



THE MARKLANDS

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Introduction

The Mighty Are Fallen

This is a sourcebook about desperate days and realms in peril. In the central Flanaess, the great Greyhawk Wars have reduced once mighty nations to penury. Great Furyondy, first nation state to throw off the yoke of the Great Kingdom, faces the merciless hordes of Iuz to the north and east while its King ages before his years trying to unify his fractious nobles. Furyondy's brave allies, the Highfolk, seem to face certain defeat against the same enemy within the great Vesve Forest. Nyrond, bright hope of Good to the east, lies exhausted and impoverished. Many of its best citizens have already fled. Those who remain face starvation and riots. Raids by brutal Aerdy soldiery and humanoids from the Bone March have reduced morale to the point of desperation. If ever lands needed heroes, now is the time. To use this sourcebook, you will need the From the Ashes set.

The following chapters describe these imperiled lands and their people in detail. A brief history of each land is followed by a description of its rulers and politics, its trade and economy (how its people survive in these dark days), its relations with foreign states, and a survey of the military might left to it after the Greyhawk Wars. The struggles of powerful factions are described along with the lives of common people. Each nation has its major towns and cities described in an extensive gazetteer entry which also covers other settlements, castles, fortifications, mines, places of mystery, magic and wonder, and much besides.

Major NPCs, and armies, are detailed in "Characters and Forces" sections. A final section on Adventuring in each land provides plenty of adventure hooks for the DUNGEON MASTER to use in setting campaigns in these beleaguered kingdoms.

The Marklands offer adventurers endless opportunities. Evil foes stalk the borders of the great nations. Internal struggles threaten to collapse Nyrond from within. Dark and dire evils wait to be challenged. Fabulous treasures await those brave enough to fight the goblinoid hordes, and powerful monsters who possess them. There are dungeons to explore. Deep political intrigue waits in the cities. There are skirmishes against humanoid warbands and crusades against overwhelming evil. Those who survive and triumph may be granted lands of their own to build castles and proclaim their fiefdoms. The Marklands will always have need of heroes with wit and courage in these dark and troubled times. *[SCANNING EDITOR'S NOTE: This Greyhawk Accessory was scanned for the express purpose of updating the information herein to the official current Greyhawk Campaign year (591) as well as to alter and add information specific to the personal "Falconwing" Greyhawk Campaign of Robert Bauer. This added information has been deleted, but had been bracketed and in an arial font to set it apart from information contained in the original accessory information.]*

Furyondy

History of the Land

The Kingdom of Furyondy was established as the Viceroyalty of Ferrond around 100 CY by the Great Kingdom of Aerdi, which was then at its peak. Ferrond, populated by Oeridians, Suloise and Baklunish, who settled here after the Baklunish-Suloise Wars, was much larger than Furyondy is now. It originally incorporated most of modern-day Veluna, Highfolk, the old Shield Lands, Dyvers and a goodly part of modern Perrenland. Its capital was the city of Dyvers.

As political and financial power became more and more centralized in the hands of Ferrond's rulers, it was only a matter of time before the Viceroyalty began to struggle for its independence. An endless series of skirmishes with Aerdi forces, combined with careful political maneuvering, brought Thrommel I to the throne in 254 CY and the Kingdom of Furyondy was born.

Thrommel and his descendants had to allow their original set of vassal states independence over the following decades and centuries. Bissel was annexed for a time during Furyondy's expansionist phase, but with the secession of Voll (now Veluna) Bissel could not be retained within Furyondy's fief. Early in the fourth century CY the Shield Lands took form, the local rulers banding together to oppose the growing cohesion of the Bandit Kingdoms and then proclaiming their independence. Perrenland had always been governed more in name than in practice, and was formally proclaimed independent in 400 CY. The Highfolk, always chaotic of bent, were allowed self government to the point where the Furyondian king's authority in that land was reduced to a formality. Although the town of Highfolk is technically a part of Furyondy, and there has never been a treaty formally proclaiming its independence, no Furyondian king would try to exercise his rulership there. Finally, Dyvers became a Free City in 526 CY, still paying taxes and tithes to Furyondy.

During these many years Furyondy was rarely engaged in warfare, the Short War with Keoland in the early Fifth Century CY being a rare exception. With a shortage of external enemies, and given its fine armies and exceptional naval strength on the Nyr Dyv and Whyestil Lake, Furyondy's kings felt secure in letting go of their old vassal states. Just as Furyondy freed itself from Aerdi, why shouldn't other states become independent of Furyondy?

Because of that enlightened attitude, the former vassal states generally kept warm relations with Furyondy. This was especially true of the Highfolk, and of Veluna, a growing power of good closely allied with Furyondy. Perrenlanders were suspicious of Furyondy,

but knew the value of their trade route through the valley of the Velderdyva and through the fertile rivers and plains of the Kingdom. Furyondy was a better place to trade than Ket. The Shield Land nobles were an exception, always fearing a re-annexation of their lands by Furyondy, a fear they paid for dearly when war came.

Furyondy's lands were ruled by seven noble houses during those early times. Six of those families survive today. When Furyondy was a great, sprawling state, the king needed powerful local noble-vassals; but as decades went by and the lands shrank, the nobles kept their taste for strong local rulership and gradually they became almost as powerful as the king himself. The courts of Furyondy's dukes and barons rivaled the splendor of the king's. Although the nobles were all legally granted their lands by the king, they ruled each of the seven provinces of Furyondy much as they pleased. Indeed, the king of Furyondy did not directly control any lands of his own. This would prove a source of strife and trouble for successive kings in the hard years to come.

The rise of Iuz, who united a rabble of humanoids and petty rulers after his mysterious appearance in 479 CY, was not noted by Furyondy for some years, but as refugees fled to the northern provinces of Crystalreach and Kalinstren the tales they told were so terrible that eventually they had to be attended to. These refugees spoke of massacres, a road of skulls built to Dorakaa, watch-towers belching smoke, fire and acid into which slaves disappeared by the score. Such horrors made the northern nobles, and the king, shiver. Iuz's disappearance in 503 CY was met with a sigh of relief. The current king, Belvor II, was all too happy to forget about the fiend. When Furyondy failed to build strong defenses to the north while the times allowed it. Southern nobles refused to pay extra taxes needed for such work. So, when Iuz reappeared some sixty-seven years later, his malign eyes turned to the great southern state, Furyondy was unprepared.

Iuz's armies outflanked Furyondy as they destroyed the Heirarchs of the Horned Society, swelled their ranks with the humanoids and evil men of that land, and carved through the Shield Lands like a knife through butter. Belvor IV, the wise king of Furyondy, was fully alerted now but the rulers of the Shield Lands declined offers of help, fearing Furyondian intrigue. It was a minor miracle that most of the population of Admundfort was evacuated, mostly to Willip, before they suffered the dreadful fate of most other Shield Landers.

Furyondy fought Iuz for nearly two years, having to watch Ket strike into and then subdue Bissel, cutting off aid from southern nations who also had to face the giant troubles of the Lost Lands. The northern cities of Crockport and Grabford were lost and the capital city Chendl was besieged for months. The naval strength on Whyestil Lake was decimated, and only the most desperate defense in the northern provinces and the Vesve Forest stopped the advance of Evil. The Highfolk fought with savage bravery against the pitiless hordes of evil priests, undead, monsters and humanoids which Iuz hurled against them. Their stubborn courage finally ground the enemy to a standstill. Furyondy lost over 28,000 men in the Wars, and much wealth and resources, but Belvor's final assaults north of Chendl inflicted grievous casualties on the forces of Iuz. If Furyondy was desperate to sign the Pact of Greyhawk, so was Iuz.

Furyondy Today

The current date is late Spring, 585 CY. While later sections give lots more detail, what is presented here is a brief summary of how Furyondy stands at this time.

The nation has suffered a serious loss of fighting manpower, but it has also gained from an influx of refugees and warriors from other nations. The Shield Landers, of whom some 11,000 were evacuated to Furyondy, are the most important group. Furyondy has lost territory to the north, including some vital fertile land south of Whyestil Lake (and the fish resources of the lake itself), which has reduced gross food production by about eight percent. To the east, the Veng river is too dangerous for most merchants to sail, so trade has been adversely affected. However, Furyondy has generally not lost too much of its lands and productive resources. It is down, but certainly not out.

Furyondy is, however, faced with a desperate need to spend far more money than it did before the War. Chendl itself is in a state of considerable disrepair. Several vital northern castles have been lost and building more along a new northern frontier will be time consuming and very expensive. There is also a pressing need to hire mercenaries for the defense of the Kingdom and to aid the Highfolk, which is also a drain on finance. The Southern nobles have long grumbled about their taxation load, which, in truth, has never been great. Now they are a little more willing to support the king, but there are strong tensions between the different provinces and Belvor's impatience with some of his nobles makes more than one fear that the king may try to depose the noble houses and centralize rule of the lands.

Furyondy is still a strong and vital kingdom. While some of its people are still bemoaning their losses in the wars; this is no nation of cowards or fainthearts. Rather, Furyondy needs to buy time, to marshal its resources, build new defenses, steel its people and collective will, and whip dissident nobles into line behind a valorous and capable king. Whether it will have that time, Istus alone knows.

Rulership and Law

Furyondy's current sovereign is King Belvor IV, a 61-year old paladin who came to the throne very young in 537 CY, after the death of his father Belvor III. Belvor's biological age, however, is but 49, due to quaffing a potion of longevity. Belvor is strong and brave—a true King. Unfortunately, he is also prone to fits of impatience, and that is his one failing despite his skills as a diplomat and negotiator.

Technically, Belvor is an absolute ruler; what he says goes. However, he is always required to consult with the representatives of the “Seven Families” (as the noble houses are known). Each of these hails from one of the provinces of the land, and is a minor noble in his own light. These representatives form Belvor's Noble Council, which meets in Chendl. Everything has to be agreed to by them before Belvor can act on matters of state, and there are often powerful disagreements between them. As noted, southern nobles are reluctant to see taxes raised for the north, but there are other personal- and political conflicts too. These noble houses hold the right to gather taxes, levy troops and other royal privileges. They jealously guard these ancient prerogatives from usurpation by the King. The noble houses of Furyondy are detailed in the in the gazetteer entries for each province.

One point of precedence which is very important to the Seven Families is that their formal titles (Baron, Count, or Viscount) are not important. They are regarded as equals in rank, above everyone except the king. This is an exception to the usual niceties of life in Furyondy, where social rank and title is of great importance among the elite.

Furyondy is a feudal state. Below the king and the Noble Council is an array of minor nobles who meet in what is termed the “Knightly Conclave,” a semiparliamentary group which considers more or less any issue it wishes to and then offers its opinions to Belvor. This is the forum where Knights of the Hart (a powerful military alliance detailed below are influential, as are a few powerful Guilds, priesthoods, artisans, and the like. There are very subtle divisions of rank within this group, which is self-perpetuating either by birth (for nobles) or by very secret appointments and elections (as with Guild representatives).

Within the Knightly Conclave, ancient and elaborate traditions of rank and procedure are observed. The Knightly Conclave is presided over by a Speaker, who dresses in garish robes and bears the preposterous title of Cerise Pursuant Dragon. The Speaker directs the debates of the Conclave and delivers their judgements with ponderous formality to the King. Belvor doesn't have to listen to the Conclave's advice, but he needs the Conclave's support to implement his decisions .

Belvor has his own advisers, of course, and he increasingly turns to them for help in trying to make his nobles do what he wants them to do. In addition, ambassadors of certain foreign states now play a key role in decision making. This is especially true for Canon Gellain of Veluna, Furyondy's major supporter-state. The role of Veluna is described in the section on relations with foreign powers. Belvor also maintains very warm relations with the Highfolk, and works hard to keep this alliance firm.

The Law of the Land

Compared with the complexity of its noble politics, the system of law in Furyondy is relatively straightforward. Alleged crimes are divided into criminal and civil offenses. Civil offenses are usually settled by the ancient practice of dueling, usually with paid champions standing in for defendant and accuser. It is deemed that Heironeous, god of honor and valor, will guide the hand of the righteous, so this is an acceptable way of settling matters. However, given loss of fighting men in the war, inflicting serious injury in such duels is now a criminal offense and more civil cases are being settled by magistrates, who are usually low level priests of a lawful neutral, lawful good, deity such as St. Cuthbert, Rao or Zilchus.

Criminal offenses are divided into Grievous Crimes (such as murder, sedition, and treason), Injurious Crimes (such as serious assault, tomb-robbing, major destruction of property, rioting, magical misconduct and the like); and Crimes of Disrepute (small-beef infringements such as minor assault, bootlegging, coin clipping, minor fraud, and bribery of minor officials). Minor offenses are regarded as more serious if they result in impairment of rebuilding and defense work. Trials for criminal offenses are presided over by magistrates as above, save for Grievous Crimes which are investigated by a three-member panel of judges, higher ranking priests of suitable deities. Magical interrogations are standard practice in cases of alleged Grievous Crimes, but not in lesser cases. Sentences handed down to those found guilty vary somewhat from province to province, but Grievous Crimes usually merit death or banishment usually accompanied by the severance of a limb or the placing of a curse or geas on the criminal. With other crimes, some nobles levy heavy fines which add to the noble coffers. Some opt for forced conscription into levies, but this is frowned upon by many Furyondians, who regard this as little more than slavery. Others prefer imprisonment or banishment. Baron Jemian's dismal Castle Greylode is a penal experiment which is being watched closely by other nobles, anxious to see if it is a successful way that they could enhance their own wealth and revenues.

Enforcing the Law

Furyondian militias are generally well organized. They are lawful, honest, and have fair (or better) morale. Cities and large towns have regular and frequent watch patrols in almost all districts. If anything, militias are overmanned, especially in the northern provinces. There is a good reason for this. The northern rulers in particular know that they must maintain their military strength, since the hordes of Iuz are capable of striking against them only a day's march away. Militias also have a second role of some importance in many places, especially in the northern provinces. If men have to be paid to watch and defend, they may as well work while they wait for the call to arms. They work on the repair and construction of walls, stockades, even castles. Those without real skills are not made to work as crude laborers, since this would be demeaning and affect their morale, so they are usually placed as overseers and foremen.

Furyondian militias can be stern and harsh. They are virtually always believed and supported by rulers, magistrates and judges. There is little doubt that some of them swagger a little around the darker districts of some towns, imposing their authority with rather too much zeal for most people's tastes. Adventurers would do well not to cross them.

The Dungeon Master should determine the strength of a militia patrol encountered by player characters according to the needs of the encounter and the campaign. Should characters become involved in a conflict with them, the local authorities will almost certainly side with the militia men in any legal dispute.

Trade, Taxes, and Money

The Big Picture

Belvor's coffers are administered by his Chancellor, Sir Rayman Delbeith, who is intelligent and scrupulous, but rather hidebound. Rayman tends to lurk within his rooms in Belvor's palace, behind an army of clerks and scribes, Belvor has four sources of direct funds. The first two are income from taxes on the people of Chendl, and two-thirds of the taxes and tithes paid by Dyvers to Furyondy (the remaining third goes to the Gold County, which originally included the lands of Dyvers). In addition, aid given by foreign nations (most notably Veluna) goes straight to the King's coffers. Finally, Belvor receives some monies from commercial taxes such as import duties, although most of these revenues go to the rulers of the provinces, who collect them.

Belvor uses these monies to administer the capital city, and the current repair costs are ruinous. He has to sustain his own army, garrisoned within it and on the surrounding lands. He also has to support Furyondy's ambassadors and representatives abroad. Belvor also has to finance the Furyondian Royal Navy, which is a major drain on the royal coffers.

In addition to his armed forces, Belvor has many other claims on his purse. He has to pay for men to support the Highfolk in the Vesve Forest, and he also pays the Mail Riders (see section on Transport below). In addition, Belvor acts as a conduit for funds used by others. He raises taxes from southern nobles to aid northern nobles in their desperate programs of castle building and mercenary recruitment. Belvor also uses his own personal monies to finance expeditions into the Yatils, seeking treasure for his coffers. By feudal right, Belvor can call on the armies of any and all of the provincial rulers in support of the Kingdom, but Belvor then has to pay in part for their services. The nobles, by law, have to make their forces available for two months and two days of every year to the King without compensation. The King may still require their services for much longer periods, but then Belvor has to pay their wages and upkeep. This applies to every single soldier Belvor draws from the armies of the provinces.

In the past, nobles argued that if their peasant levies were commandeered by the king, and if the nobles had to pay for their service, they would be bankrupted since their own tax income would be decimated. The argument was perfectly reasonable at the time. In these days, when Belvor has to commandeer some southern forces for the northern frontiers, it puts him in a desperately tough corner. This constant sparring and balancing with his nobles makes Belvor's job much more difficult.

Belvor can, by law, raise some taxes from his provincial rulers since he technically leases them their lands. He is entitled to some tithes, a Noble Tax (levied on men with a noble title granted by the King) and Land Tax levied on an estimate of the productive capacity of land), but the levels of these taxes, are relatively low. Belvor cannot revise them upwards without the effective agreement of the provincial rulers. He needs to do so, and can only use his powers of persuasion to get his own way. He has been able to get away with a special Capital Tax (to help rebuild Chendl) this year, but a further demand on his southern nobles will cause endless complaints and disruptions.

Adding to the problem, income from all these taxes has declined. As lands have been lost, the Land Tax on the northern provinces, along with tithe yields, have declined. This means that southern nobles pay a proportionately larger share of the total and have thus become more influential and difficult to deal with.

Ownership of Land

Furyondy's feudal model for ownership of land resembles modern subcontracting. Legally, Belvor owns all the lands of Furyondy. He grants the provinces to the Seven Families, who must pay him agreed taxes in return. They retain some land for themselves, and lease or grant land titles to minor nobles, freemen, clergy and the like. In turn, they collect taxes from these lesser landowners. Minor nobles may further lease land to freemen or farmers, but may not make land grants without the approval of the provincial ruler. Minor landholders have bailiffs and reeves who administer estates and collect taxes and tithes.

Coinage of the Realm

Furyondian merchants will accept coinage from other major states (Greyhawk, Veluna, Keoland, Nyrond, Urnst and Ulek states) as readily as Furyondian coin. Surcharges are not made for foreign coin, although the King is currently considering this step. Furyondy's own coinage uses the standard AD&D game conversion rates, and is of the following types: the (platinum) paladin, a round coin with an inscribed edge, bearing Furyondy's coat of arms on one side and a portrait of Belvor IV on the reverse; The (gold) wheatsheaf, a round coin (some old coins are slightly elliptical) with a sheaf of wheat on one side, and the reverse side blank; the (electrum) knight, an oval coin with one of a variety of knightly coats-of-arms on each side; the (silver) sheridan, bearing an engraving of a tower on one side and a crown on the reverse; and the (copper) common, bearing a coarse design of a horse's head on one side and a pair of crossed staves above a sack on the other. Furyondian coin is minted in Verbobonc under license from the Crown, since the metal used for the coins comes mostly from the Kron Hills.

Taxes, Taxes, and Yet More Taxes

Provincial rulers (and Belvor, within Chendl) can levy taxes more or less as they like. The level of taxation differs between provinces as shown in the gazetteer. The values given for taxes below are guidelines only, for several reasons. First, each Dungeon Master will need to adjust them to suit his or her own “gold standard” in the campaign. Second, figures may increase swiftly in the coming years, even months. Third, provinces differ as noted. However, it is safe to assume that any Furyondian has to pay an absolute minimum of 20% of his income in taxes and tithes. The following taxes are fairly common in all parts of Furyondy and their suggested values should be increased in most cases by the Tax Multiplier shown for each province in the gazetteer section:

Land, Hearth and Nobility Taxes: Just as Belvor taxes his Seven Families, they tax lesser nobles who administer part of their provinces (and even if they don’t). Land grants bring taxes or tithes of variable amounts. Being made a simple knight renders a person worthy of the honor liable to taxation of 10-50 gp per year. A count may pay 1,000 gp or more. Those with superior property (often those with a stone chimney in their home, a relative rarity) pay a hearth tax of 3-20 gp per year.

Commercial Taxes: Taxes are levied on imported goods, which go partly to Belvor, partly to the ruler of the province the goods are imported into. Harbor taxes are payable for ships in port at cities such as Willip, and a similar tax is owed for vessels headed down the Volverdyva into the border port of Baranford in the Duchy of the Reach. These taxes vary by the size of each ship, typically ranging from 10 sp to 4 gp per day. Some rivers and roads also have tolls which are charged by person, beast, or wagon. The typical rate is 1 cp per person, 2 cp per horse and 5 sp per wagon.

Licenses: If a Furyondian wants to follow a profession, he needs a license. Being licensed means having taxable income. Taxable professions include artisan, guildmember, moneylender, importer, even beggar (beggars make money, else they wouldn’t beg). These taxes are fixed by local rulers, and Dungeon Masters should determine these as they see fit. A moneylender in Chendl, for example; will have to pay a lot more than a humble village pawnbroker. A master artisan will pay much more than a journeyman who has just made the grade.

