Terek was caught teaching his Myri friend Kel how to read—and

exiled for this strictly forbidden act. The rest of his circle (known amongst themselves as the "White Hand") went deeper undercover and have almost disbanded.

Meanwhile, Terek crossed the Grey Mountains and took up residence in Haalkitain. Over the last few months he has pieced together some information about the pendant. Excerpts of the most important passage appear below:

...For many years only petty warlords ruled the lands of Jaiman, despite the efforts of the Loremasters and a succession of powerful individuals all determined to unite at least a significant portion of the continent. Meanwhile a dark force known only as the Lorgalis the White settled on the isle of Ulor, and in but a few years fortified it and then seized the lands of Xa'ar and Ly-Aran. It was feared that this Lord—suspected to



be a servant of the Unlife—would soon send his armies swarming over all Jaiman. He as yet did not have a foothold on the main shores of the continent; any action to stop him would have to come soon.

The High Council of Loremasters met and debated the problem, deciding at last that stronger guidance was needed. Loremaster Kirin T'thaan objected, but the majority held the day: Order was necessary or the Unlife would prevail. Andraax took thought and travelled to the Land of Valemarna—home of the Lord Alchemist. The two united their skills and knowledge, and the Alchemist toiled for many years in the design before the Six Crowns came forth. These items were of surpassing power, empowering the wearer with arcane abilities and the insight of rulership. The Crowns were of the Essænce— one

with the Flows and so able to tap the unlimited forces of the World. Within each Crown was a Pattern, and by that pattern were the very Lands organized. Borders were set and maintained by the power that was within the Crowns. They could not be violated. Only the strong could tap the full powers of the Crowns—the six Lords destined to rule as selected by the Loremasters—and only the reigning Monarch's designated heirs would be able to wear the Crowns and claim their lands. With the Crowns came Swords, powerful tools of the chosen champions of the Kings; and in addition were six Pendants, amulets to be borne by appointed advisors to each monarch—men and women of wisdom to temper the fiery spirits inherent in the passionate rulers. The Crowns of course would also do this.

Varis Faslurin was first given the Phoenix Crown, and with it was granted central Jaiman: the realm of Rhakhaan...

All seemed to go smoothly for many turns of years. For a dozen centuries the Six Realms grew rich, powerful and secure, each country with defined borders, friendly with its neighbors and presenting a united front against any military assaults by forces of the Unlife. The Crowns were mighty artifacts indeed, but as such they tended to weigh heavily on their owners after a time. The same attributes which allowed a given ruler to maintain absolute control over his or her land also tended to restrict his thought patterns (necessary to prevent border disputes and expansionism). Of course, the entire situation was somewhat subjective and artificial. Rulers began to don their Crowns less and less frequently—realizing that while they did not wear the Crown they felt greater freedom of thought. When this occurred, the agents of the Unlife saw their opportunity to sow dissent. The Swords and Pendants were not restrictive like the Crowns—though each held a spirit of its own. Only the Crowns controlled the very land and held the borders.

Each ruler knew intuitively that—even though he or she did not wear the Crown and so could not exert the mystical Earth-Essence power over their land—while the other monarchs wore their Crowns, they had no desire to assault a neighbor. It was only when two or more leaders abandoned their Crowns that strife was possible; or when there was an outside threat. All knew that the Crowns brought security, but stifled initiative. The more self-assured grew impatient and desired to expand their lands. The Crowns would not allow it. Dissatisfaction arose.

This problem was exacerbated by the arrival of certain men, seemingly with great knowledge and wisdom, from the east. They were more free with their lore than the almost grudging, always condescending Loremasters. These Wise Men counseled the removal of the Crowns, saying instead, "Who rules when you wear the Crown? Not you, my friend, but the Loremasters far away. They control you as a puppeteer manipulates a wooden dummy! Would you have such a master?"

The plans of Andraax and the Alchemist began to crumble before their eyes.

The first to fall was Zor, the largest of the Six...

The Tanarans were the next to succumb...

Even as the Tanarans were being seduced by the words of the Sorcerer Sages, Saralis and U-Lyshak were suffering similar fates. Both fell to the seduction of treachery, and once-great realms descended into barbarism.

Meanwhile the King of Rhakhaan was listening to the advice of a man who called himself the Magician. The Mage, a powerful magician and clearly a knowledgeable man, counselled King

Arej Faslurin IX that there were vast lands—since left nearly vacant by the Zorians which were ripe for conquest. Arej was reluctant at first (the Crown's power still held him somewhat in thrall), but after a few years of careful maneuvering, the Magician had his way. The old lands of Southern Zor were annexed—and the Phoenix Crown of Rhakhaan was entombed in a vault. Soon other ideas came to Arej's head: he was too tolerant of Elves; those immortal creatures were taking advantage of him. Only two realms remained on Jaiman anyway—and why shouldn't Rhakhaan rule the entire continent?

All the while the Loremasters agonized over their failure and were in doubt over how to correct it. Andraax suggested drastic corrective measures while others counselled restraint: too much damage had been done already through interference; only more pain could result.

It was not long before Arej declared himself Emperor of Jaiman and attacked Urulan. The war lasted for a hundred years and was inconclusive. Though the Unicorn Crown protected the borders of Urulan, her people suffered from the isolation. In addition, there were many Elven settlements in Tanara and southern Rhakhaan, all of which were either destroyed or their inhabitants persecuted. Finally, Arej died—assassinated by an unknown murderer, his plans unfulfilled. The realm fell into anarchy, a number of heirs vying for power...

Rhakhaan declined into a small, threatened land for many years, and it was only with the Ascension of Ajkara III some four hundred years later that the country achieved unity again. Hardly had she inaugurated her court, however, when the Magician appeared. Whether a descendant of his questionable predecessor or the same man, he somehow made his way into Ajkara's inner circle of advisors. She, however, had somehow acquired the Phoenix pendant, and the aid of one Jeril Sumnari, a Loremaster. Sumnari and the Mage were frequently at odds, and Ajkara was wise enough to play one against the other. She even survived an attack by a spectral creature described (according to records) as the "Wraith Lord", apparently a powerful manifestation of the Unlife. Ajkara was only saved by the Phoenix Pendant. Soon afterward Ajkara renounced her rule and fled with Sumnari to an unknown destination. She left no heir and Rhakhaan was sundered into its provincial holdings—which warred amongst themselves until the entire fabric of the civilization was destroyed.

*602 Third Era of Ire
Lerianis, Scribe of Nomikos
From a Scroll found in Gryphon College*

TRAITS/DEMEANOR

The Dúranaki are xenophobic, a tendency that Terek fights, though not always with complete success. He has a hard time overcoming a deep suspicion of those who look different than he does. Ironically, the Dúranaki—with their strange costumes and spiked, colored hair—stand out in a crowd of other races.

Terek is usually a quiet individual. He has a soft tenor voice and rarely speaks unless asked a question or he has something very pressing to say.

As with most of his culture, Terek is fastidious (even compulsive) and sensitive about his personal grooming. While most Dúranak men do not have facial hair (and so he has no need to shave), Terek washes thoroughly (in private when possible), his hair must be perfect, and he often dons colorful face paints.

PERSONAL STATISTICS

Race: Dúranak

Height: 5'8"

Weight: 140 lbs

Build: lean

Eyes: blue/green

Hair: brown (bleached white w/blue streak)

Age: 21

Profession: Mystic

Languages: (s/w) Erlin (5/4); Ranaka (7/7); Rhaya (6/4)

Current Level: 1

Hits: 17 (Base: 16)

Power Points: 2

Stats:	Temp	Pot	Stat Md	RceMd	TTI Md
CO	75	90			
AG	96	99			
SD	67	79			
ME	91	95			
RE	83	88			
ST	79	82			
QU	85	95			
PR	94	100			
EM	96	99			
IN	45	52			
AP	73	88			

SPECIAL SKILLS/ABILITIES

Stone Lore: (5 picks) Because of his youth as a cave dweller, Terek has learned to identify rock formations, stone and gem types, and understand the general origins of earth and stone varieties (e.g., he can tell NW Jaiman clay from SE Jaiman clay...)

Caving: (5 picks) Terek gains a bonus for locating cave entrances and exits, and other spelunking-related skills

Trickery: (3 picks) As the regular skill.

POSSESSIONS

Kynacs: All Dúranaki receive a set of these treasured weapons, and training in their use. They are normally worn on a black leather harness: three Kynacs (throwing daggers) and one Long Kynac. For exact parameters, see chart In Emer Atlas Addendum pp 64-65 or use the Rapier table for kynac (when thrown only) and Rapier +15 for Long Kynac.

Bracer: large black leather bracer with silver studs which conveys *knowledge* of the Mystic Base List **Hiding**, and 1x a day allows free casting of one spell on that list at +5 levels.

Phoenix Pendant: This mighty item has only limited powers until it can be attuned to the wearer (a process it may take some time to understand). Current powers are listed first; full powers [in brackets] acquired after attunement.

1. x3 PP enhancer [x5]
2. Wearer resists Essence as a 15th [30th level; Dark Essence as 60th] level.

3. Firerunning at will.

4. Wearer takes half damage from magical fire and heat at all times (criticals reduced two steps). [Wearer may immolate at will, and is at that time immune to flame and heat, and takes half damage from cold]

5. [Wearer's soul is stored in pendant at the instant of death and can return to the body w/o need of lifekeeping or lifegiving when body is repaired (body is essentially 'lifekept').]

6. [Summon the *Absence of Cold* once per day. Effect is like a *Firestorm*. Flammable materials ignite 90% of time; Fireball 300' radius, 3x damage (pendant must be ground zero) Criticals are one less in severity than indicated.]

7. [Unleash *Fire Channels* 1x per day. Treat as *Firebolt* 300', x6 damage. Fires as a cohesive beam of red energy. Possible target Blindness; Puncture critical. Can be very destructive to inanimate objects.]

FOR THE GM ONLY

The Phoenix Pendant is of course an extremely powerful weapon, and Terek should—initially—be strongly discouraged from thinking that what he has is actually it.

Once Ty sees the pendant he will of course be interested in it (the real pendant is theoretically the property of the Emperor of Rhakhaan, given to a trusted Mage to use in the defense of the realm). An unlikely bond *could* be formed between these two.

The Nameless One (who is in fact Tethior the Smith, a fact known to **no one** on Kulthea except perhaps Andraax) will know where the Phoenix Pendant is and may take a dispassionate interest in the keeper...

VANIA KIRILIN

DRUID OF TALAEN (ANIMIST)

Vania is of the People of the Forest.. She hails from the mystical *Emerald Forest* in central Emer, a shrouded place ruled by a powerful Dryad named Kel.



BACKGROUND

Vania will not reveal her true home to any but close confidants. Outwardly she appears very like an Erlin Elf; only very knowledgeable and perceptive might notice the telltale signs of her dryadic nature (The People of the Forest can be considered a hybrid race of Erlin and Dryads; though they are not a true cross-breed).

Vania's master Kel has a network of semi-intelligent birds and small beasts which report the goings-on of the outside world, but his animal observers can only tell so much. What he has heard concerns him. He has sent out several human agents to learn more. Vania can report at irregular intervals when one of Kel's forest friends makes contact.

TRAITS/DEMEANOR

Sent by Kel to discover what is happening in the world, Vania is one of several of her kind now travelling about this region of the world. She has a warm and compassionate personality, yet conveys an air of reserve. While she does not behave in a secretive manner, she is not forthcoming about herself, and in general is quiet and reserved among humans. While her original charge does not include becoming involved with outside politics, joining this group provides her an ideal opportunity to learn a great deal. As the adventures progress, her desire to right wrongs will slowly draw her deeper into events. If she consults with Kel, he will be cautiously supportive.

PERSONAL STATISTICS

Race: Forest Being

Height: 5' 3"

Weight: 100

Build: Slender

Eyes: Green

Hair: Auburn

Age: 35 (Appears ≈16)

Profession: Animist

Languages: (s/w)

Current Level: 1

Hits: 25 (Base: 27)

Power Points:

Stats:	Temp	Pot	Stat Md	RceMd	TTI Md
CO	90	92			
AG	95	100			
SD	65	65			
ME	70	73			
RE	56	60			
ST	80	88			
QU	90	99			
PR	83	90			
EM	75	84			
IN	90	96			
AP	85	90			

SPECIAL SKILLS/ABILITIES

Foraging: Vania has the equivalent of five bonus picks in Foraging.

Animal Tongues: Vania can speak to any small bird, or small mammal (squirrel, rabbit), though the average bird or mammal is only intelligent enough to communicate basic images or thoughts. Vania can communicate fluently with the semi-intelligent beasts under Kel's influence, who can carry fairly sophisticated messages

either to Kel, or to others of their kind. E.g., "tell all the squirrels in this wood to watch for an Elf in a black cloak." is a request that semi-intelligent animals could handle; they would watch diligently for as long as weeks. A regular beast might remember seeing an Elf pass nearby within the last day or so, but could not be expected to remember his attire, or be expected to keep watch for more than a few hours before 'forgetting.'

Weakness near Iron: Vania—like the rest of her dryadic race—suffers in the close proximity of iron. Weapons of pure iron are *Of Slaying*. If Vania is wearing more than a few ounces of iron, her effective level for PPs and spell-casting is halved. Prolonged contact may even reduce her temporary Con (GM discretion).

POSSESSIONS

Staff: A branch of the Tree: x3 PPs for Channeling, allows *Great Merging Organic* (Animist Base Nature's Movements, SL pg 54) 1x per day.

Dagger: of green laen, +25.

Familiar: (Optional, GM discretion) A semi-intelligent ferret named Swinky.

FOR THE GM ONLY

The GM should take care that Vania's special ability to communicate with animals does not get out of hand, and that her communication with Kel does not become more than intermittent reports. He will not give her any guidance; remember that Kel is intelligent and powerful but not terribly 'worldly'; he is naïve. Certainly, he should not be available to rescue the PCs should they become endangered (perhaps later, if they are very near the Forest, but he would never travel to Jaiman). There is also a slight chance she will run into other agents from the Emerald Forest, but these are likely to be random encounters.

On the other hand, Vania's animal communication can be used to add spice to the plot. At some point, one of Kel's birds will be found killed; other animals report seeing an evil bat-like creature...

JYMSAN IXATA-CENTARUS

CONJUROR FROM NÁMAR-TOL (LOAR MAGE)

A carefree young man, Jymsan has the body of an athlete. This is no coincidence, as he is somewhat frustrated as a Mage, having wanted to be a warrior as a boy. He trained with the broadsword and is a passable fighter. His wish now is to combine his abilities with his desires and become a Warrior-mage.

GM Note: Should the GM wish to use the Rolemaster Companions, he is welcome to allow Jymsan to be a Warrior Mage.

BACKGROUND

Sons of Loari Nobles, Jymsan Ixata-Centarus and his older brother represent the marriage of two powerful Námár-Tol families. His mother, Marina Centarus, is indeed of the famous Centarus family and as such Jymsan is related to Prince Rylec Qaterris of Eidolon—as well as the merchant Baron Kitteran Centarus. He only brags about this association occasionally.

Jymsan shares his race's obsession with anything smacking of technology. He carries a number of semi-useless trinkets with him (including a compass which works erratically because of the planetary magnetic field fluctuations), a small clock, and an electric lamp powered by a crude chemical battery. It will operate for about 20 hours, casting the equivalent of a 'light' spell (an odd item for a mage).

TRAITS/DEMEANOR

As an Elf, Jymsan is somewhat resistant to weather extremes. He wears a short tunic draped over one shoulder, sometimes with a

purple hooded over-robe. He has an athletic build and very proud of it. He takes every opportunity to show off his beautiful body.

Always desiring to test himself, Jymsan might be constantly challenging Ty (or Ta'a) to arm-wrestling or other feats of strength. He is frequently concerned about his appearance and spends a considerable amount of his allowance (where practical) on clothes.

Unlike some of the other members of this entourage, Jymsan is a fairly well-adjusted young man, self-confident and outgoing.

Depending on the nature of the campaign, he is also somewhat of a hedonistic boy, enjoying the pleasures of the flesh and the indulgence of drink. When the time comes for work, however, Jymsan knows when to be serious.

PERSONAL STATISTICS

Race: Loar Elf

Height: 6'4"

Weight: 200

Build: Lean; muscular

Eyes: Grey

Hair: Black

Age: 25 (appears ≈ 18)

Profession: Mage

Languages: (s/w)

Current Level: 1

Hits: 23 (Base: 21)

Power Points:

Stats:	Temp	Pot	Stat Md	RceMd	TTI Md
CO	80	89			
AG	93	96			
SD	67	69			
ME	85	90			
RE	66	75			
ST	90	94			
QU	92	95			
PR	70	84			
EM	99	100			
IN	53	75			
AP	98	99			

SPECIAL SKILLS/ABILITIES

Engineering: 5 picks; more at 2/5. Jymsan makes a roll to get an understanding of the technology encountered. For each technology level above the characters, increase the difficulty by 20; for each level below, decrease by 20. Jymsan and the Loari are currently at level 6.5 (on the brink of level 7). Most Lords of Essænce artifacts are of level 13-15. The Steel Rain tech level is currently about 10. $(10 - 6.5) * 20 = 70.0$, so Jymsan would be at a -70 to getting more than the most basic intuitive understanding of Steel Rain equipment.

POSSESSIONS

Gold knuckles. They will fire a *Shock Bolt* 1x per day per level without need to prepare. They are fired by crashing them together, arms outstretched towards the target. If he spends an extra round



concentrating, he gains point-blank. At 3rd level, 3 Shock Bolt 'charges' can be used as a single *Lightning Bolt* instead of the 3 *Shock Bolts*.

Earring: A gold hoop, it is a x2 PP enhancer for Essence.

Allowance Ring: Jymsan wears a signet ring which allows him to draw up to 100 gp per month from Banks of Sel-kai, Rhakhaan Imperial Banks, the Emerald Bank of Kaitaine/Haalkitaine/Lethys and Námár-Tol banks. The Emerald bank is Elven-owned; Loari in Kulthea have gained considerable wealth through bold and innovative banking, including a system which allows swift inter-branch communication.

FOR THE GM ONLY

When the PCs encounter the Steel Rain, Jymsan will be openly fascinated by these creatures combining biological and mechanical functions. While he is vain enough to think that he would never allow himself to have machines wedded to his body, he is intrigued by the idea. As the campaign proceeds, Jymsan's interest should be encouraged by the GM (but in a manner such that the PC understands that this is part of Jymsan's character; the GM is not condoning the interest, as it could obviously lead to danger). But this biotechnology is far beyond what the Loari are capable of, and he knows that it could be priceless knowledge if taken home.

Jymsan might be seeking an item known as the Magesword, an item designed for use by a Warrior-mage...

NUKITI MELENKA

NUYANI THIEF

A personable mercenary, Nukiti (his nickname is 'Keety') would make a valuable addition to the group.

BACKGROUND

Fourthson of a wealthy Nuyan Khôm landowner, Nukiti Melenka has little to look forward to in the way of inheritance. He took to travelling, but his money ran out in Kaitaine. Having little other

choice besides begging or pleading with his father for money, he began to take an interest in 'creative acquisition' (thievery). Since then he has made himself comfortable though not rich. He has his own moral standards of thieving, and is against physically harming his victims (he prefers institutional targets).

Although it is not at the top of his list of desires, Keety would certainly like to be the one to find the Scepter of Khôm, symbol of the rulership of Nuyan-Khôm, stolen some thirty years ago. By returning home with such an item, he would win honor and glory, and his father's approval. (The scepter lies in the Ahrethrôk, so if Keety survives to the culmination of the quest, he might get that wish.)

TRAITS/DEMEANOR

Short, somewhat stocky, but very light-footed and agile, Nukiti bears the distinctive appearance of the Y'nar: black, straight hair, 'flattened' features, epicanthic folds over amber eyes.

'Keety' is normally a very serious young man, intent on his job. He has a weakness for Loari wine, however, and has gotten into trouble more than once after drinking too much. (He and Jymstan could be a dangerous combination in a city: they would be in the nearest well-stocked tavern before anyone else could turn around.) Hangovers can also really interfere with doing your best work: it's hard to pick a lock with your head pounding and your hands shaking.

He is loyal and friendly, and while his goal is to gain riches (and thus respect back home) he will remain faithful to the group against all but the most seductive temptation of wealth.

Nukiti actually left home because of a disagreement with his father over a trivial topic. However, he is dishonored now and feels that he cannot return without gaining wealth and fame. When asked about his family, he is evasive.

PERSONAL STATISTICS

Race: Y'nar

Height: 5'5"

Weight: 145 lbs.

Build: Stocky

Eyes: Amber

Hair: Black, worn in a short flat-top

Age: 27

Profession: Thief

Languages: (s/w)

Current Level: 1

Hits: 21 (Base: 19)

Stats:	Temp	Pot	Stat Md	RceMd	TTI Md
CO	90	95			
AG	96	101			
SD	84	89			
ME	56	70			
RE	84	88			
ST	88	93			
QU	98	98			
PR	75	85			
EM	67	80			
IN	87	87			
AP	75	82			

POSSESSIONS

Boots: Of Water, wall and limbwalking (all times) and Dodging (1x a day, -50 to one bow attack).

Lock Pick Kit : w/shaalk tools (+15)

SPECIAL SKILLS/ABILITIES

Basic Mathematics (5 Picks)

Star-Gazing (5 Picks)

FOR THE GM ONLY

Because of the location of the sceptre, Nukiti has little hope or resolving his personal quest until late in the large picture. You may wish to litter the trail with clues to spur his interest.



MORDEN NœK

WARLOCK OF ITANIS (MENTALIST)

Shunned by his people, Morden is a man with no father. He is trained as a Warlock (Mentalist), but until the mystery of his conception is unraveled he cannot be allowed to enter the College of Warlocks.

BACKGROUND

His mother was treated with fear and some disdain, as she became pregnant without a parenthood agreement (breeding is strictly controlled). Morden was almost killed at birth, but proved to have such potential that the original judgement by the council was set aside.

He was given training and a focus crystal, but never felt in harmony with the other warlock trainees. He also began to display errant ('wild') powers. Rather than suffer longer, he decided to set out and discover who his real father is.

TRAITS/DEMEANOR

Morden looks in all ways like an Itanian—except for his striking violet eyes. He is quiet and reserved, almost painfully shy. This comes in part from the ostracizing as a child.

PERSONAL STATISTICS

Race: Itanian (chocolate skin)

Height: 5'10"

Weight: 160 lbs.

Build: Lean

Eyes: Blue/violet in certain light

Hair: Straight black

Age: 24

Profession: Mentalist

Languages: (s/w)

Current Level: 1

Hits: 18 (Base: 17)

Stats:	Temp	Pot	Stat Md	RceMd	TTI Md
CO	82	85			
AG	75	90			
SD	89	94			
ME	80	90			
RE	86	95			
ST	75	87			
QU	95	98			
PR	99	101			
EM	88	91			
IN	74	80			
AP	81	85			

SPECIAL SKILLS/ABILITIES

Sense Crystal: Morden—through his focus crystal—can sense the proximity and direction of a Secret within 50 miles.

Destroy Crystal: By using his own crystal, Morden will be able to shatter the Focus.

Sense Dreams: Occasionally, Morden will pick up Andraax's nightmares. These are terrifying, disjointed visions (including the Focus Crystal of the Ahrenreth, the Eye of Agoth, and Schrek himself) which awaken Morden and leave him shaken and terrified. He will also be so emotionally distraught that he has no PPs for that following day.

GM Note: The GM should roll percentile dice every night to determine whether Morden dreams. If the roll is 96-00, Morden has a dream-vision (and no PPs the next day).

Morden will somehow begin to suspect that these are someone else's dreams—and that they are those of his father. He will not make the connection to Andraax for some time, though. (Remember, Andraax is not a household name; few have even heard it).

K'TA'VIIR ABILITIES (see *For the GM Only* below)

NOTE: The following abilities are latent, and unless Morden chooses to try appropriate activities, he will never know he has such abilities.

1. Natural night vision allows perfect sight in equivalent to a normal clear night, 10' even in pitch dark.
2. Unusual voice ability provides a +20 when using Public Speaking, Acting, or utilizing the Mentalist powers of Voice.
3. Acute hearing allows isolation and analysis of any sound within 1000' under normal circumstances, and through up to 10' of solid (non-dampening) material.
4. Superb synapse development allows for blinding reactions: +10 to

OB and DB (in addition to normal Stat bonuses). Will always strike first unless surprised; and have the option of using adrenal Speed at will, 100% chance of success (with appropriate Adrenal Moves Rules applicable).

5. Due to unusual joint design, gain a +10 to all static maneuvers involving the hands (locks, repair/construction) or feet (Balance). Also gain a +15 bonus to Contortions, being able to realign many joints.

POSSESSIONS

Mindstone: Similar to that of all Warlocks of Itanis, Morden's crystal looks like a piece of quartz hung from a leather thong. It has a symbiotic relationship with the owner. It has the following powers:

1. x3 PP enhancer (becomes x4 at 5th level, x5 at 10th)
2. Detects Essænce: A Mindstone will respond to the presence of raw Essænce by glowing and giving off a faint warmth.
3. Keyed to owner: if any but the attuned wearer touches the stone, he takes a point-blank Lightning Bolt attack (+35, no DB, AT₁ if touched by a bare hand).
4. Protection: Adds +30 to wearer's RRs vs all mental attacks and probes. By concentrating (no PP use required) wearer has a +90 chance of detecting magical illusion (+50 to see through the illusion).
5. Ranging: Allows user to 'focus' mental power to extend range by +10% per extra round of concentration up to the level of the caster. (Note: change from Atlas Addendum).
6. Aiming: Allows user to 'focus' mental power to increase potency by +5 per extra round of concentration up to a maximum of +30 for non-directed spells and +50 for non-directed spells.
7. Storing: User may store one spell up to his own level in the stone; the spell may then be cast instantly on command, or set to trigger on its own in a specific predetermined situation (situation must be general and obvious).

FOR THE GM ONLY

Morden is really the son of Andraax, who impregnated his mother while she slept. He is, therefore, half K'ta'viiri, and possesses certain special powers which are latent at this time. They will manifest themselves only as the situation dictates.

Morden will have a special link to the great crystal focus of the Jerak Ahrenreth, and as such will sense the proximity of a 'Secret'.

Note the disadvantage accompanying Morden's dream-visions: about 5% of the time Morden will have no PPs. This is an important balancing feature because of all of the young Warlock's other powers and should not be ignored. A creative player can use this disadvantage and make it into an interesting personality trait: perhaps Morden is not only without PPs on those days, but he is emotionally troubled, nervous, twitchy, paranoid...

RÆK TORREN

LAAN HEALER

A male Laan hailing from the city-state of Kaitaine, Ræk Torren is a Channeling Healer with some fighting skills. He also has a troubling secret.

BACKGROUND

Ræk is the eldest son of the Torren family of cotton traders. His mother died nine years ago soon after the birth of his sister; he also has two younger brothers. Ræk's father rules the family much like the business: with a strong and calculating manner.

Just before she died, Ræk's mother called him into her chamber.



He was but a boy of eleven and did not understand much of what she said—references to the Old Empire and a beautiful order turned to evil—but he did remember the phrase *Ahn Sye Zanar*: the Order of the Cloak. She gave him an enchanted bracelet (it fit his wrist perfectly, as it continues to do, and it will not come off) and a beautiful black, red-lined cloak. She told him that it was his duty to seek out his origins and work to right the wrongs done by the evil agents now claiming to be the Order of the Cloak: the Inquisitors of Zanar. She died two days later.

The Master Healer Sheren Taas took Ræk under her wing when he was a youth of thirteen, when he displayed a strong potential healing gift. This was fortunate for Ræk, for he took little interest in the family business (to his father's disappointment). Ræk proved an apt pupil with one exception: he displayed an emotional block which prevented him from forming the bond necessary to transfer serious wounds from others onto himself. At first, Sheren assumed that the problem would work itself out, but as Ræk grew older and it did not improve, she grew concerned. It was not until the youth confessed his secret (see *Traits* below) that she understood. With her help he has gained some self-acceptance and access to transferring abilities. His patron god is Bæris, a Spirit of Orhan who is completely understanding and compassionate (more so than some of the Lords)

Rather than agree to marry the daughter of an allied house, whom he did not love, Ræk abdicated his inheritance and left Kaitaine to seek his fortune—and to gain a better understanding of himself.

TRAITS/DEMEANOR

Ræk Torren is a quiet, polite young man, intelligent, articulate and very handsome. While he is an imposing figure, he moves with a masculine grace. There is sometimes a vague sense of melancholy about him, which can make others uncomfortable.

Most of the time, however, Ræk is simply soft-spoken, doing a good job of remaining on the periphery of any conversation. He does have a beautiful baritone singing voice when he can be convinced to use it.

Finally, Ræk has a secret which he has told no one except his mentor. Sheren accepted Ræk for what he was, but she was unable to protect him from the attitude of intolerance which pervades his culture. Ræk has come to realize that he is what his people call a *sherikaan*, a lover of men.

This homosexual orientation has various levels of acceptance in Kulthea. Most Elven tribes are blasé about it (considering that few remain completely constrained to one orientation throughout their immortal lives). Interestingly, most mortal tribes also do not hold up their own prejudices against the Elves. The Dúranaki are openly supportive; most other cultures range from trying to ignore it to actively persecuting those caught 'in the act'. It is socially unacceptable and/or morally wrong but not illegal in Nuyan Khôm, Rhakhaan, most of Hæstra and the western states of Jaiman. The Rhiani cast out *sherikaan* tribesmen. In Sel-kai it is quietly accepted, while in Vajaar and among the Y'kin it is illegal and punishable by death. In Kaitaine it is illegal (subject to a small fine but rarely enforced, and then only agaibst prostitutes); those known to be *sherikaan* (a slang, uncomplimentary term is *sherk*) are frequently socially ostracized, however.

Also, the degree of acceptance varies depending on the prevailing deity. Among the Lords of Orhan: Kuor: disapproval; Valris: neutral; Reann: neutral; Jaysek & Kieron: acceptance (and indulgence, esp. by Kieron); Eissa: neutral; Phaon: disapproval; Oriana: mild disapproval; Cay: strong disapproval; Iloura: indignant distaste (it is 'unnatural'); Iorak: no opinion; Teris: complete acceptance.

PERSONAL STATISTICS

Race: Laan

Height: 6'3"

Weight: 220

Build: Medium (big-boned)

Eyes: Blue

Hair: Black

Age: 22

Profession: Healer

Languages: (s/w)

Current Level: 1

Hits: 39 (Base: 34)

Power Points: 2

Stats	Temp	Pot	Stat Md	RceMd	TTI Md
CO	95	100			
AG	67	90			
SD	65	72			
ME	85	85			
RE	84	89			
ST	93	95			
QU	98	99			
PR	88	96			
EM	45	79			
IN	96	101			
AP	97	100			

SPECIAL SKILLS/ABILITIES

First Aid: (4 picks)

Architecture: (3 picks) Ræk studied this as part of his schooling in Kaitaine

Herb Lore: (4 picks) As part of Healer training, Ræk learned the rudiments of healing herb capabilities and application.

POSSESSIONS

Armor: A full suit of black leather (does not encumber at all) with metallic fittings; it is AT 4 and heals itself.

Bracelet: x3 spell enhancer; it also allows Ræk to transfer one wound equivalent to 5th level or lower from someone up to 10' per level away, once per day. It is of silver with red inlays and bears runes in Old Emer, an item of the Order of the Cloak.

FOR THE GM ONLY

Ræk is a descendant (through his mother) of one of the members of the lost *Ahn Sye Zanar* ("Order of the Cloak"), one of the Eight Orders of the lost Emerian Empire. While this will have little effect during this first phase of the campaign in Jaiman, but once in Emer it may become of value. Ræk is immune to all ill effects by any weapons or spells of the Order of the Cloak, and suffers on half effect from that of other Orders. All gates and portals of the *Ahn Sye Zanar* will open for him. Ræk will not initially know of these powers, though records in Emer with this information might be available. The GM may develop this subplot even further as the campaign progresses.

Regarding Ræk's orientation: for players or gaming situations where this aspect of a character is inappropriate, the GM may change the nature of the character, although characters should not be discouraged from playing Ræk. This personality trait is included not to promote role-playing sexual encounters (since he is even more unlikely to have one than the average heterosexual character) but to encourage players through role-playing to gain a better understanding of discrimination and how to combat it.

On the other hand, if players and GM feel comfortable with this aspect, there is ample material for inter-character dynamic tension. For instance, Ræk might find himself drawn to the handsome, charming (and potentially available) Jymsan.

Ræk's psychologically related spell-casting troubles can be included as an ongoing part of the character or played down, as the GM and player wish.

LEENA ÆRIEN

ELF OF LYS (LINAERI BARD)

A female Linær Elf of Lys, Leena is a talented musician and scholar—but you would never guess it. She instead appears to be a somewhat dizzy young woman.

BACKGROUND

Leena Ærien hails from the Lys province of Elas (See *Emer Book*, pg 42), and wears the oak sprig symbol on all of her tunics. She is the youngest daughter of Lord Barin Ærien, who owns a palace and vineyards.

Her life has been a carefree one in Lys, never wanting for anything. Unlike most of the other PCs, her home life has been blissful and serene. The only troubling event in an otherwise pastoral life was the departure of her older brother (the middle child of three) two years ago. Ærik left Lys with two friends (brothers Kesien and Orrel Ermenel) to journey around Emer. Mainly Ærik wanted to see



Námar-Tol, but agreed to go with the brothers to see other sights. Nothing has been heard from them since they departed Kaitaine over a year and a half ago and the parents are worried.

Over her mother's objections and her father's concern for her safety, Leena departed Lys to seek her lost brother (and in search of adventure).

Finding nothing at Kaitaine, Leena continued north and intended to make her way to Sel-kai. However, rough weather and storm damage in the Melurian Straits forced her ship to turn north to Jaiman. They anchored in Lethys.

TRAITS/DEMEANOR

While highly intelligent and talented, Leena's behavior might tactfully be described as 'distracted.' The less circumspect would mutter under their breath that she was a 'dumb blonde Elf girl.' Neither is true, of course; this is a façade that Leena creates to catch others off-guard. Whether she does it consciously or it is purely second nature is a matter worthy of speculation. In either case, her performance is flawless.

More specific examples of Leena's behavior follow: hair-tossing, ogling attractive males while making cooing noises, singing at inappropriate times, talking to herself about inane topics, and constantly asking anyone nearby if her hair/tunic/jewelry/etc. looks alright. When you are speaking to Leena, she will frequently stare off into space, see something that interests her, and interrupt you to draw your attention to it. She has a tendency to giggle for no apparent reason.

PERSONAL STATISTICS

Race: Linær

Height: 5'9"

Weight: 100

Build: Slender/shapely

Eyes: Blue

Hair: Blonde, worn either halfway down her back or worn 'up'

Age: ? (appears ≈20)

Profession: Bard

Languages: (s/w)

Current Level: 1

Hits: 28 (**Base:** 26)

Stats:	Temp	Pot	Stat Md	RceMd	TTI Md
CO	90	94			
AG	95	98			
SD	56	70			
ME	67	85			
RE	75	75			
ST	85	89			
QU	97	98			
PR	93	98			
EM*	100	101			
IN	80	84			
AP	98	100			

**Note: Leena is considered an Essence-based (Amthorian) Bard here; if the GM or player would rather use the Mentalism-based bard, switch her Empathy and Presence stats.*

SPECIAL SKILLS/ABILITIES

Singing: 5 picks

Music: 3 picks

Play Instrument (Harp): 5 picks

Martial Arts (Sweeps & Throws): 1 pick; gain at 2/5

POSSESSIONS

Cloak Pin: a lovely oak leaf and acorn pin where the leaf is gold and the acorn a large beryl with silver cap. At a touch the wearer becomes Invisible. Useable 1x per day, lasts only 1 hour. Also a +1 PP enhancer.

Harp: Enchanted instrument, will not slip out of tune.

FOR THE GM ONLY

Leena's brother Ærik and his friends were captured by agents of the Steel Rain. Orrel Ermenel has died, killed by the cruel experiments of the Steel Rain. Most unfortunate, however: Ærik and Kesien have been turned into Morthrog. Parts of their bodies have been 'enhanced' with magical/mechanical additions, and a combination of spells and technology have rendered them shadows of their former selves. Any memories of his family are deeply buried. Leena will be forced to confront her brother in the later phases of the campaign.

RÆLEN THIROK

CHANGRAMAI NOVITIATE
(KY'TAARI WARRIOR MONK)

Rælen Thirok is a Changramai who has left the monastery in Emer to work against the Priests Arnak of Jaiman. These priests have nearly destroyed his Ky'taari people.

BACKGROUND

Young Rælen left the Mur Fostisyr as a boy to become a Changramai, but now that he has earned his White Sash, he wishes to return to his devastated homeland. This goes against the nature of

the Changramai, who are mercenary bodyguards. Rælen owes a considerable sum to the Changramai in return for his training, and he is therefore not an 'official' Changramai and dares not wear his white robes. He cannot remove the triangular Changramai red tattoo on the back of each hand, so wears gloves. The monastery does not wish to harm him (that is wasteful); they do want to force him to adhere to his contract: five years of service to the monastery to repay them for his elite training. (They refused his request for a deferral, suspecting that he would not live to fulfill it).

Rælen wants to fight against the Syrkakar in the Mur Fostisyr, and is en route to there from Emer when he encounters the other PCs in Lethys. He will be convinced to join them to the Library to learn more of the Priests Arnak.

TRAITS/DEMEANOR

Like most of his Ky'taari kin, Rælen is naturally friendly and outgoing. However, his flight from the Changramai order has made him more cautious and suspicious of strangers. He is a bit naive, idealistic, and selflessly loyal to his friends.

PERSONAL STATISTICS

Race: Ky'taari (half-elf)

Height: 6'1"



Weight: 180 lbs

Build: Medium

Eyes: Blue

Hair: Pale Blond

Age: 18

Profession: Warrior Monk (or Monk)

Languages: (s/w)

Current Level: 1

Hits: 32 (**Base:** 30)

Power Points: ???

Stats:	Temp	Pot	Stat Md	RceMd	TTI Md
CO	85	95			
AG	90	99			
SD	86	89			
ME	65	78			
RE	50	70			
ST	95	97			
QU	100	101			
PR	99	100			
EM	89	91			
IN	69	79			
AP	88	93			

SPECIAL SKILLS/ABILITIES

Skating: 5 picks

Skiing: 5 picks

Subduing: 3 picks

Contortions: 3 picks

Body Damage Stabilization (optional, from RMC II): 10 picks

POSSESSIONS

Headband: a band of black leather with a silver clasp, this powerful enchanted device protects as if the wearer had on an enchanted helm.

Boots: Allow wearer to run on sand or ice as normal solid ground. Also, for any Martial Arts Strike critical which mentions the word 'kick', all hits damage is *tripled*.

FOR THE GM ONLY

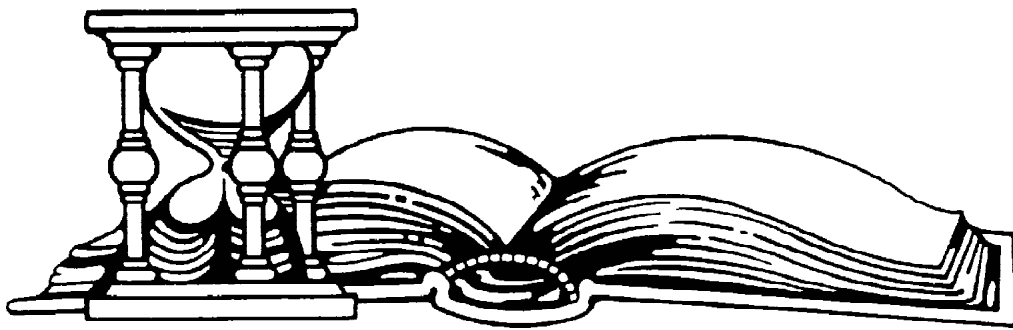
Rælen must go to the Kaldaraak-Vaar ("Dawnwater's Edge") in the Mur Fostisyr, where Arianna will appear before him and charge him to aid his friends in their (as yet undefined) quest. "You can help your people best by remaining with your fellows, for theirs is a purpose which in the end will prove more perilous and momentous than events in our small land."

Throughout this campaign, Rælen must avoid being captured by the Changramai and forcibly returned to the Monastery (or he must pay them the lump sum of 50,000 in gold—about what he would earn in 5 years for them). While every Changramai monk would not recognize Rælen on sight, all have been sent his likeness, and there are several agents actively looking for him.

Rælen would like to find the lost Sword Ashaanaar to present to the A-Ryaan, but has no idea where it might be. (it is cursed and in the form of a dagger, in the Citadel of the Dragonlord)

• PART III •

HISTORY



A Dialogue: Four voices speak in the darkness.

Voice One (A beautiful, liquid baritone): “Thank you all for attending.”

Voice Two (A lilting, High-elven tenor): “I assume this is not an official meeting of the Circle.”

Voice One: “You are correct, Astrologer. I wish to confer regarding your predecessor to this hallowed group, the Lord Ondoval.”

Voice Three (A female voice, but one with harsh tones): “We discussed him at the last gathering of the Full Circle; he has retreated to his fortress at Ahrentorg and is of little concern to us.”

Voice One: “We failed to consider fully the extent of his powers. I am afraid that a few of our esteemed order are unable to realize the threat Ondoval may pose to our plans.”

Voice Four (Another Elven voice, slightly deeper; every sentence tinged with casual derision): “That explains four empty chairs.”

Voice Three: “Let us discuss, then! Lay before us the evidence of threat, Elder Mind!”

Voice Four: “I am more interested in why the Elder Mind has chosen not to invite half of our order to this meeting. That may be a threat as great as an insane Lord of the Essance in a distant citadel.”

Voice One: “As head of the Circle my reasons for whom I summon to council are my own, Iæn Shiin.

“To answer you, my dear, I need only remind you of Ondoval’s origins—and that he possesses the Book of Gates. I believe that with it he may have already recovered an item of consummate power... the Shadowstone.”

Voice Three: (After an uncomfortable silence): “You have evidence of the existence of this item? I was led to understand that it was lost at the end of the First Era when Utha defeated the Empress Kadæna.”

Voice One: “Indeed, that is the tale. However, who is better capable of recovering the Shadowstone? Ondoval is of their kind, a Lord of the Old Race, and with the Book of Gates he might travel to any time or place. He could literally journey to the past and take the stone.”

Voice Three: Assuming he had the power to do so, what evidence do you have that he *has* done so?”