Tithes: Furyondy has very few serfs. Most farmers are freemen, working on their lord’s land. They pay very little tax, providing a tithe of goods instead. The percentage of their produce taken by the provincial ruler or one of his appointees varies from place to place. Take a base percentage of 15% and multiply this by the Tithe Modifier for the province. Tithes, rather than taxes, may also be payable by some skilled folk in some provinces or subregions. For example, a noble may demand of a tanner and shoemaker that he provide a certain number of pairs of boots for his soldiers each year; rather than paying coin in tax.

Special Taxes: There are Magical Item taxes of 2-30 gp per year. Freesword Taxes are 1 gp per quarter year. Foreign Resident Taxes are 2 sp per month up to 20 gp per year, depending on a foreigner’s trade. Inheritance Taxes are 5-30% of any inheritance. Luxury Taxes are 5-25% of the cost of a wide variety of luxury goods. There are many other types of taxes levied by local authorities too numerous or esoteric to mention here.

In game play, taxes may be used to harass adventurers, but may come into play in other ways. Characters may encounter NPCs ruined by taxes, seeking to sell information, and so on. Of course, no ruler wants to ruin his people by taxing them to death. But Furyondy’s need is great

Transport

Transport routes are the lifeblood of trade, and in this respect Furyondy is well placed. The great Volverdyva River is navigable throughout the land, and the Att is navigable as far north as Pantarn in the Viscounty of the Reach, and for some 30 or so miles beyond in very flat-bottomed, lightweight vessels. The Veng, however, is no longer used for trade vessels unless they are accompanied by Furyondian military vessels, due to the danger of marauding humanoids and worse on the eastern bank. This means that trade can no longer travel downriver from the northern provinces via the Crystal River and down to Nyr Dyv. Instead, it is forced to go by road to Chendl from either Baranford or Pantarn, increasing the cost of goods. Only valuable commodities, such as good wood, metals, gems and finer cloths are traded along these longer routes.

Furyondy’s main travel highways are in fair repair. The march of great armies along them has not helped, with stretches of road being churned into mud when horses, wagons and thousands of soldiers trudged through the winters and falls. However, primary roads shown on the map are trustworthy. Unfortunately, many stretches of the secondary roads are now nearly useless to wheeled travel. Farm wagons and the like are often found along these routes, stuck in mud, or with wheelaxles broken by rock, stone or pothole. Paying for road repair is simply beyond Furyondy’s resources.

Furyondy’s lands are rolling farm and grassland, and movement cost for strategic movement (Dungeon Master’s Guide, p.125) is 0.75 for cross-country. Along primary roads, it is 0.5, and along secondary roads 0.6. If wagons or similar transport are being used, there is a 1 in 6 chance per 10 mile stretch of road of a major obstacle such as mud slew or pothole being encountered. This does not apply to any mill road, since these are privately repaired. Settlements tend to cluster along the roads. At intervals of 5-8 miles along primary roads, and 10-12 miles along secondary roads, there will be a small hamlet or at least a coaching inn.

The Mail Riders

Furyondy has some 80 lightly armored Mail Riders, who use the network of primary and secondary roads to convey letters between major towns and cities. They ride tough light warhorses, and usually travel in groups of two or three riders. It is common knowledge that they do not carry valuables. Most are war veterans, some work as trainers of village militias on Freedays, and all wear Belvor's coat of arms with pride. Fees for ordinary letters dispatched are 1 sp per map hex traveled by road, plus 5 cp per map hex traveled by river. Riverboats are used where possible. The most important Mail Rider networks are along the roads out of Chendl, Libernen and Willip, where river traffic doesn't follow alternative routes.

Commerce and Trade

Furyondy's natural resources include cloth, food, wines, fish, and a little gold from the mines of Carnalion. The country has virtually no great tracts of forest. The tiny Dapple Wood yields very little while the northernmost spur of the Gnarley Forest, north of the Volverdyva, is likewise quite small. Trade within Furyondy is not greatly developed. Most communities grow enough food to feed themselves and do not need to import more, save for cities where the goods of artisans are traded for the food the city needs. The market town of Pantarn is the major internal trade center for most of central Furyondy.

What is most important to the Kingdom is trading with other nations. Furyondy is a grain basket, a fertile land, and its grain, livestock and cloth are needed by many nations not so blessed. The trade route via the Highfolk to Perrenland is vital to both nations. This route supplies copper precious metals and luxury goods such as fine cheese. There is also a considerable trade with the Velunese, across the Volverdyva River. Trade from Willip and other southern cities to Dyvers, Greyhawk, and across the Nyr Dyv to Urnst, and with Verbobonc (and on to the Kron Hills) is also part of Furyondy's lifeblood. From these lands, Furyondy acquires wood (from the Vesve), metals, weaponry, mercenaries, worked goods, tools and the like. Since the wars, Furyondy's exports have decreased, and these trade contacts have become even more important. The prices of goods within Furyondy exceed those given in the Player's Handbook by a base figure of 5% for everything except food and simple items of clothing. This is in addition to any adjustment the Dungeon Master uses in his campaign. In the northern provinces of Kalinstren and Crystalreach, this margin is +15%, and food and clothing are 5% more expensive than in the Player's Handbook. Weapons and armor are 50% more expensive than Player's Handbook prices, since the armies of the land keep armorers busy around the clock.

Because times are hard in Furyondy, and the people are resourceful, the nature of trade is beginning to change. In the past, the natural fertility of the kingdom's land made its citizens a little lazy. Now, more honest Furyondians are becoming innovative, trying new approaches. A simple example can be found in the Gold County, where Countess Rhavelle has an small, expert team of rangers with animal husbandry proficiency who are breeding very fine warhorses. When the foals mature, she should be able to sell them for high prices in Veluna and Verbobonc. In the meanwhile, she has to fight off the King's attempts to extract a tithe of these fine animals.

In some areas, less honest practices flourish. Weevil-ridden root crops may be sold, disguised beneath a covering layer of fine turnips, beets, or parsnips. An unscrupulous farmer may not sell these damaged goods to anyone he knows, but strangers are considered fair game: Buyers of goods at markets need to look closely at what they are haggling over these days.

Furyondy: Power and People

The previous chapter gave basic details of Furyondy's king and provincial rulers. This chapter describes the relations the country has with other states, a brief look at the state of its armies and navy, and important power groups in the Kingdom other than the Seven Families. These include clerical groups, mages, the Knights of the Hart and their others. Finally, a look at the common folk of Furyondy; artisan and peasant, weary militiaman, the exiles who have made their homes here. What is their life like, and how do they get by day to day!

Furyondy and Other Nations

Furyondy is very active in diplomacy. Belvor IV seeks to forge alliances with every Good-aligned state in the central Flanaess, and to extract all the aid he can for his own nation. Furyondy's relations with the following nations are of note:

Veluna: Veluna is Furyondy's number one most important ally. Ambassador Canon Gellain is warmly received by Belvor at all times. Veluna props up Furyondy with aid, including money, Velunese militia stationed in Highfolk and Chendl, goods, and information gathered for the king by its peerless seers and sages. Veluna knows that if Furyondy were to fall to Iuz, Veluna would be next, sandwiched between Iuz and the Ketites, who allied with the evil demigod during the war. Furyondy's ambassador in Mitrik, Count Paralen Isenben, is a distant cousin of Belvor and is reputedly an outstanding diplomat.

The closeness of this alliance causes Belvor some problems. There is no doubt that Gellain is a somewhat overbearing man, whose influence is often credited for the very generous treatment Rao's churches and temples receive in Chendl and elsewhere. There is resentment and muttering about Furyondy's king bowing down to some foreign priest. Baron Kalinstren is very vocal on this point. As an ardent convert to the chaotic faith of Trithereon, his barbs cause genuine friction at the Noble Council when Gellain attends. There

is, of course, a tragic element of recent Veluna-Furyondy history. Belvor's son by his first wife, young Prince Avras, was to have been married to the landowning priestess Jolene of Veluna. There were even plans for uniting the nations, with the Archcleric of Veluna City ruling in matters spiritual and King Avras IV in matters temporal after Belvor's long reign came to a close. The Prince was abducted shortly before the wars began. Supposedly, this was done by agents of the Scarlet Brotherhood, but Belvor's determined searching for such agents has yielded only the smallest evidence of Brotherhood involvement. Magical scrying has suggested to Belvor that his son is dead, and the king's energies are now thrown wholly into rebuilding his nation.

Greyhawk: Greyhawk is important to Furyondy in many ways. First, Greyhawk secretly subsidizes the Furyondian Royal Navy squadrons on the Nyr Dyv. This is kept secret, with the Furyondian ambassador Elskan Samarade bemoaning in public the refusal of Nerof Gasgal and his Directors of the Free City to give Furyondy help. Second, Greyhawk City is a vital importer of Furyondian food and cloth. Third, as part of the Pact of Greyhawk, all the major players in the continent's political games have ambassadors in Greyhawk. This is where Furyondian agents can keep an eye on representatives of powers such as Aerdi, Iuz, and the Scarlet Brotherhood, who have no ambassadors in Furyondy. Belvor takes care to keep a careful eye on events in the Free City, and relations are good.

Ket: Furyondy has come to an unspoken understanding with Ket. The Ketites can keep Bissel, which they annexed during the war, but if Ket tries to advance one inch farther, into Veluna or the Gran March, Furyondy will come to the aid of the country attacked. Relations between the states are neutral, and the ambassadors of each state are treated as lowly and of little import by the other.

The Gran March: Furyondy's relations with Ket place Belvor in a difficult position when dealing with the Gran March. The Gran March's ambassador, Sir Shalden Kerreck, is very influential, not just in Gran March but also in the Ulek states, who are friendly to Furyondy. Shalden makes no bones of his dislike of Furyondy's acceptance of the annexation of Bissel as a fait-accomplis. The Gran March is home to many Bisselite exiles, and there is a strong desire to see Bissel free again. Belvor has to work hard to reassure Shalden privately that freeing Bissel is a long term goal, but that both nations' current interests lie elsewhere. Usually, he unfolds a map of the Flanaess and points out the relative sizes of Bissel and the other lands lost to Iuz during the wars. The point is well taken. Generally, relations between the states are good.

The Ulek States: Volunteers from Ulek fought in Furyondy during the Greyhawk Wars, and the three nations would certainly have marched to war against Iuz if not for the triple assault from Pomarj, Ket and the Crystalmists, which devoured Sterich, Geoff, Bissel, and part of the Principality of Ulek itself. Relations between Furyondy and all of the Ulek states are warm. Each of the three states is represented by its own ambassador. The County of Ulek, the richest state, provides some aid for Furyondy in the form of goods supplied at subsidized prices. The County of Ulek's ambassador, the mercurial Lady Janzer Kahluat, is a bright star in the royal courts of Chendl. Relations with the Duchy of Ulek are more ambivalent. This is because the duchy has strong ties with Celene, which is a nation deeply resented by Furyondy for its failure to help other Good nations during the Greyhawk Wars. The Duchy of Ulek has to cope with powerful nobles within its own borders who strive to support the Knights of Luna, who are opposed to Queen Yolande of Celene and the Furyondy/Veluna alliance. For these reasons, the Duchy's true diplomatic goals are often nebulous, and the words of its high elf ambassador Schufellern Laurern vague or ambiguous. But this elven lands strong feelings of kinship for the Highfolk guarantees its friendship with Furyondy.

The Urnst States: The County of Urnst is openly friendly to Furyondy and the navies of the two nations cooperate in patrolling the Nyr Dyv. Both Duchy and County supply aid to Furyondy, but only a meager trickle since they are the only major supporter of Nyrond, whose need appears greater to them than that of Furyondy. Belvor has worked hard to bring the ambassadors of the Urnst and Ulek states together, to form an alliance of "aid-providing" states, and beneath the glittering chandeliers of his palatial chambers of state, he is beginning to have some success.

Keoland: The kingdoms of Keoland and Furyondy are grudging allies. Keoland has no love of Furyondy, dating back to the Short Wars. This elderly kingdom has retreated into an isolationism which definitely doesn't see Furyondy as important. Keoland strives to secure its borders, looking to Ulek, Gran March and the Yeomanry as the focus of its diplomatic efforts. Certainly, Keoland might have given more support to Furyondy if it had not been beset with its own troubles, including the fall of the Sea Princes. Despite Belvor's attempts to court the Keolandish ambassador, Pentari Skinnam, relations are formal and cool.

Highfolk: After Veluna, Furyondy is concerned more with the Highfolk than with any other land. Furyondians and Highfolk know their fates are intertwined. The chapter on the Highfolk and the Vesve gives more details.

Nyrond: Nyrond and Furyondy are very well disposed to each other, but do little more than exchange information and kind words. Furyondy is in no position to give aid to Nyrond, though Belvor makes a point of urging the Urnst ambassadors to give all they can to the stricken eastern nation.

Furyondy does not have formal political ties with other nations. Furyondy was a signatory to the Pact of Greyhawk with Iuz, Aerdy and the Scarlet Brotherhood but has no diplomatic ties with them. Neither does it have formal links with Perrenland, despite the importance of trade there. It leaves relations with Perrenland to the discretion of the Highfolk.

The Military in Furyondy

Gazetteer sections on the provinces give details of unit strengths and numbers for individual armies and navies. This section is an overview of how the military might of the land is organized and what strength remains.

Belvor has always maintained the House Regiment at Chendl, a force of heavy infantry which numbered 150 men before the wars and is now 400 strong. In addition, the town Watch-militia are skilled light infantry, veterans of the epic siege of Chendl during the war. Belvor also has mercenary forces stationed in Chendl. These include a few Vesve woodsmen, and a contingent of Velunese soldiers.

By tradition, the noble ruler of each province has always maintained a small standing army. Before the war, the total standing forces were roughly 6,000 for the entire Kingdom. Most provinces tend to have a specialist troop type which was a pride of the province. The heavy cavalry of The March and Littleberg were fierce rivals. The stamina of “The Booters” (or “Bootmen”) of the Reach was legendary. These light infantry were said to march 30 miles a day, and then wake smiling at dawn and put their boots back on ready to march again.

Matters have changed drastically since the wars. Nobles maintain larger standing forces, especially in the north. These troops are expected to perform other duties like serving as militia and work crews to help pay for their keep. Most of the veteran soldiers are war weary. Their morale is fair, but most have seen too much bloody death and carnage to have any taste for more. The veteran fighting men need rest and relief, and their officers know it. These are valued troops, and they are in short supply. The defense of cities and castles can hardly be left to novices.

Peasant levies are ready for mobilization at a few hours notice. They are poorly armed and armored, but their morale is fair and they are determined. Most villages have all able-bodied folk conducting some kind of military exercise at least once per month, on Freeday, with an instructor from the nearest castle or garrison. Furyondy’s problem is not so much that it does not have able-bodied men and women ready to fight; rather, the war cost this nation the heart of its veteran armies. It is quality that is lost to Furyondy now.

When Furyondy’s armies next take the field, they may be under a new kind of organization. Belvor is using all of his influence and negotiating skills to place the armies of his nobles under his legal control for longer than the traditional two months each year. His basic aim is to transfer southern troops north to help the Highfolk and protect the border while fortifications are built, driving off the humanoid skirmishes there. Since this represents a major loss of noble prerogatives and power, the noble families are resisting this effort.

Belvor is trying to take advantage of a change made during the war years when the Furyondian armies were unified under a Grand Marshal (at the time, one of Belvor’s own generals). Very cunningly, Belvor appointed Baron Jemian of the powerful Barony of Littleberg as his Grand Marshal, with a fine show of pomp and ceremony. Littleberg is a central province, neither north nor south, and Belvor hopes to bridge the gap with this sly maneuver. Jemian is a highly honored guest in Chendl, where Belvor expresses admiration for his sound ideas on defense, constructions and military organization.

The Furyondian Royal Navy has its major base at Willip. The Willip Arsenal is the most impressive dockyard in all of the Flanaess, and its survival is a major part of Furyondy’s remaining military strength. Although most of the Whyestil Squadrons were sunk by Iuz’s forces, the Willip Squadrons are still strong and powerful on the Nyr Dyv. Financing the Navy is a real drain for Belvor, but it has to be done, and Urnst and Greyhawk both help with this.

Folks and Factions

Individual NPCs of note are described in the Gazetteer and Characters chapters, but there are some powerful alliances within Furyondy other than the provincial rulers who are worthy of note. The most important are described below.

The Knights of the Hart

The Knights of the Order of the Hart were founded long ago, during the early the time that Furyondy began allowing its vassal states their independence. The exact date of the order’s founding is known to very few, since the order remained secret for decades. The central goal of this organization is to ensure that the three good-aligned Flanaess lands of Furyondy, Highfolk and Veluna retain their freedom, alliance, and purpose. The Knights of the Hart have no formal leaders, and each knight is free to act alone or with other knights as their conscience and honor direct. Traditionally, Ket was seen as a major threat to this alliance, but now Iuz is the greatest enemy.

Originally, the Knights were organized as a vanguard which could be ready at a moment’s notice to fight for the three states, which had relatively weak armies without central command. Given that troop organization is much better after the lessons of war have been learned, the role of the Knights has changed somewhat. They retain their dedication to readiness to arms, but they are also concerned with diplomacy and trade.

In their protective role, the Knights of the Hart gather funds through all available sources to build defenses. These include castles, moats, stockades, palisade walls, watchtowers and whatever else can be afforded and is needed. They use their own personal contacts, the resources of lands they hold as personal fiefs, and some have even learned skills of trade to make money (see the entry for Lemajen Sterrich in *From The Ashes*, Campaign Book).

Diplomatically, they have a minor role in the Knightly Conclave in Chendl for the simple reason that they wish to keep a low profile as an organization, and they particularly do not wish to be seen as mere agents of the king. By contrast, the Knights are much more politically active in Veluna. They take part in state fundraising, and deal with powerful diplomats and priests, learning all they can from Velunese sages and scholars.

There are three branches of the Order of Knights of the Hart, as follows:

Knights of Furyondy: There are 125 surviving members of this branch of the order. Nearly 50 were slain in the war. This group is mostly concerned with protecting and defending Furyondy, but there are schisms. Some Knights argue that the southern shore of the Whyestil Lake is a much more defensible boundary than the current land border with Iuz and argue for an offensive to recapture lost land. Other Knights argue that annexing Dyvers and its lands, including Verbobonc would bring in more desperately needed revenue for the Kingdom. The Knights most certainly do not see eye to eye with Belvor on all matters of policy, and there is hostility on one particular count. The Knights of the Hart generally regard the Knights of Holy Shielding, the Shield Land émigrés, with contempt. They regard the stupidity of the Shield Land leaders during the war as culpable, and consider the Knights of Holy Shielding witless intruders. Some are incensed that Belvor made Count Artur Jakartai (a very powerful Knight of Holy Shielding) ruler of Crystalreach, and have expressed their discontent to Belvor in person and in the Knightly Conclave.

Because the Furyondy branch of the Knights of the Hart are powerful as landholders, maintainers of armies, and defenders of the land, Belvor takes great care to listen to their words. They wield considerable power and influence in the kingdom, despite always staying behind the scenes.

Knights of Veluna: There are some 70 members of this branch, the large majority being powerful fighters (70% are 7th level or higher). This group is powerful and politically active. Because their martial power is respected, they have a large influence on the state affairs of Veluna. Some of the Knights of Veluna are also active outside of Veluna's borders, funding mercenaries sent to aid Furyondy or the Highfolk.

Knights of the High Forest: The Highfolk branch of the knightly order is unique, for only elves are admitted. It numbers only 30 members. The Knights of the High Forest are deeply involved in the stealthy and savage warfare which continues in the Vesve Forest. They also act to protect the trade route from Furyondy through Highfolk land to Perrenland.

The three branches of the Knights of the Hart cooperate fully and are in constant communication, including long-distance magical communication between the most powerful members using specially attuned crystal balls with telepathy.

To become a Knight of the Hart, one must be invited by agreement of a majority of the relevant branch. A candidate must be a freeman or freewoman who has shown, by some heroic deed, his or her concern for the welfare of the states the Knights are dedicated to uphold and defend. Except for the Knights of Veluna, where some fighting priests have been accepted into the Order in recent years, the candidate must be a seasoned warrior (fighter, ranger or paladin). The large majority of Furyondy and Velunese Knights are human, but this just reflects the lack of demihumans in the native populations of these nations.

The "deed" must be impressive. It might be slaying a greater or true fiend, saving comrades against great odds, serving long and valorously during the war, or the like. Social status is not important, and membership is not limited to nobles. A poor but brave fighter becoming a Knight of the Hart often is offered service with a rich Knight, acting as a leader of household troops or in some similar capacity.

Knights of the Hart are scattered throughout Furyondy. The "Gazetteer" and "Characters" chapters include several. The agenda of the Knights is clear, and they act by their own lights in pursuing their goals.

Priesthoods

Traditionally, Furyondy has not been a nation of deeply religious people. The ease of life, and the peace which lay over the land, did not dispose folk to beseech the Powers for protection or sustenance. The simple faith of Beory, though her priesthood is small, was the most welcome to common people. After the war, matters are rather different, and certain priesthoods are growing in influence in Furyondy. The most important are:

St. Cuthbert: This deity and his priests find the greatest share of their following among the common folk, who revere the deity's protective aspect and like the no nonsense, common sense approach of his priests. This priesthood is beginning to take precedence over that of Beory in the affections of ordinary people, especially in rural areas.

Local community priests of St. Cuthbert are practical men and women. During the week, there is little to distinguish them from ordinary folk toiling in the fields. Only on days of rest and worship do they don their priestly apparel to lecture their flocks. Nobles and powerful fighters do not take after St. Cuthbert much, snobbishly regarding the faith as somewhat vulgar. Nonetheless, St. Cuthbert's Overseer in Chendl, the formidable Redankin Desmart, tweaks ears among the powerful. They know he speaks the feelings of the people, and they know that he is honest if not exactly diplomatic. St. Cuthbert's priests plead caution. The ordinary people have suffered enough. Furyondy needs rebuilding and peace. They urge vigilance against Iuz, but vigilance in defense.

Heironeous: The king and the warrior elite officially (especially officers and paladins) adhere to this faith. Heironeous' temples are the largest in most northern cities, and the faith has a strong appeal for the common soldier. Heironeous' High Priest Garaeth Heldenster is a great war hero known to almost everyone in Furyondy. Tales of his valor on the northern battle front are almost endless. He is an ardent ; supporter of Belvor and a powerful ally in Belvor's political struggles. Belvor sends Garaeth on tours of the Barony of Kalinstren to inspire workers and soldiers. Since Garaeth's message is to prepare the defenses and protect the land, this helps counter the ruling Baron's expressed preference for building up strength for war to reclaim the lost lands.

Mayaheine: This deity, very new to Oerik, is gaining many adherents among the most intelligent of the elite fighting men. Her blend of protective strength and warrior-on-ramparts-during-the-siege imagery is a powerful emotional tug at the heartstrings of such people. Partly because she is new to Oerth, she seems to offer new hope, a chance to break the cycle of Furyondy's adversity. Those converted to her faith show true zeal. Her affinity with Pelor, always a very popular (if not diligently revered) deity of ordinary folk, has helped establish her cult. Belvor and most of his provincial rulers are happy with this, for Mayaheine's priests encourage rebuilding of northern defenses and full alliance with the Highfolk.

Rao: Rao's priesthood enjoys disproportionate influence at Belvor's court and among some provincial rulers, not least because of Velunese influence. Often, powerful men listen to Rao's priests rather sullenly, but listen they must. These men are wise. Veluna is Furyondy's banker and Rao is widely revered there. Canon Vendenn of Chendl is a powerful voice, a good friend of the Velunese ambassador. Canon Schyendorf of the Gold County is a rising star of this priesthood. Her words are much appreciated by Belvor, since she urges Countess Rhavelle to harmony of purpose with other provincial rulers. Rao is no deity of peasant or warrior, but his priests' urging to careful thought and planning and against hasty action often dovetail with those of St. Cuthbert's priests, and the two get on better in Furyondy than they often do elsewhere.

Trithereon: Trithereon's priesthood is a headache for everyone else. This chaotic, vengeful deity has a priesthood which constantly urges battle and struggle to recover lost northern lands. Baron Kalinstren is a convert to the faith, and several powerful Knights of the Hart revere Trithereon also. This faith appeals to hotheads, but also to those warriors who lost friends and loved ones in the war, and there are plenty of them. Priests of the faith tour the land, stirring up trouble and preaching the need for Furyondy to be ready for war again. That message may go down well, especially in the north, if the preacher is charismatic. Belvor and his advisers find Trithereon's brilliant young Master Priestess Cataryna a real thorn in their sides .

Zilchus: The priesthood of Zilchus is not very powerful, but it exercises a subtle influence at many levels of Furyondian society. Humble merchants and those who merely sell a little of their surplus produce for a few silvers at the end of the week offer a copper or two to the local shrine or temple. Moneylenders and major merchants of the land also look to this priesthood and faith to protect their interests. In a nation which needs trade badly, and which has economic problems, Zilchus is a deity certainly worth beseeching. The priesthood of Zilchus urges Belvor not to go to war to recover the lost northern lands. But at the same time, they also urge him to be firm in his alliance with the Highfolk, to support trade through Highvale. Zilchus' priests are also well-disposed towards Veluna, since Velunese trade is lucrative and Velunese merchants are honest men.

The main role of this priesthood is as a stabilizing factor, almost a reassuring element, in Furyondian life. Trade, business, making a living, these all still go on a daily basis. There is something simple, easily understood and reassuring about that to everyone from Belvor to the humblest peasant with a copper common in his pocket.

Guilds

Furyondy does not have many large and powerful guilds. This is simply because the vast majority of people live off the land, as peasants and farmers. Furyondy has relatively few artisans and professionals. Its cities are not populous; Chendl, for instance, is the capital, but boasts only about 13,000 people. Thus, guild representatives in the Knightly Conclave are not politically powerful. There are a handful of exceptions to this general picture. For instance, the Guild of Master Shipwrights is powerful in the Willip Arsenal and given the members' vital role as naval engineers, Belvor listens to their views carefully.

Guilds' power lies in their internal regulation. Guilds protect their privileges jealously. A master artisan selects a young boy or girl he considers to have some worthwhile natural skill, and if the family agrees, the child becomes an apprentice. Training is hard and lengthy. An apprentice may labor up to seven years before becoming a journeyman. Only around a fifth of all journeymen become masters. When the master deems fit, the journeyman is asked to produce a piece of work to the master's specification. This might be a fine illuminated manuscript, an exceptional set of saddling gear, etc., as befits the nature of the trade. This work is known as the journeyman's "masterpiece." If the guild masters deem the work good enough, the journeyman becomes a young master, allowed to apply for a license to set up his own workshop. Some guilds are dominated, in some cities, by one family whose members restrict master status virtually to their own kin.

Mages and Sages

Furyondy has not, in the last century or so, been a nation rich in wizardry or sages. It didn't need to be. While Furyondy's knowledge and magical strength was once renowned throughout the Flanaess, these fell into decline. Veluna's famous sages acted as a listening-post for Furyondy, the King and other rulers maintaining a handful of their own experts to check the information passed on to them

from Mitrik. Furyondian sages tended to become, increasingly, members of wealthy families who took up some arcane field of study for purely self-indulgent reasons.

Likewise, magecraft has slowly diminished in Furyondy. In an open, rolling, rich and fertile land, most life is earthy, the pulse of life linked to the seasons. Furyondy has fine fighting men, rangers, priests of simpler faiths, but has not, at least in recent times, been renowned for its wizards.

Since the wars, circumstances have changed somewhat. Magic is very powerful, particularly in rebuilding shattered cities and defenses. Spells as humble as Tenser's floating disc, levitate and strength all have obvious roles in helping to speed up building work. At a more exalted level, the crucial role of the Elementalist Karzalin in the defense of Chendl impressed Belvor greatly, and the newly established Chamber of Four, which takes its name from the room where they meet, and the number of elements they command, is an influential advisory group for the king. Provincial rulers have influential wizards in their own courts, too. Elven fighter-mages from the Highfolk have also visited the northern provinces, looking for possible apprentices worthy of tutoring. Furyondian nobles have representatives in Dyvers, Verbobonc, Mitrik, Greyhawk City and further afield, recruiting suitable wizards for rebuilding work, while at home they seek children who may become promising apprentices. Once, a wealthy family in Furyondy would not wish a child to be trained in magic. This was somehow inferior to the pursuit of learning, art, culture or a priesthood. Not so today! Wizard characters in Furyondy will not want for patrons wishing to employ their talents.

A Day in the Life

Furyondy's cities are small and the majority of its people make a living by farming. Some are almost serfs (in the Viscounty of the March), some are freemen with small tracts of land leased by their lord in return for a tithe; a few, especially in the Duchy of the Reach, are landholders in their own right, still liable for taxation and conscription into the provincial ruler's army in times of need. How do these people live? The picture sketched below is an account of Furyondian life before the wars, and the essence of this remains.

A farming life in Furyondy is not as harsh as in many lands. The land is generally fertile, the climate warm and temperate, wetter in the west, and the great river basins ensure good irrigation. A working day varies with the season, but is usually ten hours in length. Most farmers use oxen or even cattle to till lands, but a few freemen are wealthy enough to own horses. Children scurry around working from a very early age.

Even a three-year-old can help feed chickens. Formal education is uncommon, depending on the provincial ruler, whether the local priest is literate (some of St. Cuthbert's hamlet and small-village priests are not), and other chance circumstance. Many small farmers share large barns, wagons and the like, joining together in community farming efforts. Life is still good in Furyondy.

The homes of common folk are mostly made of wood, from the Gnarlley or the Vesve or imported from farther afield. Some houses are made of stone, especially those of people who live close by a stone quarry or are well off. Stone chimneys are rare, so most cooking is done by boiling or spit-roasting in simple earth pits. Some villages have pie makers, who have a chimney and oven. Other locals take meat, fowl (birds from herons to blackbirds are eaten) and other ingredients to be baked for a copper common or two or for some bartered goods. Cheese and curd making is common in many households, often using the milk from a foraging goat. Furyondy has few woods, but the tough galdarn bush yields a rich harvest of berries in the fall and the galda-like fruit makes good jam, pies, and bottled preserves.

That's how most of Furyondy lived day to day, and the ease of living made Furyondians a fairly happy and generous people. They tended to trust people readily, although they were common sense folk and not easily duped. Furyondians had a basic faith in the honesty and fairness of most people they met. Having Veluna and the Highfolk for neighbors engendered such trust and good natured cheer.

Since the war, Furyondians are more serious and troubled folk. Most have lost someone they cared for. Don't forget that nearly ten percent of this nation's population died in battle. This has sobered and toughened them. They believe war will come again. Next time it will be a fight to the finish. A few Furyondians are plunged into despair, but most are readying their defenses, eager to learn fighting skills in village and hamlet militias. Morale is generally still good outside of the northern provinces (see the gazetteer entries). And, while some Furyondians favor sharp practice in dealing with outsiders, most are still tolerant of foreigners. They are wary. Villages which can afford it have palisade walls and stockades under construction, or at least earthwork defenses. But Furyondians have one great advantage: they know who their enemy is. They know evil lies to the north. Everyone else is a potential ally, or so most Furyondians believe still. Iuz has slain a tenth of this people, but he has not broken their hearts and wills.

Exiles

Furyondy is home to over 15,000 people who have fled here from their own, conquered homelands. Around 11,000 of these are Shield Landers who, by and large, have integrated well. Around 2,000 of them are troops, most of them having fought for Furyondy during the Wars, so native Furyondians have tolerance and respect for these folk. Shield Landers tend to be hard working, but not terribly adaptable, so often they work in jobs which are below their level of ability. Other exiles have arrived from Nyron, Bissel, the Lost Lands or the Bandit Kingdoms, in much smaller numbers. Furyondy is fortunate that these immigrants have been accepted, and appear to accept their new home.

City Life

City dwellers in Furyondy are generally a more formal and serious group of people. Furyondian cities have traditionally been rich, centers of arts and culture. City designs have been beautiful, with many open spaces, gardens and herb-scented bowers. Furyondian city folk consider themselves on a par with Velunese in this respect. There is also a very subtle snobbery endemic within cities. Minor differences in social rank, and constantly changing fashions in clothing, musical preferences and artistic taste count for a great deal in social interaction. In campaigns set in Furyondy, the etiquette proficiency should count for much in city adventures!

A Gazetteer of Furyondy

This gazetteer divides Furyondy into its seven provinces, plus Chendl. More detail is given for the northern provinces, since these are the lands where the forces of Iuz lurk across a land border and where danger is greatest. They are also the lands where the opportunity for adventure is best. Some of these northern provinces have clawed land back from Iuz at the end of the war. There are old battlefields, still unburied bones, rusting orcish armor piles, razed sites of battle, and burned woodland. These lands are grim indeed! Significant NPCs referred to in the gazetteer are detailed in the “Characters and Forces” section.

Barony of Kalinstren

Pop: 31,000

Capital: Redoubt (pop. 5,600)

Standing Army: 7,200 (plus 1,200 seconded from other provinces)

Tax Multiplier: 1.6

Tithe Multiplier: 2.0

Ruler: Baron Kalinstren

Well over half of this barony was lost to Iuz during the war, including the old capital at Crockport. Its ruler is the foremost advocate of relaunching war against Iuz, and there are more skirmish battles fought here than anywhere else in Furyondy. Kalinstren, a devotee of Trithereon, has few friends in Belvor's court or among his fellow nobles. Only Jakartai of Crystalreach is on good terms with him. Kalinstren's uncompromising attitude does not do his cause any good, and even Belvor wouldn't be sorry if the Baron perished in one of his forays.

The ordinary folk of this province live in a state of chronic tension and fear. They are jumpy, nervous people who try to avoid contact with anyone they do not know. Morale is not poor, for the growth of defenses here is rapid. However, many people have relatives who disappeared into the clutches of Iuz's forces during the war, and their nightmares about their fates haunt them. This is hardly a happy land.

Defenses

While Kalinstren prepares for war again, he is also seeing to the construction of defenses along the Flare Line between Morsten and Castle Ehlenestra (see the main map). Kalinstren considers fortifications to be bases for soldiers who will be trained for war, and Belvor and Jakartai consider that diverting Kalinstren's energies into overseeing this work helps keep him balanced. Also, Kalinstren must regularly communicate with Jakartai's advisers since the Flare Line stretches across Crystalreach also, and work on it must be coordinated.

Along the line shown on the map, work is constantly in progress erecting earthwork defenses, including deep ditches, bunkers, and barriers. Every four miles or so, a fortified militia camp, garrisoned by 50 men, is being constructed. Each of these strong points will have a 30 foot flagpole which will be used in communications. Kalinstren has mages at work here, using dig spells to construct the defenses and variant, colored continual light spells to erect a system of signaling beacons (This idea has been taken from reports of the Selintan Beacons. See *From The Ashes*, Campaign Book).

Count Jakartai also helps by placing his dwarven engineer, Curtlem the Calloused, at the disposal of the engineers overseeing work here for one week each month. Each militia group has at least one elf or half-elf, mostly from the Vesve, so that infravision can be used for nighttime watch. In addition, each camp has 2d8 war dogs. The “Characters and Forces” section gives more details on the troops themselves.

. . . and More Defenses

Dungeon Masters are encouraged to add detail as they wish. Magical defenses will tend to be used when needed. For example, if forces from a castle are about to strike into Iuz's conquered domain, priests will be ready to cover the retreat of a raiding party with spells such as spike stones and heat metal cast on metal-tipped spears embedded into earthworks. Mages can use similar and additional spells. However, spells such as stone shape or wall of stone are not generally used in rebuilding defenses except as temporary expediting measures. A simple dispel magic from an enemy can wreak havoc on such constructions!

Across the Border

The forces of Iuz are detailed further in *Iuz the Evil*, but a general description is given here.

The area a mile or so on both sides of Furyondy's northern border is a "no-man's land." Neither side dares to send out regular patrols into this area where hostile encounters are very likely. Iuz's soldiers in the conquered portion of the barony are mostly orcish, with a handful of orog leaders and low- to mid-level priests who keep well away from the border. The forces of Evil have not yet begun to fortify their own side of the border. The Razing Line (shown on the map) is a notable exception. The Razing Line is a quarter mile wide zone which priests of Iuz have defoliated and blasted into barren, dead soil with fire and acid. Belvor's court sages have warned him that this destruction has one specific purpose. Somehow, although Belvor's sages are not certain about the details, this dead ground will enable Iuz's priests to animate dead more effectively than their spells would normally allow. As if yet, no manifestation of this enhanced power is clear.

The orc soldiers facing the barony's northern border are estimated at 4,000 not including the garrison of Crockport. Their morale and organization under the orogs appears good. These orcs seldom stage significant forays into Furyondy. They appear to be biding their time. Raids by Furyondian forces usually bring retaliatory attacks by warbands of 200 to 300 orcs.

Magically created and controlled monsters are frequently encountered along the border. The mage Cryennik, stationed in Crockport, uses charm monster spells and despatches these controlled beasts southward to cause mayhem with ferocious random attacks.

Cryennik has some way of summoning highly magical monsters such as manticores and chimerae which can cause significant loss of life when they attack. On one occasion, Furyondy's northern defenders were even attacked by a summoned dracolisk. Because these monsters often fly, they can strike behind defensive lines, striking terror into the barony's common folk.

Locations and Settlements

Brancast Keep

Brancast Keep is a new castle, still under construction. It stands across the river from the village of Brancast where trading vessels which have negotiated the Crystal River provide supplies for the Barony from the eastern edge of the kingdom. There are 200 militia soldiers and 250 laborers garrisoned here. The keep is planned as a logistics base, the anchor of supply routes to the beleaguered boundary lands. The militia is posted here to rest between more arduous periods of service along the Flare Line. This is a good place to meet soldiers who have just seen the horrors of the border zone first hand.

Castle Ehlenestra

Castle Ehlenestra marks the western boundary of the Flare Line. The castle gets its name from an Old Elvish variant of the name of the goddess Ehlonna. The castle's construction is unusual, with a stone wall surrounding internal buildings made of fine Vesve wood. The garrison of the castle is a force of 400 militia soldiers, drawn from the Vesve woodsmen.

Next to the castle is an area of roughly two square miles surrounded by a high wooden wall. Inside the wall is very wild woodland, which contains powerful illusion spells. This woodland is home to a collection of faerie creatures. The most important are brownies, who act as spies and messengers in concert with brownies within the Vesve. They also deal with beastmen, who are more ready to trust such small folk than they are to trust humans.

First-time visitors to the castle are often astounded by the sight of whole packs of canines wandering inside its walls. The tyrgs of the castle are very famous. Mist wolves visit at night, somehow mixing with the powerful spotted dogs without causing barking matches or aggression.

These creatures are the servants of the lady of the castle, the ranger Sharnalem, a swanmay Knight of the Hart. She has magical ability to control canines. Her tyrgs are trained to sniff out orcs and other goblinoids and to attack them on sight. These animals gain +1 to all attack and damage rolls versus goblinoids. Sharnalem is known to have many friends among the Highfolk. While she is a shy and elusive woman her gifts of tyrgs to Kalinstren have earned his gratitude. Kalinstren also values the role of this castle as a recruiting post. Warriors looking to aid in the defense of the barony and the Vesve often come here for help and advice. Sharnalem is wise, and has priests of Corellon and Ehlonna among her valued and well informed advisers.

Crockport

Before the wars, Crockport was a prosperous town of 9,000 souls. Today, Crockport is the headquarters of Iuz's officers and priests, who oversee the war of terror which rages south to the Crystal and east to the Veng. Iuz always stations one of his Boneheart, the innermost group of his minions, in Crockport.

The present ruler of Crockport is the young, cruelly brilliant High Priest Xenvelen., who distinguished himself in the Furyondian theater of war. Xenvelen favors biding his time, building resources, and then delivering sudden, decisive blows. This is why the work along the Razing Line is so worrying.

Around 1,500 humans still survive in Crockport, retained as slave labor and hostages. Massive magical strikes (flame strikes, fireballs, meteor swarms, etc.) against Crockport remain hard for good-aligned Furyondian mages to countenance when loss of innocent life would be certain.

Xenvelen maintains a force of 1300 orcs, 300 hobgoblins, and 80 elite orogs garrisoned at Crockport. The orogs are known to include a personal “Household Phalanx” serving as personal guards for the evil priest. This personal guard includes orogs with the skills of 13th-level fighters and many magical items looted from slain foes and conquered towns.

Crying Spear Keep

This stone keep stands within a mile of the border, and fought off two massed attacks during the wars. It is defended by powerful wards spells cast by the keep's ruler, Pashenden, a human fighter//priest dedicated to Trithereon.

The keep takes its name from a great silvered spear rising atop it. Every dawn, a single great tear appears on the point of the spear, and it is said this will happen every day that even one mile of Furyondian soil is held by Iuz. On days sacred to Trithereon, it is also said, this tear forms into a potion of invulnerability.

Pashenden is on excellent terms with Baron Kalinstren and supports him in favoring a resumption of war. There is no doubt that he sends forces from his 230 resident militia, well aided by protection and combat spells, into the orc-controlled northern lands. For this reason, Belvor has craftily “helped” Pashenden by placing 50 heavy cavalry from Veluna here. Their leader is an influential (Ch 17) and clever (Int 15, Wis 17) man who reports what Pashenden is up to back to Belvor through diplomatic channels. Pashenden is aware that Belvor is spying on him. He and Belvor play a game of blindfold chess, as Pashenden reduces the number of his raids, and Belvor overlooks the rest.

Redoubt

Redoubt is a huge military garrison town, protecting the approach to Chendl. It is dominated by its great five-towered stone castle. This structure is still being repaired after being damaged in the wars. The siege of Chendl left this castle isolated, a single point of light in a sea of darkness as Iuz's horrors swarmed around it.