Voice One: I need only call your attention to the upheaval of a few days ago. The disruption of the Flows was not a natural aberration. The tremors and storms were caused by interference with our planet’s ancient defense.”

Voice Two: (Incredulous) “You are suggesting that one of the Eyes of Utha has failed?”

Voice One: “I am suggesting that Ondoval has taken one of the Eyes—the orbs which shield our world from the Flowstorms of Space. Their protections are beyond the Pales; only being armored by an item from before the Interregnum such as the Shadowstone could protect such a thief.”

Voice Two (thoughtfully): “The Flows *have* been seriously disrupted, and after storms began to subside, the entire globe seems to be more thinly protected—as if one of the Eyes is now forced to do the work of two...”

Voice Three: “That is insane! No one could want to destroy the Eyes; to do so would leave the world open to—”

Voice One: (interrupting) “To the ravages of the Void.”

Voice Two: “Only a servant of the Unlife itself could be so crazed. He invites his own destruction. That is madness.”

Voice One: “That is my assertion. Ondoval is indeed mad.”



Below is a timeline of events, including very recent happenings and a guide for future events so that the GM can update the world situation as the players adventure.

1•TIMELINE

The following list combines a number of general events with those more specific to Jaiman.

THE FIRST ERA OF IRE

- c. 0—First arising of the Altha on the World.
- c. 10,000 - 12,000—The Althan culture develops a technology which allows them to reach for the stars. The World becomes the center of an explosion of interstellar colonization. Many planets become homes for seedling cultures.
- c. 15,000—First discovery of the Essence by the scientists of Altha. Genetic manipulation enhances latent abilities to control the force. K’ta’viir family especially shows aptitude.
- c. 16,000—After a series of battles across the stars, the K’ta’viir family rules the galaxy in a vast Empire, maintaining control by virtue of their superior Psionic/Essence powers. Their dynasty survives for millennia.
- c. 30,000 - 30,250—Rebellion against the K’ta’viir (the Imperial family of the Altha) begins, instigated by Utha, a cousin within the family. Political, technological and Psionic powers are used in a sweeping attempt to overthrow the current Emperor. Although the rebellion is successful in the end, the result also brings about the complete downfall of the empire. Many worlds are destroyed or their populations reduced to a primitive existence.

- c. 30,250—Final conflict of Utha and Kadæna. Large areas are laid waste as the Uruths utterly destroy the remaining K’ta’viiri. The flows of Essence are altered to confine the East by a last effort of Utha himself (placement of the ‘Eyes of Utha’). There are also hints that a few of the K’ta’viir and Uruths survive, placing themselves in cryogenic freeze to awake at a later time.

INTERREGNUM

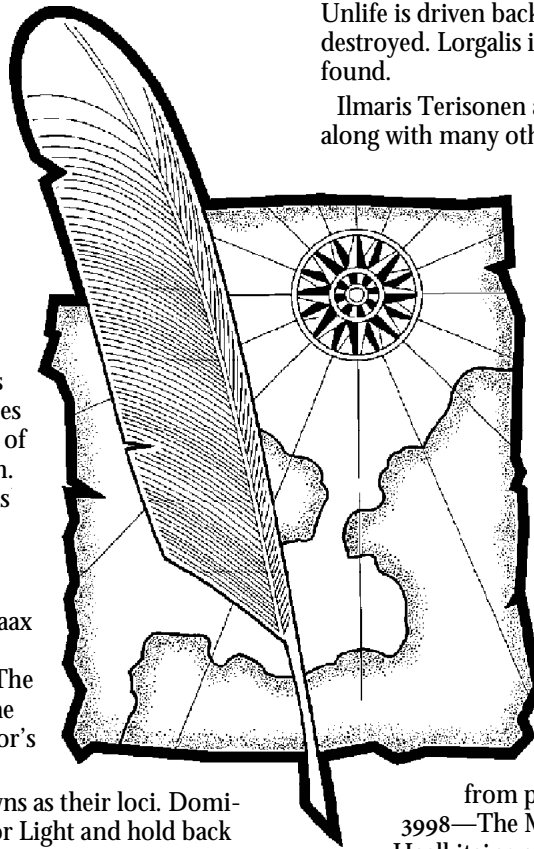
(100,000 YEARS OF ANARCHY)

The devastation of the Conflict was such that civilization was wiped out across the entire planet. The most advanced, sheltered societies were reduced to a stone age subsistence. Disease and famine swept the globe as entire species were wiped out. Lands were reformed by vulcanism (triggered by the Conflict forces). Dark races (Trolls, Garks, Lugröki) held sway in many areas, thwarting any attempts by other peoples to organize and build.

THE SECOND ERA OF IRE

- 1—Founding of the College of Loremasters by Kirin T’thaan, Ilmaris Terisonen, and Andraax. All three are supposedly Elven, though Andraax is of course a Lord of Essence. From Karilôn, they recruit promising members, training and educating them, and so begin to bring the World out of the Long Night.
- 1000—Andraax forms the first Dancú Ahrenreth, dedicated to maintaining the balance.

- c. 1000—Strange Wizards and Knights on mighty steeds are seen purging the wilds in central Emer, driving out the ubiquitous Gark and Lugrôki hordes. They claim to be servants of the Masters of Votania.
- 1073—A quartet calling itself the “Masters of Emer” claims all of central and northwestern Emer. Their home is the mist-shrouded isle of Votania in central Emer. Lordly beings, the Lords are not Elven, yet appear to be immortal. They rule through an order of warrior-priests (the Xiosans) but appear for festivals, riding out of the sky on enchanted chariots drawn by Pegasi.
- c. 1300—Founding of Haalkitain City in Jaiman (it is little more than a collection of huts and a temple to Kuor).
- c. 2000—Appearance of the Unlife. Its manifestations are still few, however, and ill-formed.
- c. 2500—Alleged establishment of the Changramai Monastery in the Choak mountains of northern Emer... On Jaiman, the Steardan (winged horses) are domesticated.
- 2530—Founding of Library of Nomikos. They recruit Changramai Monks as guards.
- 3300—The first Guild of Navigators is formed. They claim Nexus as their home.
- c. 3300 - 4000—The Navigator Guilds spring up across the globe (or at least the western hemisphere), unite and set up a sophisticated network of summoning obelisks.
- c. 3400—Lorgalis arrives on Ulor and begins to build a following.
- 3451—Birth of Tethior the Smith, the greatest enchanted forger to live. He and his brother Krelj create a number of powerful items to aid in the fight against the Unlife.
- 3750—Lorgalis the White annexes Ly-Aran. He leads a fleet to the shores and secures the land with a mighty army. The rest of Jaiman continues to be divided into dozens of petty fiefs and kingdoms.
- 3835—Lorgalis the White, after two years of sea and land battles, defeats the armies and fleets of Xa’ar. He controls the Bay of Ulor and all sea trade in western Jaiman. The Loremasters, fearing that Lorgalis is of the Unlife, seek ways to stop his advance.
- 3840 - 3909—At the request of the Loremaster Council, Tethior and Andraax retire to the Alchemist’s forge in Arion and create the Six Crowns for Jaiman. The Vault of the Crowns is located under the island in central Jaiman, beneath Tethior’s Forges and Fortress.
- 3910—Six realms arise with the Six Crowns as their loci. Dominating Jaiman, they wield their items for Light and hold back the Unlife (including the assaults of Lorgalis) for a long period. Even the Flows of Essænce are altered, creating sea lanes for the trade ships to escape the pirates of Ulor.
- c. 4000—The Order of the Priests Arnak is formed... Krelj and Oran Jatar make the Dragon Helms.
- c. 4200—The fleets of the “Lord of Encla Turic” assault the Tai-Merian coast.



- 4790—Tethior creates the Great Orbs: four Master and sixteen Access spheres.
- 4980—Zor has become an overly proud land and seeks to overcome Rhakhaan. In their lust for power, however, the Zorians meddle in things from the First Era. In a devastating cataclysm central Zor is laid waste.
- 5410—Fall of the Tanarans (the original Cloudlords were of Dúranaki stock). The Halls of the Cloudlords are closed. The Steardan are lessened in succeeding ages.
- c. 5900—A plague sweeps Saralis.
- 6201—U-Lyshak breaks into two lands; the western region is ruled by a Priest-King (Arnak) who institutes human sacrifice as part of a new religion.
- 6203—An *Ordainer* appears in SW U-Lyshak and leads an army of evil creatures southwards. Mortals flee before this demonic monster.
- 6210—The capital of U-Lyshak—Cynar—is sacked and burned.
- 6450 - 6825—Wars of Dominion. Ordainers lead armies of unspeakable horrors from the bowels of the earth and beyond. Shards and Kæden, Xyr, Dark Priests and demons of every type destroy life with zealous efficiency and unmatched power. On Jaiman, Lorgalis leads a massive fleet to the eastern regions while armies swarm across the lands to the west.

The Masters of Emer are revealed in their full majesty as Titans and join the forces of Light. Even the Lords of Orhan come to Kulthea to combat the legions of the Darkness. The Unlife is driven back into the void, all of its powerful servants destroyed. Lorgalis is supposedly killed, but his body is never found.

Ilmaris Terisonen and Tethior the Smith are dead, however—along with many other valiant Loremasters and Sages. The Masters of Emer have vanished, and the Lords of Orhan return to their refuge. Andraax is allegedly driven insane.

THE THIRD ERA

- c. 1 - 2000—A period of relative peace for the inhabitants of the World. The weakened Loremasters try to gather the Races of Light once again. Slowly are realms rebuilt, and trade across Jaiman and even much of Emer is re-established. Andraax remains in hiding. Votania is a haunted place, shrouded by clouds of mist.
- c. 1500 Appearance of the Magician in Haalkitain. Rhakhaan, spared the devastations of the Wars (because the Kings kept faithful to the Crowns, it is said), annexes much of the surrounding land.
- c. 3000—The Lords of Orhan reappear, having vanished after their aid in the Wars of Dominion. They are more aloof from political affairs than before.
- 3998—The Magician (or his successor) returns to Haalkitain and is welcomed.
- c. 4,000—Rhakhaan now controls nearly all of Jaiman. There is increasing prejudice against the Elven-kind, leading to internal strife. Many Elves flee the country for Urulan... *The Iron Wind is born as an arm of the Unlife, and its servants, the Priests and Messengers Arnak, begin their dark task.*

- 4008—Kelir VI names himself Emperor of Jaiman. War is declared on the Elven-realm of Urulan, and the two countries are at odds for over 500 years and several Rhakhaan emperors.
- c. 4000 - 4500—While the two mighty realms fight to the south, many lesser lords begin to quarrel amongst themselves for the northernmost lands of Jaiman.
- 4166—The conqueror Ugus Fost (now ruler of most of NW Jaiman) is murdered and his realm destroyed by a demonic force. *It is the Shards.*
- c. 4300—NW Jaiman falls under the yoke of a lord known only as the 'Syrkakang.' *Approximate time period of events and situations described in "The Iron Wind."*
- 4515—The Emperor of Rhakhaan (the first to refuse the Phoenix Crown) is assassinated after only three years as monarch; the realm, without a strong heir, is politically fragmented. The inconclusive (but mutually debilitating) war with Urulan is broken off.
- 4578—*The Seer of Urulan is lured into a trap by members of the Jerak Ahrenreth; he is slain and replaced by Iæn Shiin of the Secret Circle.*
- c. 4520 - 5000—The weakened Urulan falls prey to sea-raiders and eventually disintegrates as a nation. It is said also that strange 'tree-demons' murdered a large percentage of that Elven population. Rhakhaan fares better, but her borders retreat to nearly where they once were when the Emperor wore the Crown. Meanwhile, the Syrkakang spreads his dominion to the northern border of Rhakhaan.
- 4650—Eidolon is completed and rises majestically into the sky over Northern Emer.
- 5087—Ajcara III ascends the throne of Rhakhaan at the age of 27. A powerful, charismatic woman, she quickly consolidates power, and within a few years Rhakhaan enters a new renaissance. The coastal city of Lethys is brought under control and both it and Haalkitain are rebuilt. The Syrkakang is pushed back into the desert. There are also tales that the Syrkakang is battling armies of a great Fire-drake.
- 5090—The Magician again returns to Rhakhaan. While Ajcara is deaf to his words, he finds eager listeners among the Haalkitain Court. Rhakhaan annexes most of Meluria.
- 5103 - 5110—Rhakhaan reopens the ancient road under the Grey Mountains and eventually annexes Tanara.
- 5110 - 5115—The Y'kin of southern Tanara are subdued.
- 5121—Ajcara narrowly escapes an assassination attempt and is forced to flee Haalkitain when many nobles revolt.
- c. 5121 (until 5340)—Rhakhaan survives the departure of its Queen, but the massive realm continues on a slow decline. A series of puppet monarchs are placed on the throne, controlled by coalitions of nobles. Perimeter holdings operate more and more defiantly. Tanara and Meluria retake their independence.
- 5340—Ilred II takes the Throne of Rhakhaan, but refuses the Phoenix Crown. He does, however, use his military clout to break the power of the nobility. Ilred institutes reforms which strengthen the power of the monarch once again.
- 5347—The Magician appears in Haalkitain, offering his services to Ilred. The King, wary of tales of the Mage and attentive to counsel by his friend the Loremaster Uli Tarka, turns the Magician away.
- 5350—King Ilred is slain while visiting a frontier province, killed by a crystalline throwing star. He is succeeded by his teen-age son Fiilig, with Tarka acting as regent. Fiilig, counseled by Uli, also refuses the Phoenix Crown.
- 5380—Fiilig dies under mysterious circumstances. His younger brother Yurin petitions to be named heir but the King's son Alaek is named. Alaek's reign begins unevenly, with the realm attacked repeatedly by wild men of Zor and Lugrōki. Desperate, he dons the Crown. The invaders, mysteriously disoriented, are easily driven back and the old borders are re-established. However, Alaek's personality gradually changes and he becomes a cruel, tyrannical monarch. His reign is long and considered by many to be a dark period in Rhakhaan's history.
- 5450—A Dragon is seen over the city of Lethys.
- 5499—Population of the Isle of Plasidar is wiped out to the last man. A Seer in Lethys gave a name to the massacre: *Kæden*. The word is ancient, the meaning unknown.
- 5625—The cult of Andaras rises, this time in Lethys.
- 5704—A Dragon is seen again, the mighty beast terrorizing the city of Eidolon. Yet it does no damage and vanishes into the clouds. Some claim that it had a human rider. Rumors abound that the Prince of Sel-kai is subsequently blackmailed into paying a 'protection' ransom.
- c. 5800—The Priests Arnak, after a long period of inactivity, begin their works in earnest again.
- 5840—The High Priest of Athimurl completes the destruction of Quellbourne in northern Jaiman.
- 5892—Ilred IV ascends the Rhakhaan throne and once again refuses the Crown of the Phoenix.
- 5894—A terrible plague sweeps Rhakhaan, killing nearly 30% of the population (including the King's wife and three sons). The plague has little effect on surrounding lands, despite an ineffective quarantine.
- 5899—Ilred IV dies in his sleep; is succeeded by his daughter Italana VI, who accepts the crown and welcomes the Magician.
- c. 6000—Empress Italana VI of Rhakhaan (at the urging of the Magician) declares herself Empress of Jaiman; she annexes Meluria and Zor. There is some resistance from the former...
- 6020—Snow-demons (backed by forces of the Syrkakar) sack the Ky'taari capital city in the Mur Fostisyr. The Ataarn is killed and sword Ashaanaar stolen. The A-Ryaan and surviving monks retreat to the Kaldaraak-Vaar. The Arnak Priest Gaath moves his evil throne to the Ataarn's Palace.
- 6023—The Dragonlord Sulthon Ni'shaang drives the forces of the Syrkakang back into Lu'nak... Halek Ianis ascends to the Princedom of Helyssa.
- 6031—The Udahir of the Mur Fostisyr are under siege by the Syrkakar. Because of the unique defensive capabilities of their volcanic home, however, they can hold out almost indefinitely.
- 6035—The Navigators place the Mur Fostisyr under military quarantine: they will not transport anyone there.
- 6038—The Priest of Yarthraak arrives in Helyssa, a kingdom in the heart of old U-Lyshak.
- 6039-40—(Ice-winter) An unusually harsh winter with deep snows continuing into spring causes hardships throughout eastern Jaiman. Snow-gark attacks on the Dúranaki become intolerable. The warrior T'kaal Arain gathers a force and mounts a series of counterattacks, driving the Garks northward.
- 6042—T'kaal Arain succeeds his aging mother as Head-of-Family. He begins steering the Council of Families towards a greater awareness of the larger political situation in Jaiman.

6043—Italana dies and her son Jerrin III takes the throne of Rhakhaan, but refuses the Phoenix Crown. His younger cousin, Frelik, steals the crown and retreats north, claiming to be the true King. Gark raiders attack the Myri lands in the Tanaran foothills.

6044—Dansart forces harass the northern borders of Rhakhaan... Prince Halek of Helyssa sends an explorer ship to Ulor—supposedly a lifeless island since the Wars of Dominion. The ship fails to return.

6045—T'kaal Arain becomes First Speaker for the Dúranaki.

6045-6048—Frelik, aided by mercenaries from Saralis, assaults the northern borders of Rhakhaan. He makes slow progress southwards.

6046—*Agents of the Steel Rain arrive on Urulan. They join forces with the K'ta'viir woman Jenkyna.*

6047—Keniv Kirian—descendant of Alæc—emerges from the High Vales of the Grey Mountains. He leads a new group of Cloudlords much more benevolent than his predecessor Sten Kirian. They send scouts to nearby realms to observe but not make contact... yet.

6048—T'kaal Arain narrowly avoids an ambush by unknown assassins in the Grey Ice foothills. Saralis raiders cross the Pelyar mountains into Helyssa.

6049 —

Winter—Prince Halek of Helyssa is slain while on a hunting trip; the realm is plunged into anarchy. Prince Halek's son Kier vanishes that same evening and a search is begun. The Priest of Yarth accepts the Regency and maintains order.

Spring—Yinka armies attack the southern Myri villages, breaking a thousand year old peace. The Bucolic people are unprepared and many are killed. A meeting is held and the Myri begin to arm themselves.

Summer—Yinka attacks intensify; a major assault on the river town of Ulir is turned by an appearance of a corps of knights astride flying horses: the Cloudlords of Old have returned, wielding magical swords and wands which unleash the power of the sun. Further Yinka incursions are deterred by a Dúranaki presence. Cloudlord sightings continue.

Autumn—Yinka attack the Sulini village of Shenin, but are turned back. Sulini are joined by Elven reinforcements from Urulan.

Fall—Agents of the Priest of Yarth are seen as far east as the Grey Mountains, seeking Prince Kier... The remote Yinka temple of Chakor is burned. There are no survivors, but rumors spread that it was Cloudlords' work... Randæ Terisonen sees The Nameless One in Haalkitaine.

6050 —

Winter—Frelik's armies reach the border of Prevan, a province just north of Haalkitaine. Emperor Talus Arej Malvion Faslurin VII orders his Lord Captain north with 4 legions to finally crush the would-be usurper. Cloudlords assault the Yinka city of Achren, burning the city and sending Yinka fleeing into the hills... Several minor earthquakes rock central Jaiman.

Spring—Slowed by a long winter, the Emperor's forces reach Prevan even as Frelik the Usurper attacks the provincial capital. The Usurper is turned back.

Summer—Forces of Dansart from the Zor Wastes seem to aid the Usurper's armies. Frelik reveals the crown to the Rhakhaan generals, casting doubt amongst them (but the Usurper still does not dare to put the crown on).

Four of the Jerak Ahrenreth hold an informal meeting.

Autumn—The Priest of Yaarth, claiming that Prince Kier is dead, seizes control of Helyssa. United with the forces of Lorgalis, he sweeps east towards Rhakhaan.

Fall—The Empire of Rhakhaan is under siege on three fronts, and Jerrin Faslurin finds that his defenses are strained. Almost nowhere on Jaiman is unaffected by war.

The Storm Wizard, fearing the fall of Rhakhaan and subsequent collapse of civilization on Jaiman, gathers his powers. The conflict must be slowed.

6051 —

Winter—With unnatural suddenness, winter comes to nearly all of Jaiman in the form of a monstrous blizzard. The cold and snows cut off supply lines and freeze armies in their tracks. There are heavy casualties on all sides, but the weather works to the Emperor's advantage. Nevertheless, Frelik the Usurper renews his call for Jerrin's abdication... In the Mur Fostisyr, the Ky'taari are heartened by the heavy snows and redouble their guerilla strikes against the occupying Syrkakar.

The Loremasters suspect artificial intervention in the weather, but are unable to trace the source. They are understandably nervous that a source of such power can remain cloaked from their detections. The Navigators, always concerned about strange meteorological phenomena, launch their own investigations.

Spring—The snows begin to melt, but heavy rains further slow progress of any forces in the Rhakhaan conflict.

Summer—The Arnak Priest of Dansart sends his evil Messengers of Ulkya against the northern provinces of Rhakhaan. More strange warriors emerge from Zor to harass the Imperial forces (they are mutants bred by Dansart).

Autumn—The Dragonlord Sulthon Ni'shaang consolidates his hold over Wuliris. He decides that Frelik has grown too powerful (he would prefer to see the Usurper and Emperor at each other's throats indefinitely) and considers a move south into the Zorian wastes..

Fall—

5*21—At the climax of an important battle between Helyssa loyalists and forces of the Priest Arnak, Prince Kier Ianis appears in his homeland amidst a tremendous surge in the Essænce. He is wearing the Sea-drake Helm. Under Kier's leadership (and using the powers of the Helm) the armies of Yarthraak are driven back or destroyed.

5*22—Night skies above Jaiman are illuminated by unprecedented flowstorm activity. The most intense disruptions are above the center of the continent. These storms are accompanied by minor but frequent earthquakes.

5*23—The main powers of the Sea-drake Helm fail. Kier retreats into hiding and initiates a guerilla offensive against reduced and disorganized armies of Yaarth.

Winter—(The Present) The Dragonlord Sulthon Ni'shaang takes the initiative against depleted Zor and the Syrkakang, and seizes lands to the west and south. Earthquakes accompany volcanic eruptions in Ja'mil Targ.

The Jerak Ahrenreth meets to discuss the deeds of Ondoval and how to salvage their own plans for domination. They remain at odds with the Priests Arnak, the Dragonlords, and other shadowy factions.

2•RECENT EVENTS

3•FUTURE EVENTS

• PART IV •

THE GREATER POWERS

AND THEIR IMPACT UPON THE QUEST

“As we have seen, the Unlife acts through many minions and hides behind many names. In the North and throughout Jaiman it is served by black cults led by priests, servants of what there is called the Iron Wind.

“The Iron Wind is known only as a power—and only through its minions. Among these are the Priests Arnak (of High Imla Arna—“The Evil High Priests”), and they are the first to enter a given land that is marked for conversion. They wear the garb of the culture they infiltrate and spread the power of their master not through violence, but by intrigue and knowledge of the superstitions of the people...

“Few who have seen these priests will speak of them, but what reports there are seem to indicate that they may be of Elven character. They are learned in geography, language, mathematics, religion and the arts... Some have aspired to become advisors of the secular leaders, but the more powerful perhaps remain—like their masters—in the shadows.

“The Priests are of six distinct orders, and carry rings to identify themselves accordingly. These rings embrace great power, but their force is channeled toward multiplying the power of their masters. Each ring is tied to its brethren, and the presence of a bearer is known by his comrades such that the pain of one is spread amongst all: Priests Arnak are but tentacles of the larger body, the Order.

“Unlike the subtle Priests Arnak, the Messengers bear only death. These assassins understand not such human things as compassion or pain, save only how to use them on others. They appear singly, or in groups of no more than six, riding great fell creatures through the night. They are known to be accompanied by familiars: intelligent animals who serve their will.

This quest brings the PCs in conflict with the major forces of evil in the Shadow World: the Unlife, the Dragonlords, and the Demons of the Void. All represent a threat to Kulthea, though each has different goals and represents a different kind of menace. It is important to understand the motivations and the ultimate powers behind the many dark forces whom the characters will encounter.

Following is a discussion of the influential players who will be important in this phase of the Grand Campaign; some will remain factors throughout the quest, but their particular influences in this part of the Quest are emphasized here.

1•THE AGOTHU

The Agothu are so alien to the Shadow World (and, indeed, corporeal life as we know it) that their motivations are incomprehensible. Few even understand the source of the Agothu, much less their nature. However, these beings have a link to Kulthea, in the form of Schrek, one of the Jerak Ahrenreth. He is the unholy offspring of a mating between a Lady of Essænce and Agoth itself. It cannot be guessed at how this was accomplished, but the hybrid creature was borne and lived in the Void for millennia before entering the universe of the Shadow World. Now he holds sway over the evil cult of the Secret Circle, and his plans for its future are equally opaque. One thing is known by a few: he seeks a powerful item from this universe: a huge yellow gem known as the *Eye of Agoth*.

2•THE PRIESTS ARNAK

At the beginning of this Part is recorded an excerpt from the notes of the Loremaster *Elor Once Dark*; in it he aptly describes the Priests and their Messenger-servants. Below is a breakdown of the six orders and the specific nature of the Messengers (which varies from cult to cult).

The priests and their minions worship the darkness of the Unlife.—its ultimate goal being the complete destruction of civilization and the onset of the pure totality of nothingness. It is true that most of the servants of the Unlife do not fully understand its purposes—seeking only ‘order’ in the face of chaos. Those who do comprehend the aspirations of this evil force are truly mad.

Six shadowy figures lead six cults of cruelty... these are the High Priests Arnak. Beneath each High Priest lies a structure with two branches. One includes the lesser priests, and their secret subcults. The other consists entirely of the unsubtle :Messengers, cruel enactors of the High Priests’ will.

It should be noted that while the appearance of the Messengers (in their cruel spiked accoutrements) cannot be mistaken, the Priests are the picture of subtlety. Recruited from Elves (to appear as Loremasters) or the target races, they are welcomed into their respective cultures so that they may thoroughly subvert their victims. It is only after it is too late—as in the case of the Ky’taari—that they cast off their illusions and abandon subtlety.

THE HIGH PRIESTS’ RINGS

Each of the six High Priests Arnak wears a ring which conveys special powers. In addition, each ring may have specialized powers; these are detailed in the description of that Priest.

Powers:

1. x8 PP Enhancer
2. Allows wearer to cast four *Netherbolts* 200 feet each day.
3. Allows wearer to read any written text at 8x normal speed, even if he has never seen the script of the language before.
4. Allows the user to speak Dyar, Erlin and Iylar (the three main Elven tongues) and Arcane tongues with fluency.
5. Protects wearer as AT 11 (-50).
6. Very Evil: Every time one of the ring’s powers is used (including being put on, since certain powers are automatic), the non-evil wearer must make an RR vs 36th level, using his **In** stat bonus. If he succeeds, no side effects. If he fails, however, 10-20 points are lost from the wearer’s *Essænce Soul*, an artificial number initially equal to his PP stat. When the PP stat reaches Zero, the PC becomes Evil. Because of the nature of these High Priest rings, the PC will come into mental contact with the Iron Wind (an aspect of the Unlife). He must make a RR vs 60th level using his **In** stat bonus. If he fails, he dies; if he succeeds, he is insane and completely enslaved by the Unlife.

Each ring also has additional powers individually suited to the wearer’s focus.

Note: Complete powers are given for priests the PC might encounter in the appropriate sections.

THE LESSER PRIESTS' RINGS

Each of the dozens of the Priests Arnak wears a ring which conveys special powers of subterfuge, deception and even brute force. These rings also allow wearers to identify each other—even though they might be of different orders. Though they vary slightly from order to order, their nature is generally along these lines:

Powers:

1. x2 PP Enhancer
2. Allows wearer to cast three firebolts 100 feet each day.
3. Allows wearer to understand any written text, even if he has never seen the script of the language before. (Does not convey the ability to speak the language, or understand it in its spoken form, however.)
4. Allows the User to speak Dyar, Erlin and Iylar (the three main Elven tongues) with fluency.
5. Detects Magic.
6. Allows wearer to halve the adverse effects of fire and cold.
7. Protects wearer as AT 4 (-10).
8. Evil: Every time one of the ring's powers is used (including being put on, since certain powers are automatic), the non-evil wearer must make an RR vs 18th level, using his In stat bonus. If he succeeds, no side effects. If he fails, however, two things happen: a) The High Priest is aware that some stranger is using one of his rings. He does not know exactly where, but has an idea within 50 miles. b) 1-2 points are lost from the wearer's *Essence Soul*, an artificial number initially equal to his PP stat. When the PP stat reaches Zero, the PC becomes Evil. He does not lose all free will, but any thought or action is subject to veto by the GM, who must intercede on behalf of the Unlife. The PC should try to play the character appropriately, as a being who now is indebted to the Unlife for power, and wishes to serve this new master.

LYAK

Charged with corrupting southeast Jaiman, the Cult of Lyak was instrumental in the fall of Urulan and the Cloudlords. Their work continues, however.

Symbol: Hawk

Orientation: Riverine cultures

Current Focus: Tanara & Urulan

THE PRIESTS LYAK

Priests Lyak are currently installed in all cultures in Tanara: the Dúranaki, Myri, Sulini and Y'nar are all coming under the Dark influence of the Iron Wind.

The High Priestess Lyak resides in a tower on the spur of land extending east to the north of Tanara. Her predecessor destroyed Urulan, and her programs of subversion are slowly rending asunder the few cultures left in Tanara.

MESSENGERS OF AL-ATHUUL

The Messengers and their birds (both familiar and mount) reside in a great roost in the eaves of the Lyak Tower, ready to serve the Priestess at a thought.

YARTHRAAK

The order holds sway over southwest Jaiman, a cool temperate region inhabited largely by coast-dwelling cultures.

Symbol: Sea Drake

Orientation: Coastal/island people

Current Focus: U-Lyshak (and Ly-Aran)

THE PRIESTS YARTHRAAK

At the very tip of a peninsula about 50 miles west of Cynar on the central coast of U-Lyshak stands the tower of Yarthraak. The structure rises out of the sea, seemingly extruded or grown out of the waters, a glistening, ribbed pillar of dark mother-of-pearl. This is the home of the High Priest Yarthraak, who has suffered a recent setback in his campaign to bring U-Lyshak under his yoke.

MESSENGERS OF GORATH

The Messengers of Gorath ride the waters standing atop the backs of killer whales, their steeds summoned by a magical whistle. When on land they choose a more mundane mount: a grey horse. Each wears armor of scales that shimmer like mother-of-pearl and a helm formed from a deep-sea creature's shell.

GAATH

Gaath has held most of the Mur Fostisyr ("Land of Blue Light") under a reign of terror for over thirty years. Here the schemes of the Priests Arnak have truly come to fruition, for even the sturdy peoples of this land are falling one by one.

Symbol: Dragon

Orientation: Mountain folk

Current Focus: Mur Fostisyr, Xa-ar, Saralis

THE PRIESTS GAATH

In addition to their rings, the Priests Gaath now wear bright red cloaks with golden pins made in the image of a coiled dragon. Now that the land is subjugated, they walk openly as lieutenants of the order, traitors to their own people.

The High Priest of Gaath normally makes his home in the *Aalk Gaath*, a citadel he shares with the Dragonlord Oran Jatar. However, the High Priest has temporarily taken the Ataarn's Palace in the Mur Fostisyr as his seat of power, part of the Iron Wind's final devastation of the Ky'taari as a culture. Soon, the High Priest will move to a tower in the Lu'nak, on the border of the Forest of Dir. A lesser priest of Gaath will take possession of the Ataarn's Palace at that time.

Other priests Gaath are in residence in Saralis and Xa-ar, though both of those lands remain depopulated or in a state of barbarism.

MESSENGERS OF SYRKAKANG

The Messengers of Syrkakang wear dark cloaks and armor of dragon-hide. They have helms of black steel, and their fists are enshrouded in spiked gauntlets of such fine steel that a blow from one is like a hammer strike. Their weaponry is varied as suits their task.

DANSART

This order did its job well in the Second Era, causing the destruction of the realm of Zor and laying waste to the land itself. For many hundreds of years the order dozed in the hot desert days and cool nights. But they have a new challenge: the Emperor of Rhakhaan is expanding his realm northward despite conflicts with the Usurper. And perhaps more intriguing: strange mutated creatures now venture forth from the blasted ruins of Zor.

Symbol: Desert Dog

Orientation: Desert areas

Current Focus: Zor, N. Rhakhaan

THE PRIESTS DANSART

Near the foothills of the Grey Mountains on the edge of the Zor wastes, great crevasses have opened up in the parched earth. A complex of towers is set into the side of an overhanging cliff, sheltered against the parched, windswept plains and cruel electrical storms. This is the home of the High Priest of Dansart.

MESSENGERS OF ULKAYA

Often accompanied by several large hyena-like dogs, the Messengers go muffled against the dusty air of the wastes. They have cruel clawed gauntlets which allow them to strike with the power of a desert lion.

ATHIMURL

Complementing the actions of Gaath, priests of the cult of Athimurl remain hidden beneath their disguises, ferreting out resistance to the rule of the Iron Wind.

Symbol: Snow Lion

Orientation: Taiga forest peoples

Current Focus: Mur Fostisyr; Lu'nak and Wuliris.

THE PRIESTS ATHIMURL

The Priests Athimurl remain "under cover," serving the dual purpose of routing dissidents in the Mur Fostisyr and laying the groundwork for their move eastward. Priests of Athimurl have infiltrated Quellbourne, some of Lu'nak, and are beginning to work their way into Wuliris.

Messengers of Kulag

Masters of snow and ice, the Messengers of Kulag are at home in the worst winter storms. They come upon the unwary to carry out the cruel directives of the priesthood.

Each armed with a dreaded *baw* (similar to a large ice-pick), the messengers wear armor of white dragonskin. They have reversible white/brown cloaks, boots and gauntlets with retractable claws suitable for traction on ice. Messengers of Kulag ride great white snow-cats, and their familiar is a snow-white owl.

THARGONDAAK

Charged with securing the Melurian city-states, south-central Jaiman and the Y'kin tribes, Thargondaak has its hands full. The high priest has never been able to infiltrate deeply into the Elven Forest, but he has had better success with the constantly warring rulers of Meluria. And the Y'kin need little provocation to war on their neighbors. The priest's tower is located on a rocky isle in the bay south of Lethys.

Symbol: Great Horse

Orientation: Prairie Societies

Current Focus: S. Rhakhaan/Meluria

THE PRIESTS THARGONDAAK

Priests have achieved positions of trust at varying levels among the Melurian States. One of the Prince of Lethys' inner councillors is of Thargondaak, as well as members of key religions. A priest has a position of some authority in the Lethys Library.

GM Note: The Players may encounter this Priest—Thayon Rauk—as they research in the Lethys Library.

MESSENGERS OF SHAYNAR

Like the other Messengers, they ride through the night on missions to bring fear to the indigenous peoples. Their familiar is a large black bat. Equipped for stealth, the messengers each owns a belt of invisibility and a helm of nondetection. Their weapons include a gæ and a warhammer.

3•STEEL RAIN

GM Note: The Steel Rain will have a greater part to play in the later sections of the campaign, but the characters may very well encounter scouting Morthrog in Jaiman. Note the adventure in Urulan which does include some Morthrog. A brief overview of the Steel Rain appears here; more will be disclosed later.

This mysterious group established itself originally in Foleen (The Bladelands) far to the East. Recently, however, members of this cult discovered an Ash Gate, and passing through it emerged in the southernmost area of Emer. There they encountered the K'ta'viir woman Jenkyna, and an alliance was formed. They have combined efforts and knowledge, and their secret organization is growing. It has now gained a foothold in Jaiman. They have a small base in eastern Urulan, where metals and other raw materials are mined and smelted for transport to their main base in southern Ræl.

The Steel Rain is an independent force largely ignored so far in the larger scheme of Shadow World. Purely secular, the Steel Rain relies on an unholy fusion of magic and technology.

The group is directed by a troika of powerful females:

Jenkyna: a Lady of Essænce Jenkyna who retains knowledge of the old cyber-enhancement methods of that lost race. While an impressive presence herself, Jenkyna is overshadowed by her constant companion: hovering constantly at her side is a three-foot high lozenge-shaped machine of black metal sprouting eight wavering tentacles. It is an *Omega Drone* from the First Era, an intelligent robot of incredible technological sophistication and power.

Ulya Shek: A Dragonlord with considerable resources at her disposal, Ulya Shek is a woman not to be trifled with. In addition to her interests in the Steel Rain, she is mistress of the *Watching Sisters* in the Bladelands, and has an impressive citadel in the far west.

Despite her fascination with technology, Ulya dislikes Jenkyna's Omega Drone and frequently threatens to morph to Dragon form and destroy it. This is unlikely, however (for one thing, she doubts that even her powerful dragon-breath can penetrate the machine's energy shields.

Nemui Enkala: A Loari Elven Alchemist of considerable smithing skill is the third (and distinctly lesser) sister of the three. She was one of Tethior's star pupils and an adept Alchemist. She has also learned to comprehend (after a fashion) the technology resurrected by Jenkyna, and it is she who actually directs the construction of the biomechanical implants of the Iron Warriors.

IRON WARRIORS

The servants of the Steel Rain are an army of almost mindless automatons: biomechanical beings created from captured men and women who have been fitted with mechanical prosthetics and electro-magical brain implants. They can thus be controlled by the Steel Rain.

From the ancient installation under the mountains in the isle south of Ræl, the three women have supervised the repair of many technological artifacts from the time before the fall.

Jenkyna is slowly creating a force of biomech warriors. Northern Falias is theirs. The mountains of southern Ræl (as well as eastern Urulan now), rich in mineral resources, are being honeycombed with tunnels.

The Loremasters are aware of the Steel Rain, but currently underestimate the extent of the menace. At first the Iron Warriors were thought to be Demons of the Fifth Pale, but it was soon learned that these beings were quite different in nature. Technology is alien to the Loremasters; they are confounded by the cybernetic, spell-resistant minions and remain at a loss over how deal deal with these strange beings.

GOALS OF THE STEEL RAIN

Jenkyna wishes all Kulthea controlled through implants. Anyone captured will be so altered after she has extracted any information she needs from them (the minds of Iron Warriors are usually irreparably damaged in the cybernization process). Ulya Shek's goals are somewhat different, but she is confident that she can steer the actions of the Steel Rain when the time comes. If necessary, she will bring to bear her own servants among the Watching Sisters.

4•JERAK AHRENRETH

Little need be discussed about the Secret Circle here; the characters will not encounter any high-ranking members of this evil order until they travel to Emer in the later stages of the quest. In the meantime, if the GM is interested in additional background, she may consult the *Emer* book.

ONDOVAL

No longer considered a member of the active Circle of Eight, Ondoval is nevertheless a very powerful force in the Shadow World. He also controls one of the eight citadels ("Secrets"), and wields indirect influence over the cabal.

SCHREK

Schrek is at the center of the Circle's

power, and the main thrust of the Grand Campaign is aimed at him. He appears to be one of the Lords of Essence: a handsome man with coal-black hair, brown skin and glittering blue eyes, but this is only half of his origin and a false shell. He is of the Agoth—the unspeakable creatures of the Outer Void. His mind is so utterly alien that it could not even be called evil. His goal seems to be to foment chaos, and his tool is the Secret Circle.

Schrek seeks an item of great power, the Eye of Agoth, to aid him in opening a door to the Void.

THE CULT OF STARS

This is a cabal of powerful and elusive assassins, supervised by the woman Oan Lyak (also known as *Lyax Khāngin* in her role as a member of the Jerak Ahrenreth). All are women, and they normally employ a black obsidian dagger with a black star sapphire set into the pommel. Part of their mystique comes from their ability to gain access to even the highest security locations and to escape again without trace. It is feared that the assassins have acquired a set of the powerful artifacts known among the learned as *Images*, creations of Tethior the Smith. Images are small, rectangular flat objects (not unlike large playing cards but much more resilient) which act as some sort of two-way teleportation devices. More about the Images and the Cult of Stars will be discussed in later parts of the Campaign.

OTHER CIRCLE MEMBERS

Seven active members of the Circle are all powerful lords and ladies, but they move in shadow and their roles in this drama are in the later acts.

ADHERENTS OF THE SECRET CIRCLE

Twelve Adherents serve the cult, and it is possible that one or more of them will be encountered. In particular, they might see Vaag t'Kang, Gargarax and Urkanian. Of course, they PCs will likely not realize just who they are encountering. Vaag t'Kang is specifically mentioned as visiting the Priest Arnak of Dansart; he also appears in Eidolon as foreshadowing of evils to come. Right now he is in Jaiman to observe the operations of the Priests and to make alliances if possible.

5•ANDRAAX

Andraax wishes to counteract the evil influence of his brethren. He is less concerned with other evil groups, obsessed with allowing the Shadow World to develop on its own—for good or ill—as long as it is not controlled by the vestiges of the previous rulers of the planet. He still has his hands full, however, since Ondoval, the Jerak Ahrenreth as a group, and the Steel Rain are all influenced (or controlled by) survivors from the K'ta'viir.

Andraax has also been busy in Foleen, working with the Duskwalkers. Only lately has he again turned his eye to the West.

It is important to remember that Andraax is a mentally unbalanced individual. While lucid and focused most of the time, he has lapses in which he is either unresponsive or actually hostile.

6•THE NAMELESS ONE

As noted in the *Master Atlas* (2nd Edition, pg. 152), a man who calls himself only the *Nameless One* first appeared in Zinvar in TA 5945. He has since surfaced in many places, prophesying doom.

The Nameless One's appearances are becoming more



Jenkyna of the K'taari

frequent and his doomsayings more ominous: his fame has spread from Kaitaine to Sel-kai, and every black-robed stranger is seen as an approaching harbinger of disaster: a specter to be feared.

The GM may wish to have the Nameless One appear, but since the group is not spending much time in any metropolitan areas in Jaiman, it is unlikely. Rumors of his visits might reach them, however.

GM Note: as noted in the Master Atlas, the Nameless One is in fact Tethior the Smith, who was not killed in the Wars of Dominion as everyone believed. He, like Andraax, is somewhat mentally disturbed, however.

7•THE DRAGONLORDS

Five beings whose true nature is unknown to all but a few, the Dragonlords are as a group little more than a loose association. Each is too willful and power-hungry to truly unite with any of the others for more than a brief period., although there is clearly an implied coalition in that they wear the Five Helms. It is rumored that they meet on a regular basis to at least divide up the world in such a way that they do not conflict with each other. Detailed descriptions of each Dragonlord are provided in the *Shadow World Master Atlas* (2nd ed. pp. 148-151).