The garrison of Redoubt numbers 2,000 men, and every able bodied soul here has at least some leather armor and a hand weapon, so that virtually everyone is a soldier or a levyman.

All the native Furyondians here saw what orcs, goblins and fiends did to their brethren during the wars. Hideously mutilated corpses were flung over the walls of the castle, often animating into zombies to assault the survivors inside. Helpless farming folk were gleefully sacrificed to Iuz before the castle gates, and then eaten by orcs. Redoubt's people do not forget the horrors of the long days, and the stalking nightmares of the black nights.

Baron Kalinstren may be chaotic, but he rules his provisional capital with an iron fist. Military curfews run from dusk to dawn. Exceptions are allowed only for those who work through the night repairing buildings and walls and building the secondary defenses. Expert dwarven engineers, recruited all the way from the Lortmils, are overseeing this work.

Baron Kalinstren is constantly moving among his men. He keeps the morale of others up, risking his own health and precarious sanity. He hates wasting time with politics, and all he really wants to know from an important visitor is whether he brings money, goods or men for the cause. Kalinstren's goal is resumption of war in the early spring, 586 CY, and he's preparing everyone for that.

Redoubt has a good mix of troop types (see “Characters and Forces”) from many regions. These include the barony, southern militias, Vesve men, Velunese and even a few volunteers from as far afield as Ulek. These Ulek volunteers are organized into a roving band, with free reign to pillage the ores to the north.

This town is a great place to find adventure, battle and skirmishes, or just to hear all the news from around northern Furyondy and the Highfolk. Unfortunately, it has begun to attract its share of thieves who prey on soldiers overindulging in ale. These outlaws risk the harsh justice and stern penalties for crime here.

Spinecastle

Spinecastle is a military outpost, guarding the Flare Line opposite of the Swarming Ground. The fortress gets its name from the design of its battlements, which are a veritable nest of archery holes. This castle is garrisoned by 400 soldiers, half of whom are longbowmen. These archers are renowned throughout Furyondy for their skill. The other half of the garrison included a unit of heavy infantrymen, who also have a reputation as staunch veterans.

Spinecastle is administered by the powerful warrior Jeileneth. She is Kalinstren's only child (Her mother died in childbirth, bearing a stillborn second). Jelleneth, like her father, is a reverer of Trithereon and she too badgers Belvor for more active assistance and readying for war. The faith of Trithereon is strong at Spinecastle, and Jelleneth's senior priest, Darden, is the barony's representative in the Noble Council.

Spinecastle suffered major damage during the war, with its external walls virtually destroyed and two of its three towers severely damaged. Its repair has been exceptionally swift and is expected to be complete by the month of Wealsun. This is largely due to the work of the castle's specialist conjurer, the eccentric Tobian Rushkane. Tobian is not often seen (usually preferring to remain invisible). Tobian has befriended a number of jann over years, and they are always visible, directing earth elementals in work on the castle fortifications.

Jelleneth's troops do not often strike against Iuz's forces, but it is no secret that she gives succor and aid to several hired mercenary groups and free adventurers who wish to fight the dark forces to the north.

Spinecastle is watched closely by powerful commanders among the forces of Iuz. A greater thassaloss stands a constant watch, just across the border, keeping the castle under constant surveillance. Two attempts to strike it down by magic have been met by its sudden

disappearance and reappearance an hour or so later. The grim sentinel places lurking fear in the minds of all who see it, even if morale is good.

The Swarming Ground

The Swarming Ground is located on the north side of the Flare Line, across from Spinecastle. This area is infested with giant ant lions, making the construction of fortifications very hazardous. These creatures are smaller than others of their type (only six hit dice) and live in a soil type which is not normal for their species. Excavations regularly unearth ant lion nests, and the creatures are very aggressive. For this reason, construction work here is patchy and this is a real hole in the Flare Line.

Jelleneth favors posting extra magical firepower to blast the ant lions when they are found, and seeks to hire mages to do so. The cost of this effort is prohibitive. Inventive adventurers finding an alternative solution to this problem would find Jelleneth most appreciative of their efforts!

County of Crystalreach

Pop: 46,000

Capital: Greatwall (pop. 3,900)

Standing Army: 5,950 plus 550 troops seconded from other provinces)

Tax Multiplier: 1.7

Tithe Multiplier: 1.5

Ruler: Count Artur Jakartai

Before the war, the capital of this county was Grabford, where the previous provincial ruler, Count Paulus Halpern, was lost, believed killed by Iuz's forces. Since Halpern died without issue, Belvor moved to install a new ruler. His choice, the mighty Shield Land exile Artur Jakartai, was a daring one. Belvor knows Artur is an ally, and considered, rightly, that the other provincial rulers wouldn't object too loudly.

They agreed, for several good reasons. First, Halpern is not known with certainty to be dead, so Jakartai can be said to be a "provisional" ruler. Belvor pleaded that putting an indigenous Furyondian in charge might result in major turmoil if Halpern were ever recovered. Second, the other provincial rulers didn't like Halpern anyway, since he was an overbearing, cowardly, and very snobbish individual. They are not too sorry to see someone else in charge. Third, Jakartai is a genuine war hero who fought along the length and breadth of the Furyondian war front. The loyalty of those who fought with and for him is absolute. It would be hard for any noble to oppose such a man. Fourth, Jakartai is known to despise the old leaders of the Shield Lands for their blinkered prejudices, which lost the Shield Lands. This counts in his favor.

Jakartai is known to rely heavily on Furyondian advisers, especially Halpern's Priest Jalquayne (of Heironeous) who is his representative at Belvor's Noble Council, as he was for Halpern. This is reassuring to the other provincial rulers. Jakartai also behaves in a modest and deferential way to the other rulers. His clumsiness and social naivete is actually endearing to them, disarming their usual snobbery. One exception to this is Countess Rhavelle, who considers him vulgar. All in all, this appointment has been a political triumph for Belvor.

Defenses

Artur Jakartai has strengthened this once lazy province. The new count and his advisers have shown good judgement in working with Kalinstren to forge the Flare Line. Likewise, Jakartai has strengthened the river defenses along the Veng, with militia bases along the riverside to support the small, heavily armed cogs which travel with essential convoys of supplies and goods from Willip northwards. Many of these militia bases are strongly fortified and camouflaged. Fine bowmen form a greater percentage of these militia units than elsewhere. Their role is to keep enemies from across the river at bay. There has been less repair work to do here than in Kalinstren, so the Flare Line is more complete. This is also due to the efforts of Jakartai's dwarven engineer, Curtlem the Calloused, the proud bearer of a spade of colossal excavation which has had a great effect on earthwork construction.

At Belvor's request, Jakartai does not mount raids into the northern territory unless there are reliable reports of a significant warband gathering there. This has only happened twice since the end of the war. Once, the band had dispersed before Jakartai's men reached the area. On the other occasion, a band of 40 heavy cavalry, 40 light cavalry and a handful of spellcasters lost six men, slain while wiping out nearly four hundred goblinoids. That has inspired confidence in their new ruler among the soldiers!

Jakartai inspires something akin to awe among the common people and soldiers. He is a towering figure, almost seven feet tall. He rides a monstrous, barded stallion, bearing a magical battle standard whose effects have been experienced in the heat of combat by many troops. He raises a cheer wherever he goes.

Morale is better in Crystalreach than in Kalinstren, and people do not fear the terrors of Iuz so much, though they are certainly not complacent. Jakartai has also tried to place the burden of extra revenues on the richer folk, so that while taxes are high, tithes have not increased so greatly. Common folk appreciate this and believe their new lord is a definite change for the better.

Across the Border

Another reason for superior morale in the county is that the forces of Iuz do not appear so strong across the northern border. The enemy's soldiers, a rabble of mixed humanoids including Horned Society hobgoblins, seem poorly armored and equipped compared to those to the west. Nothing like the monster raids or thassaloss guardian seen in Kalinstren have yet appeared here. Skirmishing is actually more common, due to the poorer organization of the goblinoids, but there are fewer losses to these weaker troops.

However, this may be deceptive. Rumors abound that Grabford is a charnel house compared to which Crockport is almost a haven of respite. A vampire-mage is said to command Iuz's forces from this conquered town, and two raiding parties have both reported seeing yeth hounds flying around Grabford. Human slaves have likewise been seen here.

East of the Veng, the forces within the old Horned Society lands are predominantly hobgoblins, with a significant smattering of human leadership. These include priests of Iuz, cynical and evil scum from the Bandit Kingdoms who defected to Iuz. There are regular reports of fiends stalking east of the river.

Molag, the "summer palace" of Iuz, is home to High Priestess Althea, one of the most eminent of the Boneheart. It is garrisoned by over 3,000 humanoid soldiers, and is a city awash with fiendish and malefic presences (see *Iuz the Evil*). As yet, bow fire from across the river, and rare forays by a fiend or a handful of goblinoids have been the only incursions into Furyondy.

This border gives Jakartai more anxiety than the northern front despite the natural defense of the river, and he is always eager to hear news from Fendrelan. Molag is, certainly the most powerful city and troop base within very short distance of Furyondy

Locations and Settlements

Fendrelan

Fendrelan is a fortified town along the Veng River. It is a major defensive settlement and stopping off point for river trade bringing supplies and support to northeastern Crystalreach. It is a small town of 1,650, including a garrison of 400 well trained light infantry.

The commander of the Fendrelan garrison is an unusual figure. The diviner Ereland Manneth is no soldier, but he has a reputation for uncanny accuracy in prebattle planning. His spells, wit (Int 18) and knowledge of military history make his men appreciate him every bit as much as a muscle-bound general in plate armor. Ereland has saved many of their lives several times over by warning of ambushes, bad weather, and powerful ambushes. He is legendary for his ability to pinpoint key enemy weaknesses. It is said that he gained his great knowledge of military affairs from his father, a paladin of great renown.

Ereland has a myriad of ways of gathering and communicating information. He uses a special ring of avian control to command, speak to, and instruct spies as small as sparrows. He also has an eagle familiar with a ring of polymorphing which he sends out to spy for him, protected with *invisibility*, *stoneskin* and other protection spells. He has pipes of the sewers so that even the river rats are his friends and his crystal ball with telepathy is a treasured prize. Ereland is keen of eye and wit, always eager to learn what Althea may be doing in her realm.

Greatwall

Greatwall, the current capital of the County of Crystalreach, is a fortress which protects the Flare Line between Morsten and Moatshield. Before the wars, Greatwall was a simple village. Now it has been transformed into an impressive stronghold.

Jakartai's first priority at Greatwall was to erect a great stone curtain wall to protect laborers and villagers and also the many farmers who had fled the conquered lands to the north. Behind Curtlem's earthworks, magical walls of stone were used to quickly produce a first line of defense. Stone was then brought from Redstone's quarries and internal, fortified buildings were erected. During the coming summer and fall, building work will concentrate on replacing the northern areas of the magical wall and constructing the foundations and lower stories of a keep which is planned to become a full scale castle. There is a real sense of urgency here, a desperate race against time. Everyone wants to be as secure as they can before the next winter.

Greatwall's population includes 800 militia, with an elite force of 100 heavy cavalry and 100 heavy infantry directly commanded by Jakartai. Around half are Shield Landers, and the new ruler has taken pains to ensure that his three senior Lieutenants are all Furyondians. There is some tension between natives and exiles, but morale is unimpaired.

Greatwall's people work very long hours; a typical working day is 14 hours, aided by continual light spells during the early night and just after dawn. Soldiers and militia are as ready to help out as anyone. Children scurry to and fro, bringing food to hungry and tired workers. Jakartai's general effect on his people has been noted, but simple touches on his part also earn him their love and unswerving readiness to work their fingers to the bone. East of the village lie rugged, low hills, which are riddled with rabbit warrens. Count Halpern never allowed villagers to hunt there, since these were his lands alone. Anyone caught poaching might be heavily fined, have a hand cut off, or even be sentenced to what amounted to slavery. One of the first things Jakartai did when he made his base here was not simply to allow hunting of rabbits there, but to urge the villagers to set snares and traps. "Hard work needs good meat in the belly," he said to them. It would never have occurred to him to act otherwise. To an adventurer, a rabbit for the pot means little. To a villager living close to subsistence due to Halpern's heavy tithes, it means a lot.

In addition to Artur and Curtlem, notable inhabitants of Greatwall include Sharapel Endereth and Ryell Hawkshand. Sharapel Endereth is a mage with a wickedly black sense of humor who is infamous for his impatience with people who are not as intelligent as he is. Ryell Hawkshand is a 9th-level fighter, originally of Grabford, who is one of Jakartai's lieutenants. He assumes command when his liege is away.

Another resident of Greatwall is the enigmatic Crystara, a Bisselite priestess of Beory who simply says that she has wandered far and wide in her many years and likes the people and the place here. Crystara smiles a lot and doesn't give away anything, but she is known to be on excellent terms with Jakartai. Her mastery of spells, especially elemental (earth) spells and plant spells, the latter used to help the farmers in the communities around Greatwall, is received gratefully by artisans, toiling laborers and farmers alike.

Heldarn

Heldarn is a town of 1,900 people which stands along the road which runs between Morsten and Terlisean. Before the wars, Heldarn was a major market town. Produce from the north and south of the province were traded at fairs and festivals like the Harvester.

Today, Heldarn is most important as a reserve garrison town, with 300 light infantry and 200 light cavalry here able to quickly support border watches and forces to the east or north. Heldarn is the place for adventurers seeking the greatest diversity of potential adventure across the whole province.

Heldarn is also noteworthy for the Herrifen and Shinemaster families of gnomes. These gnomes, who have relatives and interests among the Highfolk, have been moneylenders for several generations. Traditionally, they have played an important role in the local economy. Farmers from villages would band together and borrow money from the gnomes to buy ploughs, wagons and tools. The gnomes charged low interest rates and were regarded as genuine benefactors. Come harvest time, their homes would be swamped with gifts of grain, fruit, vegetables and beer from grateful recipients of their loans.

Unfortunately, times have changed. There are grumbles that the gnomes are engaged in usury. They have increased their interest rates to five percent per month. The fact is that defaulted loans have forced them to raise their rates. The rumor is that they're going to get rich by bleeding Furyondy folk and then run off with the money. Gnome player characters may well be approached for help by these families, who might need protection from angry customers in these hard times.

Heldarn contains one notable rotten apple. He is Petrenek, an agent of Iuz and a member of the Shadowclaw, Iuz's sinister network of spies. Petrenek is detailed in the "Characters and Forces" section.

Moatshield

Moatshield is a small town located along the Flare Line, between Greatwall and Crying Spear Keep. Moatshield is surrounded by a wooden wall. Sections of the wall incorporate some stonework, and steady improvements are being made. The population of Moatshield includes 400 villagers and 300 militia troops.

Moatshield gets its name from the 20 foot deep moat which surrounds it. This moat is slowly being filled with water which pours from the mouth of a decanter of endless water. This device was acquired by the town's ruling noble, Sir Kiprien Rahliden, a Knight of the Hart. The decanter is on loan from a Knight of the High Forest who realized its potential uses. The moat is currently filled to a depth of five feet. When the moat is full, Kiprien will pass on the precious item to another defender who can make use of it.

Kiprien is from an old Furyondian family and his ancestors include men and women who sat on the great dais when Thrommel I was crowned in Dyvers. He has considerable influence among the Knights of the Hart. His household includes the sage Rhamulfleiss, whose area of expertise is the history of Furyondy and its old vassal states including Veluna, the Shield Lands and Highfolk.

While Moatshield appears to be a simple backwater town, intelligent adventurers may find information, political influence and many contacts here since other Knights of the Hart regularly visit Kiprien.

Morsten

Before the wars, Morsten was a simple fishing and trade village of 350 people with a garrison of 20 soldiers keeping watch across the Veng. Now it stands at the eastern end of the Flare Line, anchoring Furyondy's defenses. The garrison of Morsten has been increased to 200. Fortifications are being constructed and the river harbor is being extended to house military ships.

Morsten is home to the wizard Schyzer, who arrived several months before the end of the wars. Since Schyzer served honorably during the wars, he is above common suspicion and official interrogation. But he is a bewildering and enigmatic man, crusty and cantankerous, and the garrison leaders, along with Jakartai, really don't know what to make of him. He an albino Suloise, so some people are rather suspicious of him.

Schyzer lives in a stone tower facing across the river. Apparently, he constructed this tower himself in only four days, just after the end of the war. The wizard's trained wyvern lurks atop the flat roofed tower when Schyzer is not riding it. His apprentice, Cupara, has a pair of docile but powerful looking mountain lions which he keeps around as pets. Curious people don't go too close to the place. Cupara does all the talking to the garrison and townspeople, although he only does so when he must. He always tells garrison soldier about anything Schyzer has spotted across the Veng while out flying. The wizards never seem to need to buy any outside food or supplies for their tower, and they mostly keep their own company.

Schyzer actually keeps his tower at Morsten for purely selfish reasons. He doesn't really care at all about Furyondy or Iuz or almost anything else. He has discovered that the bed of the Veng contains very rare magical stones which can be used to summon animals and monsters which will faithfully serve a wizard for their natural lifetime. This enchantment enables the animals to be communicated with and trained. So far, he's discovered two types of stones (hence his wyvern and the twin lions) and he wants to discover more. Schyzer is mildly paranoid, and trusts no one but Cupara, whom he trusts only a little. To him, acquiring a totally faithful, obedient monster or animal companion is worth risking the hazards of living in a war zone.

Redstone

The quarries of Redstone are a vital resource for Crystalreach. They extend for almost two miles of surface mines, where a hard red stone akin to toughened limestone is cut from the earth. These stones are shipped throughout Crystalreach and even into eastern Kalinstren for building projects.

Work in the quarry is hard and dangerous. There are never as many workers here as could find employ. A handful of low-level mages assist with simple spells such as Tenser's floating disc and the like.

Over 400 stonecutters, riggers and teamsters work the Redstone quarries. Among the workers are some real oddballs. A pair of charmed ogres captured from the Horned Society labor happily in the quarry. A dozen or so gnomes who have migrated here from the Cairn Hills northwest of Greyhawk City form a single skilled work crew. A group of thirty Nyronese, exiles from their own kingdom, make a hard living here. The quarries are also garrisoned by 100 infantrymen who protect this vital interest. They too work in the quarries when the need is great.

Work crews in the quarries are directed by the dour dwarf, Mamadal. The surly dwarf never gives a clan name and doesn't say where he comes from, but the unique magical wand he has ensures the workers put up with his impatience and yelling. Of rare dwarven design, the wand can carve through solid rock and hew out a yard square block in but a minute. Mamadal employs it when he has a tough quota to meet. He pushes his workers to the limits of endurance but never beyond, always treating them fairly.

Exactly how Mamadal came to administer the quarries, with his long faced young human scribe, Darryan, taking care of paperwork, is a puzzle. Everyone just seems to accept him. Perhaps the symbol of persuasion inscribed on a battered (and shuttered) wooden shield he carries has something to do with it.

Mamadal moans all day. He complains to all who will listen that the work here is never appreciated. He is always having more demanded of him, workers feign sickness, and so on (and on and on). A dwarf player character, commiserating with him over some ales, might well find out more of this odd exile after the ale has loosened his tongue.

Terlisean

Terlisean is an important trading post and supply center located on the Crystal River. Goods arrive in Terlisean by the safer route from the south, along the Willip Road and on to Heldarn. Some goods also arrive here from ships, docked on the riverfront.

Terlisean is an unwallled town, and though hobgoblins and worse lie but fifty miles away it is a relaxed place. Terlisean allows player characters the last chance for simple relaxation before they get the feeling of entering a war zone. The atmosphere here is unlike Heldarn, which has a large garrison and where the feeling of tension is greater.

Terlisean has raffish people among its 1,300 souls. Thievery is hardly unknown, and card sharps, cutpurses and charlatans lurk around many corners in the southern districts of the town. The garrison of 150 is drawn from local folk, and is not exactly a byword for honesty itself. Actual evil is not to be found among ordinary folk, but the Dungeon Master is encouraged to place one or more agents of Iuz here (see the Shadowclaw in the "Characters and Forces" section). Terlisean is a busy trading post, the last place where player characters can buy supplies at the "southern rate" before heading further northwards.

Chendl

Chendl was a planned city, a capital built to specifications, intended to replace Dyvers as first city of the kingdom, it was strongly walled, with beautiful buildings. Canals crossed the city, along which gondola-like vessels languidly conveyed peacock nobility. It boasted hanging gardens, broad boulevards and a wondrous palace. Chendl had a claim to be the most delightful city in all the Flanaess.

Unfortunately, after months of siege during the war, Chendl is a different place now. Over half of the buildings suffered severe damage during the wars, and ruins and rubble still strew areas of the city deemed "nonessential".