Of the Dragonlords, three have a part to play in the Grand Campaign. (Sulthon Ni'shaang, while controlling parts of NE Jaiman, has only indirect influence, while Drül Churk's attention is directed to the southern lands.) Of the three who are involved, Voriig Kye rules Vog Mur off the coast of Emer; and Ulya Shek wields power in the Steel Rain; their roles will become clearer in the later stages of the Quest. Oran Jatar is a resident of Jaiman and is entangled in the plots of the *Iron Wind*, and so the Unlife itself.

ORAN JATAR

The White Dragon has formed an alliance with two of the Priesthoods Arnak—that of the Dragon and of the Snow Lion. Priests of both orders reside with him in the citadel known as the Aalk Gaath in the Mur Fostisyr (in NW Jaiman).

The history of the White Drake is a long and fascinating tale of clever alliances and subtle maneuvering. In many ways, he has chosen a path to power completely different than that of his 'brother' Sulthon Ni'shaang.

Jatar joined skills with the master smith Krelj in the Second Era and together they created the five Dragon Helms. Powerful enchanted tools, they allow the wearers to walk as men yet wield their awesome powers with almost full potency.

In recent years, Jatar has lost some of his influence with the Priests, and their destruction of the cultures of the Mur Fostisyr has been more complete than he would have liked. Unlike the Iron Wind, Jatar wishes a slave population to rule, not total annihilation. The White Dragon may have found an ally more dangerous than his enemies.

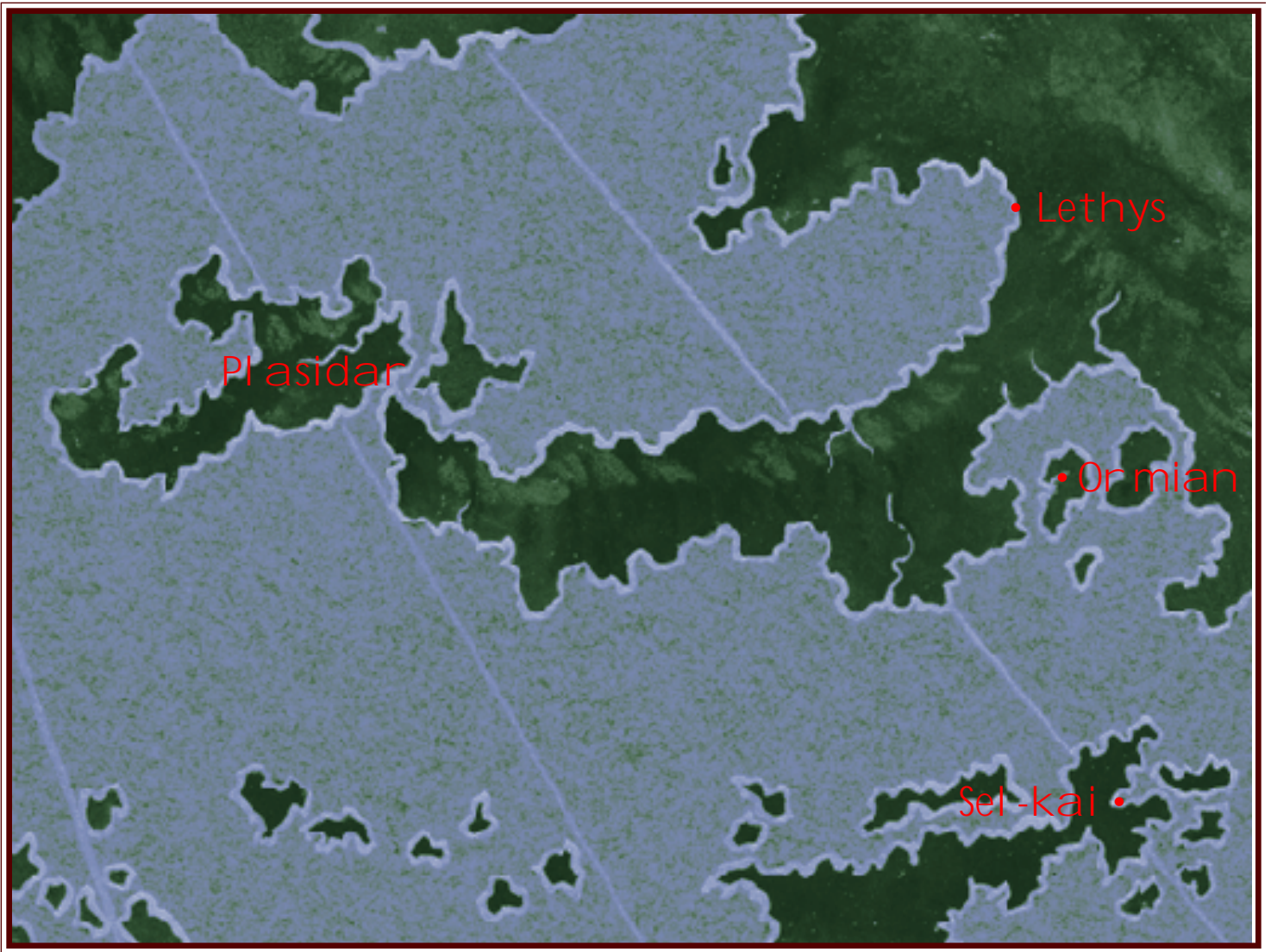
8•THE LOREMASTERS

This association continues to be the leading force in the battle against the minions of the Unlife. In addition to sending out hundreds of field operatives to explore the countryside and seek out agents of Darkness, the Loremaster Council protects governments with ideologies which flow along similar lines as their own. While the Loremasters avoid direct control (the spectacular failure of the Crowns of Tethior being an example of the flaws in that strategy), they continue to counsel monarchs and ruling oligarchies, warning against the temptations of Dark Magic and its terrible price.

9•THE NAVIGATORS

The Navigator Alliance is officially neutral in any military or political conflict, but Navigators have been known to act on their intuition when forces such as the Unlife or a truly evil cult such as Arnak are involved. While it is to their advantage to remain neutral, they could not continue to operate if the entire world had fallen under the yoke of totalitarian forces.

While it is generally to their advantage to remain their vaunted neutrality, the Navigators could not continue to operate if the entire world were to fall under the yoke of totalitarian forces. When an individual Navigator engages in an activity of questionable objectivity, they look the other way (or at worst punish with a slap on the wrist). These activities are rare however,; do not get the idea that Navigators are in the habit of helping anyone in need. Their reputation for cold-hearted detachment is well deserved.



• Southern Jaiman •

• PART V •

LETHYS

SEA-PORT IN RHAKHAAN

A hush fell over the smoke-hazed great-room at the Flask and Mug. Bette leaned over the polished bar, allowing herself a short rest; her sons and daughters could handle the drinks for awhile. At the far end of the room, by the hearth's roaring fire, the bard Randæ was strumming his harp. The singer had a beautiful voice and the ability to hold even large halls under his spell for hours. Bette wondered not for the first time why such a beautiful, talented Elven bard continued to play in low-class taverns like the Flask when he could make several times the silver in the Royal Quarter.

She noticed her youngest daughter Ilene staring at Randæ with glazed eyes and bemused smile. Bette frowned, afraid that the girl had fallen in love with the charming bard. Then the proprietress scanned the other faces in the room and noticed something for the first time: nearly everyone wore the same entranced look. Bette pressed her full lips together as she thought: 'Sorcery, from my little bard? We'll have to have a talk after this set. Maybe I can convince him to suggest that they buy more ale in addition to listening—and to leave my daughter out of his enchantment.' Then she turned back to cleaning ale glasses, taking for granted the fact that Randæ's spell had not enveloped her as well...



ethys and Haalkitain are the two largest cities in Jaiman, and while both are within the Rhakhanian Empire, they could hardly be more different. Where Haalkitain is dark, brooding and claustrophobic, Lethys is bright and energetic. Haalkitain is often cold and buffeted by mountain winds; rain and snow are common. Lethys is sunny and her climate is moderated by mild coastal breezes. Haalkitain is a fortress, her granite walls designed to shut out the world. Lethys is a trading center, her gates open all day and night.

Located along the eastern coast of the Nea Bay, Lethys is a sprawling city, nominally under the control of Rhakhaan. It is considered the gateway to Emer and other points south, and therefore a logical first destination for those seeking adventure (or maybe just passage south to Kaitain).

1•THE GATHERING

Before gathering the players, the GM should have prepared each of them with a reason for their character to have arrived in Lethys. A quick check of their backgrounds shows that all have a motive to be away from their homes; what remains is the explanation of what brings them together.

Beginnings in FRP campaigns are almost always a bit contrived, with very different characters somehow coming together to form a group bound together by (usually) mysterious forces.

While ICE does not generally encourage heavy-handed Gamemastering (forcing characters into a preset series of events), the very nature of a campaign dictates a certain amount of guidance. However, it falls upon the GM to *provide opportunities* rather than *dictate courses*. Below are brief summaries of motivations for the characters which would bring them to this port.

Ajkar Tyrus Faslurin: Ty has no particular goal at the onset of the Campaign, though the thought of going to the Library of Nomikos will secretly excite him; he will offer to go along as 'protector.' Once the nature of the quest begins to unfold, his curiosity will be piqued. His sense of duty (not to mention the opportunity for glory) will carry him from there. He has come to Lethys to see the library.

Ta'a Noer: Like Ty, Ta'a has no direct link to the campaign purpose. She is living in self-imposed exile in Jaiman but has grown bored and discontented in Lethys. She will go along for this purpose alone (though at first she might ask for compensation a bodyguard; if Ty is there he might shame her into going free). She might be encountered in the *Flask & Mug*, having become a regular there. Bette could introduce her to the others.

Terek Al-Arain: He is also an exile, but he seeks to discover the nature of the Phoenix Pendant. The search has brought him to Rhakhaan, but now hints point towards Nomikos, where archives might hold information on such mystical devices. Terek has exhausted the resources of the Haalkitain library, and is in the Lethys stacks hoping to pick up an additional kernel of information.

Vania Kirilin: As an agent of Kel, Vania has no set destination. The appeal of Nomikos is that such a center of knowledge might also be a gathering place of Loremasters exchanging more recent news of world events. She could very well be in the library or in the tavern gathering information. She has already spent several days in Lethys, so will be ready to depart.

Jymsan Ixata-Centarus: Unlike some of the other members of this group, Jymsan is 'along for the ride' (at least in the beginning). He is not particularly driven by a troubled past or seriously seeking a goal. As a result, he will be mildly interested in Nomikos simply because it's a place he has never been before. He might well have run into Ta'a Noer at the *Flask & Mug* before.

Nukiti Melenka: Nukiti might not be particularly interested in Nomikos until someone tells him that there are always rich researchers there (it might be wise to neglect to mention to Keety the Changramai Warrior guards). He might also gain clues to the whereabouts of the Scepter of Khôm. He will be frequenting the *Flask* for a good time and drunk targets.

Morden Nôk: The information he seeks about his father is not likely to be found here, but he might gain insights from unexpected sources. (Andraax comes here often, cloaked in a variety of guises. Morden will see him as he really appears—a striking man with black hair and violet eyes—but it is unlikely that he will realize just who he is looking at). In addition, Morden might seek information

in the Library, though it is relatively inadequate.

Ræk Torren: In the beginning, Ræk is on a journey of self-discovery as much as anything else. He needs to come to terms with his inner spirit and his true nature.

Later, as the focus moves to Emer, his importance as a true descendant of the Order of the Cloak will come to the fore. Ræk could take an important leadership role, standing against the Inquisitors, and even re-founding the true order.

Leena Arien: Leena seeks her brother Arik, who was lost while journeying around Emer. She will not be eager to spend a great deal of time in Jaiman, but the opportunity to go to Nomikos Library is too great an opportunity to pass up. Hints of her brother's fate will be revealed in Jaiman. Leena is most likely to be spending time in the docks area and the taverns, hoping to hear word of her brother.

Rælen Thirok: He is at first on his way to the Mur Fostisyr to join in the rebellion against the Iron Wind, but knows better than to rush foolishly into the fray. He wants to gain what insights he can about the Iron Wind—any tools which could be used against this dark power. He will be in the library to learn background and in the taverns to hear the latest developments. He will not get much on the Iron Wind, except a scroll on which is recorded the passage that appears below, with indications that it is part of a much larger work (this is a copy, unsigned).

From the History Arnak ...

Six Orders like six fingers of the same hand, united yet separate, the Arnak take hold on a continent. Their purpose is the destruction of civilization, the end of life.

Of Gaath is known, the Dragon-cult of the Northern Isles. Few now stand against the Evil which lurks amidst the frozen peaks. Athimurl as well holds sway; the Snow Lion rules the lands of Blue Light.

Of Lyak the Hawk I know little, yet I have heard hints of a dark order in the land known as Tanara...

Dansart is quiet for now. The Desert Wolf rules the windy plains of Zor, dead as the taste of dust. In the silence soon will arise whispers.

Words of the Priest of Thargondaak now echo across the rolling hills of Taldaar; horsemen hear the call and their reward is madness.

Of Yarthraak I hear whispers most ominous. The Cult of the Sea-Drake awakens to a new realm built upon the foundations of old, yet forged reborn terror and hate. By a dark victory a Crown is the tool of the Unlife.

Elor Once Dark
(TEI 4150)

From this (and hints dropped by library clerks) Rælen may get the idea that Elor is a prolific author, whose works might be worth additional research.

GM Note: *While this is dated long ago, it still has relevance because of the cyclic nature of the forces involved. As is noted in the timeline, the Priests are moving again after a period of inactivity. In the Mur Fostisyr they are succeeding where they failed two millennia ago.*

Also, The GM may wish to begin dropping hints about Elor now: that he is kind of crazy, that he retired from the Loremasters, that he is living somewhere in NW Jaiman, that he knows all kinds of secrets, etc.

2•LETHYS OVERVIEW

A sprawling coastal trade center dominating the Nea Bay, Lethys is the largest city in Rhakhaan. Nearly 20% of the Lethian population of about 50,000 is Elvish, mostly Erlin. Lethys has the largest harbor complex on Jaiman, and not surprisingly is the leading ship-builder.

Lethys and Haalkitaine are as night and day in both mood and design. While Haalkitaine is a brooding citadel honeycombed with secret passages and court intrigues, Lethys is a bustling seaport, ruled by a flamboyant prince and a council of greedy (if unassuming) families. The emphasis is commerce, and silver will buy you in Lethys what you'd need breeding or blackmail to get in Haalkitaine.

Lethys is not only a trading center, it is a renaissance city which owes much of its wealth to banking and astute business ventures by its powerful families (it is a lesser sister to Sel-kai, but nevertheless a wealthy city). Many of these groups have 'offices' in cities all over Jaiman and Emer, lending money to other concerns and even governments. As a result they have grown rich on interest and trade. Lethys is practically an independent city-state, though no one would dare say it aloud in Haalkitaine.

LEADERSHIP

Prince Westley Calyon is a very popular leader, especially considering his bloodlines (he is a distaff heir; worse, his father was an Elf); yet there were no other heirs when the last Prince died. (The royal line of Lethys is related, yet separate from, the Emperors of Rhakhaan. Only the head of Lethys is granted the title of Prince, while the other provinces of the Empire are ruled by Dukes, Counts or Barons.) Westley's mother's sister was married to the former Prince, and thus inherited the crown only through marriage. Unthinkable in Haalkitaine, yet hardly more than inconvenient here.

While technically the final authority in Lethys, the Prince must answer to his Council, a body of nine men and women who are the heads of the city's economically powerful merchant families. There are also the city guilds to reckon with and these include Shipwrights, Metalsmiths, Stonewrights, Clothwrights, Seamerchants, Landmerchants, the Allied Cults (all recognized churches), the Uscurac Orders (users of Essænce), Scribes, Artisans, and Bankers. In addition there are a number of landowners, but while they sit on council, they have less authority and restricted voting powers.

THE CITY LAYOUT

The City rests primarily on the north side of the Bernen River in the southern inlet of the Nea Bay. It is divided into four uneven quarters:

The Port: Including the warehouses, docks and shipbuilding facilities, this is the largest district. There are numerous taverns, Inns and other 'service' establishments catering to every taste and budget. The *Flask and Mug* is here, a few blocks from the commercial docks.

The Trade Quarter: Adjacent to the port, it is where the majority of major transactions take place. The Grand Marketplace runs several blocks and is bustling all day and well into the night.

The Royal Quarter: Smallest of the four, it includes the Prince's palace complex and the barracks of the militia. The houses of the wealthiest families of the city and many temples are situated here. The Lethys Library is here.

The Artisans Quarter: Most of the craftsmen live and work here, residing in apartments behind and above their shops. This is where many finished goods and services can be had.

3•THE LETHYS LIBRARY

While no match for the Library of Nomikos, this archive is still one of the finest in Jaiman. Dedicated to the Lady of Orhan, Valris, it is staffed entirely by women who follow the academic teachings of the Goddess of Knowledge. Many are Astrologers and Scribes. While they don't require library patrons to be followers of Valris, they do screen out 'unsavory' types.

Except for an open reference area, the stacks of the library are closed; searches are done by the staff upon request. Charges for a search run between one and five sp, depending on scope and complexity. Books on the requested subject are brought to the patron, who may view them in the open area or use a "private" cubicle for an additional charge of 1 sp. ("Private" is in quotes because it can be assumed that the patron is being monitored by the staff, notoriously protective of their books.) Books may be viewed for one day free of additional charge, but may be kept 'on hold' for 1 bp per additional day, up to a week. This would be for the purpose of reading long passages, copying, etc. Copying services are available, though pricey.

Anyone found attempting to steal or deface a book is immediately removed from the premises and fined up to 100 gp. Those who cannot pay or attempt truly heinous crimes have been known to suffer very unpleasant (and unexplainable) maladies such as recurring partial blindness, memory lapses, speech or hearing disorders.

AT THE LIBRARY

Visitors are greeted pleasantly and asked to formulate their search request. They are charged and asked to wait or return in a few hours. Searches generally take from ½ to 6 hours.

■ **PC Roll:** Administration (If no Admin skill, roll at -25. If the player does a particularly good job personally, add up to 30). This is to determine how well the character explains her research interest without causing offense, raising suspicion, etc. For instance, walking in from out of town and asking for all they have on the Dark God Scalu in a religious library would not be advisable. If you want to know about the Dark God Scalu, you have to work your way down there. Use this roll as a guide to how on-target the staff member's search is.

■ **GM Roll:** A plain open-ended D100 as a general indicator to see what is available on the topic. Add 20 for the library size; modify if the topic is particularly bizarre or arcane—or if very pertinent. Note: no matter how good the roll, don't get carried away and give away everything! This roll should also be secret in case a negative result is indicated.

Roll	Result
< -50	Incorrect Information. Character gets very convincing but very wrong data.
-50 — +0	Failure. Nothing available.
01 — 50	Minimal Success. Basic information; what the PC probably already knows.
51 — 99	Moderate Success. Some information unknown to the Character is uncovered, but nothing earth-shattering. The researcher will point out (wistfully) that there are more thorough volumes on Nomikos.
100	Success with a Twist. The researcher finds a rare book with very unique information on the subject—and unrelated information which is also of great value to the character.
101 — 150	Success. At least one very informative and unique bit of data is revealed.
151 — 199	Thorough Success. Two or three new bits of in-

formation are revealed.

200+

Phenomenal Success. Character learns important information, plus related information of great import. (e.g., while searching for information about the Phoenix Pendant, Terek not only gets the basics of it's powers, but references to 'Gryphon College,' where information about attunement might be found.

One way that characters might meet is if their searches indicate a book or scroll that is already 'checked out.' This would lead to another PC's cubicle or table, where a sharing arrangement might be worked out—and from there...

4•AT THE 'FLASK AND MUG'

A mid-range Tavern, the F&G is convenient to the docks without being located too near the rough area known as 'The Planks.' The Proprietress is an amiable woman named Bette. Her sons and daughters work in the inn, as cooks, servers and porters; all share a blond handsomeness, impressive stature and easy nature revealing their Myr origins.

ENCOUNTER: THE CHARACTERS MEET

The various characters find themselves—each for his or her own reasons—in the great room of the Flask and Mug, each drinking and enjoying the evening's entertainment.. A few of the characters may have already met that day, perhaps on the docks looking for a ship to Tanara, or at the Lethys Library (see above). It would not be

uncommon to inquire with a proprietress such as Bette if there are other residents of the Inn headed for a given destination. If they don't look shady, she could be helpful.

Tonight the Greatroom of the Flask is graced by a talented bard. Several have good singing voices and might join in with the youthful singer seated by the fire. The bard seems to project an air of friendship and comradery, and the songs he sings are all familiar ballads and ditties known across Jaiman, Emer and beyond. His name is Randæ, and he is always a big draw at the Flask And Mug.

As the evening progresses, the group begins to gather, make introductions, and lay plans for the trip to Nomikos, on the Isle of Ormian

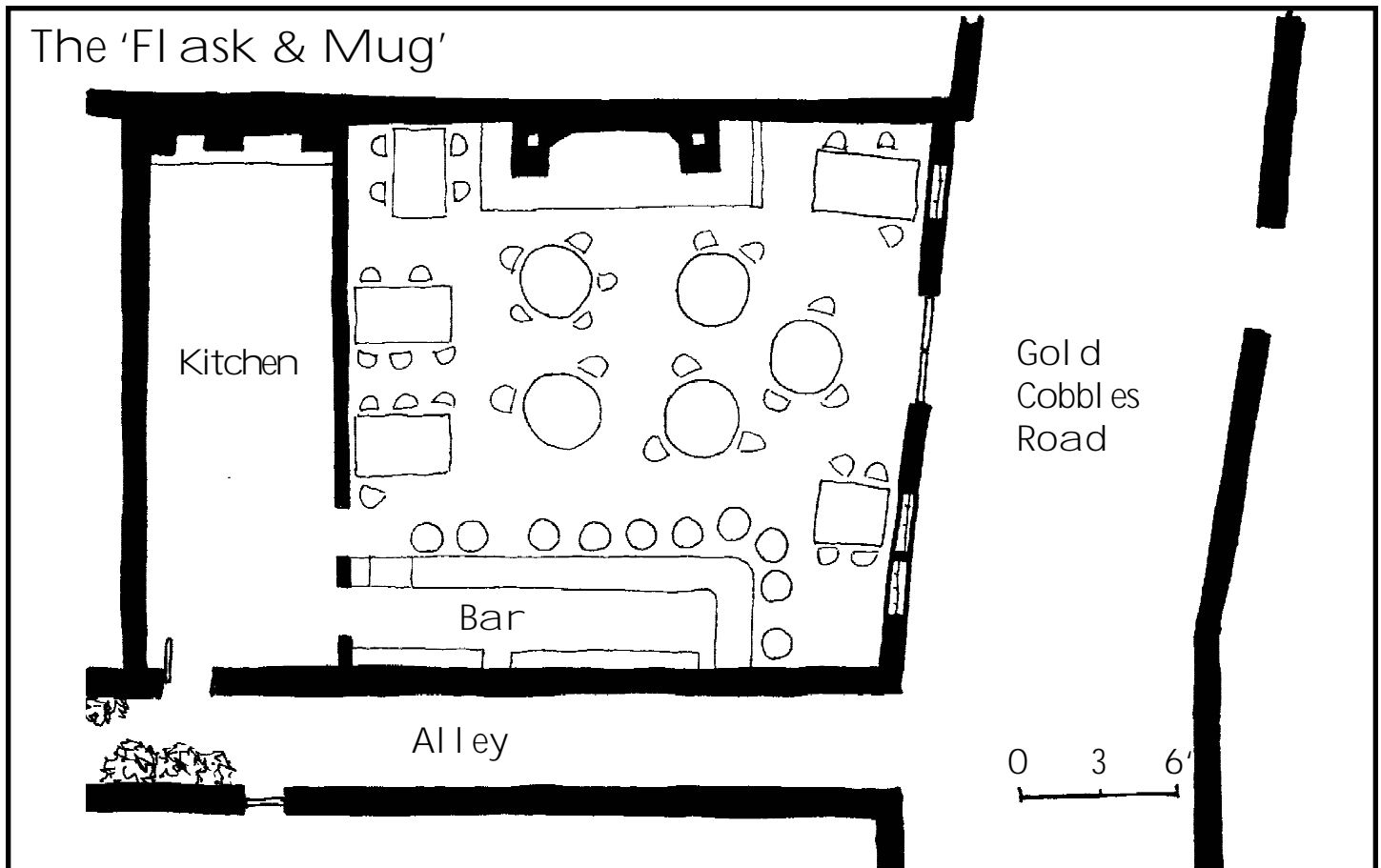
Anyone investigating possible routes will have been told the following: while the coast road through southern Rhakhaan and the Melurian States followed by a ferry ride to Ormian seem to be a direct path, the way is not safe right now. The Y'kin are moving southwest, and there are bandits, and tales of ghosts. Besides, once they get to the bay, they would have to travel far around it to get close to sea level; most of the northern area is rocky cliffs. It would be almost 250 miles, the last half all rough going.

The best way to go is by ship around the peninsula. The usual voyage time is 8 days. Merchant vessels leave almost daily on that route, usually heading on to Tanara or south to Sel-kai afterwards. If the PCs make the wise decision, they will opt for the sea voyage.

Maybe some have already booked passage (the *Seasprite* is the archetypal ship provided); there will be space still available tomorrow; the ship is scheduled to set sail in three days.

ENCOUNTER: THE BLOODY DAGGER

This settled, the group can settle in to enjoy the music. However,



the evening is not to conclude unmarred. There is a handsome young man alone at the next table; perhaps one or more of the PCs notices him; he looks to be part Elvish. He wears simple but fine travelling clothes, sips wine, and wears a blandly pleased expression. A tall woman in black attempts to squeeze between the tables and bumps the man. He stands, and suddenly there is an altercation between the two. One of the PCs (the GM must either set up the scene or choose) is bumped so hard he must stand up and suddenly the man spins around and falls into the PC's arms with a short cry of surprise and pain. About this time Randæ has noticed the commotion and will stop playing. People are turning.

The woman glares at the PC and walks purposefully towards the back of the bar. Trying to help up the man, the PC feels something wet and warm on his hands... it is blood: there is a dagger in the man's chest, and he dies right there. This is what most people see: the dead man in the PC's arms, with the dagger in or near the PC's hand. A few will have noticed the woman and cry out, but it is just about too late.

■ **Roll:** Perception, Very Hard (-20). Very observant PCs might notice a flickering in the shadows: The woman is Alize of the Cult of Stars, and she is using an *Image* to teleport out of the bar. There is no chance of catching her.

The dagger is of obsidian with a silver edge. The hilt-pommel is a black star sapphire. This is the symbol of the Cult of Stars, but of course they don't know that... yet. The victim is in fact a lesser Priest Arnak (he has a ring) of the Lyak group. The ring is a signet with a flat blue stone carved with the image of a hawk. Both items are very evil.

The City Guard will be summoned, and there will be considerable questioning and confusion, but Randæ will step in if necessary to clear the PC (assuming the PC doesn't do something rash like run). He will state that he clearly saw the woman attack, but she moved too fast for anyone to have intervened.

The dagger and the body will be confiscated by the guard. A skillful PC *might* manage to get the ring; if the GM would just as soon not have to deal with players having powerful evil items at this point, he can have Randæ pocket it, *after* the PCs have seen it. In any case, Randæ will conspiratorially tell the accused character to "Watch his step around here" but will not explain.

After the body is removed, things will settle down a bit, and Bette will order a free round just before the curious from neighboring taverns begin to pour in.

5•LETHYS AT NIGHT

One of the group has a nocturnal encounter late in the misty Lethys evening.

ENCOUNTER: A VOICE IN THE SHADOWS

One of the group (Morden if he is a PC) wakes in the middle of the night from a troubling dream he cannot remember. He hears his name called, the voice a breathy whisper. It seems to be coming from outside...

■ **Roll:** Morden must make a RR using his Presence bonus vs 60th level. If he fails, he must stealthily leave the inn and go down to the street.

Outside it is cool, and a dense fog has rolled in. He creeps into a dark alleyway, where he sees a figure in a hooded black cloak, barely visible in the mist. The figure beckons and he must obey. His crystal is glowing dimly with a prismatic light, something he has never seen

it do before.

When Morden is within six feet, he stops and the summoner speaks. His voice is a musical tenor, soft and enthralling:

"Morden, Warlock heed these words:
Your journey long, end out of sight
But be true to yourself and comrades
and for awhile forestall the night.

"To the Isle of books, then a sea of sand
Damp corridors, a city of towers.
A secret vault, and an exile's homeland
The gryphon's roost has hiding powers.

"Lakes and rivers, and fell riders stark,
A desolate land, yet full of fear
A woman's thirst, a man once dark
Beware in the trees, a whisper near.

"The Dragon holds a treasure dear
Take what is owned, beware of greed
The sun will set on Mur Fostisyr
But hope persists; it will awake at need

"The Haunted Land holds a harbinger.
After the spirits learn all you may:
borne of old evil grows a new danger.
Take ship by air—to Sel-kai be away.

"Then rest, and continue another day."

The rhyme and meter of this verse is confusing to Morden, almost hypnotic nevertheless. The words burn in his memory. The figure vanishes into the mist, leaving the youth shivering in the alley.

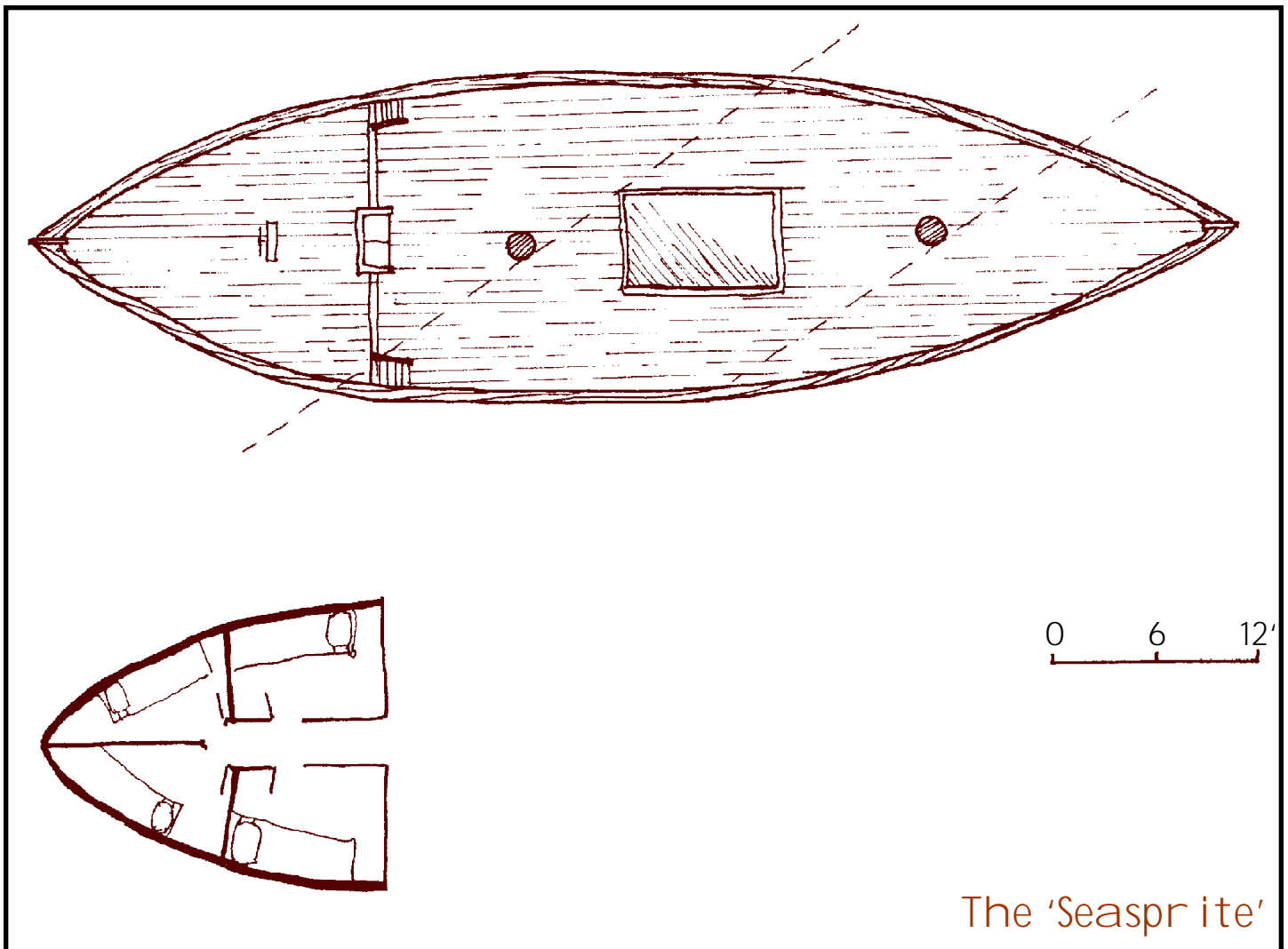
GM Note: The mysterious visitor is *Andraax*. He has seen the succession of events through his powers. Of course, this does not mean that the PCs *MUST* follow this path; as with all future *seeings*, *Andraax* can only foretell what is likely to occur based on the current situation. Should the characters deviate from this path, the GM may wish to have *Andraax* appear again with warnings or predictions which will steer them back on a preferred course.

Any remaining time for the PCs in Lethys should be mainly uneventful, but if the GM wishes to run a minor bar or thieving incident, she should do so (there are few city opportunities in this first phase of the quest).

6•ABOARD THE 'SEASPRITE'

A carrack, lateen and square rigged and about 60 feet long, the *Seasprite* is a sturdy ship. While she is an older vessel, and some of the decoration appears neglected, all the important parts are well maintained. With a crew of 12, the ship can take on up to 10 passengers in four guest cabins. Her captain is a Shay man of middle years, Shan Marr, who makes his home in Lethys.

The trip proceeds uneventfully as the *Seasprite* heads out of the sheltered south inlet of the Nea Bay, then west-northwest towards the Forbidden Sea. To the south, she will pass the isle of Aranmor, then Plasidar. Most sea-captains stick to the open waters, keeping the land barely in sight yet at a respectable distance



n GM Rolls: Roll for weather (*Character & Campaign Law* pg 109) daily; weather is even more important while sailing. Moderate severe effects somewhat while the ship is in the Nea Bay. In storms, some rolls for crew competency may be necessary or there is a slight chance that the ship might be lost.

ARANMOR

An evil place shunned by travellers, Aranmor is surrounded by churning, bubbling seas. The waters around Aranmor are literally boiling (volcanic steam vents on the sea floor) and can be seen for miles. Crewmembers will be happy to tell horror stories to curious passengers. None of these tales are quite as twisted and sinister as the bizarre truth, however. There are wild tales of demons and ancient curses placed on this volcano-tortured land, yet the stories are contradictory and no one has ever returned to tell the truth.

The *Seasprite* sails past Aranmor without incident.

ENCOUNTER: PIRATES!

Beyond Aranmor, to the west stretches a much larger island, which anyone will tell the ignorant character is Plasidar, home of the Pirate Elves.

PLASIDAR

While the waters around this island are not as strange as the boiling seas around Aranmor, they are treacherous. Only the isle's

inhabitants are bold enough to approach, as it is surrounded by many reefs and jagged, submerged atolls. It is said that they depend on enchantments to avoid the dangers which guard the coast. Merchants keep to the northern coast as they pass in and out of the Nea Bay, hoping to avoid both natural dangers and the threat of pirates.

A BLACK SAIL IS SIGHTED

If the *Seasprite* is passing Plasidar just before dawn or in the early hours of the morning on a day of reasonable weather, the lookout cries "Black Sail off the starboard bow!" The pirates prefer to move against ships who have the sun to their back, this way the pirates come out of the darkened western horizon and the sun does not reflect off their dark sails.

■ GM Roll: A pirate ship is seen to the south; the GM may wish to have a series of rolls as Captain Marr attempts to outmaneuver the pirate ship. The *Seasprite* is at an ongoing -20 to avoid the 50' pirate sloop.

If the ship bearing the characters cannot make a clean getaway, the pirates will pull alongside and order the *Seasprite* to surrender. Captain Marr will do so, preferring to hand over the strongbox rather than risk the lives of his crew and passengers. The PCs may have other ideas.

THE PIRATE SHIP DAUNTLESS

Lines are thrown across and the ship are lashed together. The

brigands number twenty, captained by a handsome Dyar Elf who leaps upon the deck of the *Seasprite* and introduces himself as Kelson of Talfang. Twelve more men come across, all Dyari Elves, heavily armed. The crew is ordered to lay down all weapons; they comply. Kelson is charming and polite, making small talk with his men, making sure that no one is harmed if they cooperate. Kelson and his first mate wield the beautiful Elven swords called *sareni* (sing. *saren*), which look much like the Terran *katana*, but strike as enhanced falchions. Stats for saren can be found in the Fantasy Weapons Chart on page ???.

■ **GM Roll:** Kelson will insist on seeing all of the passengers, and there is a 750% chance that he will take a fancy to some weapon or item of jewelry that one of the PCs is wearing. It would be an obvious item; he won't search anyone. His main goal is the ship's strongbox and a few cargo items it is known to be carrying. These are being removed by the pirates while Kelson and four other pirates watch crew and passengers. It is up to the PCs whether they are willing to fight for their possessions. If not, the pirates leave without harming anyone.

If Kelson is killed, or if things otherwise look very bad for the boarding pirates, the remaining crew will cut the lines and flee. The *Seasprite* will resume her course as best she can. The rest of the trip should be uneventful until she reaches the mouth of the Ormian Bay.

CREW OF THE SEASPRITE AND PIRATES OF PLASIDAR

Name	Lvl	Hits	AT(DB)	Sh	Gr	Melee Ob	Missile Ob	Mov
Captain Marr Shay Rogue, Swim45; Brawl30; Gamb15; Ldrshp40; Nav60; Sail75; Signal25; Trade54; WeathWatch55.	6	95	8(10)	N	N	85 broadsword	35 light crossbow	15
First Mate Shay Fighter. Swim35; Brawl30; Nav50; Sail55; Signal5; Trade30; WeathWatch40.	3	80	1(10)	N	N	65 shortsword	20 short bow	10
Other Sailors (Average) Shay Fighter	2	25	1(10)	N	N	40 shortsword	—	10
Kelson of Talfang Age: (Looks 25) Eyes: Grey Hair: Black Build: Lean, muscular Height: 6' 3" Skills: Dyar Rogue. Swim60; Brawl55; Gamb172; Ldrshp85; Nav62; Sail70; Seduct78; Signal30; Subdu60; Trade45; WeathWatch61. Magic Items: +10 broadsword, boots of water-running.	8	25	1(10)	N	N	118 saren‡	80 longbow	20
Meleken (First Mate) Dyar Rogue Age: (looks 25) Eyes: grey Hair: blond Build: lean Height: 6' 5" Skills: Swim34; Brawl45; Gamb135; Ldrshp25; Nav48; Sail60; Trade35; WeathWatch. Magic Items: +10 dagger	4	25	1(10)	N	N	90 saren‡	70 longbow	15
Other Pirate s (Average) Dyar Fighter	2	65	1(60)	N	N	50 broadsword	35 longbow	15

* Indicates a Shield or Greave protection is due to magical garment, shield spells, etc.

† Indicates special race powers; see *Shadow World Inhabitants Guide* for details.

‡ Elven sword, looks like a katana, strikes as a falchion +20 vs unarmored foes; +15 vs leather armor

• PART VI •

NOMIKOS LIBRARY

Books, like men their authors, have no more than one way of coming into the world, but there are ten thousand to go out of it, and return no more.

ATTRIBUTED (PROBABLY ERRONEOUSLY)
TO ANDRAAX



A library of unsurpassed size and scope, Nomikos is arguably the pre-eminent academic center of all Kulthea. According to popular belief, it was founded in SE 2530 by Andraax himself. It was intended as an open center of knowledge apart from the Loremaster Archives, which of course are on the hidden isle of Karilôn and not accessible to the common man.

The Nomikos complex is located in the southernmost part of the Jaiman continent on the island of Ormian, just east of Meluria. The island is a self-sustaining community, including the Scribe hierarchy and supporting society of farmers, fishermen and craftsmen. In addition, the wealth of the isle is assured through library use fees, making the entire populace quite well-off.

No other power has ever attempted to annex Ormian or claim sovereignty over the island, which may seem strange since it has no army or fleet of any size. However, the Scribes are said to have a battery arcane powers at their disposal.

A high bluff overlooking the Port of Ormian is the site of the Library complex, several buildings which cover nearly half a square mile.

1•ARRIVAL AT ORMIAN

Assuming that the *Seasprite* survives, she continues on her way around the isles, then hugs the Melurian coast until she enters the bay which protects the isle of *Ormian*. The ship passes by a small, rocky island on the way, and Captain Marr might mention that this is the *Watching Isle*, an uninhabited rock which is reputed to be haunted. Some legends claim that it guards Ormian from looters. (Exactly how it does this is unknown.) Soon, however, the *Watching Isle* slips past, and Ormian itself looms ahead. It, like its neighbor, juts out of the sea, with rugged coasts. The Library is located on a bluff above the Port of Ormian, on an inlet about halfway up the length of the island. The ship will pull into a small but busy harbor. The town of Ormian is perhaps surprisingly large—about 5,000—but it is a convenient stopping point between Lethys and Sel-kai. Also the inhabitants trade in wool and certain finished goods. The *Seasprite* will be leaving with the tide, but the characters need not worry about being stranded, there are plenty of passenger-carrying ships coming in and out of Ormian every day. They will have no trouble finding passage.

2•THE LIBRARY

The following excerpt from Kalen's Travel Journals provides a descriptive and personal view of the Nomikos Library:

"The port town of Ormian was already far below us, and we had not yet reached the gate of Nomikos. The day was cloudy and not terribly warm, but the humidity was oppressive, and there seemed remarkably little wind for a coastal location such as this. I was winded and felt a trickle of perspiration run down my back, but our Loremaster guide Randæ Terisonen continued up the steep road tirelessly. Everyone else in our small party was gasping audibly, and even the usually inexhaustible Jad seemed to be puffing as we finally arrived at the main entrance. A great arch curved at least fifty feet above us in warm brown sandstone, the blocks large and set with the skill of an older civilization.

We were granted passage and proceeded along an avenue paved in luminous white marble. Tall wrought-iron fences



separated the road from ornate gardens on either side, then we passed through an inner portico. At the far end of a carefully manicured green courtyard towered the greatest library in the known world. The golden dome glowed even under the overcast sky, and hundred-foot tall buttresses of grey stone marched all about the perimeter of the monstrous cruciform structure. Standing amidst the wide staircase leading to the library's entrance was a mighty statue, carved of lustrous obsidian. It depicted a man with long straight hair and wearing a flowing robe. Under one arm he carried a book; the other hand was held at chest height, with the palm facing outward but close to the body. His expression and posture were difficult to decipher, though they seemed less than welcoming.

"Who's the statue of?" Jad asked idly.

For a long moment no one answered. Then, as we mounted the steps and the statue loomed above us, Randæ muttered, "It's *supposed* to be of Andraax, who *supposedly* founded this place many thousands of years ago."

"You seem a bit skeptical." I couldn't help pursuing Randæ's comment. Meanwhile, Jad seemed to involuntarily shrink away from the statue as we passed it.

"I just have trouble believing that this Andraax character could possibly have managed as many accomplishments as he has been credited with—even if he *is* immortal."

—KALEN AVANIR

RULES OF THE LIBRARY

GM Note: *for those who may not have the Shadow World Master Atlas, the rules of Nomikos Library are reprinted below.*

When one enters the complex, one must sign a contract agreeing to abide by the rules of the Library. "Signing" includes writing one's full name and birthplace.

The Rules are:

1. To pay 1 gold piece per day in the complex plus surcharges if using the special collections.
2. To pay repair fees as set by the Library for unintentional damage to books.
3. To pay fines set by the Library if caught attempting to deface, disassemble or steal a book.
4. To follow without question instructions from any Library official, including Security personnel.

Although book access varies depending on the collection, *no book* is ever allowed outside of the complex. There are reading and copying carrels available for storage of books to those making extended visits—sleeping rooms are available for rent, but the rule barring removal of books is absolute. Patrons caught trying to smuggle books out of the library are severely fined and permanently barred from the library. Changramai warriors—fearsome experts at unarmed combat—guard the exits to the Library. It is said that they can see things invisible and know a liar by his voice. They are not to be trifled with.

THE COLLECTIONS

The library is made up of three basic parts: Public Collection, Research Collection, and Special Collection.

Public Collection: The largest of the collections in sheer number of volumes, it is designed for public consumption. This contains language translations, maps of various areas of the known world (*GM discretion how much of this is to be revealed*), and histories.

Several copies of each book are available, and books may be 'checked out' to the reading areas for as long as a month for study and copying. None of the works in this collection is an original; time and the ravages of a corrosive atmosphere would have long ago rendered them to dust. Instead, these manuscripts are constantly being copied and recopied so that there are volumes available for use.

Research Collection: Only scholars with approved research proposals are permitted in the research library (though admittance is not difficult, there is a 10-day waiting period). Many rare and original manuscripts are kept within the research complex, and there is a copying service available should a researcher need access to passages of manuscripts for an extended period of time.

Special Collection: The most closely guarded collection; only those with permission of the Chief Scribe may have access to its books. No one but the Scribes are actually allowed into the stacks; researchers consult a catalog of books, select what they desire, and scribe-assistants gather the materials. All Special Collection books are viewed in cubicles, under the close scrutiny of a Scribe.

GM Note: *Additional details of the Library are available in the book Jaiman, and while not necessary to doing research, would add flavor to the events.*

ENCOUNTER: CHANGRAMAI

As the group approaches the imposing library walls, Rælen will naturally be getting rather tense. Will he be recognized? A disguise would be in order if anyone thinks of it.

Rælen sees a former classmate from the Changramai Monastery.

■ **GM Roll:** Roll D₁₀₀; if 91-00, a monk that would recognize Rælen is on the island while he is there and will see him. Roll D₁₀₀ again for percentage of the way through the visit that the monk and Rælen will intersect. When this happens, give the monk a *Perception* Roll at +10 to see and recognize the errant Changramai. (Note that if Rælen is disguising himself in some way, the chances of his being recognized drop precipitously.) If he sees Rælen, he will immediately summon his fellows to capture him, but discreetly, and in a way that does not compromise their responsibilities as guardians of Nomikos.

■ **PC Roll:** Assuming there is a monk here who can identify Rælen, at the time of the meeting, give Rælen a *Perception* Roll with his bonus. Give him an additional +20 if he mentions that he is keeping a lookout just preceding the meeting (e.g., as the group enters the library that day, he mentions that he is looking for monks he knows).

If Rælen is spotted, things could get very ugly very fast. While the Nomikos Scribes have nothing against Rælen, they will not interfere in a private Changramai matter (i.e., they won't grant any sort of immunity).

DOING RESEARCH

■ **PC Roll:** All PCs researching must make a research roll for each topic they intend to pursue. They may only roll once for each topic.

Use the chart given under "At the Library" in the Lethys library Page ???, but add +100 to rolls (this *is* Nomikos after all). Depending on how smart the players are, (and how well they make their research rolls) information on the following topics might come to light:

GM Notes: *The following are obviously passages, taken either from books, or in most cases, scrolls. The GM may wish to describe in detail some of these fabulous old items, bound in leather with wood or even iron covers, some great books as large as three feet tall with ornate hinges and locks. Each parchment page is rendered by hand in lovely calligraphic styles in colored and metallic inks.*

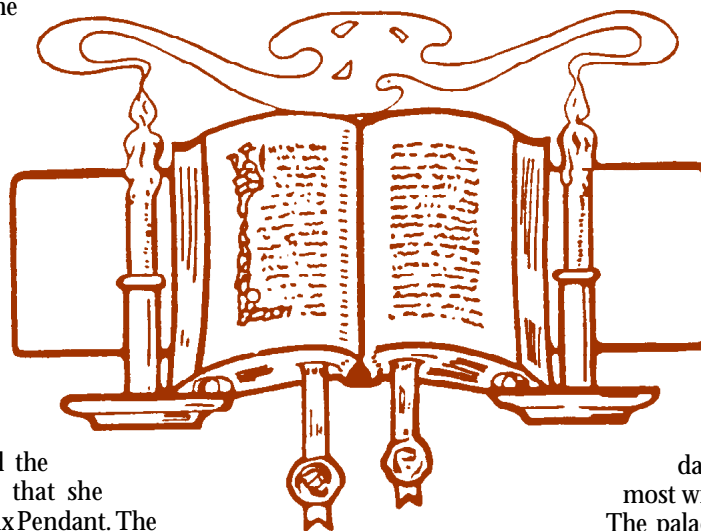
THE PHOENIX PENDANT

1. From a scroll entitled *On the Making of the Jaimani Royal Artifacts*, dated SE 3890, by Fenrik Elvar, Alchemist of Arion:

...Tethior and Andraax took thought, and together they devised the recipes which would bring forth wondrous devices of steel and laen and jewels. First came six crowns for the kings and queens, enchanted diadems which could take on the practical form of an ornate helm of war. Next followed glorious blades to be wielded by the Kings' Champions. Aid for these was given by Tethior's younger brother Krelij—a promising swordmaker...

Finally, with the aid of Andraax's powerful spells, the most subtle items of all were made: the Six pendants to be worn by Royal Councillors. Lovely glittering orbs, imprisoned in each the heraldic beast of the realm...

It was not surprising that the design if not the wondrous powers of the Pendants was copied by many of the apprentices at Arion and elsewhere. No doubt there are many baubles now made in flattery of the Six, but pale and dim by comparison...



2. Regarding attunement, a scroll gives an account by Ajkara III, Empress of Rhakhaan, who visited a woman at a place called the Gryphon Tower. It was there that she learned how to attune the Phoenix Pendant. The location of the tower is secret, though the text mentions that it is in western Rhakhaan
3. The scroll by Zener Morndaak, which appears at the beginning of Part X, might be revealed.
4. Several other recent manuscripts (and perhaps a Scribe) make mention of a scholar on the Crowns (and swords and Pendants): the Loremaster Zener Morndaak, who reportedly now resides in northwest Tanara.

THE PHOENIX SWORD

1. A copy of an accounting of the royal artifacts of Rhakhaan indicates that the Sword, Pendant and Crown are all placed in separate vaults at about 4515 TE. They remain there until Ajkara III's ascension in 5087, when she removes the pendant and wears it as a sign of office (along with a small crown she has fashioned for herself.) The Crown and Sword remain locked far beneath Haalkitain until 5380, when Alaek has the crown brought out. His successors do not wear the crown until 5899, when Queen Italana VI dons it. She orders the Sword brought forth as well, but when the vault door is unlocked, the sword is gone. There is a gaping hole in one wall leading to a rough-dug tunnel. The hole in the wall seems to have been dug by some sort of clawed beast.. Soldiers are sent down the tunnel, but it leads to an endless warren of passages too small to navigate.
2. The scroll by Zener Morndaak, which appears at the beginning of Part X, might be revealed.
3. Several other recent manuscripts (and perhaps a Scribe) make mention of a scholar on the Crowns (and swords and Pendants):

the Loremaster Zener Morndaak, who reportedly now resides in northwest Tanara.

THE PRIESTS ARNAK

1. A scroll: (The Elor passage, Intro Part IV, page ???).
2. Something about the Iron Wind for Rælen. He discovers this account from the *Chronicles of Elor*, with annotations by the historian Salthay Ryne:

...Astride twin peaks of sheer stone rests the tower of Oran Jatar. From this citadel, the White Drake commands his priests Arnak: the Order of Gaath. Jatar is master of the creation of artifacts of power as well as a lord of mind and arms. Greatest among his items is perhaps his helm: fashioned after the form of a dragon's head, it

allows him to assume human form and yet permits him to employ his deadly breath at full potential. Chill he is of lungs and mind, and his minions know no mercy for those who would stand against the Dragonlord. I know, for I have faced Oran Jatar, and it was one of the rare occasions of my life during which I knew true fear. Jatar is a terror beyond even the Ordainers in some ways, for he—as one of the Dragonlords—is not one of the creations of the Unlife, but an independent being who serves the Iron Wind willingly. Those are the most dangerous of its brood, for they are the most wily and clever.

The palace of Oran Jatar also houses the six priests of Gaath, their High Priest, and the elite of the order of Athimurl.. Though Jatar is not their true master, his voice carries weight amongst their ranks as well. In the caves below the tower they perform their dark rituals of sacrifice and torture by the flickering light of smoky torches.

More of the Aalk Gaath I will not tell, it is such an unpleasant memory. To those foolish and brave enough to seek riches and adventure (and indeed is an ample supply of both), I wish good luck, and suggest that they set their affairs in order first.

Comments: It is known now that the centers of Gaath and Athimurl are elsewhere, though representatives of those cults might reside in the Aalk Gaath. In addition, Jatar probably considered himself an ally of the Iron Wind rather than a servant. He essentially seized the order of Gaath and has placed it under his control. It is believed that the Smith Krelij aided Oran Jatar in the fashioning of the Dragon Helms.

3. Elor Himself: he is reputed to be mad, residing somewhere in northern Saralis (see *Elor*, below)
4. For Rælen, he might uncover a reference to the holy sword of his people, in an account by the Ky'taari Scholar Rylen Alnesh:

...Gaath holds the Sword of the Ky'taari, locked behind doors of cold iron in a citadel upon foundations of ice. Beware the Unseen Guardians.

THE SCEPTER OF KHÔM

Keety may wish to research this. He uncovers two things. First, an account by the Loremaster serving as advisor to the Hutarn at the time the Sceptre was stolen, and second, a cryptic verse written on a scroll of grey parchment. A few notes by the scribe who copied the verse follow it.

“We had known that the Man with no Name was in the city for nearly an hour; it was inevitable he would come to the palace. Nevertheless, there was a stir at the gates to the throne room. The Hutarn’s stocky guards stood ready with their maces, while his advisors and I clustered to one side. Sidran rose from the bejewelled Butterfly Throne in a rustle of golden silk and nodded to the doorwards.

The wide doors swung in, and, amidst four impressive Changramai, the Nameless One entered the chamber. Against the white and silver of his guards, the plain ebony robe of the foreteller of doom seemed almost anticlimactic. However, the Nameless One carried himself like a lord, and his hood was thrown back to reveal his face—the face of a K’ta’viir.

Not that his outward appearance meant anything. I cast every spell of detection and analysis I dared against this visitor, though I know it was poor manners. So was not revealing your name. I was not surprised when my probing revealed exactly nothing. He was there in the flesh, but beyond that I learned nothing. I could not even be sure whether he was Man, Elf, or other.

It was only as the visitor drew close that I could see the fine work of his robe. It was embroidered along the hem and cuffs and collar with beautiful silk designs. The tailoring was exquisite.

All the while Hutarn Sidran waited stoically, his almond eyes betraying no emotion.

The Nameless One stopped a few paces away and bowed low. “Thank you for seeing me, Hutarn.”

“I would welcome you to the land of the Nuyani, but my words would be empty.”

“I understand. But I do not cause these misfortunes; I am merely a harbinger. What you do with my warnings is your responsibility.”

“Speak then.” Sidran settled into the throne.

“Your most prized possession other than the lives of your loved ones will be taken from you. Then and even worse, even those you cherish will be in danger from a killer who comes by night and day, a murderer whom locks cannot bar and armies cannot stop. The most vigilant guard falls to his invisible daggers.” The Nameless One paused and pulled his hood up to cover his face again.

“That is all?” The Hutarn whispered, a man stricken

“That is all.” The unwelcome visitor turned and left the hall.

Reported by Loremaster Nelden Viirs

TA 6019

Transcribed by
Looma T’ornian
Scribe of Nomikos
TA 6023



The Land of the Butterfly shall suffer a winter.
The passing of the Shadow
will bring much sorrow.
But first the Hutarn’s hand will be empty.
Heed the whispers in the gale.

Gargarax... Urkanian

The brief unstructured verse above was copied from what is assumed to be the original, delivered to the Hutarn of Nuyan Khôm in TA 6019, 8 days before the Sceptre was stolen. The original was written in blood on a parchment. Under analysis, the blood was found to be Elven, the parchment of human skin.

The meaning of “Gargarax... Urkanian” remains problematical,

Xian Hoojta
Scribe of Nomikos
TA 6033

THE JERAK AHRENRETH

The following are cryptic verses, found on scrolls, which turn up as the result of a search for the Jerak Ahrenreth.

Servants turn to betray the master
One land, one rule, eight lords
The west shall be east.

Gargarax... Urkanian

Orders of a lost time
return again to serve the Secrets
their blades are sharp
The Shadow lengthens.

Gargarax... Urkanian

ELOR

- (Summary) The history of Elor is somewhat muddled, though it appears that he is far older than even what is indicated by his records from the Mur Fostisy (which would make him at least 2,000 years old). It is possible that he is a survivor of the Wars of Dominion, and might have even fought for the Unlife, then reformed after the conflict (thus the moniker “Once Dark”). At any rate, Elor had the reputation of being somewhat of a loner and rebel, and though his reports were very valuable, his activities became increasingly erratic. He apparently retired sometime in the mid sixth millennia, though his present location is unknown.

2. The following Scribe report dated 5988 TE:

While travelling in northern Saralis, I met a man who claimed to be Elor Once Dark. He resembled descriptions I had heard, but of course any physical description is meaningless when dealing with Elor. This man lives in a strange house of eclectic design near the mouth of a river in the southern foothills of the Saral March. The house was built upon a small island in the middle of the river, reached by nearly a dozen strange and unique bridges. When I asked the man about them, he laughed and replied that he was indulging a fascination with engineering. He possessed a vast library but kept diverting me from serious research with bizarre anecdotes, most of which were completely meaningless. I stayed for several hours while he talked at his ease, but at the chime of midnight he leapt from his chair and ordered me to leave. 'It is the Iron Wind!' he cried, and insisted that I flee the area immediately. He could not be dissuaded, and so I left, without ever opening a book. I have tried to return on several occasions, but cannot find that strange house.

AHN SYE ZANAR

1. (General knowledge). The Order of the Cloak is a group of ostensibly religious zealots who travel the countryside converting to the religion of Zanar by the sword (or the mace in their case). They are known by their crimson cloaks.
2. More *might* be available in Emer, perhaps in a library in Kaitaine, or Sel-kai? However, the prevailing attitude in Jaiman about Emer is that the only remaining 'civilizations' are along the coasts; the interior has been reduced to barbarism, warring city-states, or is depopulated.

ENCOUNTER: A RE-SEARCHER

This is just a harmless meeting between Morden and an Elven Scribe. They pass in the great hall, and the Elf looks at him strangely. He says "I'm sorry, and I hope you don't take offense at this, but you have the most remarkable eyes. They have a very unique color, almost like those of a K'ta'viir. May I ask your ancestry.

No matter what Morden answers, the Elf will clearly be disappointed and murmur "I'm terribly sorry, I won't trouble you further..." and wander away.

WHERE TO GO NOW?

Information gleaned from Nomikos is likely to lead the characters to want to visit the Loremaster Zener Morndaak in Tanara. The group should have little trouble finding passage on a ship headed East, and soon set sail.

3•ABOARD THE 'FAIRWIND'

THE FAIRWIND

Captain Virs Tenak and a crew of 10 man the lateen-rigged caravel from Sel-kai. It is 65 feet long and can carry up to 18 passengers.

■ GM Rolls: Roll for weather (*Character & Campaign*

Law pg. 109) daily. Weather is very changeable in these straits. In storms, some rolls for crew competency may be necessary or there is a chance that the ship might be lost.

OTHER PASSENGERS

Among the other passengers are a jewel merchant from Kaitaine and his son, two women and a bodyguard from Sel-kai, and a nondescript Shay couple.

ENCOUNTER: WALL OF DOOM

The journey towards Tanara proceeds uneventfully for the first few days, but this belies a disaster which comes upon the *Fairwind* in the mid-morning of the fourth day...

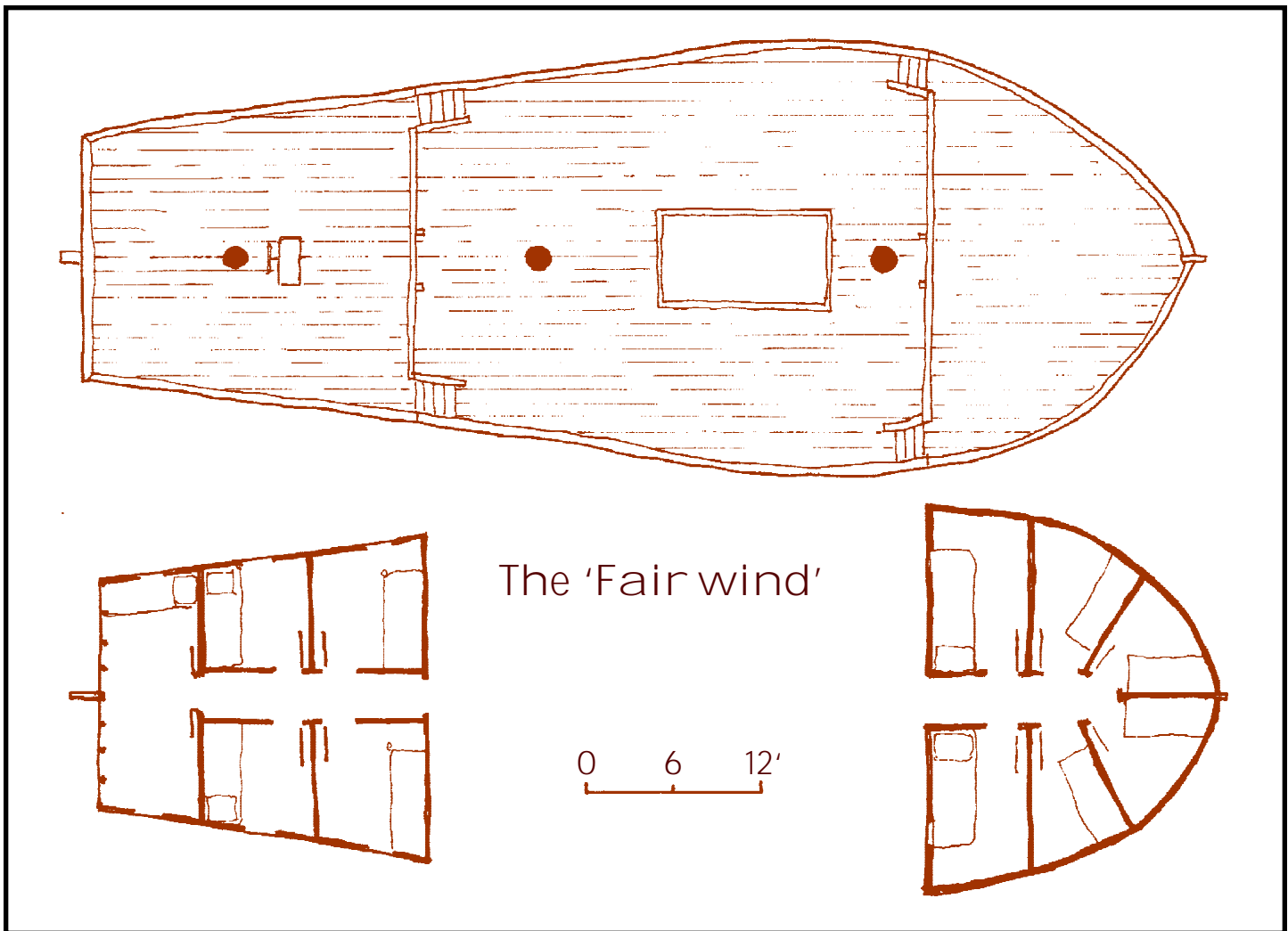
A STORM APPROACHES

South of eastern Meluria, the *Fairwind* is making good time in front of a western wind, and the weather seems fine... until the lookout spots darkness on the eastern horizon.

At first it looks like a severe thunderstorm. The captain is concerned but not overly so. He decides to swing north to take advantage of the sheltering coastline, but the wind shifts, driving the ship southeast. The sea begins to take on a strange luminescence.

Several things happen almost at once. All Essence-users feel a tingling, and the short hairs on their necks stand up. Morden's





crystal and Terek's Phoenix will glimmer with a sullen greenish light. Jymstan will feel queasy. Then green, twisting lightning will flash out of the eerie grey darkness to the southeast and a moment later the sea will become smooth as glass and the sails will go limp as the air becomes perfectly still. In that silence, the first mate will cry out "Essænce Storm!" Then the shock wave from the lightning hits the ship, followed by a huge swell of water which carries the *Fairwind* several hundred feet high, then sickeningly down into a trough. No waves break, but the wind resumes from the northwest (actually it is being sucked in from the southeast). The sails furl and the ship surges forward with a great creaking of timbers. Several ropes may break; anyone on deck or in the rigging should roll to not be lost.

PCs may think of trying to escape by using spells or in a lifeboat. The use of any spell at this time is highly inadvisable: add +90 to all spell failure rolls from the moment the storm is detected. Chances of escape in the lifeboat are also nil, as it has even less chance of escaping the energy of the Essænce Storm.

INTO THE STORM

The captain orders the sails stowed and turns the ship into the storm; it's all that can be done as the green-grey wall of churning energy rolls towards the doomed *Fairwind*.

Between the initial storm surge and the actual penetration of the energy membrane is a period of about an hour. During that time the ship moves deeper and deeper into what resembles a standard sea-

storm, but with no rain. The waters foam and lash the ship, multi-colored lighting forks across the sky, and the wind blows in furious gusts from all directions. The one constant is a churning darkness which grows to seemingly span the horizon as the ship draws nearer.

There is little left for the characters to do but batten down the hatches and get below (they will be ordered to do so by the captain anyway).

■ **Roll:** Con RR -20 to avoid nausea. Failure by 01-30 means at -30 for all actions due to queasiness; failure by 31-60 means vomiting and at -60; failure by 61+ means at -90.

THE LANDING

Things get progressively worse, the ship lurching in impossible directions as it nears the membrane. As it enters, there is a sensation of falling which lasts several (eternal) seconds. With a shriek of tearing metal and splintering wood, the whirling ship comes to a sudden halt.

■ **Roll:** Con RR -50 to remain conscious. All take 2-20 hits and an "A" Impact Critical.

As each player awakens, they realize that the ship is not moving, that the cabin is lying on its side, and sunlight is streaming through a huge hole, torn in the hull. They emerge from the wrecked craft to discover that they have plowed into soft sand... in the middle of a desert.

• PART VII •

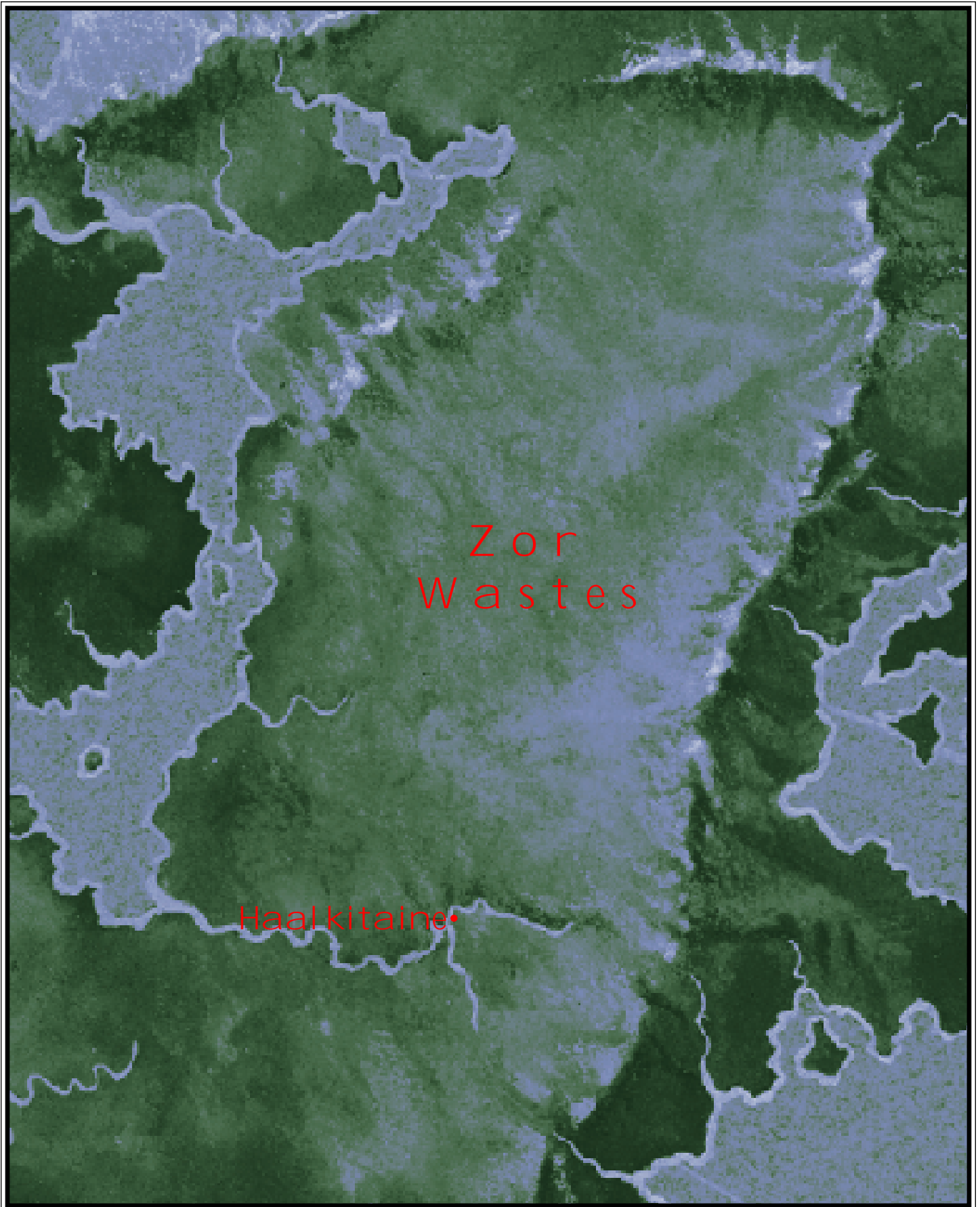
THE ZORIAN WASTES

There was a light like a thousand suns rising suddenly, but it was in the north, not east over the mountains. I turned away from the brilliance, but a moment later I was assaulted by the sound—and a hot wind which nearly knocked me to the ground. I did not realize it then, of course, but I had just seen the end of Zor.

Ilmaris Terisonen
4980 Second Era



he kingdom of Zor was the proudest of the six realms granted enchanted crowns, and not coincidentally the first to fall. Her population made up almost entirely of Talath peoples, Zor was a vast land of fertile fields and rich mountains. Now it is the most complete wasteland on Jaiman. The heart of the realm, once a region of rivers and rolling hills, is now a plain of dry and cracked earth. In the very center, where the capital city of Verzor once stood, is a huge crater hundreds of feet across, surrounded by an expanse of black glassy slag extending for miles. No sign of this glorious people remains, and no one enters this waste: legends say that those who venture too far into the waste return only to grow sick and die of an incurable malady.



• Northern Rhakhaan & Zor •

SURVIVORS OF THE FAIRWIND

Name	Lvl	Hits	AT(DB)	Sh	Gr	Melee Ob	Missile Ob	Mov
Jak Bralek (Second Officer)	3	32	1(5)	N	N	60 broadsword	—	5
Shay Fighter, Age: 28 Eyes: grey Hair: brown Build: medium Height: 6' 1" Skills: Swim35; Brawl20; Ldrshp10; Nav20; Sail45; WeathWatch25.								
Kort Vartase (Crewman)	2	27	1(0)	N	N	55 shortsword	—	0
Shay Rogue, Age: 22 Eyes: blue Hair: light brown Build: stocky Height: 5' 8" Skills: Swim10; Brawl10; Nav15; Sail25. BROKEN RIGHT ARM								
Arec Ul'thonn (Crewman)	2	25	1(10)	N	N	40 shortsword	—	5
Shay Fighter Age: 19 Eyes: brown Hair: brown Build: medium Height: 5' 10" Skills: Swim20; Sail25. SPRAINED ANKLE								
Puck Sanja (Crewman)	1	18	1(10)	N	N	25 dagger	—	10
Shay Fighter Age: 17 Eyes: grey Hair: blond Build: slender Height: 6' 0" Skills: Swim30; Sail25.								
Alia Nanar (Passenger)	2	24	1(0)	N	N	—	—	10
Laan NoProf Age: 27 Eyes: blue Hair: blond Build: slender Height: 5' 5" Skills: Ride25; Swim5; Dance25; Music15; Sing10.								
Batshi Nuoren (Passenger)	2	21	1(0)	N	N	5 dagger	—	5
Laan NoProf Age: 24 Eyes: hazel Hair: blond Build: slender Height: 5' 3" Skills: Ride; Act10; Cook20; Dance25; Music5; Seduct10; Sing.								
Iorak Halsinjen (Mrchnt)	5	35	1(0)	N	N	45 dagger	—	0
Laan Fighter (Merchant, RMC II) Age: 45 Eyes: grey Hair: grey Build: medium Height: 6' 0" Skills: Ride40; Act30; Admin15; Appr68; Brib30; Diplom16; Gamb120; Trade85.								
Daav Halsinjen (Mer. Son)	1	18	1(10)	N	N	15 dagger	—	15
Laan Fighter Age: 14 Eyes: grey Hair: blond Build: slender Height: 5' 0" Skills: Climb15; Ride15; S&H20; Swim5; Acrob5; AthlG15; Sing20.								

KEY: See page ???

1•TREK THROUGH THE WASTES

The temperature is 50° F, though it seems warmer under the bright midday sun as the characters assess their situation. The ship is completely destroyed. Captain Tenak is dead along with his first mate, and all but three of the crew. The two women passengers are alive, but their bodyguard is dead, the jewel merchant and his son are alright, but the Shay couple are dead.

The dead must be buried and then what can be salvaged taken from the ship (hopefully some food and water). Then someone must take charge of the group. Jak (the second mate) will do so unless he gets a serious challenge.

GM Note: Remember that the PCs have no way of knowing where they are! They could be in the East for all they know. By midafternoon, one of the crewmen will be able to tell that they appear to be in a latitude somewhat north of where they were, but he's not sure.

■ **PC Roll:** *Very Hard* (-20) to determine approximate location. Use *Navigation* skill; otherwise -25. Modified 100+ means that location established in north-central Jaiman. If no one figures it out, someone may try again at night using *Stargazing*.

Assuming that they figure out where they are, it would seem logical to head south towards Rhakhaan. They do so, walking for the rest of the day without seeing any sign of habitation or other life except for an occasional high-flying bird and some dry scrub. As night begins to fall the land will become more like dry, cracked earth than desert sand, and the plantlife somewhat more common. A few twisted, dried out skeletons of stunted trees even begin to appear.

Then someone will hear a howling in the distance, like that of a hound or wolf.

ENCOUNTER: RURAL ZORIANS

The group is nearing exhaustion as night falls. The temperature swiftly begins to drop towards freezing, and a biting wind picks up, so Jak suggests they stop soon.

■ **PC Roll:** Everyone make an *Extremely Hard* (-30) *Perception*, the Elves adding +50 because of their night vision. The first to make their roll sees what appears to be a small ruin to the west.

Jak proposes they head toward the ruin, hoping it will offer shelter. It is farther than it seems, however, and fifteen minutes later, they have not reached it. The howl of dogs is heard again, this time closer, and from the north. Eventually, however, a low wall of tumbled rocks begins to rise out of the earth nearby. The group follows it, and comes to what appears to have once been a cluster of farm buildings.

■ **PC Roll:** Everyone make a *Perception* roll again, *Very Hard* (-20), the Elves adding +50 because of their night vision. Everyone who succeeds: at various times as they approach the ruin, they think they see movement out of the corner of their eye. Those who rolled over 130 also have a feeling of being watched.

If the group is carrying torches or other lights, they enter the most enclosed structure (looks like a stable; the house is nothing but a pile of rubble) and find it empty. If they carry no lights, the Elves will see a huddle of creatures in a corner. Upon closer observation, they appear to be humanoid creatures like gnomes (they are mutants of Dansart). There are four of the creatures, who will snarl and reach for their clubs. If anyone lights a fire or casts a light, the poor creatures will immediately flee. If not, they will fight until they realize that they are outgunned, then flee. The characters can then settle-in as best they can. A fire is highly recommended, for warmth as well as to keep away the mutants. There is wood to be found in the ruins (mostly pieces of the house). There is virtually nothing to be found for food.

The howl of dogs is heard again, from the north and then answered closer from the west.

ENCOUNTER: THE HOUNDS OF DANSART

Hounds of Dansart close in on the group. The hounds are hungry, but fear fire. Meanwhile, the temperature drops to well below freezing. As the night passes, the howling can be heard periodically, soon all around the ruins. Then it will stop abruptly.

■ **PC Roll:** Anyone who ventures outside of the distracting glare of the fire to take a look around can make an *Extremely Hard* (-30) *Perception* roll (Elves at +50); success means they see a large, wolf-like dog either circling the area about 100 feet away, or just sitting out in the dark, watching them.

■ **GM Roll:** Roll D100; if over 70, the hounds will wait until they think the time is ripe, then six of them will attack. Four others wait in the shadows. Roll morale rolls during the fight. At any time after about midnight, if someone ventures out of the circle of light offered by the fire, there is a 20% chance they will be attacked. If the leader and or any three dogs are killed, they will flee.

Morning dawns clear, and far to the southwest everyone can see the gleam of something to the southwest. It looks like a city. Far to the west can be glimpsed the Grey Mountains. There is no sign of other dogs.

2•THE RUINED CITY

It is thirty miles to the city, so even moving at a good pace the group will not make it before nightfall. As they approach in the dying light, however, it becomes clear that what was once a good-sized walled city is now in ruins. A dry riverbed meanders from west to east. As the players may be debating whether its safer to enter this strange place or to remain out on the plain with no shelter, they hear wolves howling again.

ENCOUNTER: CITY DWELLERS

Assuming the group decides to enter the city, they have an experience similar to what happened at the farm ruin: a sense of

being watched. If they remain in the wilderness outside, they will probably be attacked by the wolves again.

■ **PC Roll:** Everyone make a *Perception* roll again, *Medium* (± 0), the Elves adding +50 because of their night vision. Everyone who succeeds: at various times as they approach the ruin, they think they see movement out of the corner of their eye. Those who rolled over 120 also have a feeling of being watched. This feeling increases as they get deeper into the city, until it is overwhelming.

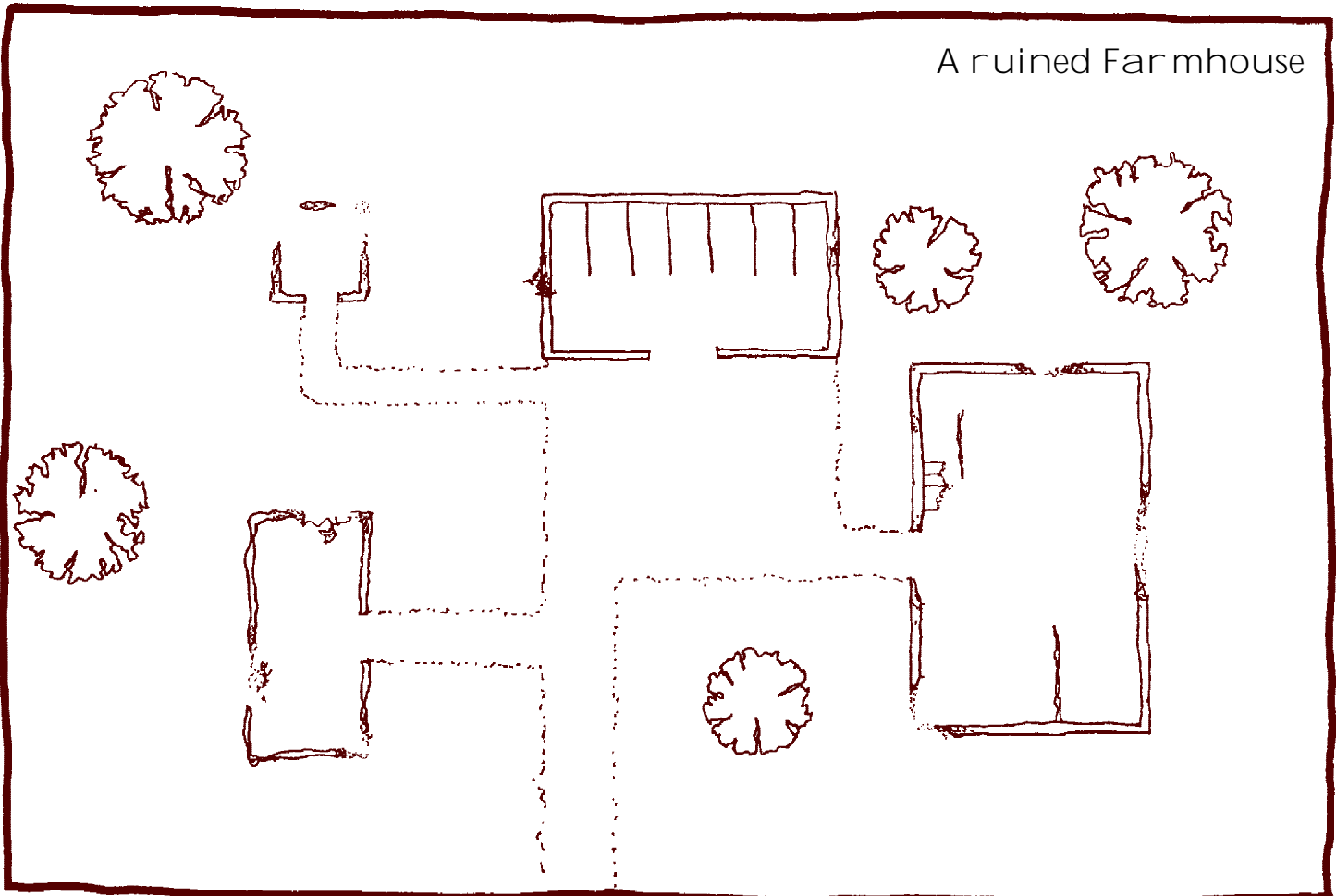
THE CITY DWELLERS

These are descendants of the original Zorians, but virtually all of them have suffered radiation poisoning and random mutations. (The PCs will not be in central Zor long enough for it to affect them.) As a result, they are often hideously deformed creatures with minimal intelligence (but all possess a certain animal cunning). They have fallen to this barbaric state, sometimes reduced to cannibalism to survive. They are jealous of 'normal' humanoids. Almost all are blinded by even dim light, so they hide underground during the day.

Some of the least severely damaged have been recruited by the Dragonlord Sulthon Ni'shaang for his army, but they do not make a very effective organized force. They roam Zor in packs, each with a ruthless leader. They fear the dogs—and the Messengers of Ulkaya.

■ **PC Roll:** During each watch, a PC making a successful *Medium* (± 0) *Perception* roll will sense a growing ring of city dwellers lurking just beyond the firelight. Beyond the walls of the city, dogs are circling, and every so often an encounter between dog and 'human' can be heard: a snarling and wailing, normally ending in a choked humanoid cry.

As with the wolves, the city dwellers might grow impatient for a meal. As the night wanes, they may grow bold.



■ **GM Roll:** A successful *Extremely Hard* (-30) morale roll means the city dwellers decide to attack. Three will charge forward with buckets of dirt and try to put the fire out. It is unlikely that they will be completely successful, but they might put a dent in it. They are at between -20 and -100 for activity depending on how bright the light is.

ENCOUNTER: THE MESSENGERS OF ULKAYA

There seem to be endless numbers of the creatures, and even as the PCs dispatch them, more arrive. It looks hopeless. Then, there is a loud, piercing whistle from outside of the city, and the mutants hesitate. Then can be heard the sound of hooves, accompanied by the howling bark of several dogs. Six riders appear astride huge warhorses. They are holding aloft torches in hands which look like claws, and their helmets are made to look like the heads of snarling dogs. They are the Messengers of Ulkaya.

The city dwellers flee, and some of the riders pursue them, hacking the mutants down as they run. The dogs with the Messengers are much larger and healthier looking than the wild beasts of the plains. They are also well trained, circling the group and watching them closely.

After the city dwellers are driven off, three of the Messengers dismount. One—clearly the leader—says “You are prisoners of the Lord of Dansart; throw down your weapons. Do not resist, and you will not be harmed.”

GM Note: These riders are truly fearsome. There is little question that they could easily best the PCs, even without the help of their dogs. At no time does anyone see the face of any of the Messengers. If there is any question of compliance, perhaps one of the NPCs (one of the crewmen) attempts to fight back; he is killed in cold blood, probably a dagger in the chest. This should squelch any ideas about resistance.