King Belvor has made a point of restoring little of his own palace, only rebuilding defenses and chambers necessary for offices of state. The homes of artisans, barracks, temples and government buildings have had priority, and are largely restored now. Likewise, rebuilding the walls was deemed an absolute priority and priests of Trithereon and Mayaheine have cooperated in incorporating warding spells into them. Magical mortars have been employed, creating effects of protection from evil in key areas of defense. Other dwellings have taken second place, unless the inhabitants have been rich enough to import their own labor to rebuild them. Of course, crafty Belvor has passed a law that any such imported labor must be made available for civic rebuilding two days in each week, at the builder's own expense.

In total, Chendl has a garrison strength of 850 men including the King's own forces and some soldiers of Kalinstren. Wearing armor and weaponry about the city, once a crime, is now commonplace. Chendl has a unique atmosphere. Contrasting with the teeming soldiers, artisans and laborers is a rich social life on the part of the surviving aristocracy. They make a point of not allowing anything as trivial as war, siege, starvation and the subsequent virtual military occupation to affect their social lives. Chendl is still a place to wine and dine, to hear opera, to sniff the scented gardens, and to gamble at the casinos and gaming houses. There are hideously expensive restaurants and overpriced taverns aplenty in Chendl.

There is still grandeur in Chendl. The continual light lanterns along the boulevards still shine brightly, there are no slums or even recognizable "poor folks" housing. There is, admittedly, a shanty town of some 3,000 souls fled from northern Kalinstren huddled around Chendl's walls, but Chendl's occupants are proud people. War has given them steel and endurance.

Chendl's rigidly structured social mores are also still in force. The representatives at the Noble Council and "old blood" nobility are top of the pile, lesser nobles and knights second, skilled artisans and the very richest merchants third, other artisans and merchants next, and everyone else last. There are no poor people here, at least as far as social niceties are concerned.

Chendl has a seamier side, but not a very large one. The Thieves Guild here is all but extinct given the vast numbers of militia and other soldiers. Only the most daring of rogues remain in this city.

Power in Chendl

Much of the political life of Furyondy as a whole is focused in the capital city. In addition to characters and organizations such as the Noble Council and Knightly Conclave, which have already been covered, the following organizations are important here.

Military: Belvor has two trusted war veterans, Generals Gallantren and Bemedor, stationed within his own palace. A young and upcoming man, General Yemanien, completes the triumvirate. His role is as a logistics expert, and he and his small staff set about the task of collecting information on supplies, predictions for the harvest, computing army strengths and rounding up reserve militias with real vigor. Belvor has wisely mixed in young blood with his veterans. All are technically subservient to Jemian, the Grand Marshal of all Furyondy's armies, but Jemian spends less than half of his time in Chendl and it is easy enough for Belvor and his generals to conceal information from him if they deem this appropriate. The generals have day-to-day command of all forces in the capital, from the Kings Household Regiment to seconded Furyondian troops from elsewhere, Velunese troops and mercenaries are controlled through a relatively long chain of command which would be a weakness if swift response were required.

Priesthoods: Heironeous is the major faith of most soldiers and civilians in Chendl. His temples were the first repaired and the King has a temple within his own palace. His High Priest, Craraeth Heldenmaster, is a major ally of the king. St. Cuthbert's temples are small, but are well attended by laborers, artisans and others outside of the noble class. Overseer Redankin Desmart is a formidable man. He pointedly refuses to decorate the temples in any but an absolutely spartan fashion. Belvor likes him. He is blunt, but he supports the King's policies. Other dominant priesthoods and major temples located in Chendl are those of Rao (approved of by Belvor), Trithereon (not approved of by Belvor), and Delleb, the Oeridian lesser god of learning and intellect. Priests of Delleb generally defer to those of Rao, tending to specialize in unusual areas of sage proficiency. Their high priests and equivalents are included in the "Characters and Forces" section. Other temples are smaller, and some are still somewhat damaged from the siege.

Government: Belvor's "civil servants" are a strong presence in the capital. Many scribes and servitors look after taxation, the King's coffers, mapping, collecting reports of events in the land, administering the mail, interviewing mercenaries hoping for Furyondian coin, and much besides. This is an important change from pre-war Chendl, where the pace of work was much slower. The buzz of activity around this city, has brought a swathe of administrators in its wake.

Locations of Note

The Wurm is the best inn in town. **Sutter's** is a fine restaurant which only admits minor nobles or exceptionally rich artisans and merchants (using an "I'm sorry, we have no tables for this evening" policy to keep riffraff at bay). Sutter's also has a gaming house and a few sleeping chambers, but the latter are permanently booked by Belvor for the entourages of important visitors. Adventurers wishing a place to stay may try the **King's Arms Tavern** or the **Heroes' Rest Inn**, where they are more likely to find rooms available. Prices are at triple the rates from the Player's Handbook. These are considered reasonably rated for busy Chendl.

Ranjandum's is a strange, oddball shop named after its proprietor, an aged Ekbiri exile who seems able to drum up any kind of herb, unguent, or suchlike at will. If a customer desires sulfur, holy water, quicksilver or orcbane from Pantarn, Ranjandum has some . . . for the right price. The **Weatherhaven Inn** has become the place to meet powerful warriors. War veterans, middling officers from the King's Household Regiment, and the like mingle here.

Once, any foreigner entering Chendl needed an official permit to do so, and the formal status of "Citizen" was only granted after many years, even generations, of residence. Times have changed. A warrior with a strong arm and good sword, a mage who can contribute to defense, a priest with healing, warding, or any similar spell access are all eagerly wanted now.

Viscounty of the March

Pop: 90,000

Capital: Gorsend (pop. 6,200)

Standing Army: 3,500

Tax Multiplier: 1.2

Tithe Multiplier: 1.5

Ruler: Viscount Luther Derwent

The most populous of Furyondy's provinces, the March is a bread basket for the rest of the kingdom. Its fields are lush and the land is productive. Traditionally, the March's merchants have been the trading experts of Furyondy. People here know and trust the value of what they are buying.

This reflects the preoccupations of the ruling house. Luther is a grim faced and unsmiling man with a very sharp mind. He has made his fortune through trade, and the Derwent family together with a handful of other powerful, intermarried families Own most of the land and wealth here.

Luther is a pragmatist, a tight fisted man who is very adept at staving off Belvor's demands for more money. Privately, he feels that if Iuz goes to war again it will be a protracted affair and the Crystal river forms a more defensible southern retreat than the Flareline. Luther truly believes that pumping all of Furyondy's resources into the Flare Line defenses is a strategic blunder. Luther's second wife, the nervous and much younger Alistacea, is not someone to oppose her husband, although his twin sons Petronian and Timarn tend to favor the King...but they are young yet.

Luther is not at all liked by other nobles, but he is respected for his skill and coolness in argument. He loathes Baron Kalinstren and considers that a "foreigner" (Luther is not tolerant) should never have been given Crystalreach to rule.

Luther's representative at Noble Council is the scribe Telemmand, an expert procrastinator who refuses to make any decisions until he has discussed matters fully with his dour, pragmatic liege.

Defenses

Luther has been skilled and efficient in building up defenses along the Veng from the base at Eyeberen. He has also begun construction of watch towers and militia camps along the roadway from Brancast to Worlende, which coincides with his belief that the northern provinces aren't worth holding if war comes again. This attitude doesn't please Belvor, Kalinstren or Jakartai. While Luther has not done all that Belvor wishes, what he has done he has done well, so the King's grounds for complaint are limited.

Across the Veng

The opposition which faces the Viscounty across the Veng is comprised mostly of hobgoblins. Few humans, and only very rare sightings of fiends or monsters, have been reported. The only exception to this relatively quiet state of affairs occurred in Readyng, 585 CY, when a filthy effluvium poured from the Ritensa into the Veng for several days, creating a vile miasma and an outbreak of a weakening, but rarely fatal, pulmonary disease among the Furyondians. This vanished as suddenly as it appeared; Luther, and others, fear that this may have been a trial run for something altogether more dangerous and supplies of *cure disease* scrolls, *Keoghtom's ointment* and the like were rapidly distributed to military leaders along the border.

The morale of common people along the Veng is not good. They are fearful, anxious people always waiting for the expected raiders to arrive. The outbreak of disease was another blow to morale. Furyondians here are often apathetic and rather cowardly. There has been a slow migration away from the eastern fringe of the province and Luther is considering the use of convict labor, or forced service from peasants on his own lands to maintain the local farming industry.

Locations and Settlements

Brancast

This village of 850 has been fortified with a stockade wall and the construction of archery towers. Luther maintains 200 crack militia troops here, including 50 of his superb heavy cavalry. Brancast marks the northernmost navigable reach of the Crystal river, which becomes too shallow for vessels to travel further, especially during the summer months. Many small vessels arrive here from Terlisean or from the Veng itself, usually out of Willip. Luther has not placed more troops here, pointing out that Brancast Keep opposite and across the ford is well defended. The road to Chendl from here sees heavy a traffic of soldiers and mercenaries.

Eyeberen

Luther began work on a castle at Eyeberen as soon as the Horned Society lands fell. This construction is now almost complete. The castle town is now a garrison center with 350 troops who rotate with the defenders stationed along the Veng.

The Viscounty's able General Mauritian Declenn, who is based in Eyeberen, is a brilliant overseer of the area. He readily sees the value of magic in keeping track of what is happening along the river. Great staves are planted along the riverside with magic mouths which respond if a goblinoid comes within range. Spells such as alarm, wyvern watch and the like are used by the junior priests that Mauritian takes pains to recruit into his forces. Mauritian has also accumulated good supplies of orcbane from Pantarn through an agent of his there. Mauritian's household troops are keen-eyed archers with good discipline and morale.

Castle Eyeberen is dominated by four massive towers. The castle is said to have many magical detection spell guarding its walls. Mauritian's resident diviner, the one eyed ex-Johrase bandit, Janzipir, weaves his spells and stares at crystal balls. His laboratory is filled with pulsing magical rods and staves, bizarre hourglasses with colored sands and swirling vapors. If a goblinoid foray is about to appear across the Veng, Janzipir knows well in advance. The soldiers and ordinary folk around the castle shudder at the mention of the malign wizard, and there are mutterings and wild rumors of all kinds about him, but there are enough watchmen who owe their lives to his warnings for him to find a welcome of sorts here.

Free Borough

This is a free town of 2,900 people, standing at the junction of three provinces. Free Borough is a central trade town, ruled by a mayor and seven councilors elected by householders, merchants and artisans.

The town does not maintain any troops, only a serious town watch, keeping outsiders in line. It is against the law in Free Borough to wear armor heavier than leather or bear large weapons such as bows, swords and the like in public. Adventurers who flaunt the law in Free Borough may soon find themselves locked in the local magistrate's jail.

Free Borough is the place where people within Furyondy come when they're at a loose ends, be they hopeful adventurers, mercenaries who aren't sure which noble to apply for service, or merchants looking for any opportunity to come their way. It is a liberal, cosmopolitan town with an optimistic atmosphere. Arts, crafts, bardic talents and the old bright life of Furyondy still sparkle here. Free Borough's rulers stubbornly resist claims on their territory and pay only a nominal tax to the crown and also to Luther, since the town lies within his fief. All other rights of citizens of a free town are jealously protected.

Gorsend

Gorsend is the administrative capital of the Viscounty. It is an unwalled town of 4,400 which spreads out over quite a large area. Gorsend is a quiet town. The residents are prosperous and conservative, The wealthiest citizens live in lavish mansions. Townsfolk are often uninterested in anything much further than their next meal, and attitudes here are very parochial and blinkered.

Worlende

Worlende is a busy town located on the Att River, due south of Chendl. Luther is constructing a walled keep complex on its outskirts and laborers and militia scurry around constantly. The town's administrator is the paladin Hymend, a strong admirer of the king who covertly sends Belvor long missives informing him of Luther's plans and the work underway here. Hymend also conspires with his chancellor, Ryliand, to cream off some tax revenues and send them to Belvor. For a lawful man, this is painful, but Hymend rationalizes that he is obeying his King, a higher secular authority than Luther, and his own conscience.

East of Worlende lurks a bizarre peril. One of the farmers here possesses a ring enchanted with a permanent empathy (ankhegs) spell. He got it from the body of an unidentified warrior dumped in the Art. The farmers now use the ring to draw ankhegs from the surrounding regions. The ankhegs' waste products fertilize the land. Unfortunately much of that fertilizer is created at the expense of folk traveling on or by the Att. The farmers draw the ankhegs down to the river to feed and water. Inevitably, these monsters pose a dire threat to anyone else who may be traveling or using the river.

Barony of Littleberg

Pop: 67,000

Capital: Littleberg (pop. 7,200)

Standing Army: 3,000

Tax Multiplier: 1.1

Tithe Multiplier: 1.1

Ruler Baron Jemian

Second in population and wealth only to the March, the Barony of Littleberg is likewise a fertile land, but its farmers grow a greater diversity of crops than their grain growing eastern neighbors. Littleberg has always had a reputation for industry, inventiveness allied with common sense, and the decency and kindness of its folk.

Littleberg also has an unusual population mix. In its northern regions dwell half of Furyondy's 4,500 elves, immigrants from Highfolk and Vesve. Enclaves of gnomes are found at Claw Gorge and Greylode also. This lack of insularity compared with the March is reflected in its ruler, Baron Jemian. Jemian is a reverer of Rao, and his influential wife Scheredenn favors Pelor, and while Jemian secretly sympathizes with his King's predicament he is ever mindful of the need for caution in planning. Jemian believes that Furyondy's future will not be secured by military efforts, but by uniting its nobles, and he makes overtures to the others to negotiate their differences with the King and unite behind him. However, Jemian lacks the charisma and will to be a true political force. He is, in truth, too pleasant and self effacing a man to be a real power broker.

Defenses

Jemian himself is placed in an awkward situation due to his elevation to Grand Marshal of Furyondy, a post he didn't seek. He feels that he cannot increase his own forces, since this would seem to signal to the other nobles that he is Belvor's lackey. He has voluntarily agreed to second his men to Belvor for three months a year, rather than the usual two days and two months, and hopes for a voluntary agreement from other provincial rulers to do the same. As usual, Jemian is too reasonable and rational about such matters.

Jemian also wants as many of his people to be engaged in farming and revenue generation as possible, arguing that in the long run this will best develop Furyondy's strength. This is the same argument Luther Derwent uses, but in Jemian's case it is a less selfish view.

Jemian's major contribution to the kingdom's defenses has been in supplying resources and two hundred light infantry to the Highfolk, securing the Highvale and freeing more Highfolk to fight in the Vesve. Jemian also pays from his own deep pockets for information from abroad, and supports mercenary ventures and speculative forays into the Yatils or Lortmils seeking magic and booty.

Such treasure as may be recovered is then given up by him to Belvor. Lastly, Jemian has increased taxes and tithes only slightly (by 10 percent) to pay extra revenues to the King. Again, he is hoping that the southern nobles will follow his example, and 10 per cent is a start.

Locations and Settlements

Castle Greylode

This forbidding castle stands on the outskirts of a complex of gravel and stone quarries, and a penal labor force here is administered harshly by 80 unusually tough, flinty militiamen. Being sent here is regarded as a sign of disfavor, and the soldiers take it out on the convicts. Criminals are sent here for offenses of fraud, embezzlement, treason and the like, and the regimen they serve is harsh. They work a 16 hour day, chained together in teams, cutting stone blocks and the moving and moving wagons of gravel along the road to Worlende. The work in the quarry is hard and dangerous, and the road to Worlende is a back breaking overland route.

The harshness of this place reflects the tough attitude of Jemian. Those sent here deserve all they get. There are few evil men in Furyondy, but a fair percentage may be found here, overseen by some of the most brutish members of the militia.

Claw Gorge

This mile long rift in Furyondy's normally even terrain descends almost 800 feet below surface level at its deepest points. Its overall shape vaguely resembles a claw, hence its name. Claw Gorge was once a premier limestone quarry, yielding much of what little of this valuable commodity Furyondy possessed. A community of 150 gnomes formed half the work force here. Mining operations being continued today operate on a much smaller scale.

After the outbreak of war, miners here found that pockets of poisonous gas, acidic and corrosive geysers, and even tunnel complexes with dangerous monsters were encountered with much greater frequency than previously. Some of the monsters encountered here included an aggressive horgar, a behir, cave fishers and other dangerous creatures. There were rumors that powerful curse magic, probably laid by agents of Iuz, now affected the mines. Magical divinations revealed the presence of alteration and conjuration/summoning magics which could only be dispelled with great difficulty. The nature and source of this malign magical effect are unknown. The productivity of Claw Gorge is now one third the pre-war level. The workers and militia garrison here are nervous and neurotic people. Anyone ascertaining and dealing with the magical problem here would gain good reward.

Cerenellyl's Towers

On Furyondy's northern border with Highfolk, covering the Royal Highway, stands an extraordinary, twin towered castle with much fine Vesve wood and *glassteel* incorporated into its stonework. This is the fortress of Cerenellyl, a Knight of the High Forest. The castle is garrisoned by 80 troops. These are Vesve woodsmen mixed with a few Highfolk high elves.

Cerenellyl appears to be an old warrior, slowly going blind with age. He is wise and influential (see "Characters and Forces") and his advice is sought by many, including Knights of the Hart, Jemian, Belvor himself, even Velunese scholars who travel to meet him.

Cerenellyl is also a spy for the Highfolk within Furyondy. Certainly the nations are allies, but the Highfolk feel more secure when they know what is in the minds and hearts of Furyondy's rulers. Cerenellyl hears much from Knights of Furyondy, but he has his own agents and spies around the kingdom, especially in the North. Cerenellyl is said to know many tales, and even to possess treasure maps, detailing lost treasures in the Clatspurs and eastern Yatil Mountains. Many of those who join his constant stream of visitors are seeking this sort of knowledge.

Littleberg

The city of Littleberg is the capital of the barony. It is unwallled, though a stone wall is under construction to protect its 7,000 people. This is Jemian's home and administrative center. Jemian's great walled mansion home includes barracks and stabling for his 250 elite heavy cavalry, and the warhorses bred here and in surrounding districts are the finest in all the Flanaess.

Littleberg's atmosphere has changed little since the wars. This is a big, bustling trade town with many markets, bazaars, and taverns. It is a town where a large proportion of goods from the west are traded. Goods and traders from Ket and further west are sprinkled across the town, and there are small pockets of exiles from as far afield as Bissel, Nyrond, Almor, even the Bandit Kingdoms and the old Wild Coast cities. Some of the latter conceal their identities and their evil natures.

Littleberg has a medium sized Thieves' Guild and strong merchant guilds that influence both Jemian and the minor nobles who administer the Barony's lands further afield. These guilds play an unusually strong role here, assisting war widows and orphans and guild members who fall sick, helping to build temples and schools, even contributing to the cost of walling the town itself.

Pantarn

Pantarn is a key trade town located on the Att River. Long noted for its seasonal trade fairs, Pantarn has become a banking center, with the practice of using promissory notes originating here and spreading throughout the central provinces. Wealthy merchants pay each other in these notes, eliminating the need to transport large amounts of money.

The great stone Griffin Bridge across the Att, with its fine carved griffin heads, is a source of pride to the townsfolk. Pantarn is very lively, its 2,200 people being high spirited and less law abiding than many Furyondians.

In addition to the excellence of the small garrison here, Pantarn has two other notable features. First, almost as a reaction to the materialistic nature of the town, it boasts two large monasteries occupied by reverers of Rao and Boccob. These monasteries possess excellent historical archives and are treasuries of knowledge and lore. Second, the Tenha herbalist, Schuter Garalend, has made a home here, bringing with him the secret of orcbane. This oily preparation (which evaporates in air in 1d6+6 rounds) contains an agent venomous to goblinoids, and any edged weapon coated with it inflicts an additional 1d4 points of damage to such creatures. Schuter can prepare only 2d10 + 10 doses per week, and orcbane deteriorates within 1d4 +4 weeks even when sealed in a vial, so he is kept busy by the military whose demand far exceeds his ability to supply.

Duchy of the Reach

Pop: 56,000

Capital: Caronis (pop. 2,600)

Standing Army: 1,800

Tax Multiplier: 0.8

Tithe Multiplier: 1.0

Ruler: Duke Bennal Tyneman

This long, narrow strip of territory has a unique atmosphere, simply because it borders on so many different lands. Highfolk, Veluna, and Verbobonc all border on the duchy, in addition to Littleberg and the Gold County. This is a free wheeling, free spirited province which has the lowest percentage of lawfully-aligned people in all of Furyondy.

Caronis is a major trade and travel center, with merchants and other people moving up and down the roads to Veluna City and Mitrik. Velunes influence is a stabilizing factor in the duchy. Duke Tyneman prefers the open and free wheeling atmosphere of his duchy. He is a reverer of Olidammara and a self indulgent hedonist whose lands lie hundreds of miles from war and strife. Tyneman is no fool, but he doesn't understand much of war and the grim lecturing of Belvor and his generals bore him to distraction.

Tyneman avoids most political wheelings and dealings, liking only nobles who are fun to be with, notably Countess Rhavelle. Tyneman has so far refused to raise taxes at Belvor's request, claiming that this might lose trade to Verbobonc which is a plausible excuse.