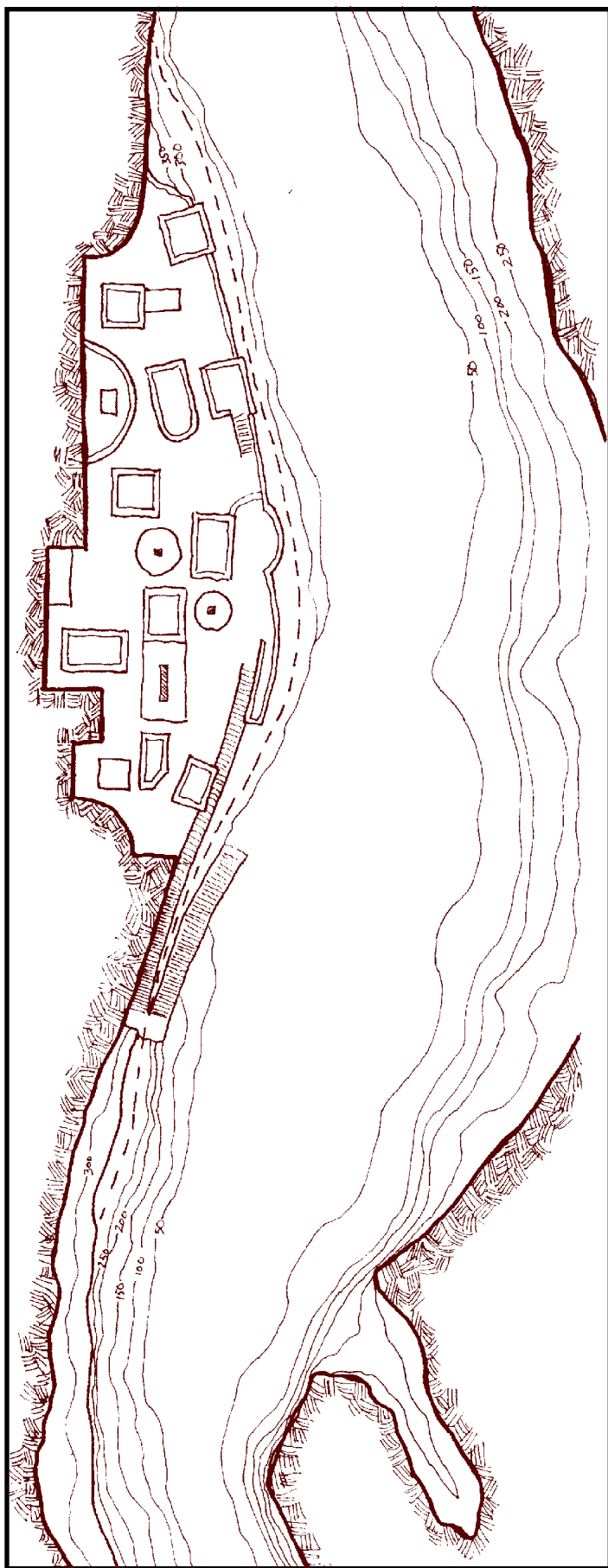
Assuming the characters comply, one of the other Messengers pulls out a pouch of herbs and ministers to any characters who are seriously wounded and who cannot be helped immediately by the other PCs. A third Messenger gathers up everyone’s weapons and any other items which look threatening. The Phoenix pendant is taken, but the Messenger knows better than to touch Morden’s Focus Crystal. Instead it is placed in a small pouch (lined with a mesh of Kregora) while still around his neck. When everyone is able to walk, they produce manacles and ropes, and the prisoners are bound in a line. As the sun rises, the march west to Dansart begins. All spell users except the Healer find that their Power Points are drained (the manacles are laced with Kregora).

3•DANSART

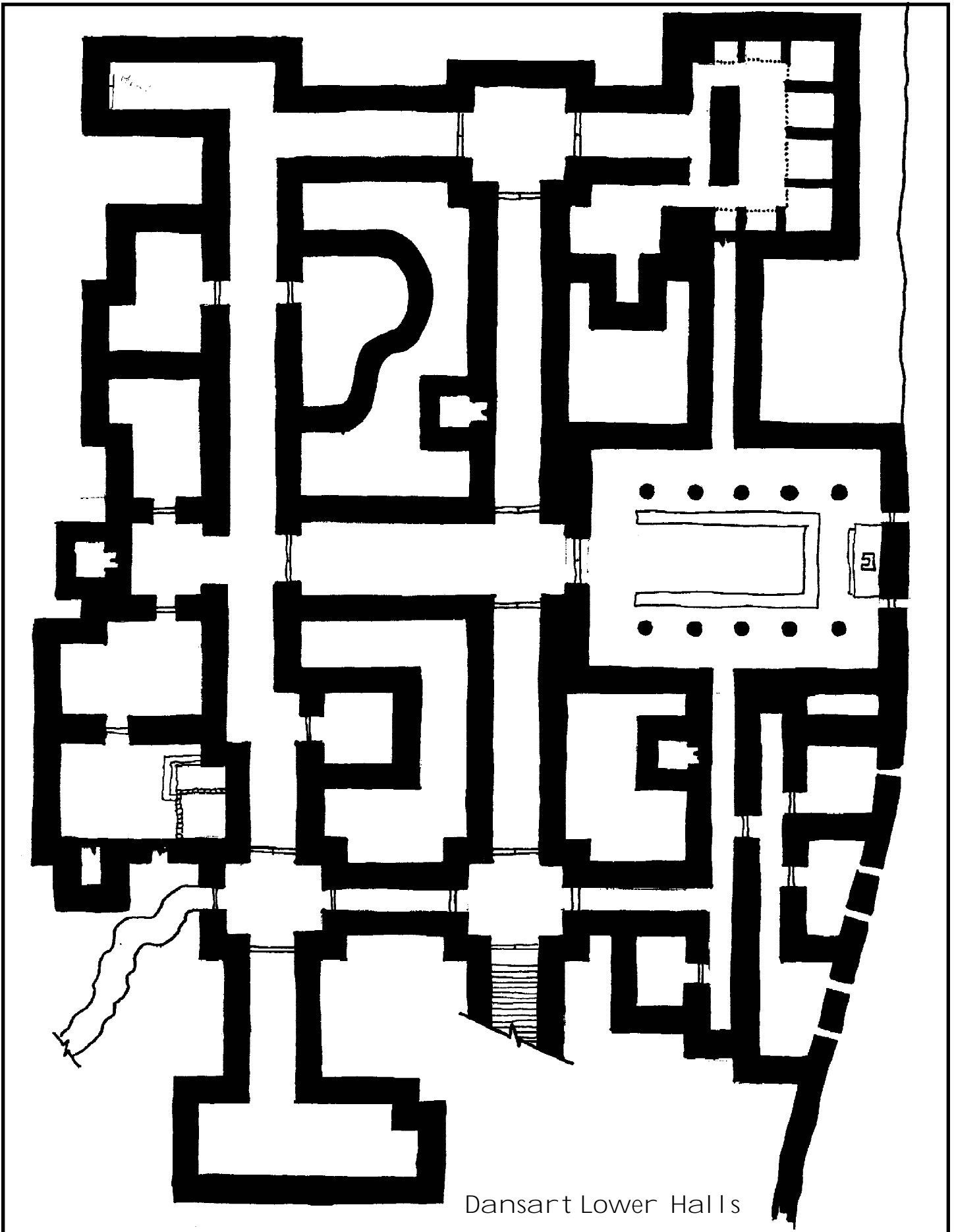
For three days the characters are kept to a gruelling pace, given short rests and iron rations if their own food gives out. The women passengers might falter at some point; either they are mercilessly dragged along, or completely bound and thrown over a horse’s back.

At night, the dogs protect the camp perimeter, and the Messengers seem to take turns on ‘watch’ while others lie immobile for 2-3 hours. The Messengers are inhumanly efficient; they do not joke or laugh or carry on any unnecessary conversation; it is as if they are not really human (they are, but are under powerful enchantments). Each has a pet owl, tan or white, which rides on his shoulder or flies as scout. Any two or three owls are gone for hours or even days at a time.

The ground begins to rise in a broken shelfland, the plateaus separated by dry riverbeds. There is little or no vegetation, and the group is not harassed by dogs or mutants again.



The Citadel of Dansart Exterior



Dansart Lower Halls

THE CITADEL OF DANSART

Late afternoon of the third day, the group is proceeding along a riverbed, the cliffs rising in hundreds of feet of sheer rock on either side, when the procession stops. The leader pulls out a small horn and blows an eerie note like the one heard before, but this one rises and falls in some sort of signal. A moment later he is answered from above; it echoes across the cleft as the march resumes, and then as they come around a gentle curve, the group sees their destination. Carved into the side of the cliff face is a cut-out, and into this sheltered niche is a cluster of structures. Red lights gleam in several windows. At the base of the cliff is a stairway, also carved out of the rock, which switches back and forth, up a dizzying height of over two hundred feet to the citadel above.

4•THE DUNGEONS

The group (PCs and NPCs) is led up and into the complex—which appears to be deserted—and back down stairs and into what appears to be a dungeon (see layout). Their shackles are removed and they are placed in a cell. Their items are laid out in a cell across the hall. Across the hall a young man is chained to the wall in his cell. His chains are long enough for him to eat, but just barely.

They remain in the cell for a day or so, tended by regular-looking (though uncommunicative) guards.

GM Note: There are no opportunities to escape during this period. Food is passed into the cells through slots; the locks are all Extremely Hard (-30) even with tools to pick, and there are always at least two guards in sight. When the doors are opened, the four big guards are there. The leader of these guards carries the keys.

The PCs have a chance to talk to the young man chained to the wall across the aisle if they wish. (This would be a good idea, since he turns out to be their escape route). He will be willing to tell them that he is a Loremaster, and that he might be able to help them escape once they are out of their cells, and maybe that they would be rewarded for helping a Loremaster out in a pinch. It's up to the PCs whether they believe him.

THE LOREMASTER APPRENTICE

The man across the hall is Sæn Alyster, a Loremaster Apprentice (apprentices are normally sent on low-risk, tedious errands like research, messenger duty, etc). However, Sæn was returning from a visit to Zener Morndaak in Tanara, having delivered a message from his teacher Vurkanan Tyes, when he noticed some very unusual activity about a tumble of ancient ruins. His curiosity was his downfall, for the ruin was an ancient place of darkness, and through it he was trapped by the Messengers Ulkaya.

He was brought here and questioned, but revealed nothing of importance. The High Priest has been thinking on the most interesting torture methods, on the assumption that he will learn nothing and so planning for maximum entertainment value.

SÆN ALYSTER

Age: 30 (Appears ≈20) **Eyes:** Hazel. **Hair:** Black with a few grey. **Build:** Slender. **Height:** 6'4". **Race/Sex:** Iylar(Loar)-Laan/M. **Skin:** Fair. **Demeanor:** Friendly, though somewhat narcissistic and moody. **Dress:** Brightly striped tunics, brown leather coat and pants. **True Nature:** Well-intentioned. **Home:** Eastern Falls region of Rhakhaan/Karilôn.

Sæn is a very intelligent young Loremaster, but unfortunately his ambitious nature got him into some trouble. In his

eagerness to discover more about the Priests Arnak, he fell into a trap set by Osaran.

Hits: 104. **Melee:** 125bs. **Missile:** 98lb.

AT(DB): 1(80). **Sh:** (Y*). **Gr:** N.

MovM: +20. **PP:** 36 (x 5)=180.

Lvl: 12. **Profession:** Essence Bard. **Stats:** St-89; Qu-98; Em-100; In-56; Pr-91; Ag-93; Co-75; Me-89; Re-67; SD-88. **AP:** 92.

Skill Bonuses: Amb±6; Climb35; Perc70 PickLock45; Ride;40 Rune32; S&H88; Swim25; Track15.

Act20; Brawl20; Brib15; Cook30; Dance42; DetTrap20; Diplom29; DragLr15; DrugTol20; 1stAid20; Forage48; Seduct45; SenseRealWp40; Subdu36.

Languages (S/W): Dyar (6/4); Erlin(10/10); Iylar (8/9); Rhaya(9/9); Shay(7/5); Kugor (2/2)

Spells: Base Spell OB: 24. Loremaster Base Lists *Lost Lore*, *Word Lore*, *Lore Mastery*, *Living Lore* to 10th, *Transport* to 15th; Bardic Base *Controlling Song*, *Sound Control*, *Sound Projection* to 10th, Open Essence *Unbarring Ways* and Closed *Invisible Ways* to 10th.

Sword: a Saren: katana-like sword made and used by the Loari Elves. See the *Fantasy Weapons Chart*

Ring: x5 PP enhancer for Bards, also adds +40 to DB

Kynac: One of the Dúranaki throwing weapons, given to him by T'kaal Arain as a gift two years ago. He knows how to use it.

Pouch of Herbs: 5 derrick, 1 somiren, others as GM desires (within reason)



PRISONERS TAKEN

After about a day of imprisonment, four new guards enter the dungeon: these are huge Laan warriors, with golden molded breastplates and greaves, red kilts and gold swords. They take one of the ship's crewmen and one of the two women passengers. A day later, the guards return and take the other woman and the son of the merchant, refusing to speak or answer any questions. Then, just an hour after the woman and boy are removed, the guards return.

5•THE HIGH PRIEST

The lead guard informs the group that they are to have an audience with the Lord of Dansart. Two of the group are asked to represent them. The characters have one minute to decide, after which either they must present their representatives or two are randomly chosen and seized from the cell.

The two are chained at the wrists and led down a different corridor, past several rooms (see layout) and to the Audience Hall of the High Priest.

ENCOUNTER: THE HIGH PRIEST

The audience hall is a rectangular chamber with a double row of columns running the length of the room. Golden screens and statues are scattered about the chamber. At the far end of the room, sunlight filters in through two high translucent windows. Lamps of crystal provide additional light. The columns are of gold, and even the barrel-vaulted ceiling appears to be leafed in pure gold. Water in a U-shaped pool is constantly moving, supplied by a hidden spring. Reflections from this pool cast flickering lights across the ceiling.

There are three sets of doors, set in the west, north and south walls. On the east side, on a four-step dais, is the throne of the Priest. This huge chair appears to also be fashioned of flat, overlapping rectangular gold plates, and covered with rows of rivets. The arms are shaped to resemble large, vicious-looking dogs. Two huge *real* dogs lie at the foot of the dais.

In the throne sits Osaran, resplendent in a shimmering tunic and beautiful gold jewelry. He looks like a young virile god, and that is his intention.



J. OSARAN

Age: 500 (Appears ≈20) **Eyes:** Hazel (sometimes amber). **Hair:** Blond. **Build:** Muscular. **Height:** 6'4". **Race/Sex:** Iylar/male. **Skin:** Fair. **Demeanor:** Charming **Dress:** Golden yellow tunic (sometimes with breeches), glittering gold jewelry. **True Nature:** Cruel. **Home:** Tower of Dansart, Eastern Zor.

Osaran is handsome, brilliant, and unspeakably evil. His soul belongs to the Iron Wind (and so the Unlife), and his cruelty knows no bounds. He administers physical and emotional pain for no reason, kills merely to kill, and destroys things because they exist. He is charming and seductive, however, and that is what makes him truly terrifying.

Hits: 180. **Melee:** 160bs. **Missile:** 120 Netherbolt. (100' or using the sword at 300')

AT(DB): 11(50; -150 deflect/bladeturn). **Sh:** (Y*). **Gr:** N/A.

MovM: +35.

Lvl: 45. **Profession:** Sorcerer. **Stats:** St-91; Qu-101; Em-100; In-102; Pr-101; Ag-99; Co-97; Me-95; Re-94; SD-91. **AP:** 102.

Skill Bonuses: Amb ±8; Chan90; Climb80 Perc150; Ride90; Rune110; S&H100; S&W120.

Act120; Admin100; Animal115; Chem50; DemnLr45; Diplom75; Disguis; 80 Ldrshp112; PwrPercep90; PubSp85; RMas90;

Seduct120;

SenseRealWp;80

SpellM90; Stra&Tac.95; WeathWatch70.

Languages (S/W): (All)

Spells: Base Spell OB: 45.

Directed Spell OB: 90

(*Netherbolt; Desert*

Curse). All Base Sorcerer

to 30th. Evil CLeric Dark

Channels and Curses. All

Magician Open and

Closed. PP: 3x45

(x8)=1080

Blade of Shadows: A

Sorcerer's blade, it is

+30, of clear laen with

hilt and guard of gold

and silver alloy. When it

is drawn by Osaran, the

blade and clear pommel

gem turn black. Some

powers noted below

with an asterisk (*) in-

dicate what the wielder

must do should he fail

his RR vs being domi-

nated by the sword.

Osaran is in complete

control of the weapon

and need not worry.

Note powers listed be-

low which are not in the

Atlas Addendum as well.

(For more on weapon

domination, see *Emer*

Atlas Addendum, p 60.)

1. +30 sword (can be used either one- or two-handed without the usual bastard sword penalties).
2. The sword is *Of Slaying* all foes.
3. Wielder cannot be stunned while using the sword.
4. Wielder may "Call the Dark Essænce." By uttering these words, he channels raw Essænce through the sword (and drains 10 Temp Con points until he rests; he requires 1 hour of rest/sleep to regain each Con point). The effect is a *Nether Bolt*, 300' range, 3x hits. He may acquire skill with this attack.
5. All non-evil spells cast on the holder while the sword is drawn must make a RR (at caster's level) vs 50th level. If they fail by more than 50, the caster must make a spell failure roll (otherwise, the spell simply fizzles, absorbed by the blade).
6. The blade makes an eerie metallic humming sound near priests of Orhan or other powerful 'good' beings such as Loremasters.
7. In a melee, wielder must use full OB.*
8. In a melee, wielder must fight until all foes are dead (incapacitated).*

Dagger of Elfslaying: +30, if the attacker gains a critical, he rolls an additional Slaying critical, adding +10 for every crit level above an "A."

Desert Robes: Wearer is immune to natural hot and cold, casts invisibility 8x per day, adds +100 to hiding at all times, will automatically *Deflect* and *Bladeturn* up to 8 missile and melee attacks a day.

High Priest Ring:

1. x8 PP Enhancer
2. Allows wearer to cast four Netherbolts 200 feet each day.
3. Allows wearer to read any written text at 8x normal speed, even if he has never seen the script of the language before.
4. Allows the user to speak Dyar, Erlin and Iylar (the three main Elven tongues) and Arcane tongues with fluency.
5. Protects wearer as AT 11 (-50).
6. Summon and control all dogs within 100 miles.
7. Opens all doors in Tower of Dansart.
8. Controls Weather within 100 miles.

GM Note: This ring is Very Evil; see page ??? for rules on using evil items

As the prisoners enter the room, there is a willowy half-elf standing nearby; he is wearing full-length robes of deep red trimmed with black, and a round metal brooch with a glittering sliver of crystal set in it.

Also present is the son of the jewel merchant and the younger of the women. Both are clothed only in rags, bound by heavy chains to great rings set into the sides of the throne so they they are forced to kneel right next to the Priest.

Flanked by guards, the two PCs are brought before the High Priest. He smiles warmly and says "Who do we have here?"

The lead guard says, "Representatives, as you requested, Your Eminence."

For about fifteen minutes, the High Priest will make small talk with the two PCs, asking them how the weather was in Nomikos, did they like dogs, if the food ws acceptable. He will ignore or seem to misinterpret sarcastic or hostile responses, instead going off on a monologue about desert sunsets.

During the interview, the Osaran takes the woman's manacled hand nearest him and seems to gently rub and caress her fingers between his hands, then, as he questions them, he begins to break her

fingers, joint by joint. He does this idly, almost as if someone would toy with a bauble. (GM: this should be a particularly disturbing sight: a handsome, innocent-looking Elf is sadistically torturing a helpless woman and his face betrays only a certain serenity...) The woman shrieks and cries out the first time; by the third she is reduced to sobbing. He ignores her. The boy looks on in horror. If the PCs ask him to stop or even comment on his cruelty, he calmly tells them that it is of no concern of theirs. Eventually, the woman passes out from the pain and he flings her ruined hand aside. A moment later he places his hand on the boy's head and begins to very gently stroke and fondle his hair and neck. The boy trembles visibly but makes no sound.

If the PCs ask any questions, they are ignored. If they become physically resistant or abusive, one of the guards cuffs the offender with a gauntleted hand, delivering 2-20 hits and facial cuts.

After finishing a particularly long ramble about dog training, Osaran will lean forward just a bit and ask "I don't suppose either of you heard anything about a place called the Gryphon College while you were at Nomikos, did you?"

★o matter what either PC says (including nothing), he will lean back and sigh, saying "Iwas afraid of that."

The Priest Dansart does not speak for several more minutes, but continues to idly stroke the boy's hair. The boy is silently whimpering and tears stream down his cheeks. Then the High Priest turns to the half-elf still in the shadows and asks, "Well, what should I do with them, Vaag t'Kang?"

T'Kang shrugs. "I would slay them now, Esteemed One. They trouble me. I would also dispose of that Loremaster."

"But they could prove entertaining... even useful." Osaran ponders for a moment more then stands up, gesturing casually to a guard. "Return them to their cell. I will decide what to do with them tomorrow."

As the pair are led away, they hear Osaran say to his guards: "Dispose of that woman, but bathe the boy and bring him to my chambers." Then: "T'Kang, I'll see you at dinner this evening."

6•ESCAPE FROM DANSART

It is clear that the group needs to escape from Dansart that night, or they will most likely die. However, opportunities fail to present themselves. Late in the evening, there is a sound of dogs howling somewhere in the complex, then it fades. A few moments later, Vaag t'Kang comes down the steps to the cells. With the wave of his hand, the two guards in sight fall asleep. He plucks the keys from a pocket and goes directly to the cell holding the PCs. He approaches the bars and whispers: "Osaran has gone out on a hunt; you must try to escape now!"

If asked why he is helping the PCs, he will answer. "I have my reasons. Waste no more time!" Then he will slink away, vanishing into the shadows.

GM Note: Vaag t'Kang is not letting the PCs go because he is a nice guy. He is an Adherent of the Jerak Ahrenreth and though he was in Dansart seeking an alliance of sorts, he also has a separate agenda. This is an unusual group with unusual items (though even he does not guess the nature of the Phoenix). He has used his crystal brooch to cast a Mind Typing on Terek and Morden so that they can be traced later. He is letting them go so that they might lead him to secret places.

There is no way to undo a Mind Type except by destroying the being or item which did it, or somehow erasing the memory. The other defense is to use blocking spells or items.

The guards keys open the cell holding the items, and Sæn's cell also, if they decide to bring him along. The cell holding the items has

some additional valuables the PCs might want to take along if they have time: sacks containing 2,045 in gold, a wood box holding five pouches, holding a total of 6,240 in gems. There are no magical items or other equipment.

Barely do the characters get out of the cell block, however, when the merchant insists on looking for his son. Before anyone can stop the merchant, he bolts down another hall. He is seen almost immediately and the alarm is raised.

They flee down corridors and fight the rather impressive guards. But if Sæn is with them, he will have told them about the Portal. Hopefully they can make their way to that, because there is no other way they can get out of the tower and escape into the desert.

THE PORTAL

Sæn can *Sense Reality Warp*, and when he was brought in he detected a latent portal. Once he is free again and can scout around, he will be able to track it down.

Sæn will take an herb from his pouch (Somiren), allowing him to instantly regain his PPs for the day. He must hold in reserve 15 points to overcast *Open Portal*, though he does not know where any other portal is (except shielded Loremaster Portals on Karilôn), so things will be rather random. He will take the extra rounds if at all possible to improve his chances.

They arrive at the doors, and someone must pick the lock; meanwhile and anyone with *Sense Reality Warp* can see an odd wavering about the doors. They open onto a circular doorway—sealed over by stone. But no one should be disappointed; the portal is there if Sæn can open it.

As the guards close in, one or more crewmen might want to do something rashly brave. Then (hopefully) Sæn opens the portal and they tumble through.

There is some vertigo, a sense of falling, then *splash!* They tumble into a foul-smelling pool, seemingly underground...

7•INTO THE UNKNOWN

The group is standing (or sitting) in about two feet of cold, foul-smelling water, in a T-intersection of 5' diameter tubular corridors (everyone has to stoop). It is almost completely dark, the only light provided by some eerie green luminous lichens growing on the top of the tubes. Rats can be seen (and heard) scuttling about the tubes, disturbed by the sudden new arrivals.

What would be the fourth corridor is the Portal—which Sæn will promptly close as soon as everyone is through. He will say that he *thinks* that they can't be followed, but they should get moving anyway. Of course, they have absolutely no idea where they are. (They are in fact in an ancient sewer. Sæn suspects this is the case, and may or may not share this suspicion.)

■ **PC Roll:** Terek should make a Medium (± 0) *Perception* to notice that his Phoenix Pendant is glowing dimly. It will glow slightly brighter as they continue.

If no one immediately tries to take charge, Sæn will start marching down the left corridor. He will mention that there seems to be a breeze blowing in that direction, though the water is flowing the opposite way. They slosh along for nearly an hour, then come to a juncture of four of the corridors, the one to the left sloping up and dry, while the one to the right and flow into the one through which they came. Most importantly, the juncture seems to have no ceiling; and the air is going up! A moment of looking around will reveal an iron ladder extending out of the wall. An escape!

THE WAY EAST

Just as the group begins to climb, the Phoenix Pendant bursts into bright light and actually pulls on its chain—towards the dry corridor. The group is tired, without Power Points, possibly has wounded members, and has found what may be an escape to civilization. Then suddenly this guy's pendant starts pulling on him. What to do? If they go up the corridor a bit, they come to an iron gate blocking off the tunnel. It is locked rather securely.

GM Note: Should the group start sounding like they might actually want to venture up the corridor, try to discourage them, using Sæn and the other NPCs: "Let's at least climb up the shaft and look there first!" If that doesn't work, try suggesting a vague sense of lurking evil down the corridor. The point is, they're not ready for this quite yet, and it's not going anywhere anyway.

At last, hopefully, the group makes the climb up a thirty-foot shaft. As they approach, the lead climber can see stars peeking through a grate. At the top is a heavy grille, but anyone with a St of 80+ can thrust it aside. They emerge up through a grate in the center of the Avenue of Kings in Haalkitane. It is the middle of the night, and for once it isn't raining.

• PART VIII •

HAALKITAINE

Of course, it was raining.

Above Haalkitain City the sky was flat and grey, a dirty ceiling dripping sooty water onto a filthy city. At the center of this sprawling mass of black stone towered the Rhakhaanian Imperial Palace compound; Ren caught glimpses of its towers as he wound his way up along narrow streets towards the enclosure. The palace was like a mirage, though: the distance deceptively great though it seemed to loom over every intersection. The mist only added to the insubstantial appearance of the structure.

It began to rain harder. Ren pulled his hood over his head, scowling unconsciously at the weather.

They say it always rains in Haalkitain...

A beggar—a short old man wrapped in burlap and wearing no shoes—staggered out of an alley and held out a deformed hand. “Got a copper for a poor old man?” He asked in broken Shay, exposing a few rotten teeth. He reeked of urine. Ren handed him a silver piece, a coin worth a hundred coppers. “Oh, thank you sir!” The man trembled with amazement. “If there’s anything I can do for you—”

“Yes: tell me the shortest route to the Palace.”

The man’s eyes went wide and his mouth formed an unvoiced gasp. “I thought you looked like royalty, sir!” Then he seemed to notice Ren’s upswept, slightly pointed ears for the first time. “An Elven Lord you must be! I beg your pardon! Turn left there by the vegetable cart, then the second right, then right again. You’ll be on the Sunset Avenue, straight to the Western Gate.”

“Thank you.” Ren turned to go as the man grovelled.

Yet Ren Thraysk was in no hurry to get to the Palace. There (no doubt) waited

fawning aristocrats, haughty bureaucrats and surly, dull-witted, inbred royalty. Most either mistrusted people like Ren or feared them, or simply tried to dismiss them as irrelevant—most of the time. When there was the rare problem that no king could dispose of with an execution order or a well-equipped army, then pride was reluctantly swallowed and one of Ren's kind was called-upon.

One of his kind... there were days when he hated being a Loremaster; those days seemed to become more frequent with the passing years. A pity Loremasters weren't often accorded the same respect as the Navigators, a guild who had honed their arrogance into a fine, razor-sharp tool. Ironic, since the Navigators were a godless little coven who worshipped only the almighty coin, while the Loremasters toiled for endless centuries to sustain the few pockets of civilization existing on this tortured world.

Ren wondered if Tar-esiir would be there. *Actually, he's not as bad as some other Navigators I've met.*

At least the beggar's directions were correct, for Ren turned the last corner and found himself on a wide avenue sloping gently up and eastward to the granite walls of the Palace. Trudging up the rain-slimed cobbles, he cursed Randae Terisonen not for the first time. *I never did get a satisfactory answer why I had to suddenly step into this mess at Haalkitaine. What is Randae up to that's so much more urgent? Or maybe he was censured for breaking the Code again.* Ren smiled ruefully. He had been called in more than once for bending the meaning of the Loremaster Code himself, and did not envy Randae having to face the Council.

A looming presence of darker grey... the outer portal grew more imposing as it solidified through the mist. The flanking towers must have been fifty feet tall. Certainly a suitable entrance to the palace of the greatest empire on all of Jaiman. Ren Thraysk was not impressed.



Haalkitaine has stood for over ten thousand years, an ancient city by any definition. Over the centuries, it has grown to represent the essence of stability and reason in a continent frequently sundered by war and fragmented by anarchy. But now even Haalkitaine is troubled. Rumors of new wars, a rebellious usurper to the north, discontent in the provinces, and tales of the return of old evils have the city in turmoil. The veneer of culture and sophistication remains, but underneath churn deep-seated fears.

The group crawls out into the street, possibly given a disparaging glance or two by the few passers-by at this hour. They might even run into a constable, who will want to know just what they are doing in the sewers of Haalkitaine in the middle of the night. A small bribe should take care of him.

Sæn announces his intention to go to the nearest inn he can afford, have a bath and an ale, and go to bed. Then he'll have an appointment at court. He does remind the PCs that he owes them something and asks that (should he not see them before then) to ask for him at the palace at the stroke of the third Quintar the next day.

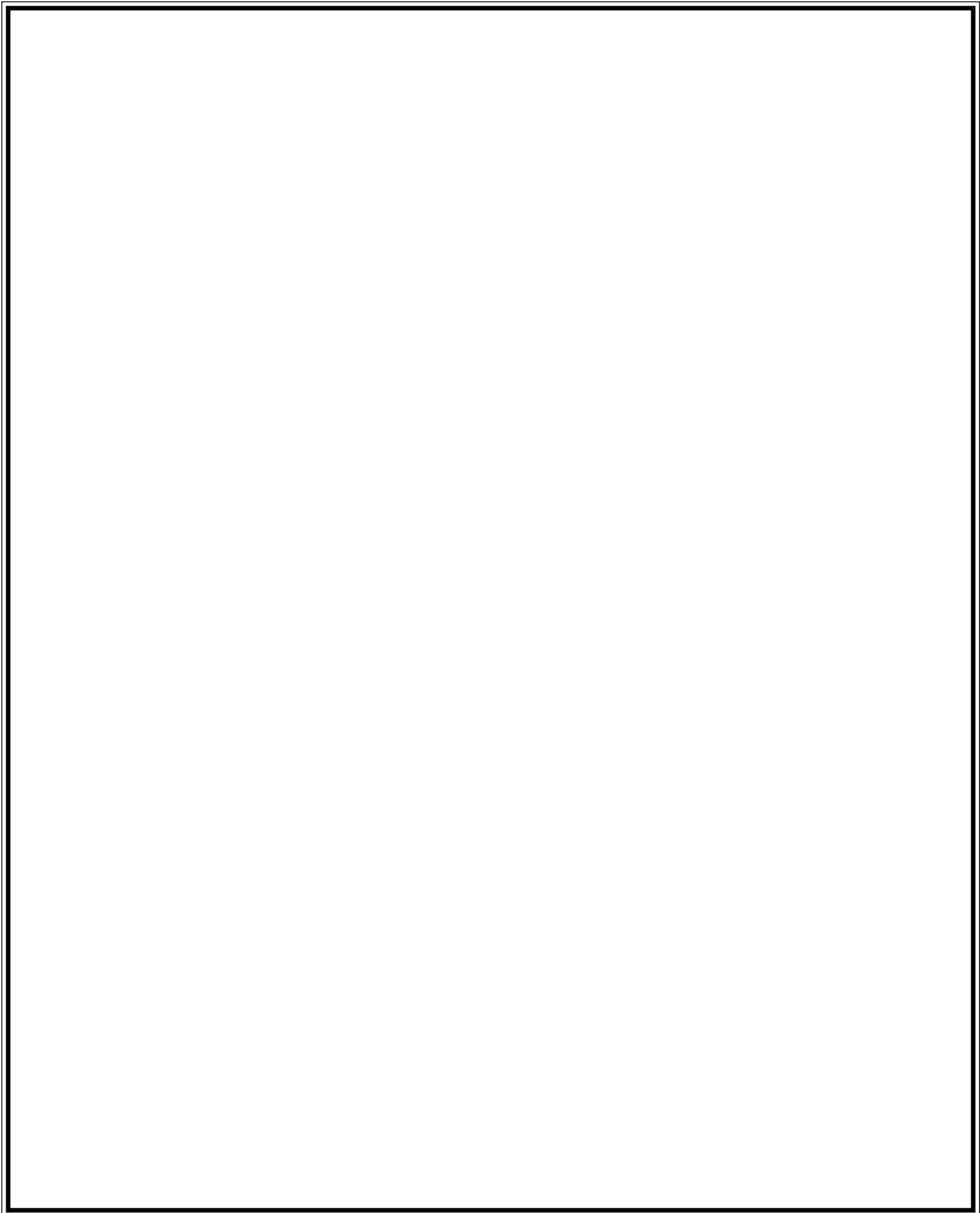
GM Note: Of course, if Tyrus Faslurin is with the group, he could just stay at the Palace, and if he makes enough of a stink, could get rooms for everyone else. However, he might be inclined to be discreet, as that sort of behavior is frowned on.

At this point the group will probably break up; the NPCs (whomever is left—perhaps a couple of crewmen) will try to put their lives back together. The PCs might want to clean up and get some rest and healing before their meeting the next afternoon. And hopefully Terek will want to head back into the sewer after a few days off in the capital of Rhakhaan.

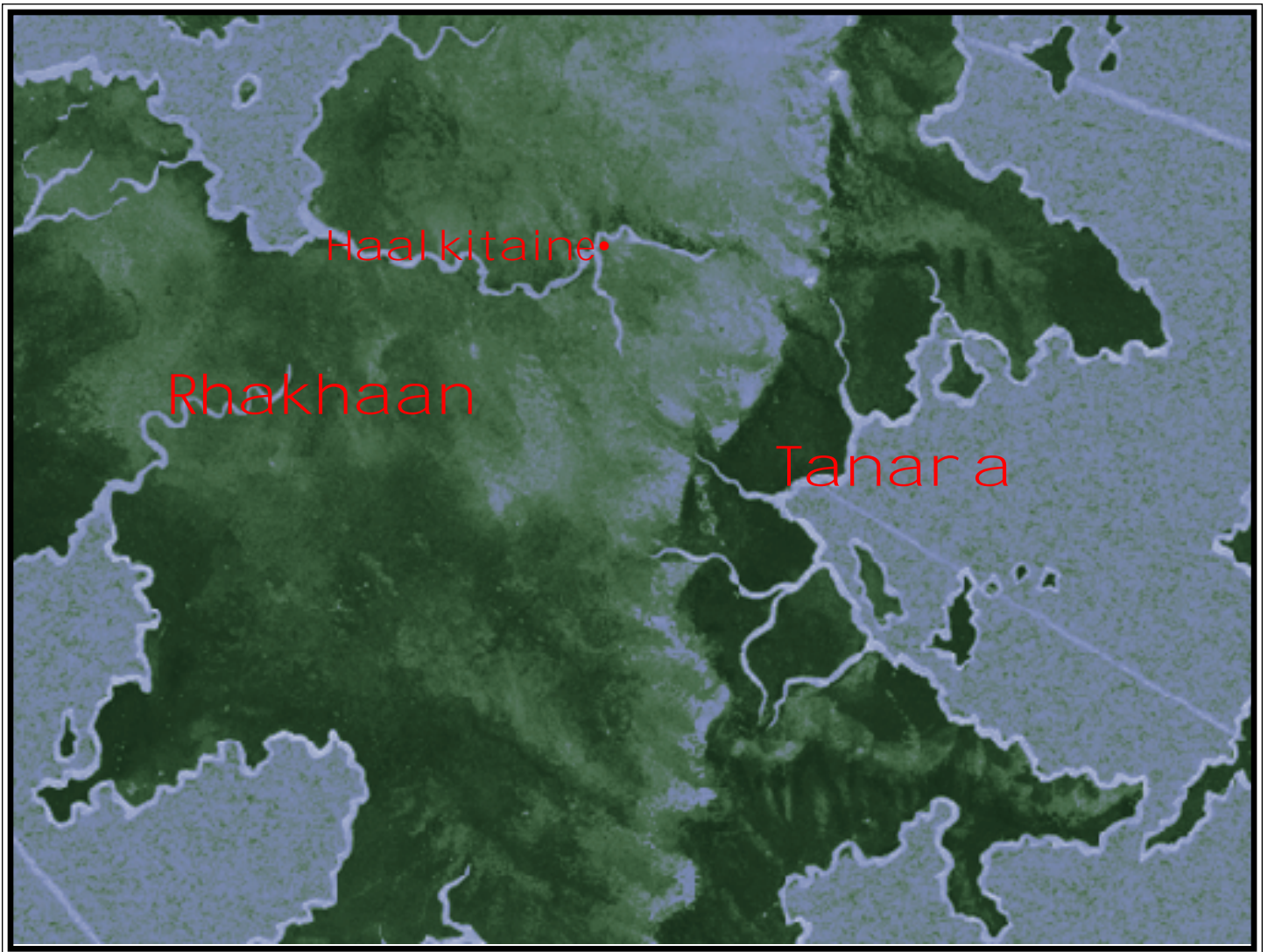
1•THE HAALKITAINE COURT

Chances are, aside from a possible quick visit to a healer or herbalist, the group won't have much free time before their visit with Sæn. It is hoped that they will be punctual.

Haalkitaine Palace is a cheerless, imposing structure on the



• Haal kitaine •



• Central Rhakhaan •

outside (and much the same on the inside). Built of huge granite blocks, it is a mazelike jumble of towers, parapets, echoing halls, drafty chambers and twisting stairways. It stands against the steep flanks of the Grey Mountains, with the city sprawling out in the other three directions. The main gate is 50 feet high, and features a drawbridge over a deep moat, huge doors 6" thick, two portcullis (to enclose a 'death cage'), and an inner door. Normally, though, all of the doors are open and four guards in the Phoenix livery are the only defense.

They are greeted coolly at the gate, but their name is on the roster and a page is assigned to lead them to Sæn's chambers (it would seem that the Loremaster Apprentice has friends in high places).

GM Note: again, If Tyrus is there, he will be recognized, and in this case, very likely just ask where Sæn is staying (The Cypress room, Ralga's Tower). He is quite capable of leading them there,

SÆN SAYS GOODBYE

The route takes the characters through the palace, and they pass dozens of servants, bureaucrats (all of whom will sneer at the roughly-clad strangers until they see Tyrus, when they will suddenly start fawning), and nobility, who will greet Tyrus coolly, and ignore the rest.

Sæn is lounging in his suite, apparently writing a letter. He offers them drinks, then thanks them again for helping him escape. He says that his master has given him something he wants to offer to them as a token of his appreciation. He produces a silvery coin, with arcane symbols on one side, and a Gryphon on the other. He explains that is actually a one-use portable Navigator obelisk. You hold it in your hand, summon a Navigator, and he will transport the group to a safe place free of charge.

GM Note: The players must be discouraged from using this item—unless absolutely necessary—until the appropriate time (when they are trapped in the ice cave in Tanara). If something goes terribly wrong before then (like the Doombringer is about to slay everyone), obviously it would be better for the PCs to escape with some story disruption than to have the entire campaign collapse. If the coin is used prematurely, (see page ??? for the appearance of the Navigator, etc.) then the GM will have to make contingency plans.

He won't be able to answer most questions the PCs ask, either because he isn't permitted to tell, or just doesn't know. He seems a bit torn, though, if the characters start asking him difficult questions, and might provide a few kernels of useful data. He will tell them where the Loremaster Zener Morndaak lives, even drawing a simple map of Tanara

With that he says farewell, as he has to pack up soon.

2•TIME IN THE CITY

After leaving the Palace, the group might want to take a few days to rest up, buy and sell, etc. Haalkitain, while not quite as cosmopolitan as Lethys, does have a lot to offer. Soon, however, the group will again want to resume their journey to Tanara. But first, a short side-trip back into the Sewer.

GM Note: be sure to keep up with the future events timeline (see page ???) while the PCs are here.

Tyrus might visit his family, and his father urges him to leave soon. There is only gossip and trouble here and he would be safer on the road for a few months.

3•RETURN TO THE UNDEREARTH

Re-entering the sewers is easy (though they may get a few strange looks from passers-by), and the gate appears unchanged since they first found it.

Labyrinth Map--GMs you are on your own

■ **PC Roll:** An examination under better light—and a successful *Hard* (-10) Perception—reveals that the workmanship of this tunnel is slightly different from the others, and there is no evidence that it was ever a sewer drain, though it was built to look like one. In addition, a successful *Medium* (±0) *Stone Lore*, *Stone Evaluation*, *Engineering* or *Architecture* roll will reveal that this tunnel is even older than the sewers, by several thousand years (the sewer is about 3000 years old). The workmanship is excellent, the stones fitted without mortar.

■ **PC Roll:** The lock on the gate is *Extremely Hard* (-30) to pick, though oiling it and cleaning it first will reduce it to -10. It does not appear to have been operated in many years, and though the metal of the gate appears to be some sort of non-corroding alloy, it has gathered dirt. Upon close inspection, the gate is a beautiful construction, the metal wrought with care.

Through the door, the passage enlarges to about twenty feet high and 25 wide, with a barrel-vaulted roof. It begins to descend again, and from what they can tell, the group is heading due east, and continue to do so for about fifteen miles. They must be under the very heart of the mountains. The air is not stale, and in fact there is a light, cool breeze from the west.

The further east they go, the brighter Terek's pendant glows. All the while the temperature remains the same (the typical underground ≈55°F) and the corridor continues basically level. Then they arrive at what appear to be a set of stone doors closing off the end of the corridor. They swing outward, but are held shut by a rather elaborate lock which sends iron bars sliding in and out of sockets in the floor and ceiling; the bars are spring-loaded. The doors can be easily opened from this side. These doors are also very old.

■ **PC Roll:** This set of doors will swing shut a minute or so after they are opened, and the bars will lock. It is a *Light* (+10) maneuver for anyone who examines the door closely to notice this; *Very Hard* (-20) for anyone who just passes through. The doors can be propped open. The doors have a lock on the other side, but it would be *Sheer Folly* (-50) to pick.

Beyond the temperature is noticeably warmer. And the PCs may notice a slight sulfur smell. The corridor continues for about 100 feet, then ends in an octagonal room about 30 feet across. Directly ahead is another set of stone doors, the Sheer Folly lock facing the PCs this time. To the right is another corridor, but the ceiling has collapsed about twenty feet down the passage, sealing it off, and a tunnel of a very different nature takes over. Another passage goes to the left but stops about fifty feet down in a dead end. However, in the wall ahead and to the right (between the locked doors and the collapsed passage) a new tunnel seems to have been 'dug.' It is more like a rough-hewn tube, with a flattened floor of dirt. This rough-cut tunnel appears to have been made in the last few hundred years. Soon after it leaves the octagonal chamber, it curves so that it is headed due east (parallel to the corridor with the doors, presumably).

ENCOUNTER: CREATURES OF THE DEPTHS

The labyrinthine sewers and tunnels under Haalkitain contain more than the usual retinue of rats and other vermin. They connect to a maze of passages much older—and more dangerous.

■ **Roll:** Anyone with *Detect Ambush* should try to do so at -20, and a Mentalist with *Detect Presence* who is alert will detect dozens of unusual presences seemingly in the walls themselves.

At this point, two things happen simultaneously:

1. Terek's glowing pendant bursts into bright light and jerks towards the left dead-end, and—
2. Dozens of bizarre creatures seem to leap out of the very walls, attacking the players with glistening teeth and claws.

UTHGOOL

These small creatures—between 2 and 2½ feet tall, are incredibly vicious, aggressive beasts resembling tiny humanoids. They have the ability to merge with stone and so lie in ambush. They have large eyes which glow a sullen red, huge mouths filled with pointed teeth, and clawlike hands. They are only semi-intelligent and will fight until all are dead.

GM Note: the chart lists 12 Uthgool; use more or less as you see fit so that the beasts will prove a challenge for the group without overwhelming them.

After the Uthgool have been dispatched, the Phoenix Pendant still glows, and will almost pull Terek towards the dead-end corridor. Careful inspection will reveal that this tunnel section is f

■ **PC Roll:** A *Hard* (-10) *Perception* reveals a seam running vertically across the set-stone hall, about ten feet from the end. The corridor does not dead-end at all; in fact the last ten feet are a sliding passage which shifts laterally twenty feet, revealing a new corridor. A successful *Medium* (±0) *Locate Secret Opening* will reveal a movable stone which triggers the sliding action (those without the *Locate Secret Opening* skill must roll at -25 or use *Perception* at -25; this should be a general rule if using *RMC II* skills; even if not, *Perception* rolls for secret openings should be at -25 from the difficulty noted here for *LSO* skill).

ENCOUNTER: THE VAULT OF THE SWORD

The sliding corridor grinds to a halt, revealing a passage beyond. There are side passages to the left and right, and the corridor continues on for a short way before ending in what appear to be frosted glass panels. From the right corridor a red-gold glow can be seen. When the group reaches the juncture, they see that the glow is filtering through a set of frosted glass panels, etched with a huge, intricate symbol of the Rhakhaan Phoenix. The glass panels would appear to work like sliding doors, as they are set in a track and split down the middle to slide into wall pockets. A check at the opposite side corridor reveals an identical set of doors, but it is dark inside. At the end of the hall is the same situation: glass doors, dark inside.

■ **PC Roll:** These doors are not glass, but læn, a glassine substance which is virtually indestructible. It will not break, melt or crack. These doors are magically locked, requiring either a successful *Opening* spell at -100 or an *Insane* (-100) *Lock Pick*. Much simpler would be to simply touch the doors with the Phoenix Pendant (GMs, try not to give any hints!). When the doors are touched, a glow spreads from the Pendant orb to the seam between the panels. Then they part smoothly with a breath of air.

THE VAULT LAYOUT

A short stairway descends into the room. On the two side walls are large Phoenix images which look like stained glass, illuminated from behind. On a platform at the end of the room, surrounded by four columns of white marble-like material (actually white eog) is a small black stone pedestal. Inserted point-down into the pedestal about halfway up the blade is a beautiful sword, glowing brightly.

One assumes that Tyrus will take the sword. It slides smoothly out of its receptacle (it would do that for anyone), and the blade edge and pommel stone glow with a bright, coruscating light for a moment after he draws it (it does that only for an heir to Rhakhaan). It communicates its powers to Ty empathically, also transmitting a feeling of satisfaction at being held by a true heir—a feeling which would be enhanced by attunement.

THE PHOENIX SWORD

It is a two-handed sword of gold, with an edge of clear, amber læn. In the pommel is a yellow topaz orb—receptacle of the sword-soul.

POWERS:

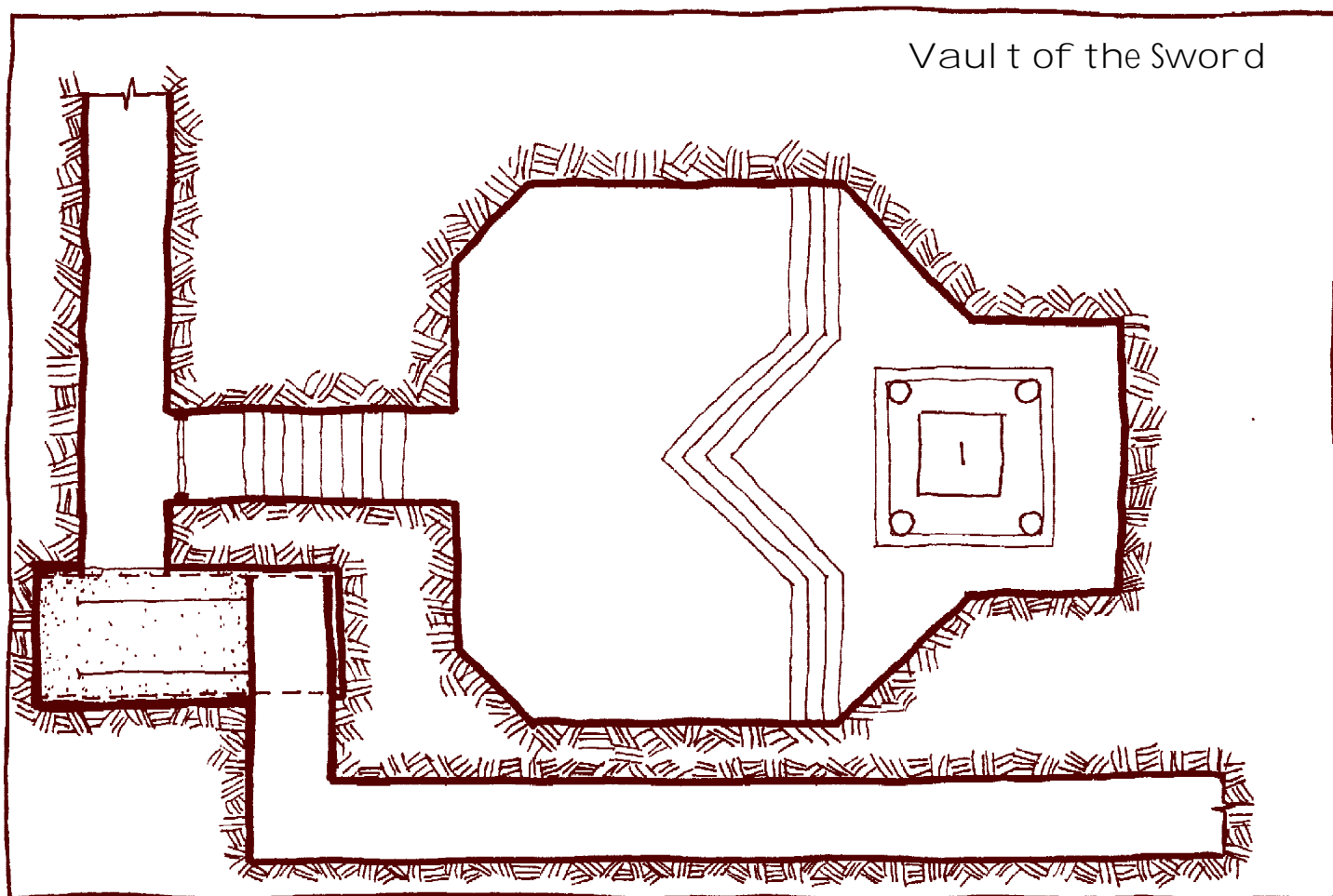
1. +35 to hit, 2x concussion damage.
2. Flames on command, enabling the sword to deliver a Heat critical (of same intensity) in addition to any other.
3. Unleash the **Absence of Cold** (as Fire Bolt 200', x4 damage, Heat Critical, 2x per day). It is a stream of intense heat, like a flamethrower—rather different than the beamlike pendant power. Can be devastating to physical objects as well.*
4. *Of Slaying* creatures of Cold (Ice Elementals, Cold Drakes, Ice Trolls, etc. This includes Oran Jatar, though remember that he is a *Large Creature* while in human form and *Super-Large* when a dragon; still a tough customer).
5. *Of Changing*: will become a dagger, broadsword or two-handed sword at will.
6. Will come via safe Teleport from up to 400 miles away.*

* Available to the attuned owner only.

GM Note: This sword is obviously quite powerful. It is suggested that even Tyrus can only access rudimentary powers (size changem OB) until it is attuned. The GM may wish to further restrict its powers at this time by having it cursed. Perhaps it is locked in broadsword shape, and cannot unleash the Absence of Cold until the curse is lifted.

The other doors will open for the pendant also, revealing chambers almost identical to the sword vault. When the rooms are entered, the glass Phoenix panels on the walls glow dimly to illuminate the rooms. In place of the sword pedestal in these are similar platforms, but on top of one is a sculpture resembling a neck and shoulders (perhaps to hold a pendant) and at the end is a very abstract-looking bust, on which might sit a crown.

The more thoughtful player-characters might begin to wonder about the nature of these strange chambers. *Stone Lore*, etc. will reveal that it is several thousand years old, and might in fact date to the time when the artifacts were made. The workmanship is superb, and of course the use of such materials as læn and eog indicate a smithing skill lost to all but a very few. These vaults are miles back under the Grey Mountains; they are clearly not the 'vaults' under Haalkitain Palace where the artifacts are normally kept. How did the Phoenix sword get here? It was last officially seen in TE 4515, placed in the palace vault, but when it was fetched in 5899, it was gone, supposedly pilfered by subterranean creatures.



GM Note: This is in fact the original holding vault of the artifacts, constructed under Tethior's direction. There are five others, all deep beneath the original capitals. All of these vaults survive, even the one under Verzor, and some hold artifacts thought to be missing or destroyed Tethior (who now appears as *The Nameless One*) actually has been retrieving them and returning them to their original resting places. The Sword had been stolen by creatures of the Underearth, but he recovered it. Andraax also knows the sword is here, and will be aware that it has been removed. Even Andraax is not certain that the Nameless One is Tethior, but he is fairly sure. In that, he is ahead of just about everyone else. At some point he may move to stop Tethior's panic-causing predictions, but not yet.

There is nothing else to be gained here, so the PCs must return to the main corridor. They may go back the way they came, but if they start back down the corridor to Haalkitaine, they will feel a chill wind in their faces. Torches (and even the light of the Phoenix Sword if it is aflame) grow dim and flicker.

■ **PC Roll:** Everyone roll D100; all getting a number beneath their Temp Empathy get a feeling of dread, and begin to shudder with strange chills.

If the PCs insist on going this way, they will meet the Doombringer with possibly catastrophic results. If they flee onwards through the tunnels, they might forestall an encounter until they are near the exit. The Phoenix Pendant will glow more brightly if Terek holds it towards the east.

ENCOUNTER: TERROR IN THE DARK

If the group heads back west through the tunnels, they will run into the Doombringer about 7 miles from the sewers. If they head east, it will catch up with them less than a mile from the eastern door. In this way, they could conceivably flee and get outside.

The group enters the rough tunnel, which winds vaguely eastward for about a mile before opening into a cavern. Several tunnels open off of this one, but it is fairly clear that a large tube in the opposite side of the cave is the correct one (the Phoenix will point the way if there is any doubt). The PCs hear eerie sounds during this journey, but encounter no one. Constantly they feel the dreaded presence, seemingly coming closer and closer...

GM Note: The GM may wish to have additional encounters with *underearth beings and creatures*. We leave this up to you.

THE DOOMBRINGER

See page 71 in the *Master Atlas* (2nd Edition) for a detailed description of a Doombringer. It is essentially a spectral demon cloaked in lightning and shadow; its main weapon is terror. This Demon is similar to the one in the *Atlas*, except instead of the Open Mentalist and Essence lists, it has two Evil Mentalist Base Lists: *Mind Death* and *Mind Disease*. It is also only 10th level. As noted in the *Atlas*, all who see it must make an RR vs 10th level or flee in terror; however, anyone who fails by more than 100 merely loses consciousness.

If the holder of the Navigator coin tries to use it to escape, the Doombringer casts *Mind Blank* (or even better) *Forget* on her. The Doombringer will also cast a spell every round possible while trying to bring the PCs within 5 feet so its lightning attacks can be brought to bear.

Those who fail their RR flee in panic, meaning they run until they collapse; they cannot think rationally.

■ **PC Roll:** Each PC must roll a RR vs 10th level; use SD bonus. Failure means panicked flight. Failure by more than 100 means unconsciousness. Note that normally a panicked PC would not be able to stop and help a companion, but the GM may allow an additional roll with Em bonus to overcome their terror and drag an unconscious friend out. Ræk gains an additional +30 to this because of his naturally Empathic nature as a Healer.

4•FLIGHT INTO DAY

The tunnel ends, opening into a set-stone passage again. This passage continues east for 100 feet, ending in what appears to be a foyer fifty feet on a side. In the east wall is a thirty-foot tall door, beside it a lever. Even a panicked PC can pull the lever, which activates a counterbalance. The door, a monstrous stone slab, grinds slowly upward. A cool breeze blows in, and as the Doombringer approaches, they burst out into the open. A PC can pull the lever the other way and have time to get out, as the door takes four seconds to open or close. They emerge onto the Tanaran countryside. The Doombringer, its powers greatly restricted out of the tunnels, will not follow them outside.

If they wasted no time and stopped for no longer than an hour or so inside the tunnel, their underground journey took about 10 hours.

• PART IX •

TANARA

The sun had barely disappeared behind the Grey Mountains when Terek Al-Arain was out of the caves, flying across the hills astride his palomino. His Myri guards Kel and Renar were hard pressed to keep up, but the Dúranak slowed once he reached the Calgen river. Together this trio formed a *Thavan*, an elite fighting unit of the Dúranaki. While they were young (all merely eighteen), they were deadly accurate with the throwing *kynac*, and trained to kill in defense of their land. Kel and Renar, both strapping blond youths half a foot taller than Terek, were completely loyal servants to their Dúranak master, though to call them slaves was to oversimplify the relationship.

Over the centuries the Myri and Dúranaki evolved a race/caste system in which the smaller Dúranaki were the intellectuals, the artisans (and the masters), while the Myri did the manual labor. This has helped the Dúranaki to create a society of leisure and comfort, but the Myri have not shared in the full benefits of this arrangement. At one time, the Myri were actually 'programmed' into subservience through magic, but the Dúranaki learned that a Myr's loyalty could be earned through kind treatment. Inequality continued however, and the Myri came to assume that this was their place in the world as intellectual inferiors to the cave-dwellers. In fact, however, they are just as bright as the Dúranaki, a fact that Terek Al-Arain has proved by teaching Kel and Renar to read. What Terek has done is forbidden, however, and soon the secret will be out, with serious repercussions for all three. But for now, something else was distracting the young Dúranak...

"What's the matter, Terek? Kel reined in next to his master, who was still astride his horse. The beast stood patiently in a few inches of water at the river's edge. Terek did not answer. He was staring down into the crystal clear water as it splashed over stones smoothed by eons of wear. Renar stopped his mount a few paces back, glanced at Kel, then began scanning the horizon. "Terek?" Kel asked again, tentatively this time.

“Don’t you see it? Terek glanced up at his friend, then quickly looked back down to the water.

Kel’s brow furrowed, and he peered into the shallows. “See what?” he asked finally.

“That glow!” The Dúranak slipped off his horse and landed in the icy water with a splash, seeming not to care that it would soak into his boots. He reached into the flow and pulled up a bauble on a chain. It glistened in the dying light, and for a moment Kel thought he saw a red sparkle... but he was amazed that Terek could have seen it even with his night vision.

The Dúranak was holding it close to his face for a closer look. “There’s something imbedded inside this little crystal globe... it’s really beautiful workmanship... I believe that it’s a Pheonix!” He smiled and hung it around his neck. “My lucky Talisman!”

Kel shook his head. “I don’t know, Terek. The Pheonix is not supposed to bring good luck.”

Kel was to be proven right.



land of narrow valleys, rushing streams, and convoluted coastline, Tanara embraces several cultures of unique character, segregated remnants of an extinct kingdom. The folding hills covered with heather and whispering evergreens shelter fertile lowlands. Among the inhabitants are the pale, nocturnal Dúranaki, the blond, athletic Myri, and the half-elven Sulini. To the south, a cruel society of red-skinned Y’kin are kept at bay by rough terrain and vigilant Myri.

The characters emerge from the underground passage at the west end of a steep valley. The serene valley is covered with about a foot of snow, untouched until the PCs blunder out onto it. There is a winding path leading down from this gateway, visible because of a row of stone posts along it (typical of Myri road markers, placed so the roads can be seen under snow).

*GM Note: they are about thirty miles north of the Vale of Merisia. If you have the color map from *Cloudlords of Tanara*, see the ruin symbol; on the B&W key it is keyed #9, near the Vault of the Firesword.*

Coincidentally, they are very near the house of Zener Morndaak (assuming they can get their bearings). If they miss the house, they will run into a Myri village called Talisen, and the friendly residents will send them back up the hill to the lakeside cottage. There is no Inn at Talisen, but the characters are told they are welcome to stay at any warm stable.

1•THE LOREMASTER’S HOUSE

Morndaak’s house is a low, rustic structure, with overhanging roofs and a large stone chimney. It sits near a lake about five miles wide,—still frozen over—and there are many tall pines about the house. But as the group approaches, there is a sense that there is something not quite right.

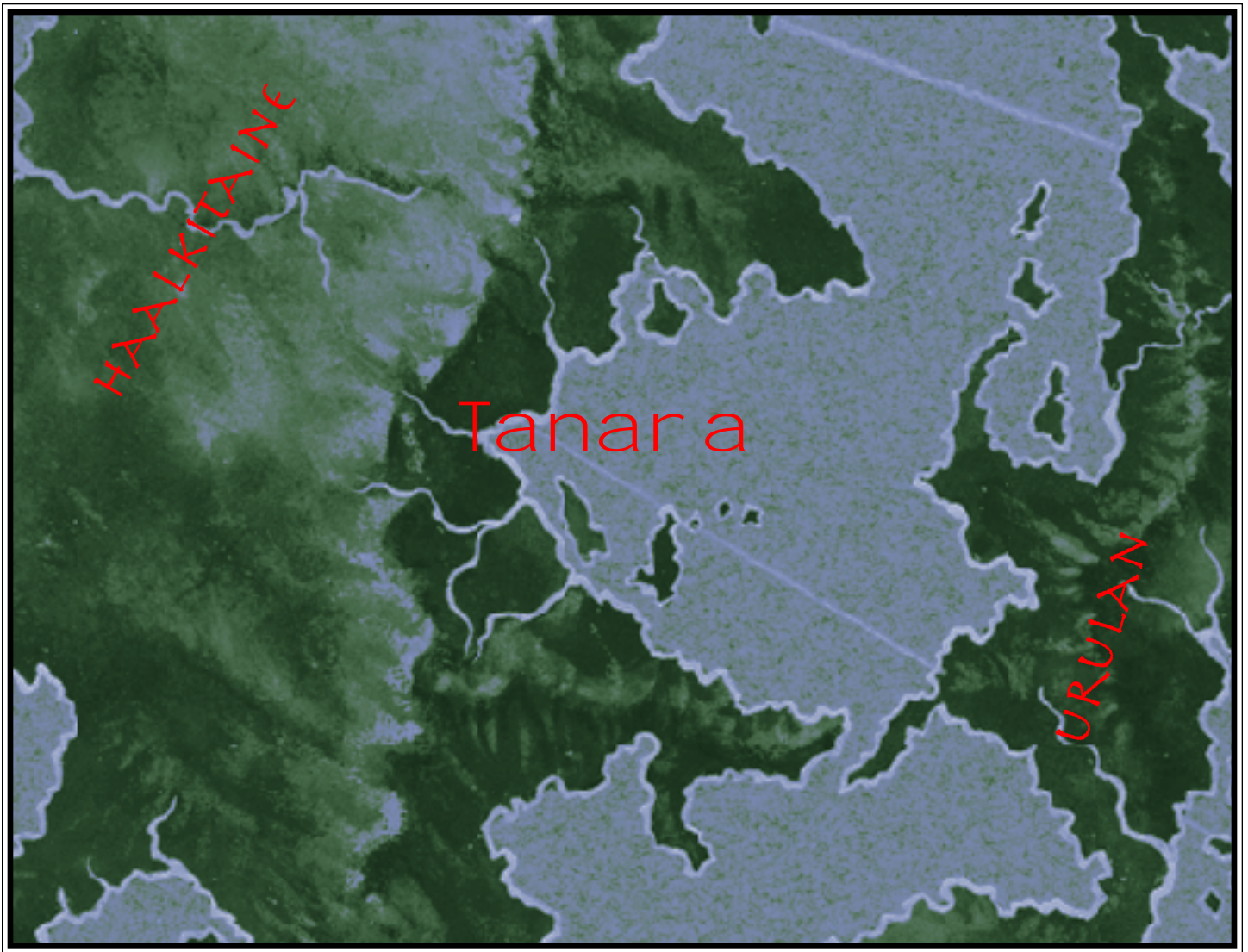
■ **PC Roll:** At about 100’ away down the road, roll a *Hard* (-10) *Perception* roll. Those successful get the feeling that something is wrong. No smoke comes from the chimney, and there are no lights within (even if it is day, the sky is probably overcast, and in any case some lights would be visible as they draw near). Caution would be advisable.

Fears are realized as the PCs reach the structure: the door stands ajar, and it is cold and dark within. Papers are strewn everywhere. Two Myri servants, a middle aged man and woman, are in the kitchen, their throats cut.

■ **PC Roll:** Those with any medical knowledge (Ræk or anyone with First Aid, etc.) may make a roll using appropriate skills to try to determine time of death. They have been dead less than a day; 16 hours in fact.

In the Library, Zener is found tied to a chair with leather thongs. He has no jewelry, weapons or other items on his person, and it looks like he was tortured to death. The room is in a shambles: books and papers everywhere.

They have only a few minutes to search the room, and in fact they find nothing of interest, until a voice from outside calls in Rhaya (the common tongue of Jaiman) “You are surrounded! Come out of the house with empty hands raised!” The tenor voice repeats the call in Erlin. Terek will know the accent to be Dúranak, and warn that the people outside are probably several *Thavan*, elite fighting groups not to be trifled with. He also knows in his heart that he is in deep trouble, but there is no escape from the *Thavan*.



• Tanar a •

2• “IT MUST BE A MISUNDERSTANDING...”

Should the PCs try to check out the situation, they can look out the windows and pretty easily see at least 7 or 8 figures around the house, some are Myri, the others Dúranaki.

One assumes the group files out peacefully. The lead Dúranak and speaker, Ranzi, looks surprised at the makeup of this party, especially Terek, but says nothing.

Their weapons are confiscated (no other items are, however), and two of the three Thavan stand guard while Ranzi and his guards go into the house. One of the other Dúranaki—L'tanak—was an acquaintance of Terek, and speaks to him in the Dúranak tongue. He is not hostile, but not very friendly, either. Other than this conversation, the Thavan will not speak to the PCs. “Brother-exile, you should not have come back.” If pressed about why they are here, L'tanak will say “The Loremaster sent a mind-call for help to T'kaal a day ago; we came as soon as we could. I hope for your sake you had nothing to do with harming him.” One assumes that Terek makes a vehement denial.

A moment later, Ranzi emerges, a grave look on his face. He addresses Terek. “Your name and family, and what do you know of the Loremaster’s death?”

Before Terek can answer, L'tanak tells Ranzi that he is Terek Al'Arain, the one exiled for teaching the Myri to read (exile doesn't happen often). Ranzi's Myr guards glance at each other, but the other Myri show no reaction (the younger Myri don't speak *Ranaka*, the Dúranaki tongue). Ranzi says, “Doubly bad for you, Terek Al'Arain.” Then he turns to the rest of the group and asks everyone's name and their reason to be in Tanara. One assumes they tell essentially the truth: to see Zener Morndaak. He seems unimpressed by everyone, but inspects all of the PCs' weapons. He answers no questions (Dúranaki are famous for their rudeness, their air of superiority, and their tendency to just ignore people when they choose), but when he has finished, addresses them: “For now I must take you all into custody to be questioned in this matter. I have seen all I need to within. Let us go.” The PCs are tied up. Ranzi says to Terek: “I would bind you only with an oath, but since you have broken an oath to your people not once but twice I find that I cannot trust you.”

3• OUT OF THE FRYING PAN...

The group begins a long hike to the Dúranak cave city of Jaarn. It is 160 miles, a trip which will take 8 days through the snow. (Ranzi and his men reside at a border keep about 35 miles east of the Loremaster's house. T'kaal Arain, being a Mentalist of some powers, can communicate telepathically with attuned men on the perimeter. Thus Ranzi and his Thavani made it to the house in a day.)

The journey proceeds uneventfully for the first four days, the group making good time despite the snow (which will probably be added to somewhat). The prisoners are treated civilly but not with any courtesy. Ranzi shows no curiosity about the other members of the group, and if Ty men-

tions that he is the son of the Emperor, might be moved to a derisive comment. Rhakhaan is not revered in Tanara. One of the younger Myri—named Zak—is charged with caring for the prisoners. He is naturally friendly, seems bright but undereducated, and plainly holds all Dúranaki (even Terek) in reverence. He will be discouraged from talking too much with the PCs, though.

GM Note: Through this period, there should be little chance for escape. The Thavani in general are efficient, and Ranzi in particular is no slouch. And if they do escape, they can be easily tracked through the snow; the only possibility would be flee and summon the Navigator right off (Navigators frown on transporting tied-up people with their guards standing right there; at the very least the prisoners need to get a stone's throw from their keepers). However, the GM may wish to allow an escape and Jump rather than the more gruesome spectacle to follow.

The party is on the edge of a pine forest, marching north-northeast on the fifth night (Dúranaki travel at night and sleep by day) when Ranzi first detects that they might be followed. He directs



Jerel to continue to lead and vanishes (literally). Ranzi does not reappear until they have settled for the day in a small cave. At the mouth of the cave he has a whispered conversation with Jerel, Beren, and the other two Dúranaki, which Terek gets bits of:

Ranzi: "...Messengers, two squads, perhaps three..."

Other Dúranak: "Burdened by the Prisoners, we could not elude them."

Ranzi: "...slain if we free them now..."

Beren: "Could we ask for aid?"

Ranzi: "No time... ..attack us at dusk."

A few moments later a course of action seems to have been decided on. Ranzi comes forward and addresses them. "We are being pursued by minions of the Iron Wind; perhaps you have heard of them: Messengers of Al-Athuul. I believe they had something to do with the death of the Loremaster. They may be seeking you, though for what reason I cannot imagine. At any rate, I suspect they will attack us tonight, and rather than face them unprepared on the road, we will make a stand here. You will remain in the cave; I will free you when the Messengers have been dispatched."

The rest of the day passes uneventfully, but in late afternoon, there is a sense of tension as everyone packs up. While the group is untied to eat, Zak has a pleading discussion with Ranzi, who seems to relent after some arguing. He speaks to the prisoners again: "Zak has convinced me to leave you untied while you are held in the cave. Your weapons will also be left with you, so that you may defend yourselves with honor in the unlikely event that we fail to defeat these vermin." If the PCS volunteer to help fight the Messengers, Ranzi will barely conceal a look of surprise, then derision. "The Messengers would cut you to ribbons, and besides I cannot be certain of your loyalties."

The others file out of the cave, and Zak says goodbye, leaving the weapons in a sack just inside the entrance. Ranzi stands outside and warns: "Try no tricks when I release you; I will detect any subterfuge in your minds." He steps back, and makes a small gesture with his right hand as his fingers glimmer with a blue-violet light. With a rush and roar, the cave entrance is sealed by a churning wall of water. A moment later, the water itself glimmers violet and, accompanied by a dry crackling sound, the water freezes solid. The characters are trapped inside. (They will not suffocate; there appears to be a small fissure towards the back of this 20' diameter chamber, allowing some fresh air in.)

ENCOUNTER: MESSENGERS OF AL-ATHUUL

The ice is virtually opaque and soundproof, so the characters are forced to sit in the cold and darkness (a fire would consume too much oxygen, but magical light might do) awaiting their fate, unless they decide to summon the Navigator and flee then and there. If not, they wait about three hours before they hear an unnerving cry which penetrates even the ice wall.

■ **PC Roll:** Anyone who can *Detect Presences* (Morden for instance) could follow the battle to some extent within his range. A Successful spell roll means that he can track the Tanarans already there, and distinguish them from newcomers. The description following assumes such ability.

Two of the Thavani die within seconds (they are hit by poisoned darts), then the earth is rocked by an explosion. A moment later twelve presences (assumed to be Messengers) close around the surviving seven Tanarans. A thirteenth presence seems to lurk on the perimeter of range. Over the next minute, three more Thavani die, as do five Messengers; two other Messengers stop moving. Then every PC hears a mental voice—it is Ranzi's Mind Speech: "They have a Priest Lyak with them! Since you have no escape, do the

honorable and merciful thing and take your own lives before they reach you. We will buy you a few seconds more—" the voice is cut off.

THE NAVIGATOR

The situation here is plainly desperate; the players had better use their coin to summon the Navigator. All that is required is that the coin be held and the holder say: "I require a Navigator!"

Almost instantaneously, Sulfean Kuldird materializes with a prismatic flash. The Navigator glows with a golden aura, clearly visible especially in the darkened cave.

SULFEAN KULDIRD

This youthful Navigator is a member of the Guides of Vurn-kye. He is a cool operator who will not be flustered no matter what is happening around him. As he well knows, he will not be touched by anyone. Even the Messengers of Al-athuul will not attack him.

★*ote:* A summary of Sulfean's appearance and demeanor appears below; since this should be a routine Jump, it is unlikely that his full system data is needed. However, if more on Sulfean is required, his stats appear in the *Master Atlas* (2ND ED) pg 144.

Age: 25 (Appears ≈18). **Eyes:** Deep Blue. **Hair:** Pale Blond (shoulder length). **Build:** Slender but Muscular. **Height:** 6'6". **Race/Sex:** Iylar-Laan/M. **Skin:** Fair. **Demeanor:** Coldly Aloof. **Dress:** Black uniform with gold trim. **True Attitude:** Controlled, determined to behave professionally. **Home:** Nexus.

A beautiful youth, Sulfean is nevertheless a master of the remote demeanor required of the Guides of Vurn-Kye. His black tunic, breeches and boots are skillfully tailored to his athletic frame, shoulders crowned by the usual gilded epaulettes and braid, etc. Not once (in front of a client) have his perfect lips curved into a smile.

THE JUMP

Sulfean will glance at the ice wall (which will begin to crack under repeated heavy blows 30 seconds after Ranzi's call), turn to the coin holder and ask "Your fellow travellers?" The holder need only think of whom he wishes to bring (hopefully the entire PC group; a generous and quick-witted holder might also ask for any surviving Myri and Dúranaki to be included), and Sulfean will whisk all away without delay.

GM Note: you must decide about any survivors among the Thavani if the coin holder asks them to be brought. They would be cared for at Gryphon, but the PCs would be given asylum—i.e., the Thavani cannot continue to hold them prisoner. They are outnumbered by the Gryphon guards and not stupid. Perhaps the NPCs would still be too injured to put up a fight before the PCs leave. In any case, this good deed would serve them later in Tanara.

If there appear to be a few seconds of spare time, Sulfean will ask for the coin, examine it, cock an eyebrow and ask: "This is passage to Gryphon College; are you invited guests?" When the answer is no, he will say "I will have to deposit you outside of the gates, then."

★*ote* that Sulfean will defend himself, but will not protect the PCs no matter what. If the holder of the coin is incapacitated, he will ask someone else for a decision. If that is not practical, he will just take everyone who appears to be in the 'group' (this is an unusual display of initiative from him). Also note that Sulfean will be aware of the presence of an evil priest just outside the door and will have taken steps to protect himself. The GM may wish to have the Priest Lyak—who will be about 15th level—cast a few spells from the Evil Channeling or Sorcery lists (*Cracks Call* or *Corridor* come immediately to mind...) on the ice wall. Should that happen, Sulfean will *Jump* everyone in the cave immediately—even as splinters of ice explode into the cave.

• PART X •

THE GRYPHON

Where are the Fabled artifacts of the Six Realms of Jaiman? Indeed, the tales swirling about the Crowns, the Pendants and the Swords are many and contradictory. Recent events have forced discussion of these items and their locations into the limelight, and as a result, I have been asked to prepare a preliminary report on my findings. Herewith are the results of my search to date.

THE GRYPHON: Both the crown and pendant were taken south by the Loremaster Temeris just days before the orb of the Lords of Essænce was brought to Verzor. I believe that they are held in an enclave somewhere in eastern Jaiman. While one might draw the obvious conclusion that these items are in the monastic compound known as Gryphon College, I have been to this location and find no evidence of items of power. Instead, it is a rustic enclosure devoted to the study of medicinal herbs and other flora. I saw no evidence of animate gryphons, guardian creatures rumored by locals. As for the Gryphon Sword, tales that it was destroyed with Verzor appear also to be erroneous. The last known bearer of the blade was Fen Uthgal, who happened to be on a diplomatic mission to Tanara when disaster struck. Without a home realm (and possibly mentally damaged by the death of his liege), he wandered the countryside for years. Local legend among the Myri tells of his decision to ask the King of Tanara to take his life and entomb the sword in the Catacombs of Ūr.

THE PEGASUS: The Crown—according to the Dúranak *Araini* of Tanara, heirs to the ancient kings—is in the Catacombs of Ūr, protected by many unsleeping guards. The pendant is worn by the First Speaker of the Jyaad, T'kaal Arain. Of the Sword, no one will speak, and I have found no trace of it since the fall. The Cloudlords may have knowledge it, however.

THE UNICORN: I have spent some time in Urulan seeking knowledge of the artifacts, to no avail. While the widely rumored sense of a hostile 'presence' was definitely in evidence, I was unable to verify any link to the Crown. Likewise the Sword and Pendant. I have not returned to Urulan since the apparent breaking of the Crown-spell to verify whether the 'presence' remains, but intend to do so.

THE PHOENIX: As we all know, The Phoenix Crown has been held in a vault under Haalkitaine for many years, gathering dust. That is, until the ascension of Jerrin Arej Malvion Faslorin III in 6043. He refused the Crown as did his predecessors, but his cousin Frelik managed to take the crown and flee north to plot a revolt. To my knowledge he has not donned the crown. The pendant was taken by the Empress Ajkara III in 5121 when she escaped a revolt of the nobles. It was subsequently lost. The sword was believed to be held in a vault beneath Haalkitaine, but when it was to be brought forth in 5899, the chamber was empty, the sword apparently stolen by subterranean creatures. The fact of the missing Sword is not common knowledge. I should note here that the chambers beneath Haalkitaine Palace are quite labyrinthine in nature, and I suspect they might connect to much older passages. I recommend further exploration.

THE WYVERN: The Crown of Saralis, along with the Pendant and Sword, vanished when that land was sundered late in the Second Era. There are scrolls which tell that, after the plague of SE 5900, survivors in the royal family fled to an isolated isle in Karish Lake, but I have found no official record of a royal retreat there. We must assume that the items were destroyed when the palace was razed during the Wars of Dominion.

THE SEA DRAKE: Perhaps most interesting is the current location of the Sea Drake Crown. We are well aware of the turmoil in U-Lyshaak: the mysterious death of Prince Halek (of Helyssa, a province of old U-Lyshaak) in 6046, and the disappearance of his son Kier. Then, only days ago, Kier appeared in U-Lyshaak wearing the crown and employing powers of mythical scope. Entire armies ran in panic, according to eyewitnesses of our own order. The following night the skies of Jaiman were lit by coruscating displays of raw Essænce, and the next day, Kier's power seemed to have failed. Fortunately, even the short time at full power seems to have been enough to turn the tide in U-Lyshaak. The Sword is now held by a young champion of Kier's, and is being used to effect against the forces of the Priest Arnak. As for the Pendant, I fear that it is currently held by the Priest Yarthraak in his tower on the U-Lyshak coast.

While it is apparent that the Great Crowns have lost some powers, this event somehow linked to the Essænce display of 6051•5•21, Kier Ianis seems to continue to wield considerable magical power. I would venture to suggest that the Essænce display was a byproduct of the destruction of the legendary Forge of Arion, a central controlling-point for the Crowns. However, the Artifacts of Tethior and Andraax retain some of their powers. Whether these are purely residual and will fail with time, or if they are inherent characteristics which will endure, only time will tell.

Zener Morndaak

A report to the Loremaster Council

TE 6051•5•69

(A copy of this report was acquired by Nomikos Scribes less than a month ago)



ryphon College is a monastic center in northwestern Rhakhaan. Located on the steep rocky northwest bank of the Ryanna River, it is a forbidding granite edifice protected by guardians seen and unseen.

1•THE GRYPHON GATE

With a flash and whirl of color, the chaos of Tanara is gone, replaced by a quiet grassy hill. A tree-shaded cobblestone road leads up to an iron gate guarding a walled enclosure. Sulfean is bathed in a glimmering aura, his boyish face still impassive. If he has not already collected the coin he does. Then he says, without a hint of sarcasm, “I leave you now. Peace. If you ever have need of swift, reliable transportation again, remember the Navigators.” He is filled with a golden light, and gone.

Whatever time of day or night it was in Tanara, it is only slightly earlier here (half an hour or so, by the sun). The group will only be here for a minute or so before the gate is thrown open and eight men and women in green and brown livery hurry towards them from within the enclosure. There will be some questioning, but if the group explains that they got their transport coin from a Loremaster, there will be guarded relief and the group will be tended to and brought up to the house. They will even be allowed to keep their weapons.

2•A GUARDED WELCOME

The characters are brought into the foyer under heavy guard. Zaris will enter within moments—at which time the Phoenix Pendant will burst into a very bright glow which cannot be hidden. Zaris will notice this and say to Terek: “Young man, you and I must have a private talk.”

If anyone’s wounds are very serious, she will see to them herself, otherwise she will have a few questions before they are admitted past the foyer.

Zaris will query the group closely about their recent activities, and when the name Sæn Alyster is mentioned, she will frown and shake her head. She orders the group to be quartered in guest rooms (Rooms 57 and 58 if using *Jaiman*). NPC Thavani will be housed elsewhere. Their injuries are to be tended, their clothes cleaned and mended, and they are to be fed in their rooms, under guard until further notice.

KALEN & JAD

After the characters have recovered, they are invited to dinner in the great hall, and are introduced to a pair of young men, one dark and clearly of Laan descent, and the other fair, with an Elvish character. They are presented as Lord Kalen Avaniir, and Squire Jad

Hurok. Ty might have actually met Kalen and Jad before in Haalkitain, and while he and Jad might hit it off, it is unlikely that Tyrus and Kalen would have much to say to each other. Kalen is known in Royal circles as a sulking intellectual, with a condescending attitude uncalled-for from a nobleman of an outlying duchy.

Kalen and Jad are currently staying in room 82 (usually professors’ quarters but currently vacant).

■ **PC Roll:** Each player who got a good look at the priest Arnak Osaran may make a *Very Hard* (-20) *Perception* roll. Success means that they see a resemblance between the priest and Jad Hurok. Jad could almost be his son...but it’s probably a coincidence.

GM Note: Jad is Osaran’s son, but does not know who his real father is. The GM should be circumspect in releasing this information, and avoid arousing enough suspicion such that the PCs begin to talk amongst themselves.

3•ATTUNEMENTS

After dinner, Terek and Tyrus will be summoned to Zaris’ office (#4), where she will, without delay, ask to see the Phoenix Pendant. Terek might be taken aback, but once he produces it, she will reveal to both youths that she wears the Gryphon Pendant.

Zaris will want to know all about Terek and Tyrus’ motives, and those of the rest of the group before she even brings up attunement. Then she will send Terek into an anteroom and asks Tyrus if he wishes to allow the Dúranak to have full use of the pendant. If Tyrus asks her advice, she will be loathe to give it, but if Terek seems to have been behaving himself, she will advise to go ahead. She does not at any time suggest that they march home to Haalkitain and turn both artifacts over to Ty’s father. If Tyrus suggests it (to his credit) she will raise an eyebrow and say, “That is well-intentioned, young man, but your father has enough to worry about right now. The sword is in your hands.”

If all goes well, Zaris will agree to perform the procedures: “If only to keep the thing quiet!” She tells him that an unattuned but worn pendant tends to constantly broadcast its presence, while the attuned wearer can command it to shield itself. The sword is not as bad, but Tyrus should attune it to get better use of its powers.

GM Note: The GM may want to include the possibility that use of the item still causes a disturbance in the Essence that can be detected by enemies. This could help to restrain overzealous players.

Zaris calls Terek back in, and while Tyrus watches, she performs the Attunement. She gives Terek a leaf which he is to chew, explaining that it is an herb to induce a trancelike state. She holds the Phoenix by the chain in front of Terek's eyes and commands him to look within the crystal, and the tiny image of the fiery bird within. Flames from the nearby hearth seem to lick through the crystal, until they appear to be inside it... As Terek concentrates, he feels drawn inside, the bird growing larger and larger, until he finds himself hovering high above the ground, facing a huge, majestic bird, its spread wings aflame yet not consumed. It sweeps towards him and the flames are all around, but he isn't burned. Together he and the bird fly over the land, seeing Haalkitane at the heart of a great realm. Then he feels himself floating down to earth again, drifting in a red-gold cloud. He is sitting before Zaris, the pendant glimmering dimly.