Defenses

The only additional defensive strength raised by Tyneman has been to reinforce the garrison at the Carnalion mines. The Reach's troops are mostly light infantry, including the famous, long marching Bootmen. Though not famed for strength, these troops are famed for their agility and stamina and for the tactical cunning of their officers. Bootmen played a vital support role in the sacking of the Temple of Elemental Evil, in alliance with Verbobonc and powerful adventurers, and they are proud soldiers. Many fought Iuz on the northern front during the war. Very few have any desire to do so again.

Locations and Settlements

Baranford

Baranford stands along the Royal Highway, covering a highly strategic ford on the Volverdyva River. The Volverdyva ford is closed only in the spring, when seasonal flooding raises the river too high.

This town of 2,000 folk is a trading center where Highfolk often meet Furyondian military men. The garrison of the town includes 200 militia troops, 50 of whom are "advisors" in the service of Belvor.

Baranford is a vital distribution center for the gold from the Carnalion mines. Merchants gather here at the source of wealth. These even include a few Perrenland merchants found here from time to time. Baranford is also a major meeting place for adventurers heading for the valley of the Volverdyva or seeking fame, fortune or an early grave in the Yatils or Clatspurs. Around ten percent of Baranford's population is elvish, including both high and sylvan elves. Small temples to Corellon Larethian and Solonor Thelandira can be found here.

Baranford's King's Riders, an elite heavy cavalry unit, patrol the Royal Highway for much of its length to Chendl. Every eight miles or so along the road is a small watch station with stabling facilities, a blacksmith for running repairs, and a wayside tavern.

Carnalion Mines

The Carnalion Mines are located at the very tip of the Yatil Mountains. These vital mines provide virtually all of the gold reserves which Furyondy possesses. Revenues from them are divided in a very complex manner between the Reach, the crown, the barony of Littleberg and the Highfolk, according to an ancient agreement which Belvor constantly attempts to renegotiate in his favor.

The miners include small numbers of dwarves and gnomes among their 550 total, and a few prospectors venture west into the Yatils from the fringes of the settlement. The garrison here includes both heavy infantry and mountaineer specialists, and some of the troops and many of the miners are hillmen from the Yatil foothills who are not Furyondian subjects. They can be surly and rude, and are tolerated only because of their excellent knowledge of local terrain and surface, open-cast mining.

Very careful checks are made on miners and visitors to Carnalion by priests employing divination magic. Theft of gold is an Injurious Crime. Miners grumble at this, but they are also paid well. Excavated ore is smelted in above ground works, on the site, and the gold shipped to Baranford.

Monsters are relatively rare in the mines, but occasionally encounters with xorn, in particular, present a hazard which is met by keeping two mid-level mages with appropriate combat spells on duty at all times. These mages are also equipped with *banishment* scrolls for emergencies. Three foremen of the mine carry amulets with permanent protection from evil 10' radius spells to keep monsters at bay.

Caronis

Caronis on the Ververdyva River, is a small but important town. It is the major gateway to Veluna, with fine Velunese roadways accessible across the forked stone bridge which spans the broad Ververdyva here.

Caronis is a cultured, boisterous town of 1,600 where the songs of bards and the squeals of barmaids fill the air. The city's motto could well be, "Eat, drink and be merry, but don't have a hangover the next day because it's bad for business." Despite this hedonism, and the undoubted number of thieves here, Caronis has few truly poor or evil folk. This is partly due to Velunese influence. At any time, 200-300 Velunese may be found living here. They bring to the town their high morals and respect for learning and wisdom.

The lands north of Caronis are crowded with net fishermen during the Growfest Eel Run, when vast numbers of eels swim downriver from Quad Lake to grow and spawn in the Nyr Dyv. The Growfest Eel Run brings out hopeful fishermen all along the Ververdyva, and the week of fishing is celebrated with feasting, song and dance, and consumption of staggering quantities of beer and mead. Most netting is done during the long, cold nights. The lanterns of eel netters, glowing for miles along the river, are a remarkable sight.

Dapple Wood

Dapple Wood, which covers both banks of the Ververdyva, downriver from Kisail, is the major native Furyondian woodland resource. Although the northern Gnarley and Vesve supply much of the nation's needs, the Dapple Wood is the only forest land completely under Furyondy's control.

The quality of Dapple Wood ipp, yarpick and especially bronzewood is good. Tyneman has taken care to ensure that this wood is not plundered. Some 300 militia troops are stationed around the wood, based out of Kisail. They protect this woodland and the 800 or so woodsmen who make their living logging, trapping some rabbits, small deer and birds, and fishing the Ververdyva.

There are relatively few monsters here, the bugbears of the wood having been hunted almost to extinction. A few bears, giant tree porcupines, snakes and wild dogs present the most common hazards to woodsmen.

Kisail

Kisail, a small town of 2,000 folk, is located on the Ververdyva River, just upriver from the Dapple Wood. Kisail is most important as a transfer point for goods from Verbobonc, including metals from the Kron Hills. Goods and materials are shipped up the Ververdyva and sent on to Veluna City, Caronis or Littleberg.

The local ruler, Sir Cerell Goodheart, is a pretentious aesthete and an old rake and debauch, but the town does at least boast remarkable water gardens and canals built to his designs. Kisail is more relaxed and languid than Caronis, and in the well irrigated farmlands around the town, farmers grow unusual crops-squashes, melon-like fruits, and similar luxury produce.

Kisail is also home to a notable half-elven bard, Rafendyl, known as "Gildentongue" around the town. Rafendyl appears as self indulgent as everyone else here, but there is more to him than meets the eye (see "Characters and Forces").

Ryemend

Ryemend is a town of 950 people located directly across the broad Ververdyva from Verbobonc. A great deal of traffic moves between the two communities, carried on large, flat-bottomed vessels.

Ryemend is unique in that one fifth of its population are gnomes. They play a major role in trading with agents from the Kron Hills, through Verbobonc.

Verbobonc's decline is a source of alarm to Furyondy. Old Viscount Wilfrick seems to be incapable of making decisions these days, and the Viscounty no longer makes efforts to help the gnomes of the Kron Hills or to be vigilant against evil. Because of this, Ryemend has three groups of interested Furyondian parties who keep careful watch on Verbobonc.

First, there are the spies and agents of Duke Tyneman himself. Their prime interest is in keeping trade flowing acquiring information about Verbobonc's internal politics.

Second, agents of Belvor keep watch on Verbobonc. The King hardly needs problems here when his strength must be expended to the north. Belvor's agents are known to meet with the rulers of keeps and castles within the Viscounty of Verbobonc who are now seen as the most important focus of will, strength and vigilance against the evils of the Gnarley Forest.

Third, Knights of the Hart take great interest in Verbobonc. They too communicate with local, minor nobles, and they also actively seek information about events in Celene and even the Wild Coast.

These Furyondian factions often frustrate each other's efforts. This hardly helps the Furyondian cause in Verbobonc.

The Gold County

Pop: 30,000

Capital: Libernen (pop. 3,400)

Standing Army: 1,200

Tax Multiplier: 0.75

Tithe Multiplier: 0.9

Ruler: Countess Kyaren Rhavelle

The Cold County is the least populous of all Furyondy's provinces, but it is rich indeed. Its name partly derives from the many rich minor nobles who are attracted here by relatively low taxes, as well as the sunflower-like plants, growing on the plains, which are harvested for their seed oil.

Countess Rhavelle is a cunning nobleman, posing as an almost ingenuous socialite while actually possessing very sharp wit and insight. She admires Belvor's craftiness, but she does not believe that Furyondy will face war again for many years. For this reason, she stands steadfast against supplying extra revenues to the crown, and she has a good justification.

Since the war, the Gold County's population has actually risen by 2,000 or so, including some Shield Land nobility, who managed to escape with some of their treasures, and some effete Nyronese nobles fleeing their troubled homeland. Income from such sources as Noble Tax have risen, so that without raising tax levels Rhavelle has actually been able to pay slightly more to the King than before. She deems that sufficient.

Rhavelle considers Duke Tyneman an effete ninny and Luther Derwent a wet blanket. She is wary of ambitious Baron Butrain of Willip, and dislikes the northern provincial rulers. She most admires Baron Jemian, but in truth the Countess is highly self confident and very reluctant ever to admit that she might be wrong.

Social mores play a dominating role in the Gold County. For example, merchants are only permitted to wear simple, dark cloaks and attire so as not to compete with the vivid styles of their noble superiors!

Defenses

Rhavelle maintains only a small standing army who are almost all militia involved in law enforcement in various towns and on the Countess's own land holdings. Local militias, those raised by such minor nobility, are likewise few in number. Rhavelle argues that a sparsely populated province cannot be expected to maintain larger forces. The only truly elite troops are the Greenjerkins, a force of 40 rangers who patrol the uppermost reaches of the Gnarley forest from their base at Stalmaer. They are all expert archers. No defensive fortifications have been strengthened here.

Locations and Settlements

Blackwell

This is a deserted village wiped out by a plague in 579 CY. Fortunately the plague was so virulent that none traveled beyond the village to spread it before they died. Blackwell always had a reputation as an almost sinister place filled with suspicious villagers who spoke an incomprehensible dialect, and is now avoided by all local folk. It is overgrown by wild plants and scrub, its buildings falling into disrepair. Foul, reeking stagnant waters make its outskirts a miasmatic marsh where an otyugh was recently sighted. Locals whisper of a diseased curse on the village, and also of a reclusive black-cloaked man with pockets full of gold who took up residence just before the plague outbreak . . .

Gleaming Glades

This northern tip of the Gnarley Forest is noteworthy because of the health and fertility of the plant life there. Visitors swear that sunlight seems different standing within these glades, as if the warm yellow light had a life of its own, dancing and flowing around the trees.

Be that as it may, the gleaming glades are home to a group of reclusive druids of Obad-hai. There are five druids living here ranging in level from 4th to 9th. They do not get on well with the priesthood of Ehlonna which forms the large majority of the Gnarley Forest nature priests. They avoid contact with outsiders. However, the druidic tombs will always have at least one druid keeping watch over them. This is the easiest place to find the druids. These "tombs" are actually simple earth mounds, which have young oaks growing from them. These druids believe in reincarnation, and what better after one's death than to bring forth new life as the young trees flourish. Nonetheless, they will not stand by and watch the curious poke about at the tombs.

The druids of Obad-hai have a dangerous plan of action in mind. They seek to visit the Vesse and regenerate the plant life of the razed orclands, which were left in ashes by Belvor and his troops during the wars (see Highfolk chapter). This plan would appall Belvor, who would see it as merely reestablishing the habitats from which the orcs were painstakingly driven out. The druids, of course, are other-worldly souls who really do not care much for the affairs of men or orcs. They mean well, but their plan is unwise. They will try to recruit what help they can, and they will claim to know where there are buried treasures in the Vesse to player characters who may meet them (whether they do is left to the Dungeon Master). Of course, any player characters accompanying them on their work, will be in bad favor with the king if his agents in the Vesse discover what they are doing.

Libernen

Libernen is a sprawling town located at the junction of several major trade highways. The houses of Libernen's 3,300 citizens stretch out along the roads like long limbs. Libernen is the administrative center of the county, although Rhavelle spends most of her time traveling around the Rhavelle Holdings.

Libernen is rich (double Player's Handbook values for accommodation and tavern/hostelry prices) and there are many exiled nobles wasting their fortunes away at the town's gaming houses and more dubious establishments. Libernen is, in truth, a haunt of cowards and fainthearts, men and women fled from the dangers of their homelands. Upon such people, thieves, bawds and assassins prey, as do native Gold County nobility for that matter. Libernen is a place for adventurers to meet exiles from around the Flanaess, but only those of melancholic disposition and cowardly natures, with some possible exceptions.

Rhavelle Holdings

These lands are the Countess' retreat, especially during spring and summer months. Unlike most other regions in the kingdom, the terrain here is rugged, with many low rolling hills. These hills are dotted with gravel quarries and small lakes, which are often old quarries filled by rainwater. There is a small cultivated wood, stocked with game for hunting.

Rhavelle enjoys riding in grand carriages with her invited guests, taking in the heady scent from the flower fields and lily gardens dotted around her richly decorated hunting lodge and mansion complex. Her fine warhorses provide mounts for hunting in the woods.

Amidst the hills is a single outcrop of red and yellow rock known as "Geshender's Needle" after a mage who once had a tower atop it. The tower is now ruined, and some say the mage has become a lich, living far below the rock itself.

Stalmaer

Stalmaer is a small town located at the junction of the Att and Volverdyva Rivers. Stalmaer is a watchpost for events in the Gnarley Forest and beyond. It is also a trade town for goods shipped up from Ryemond and downriver from Libernen.

Stalmaer is a leading marketplace for the seed oil which the Gold County trades with the Reach, Verbobonc and all points south. Twenty-gallon barrels of this oil are sold in batches of six at auction every Starday and Waterday during Goodmonth and Harvester at Fenker's Auction House in the great marketplace. Customers are invited to inspect the goods on the previous day. This is almost like a wine tasting, except that buyers obviously don't drink the stuff.

There are few adventurers or mercenaries here, and those encountered will be only passing through. The town is the main base of the Greenjerkin rangers, named for the green and brown gear they wear. These elite scouts know much about events in the Gnarley Forest and the Kron Hills, and may speak guardedly of them to fellow rangers.

The small northern fringe of the Gnarley Forest is logged for a moderate yield of ipp, yarpick and a few groves of deklö. The quality of wood to be cut here is only fair. This northern spur is less dark and dangerous than most of the Gnarley Forest, with fewer monsters, but it is also not far from the old Temple of Elemental Evil so the Greenjerkers keep a careful watch.

The Velunese Lights

This unique and wondrous feature is not a location or settlement and is not shown on the map. They are lights which manifest only in the Gold County, at wholly unpredictable locations and times. They are referred to as Velunese lights because they were first sighted east of Devarnish in 516 CY. The Velunese Lights have the appearance of will-o-wisps. The lights cover a radius of some 40 feet and radiate magic and good. They travel erratically, at speeds ranging from 60 to 360 feet per round. Occasionally, the lights pause, almost always if a paladin or priest of lawful good faith approaches them. Such a character, if he stands quietly within the lights for six rounds, gains the benefits of a personal prayer spell for 1d4 days. A handful of especially faithful lawful good priests and paladins have reported more dramatic effects such as strength raised by 1d6 points for 2d10 days; immunity to magical alignment change for 1d4 months, and the like. It has become a tradition that those gaining such benefits should make a small donation to a temple of lawful good as soon as possible after being blessed.

The lights themselves cannot be harmed (except by a *Mordenkainen's disjunction* which would destroy them on a roll of 14 or higher on d20) and retreat rapidly from any evil beings or those seeking to attack them. Who may have created them, and for what purpose, is not known.

Barony of Willip

Pop: 45,000

Capital: Willip (pop. 16,000)

Standing Army: 2,465 troops; 4,500 navy

Tax Multiplier: 1.0

Tithe Multiplier: 1.0

Ruler Baron Xanthan Butrain

The Barony of Willip is a vital strategic region of Furyondy. Willip is the first port of call for almost all visitors arriving across the lake from Greyhawk, Urnst, Nyron and points beyond. Willip itself is the largest settlement in all of Furyondy, and its baron plays a pivotal political role.

Baron Xanthan Butrain is resistant to further increases in taxation, but he also knows that since Belvor pays for the navy, and the navy brings vast revenues into Willip, that he is beholden to his King on that score. Should the navy be, say, increasingly diverted to a developed Gold County port as a base, the barony would suffer economically. Butrain thus plays a waiting game. He insists on agreements between all provincial rulers before he will agree to raising taxes to fund the northern provinces, knowing this is unlikely to happen. But in the end Butrain is likely to give in to the king's demands. Alone of the southern nobles, he has Iuz on his borders, most notably on Scragholme Island, so he has a constant reminder of what threatens the land.

The Barony of Willip has some quirks compared to most of the rest of Furyondy. Criminal law here is termed canon law and may only be administered by priests of the faiths of St. Cuthbert or Zilchus, of 5th level or higher. This often means long delays waiting for trials. Most taxes have odd names. For instance, the Noble Tax for lesser nobles is the "Baron's Gold" and the Freesword Tax is called the "Blade Coppers." This can be confusing to outsiders. All wizards must register their residence, and be subject to a Dweomercrafting Tax of 10 gp per month unless in the service of the baron or the crown, and so on.

Lastly, Butrain has a nemesis. His cousin Gregen claims the title of baron. The true bloodline is disputed. Gregen is believed to have fled to Admundfort, where Iuz may be using him as a puppet to justify any planned strike against Willip. This is a carefully concealed secret which only major nobility in Furyondy, and a few sages, know.

Defenses

For administrative purposes all of Furyondy's navy is considered based at Willip, although at any given time many naval vessels are traveling the Veng or stationed at small bases along the northern bank of the broad, long mouth of the Ververdyva. The navy has been strengthened by the arrival of those vessels, saved from Whyestil Lake, which were able to flee down the Veng during the war.

Butrain has also moved swiftly to defend his small area of border with Iuz. Naval batteries and fortifications have sprung up at Herechel, and estuary defenses, including earthworks, archery bunkers, spear walls and more, have been rushed into place.

Across the Waters

The major problem facing Willip is the garrison of forces on Scragholme Island. Salt marshes along the coasts south of Herechel are often plagued by mists and fogs, and a variety of monsters from Scragholme often attack vessels and coastal defenses. These include the scraggs (freshwater trolls), after which the island is named, and also creatures drawn by monster summoning spells and magical devices. Encountered monsters often radiate magic and can be dispelled.

The hobgoblin soldiers along the eastern coast appear to be well equipped. While they have a few ships they rarely attempt any waterborne attacks since they have no sailing skills. Some of these ships are of Furyondian design, bearing Furyondy's flags. These prizes of the fighting on Whyestil Lake could be used to creep up on kingdom vessels in the fog.

On the rare occasions a hobgoblin crewed ship has attacked, it has used human Shield Lander galley slaves. This has made ramming attacks and magical attacks from the Furyondian navy subject to a major moral dilemma. However, the hobgoblin ships have, to date, been boarded successfully and, since the navy recovered two Furyondian vessels in such actions, further attacks have not been forthcoming.

Scragholme has a tall stone lighthouse and keep which have been occupied by Iuz's forces. The old lighthouse is now a dark watchtower, and the haunted fortifications frustrate any attempts to dislodge the enemy from this island.

Locations and Settlements

Bronzeblood Haunt

Furyondy is a civilized and settled land. It has few dark ruins, lich's lairs, secret evil temples, monster infested dungeons and the like. Bronzeblood Haunt is an exception to all of that. No one lives, or usually even travels, within a good three miles of this place. A watchtower with 25 troops and 1d4 priests maintains a constant vigil from a safe distance.

Far in Furyondy's past, a tyrannical minor noble of infamous evil ruled the lands around the ruined castle, which is still crumbling into the ground. His punishment for all but the most trivial crimes was death by torture. Rumors began to fly, telling of blood cults and vampires. When Thrommel I came to the throne and heard of the noble's doings he dispatched a powerful force to raze the castle and execute this monster. The castle was demolished, but its depraved noble master fled and was never captured.

Few today even remember the man's name, but from time to time the grove of bronzewood trees which grows here flush red, as if with blood. Unnatural mists cover the castle ruins in autumn. The ruins still radiate magic and evil, and no one has ever claimed to have fully explored the many basements and dungeons below it.

Herechel

This walled town stands at the mouth of the Veng River. Herechel has a fine harbor, and is the main port for naval vessels patrolling the Veng. It also maintains a garrison of 400 soldiers who patrol the fringes of the southern salt marshes and the few miles north to the border with the March. Because monster attacks are a genuine danger in this area, the garrison is tough and experienced and Herechel is a well policed, no nonsense town. Three naval mages, bristling with magical items (wands of fire, lightning bolts and magic missiles) preen themselves on the ramparts of Herechel's great 180 foot tall keep. These mages maintain constant vigilance over the mouth of the Veng.

The Sentinel Ports: Keristen, Sendrift, Walthain, Dianrift

These four small towns, each of 600-800 people including a hundred or so permanently stationed naval militia, are bases from which the Furyondian navy patrols the long mouth of the Veng. They are also fishing communities where catches are good and fish is salted and preserved for dispatch to Herechel or Greyhawk.

Dianrift is also an important base for naval vessels which patrol the lower Veng, especially in its passage through the Gnarlly Forest.

Willip

Willip is the largest city in Furyondy, dominated by its great naval quarters where barracks can accommodate up to 3,000 soldiers and sailors. At any given time, over 1,000 of these men may be occupying the barracks, turning Willip into a thriving military town.

Willip's great dockyards employ over 3,500 men in the Arsenal, where this work force is capable of producing a completely fitted war galley in barely over a month when working at full speed. The Arsenal has been functioning at full speed since the beginning of the wars. This work force has been swollen by Shield Landers and even a few Nyrondese, but there is work for all. Belvor is replacing vessels lost on the Whyestil, and Greyhawk is helping meet the costs, so war galleys are being built from the best imported woods and torches and braziers burn throughout the city during the night.