GM Note: you may wish to give Terek additional visions while under the influence of this herb. It is a powerful hallucinogen known to provide insights into people and places which affect the user (it is also highly addictive, so any additional use is discouraged).

An exhausted Terek is sent back to his room, the after-image of the Phoenix still burning in his mind. He now has full access to all Phoenix powers.

The procedure is basically the same for the sword.

4•SHADOWS OF THE PAST

The characters are welcome to use the Gryphon College facilities while they are staying there, including the library and maps. Here they might run into Kalen and Jad, who seem intent on travel plans of their own (which they are not interested in sharing, incidentally). The group would be well advised to chart out their next course of action. As noted earlier in Nomikos, Elor Once Dark is believed to live in the northwest, and would be a treasure trove of information. And of course Rælen is itching to go to the Mur Fostisyr to help fight against the Iron Wind. Hopefully his friends will go along to help.

OF SARALIS

There is little definitive literature available about Saralis after the fall of the realm around 6000 Second Era. In fact, it would appear that the government never recovered from a plague which killed over half the population around 5900—including the entire royal family except one daughter, still a child. The land remained in fragmented city-states until the Wars of Dominion, which spelled the end of what little organization was left.

Through the Third Era, Saralis could not even manage the fitful attempts at cohesion which marked the histories of U'Lyshak and Tanara. Instead, the cold, desolate landscape has remained practically uninhabited. It is dominated by rolling hills and fog-shrouded moors. A rather depressing place.

OF LU'NAK... AND DÍR

On the journey to the Mur Fostisyr, the group will have to pass through Lu'nak and the vast forest of Dír.

A passage about the Forest of Dír is discovered, quoted at the beginning of Part ???, pg ??? devoted to Lu'nak. The entire passage appears in the *Master Atlas* (2nd ed pg 64); the GM may wish to give the entire passage to the players, as it refers to two other groups of shards (Viour and Thanor) in Emer who might be encountered later.



Obviously this is a warning. How much information about Shards the GM wishes to give to the players is up to her, but they should remain quite mysterious and frightful. Almost no one has lived who has actually seen a Shard.

The characters might also find this short verse-fragment:

*Beware of wooden pedestals,
thrones hewn of ancient woods unbright*

(five lines missing)

*And if there should be a stone,
run and seek safety in open light
for with a glow and a mist of rouge
there will be no right.
First Six, then One, then all will war,
the land torn by blight.*

—Journals of Uguis Fost
Last lord of the Blue Forest
(final entry)

5•THE RIVER HIGHWAY

After everyone is healed and feeling up to it, the group is offered a small boat (no crew) to continue their journey; Zaris suggests this as a safer route than across Saralis. Gryphon College also supplies them with warm over garments for the trip north.

Even going by the lake route, however, they may have to put ashore even before they reach the northern shores of Karish (the middle lake) because of ice which lingers into summer.

And so, the group will bid farewell to Gryphon College. If they leave in the early morning or evening, the river will be cloaked in mist which also clings to the College buildings. Just before they depart, Zaris will appear with a pouch of herbs (*GM's discretion, but don't be too generous; she will include four doses of a Circulatory poison antidote*).

The river current gently takes the *Maid of the Mist*, and less than a mile from the College the mists will clear somewhat.

• PART XI •

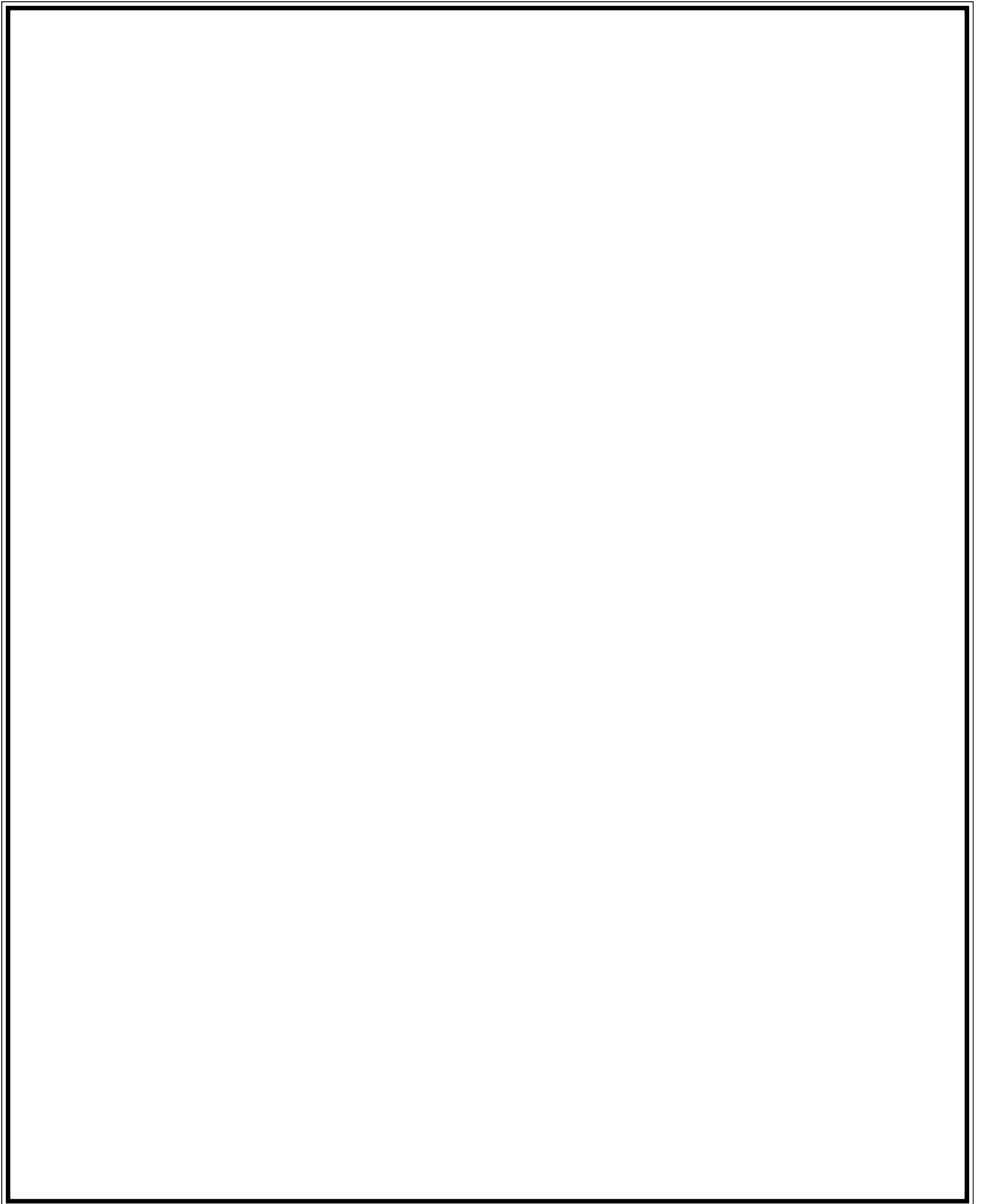
THE SARALIS FRONTIER

We have a saying in Helyssa when someone tries convince one of us of something that is patently untrue: “If you believe that, I have some farmland in Saralis you might be interested in.”

KIER IANIS
PRINCE OF HELYSSA
PRESUMPTIVE KING OF U-LYSHAAK



Once a prosperous kingdom, Saralis has fallen like many of its brethren into a state of almost total desolation. There are isolated farms and villages, inhabited by backward, superstitious people who look upon strangers warily—if not with open hostility. The landscape is dotted with ancient crumbling ruins, including cities, villages, farms, and sometime rows of outposts and signal towers. These tumbled stones are all that remains of a proud kingdom.



• Northwest Jaiman •

1•NORTHWARD

GM Note: as the PCs travel northward, they will notice that the days are growing shorter and the sun is lower and lower in the sky at zenith. By the time they reach the latitude of the Mur Fostisy, (assuming it is still late winter or spring) the sun will barely clear the horizon. In the deep winter it does not rise at all for several weeks.

The gentle river current should carry the *Maid of the Mist* gently along at a steady pace, arriving at the shores of Lakyran in about three days. Zaris also strongly urged the PCs not to stop to camp, but to continue without putting ashore.

■ **PC Rolls:** Minimal boating skill—a Routine (+30) roll every five hours—is required during this part of the journey. But once the lake is entered, someone with a little sailing skill will have to take over. A Light (+10) roll is required every two hours. Catastrophe is unlikely, as the lake is relatively calm, but in order to make decent time, some knowledge of tacking will be needed.

Aside from weather problems, and spotting a few unusual birds high in the dry, clear skies, the PCs proceed to the straits dividing Lakyran and Karish without incident.

ENCOUNTER: THE LAKYRAN-KARISH STRAITS

Water flows south through these straits, so the PCs will find a fairly strong current going against them. It will require some sailing and boating skill to navigate this region successfully.

■ **PC Roll:** Two people on sails and one at the rudder. Use the Maneuver/Movement table on page 91 of *Arms Law & Claw Law*, the *Hard* column. Getting through the straits will require a total of 5 ‘group’ rolls. Each person rolls individually, and the result is indexed. The total must be 300 or over, or a supplemental roll by any who rolled under is needed. If any of the three rolls over 100, their extra points may be added to the others to bring the total over 100. If anyone fails to act or falls, the roll must be made again; if a fall is rolled, there is a 15% chance he fell into the freezing water and a rescue will have to be made. If, on any roll, the cumulative total is more than -100 the ship has hit a rock and sustained damage. It should be able to take 3-6 such impacts before taking on water...

ENCOUNTER: ATTACK FROM BELOW

As soon as they enter Karish, the group feels a different ‘character’ about this lake, almost as if it does not welcome intruders. Huge chunks of ice can be seen drifting through it, and far to the north, a great expanse of white might be glimpsed: the Ice Sheet Zaris warned of.

■ **PC Roll:** The feeling of hostility continues as the group sails north, until, completely without warning (unless the GM wishes to allow a split second of Morden sensing a great presence rush up from below) the *Maid of the Mist*.

THE KRAKEN

A large squid with a deadly beak, this lake denizen is very hungry and determined. It is not large enough to capsize the *Maid*, but if lucky it could yank a tasty morsel or two off the boat. It has ten tentacles, four of which can attack at a time—the body is hidden under the boat. When a tentacle reaches max hits it vanishes under the water to be replaced by another (if a critical hasn’t severed it). If a PC is grappled and stunned, it will begin to drag her over the side, and the body will appear next to the boat, beak snapping. It takes 3 rounds to get a stunned body to the mouth for a Beak attack. If the victim becomes

unstunned and struggles, it will make another grapple with that tentacle at +50, and gains a crush critical on top of any grapple.

If the body of the kraken goes over max, it slithers away. If five or more tentacles are over max or severed, it also leaves.

Shaken, cold and probably soaked, the PCs will probably have had enough of this lake and soon set ashore. In any case, the treacherous ice sheet will loom even closer, a warning that the lake will soon become impassable.

2•LANDING

According to the maps at Gryphon College, there is a pass through the Dragonsfang mountains along the northern border of Saralis. If the group could cut through this pass they would come down just above the port of Kelfour’s landing, and from there take ship to the Mur Fostisy. To that end they would strike northwest across Saralis.

The land here is mostly rolling plains of short, springy grass interspersed with a rare isolated farm or small forest. It is usually windy and cold. It rains often, and snow is also very possible. Some regions are actually moor: fairly solid, yet poorly drained flat land. The moors can be dangerous for the unwary, for they are dotted with treacherous swampy areas almost like quicksand.

ENCOUNTER: FOLENN REFUGEES

A few days of hiking through this dismal, if unthreatening landscape may allow the group to settle into a routine. Things are disrupted, however, by the unexpected appearance of a group from the other side of the world.

It should be a rainy night or day (it rains or snows almost constantly this time of year in Saralis), the sky heavy with clouds, the group soaked by the damp chill that seeps to the skin no matter how many layers of clothing you wear. They are trudging along a muddy track which may once have been a road, when a sudden tingling comes over everyone.

■ **PC Roll:** *Medium Perception* (±0); successful rollers recognize this sensation as similar to the feeling before they entered the Flow-storm, but not as intense..

Then the sky strobes blue-white all around and a wind comes out of nowhere. There is a final lash of light, and a crack like lightning, and not a hundred feet away, in the center of a blackened circle of turf, stand five figures. Four appear to be humanoid, while the other is nearly eight feet tall, and possesses hideous clawlike appendages. They are a *Soulslayer of Murlis* and four *Vancu*, its humanoid servants. The Soulslayer is a Thematic Demon; those versed in demonlore will recognize it and be aware of its terrifying powers.

SOULSLAYERS OF MURLIS

Assuming hideous, vaguely humanoid forms, the Soulslayers have a thick pinkish hide with visible veins and a wet, oily appearance. Long sinuous arms mounted on disturbingly placed shoulders end in trinary pincer-like claws than can rotate freely to either slash in an even row or grasp with frightful power. Sinewy bowed legs end in large, three-toed feet built for running.

The Soulslayers frequent the Bladelands of Folenn. Their loyal servants are the humanoid *Vancu*. Their rivals are the Watching Sisters of the Steel Rain, an elusive cult following the Dragon Ulya Shek.

Soulslayers can fire three *Nether Bolts* per day, each at x3 hits. They need one round of inactivity to prepare each bolt

In melee Soulslayers strike with their claws, slashing or pinching, able to make one attack with each per round. Their surprising reach gives them a +50 first-strike advantage in melee to all but wielders of pole arms. Should a victim be stunned, they can close and grapple, reducing their DB by 50 but enabling them to use their cruel soul-draining power.

Soulslayers of Murlis consume the very souls of their victims, drawing on the life-force for energy. This has the effect of a *Dark Absolution*, with the bonus of touching (the Soulslayer must be in physical contact with the victim). They can perform this operation an unlimited number of times, and in fact can heal up to the number of the victim's hit point total and/or any one critical inflicted on it per soul. The victim's soul can often be seen as a faint bluish aura being drawn out of it and into the Soulslayer's sucking maw.

THE VANCU

An evil race of men, the Vancu are servants of the Soulslayers residing in Folenn. The captains of their armies wear Dragonskin Armor and carry a three-headed mace they call a *war claw*. A large enchanted gem is set into the head of this weapon, said to take the soul of each target it kills.

Vancu cut the tongues out of their victims and tie them to their belts.

The Soulslayer will immediately turn towards the PCs, and its Vancu will begin to spread out. A repulsive hissing, slathering sound will emanate from the Soulslayer, and the group will hear it speak "Where are the Watching Sisters!? Are you their servants?" Not waiting for a reply, its minions will rush the group. It may wait a round and fire a *Netherbolt*.

GM Note: *These evil servants of the Unlife were unwittingly transported here from Folenn, blasted through an Essænce Portal just before a Bladestorm struck. They are enemies of the Steel Rain. While they have no idea what happened to them, they do not know fear, and will simply attack whatever is nearby. In addition to being cruel and evil, the Soulslayer hungers for victims...*

This should prove an excellent test for the PCs, especially Tyrus and Terek with their new weapons. They might get to use their magical fires twice before their monstrous foes can close. They will need these powers to defeat these foes.

When killed, the body of the Soulslayer will vanish. The disgusting, stinking corpses of the Vancu will not. Assuming the characters survive this challenge, they will meet something which will be quite unimpressed by their fiery weapons.

3•AN ANCIENT TRAP

Continuing across this bleak landscape, the PCs will inevitably run into a trap of very unusual—and unexplainable purpose. Who built these stones and why? Did humans worship the creature within? Was some sort of unholy pact made between them? Even Loremasters do not know.

ENCOUNTER: THE SPIRAL OF DEATH

How this structure is encountered depends on whether the group is travelling during the day or night. If they are sleeping during daylight, they will come upon the Spiral; if they are sleeping at night, they will unwittingly set up camp within a couple of miles of the Spiral.

If the group is camping, the man on watch is attacked first, followed by anyone else who is awake, then the sleepers. Should the first attack fail, the Spiral continues until that target is subdued. The Mind Enslaved will then begin a trek across the

N'GURATH GAR (SPIRAL OF DEATH)

Situated in a shallow, flat depression on a rolling plain in Saralis, the N'gurath Gar is a place of absolute evil. When, why and who built this coiling march of stones is a mystery which may never be solved. At the heart of the Spiral is a malevolent entity which feeds on the spirit and has powerful mental abilities to draw prey inside its lethal snare. Around it stand a series of red-grey stones, each ten feet tall and tapered towards the top. All are carved with ancient, indecipherable runes and symbols. Set vertically, they march in a curling row which slowly turns in upon itself until it reaches the center of the depression: a shadowy hole eight feet across and fifty deep. This pit is lined with writhing roots which draw the prey inside for a final embrace. This is not actually a pit, but a hideous sort of mouth, the sides lined with a mucous membrane (very slippery) and the tentacles like many prehensile tongues.

The spiral is about 100 feet across at its widest point (50' radius), but the power extends more than five miles from the center.

Powers:

At five miles it can detect presences and cast one 10th level *Mind Slave* (Evil Mentalist Base Mind Domination) per round. If the target fails, he must slowly walk towards the Spiral. The Spiral can control up to 6 targets simultaneously. Each target gets an RR every six rounds after failing the initial RR, though subsequent tries are at -45. Once within the actual spiral, no more RRs. When a target gets within 5' of the pit, the strong roots snake out. The target suffers 2-4 +50 Large Grapple Attacks. Each root is AT11 (-40) and takes 50 hits. The creature takes half damage from all spell attacks and is 90th level vs mental attacks. It is virtually impossible to kill with regular attacks.

After these first tentacle strikes (whether or not it succeeds in grappling), the *Mind Slave* spell is cancelled (a slim chance to escape—though the Spiral will try to enslave the target again, at ±0). If successful in their grapple, the roots will pull the screaming and fighting target into the hole, where it feeds. Tentacles wrap around the head and the victim suffers an effect similar to *Mind Erosion I* (Evil Mentalist Mind Erosion) on every mental stat simultaneously until the first reaches zero (the victim dies). This affects Temporary stats, lowering all at the rate of one point per round. (Should the PC be rescued before any reach zero, they can fully recover at the usual Temporary Stat increase method.) This process is excruciatingly painful, yet causes no actual physical damage. The Spiral can hold several victims in its 'maw' simultaneously.

When the victim is dead, the body is lowered into the bottom of the 'mouth' where a pool of digestive juices goes to work. The victim is consumed in a few hours.

★ote: *there is quite a treasure trove of items at the bottom of this mouth: gold and jewels cannot be digested, and so remain untouched. However, Elor will have no interest in such things. In fact, he might seem reluctant to destroy the Spiral.*

Things might appear hopeless for the stalwart adventurers, but of all unlikely sources, aid may come walking over the hill.

5•ELOR

In the unlikely event that the PCs manage to escape the Spiral on their own, they will come upon the House of Elor before they encounter him. On the other hand, they will probably need Elor's help, and he will appear in the nick of time to rescue them.

ENCOUNTER: ELOR ONCE DARK

Elor arrives probably just as the first PC in the pit is starting to lose stat points. Not being one for subtlety at this point, Elor draws his sword and strikes it against the ground. From the end a crack begins to open in the earth, widening as it reaches the spiral until it hits the central shaft. With a terrible piercing cry the beast is split in two and the entire shaft opens to its fifty foot depth. Everyone on the surface is thrown to the ground and the spell is broken. All the tentacles fall limp, but still holding the PCs. The acid in the Maw drains away. Elor calls out to them "Get your friends out of there and join me as quickly as possible; I won't hold this open forever!"

■ **Roll:** adjudicate the rescue of the PCs from in the maw as you see fit. The treasure will be lying in the bottom, glistening in the lingering acid. Anyone who tries to grab anything will earn Elor's irritation, and probably a bad acid burn.

After everyone is free, Elor will raise the sword and the crack will close. If asked whether the creature is dead he will say "Oh, now; out of

commission for a year or so, but not *dead*."

He then invites them to his house about fifteen miles away for a rest and "coffee."

GM Note: At some point along the way, Terek and Tyrus may notice that the Phoenix Pendant and Sword are glimmering with a pale light while near Elor. If they ask him, he will explain that they are probably reacting to his own sword, which was made by Tethior's brother Krelj (Elor might very well go off on a long-winded history of the smiths, including one or two useful bits of information).

THE ISLE AND HOUSE OF ELOR

The house of Elor rests on an island about a mile long and half a mile wide, situated in the center of a river in the foothills of the Saral March (known in Quellbourne to the north as the *Dragonsfang* mountains).

Elor's home can be reached by any one of over a dozen strange bridges spanning the waterway on either side. Also scattered around the island are dozens of wells of various design. All appear to be dry.

The dwelling has had many additions of conflicting architectural styles and rests on a small island in the middle of a river. The house is unique inside as well, filled with strange contraptions and artifacts, and shelves upon shelves of books.

ELOR ONCE DARK

Age: ?? (Appears 35) Eyes: Green Hair: Dark Brown Build: Average Height: 6' 0". Race/Sex: Erlin-Shay/M. Skin: Pale Demeanor: Erratic; evasive, sometimes childish teasing. Dress: Simple garments in earth tones. True Attitude: Withdrawn, Intermittently Mad. Home: Foothills of the Saral March in Saralis.

Elor Once Dark is a Loremaster of prodigious accomplishments both as a fighter against the Unlife and as a chronicler of events and persons. The strain has taken its toll on him, however, and he now lives in a state of semi-retirement in a small villa in NW Jaiman.

In appearance Elor bears the look of a true half-elf: the slightly pointed ears, the fine features and slender build.

Hits: 110. Melee: 115 bs. Missile: 95 lcb.

AT(DB): 11 (70). Sh: (Y*). Gr: (Y).

MovM: +25. PP: 135 (X 6) = 810.

Lvl: 45. Profession: Mystic. Stats: St-91; Qu-99; Em-100; In-92; Pr-101; Ag-93; Co-80; Me-78; Re-86; SD-65. AP: 85.

Skill Bonuses: Amb±12; Climb110; DisTrap80; DirSp90 (Firebolt); Perc112; PickLock125; Ride70; Rune90; S&H145; S&W30; Swim35; Track66.

Act;110 Anthp70; Appr30; Brawl50; Brib25; Cav25; DemnLr35; DetTrap80; Diplom65; Disguis75; DragLr60; DrugTol32; Falsif40; Forage35; PwrPercep55; Surveil68; Trade15; WeathWatch45.

Languages (S/W): Many

Spells: Base Spell OB: 90. Directed Spell OB: 120 (*Firebolt*). All Base Mystic to 30th, Mentalism and Essence Open and Closed to 20th.

Wyvern Sword:

- +35 to hit, 2x concussion damage..
- Unleashes the *Earth's Rage*: Wielder strikes the ground and delivers his choice of *Tremors*, a *Great Crack* or *Quakes* (Sorcerer Solid Destruction List). Usable 1x per 10 days.
- Will turn Target to stone if sword delivers a critical, and target fails vs a 30th lvl Channeling. Usable 2x per day.

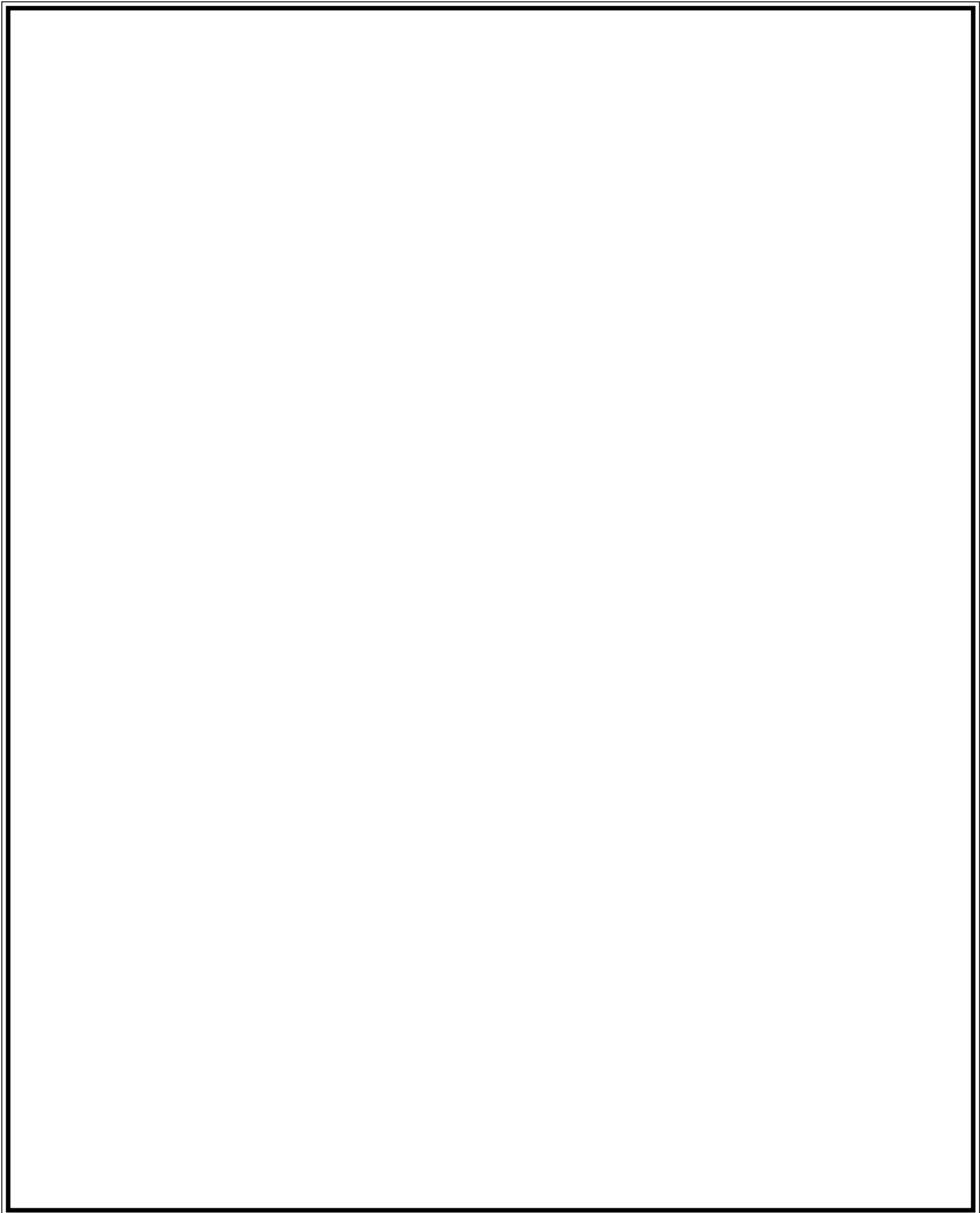


4. *Of Slaying* Undead.
 5. *Of Changing*: will become a dagger, broadsword or two-handed sword at will.
- Tunic: Protects as AT 11 with a +30 to DB.
- Ring: x6 PP enhancer for Mystics only.

Elor will put up the guests in various bizarre rooms in his home for a couple of days, no more. If asked about the pass through the mountains, he will laugh and say, "Well, you can forget that idea unless you want to wait till autumn. You'll have to go around through Lu'nak, though that will be rather dangerous as well."

Beyond that advice, he will offer little of any immediate use, though the GM may wish to add a few additional hints. He will demur about the Mur Fostisyr, saying "Oh, I haven't been there in centuries; it's completely different now, I'm sure."

Elor will send them on their way with dry clothes and provisions, and one final warning. As the group departs, Elor will say... "Well, watch out for those Shards! They're not too good at hitting you if you're invisible!" Without explanation, he'll turn and shut his door.



• Southern Jaiman •

• PART XII •

A CHILL WIND IN LU'NAK

There is a great forest in northwest Jaiman, and it is called Dír. Of all the non-desolate northern realms, it is the closest to the pole, and thus laid open to the Umlí. Yet, Kadæna was of mind and allowed only a few—survivors of the war on the forest men. Four hundred came, forever to reside down under the wicked cloak of six and sixty shards. And then there was Shar-Ti.

Excerpt from
Of the Six I-Lats:
A Treatise on the Constructs
 Andraax



The Blue Forest is one of the most majestic (and eerie) places in all of the Shadow World. Made up primarily of huge blue spruces, it is like a vast cathedral stretching across much of northern L'unak. As one heads west towards the coast, the forest thins out to rolling hills. It is only as one gets to within thirty or so miles from the water that the Forest of Dír is seen, like a black shadow on the land. It covers the land north of the Colewater river, extending nearly to the edge of the plateau—stopping only at the ruined wall of the city of Quellburn. A sheer cliff falls approximately two hundred feet to the sea below. The few who travel through this land cling to the Dragonsfang Mountains along the south and avoid the eaves of the Black Wood of Dír.

1•THROUGH THE BLUE FOREST

Days of uneventful travel along the feet of the Dragonsfang Mountains follow, until the snow-covered peaks give way to lower hills that could be scaled. Over these the characters go, and down into the Blue Forest. From above it is indeed an undulating roof of soft blue-green, a seemingly endless wood. Underneath, it is an eerily quiet twilight world ruled by giant evergreens.

Despite a constant feeling of being watched, there are no encounters in the Blue Forest. few birds and small mammals seem to make their home here, but they are very shy and do not come near the travellers.

GM Note: Even though there are no encounters, use this passage to build tension. Every little breeze through the whispering pine branches, every crunch of needles... Try to turn the characters (and players) into nervous wrecks.

THE OPEN HIGHLANDS

After journeying at least fifty miles through almost unbroken forest, the group emerges onto the Lu'nak highlands. They are still fifty miles or so from the coast, and on a clear day they could already see the dark form ahead which is the Forest of Dír. Only by turning

somewhat south again will they avoid the wood. Assuming the group does so (they have heard so many bad things about the Forest of Dír), they will soon meet a tangible threat.

■ **Roll: Medium (±0) Perception:** Characters notice a black eagle flying high overhead. There will be repeated sightings over the next several hours, until they are due south of the Forest of Dír.

Just as the group comes over arise in an area where the terrain is particularly rocky to the south, forcing the group to less than a mile from the eaves of the Black Wood of Dír, someone will see a rider ahead of them, poised on his black steed. The black bird they have been spotting circles down and lands on the rider's arm. Then five more riders come up over the horizon, blocking their passage ahead. As the group looks behind them they will see six more riders have ridden up from the east. They are trapped. Then one who appears to be the leader from the west group rises up in his saddle and lets out an eerie, unsettling cry. And the riders begin to close.

ENCOUNTER: MESSENGERS OF SYRKAKANG

The only hope to avoid the riders is to flee north into the Forest of Dír. If they do not, they face almost certain death at the hands of the Messengers of Syrkakang. While the forest is terrifying, it is better than certain death... isn't it?

Should the characters decide to fight, stats for the messengers are found in the back of the book.

2•THE FOREST OF DÍR

As soon as the characters enter the forest, there is a sense of entering a very old, very evil place. The trees are all very tall (though nothing to compare to the Blue Forest), with smooth black trunks, and branches that seem to grow out almost horizontally for several feet before turning upwards. The leaves are very dark green and shiny, almost oily-looking. There are no leaves on the ground, which is covered by a springy dark moss. No birds sing, nor is there any sign of any animal life. The Messengers do not enter the forest, but seem to spread out along the perimeter. It is hard to see anything outside the wood once you are more than a few feet inside it.

ENCOUNTER: A WHISPER IN THE TREES

There are Shards in the forest, and all the Dír trees are under their 'Will.' The trees sense intruders (invisible or not) and will inform their demonic masters. Shards are nocturnal and normally sleep during the day. However, they will be roused by intruders. A lot of six shards will run to the scene.

■ **GM Roll:** Every hour after the PCs enter the forest, roll D100. If it is night add 50. If the result is above 75, shards have been awakened (it takes some time for a message to reach them). 100 minus the modified roll is the number of minutes before the Shards appear. They will not attack immediately, preferring to observe the intruders first by making high-speed passes through the upper branches.

■ **PC Rolls:** The GM should have every PC make perception rolls every few minutes, telling them each time that the forest is completely silent. Mentalists attempting to



and lying in a specially formed niche in the lid is a very unusual-looking sword (see the description below). Inside can be seen the body.

Enris Joor is wearing a suit of silver armor, and surrounded by glittering black slivers, like shards of obsidian. The sword could be removed without opening the lid, of course. However, if anyone does open the lid, the body will turn to dust.

Anyone touching one of the black shards with bare hands must make a Ag RR vs 20th level or take 1-10 hits (a cut from the broken laen of the Implementor; these shards are also intensely evil). There is nothing of value in the box.

THE WINDBLADE

The Windblade is one of the three *Narsælkin*, enchanted blades made by the Swordmaker Krelj. They were intended to act as focus points in the fight against the Unlife which culminated in the Wars of Dominion. Specifically, they were to stand against the evil swords known as *Implementors*. All three *Narsælkin* vanished after the Wars along with their wielders. Tales of the *Narsælkin* reappearing persisted through the Third Era, and one or two instances have been verified. The Windblade had not been seen for several hundred years, however, and was rumored to have been lost in Tanara with the fall of the Cloudlords.

Perhaps most strange of the three *Narsælkin* in its powers, the Windblade is also considered by scholars to be the most powerful. With an edge of the shiny black material known as *Keron* and a core of what would appear to be polished purple marble with white striations, the sword is also a very beautiful item. Its hilts are wound with silver and gold wire, and the ornate wrist guard is also of keron with gold inlay. *None* of the powers of this sword can be used (save #1) by anyone except a non-evil user of Channeling.

Powers:

1. +20 enchanted broadsword. When swung, all within 30' feel a cool breeze.
2. Summons a thunderstorm ("I call thunder!") of severity to be determined by the wielder, up to what is within reason for the climate; generally as high as gale-force (50 mph) winds and a steady downpour, all in up to a 30 mile radius. Once summoned, the storm will form in about one minute and run its natural course. This power can be called upon but once per ten days; it will only work outdoors, of course.
3. *Of Slaying* Undead.

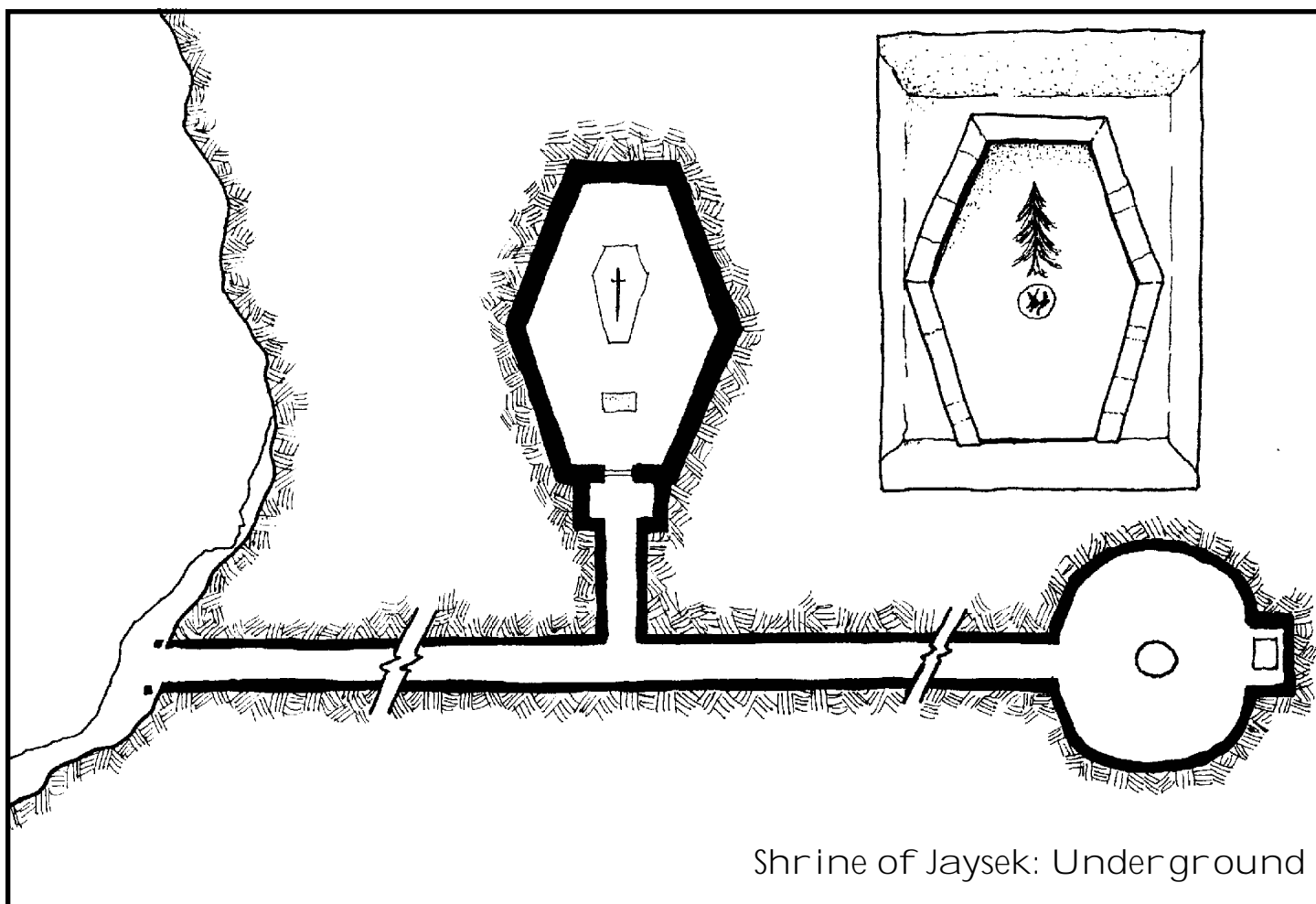
4. When laid across a bleeding wound (up to 5 hits/rnd), it will close and completely heal the wound in 1 round.
5. Creates a 10' radius *Protections True*. (+30 to all RRs of friends of the wielder within the radius). This power is continuous and automatic while the sword is drawn and in the presence of an *Implementor*.
6. If there are clouds in the sky (and if not, the wielder can call a storm) the sword may cast a *Lightning Call*, in which a very powerful lightning bolt arcs down from the sky and is channeled through the sword towards the designated target. Roll on the *Lightning Bolt* table (+20, x5 hits, 100' range). Note that this is natural, not enchanted lightning. The power may be used only 1x per round and only in the presence of an *Implementor*. The *wielder* of the sword takes 1-10 hits every time he uses this power, due to electrical backlash. Wielder may acquire *Directed Spell* skill with this attack.

GM Note: The sword could be used by either Ræk or Vania. The Windblade was cursed by a Priest Arnak. All powers but #1 are inoperative and it cannot speak except to say "I am the Windblade." It will require a successful casting of a Remove Curse type spell vs 20th level to remove it.

The passage continues, a cool, slightly salty breeze blowing into the PCs' faces. This tunnel does not waver from a due western course for ten miles. Then (if it is day) a light can be seen at the end.



Shrine of Jaysek



Shrine of Jaysek: Underground

4•THE COAST

The tunnel opens onto a shelf of rock facing northwest. The PCs are about halfway down a sheer cliff rising 300' above the Colewater River passing to the north of them. On the far (northern) bank of the river, sprawled across a lower plateau about 200' high, are the ruins of the city of Quellburn. A narrow ledge leads down to the southwest, and appears to lead to the coast. According to maps in Gryphon College, the town of Kelfour's Landing lies about 200 miles further east along the coast. The actual distance is more like 250 miles because of the convoluted shore of the Claedesbrim Bay.

GM Note: If you have a copy of Quellbourne, Land of the Silver Mist, you may wish to allow the characters to visit the haunted ruins of Quellburn or other interesting sites in this region. The book also includes a map of Kelfour's Landing.

Otherwise, it is a relatively straightforward trip, although the group might very well encounter wolves, bears, or even two or three Messengers of Syrkakang.

5•KELFOUR'S LANDING

This is a small coastal town situated on one of the few flat areas of the rocky slopes that descend from the Kaldsfang Mountains to the bay. The population varies from three to five hundred, but seasonal influxes of traders and trappers bring the total to over 2000. The buildings of Kelfour's Landing are all constructed of wood, as is the palisade running the perimeter of the town. This barrier to fend off occasional raids by the semi-human sea-kral; all others are welcome if they pay their 1 copper piece entrance fee.

The town crossroads for many people on all sorts of business. The group might encounter Ky'taari, Syrkakar, Fustir, and other Jaimani peoples, as well as traders from as far south as Kaitaine.

GM Note: *this is an excellent place for the PCs to have some side adventures if the GM feels that her players need more experience.*

What the group needs is a boat that can navigate the treacherous, icy waters between the bay and the Land of Blue Light. Naturally, Terek will want to seek out a Ky'taari. They are in luck (after a fashion), for they find one, drunk on cheap Fustir beer, in an inn called *The Raging Threk*.

The owner is indeed named Threk, and the characters would be well-advised to not incite his anger, for he looks like he could break any one of them—even Tyrus—in half over his knee. But he seems to be in a good humor today, and even feeling sympathetic towards poor Luklyn.

The man in question is a Ky'taari craftsman who fled the Land of Blue light a few weeks ago. He and his sister were the only survivors of a raid on their village by Syrkakang troops. He was left for dead and his sister was taken. He heard them say they were returning to the *Aalk Gaath*: Citadel of the Dragon. He has since recovered from his wounds and learned where this feared citadel is located. He has an ice sloop that can carry up to ten people, and makes this simple offer:

"I will take you wherever you want to go in the islands, but you must help me to rescue my sister Tirilin from the Aalk Gaath."

LUKLYN

Age: 30 (Appears 20) Eyes: Blue Hair: Blond Build: Slender Height: 6' 4". Race/Sex: Ky'taari/M. Skin: Tanned Demeanor: Serious Dress: Layers of wool, cotton and fur-lined garments; white over-robe. True Attitude: Serious Home: Mur Fostisyr.

Hits: 65. Melee: 84 bswrd. Missile: 45 dagger.

AT(DB): 1(20). Sh: N. Gr: N.

MovM: +15.

Lvl: 5. Profession: Rogue. Stats: St-81; Qu-92; Em-67; In-80; Pr-79; Ag-85; Co-94; Me-40; Re-70; SD-83. AP: 87.

Skill Bonuses: Climb65; Perc50; PickLock29; S&H50; Swim40. AthlG25; Brawl20; Dance15; 1stAid30; Nav80; Sail95; Skat50; Skii40; StarG35; WeathWatch67.