Willip is not walled, but the naval quarter has the beginnings of a stone wall and a completed strip of 30' high stone. This wall has evenly spaced battlements bearing four ballistas, each with a specialist crew of naval militia. Heavy crossbowmen are stationed along the battlements, their bows and bowstrings specially oiled to keep them from warping in the damp, salty air.

Willip is also a major fishing and trading city, with goods arriving from Urnst and especially Greyhawk. The warehouses, markets and homes of the less well-to-do merchants, who dwell amidst the constant smell of fish, surround the Goose Yards.

This market district is named for the annual springtime Goose Fair, which features a fat local breed of goose. The market has become rougher and seedier since the wars, but still boasts many foreign traders, oddities, entertainments, and curio shops. Here one can buy almost anything, from a Tiger Nomad shaman's garb to the genuine skull of Iuz in his last incarnation. Of course, the man who sold you that will offer you a smaller (vaguely orcish) skull next week, claiming that it is also the genuine skull of Iuz. When you argue with him he'll plead that this time, it's the skull of Iuz as a child he's offering for sale.

Charlatans, bawds and thieves are no strangers to the Goose Yards. The militia have only a token presence there despite their large numbers. The attitude of the authorities is that their job is keeping the Nyr Dyv safe, not prowling the streets. For this reason, the Goose Yards have a deserved reputation for crime.

Most of Willip is noise, color and distraction of all kinds. But along the great, tree-lined boulevards of Highplace and "the Land Legs Road" (a road near the barracks where sailors walk to regain their land legs after weeks on ship), there are a few less boisterous taverns and hostels.

The Gardens are bright and cheerful, with grassy arenas for ball games and archery contests and a large flowered bower garden where a priestess of Ehlonna tends the flora. It is said that those who are married here will not argue for at least seven years and seven days, and certainly minor nobility travel some distance to take their vows in this delightful spot.

The **Grand Admiralty** is the residence of senior naval officers including Grand Admiral Rosen, the wily commander of the Furyondian navy. **The Prow** and **Rope and Tar** are noisy taverns, much frequented by ordinary navy seamen. Lower level naval officers prefer **The Salted Barrel**. All three taverns offering plain fare, but at fair prices, and with the enormous portions Willip's healthy sea air seems to encourage people to eat.

The Hands of Istus is a gaming house where richer merchants and a few lesser nobles may be found. **The Billet** is a hostelry and gaming house where many of the exiled Shield Land nobles drown their sorrows, **Grandien's** is a noisy, shady gaming den and bawdy house, but has a reputation for occasional visits and performances by good bards and minstrels.

The Boar's Haunch is the best restaurant, famous for its roasted boar in berry sauces. Other exotic dishes from around the Flanaess are served here. **Batrachio's** is a haunt of ne'er-do-wells, thieves and rogues, which is often raided by the militia. They raid the place looking for fugitives, or just to keep the clientele on their toes. **Dialamen's** is the place where adventurers gather to share their tales. This tavern is famous for its games of dice, played with yellowed dragonbone dice. The proprietor, a burly Urnst man, claims these dice were made from the jaw of a blue dragon he slew in the western hills around the Bright Desert.

A small but beautiful temple is currently being built to Mayaheine, whose priests collect funds for building the new walled sea defenses. For obvious reasons, this faith is most appealing to Butrain. The protective, martial faith of this new deity is finding many adherents among naval men, somewhat to the discomfiture of the priests of Procan, the traditional faith of sailors.

Adventures in Furyondy

This chapter gives some outlines, themes and hints for adventures in the Furyondy setting.

Against the Evil of Iuz

This kind of adventure is for the brave, the good, and possibly the foolhardy. There are four broad themes here: defensive actions, offensive raids, objective raiding, and opposing the Shadowclaw. Examples of these are given below, but the Dungeon Master has to keep certain tactical points in mind.

First, the characters will not find it easy to act alone if large scale aggressive action is planned. They can't launch a major strike with hired mercenaries from Greatwall Castle, for example, unless they have talked their plans over with Artur Jakartai, and he has approved them. Acting without his permission would certainly invoke his anger and they would be forced marched out of his lands . . . if they returned.

Likewise, characters can hardly run around Chendl recruiting or planning for a strike to liberate Crockport. The king's men would soon hear of it and the player characters would be hauled up before Belvor's generals and given a stern dressing down. Furyondy's defenses are not complete, a pact of peace has been signed, and offensive actions have to be limited, carefully planned, and truly justified.

The characters can't afford to bite off more than they can chew. None but the highest level player characters could actually assault Crockport. Even a clever infiltration exercise would require mid-level characters. If the player characters are attacked by the forces of Iuz, don't throw more at them than they can handle.

The characters should be able to get help from nonplayer characters. Trithereon's priests, for example, might help aggressive raiders with potions of healing, defensive spells such as protection from evil 10' radius and so on. Mercenaries might be recruited. (What fun it would be if one turned out to be a Shadowclaw agent...). Don't make things easy on the player characters, but if they plan intelligently and argue their case well, they should be able to find some assistance.

Here are some ideas for developing basic themes:

Defending Actions: Here, player characters must fight off some assault by Iuz's forces. Why are Iuz soldiery attacking? They could be making a random raid, most likely with chaotic goblinoids. They could be making a planned attack on shipping along the Veng using good ambush and missile fire tactics. They might be trying to weaken a defensive installation, possibly using the *stone curse* spell described in *Iuz the Evil* to affect a keep. Evil forces might be raiding for treasure, attacking a merchant convoy or something. There are other possibilities. Shadowclaw operations involving theft, sabotage, and planned assassination are all options. Iuz's forces, often with a guiding mid-level priest and/or wizard, often use novel attacks to see how Furyondy's defenders respond. A thassaloss, summoned monsters, Varrangoin, a modified Undead or golem type, all of these might be employed. Player characters would have to fight off the attack, and try to find out who was responsible.

Offensive Raids: This is hit and run attack, without a clear goal, attempting to slay as many troops of Iuz as possible, reducing the strength of evil forces to the north. This can be little more than a monster bash, so it's best if player characters run into something they didn't expect. . .perhaps a powerful priest and his entourage just happen to appear along the road. They might have to leave some booby trap or similar item behind, find some human slaves being readied for sacrifice, and so on. Just making a fast run and hit attack isn't that much fun. Liven it up a bit.

Objective Raiding: Here, the player characters must travel within the lands fallen to Iuz to perform some definite action. This can be the most exciting adventure, especially if they seek someone or something which can be moved. For instance, perhaps they are trying to free a prisoner in Grabford who turns out to have been moved to a castle 20 miles further north. Examples of these adventures might include retrieving treasure lost in Crockport, Grabford or some unmapped manor house or keep, buried there by a noble and now badly needed for the war effort. Characters might try rescuing a captive. This is ideal if Iuz's forces recently kidnapped the man, since retrieving him is wholly justifiable within the conditions of the Pact of Greyhawk and Furyondy officialdom will sanction this. An objective raid might include retrieving some holy relics or magical items, or performing some type of spoiling action. For example, Grabford might have a magical pool of healing which grants Iuz's soldiery services which priests of Iuz cannot perform. Fouling the pool would certainly weaken Iuz's forces.

Then again, player characters might be asked simply to conduct spying expeditions. There are several nonplayer characters who might commission this; Mauritian of Eyeberen (allowing player characters to meet his evil mage), Cerenellyl, Sharnalem or the Knights of the Hart. If the player characters are told to keep their existence and purpose secret, this will discourage involvement in a mere blood and thunder foray. Indeed, any goal where player characters have to use stealth is the most exciting and tense form of objective raiding.

Against the Shadowclaw: Iuz has a network of agents in Furyondy, and adventures to frustrate and overcome them could make an excellent basis for city adventures, intrigues and cross-country pursuits. This is fighting the good fight, but in a very different way. The Dungeon Master may develop a network of spies and agents to suit his campaign, with the entry for the Shadowclaw in the “Characters and Forces” section used as a basis for inspiration.

The Scarlet Brotherhood has deliberately not been referred to in the chapter on Furyondy. They are generally considered to have but a handful of spies here, and not to be active in sabotage, kidnapping and the like. However, they most certainly have their agents in Veluna and the Dungeon Master may choose to develop a small, subtle network of these master spies.

Political Intrigues

The source material on Furyondy shows how divided this land is. To be sure, few Furyondians are evil folk, but divisions stalk the land. Here are just a few of them, with adventure ideas:

Royalty Versus Nobility: Belvor’s struggles with his nobles have been extensively detailed. Player characters might discover some indiscretion or error on the part of some noble, which might be used as leverage to bring him or her closer to the king in matters of policy. Declaring less tax revenues than the noble has is an obvious possibility.

Nobility Versus Itself: The nobles have their own rivalries which often result in feuding. What would the player characters do if they discovered that Butrain of Willip, in fact, is not the rightful ruler of the barony and his evil cousin is? Would they keep it quiet, blackmail the Baron, inform the king, tell Butrain that they know and will keep silent? Would he believe them or throw them into jail to be safe?

Knights of the Hart: There are divisions within this group as well as conflicts with other powers. Cerenellyl and Sharnalem both have their own agendas helping the Highfolk, while some Knights look to Verbobonc or Dyvers and consider it might be time to annex the city! It’s entirely possible that a Knight of Furyondy loyal to his king, discovering Cerenellyl’s spying, might start supplying false information to the elf, who would then pass it to the Highfolk. Someone might die for the error, a report of Iuz’s forces being active some distance from where they actually are, for example. Bad information was supplied to Cerenellyl to discredit him and prevent spying by the well meaning Knight of Furyondy. Matters could get very messy with this theme.

Priesthoods: Trithereon’s priesthood is a difficult influence for the King and most of his nobles. How would lawful-aligned player characters react if they discovered that Trithereon’s priests had been mounting-raids into Iuz occupied lands. What if 2,000 orc soldiers were about to mount a massive retaliation? Trithereon’s priests protect many, and sustain morale. Would they present their evidence to the king? Would characters confront Trithereon’s priesthood with it and tell them to desist, or else? Or will they cunningly give what evidence they have to a lawful priesthood and let them deal with it! What player characters do if they found out about Hymend of Worlende, “cheating” his lord to help the king? Would they keep quiet, tell the viscount, tell Hymend’s superiors in the Church of Heironeous?

Protecting Resources

Furyondy is desperately dependent on raising wealth and must jealously protect its own resources. Player characters might find many adventures awaiting them, arising from some threat to Furyondy’s resources.

Here are but a few examples: A devastating blight, some form of malign magic, strikes the flowers of the Gold County, perhaps initially only in some small part. If it spreads, it would sharply reduce the county’s revenues. Can the player characters find out what is happening and stop it? Could they deal with a rash of monsters appearing within Redstone, Claw Gorge, the Carnalion mines, at Castle Greylode, or Furyondy’s handful of other stone, gravel, and metal mines and quarries? Could they find out why carnivorous plant seeds seem to have contaminated grain stock and are threatening wipe out the farmers who are harvesting food for the winter? What if player characters had to deal with an outbreak of blight, monster infestation, or worse in the Dapple Wood? Maybe the party must discover why part of the Crystal River has become horribly black and foul with a rapidly growing water weed choking the waters and delaying shipping. Many adventure themes, especially suitable for lower-level characters, can be developed from such ideas.

Miscellaneous

Low-level player characters might find work almost anywhere in Furyondy. Joining the army or the Royal Navy is a possibility if they are absolutely penniless, but it would constrict their freedom of action somewhat. Better to negotiate “contracts” with a border keep needing specialists like priests and mages for patrols for a few months. Higher-level player characters who can help with building work can also sign up to help with a project. Bodyguards for nervous merchants are always in demand, as are escorts for supplies of

weapons being taken north after being shipped in from Greyhawk and Dyvers. City adventures of more orthodox kind can be set in cities well away from the frontier line; Caronis, perhaps, Kisail, or Pantarn.

Then again, while Furyondy is not rich in wild, uncivilized regions or dangerous terrains, there are a few mysterious and dangerous places about. Is there a curse in Blackwell, and are the rumors of treasure true? What did happen to the sinister vampiric ruler of Bronzeblood Haunt? Is there a lich below Geshender's Needle? Furyondy has room for a few more sites of this kind, should the Dungeon Master choose to develop them.

Furyondy: Characters and Forces

Non-player character profiles are slightly compressed for space reasons. They give exceptional stats and magic items, together with basic details for the character. Note that dexterity bonuses have been computed into armor class values. Major Non-player characters get longer sketches of their personalities and appearance. Magical items for non-player characters given reference profiles include only those important to the character's role or function. They do not include one shot items such as scrolls or potions. Dungeon Masters are at liberty to change details, add magical items, etc., as they see fit to suit the circumstances of their own individual and unique campaigns.

The Forces section gives summary details for troop strengths. Furyondy is no longer at war, and skirmishing is the order of the day. This is important! Furyondy and Iuz have established a shaky truce. There will be no invasions, no massed battles, no attempts to claim territory. That is the Pact of Greyhawk. Rather, each side has reasons for claiming that raids and forays were not ordered by its rulers. Iuz claims that raids by Iuz forces are due to poor discipline, retaliations, preemptive strikes against warlike preparations and so forth. Furyondy does much the same. In Greyhawk, the ambassadors of each side blame the other for skirmish battles and trot out their own excuses.

Non-Player Character Profiles

Count Artur Jakartai of Crystalreach: 16th-level paladin of Heironeous (Str 18/00, Dex 15, Con 18, Int 6, Wis 17). AC -3 (plate mail +5), hp 118, AL LG. Artur wears a *girdle of cloud giant strength* and hefts a *two-handed sword* +4 (Int 9, Ego 15) that casts *detect evil*, *protection from evil*, and *detect invisibility* twice per day each, and has a special purpose power of *disintegrating evil priests* (save versus death magic negates). Artur owns a battle standard with his own coat of arms which radiates protection from evil 30' radius and negative plane protection 10' radius and adds +1 to the morale of all troops within 30 yards. Artur is just under seven feet tall, 355 lbs., a monster of a man. He is plain of face, with brown hair and eyes. An exiled Shield Lander, Artur is not intelligent but he is wise and knows his need for sound, intelligent advice when making decisions. Deeply loyal to King Belvor, he supports him wholeheartedly. Artur is shy and awkward with other nobles, and prefers the company of fellow warriors and commoners. Further details of Artur's past can be found in the *City of Greyhawk* and *From the Ashes* boxed sets.

Althea; High Priestess of Iuz: Althea is an 18th-level Priestess of Iuz. See *Iuz the Evil* for details.

Belvor IV, King of Furyondy: 15th-level Paladin of Heironeous (Str 18/08, Dex 16, Con 17, Int 16, Wis 16, Cha 17). AC -6 or better (*full plate* + 5 of *fire resistance*, *cloak of displacement*, *two-handed sword defender* + 4), hp 103, AL LG. Belvor uses his *two-handed defender* +4 in combat and also has a *mace of disruption*. He wears two magical rings (*free action and mind shielding*) at all times. He has access to many magical items, as the Dungeon Master sees fit. Belvor is 61 (biologically 49), 6' 2", strong and regal of appearance with short light brown hair, blue-green eyes and a prominent, strong jaw line. Belvor is a wise and cunning King, well able to master the intricacies of political dealings with his nobles, but from time to time he gets impatient when he can see clearly what is right for his kingdom and others are procrastinating. He is a vigorous man, liking hunting, archery and jousting, but has not remarried. He may seek a dynastic marriage and the daughter of Viscount Luther Derwent of the March would be a fine political choice. It's unfortunate that Luther is a surly man the king detests, and his daughter is not an appealing prospect either.

Duke Bennel Tyneman of the Reach: 11th-level thief (Dex 18, Int 17, Cha 16). AC -5 (bracers of defense AC3, cloak of displacement, ring of protection +2), hp 39, AL CN (CG). Tyneman is 50 years old, slim for his 5' 9" height, and very vain. His black wavy hair is perfectly coifed and his dark blue eyes shine with the promise of mischief. Tyneman is a self indulgent hedonist, a gambler and rake who always seems to be lucky. He is a cunning man, well used to playing political games. In truth, he enjoys them for their own sake. He strongly dislikes over-lawful, strong rule and while he realizes the problems to the north it goes against the grain for him to cede more money and power to a lawful king. Tyneman is a man with good inclinations and intentions, but he doesn't think Furyondy's future is best secured by increasing the strength of the king with the potential for tyranny that path offers. He is especially alarmed by Knights of the Hart who plan to annex Verbobonc or Dyvers, and he works secretly to oppose the Knights in many matters.

Cataryna, Master Priestess of Trithereon: 13th-level priest (Dex 18, Wis 17, Cha 15). AC -2 (*plate mail +1 of fear*), hp 57, AL CG. Cataryna wears *wings of flying*, fights with a pair of *broadswords + 2*, and owns four throwing *spears of lightning* (as per javelin of lightning). Based in Chendl, the young (27) flame-haired woman travels throughout the northern provinces, visiting other priests of her deity. She is a determined fund raiser for her church, badgering everyone for donations, and she willingly casts spells to aid adventurers striking into the lands of Iuz. She also arranges healing, remove curse, and similar help for those who return). Chaotic and vengeful, she is not a patient diplomat and while loyal to Belvor she thinks him poorly advised by overly cautious men.

Cerenellyl: 9th-level elven fighter (Str 15, Dex 18, Int 17). AC -2 (*elven chain +3*, rarely worn), hp 57, AL CG. Cerenellyl is a Knight of the High Forest, 272 years of age, and his apparent blindness is due to milky cataracts in his eyes. Since he wears an ancient elven *ring of true sight* this blindness is only apparent, not real. The cataracts are developments of the “moonbow” which appeared in his eyes 30 years past, a summoning from the goddess Sehanine to him to leave the mortal world, a summons Cerenellyl resists fiercely.

Cerenellyl’s major role is to learn all he can about the politically powerful in Furyondy, especially advisers to the King and his provincial rulers, and supply information to the Knights of the High Forest and Highfolk. He has a very wide range of contacts, most of whom are Knights of Furyondy and Knights of the High Forest. He also deals with the mage Philidor, and even Elrael Tesmarien of Nyrond, exiled in Greyhawk (see *From the Ashes*, campaign book), and others as the Dungeon Master determines to advance a campaign. He is friendly with Sharnalem, and the two work together to patrol the southern Vesve fringes and the Royal Highway.

Cryennek: 12th-level mage (Dex 15, Int 17). AC +1 (*bracers of defense AC4*, *ring of protection +2*), hp 32, AL CE. Cryennek bears a magical amulet which allows him to *summon monsters* (at any level) once per week, and also to communicate with them (with effective Ch 18). A lean and sallow-faced man of 32, Cryennek is cowardly, vicious and oleaginous, originally a mage in the employ of the Heirarchs of Molag.

Crystara: 9th-level Priestess of Beory (Wis 17, Cha 15). AC 5 (*leather armor +3*), hp 55, AL N. Crystara, a fat and jolly woman of 44, bears a *staff of the woodlands* and a *wand of earth and stone* used very sparingly in construction work.

Curtlem the Calloused: 3rd-level dwarven fighter (Str 16, Con 16). AC 5 (*dwarven leather armor +1*, *shield + 1*), hp 28, AL LG. Curtlem is an expert siege engineer, the proud owner of a *spade of colossal excavation*. This 196 year-old Lortmils dwarf has ambled his way through the Kron Hills, Dyvers, Verbobonc and into Furyondy in his time. Curtlem is black-haired and bearded with small brown eyes and a heavily lined face. He is a loyal, honest, decent individual, committed to defending the north. He has more awareness of the world than many dwarves, knowing that if Furyondy falls so will Veluna and the lamps of good will be dimmed close to extinction in the Flanaess. Curtlem admires Artur Jakartai greatly and serves him proudly.

Ereland Manneth: 9th-level specialist conjurer (Con 17, Int 18, Ch 16). AC 7 (*ring of protection +3*), hp 46, AL NG. Ereland owns a *ring of avian control* which allows him to *charm* avians (-6 penalty to saves) and speak with them three times per day. He also possesses a *crystal ball with telepathy* and a *ring of mind shielding*, plus *pipes of the sewers*. Ereland is wily and cautious, always ready to sponsor expeditions into the old Horned Society lands to gain information. He will be angry if those he has commissioned stir up excessive trouble.

Garaeth Heldenster: 15th-level High Priest of Heironeous (Str 18/53, Wis 18, Cha 17). AC -2 (*plate mail +5*), hp 72, AL LG. Garaeth hefts a huge two-handed *battleaxe + 4* (Dmg 1d10 + 4) unusable by any character with Str below 18/51, and wears two magical rings (*free action and protection 5' radius*). His roan stallion has *chain barding +2*. The priest also owns a *rod of lordly might* which he may use since he was a fighter of 5th level before training for the priesthood. Garaeth is 54 years old, but looks in his early thirties (due to a carefully worded *wish* that has made him age at only one-fifth normal rate until his “natural” lifespan comes to a close). Garaeth is not a tall man (5' 9"), nor apparently very powerful, but he is very strong and charismatic. He is deeply devoted to Belvor, whom he considers the best king Furyondy has had for generations. Garaeth looks for war against Iuz, but does not see it as coming for several years yet and in the interim he places priority on defending the land. He cares very deeply about the ordinary people of Furyondy. When the kingdom’s army marches again, it must leave behind the best possible defenses to protect farmers and workers. Garaeth is always accompanied by 1d4 +4 junior priests and/or warriors, and spends as much time touring the border lands as he does attending to church affairs which are increasingly left to his able deputy, the 11th-level priestess Beromand, based in Chendl.