Languages (S/W): Rhaya, Ky'taari, Erlin

The PCs can put Luklyn to bed at the inn and let him sleep it off. If anyone decides to look elsewhere for a ride to the Mur Fostisyr, they will be out of luck: no one is going there now, with talk of sea-krals, the oppression of the Tenth Syrkakang, and even sightings of the White Dragon.

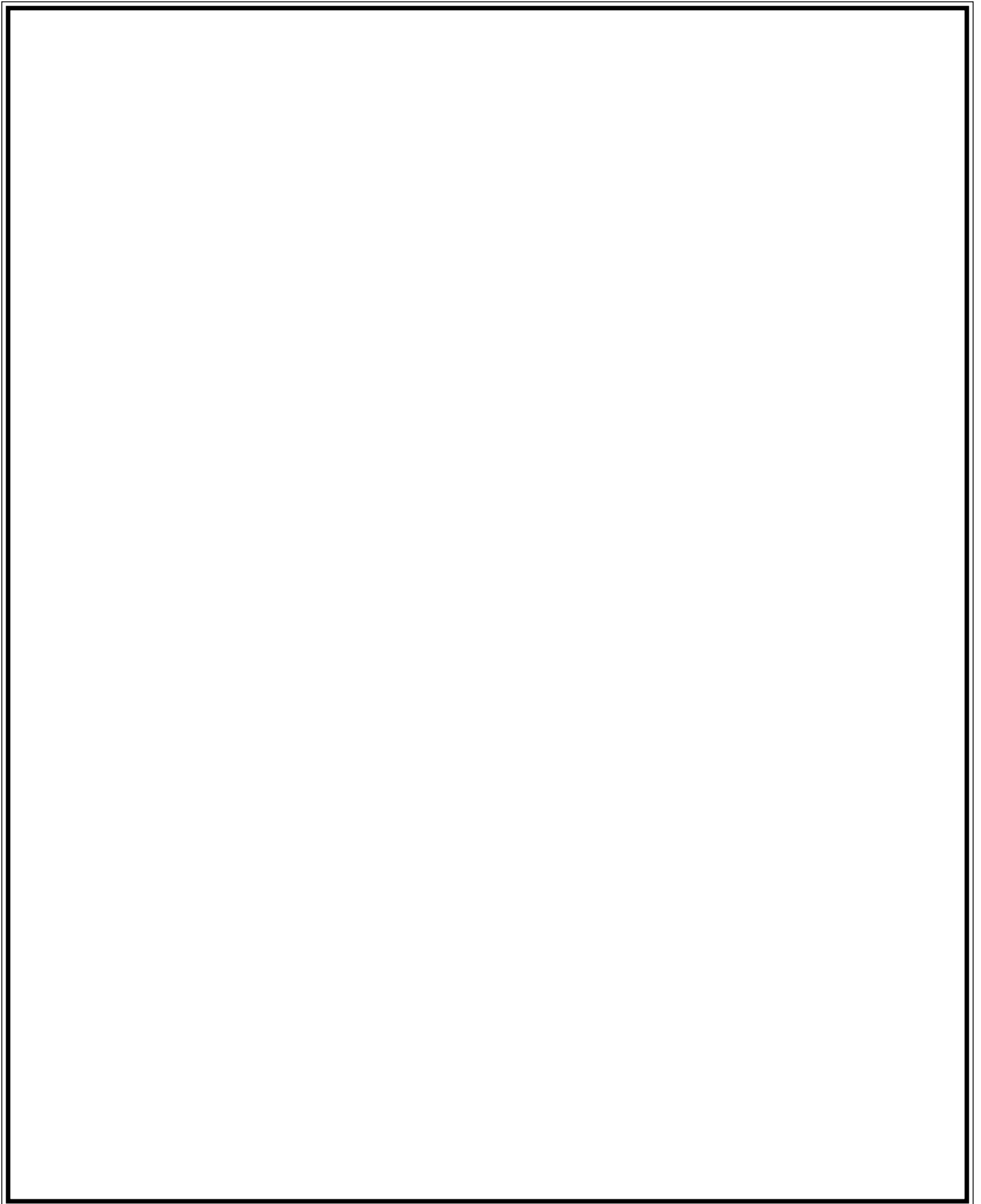
6•ABOARD AN ICE SLOOP

The Ky'taari ice sloops are unique vessels, equally at home in the water or skimming across the frozen ice sheet which creep down from the poles every year. The ship is even able to switch from one to the other with relative ease, the foreblade cleaving a wedge which allows the boat to glide up and onto the ice floe. There is a small cabin in the *Kyashaan* (K. "Iceblade") which sleeps up to four in cramped quarters, but it is warm. Provisions will have to be purchased. Luklyn strongly urges that everyone buy climbing gear.

Illo, Iron Wind pg 50

■ PC/GM Roll: While Luklyn is a skilled sailor, a capable assistant would make things easier. It is 200 miles through treacherous waters to the Land of Blue Light. There should be a *Medium* (±0) *Sailing* roll by each crewman twice a day.

If the weather is favorable and there are no mishaps, the group should make it to the southern tip of the Mur Fostisyr (where the Aalk Gaath is located) in 3 days.



• The Mur Fostisyr •

• PART XIII •

THE MUR FOSTISYR

Long and treacherous was my way to Dawnwater's Edge. It is well hidden in a misty vale, and nearly escaped even my powers of detection. Picking my way carefully along a steep slope above a lake which resembled very much the last several lakes and fjords I had explored, I was about to give up on this one as well: nothing in sight but a few small herds of Torkaani cavorting over the grassy hills. The sky in the east was growing lighter by the moment; night (my favored time to travel) was nearly over, for it was spring and the sun rose and set with regularity. Abruptly the grey vale turned to gold as the sun ignited the fog and damp grass. Far out on the water the mists shredded in the morning breeze, revealing for an instant a tiny isle, and perched upon it a strange manor.

I spread my arms, and in a moment that body which was Elor was gone, and only an arctic tern stood at the edge of the water where I had been. Though this transformation consumed much of my power I dared not use a lesser trick to reach the Kaldaraak-Vaar unnoticed. With a rush of white feathers I was airborne and sweeping low over the calm waters, my sharp avian eyes picking out every detail of the landscape. In just a few minutes I arrived at the dense mist, and a moment later burst through it to a clear area. There stood Dawnwater's Edge. I perched upon the peaked roof of the house to assess the situation.

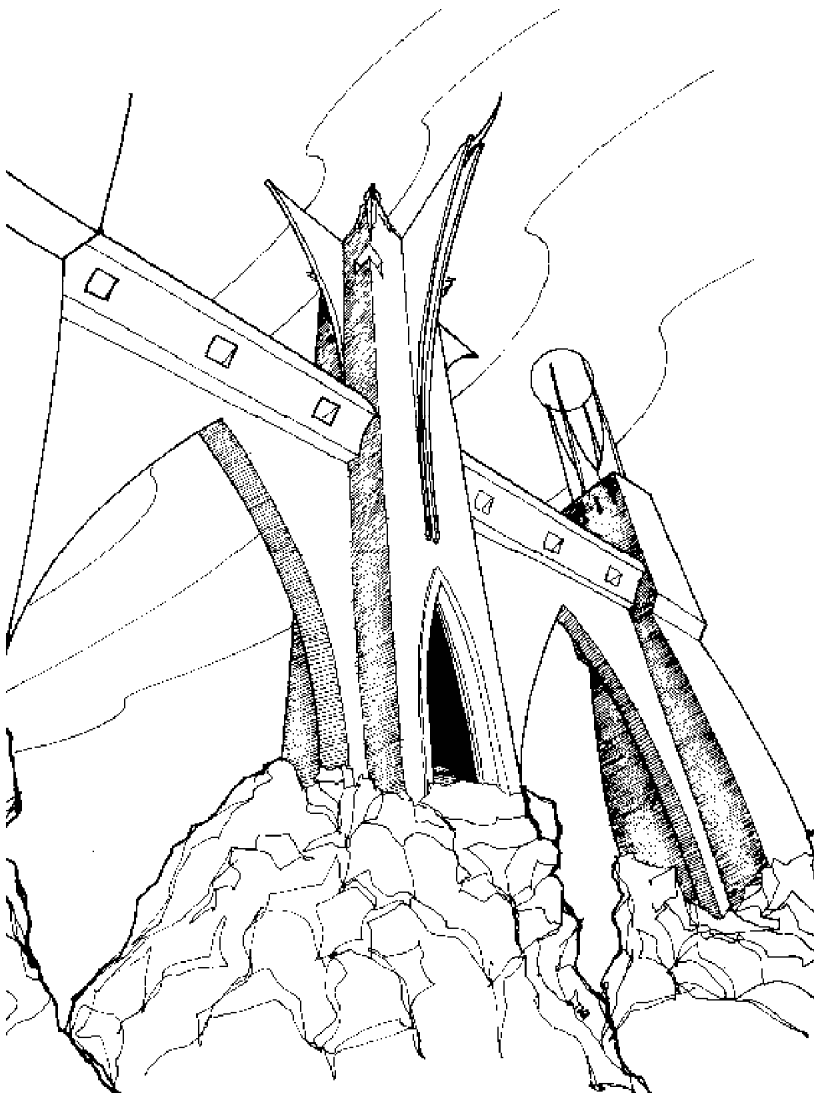
This is the most holy place of the Ky'taari, as it was the home of Ariaana when she came to live within the realm of the Ice People. Its incredible age is betrayed in part by the method of construction: the strange, interlocking stone of the Syrkakar masons. The blocks themselves are roughly hewn, yet fitted together with the utmost skill by the first Ky'taari, who learned their abilities from the Syrkakar before that race degenerated into its current state. It is a monastery of the utmost security and power, invincible to

all but the most fierce attack. On the first day of spring of each year the A-Ryaan travels here, and Ariaana returns for a day to give her blessings and advise the Priestess.

Year round, thirty-three monks are in residence: the elite of the monasteries of the nation, guarding this most sacred of places and creating great works of text and gold. Here also is kept the master orb of the seeing stones of the Ryaani, able to view any site within the realm at the command of the A-Ryaan, or the Lord Monk, who rules here in her stead.

Monks indeed there were: several in the sheltered courtyard, and I could sense others patrolling within the roofed parapets. At first I searched in vain for an open window, and despaired of an easy entrance. At last, however, a monk threw open the wide sashes along the eastern face. Alighting on a sill, I peered within, and the moment he left the room I glided inside and to a shadowy corner. I stood, Elor again, and with a shrug of my cloak I vanished from sight. Within the actual fortress the residents would not be as wary, and (hopefully) none would be casting spells which allow them to detect those unseen. Silent and invisible as a wraith, I investigated the hallowed chambers of this most holy of places. Undetected, I left as I had come, with no trace behind to betray my intrusion.

Elor Once Dark
c. 4200 Third Era



The Aal k Gaath

An Island cluster lying to the north and west of the continent of Jaiman, the Mur Fostisyr (Um. "Land of the Blue Light") is a surious area borm of volcanic eruptions, where nights last for months and the peoples fight an ongoing battle to survive against the elements and the forces of the Unlife: the Iron Wind.

OPTIONAL ENCOUNTERS

Should the GM have a copy of Iron Wind at his disposal, there is the potential for several encounters with the savage Syrkakar or other denizens of this harsh land.

1•ADEA HU: "PILLARS OF BLACK ICE"

A sheltered inlet lies to the north of the citadel, and Luklyn steers there.

■ **PC Roll:** A successful *Hard* (-10) roll by Luklyn and first mate will guide the boat safely to the rocky shore. as they approach, the strange tower of the Aalk Gaath can be glimpsed between two white spurs of ice and rock, over 4000' above the churning waters.

There appears to be a village to the west; Luklyn grounds the Kyshaan along the north-facing shore. Above the narrow rocky beach, the coast climbs steeply: it is nearly a 45° ascent to the tower.

■ **PC Rolls:** The entire climb will require 8 Light and 2 Hard climbing rolls by each character (more if they fail to make “100%” on any given one). If a “fall” result is indicated, the PC may make a D100 recovery roll using Quickness stat as a bonus. A roll under 100 indicates that the character has really fallen, 1-100% of the way down the slope. For each 100’ fallen, make a roll on the Fall Crush table. It is recommended that the PCs tie themselves together into 3’s so that if anyone falls, they will be caught and a messy death avoided. As implied by the rolls, the final 1000’ is more difficult.

When they scramble to the top, the group finds itself on a small plateau. In the center is a frozen lake, and rising out of the lake is the Citadel of the Dragon.

THE AALK GAATH PLANS

GM Note: those who have the Iron Wind book will find that the Aalk Gaath has changed somewhat. In the several centuries since Elor’s visit, a few things have indeed changed.

Entry Level

1. Ceremonial Entrance.
2. Staging Area.
3. Secret Door, down to Oran Jatar’s Forges
4. Secret Stairway. Very Hard (-20) to detect, each of these is intended for guard access and goes all the way up to Level Four (about 400’).
5. Living Quarters, Messengers of Athumurl. Three squads of six Messengers are quartered here. One, two, or even all three squads may be out on patrol.
6. Lairs: Eighteen pens hold eighteen huge white cats. Their saddles and gear are stored in niches carved in the walls.
7. Sally Port. An inner portcullis is operated by a winch in a niche (a) and the steel outer door is raised and lowered on its track by the same method.
8. Living Quarters, Messengers of Syrkakang. Three squads of six Messengers are quartered here. One, two, or even all three squads may be out on patrol.

9. Stables. The eighteen steeds (black war horses) of these Messengers are kept here.

Mezzanine (Two)

10. Stairway down to Entrance Level.
11. Balcony. Overlooking the Staging Area.
12. Mechanical Lift. Leading up to the Throne Room Level
13. Cells. All are empty except...
- 14a. Luklyn’s sister Tirilin
- 15b
16. Guard Quarters. Basic accommodations for 12 Syrkakar warriors.
17. Kitchen/Dining Area.

Throne Room Level (Three)

15. Stairs.
16. Guardroom.
17. Waiting Area.
18. Throne Room.
19. Dais. Throne, two sculptures
20. Quarters. For six priests of Athimurl. It is likely that only one or two of the priests will be in at the time.
21. Kitchens.

19. Dining Hall.

20. Quarters. For six priests of Gaath. It is likely that only one or two of the priests will be in at the time.

Level Four

21. Access Corridor. This links the two wings on this level
22. Seeing Chamber. Oran Jataer has acquired one of the Lesser Ilarsíri of Tethior and keeps it in this room. The doors are steel, locked and Very Hard (-20) to open.
23. Hall of Arms and Treasures. Here is kept the sword Ashaanaar, like a trophy in a glass case. It is not even locked.
- 24.

25.
26.
27.

Level Five

Level Six. Observatory of Oran Jatar. The roof of this onion-dome shaped chamber is actually in six layered sections, (rather like just the skins of six orange sections) which can pivot along a track at the base and a hub at the pinnacle. This allows 5/6th of the roof to open to the sky. This is handy not only for stargazing, but as a launching point for Oran Jatar as a winged White Drake..

A careful reconnoiter will reveal that in addition to the ceremonial entrance in the front, there are two sally ports on the back sides. They would appear to lead in to stables. If they pick the Athimurl entry, the cats will pick up their scent and grow restless; the horses on the Gaath side, however, they might get by unnoticed. If the group is very lucky, all of the Messengers are out on patrol, in which case the sally ports are only guarded by one gateman at each.

As noted above, only a few priests will be in residence, the others afield on errands. Oran Jatar himself will either be in his laboratory or in the Seeing room, and it is unlikely he will encounter the PCs in the tower (fortunately for them).

THE SWORD ASHAANAAR

The sword will sense that one it's own is nearby and it will call to Rælen. It is cursed and locked into the form of a dagger, but still magical. It is intelligent and can convey basic thoughts.

A review of the plans will show that Luklyn's sister Tirilin is in ???a, and the sword of the Ky'taari is in ???. It may be just too much to try to get the sword this time. The characters might come back for it later in the quest when they are more powerful.

Assuming the characters make their escape from the tower proper, they must get back down the mountain (repelling down the first 1000' might be a good idea) and get away in their boat. If they attracted no attention and sounded no alarms, they will get away

without being harassed. If, however, anyone raised the alarm, they will be pursued to the edge of the cliff but no further. They PCs may wonder what the Citadel of the Dragon is up to, until they hear an unearthly cry from above. The White Dragon is hunting them.

ENCOUNTER: THE WHITE DRAGON

The dragon will strafe them, delivering a Cold Ball attack (only 2x hits because of the situation). he will get one or two of these off, and things will look very bad for the group, when the cavalry arrives: a squadron of six Thyfuriak. (Udahir riders of giant birds) will arrive and distract the Dragon long enough for the group to slip away. A couple of these brave warriors are killed in the effort, but they lure the Dragon to the other side of the peninsula.

2•YALF HURM: "LAND OF GLASS SPIRES"

Rælen has a general idea of where he needs to go; he feels 'summoned' by Ariaana. They sail west northwest to the great isle of glass spires. Once they set ashore they have another climb up a snowfield to the vale of the temple.

The GM may wish to have the group encounter snow wolves or other natural denizens as they travel 20 miles inland and 7,000' up to the hidden vale.

ENCOUNTER: HERALD OF NIGHT

At some point, perhaps during a quiet night after a heavy snow, the group will have a sinister visitor.

■ **PC Roll: *Medium* (± 0) *Perception*:** it seems that this black rider almost wants to be seen. Far out across a snowfield they stand as if they have been waiting. See *Master Atlas* (2nd ed pg 152) for a complete description of the Herald. Everyone who sees the Herald

is momentarily overcome by a feeling of utter despair, even though they may not have ever heard the term "Herald of Darkness."

He sits astride his horse, rider and mount both glittering and immobile as if they were carved from obsidian. His head swivels to face the group, and all get the very uncomfortable feeling that he sees them. He remains immobile for several seconds, then reins his horse around towards Dawnwater's Edge and unceremoniously vanishes.

3•KALDARAAK-VAAR: "DAWNWATER'S EDGE"

The group now begins its ascent to the holiest of Ky'taari refuges, the hidden temple of Dawnwater's Edge. Rælen has an unnerving sense of where it is now, drawn there by a summons. At the edge of the lake, a barge manned by four monks in white awaits the group. They say nothing, but gesture for them to get aboard. They are conveyed across the still lake.

When they arrive at the temple, they are greeted by the A-Ryaan (K. ("High Priestess") who welcomes them, and orders that the group be given rooms and fed. They shall gather in the Sanctuary just before dawn the following day. (Luklyn and Tirilin will not be included in this audience).

Dawnwater's Edge illo

The group is provided with spartan but clean quarters (Rooms #6 for those with the *Iron Wind* book) and fed simple but satisfying meals until the time arrives. They are asked to stay in their quarters until summoned.

While all around this vale seems serene, there is a sense of tension and expectancy, though whether good or bad it is difficult to say. Rælen is practically delirious. They are awakened an hour before dawn and told to dress and pack, and be prepared to depart immediately. The A-Ryaan leads them into the Holy Throne Room (#20). A dim grey light filters in through the east-facing windows. They wait facing the far end of the room where an empty throne sits before

a huge golden disk representing the sun, ten feet in diameter and set on the back wall.

ARIAANA, LADY OF THE SUN

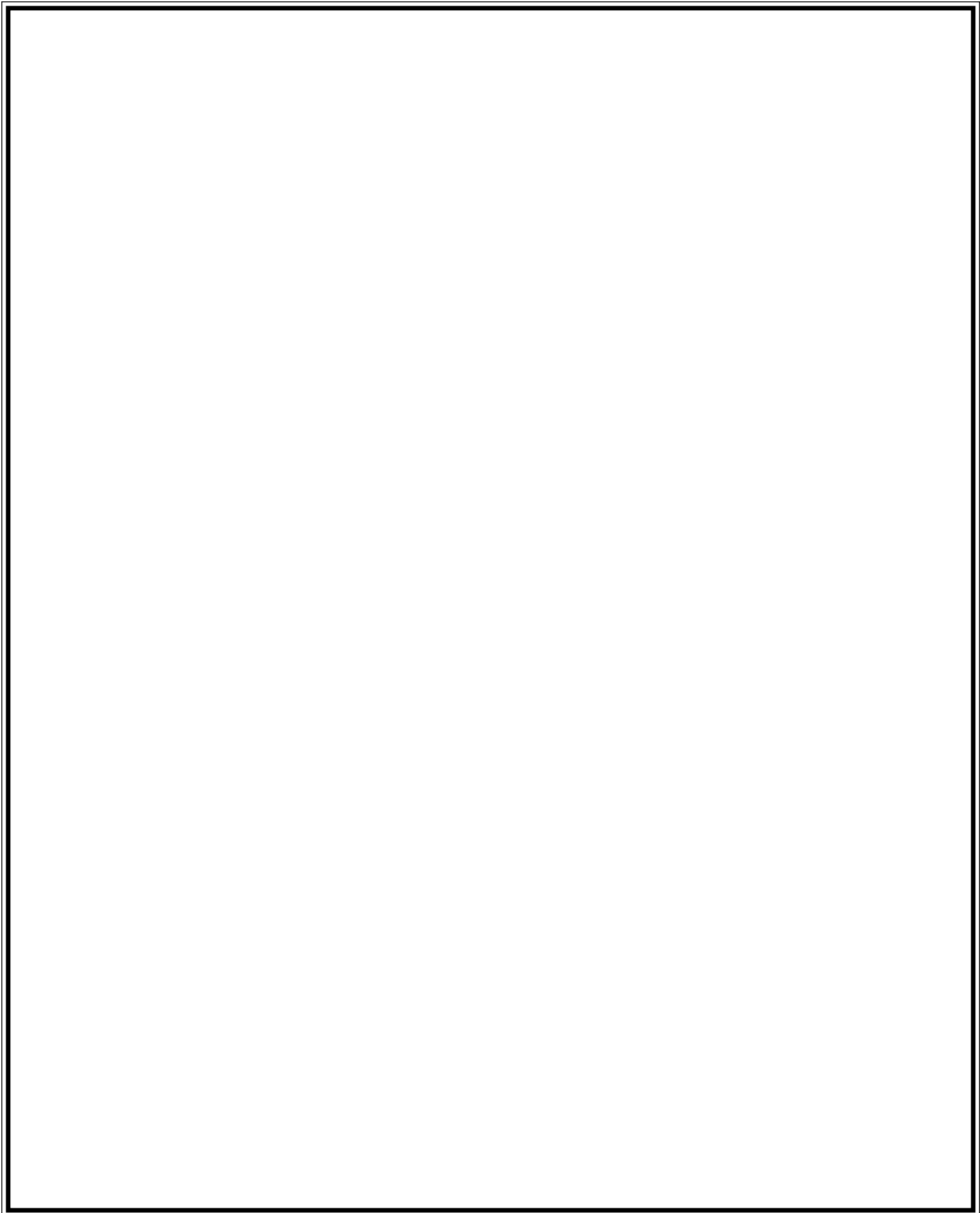
Just as the first ray of sunlight enters the room, the golden sun glows blindingly bright, and from out of the light steps a tall, beautiful woman clad in gold and white (see the description of Oriana in the Master Atlas, pp 105-6). She smiles and seems to speak telepathically to the A-Ryaan, then turns to the group. To each she will mind-speak, and perhaps offer some small bit of information or advice. Then she says to them all: "A time of crisis has come not only for the Ky'taari but all of the world they call Kulthea. All peoples must work together to combat the Unlife, for it will grow darker before the dawn..." Even as she speaks, a cloud seems to pass before the sun, and her image flickers. The gold sun behind her dims and the room grows eerily dark.

As Ariaana shimmers and fades, there is a cry that the Holiest of temples is under attack. Bells ring out across courtyard.

The ground trembles from a terrible blast, and through the slit windows the group can see a huge fiery form cloaked in darkness: an Ordainer. The A-Ryaan rushes to the door.

Where Ariaana stood, the throne has vanished and the golden sun begins to glow, then in place of the sun a swirling light dilates to form a *Portal*. Arianna's voice whispers: "Go, my children; there is nothing you can do here!" And to Rælen alone she speaks: "Return when the great task has been completed, child of the Sun. Only then can you help the Ky'taari people."

The PCs leap through the enchanted portalway.



• Urul an •

• PART XIV •

URULAN

*Echoes of whispers in
hallowed halls of stone
escorts to the unwary
Now the spirits walk alone.*

*Six hearts turned black
by ugly words
the land is broken
by foolish lords.*

*Thoughts unspoken
a mild deception
so it began:
the way of good intention.*

ANDRAAX
DATE UNKNOWN,
POSSIBLY LATE SECOND ERA



Except for a few small Elven villages along the western coast, this large island is nearly deserted.

Those who ventured into the vast eastern lands reported a sense of unease; a feeling that the land itself did not welcome them. This led some Loremasters to hypothesize that the Unicorn Crown still existed and is being worn in a secret enclave by an heir of the King. When the powers of the known Crowns failed on the 23rd of Fall in 6051, this should have also dispersed the menacing power of the land. However, if anything the sense of forboding has increased. Those gifted with the

Essænce have said that it ebbs and swells, and seems stronger in some areas than others, there it is obvious now that the feeling of being observed by a malevolent presence remains.

1•THE RUINS OF AR-TALISEN

The group steps through the portal in a sunlit room to a shadowy chamber in a land clothed in mist. This room appears to have been a temple of some sort, but two of the walls have collapsed, along with most of the stone roof. There is no sign of the portal, and it is suddenly, ominously quiet. They emerge from this room to find that it is set on a low hill in what appears to be the center of a vast ruined city.

Tumbled remains of beautiful Elven villas and palaces. Many structures include glimmering Orhan Marble. The might serve as sanctuary against some evils, but with walls tumbled, archways broken and columns fallen, there is little structure to hold back an attack.

■ **PC Roll:** A successful *Hard* (-10) *Architecture* roll will identify this as a city in Urulan.

There are no other immediate clues as to the whereabouts of the group: the sun is hidden behind thick clouds and mists, and the temperature is an indeterminate cold. However, as the group picks through the rubble, they will find engraved plaques and proken pediments with lylar runes etched on them. Eventually, they will realize where they are. Towards noon, the sun will burn partway through the mists, revealing the central mountain range running north-south through the center of the land.

The logical thing to do would be to head south; that is where the remaining settlements are said to be, or at least they could hook west towards Tanara.

ENCOUNTER: NIGHT HOUNDS

Packs of these eerie creatures maraud through the wilds of Urulan at night. See *Master Atlas* pg 68 for details. They are ravenously hungry and will attack even well-armed parties. They dislike fire, but can overcome their fear.

ENCOUNTER: AN ALTHOI

One of the Agothu, the demons from the Outer Void (see *Master Atlas* pg 78) has noted the appearance of the characters through a magical portal and will appear to observe them for a while.

■ **PC Roll:** A Successful *Extremely Hard* (-30) *Perception* or *Light* (+10) *Sense Reality Warp* means that a character will see the hideous creature floating just at the edge of vision (50 feet away or so) in the mists. It will retreat when seen. The Althoi will visit two or three times a day for a couple of days, then lose interest. It will not attack. If attacked, it will probably just leave.

2•THE STEEL RAIN

MINES

The group has been journeying south, knowing that eventually the mountains will be climbable or they will come far enough so that they will find civilized community. But before that happens, they are to encounter an installation of the Steel Rain. (See Part ???).

The intention of this encounter is not for the players to confront the Steel Rain in force, but to have a minor brush with them. The biomechanical Iron Warriors are controlled by a telepathic computer brain, under the direction of the three Priestesses of the Steel Rain. As a result, they do not respond as individuals, and lack the ability to react to unexpected input. When the group first encounters any Iron Warriors, they might just be ignored. Only when they begin to interfere with operations will they get into trouble.

THE MINES

■ **PC Roll:** .

The works of the Steel Rain might first be heard, as the machines engaged in strip-mining are extremely loud. They also are belching noxious smoke which could be seen for miles, though on most days these fumes mingle with the ever-present mists.

The outer mines are huge craters, roughly circular, where machines spiral down into the earth,



gashing at the rock and tearing up the desired ores.

The inner mines are no less extensive, but lie underground. The entrance is a bunker-like structure on a nearby hillside

3•FRIEND OR FOE?

ENCOUNTER: AN EPSILON DRONE

■ PC Roll: .

ENCOUNTER: IRON WARRIORS

■ PC Roll: .

KESIEN ERMENEL

Age: 30 (Appears 20) Eyes: Blue/metallic green. Hair: Blond. Build: Muscular. Height: 6'3". Race/Sex: Iylar(Linær). Skin: Very Pale. Demeanor: Emotionless Dress: black synthetic coverall. True Attitude: Slave to the Silver Claw. Home: Lys.

Kesien's stats and abilities have been artificially altered by the cybernetic implants and prostheses. One eye is artificial, as is one arm. He was in the the early stages of transformation, however, so the changes will not be obvious until the group gets close. He will not fight them, and will flee if they try to detain him.

GM Note: Leena's brother Ærik and his friends were captured by agents of the Silver Claw. Orrel Ermenel has died, Kesien escaped but is paranoid and insane, living in the Urulan wilderness. He will be encountered late in this phase of the campaign. Most unfortunate, however: Ærik has been turned into an Iron Warrior. Parts of his body have been 'enhanced' with magical/mechanical additions, and a combination of spells and technology have rendered him a shadow of his former self. Any memories of his family are deeply buried. Leena will not learn this yet: she will be forced to confront her brother in the later phases of the campaign in Emer.

4•THE SOUTHERN COAST

■ PC Roll: .

While observing the Pirate Base, they hear a commotion behind them. They catch a haggard-looking young woman: she is the first mate of the *Cloudminder*, a skyship captured by the Pirates.

The *Cloudminder* was caught in a storm and had damage to some of her sails, so set down nearby for repairs. The pirates captured the crew before they knew what was happening. The Captain was killed, but several crew members are imprisoned—needed to train the pirates to man the Cloudminder.

If the PCs help her to free the crew and recapture the ship (now repaired) they will get a hefty reward from the ships owners (the

ENCOUNTER: PIRATES OF THE WHITE SWAN

Docks and camp 1/2 page

■ PC Roll: .

JEREL, THE "WHITE SWAN"

Age: ?120 (Appears 25) Eyes: Green. Hair: Black. Build: Slender. Height: 6'1". Race/Sex: Dyar. Skin: Fair. Demeanor: Charming Dress: Black leather armor, black silk clothes with a white swan emblem. True Attitude: Pragmatic. Home: Southern Urulan.

A.

Hits: . Melee: . Missile: .

AT(DB): (). Sh: (). Gr: .

MovM: +. PP: (x).

Lvl: . Profession: . Stats: St-; Qu-; Em-; In-; Pr-; Ag-; Co-; Me-; Re-; SD-. AP: .

Skill Bonuses: Amb; Chan; Climb; DisTrap; DirSp; ManeuvArmor; M/A St; M/A SwT; Perc; PickLock; Ride; Rune; S&H; S&W; Swim; Track

Acrob; Act; Admin; AdrMv; AdMath; Alch; Animal; Anthp; Appr; Arch; Astro; AthlG; Attn; BscMath; Begg; BtPlt; Brawl; Bribe; Camo; Cav; Chann; Circlr; Chem; Contort; Cook; Craft; Dance; DemnLr; DetTrap; Diplom; DisrmFoe; Disguis; Diving; DragLr; DrugTol; Engrng; Falsif; 1stAid; Fletch; Flying; Forage; Frenz; GambL; HerbLr; herd; Juggl; Ldrshp; LocScrt; LockLr; Math; Medit; Music; Nav; PlayInstr; PoisonLr; PwrPercep; PubSp; RMas; Sail; Seduct; SenseRealWp; Signal; Sing; Skat; Skii; Smith; SpellM; StarG; Stra&Tac.; StunMan; Subdu; Surveillance; Trade; TrapBuild; TumbL; WeathWatch.

Languages (S/W):

Spells: Base Spell OB: . Directed Spell OB: (*Sunfires True*). All???

Open and Closed

Item:

Item: .

Item: .

○

5•FLIGHT FROM URULAN

The PCs escape aboard a captured skyship

ENCOUNTER: AN AIRBARGE

URULAN

Once a beautiful Elven empire, Urulan is now a wilderness. Encounters with:

Denizens of Urulan

Type	Lvl	Base Rate	Max Pace/MM Bonus	Speed MS/AQ	Size/Crit	Hits	AT(DB)	Attacks (Prim/Sec/Tert)	# Enc	Outlook (IQ)
Night Hnd	5	140	Dash/20	VF/FA	M/—	80G	4(30)	60MBi/GBreath	2-10	Bellig. (NO)
Epsilon D	(20)	30	FSp/120	F/VF	M/I	120	20(80)	None	1	Inquis. (HI)
Althoi	30	60	20	MD/FA	L/LA	200	11 (40)	+60 MGrapple/+40 SStinger/Spells	1	Aloof (VH)
Mind-eatrs	5	80	60	FA/VF	S/—	70	3(30)	50SCI/Special	2-20	Hostile (LI)

Name	Lvl	Hits	AT(DB)	Sh	Gr	Melee Ob	Missile Ob	Mov
Cassia Tendes	6	85	1(15)	N	N	99 broadsword	35 dagger	15
Laan Fighter, Swim40; Brawl20; Gamb15; Ldrshp40; Nav60; Sail75; Signal25; Trade54; WeathWatch55.								
Jerel (The White Swan)	15	115	11(55)	Y	(Y)	135 broadsword	85 dagger	20
Dyar Rogue. Swim45; Brawl60; Gamb165; Ldrshp80; Nav80; Sail75; Signal45; Trade70; WeathWatch80. +25 sword, enchanted tunic								
Other Pirates (Average)	3	35	1(10)	Y	N	55 shortsword	—	15
Dyar or Shay Fighter.								

*Note: DB's are applicable vs elemental spells as well because of deflector shields.

• PART XV •

SEL-KAI



1•ARRIVAL

ENCOUNTER: THE

Vaag t'Kang) amulet worn by a shadowy Elf (He will appear later as an important Diplomat in Sel-kai).

(suggest going to Eidolon for some side-adventures and the interlude)

2•INTERLUDE

Eidolon is pretty... expaensive. Characters can take a ferry down to Sel-kai City where they can find comfortable lodgings at a reasonable price. If they ask just about anyone, they'll hear that The Cold Barley Soup Kitchen is a tavern where they can get good food and good gossip. The city offers many diversions, and the characters could use a rest. But it will not be long before the spectre of their destiny rises again to demand their attention...

To be continued in

PART TWO: THE FALL OF NIGHT

And concluded in

PART THREE: THE HOPE OF DAWN

• PART XVI •

CHARTS

FANTASY WEAPONS CHART

Weapon Special	Type	Wt.	Len.	F	RANGE MOD (in feet)					Tbl Used	ARMOR MODIFICATIONS				
					10	25	50	100	150		20-17	16-13	12-9	8-5	4-1
Baw Can be used as an ice axe.	1HS	4-5	2-3	5	—	—	—	—	—	Handaxe	+15	+15	+10	+10	+10
Chegain Returns to trained user (need glove)	TH	1.5	2	4	0	0	0	-5	-10	Scimitar	-10	0	0	0	+5
Cabis Basically a throwing weapon.	1HS	2-3	1.5-2.5	4	0	0	-10	-25	—	Handaxe	-10	-10	-10	-10	-10
Dag A very large bladed weapon.	1HS	5-6	3-4	6	—	—	—	—	—	Falchion	+10	+10	+10	+10	+10
Gé Treat any criticals as both K and G.	TH	4-6	4-5	8	as Bola					Bola (2x Dam)	+10	+10	+10	+10	+10
										(a super bola)					
If fumbled, roll a "DG" on thrower.															
Irgaak Roll criticals twice apply all results.	2H	5-6	5-6	3	—	—	—	—	—	2-H Sword	+15	+15	+15	+15	+15
Kalta Loari Dart Pistol. Fire 2x/rnd (missile & melee). Can be poisoned. 10 dart clip.	1H	1.5	.5	4	—	—	-15	-40	-80	Light Crossbow	-20	-15	-10	0	+5
Kynac A great throwing dagger.	1HS	1-2	1-2	2	0	0	0	-25	-40	Rapier	-5	-5	0	0	0
Long Kynac A great long dagger.	1HS	2-3	2-3	3	-20	-20	-20	-50	—	Rapier	+15	+15	+15	+15	+15
Saren Loari sword; resembles Terran katana	1/2HS									Falchion	+5	+5	+15	+15	+20
Shangkana Okinawan cereal beater.	1HC	2-3	2.5-3	7	—	—	—	—	—	Morning Star	-5	-5	-5	-5	-5
	2H	2-3	2.5-3	7	—	—	—	—	—	Flail	-5	-5	-5	-5	-5
Typh If fumbled, roll a "DK" on thrower.	1HC	4-5	3-4	6	0	0	-10	—	—	Flail	-10	-10	-10	-10	-10
Yarkbalka If fumbled, roll a "CS" on thrower.	1HS	4-5	3-4	6	—	—	—	—	—	2-H Sword	-10	-10	-10	-10	-10

Type: 2H = Two-Handed Weapon; 1HS = One-Handed Slashing Weapon; 1HC = One-Handed concussion Weapon;; MIS = Missile Weapon (not usable in melee); PA = Pole Arm; TH = Thrown Weapon (not usable in melee).

Wt: Weight of weapon in pounds.

Len.: Length of weapon in feet.

F: Fumble Range (a fumble occurs if unmodified attack roll is less than or equal to this number).

RANGE MOD: Modifications apply to use as missile at ranges less than or equal to the given distance (only one modifier applies). (— means not allowed.)

Table Used: The AL&CL attack table used to resolve attack.

ARMOR MOD: Modifications to the attack roll based upon the armor of the defender.

Special: Varies for each weapon.

TRILOGY PLOTLINE

Well, boys and girls, here is my plot outline for the second and third books. Sorry about things petering out at the end of book one, but It was hard to get inspired considering the unpleasant events surrounding publication of the story. For that and books 2 and 3, you are on your own. You can also refer to my web page where I am running a campaign and will be uploading random goodies.

Few but the most knowledgeable Loremasters know of the existence of the Jerak Ahrenreth, a deep secret lurking behind veil after veil of serving cults and false façades.

There are essentially three major forces of evil and destruction:

The Jerak Ahrenreth: A cult which serves its own ends, desiring to wield power and subvert the peoples of the world. Once, under the direction of Ondoval, served the Unlife, but the powerful personalities and diverting words of Schrek have altered the course.

Ondoval: A servant of the Unlife, he wishes to destroy the Eyes of Utha and bring about the utter annihilation of the world. He is the former head of the Ahrenreth, but struck out on his own to find the Shadowstone, an artifact last worn by Kadæna.

Schrek: Son of Agoth, Schrek desires to unite the Shadow World with the Void, a joining which would open Portals and unleash demons of every Pale and Beyond. While not as cataclysmic as Ondoval's desires, it would mean destruction of most civilizations. He is a member of the Jerak Ahrenreth, and uses them to further his own goals.

Schrek is in fact a more terrifying entity than even his cronies know, for he is a half-son of Agoth, high lord of the Demons of the Void. While he wears a fair guise, he is actually a monstrous creature. He does not seek to dominate the peoples of the world, but instead destroy them utterly, for he seeks the insanity of the Void. He controls a network of cults across Emer, and his influence within the Circle is formidable. He plans to use an upcoming ritual (designed to further 'grow' the powerful crystal) to open a gate to the Void and allow his brethren to enter.

THE GOAL OF THE PLAYERS

Note: this goal is not immediately apparent; the players must discover it as part of their travels.

To defeat or set back the Jerak Ahrenreth (Secret Circle); more specifically, they must thwart the plans of Schrek. To do this they will require the Eye of Agoth (which will allow them entry into the Ahrenthrok) and is the only item which could send Schrek back into the Void.

If the PCs play their cards right, the ritual will be disrupted and cause the Crystal — a very powerful focus of the Circle — to shatter, plunging the Ahrenthrok into darkness.

Note: Ondoval is another threat who is theoretically being dealt with along another plotline (which was originally planned as a novel trilogy).

BOOK TWO

Some of the characters have achieved individual goals, while others have less tangible ones.

Rælen may have enough money to pay off his employers? A visit to the Monastery might be in order then.

EIDOLON

From this trading and transportation hub the characters could go almost anywhere. However,

Mention the Bishop of Sel-kai (of the Church of Zanar)

NÁMAR-TOL

M

HÆSTRA: VAMPIRE WOMAN

A seemingly harmless rest stop turns deadly.

THE WHITE WOOD

A trip through the Pales (the Black Road).

Perhaps flee into the wood to get away from Heralds of Darkness?

CITY OF THE DEAD

(Pillars of Fire)

Wierd treasures, Undead, Ash Lairs, strange things in the depths of the earth. They travel underground into the Spine of Emer. Krylites and Goblins.

THE BOOK OF DAYS

The group acquires a very powerful and dangerous magical tome. With it in their hands, the GM will have to be very careful.

AHN SYE ZANAR

Encounters with the Order of the Cloak as the PCs travel through SW Khuum-kaan. They encounter the Bishop of Arдания, who recognizes ??? for what he is: a true heir to the Order of the Cloak. The Order will be pursuing him now.

ZÆN

Emerging from the Spine, they are in southern Khum Kaan. They are drawn to the lost City of Zæn.

Maybe a rescue by Kuluku, or just use the book to get out.

LIBRARY OF ARULIS

The storehouse of knowledge of the Ahn Sye Woloka ("Order of the Eye"), this secret library has considerable information of value.

Unfortunately, it is staffed by evil members of the Order of the Eye, Mentalists or Seers or Mystics or Astrologers.

They are probably going to have to teleport out of this bind.

ENTRANCE TO THE AHRENTHROK

They are not ready, but now they know the way in.

RETURN TO EIDOLON

Rest and recover

BOOK THREE

Leave Sel-kai by land this time, head south through Silaar

THANOR

Visit the Stone Circle (E p 32), the T'loc-loc, and enter the Vœrken Mire (what — or who — is inside?)

ASH FOREST

The dead place with the wrecked starship. Cryogenic tubes (most destroyed)

LANKAN EMPIRE

Slaves, etc. They are at war with the Elves of Nâmar-Tol.

AHRENRAAX

Volcanic island fortress run by Morloch (Ordainer) and the Adherent Vomuk. Vaag t'Kang and Shar-Bu will be visiting!

THE ISLE OF JADE

Then return to the mainland only to encounter...

STEEL RAIN

Confrontation with the Iron Warriors. In this, Leena will know the fate of her brother. They cannot hope to defeat the Iron Warriors; instead they must flee .

AHRENTÔRG

Finally, at the Ahrentörg, the group must strike the disguised Schrek, forcing him to his real form. This will cause complete confusion, in which the PCs can hopefully escape after destroying the crystal.