Gellain, Velunese Ambassador: 8th-level priest of Rao (Int 17, Wis 17, Cha 15). AC 0 (*bracers of defense AC2*, *ring of protection +2*), hp 40, AL LG. Gellain wears a *ring of mind shielding* and an *amulet of proof against detection and location* at all times, and has a *ring of spell storing* with three *word of recall* spells to take him back to Mitrik if this is ever necessary in a real hurry. Gellain is a handsome (blond-haired and green-eyed) 37 year old, a sociable and well meaning man, but he is undoubtedly somewhat overbearing. Everyone in Chendl knows that Veluna is a vital ally and bankroller for Furyondy. They just don’t like to be reminded of it on a daily basis as Gellain talks with the king, Gellain inspects the rebuilding of Chendl, Gellain beards the generals, Gellain summons other priests to his comfortable residence. Gellain goes here and there, does this and that, and sometimes people wish he would keep a lower profile.

Janzipir: 9th-level specialist diviner (Dex 15, Int 18, Wis 17). AC 2 (*black robes of the archmagi, ring of protection* +2), hp 23, AL NE. Janzipir is an exiled Johrase bandit, who earned his way with powerful fighters through his skill in planning ambushes, assassinations and the like. He hates Iuz with a palpable vengeance. Iuz's hobgoblins tortured him and left him for dead, and he will ally with anyone who opposes them. He has no love for Furyondy, but he has a safe place to plan, scheme, and watch and gloat at the prospect of thousands of hobgoblins being slaughtered. Since Furyondian soldiers will do that, he is absolutely honest in the information he gives concerning the actions of goblinoids across the Veng. Janzipir owns several nonstandard magical items of divinatory nature, as the Dungeon Master determines in accordance with his experience level. He is an ugly, one-eyed man of 43, with thinning black hair and grey eyes, a lean 5' 10".

Jelleneth: 7th-level fighter (Str 16, Dex 18, Int 15). AC -4 (*chain mail* +2, *shield* +2), hp 49, AL CG. Jelleneth is Baron Kalinstren's daughter, a willful and cheeky 25 year old who deeply reveres Trithereon. She uses a *longsword* +2, +4 *versus goblinoids* in battle and also owns an *amulet versus undead* (7th level), a *composite longbow* +2 and a *wand of enemy detection* (43 charges). Jelleneth is hot-headed and enjoys cocking a snoot at the formalities of noble life, being willfully tomboyish and unfeminine. She is also unsubtle. She values magic, but prefers it to be the flashy, combative kind (*fireballs, lightning bolts* and the like). Her desire to strike at Iuz's forces is mitigated by her concern for the well being of the troops she commands at Spinecastle. Hence her preference for paying mercenaries and adventurers.

Baron Jemian of Littleberg: 11th-level fighter (Str 16, Wis 16). AC -4 (*plate mail* +4, *shield* +2), hp 58, AL LG. Jemian is 5' 10", stocky of build, with olive tanned skin, brown eyes and hair. He is 52, a reverer of Rao and a family man very proud of his three sons and two daughters. Jemian is thoughtful, taking time to arrive at decisions, and if anything he vacillates and lacks the charisma needed to persuade others of the correctness of his views. He sees both sides of most arguments, which can be a weakness in troubled times. Jemian has been forced into the role of a key political player, and works hard to unite nobles to negotiate together with the king. He is a decent, cultured and generous man for whom dishonesty would be an impossibility.

Kalinstren, Baron of Kalinstren: 11th-level fighter (Str 16, Dex 16, Cha 15). AC -4 (*plate mail* +2, *shield* +2), hp 70, AL CG. Kalinstren employs a *broadsword* +5 in battle, and owns *gauntlets of ogre power* and a *scarab of enraging enemies* which he wears with pride. Standing 6' 3" and with only a slight paunch, the 52 year old Baron is still an impressive sight with his full head of flowing black hair and piercing green eyes. Kalinstren desperately wants to recover his lost lands. He loves his people too, but his unquenchable desire to wage war again puts their welfare second to this goal. Kalinstren is dismissive of those who do not share his priorities and can be rude and sarcastic in conversation. He is a difficult man, prone to tempers and anger, but is also generous and honest.

Karzalin, Master Elementalist: 18th-level specialist elemental of fire (Con 17, Int 18, Wis 15). AC -3 (*bracers of defense* AC3, *cloak of protection* +3, magical ring-see below), hp 61, AL N (NC). Karzalin owns a magical ring which gives +3 *protection* and has the properties of *fire resistance* and *mind blanking* (as per the 8th-level wizard spell). He is known to possess several other magical items including a *stone destrier*, a *wand of fire* and a *brazier commanding fire elementals*.

Karzalin is one of Belvor's Chamber of Four, his colleagues being other elementals (Ryshanden, a 14th level air elemental; Piscentan, a female 11th-level water elemental; and Dramaynen, a 10th-level earth elemental who is an ardent reverer of Ulaa and has sage proficiency regarding the theology of "elemental" deities). These four are primarily combat mages, ready to use their powerful spells in battle, but they advise Belvor on all matters magical in the defense of Furyondy. Each has, or has access through personal contacts, to areas of arcane sage knowledge (as the Dungeon Master determines, but these will include the history of Iuz, extra-planar evil beings and lost or concealed magical items and lore).

Karzalin and his colleagues are powerful and knowledgeable wizards. They are not, however, especially adept at judgements of other people, and they tend to be aloof, not well versed in social graces, and rather antisocial. Hence, there are many who dislike their role in influencing the King, especially if they talk about arcane or subtle matters not clearly related to the practical work of keeping Furyondy afloat.

Sir Kiprien Rahlden: 7th-level fighter, Knight of the Hart (Str 18/17, Dex 16, Int 15). AC 0 (*plate mail* +3), hp 47, AL LG (NG). Kiprien employs a *two-handed sword* +1-*flametongue* in combat and owns a *ring of free action*. Kiprien is in the prime of life at 34, a red haired man standing 6' 3" with a natural ease and kindly manner. He is adept at getting others to talk about themselves, while saying little himself. Kiprien has many contacts and friends among Knights of the Hart as the Dungeon Master determines to suit his campaign. He is generously hospitable, and is very appreciative of bards who visit him.

Countess Kyaren Rhavelle of the Gold County: • 4th-level specialist Illusionist (Dex 16, Int 16, Cha 15). AC 4 (*bracers of defense* AC6), hp 15, AL N. Kyaren wears a *ring of mind shielding* and an *amulet of free action* (as per the ring) at all times. The Countess is a wealthy, somewhat bored woman of 39, vain about her figure and self conscious about her height (only 5' 1"), and she dresses in an ever-so-slightly gaudy way. Redhaired and blue-eyed, she is nonetheless a striking individual. Rhavelle has no real friends among her fellow provincial rulers, preferring the company of her own lesser nobles who are little more than sycophantic lackeys. Rhavelle is complacent concerning the threat of Iuz.

Viscount Luther Derwent of the March: 4th-Level fighter (Str 15, Int 17, Wis 8). AC 1 (*plate mail +1*, shield), hp 30, AL N (LN).

Luther is 61 years of age, a grey haired and plain faced man who is possessed of high intelligence but an inability to grasp the “big picture.” He is parochial, too matter of fact, but very attentive to detail and he always argues his case with a thorough knowledge of the facts. His second wife, Alistacea, is only 39, and their sons Petronian and Timan are but 15. His daughter, Gyneren, by his first marriage, is 31 years of age and often suggested as a possible bride for Belvor.

Mamadal: 5th-level dwarf fighter (Str 16, Con 18). AC 1 (*dwarven leather armor +2*, *shield +4*), hp 58, AL LN. Mamadal has a *warhammer +1* and his shield bears a *symbol of persuasion* inscribed upon it. He also owns *iron bands of Bilarro* which he employs for restraining difficult individuals (such as the ogres working at his quarries). Mamadal is 202 years old, quite a font of knowledge concerning dwarven affairs all over the Flanaess (details as the Dungeon Master wishes for advancing campaign themes). He seems himself almost puzzled as to how he has ended up in Redstone! He is short, stumpy, squat, and rather ugly, with large ears and very bad skin. Mamadal is a grumpy individual who drives his workers hard. But they grudgingly respect him. “He’s hard but he’s fair, and he rolls his own sleeves up,” is their usual attitude towards him.

Mauritian Declenn: 9th-level fighter (Str 17, Con 15, Int 16, Cha 15). AC 1 (*plate mail +2*), hp 61, AL LN (LG). Mauritian employs a *two-handed sword +2* in combat and also owns a *composite longbow +2* and a *dagger +2*. Mauritian is the general in command of forces in the March along the Veng, and he is shrewd and able. Relatively young at 35, Mauritian saw the war coming as soon as events in Tenh unfolded and he privately gave full warning to Shield Landers across the river. Thus he has little time for Shield Land nobility or knights, although one fifth of his garrison total are Shield Land fighting men and he speaks well of them. Mauritian is cultured, intelligent and perceptive. He is annoyed at being left to guard the Veng during the wars when he wanted to see action on the northern front. Privately, he feels that the March must do more to support the North, but his anger is mostly reserved for the Gold County and the Reach, whose rulers he feels are threatening Furyondy’s existence with their inaction.

Pashenden: 7th-level fighter/8th-level priest of Trithereon (Str 17, Con 16, Wis 16). AC -2/-5 (*chain mail +5*, *shield +1*, +4 *versus missiles*), hp 64, AL CG. Pashenden is the proud owner of a *longsword of sharpness* and a *wand of steam and vapor* with 41 charges remaining. Pashenden is 33, tall (6’ 2”) and prematurely grey. He is an impatient and demanding man.

Rafendyl, “Gildentongue:” 11th-level bard (Dex 17, Int 17, Wis 17, Cha 18). AC -2 (*elven chain +4*, *cloak of protection +2*), hp 41, AL NG. Rafendyl is a half-elf, 108 years of age, but appearing in his mid-20’s in human terms (he wears a *phylactery of long years*, prepared by a priest of Labelas Enoreth and worn with the god’s own blessing). Rafendyl wears an *amulet of life protection* and a *ring of free action*. His *longsword +3* has the power to *detect magic and evil* at will, and to *dispel magic* three times per day at 18th level of magic use.

Rafendyl is a Highfolk half-elf, a reverer of Labelas and Halani Celanil, who travels the Reach posing as an itinerant bard and lover of beauty and luxury. He strikes this pose to disarm those he wishes to get to know better, to see them as they really are. Rafendyl has several areas of expert knowledge, gained during his many years of travel through the central Flanaess. He knows the Vesse and Gnarley forests well and has many friends among Highfolk, Knights of the Hart, and the Gnarley Forest rangers. However, quite extraordinarily, he is a Knight of Luna, a unique honor for a non-Celene half-elf. He knows Melf well, and he works hard to build links between Celene and the Highfolk. Rafendyl also knows Philidor the Blue Wizard and actively helps him in his quest within the Vesse Forest (see “The Highfolk and the Vesse”). Rafendyl can be a major player in many adventures involving the player characters in politics, the strange magics of the Vesse, and much more.

Rafendyl doesn’t feign a romantic and beauty-loving nature. Despite his many years and travels, and all he has learned, Rafendyl can still sit unmoving, enchanted by the beauty of a summer sunset over a quiet river, delighted by the courtship flights of birds in the spring, filled with the pleasure of a scented flower garden under a warm sun. Good humor and nobility of spirit bubble up from him. They are his very being. Role-playing him without being silly is a challenge for a Dungeon Master. The key is, Rafendyl is romantic, but he loathes sentimentality. And he detests Iuz with a passion!

Redankin Desmart, Overseer of St. Cuthbert in Chendl: (12th-level priest, Str 16, Con 16, Wis 18, Cha 15). AC 0 (*plate mail +3*, shield not used), hp 72, AL LG. Redankin owns a *warhammer +3* and a *sling of seeking*, and wears magical *rings of fire resistance and regeneration*. He also possesses a *rod of beguiling*. Redankin is a red faced, large stomached man of 44 who speaks his mind (to put it politely). He hates all forms of pomp and ceremony, and as the leader of St. Cuthbert’s Order of Billets in Furyondy he is a severely practical man. Redankin argues for soaking the rich with taxes to defend the common people of Furyondy. He constantly plagues Belvor and his advisers with reports of inadequate defense measures being taken in rural communities: “Have you read this then!” he will say as he flourishes some letter sent by a junior priest which the authorities cannot possibly have seen. “It is a damned disgrace!” Belvor likes his practicality, and his preaching against war, but he also wearies of the overseer’s angry prodding from time to time.

Grand Admiral Rosen, Commander of the Royal Furyondian Navy: 15th-level fighter (Str 18/32, Con 18, Int 15, Cha 16). AC 3 or -2 with shield (*leather armor +5*, *cloak of protection +3*, *shield +5* rarely used), hp 114, AL LG. Rosen is a barrel-chested

monster, a man of 41 who looks older than his years with a very tanned and weather-beaten face, severely crew cut grey hair and beard and very dark brown eyes. In middle age, his stomach strains at the dragon turtle skin armor he wears. His shield is crafted from dragon turtle shell. Rosen employs a *cutlass* +2 for ceremonial duties but prefers the use of his *two-handed sword* +4 in battle. Rosen has been an admiral for nine years, grand admiral for three, and he is a military man pure and simple. He doesn't bother with politics. The king tells him what to do and that is it. Rosen's own war galley, the *Pride of Furyondy*, is a great vessel with two lightning cannon (modified *wands of lightning* that fire 10' radius *ball lightning* to a range of 240 yards) on port and starboard sides, and he maintains strict discipline in the Royal Navy.

Ryell Hawkshand: 9th-level fighter (Str 18/62, Con 18, Dex 15, Cha 15). AC -3 (*field plate* +3, shield), hp 91, AL NG (LG). Ryell uses a bastard sword +3 (one-handed due to his great strength) in battle, and wears a *ring of fire resistance* and a *necklace of adaptation*. His *longbow* +1 is assisted by 14 flight *arrows* +2 which are used sparingly. Ryell is a war veteran, a man of few words, awkward with fighting men under his command, but he leads by example.

Sharapel Endereth: 8th-level mage (Con 16, Int 18, Ch 16). AC 6 (*cloak of displacement*, *ring of protection* +2), hp 22, AL N (NG). Sharapel owns a *wand of fire* (19 charges, used sparingly) and a *ring of spell turning* (a well-kept secret). Sharapel is 32 years old, very short (5' 3") and self conscious about it. For this reason, he prefers gnomes and halflings to the company of humans. Sharapel is laconic, and sarcastic with a cutting edge to his comments. Still, he loves Furyondy and despite his apparent cynicism he would die readily for his homeland. His words belie his bravery.

Sharnalem: 11th-level ranger (Str 15, Dex 16, Con 16, Int 15, Wis 15, Cha 17). AC 3 (*leather armor* +3, *cloak of displacement*), hp 84, AL NG (CG). Sharnalem owns a *longsword* +3, *frost brand* and a *magical spear* which has a +1 bonus in melee, a +3 bonus as a missile and can project a 12HD *lightning bolt* once per day. She also uses a *ring of controlling canines*. Sharnalem is a swanmay. She is 29 years old, her long auburn-gold hair falling around her shoulders, she is slim and lithe and has an almost magical presence. Her castle is a daunting, eerie place. Magic seems almost to crackle from the buildings, and the trees around seem alive and listening. With brownies and possibly a treant and druid or two about, they may well be. Sharnalem is a Knight of Furyondy with many, many friends throughout the land and among the Highfolk. She is thoughtful, slow to judge and act, but always ready to listen to the wise and bright. A 6th level high elf priest of Corellon Larethian and an 8th level half-elf priestess of Ehlonna are among her household.

Schyzer: 12th-level mage (Int 17). AC 3 (*gray robes of the archmagi*, *ring of protection* +2) hp 30, AL N (CN). Schyzer owns a *dagger of venom* and a battery of defensive items which included a *ring of mind shielding*, a *brooch of shielding* with 38hp capacity, an *amulet of life protection* and a *wand of enemy detection* (71 charges). Schyzer always has a carefully worded *contingency* spell readied to trigger his defensive *teleport* spell, taking him back to his tower. Schyzer is a refugee from Rel Mord. He is cowardly and eccentric, a balding grey haired 51 year old. His apprentice, Cupara, is a 5th-level Nyronese specialist diviner.

Tobian Rushkane: 10th-level specialist conjurer (Con 17, Int 17, Wis 15, Cha 15). AC 6 (*ring of protection* +3, *boots of striding and springing*), hp 43, AL NG (CG). Tobian has a Bakluni-crafted antique magical ring which confers complete *command over elementals* that he summons, and adds +1hp per die to *summoned* elementals. Tobian is 37, has flaming red hair, and dresses very flashily in Bakluni cinnamons, golds, and silver. He is gregarious, friendly, and very fond of strong wines.

Vendenn, Canon of Rao in Chendl: 13th-level priest (Wis 18, Cha 15). AC 5 (*ring of protection* +3, *cloak of displacement* not often worn), hp 68, AL LG. Vendenn is so reasonable and pleasant that he sometimes irritates people. He just seems to project a sense of superiority which others are often uncomfortable with. Tall (6' 1"), handsome with his grey hair and eyes and in good shape despite his 59 years, Vendenn is a cultured and charming man with graceful movements and gestures and immaculate manners. Vendenn always argues for careful planning and thought before any decisions are made, and then a delay for the same again in deciding how to implement decisions. This suits the King, since his main problems are with "trigger-happy" chaotics seeking vengeance. Vendenn often gets flak from more impulsive or willful individuals.

Baron Xanthan Butrain of Willip: 7th-level fighter (Str 15, Dex 16, Con 16, Cha 15). AC -4 (*plate mail* +1 of *command*, *shield* +3), hp 72, AL LN. The Baron has a *longsword* +3 that casts *light* on command and *protection from evil* 10' radius twice per day, and his warhorse wears *horseshoes of a zephyr*. Butrain won a reputation for intelligence during the war, covering the western banks of the Veng and reinforcing the March's troops to the north. Butrain is unwilling to yield extra revenues to his king, but he is beginning to feel that he will be forced to do so. He wants to see as much extra money put into reinforcing the eastern border as into the North. Belvor does not agree with this point.

Butrain is a practical, pragmatic man who definitely lacks imagination. He does not respond well to real stress or surprises. At 63, the baron is beginning to show his years, having lost most of his greying black hair. The lines around his grey eyes are very marked. He is particularly worried over his succession, since his only son (after three marriages), William, is a feckless young man of 25 who prefers gambling and tomfoolery to affairs of state. Butrain worries over his evil cousin and his claim to the barony. While none in Furyondy would support Gregen's claim, Gregen could be a convenient excuse for Iuz to invade Willip itself, a prospect Butrain fears greatly. This is the main reason why he currently opposes sending more of his men north to the frontier provinces.

Xenvelen, 13th-level high priest of Iuz: See *Iuz the Evil* for details.

Furyondian Garrisons and Patrols

The following designations are used in the troop listings below. The Dungeon Master may customize and add detail as he or she sees fit.

LI (Light Infantry). Men are fighters of levels 1-2. They employ leather armor and shield, 50% have short bows and arrows, and all have one hand weapon (spear, broadsword, longsword, or hand axe) plus a knife or dagger. Officers are of 3rd and higher levels (as the Dungeon Master determines, but very rarely of higher than 7th level); they employ chain mail and shield, longsword or bastard sword, plus longbow, dagger and footman's mace. Morale is 12, or 11 if officers are slain.

MI (Medium Infantry). As for light infantry, but 50% of the men have spear or light halberd, plus padded leather armor.

HI (Heavy infantry): Men are fighters of levels 1-2, employing chain mail and shield. Weapons are broadswords or longswords, plus dagger or knife. Approximately one third are longbow users, while one third also employ a polearm (pike or halberd). Officers are of levels 4+. Morale is 14, or 12 if officers are slain.

LC (Light Cavalry): Men are fighters of levels 1-2, wearing padded leather armor and carrying shields. All have longsword or broadsword, together with a hand axe or dagger. Javelins and bows are employed by light cavalry. Officers are fighters of levels 3+ who wear chain mail armor and shield, and employ longsword or bastard sword and a lance. Morale is 14, or 12 if officers are slain. Horses ridden are light warhorses.

MC (Medium Cavalry): As for light cavalry, but the men employ chain mail armor and horses have barding. Medium cavalry do not employ more than a handful of bow users, and employ light lances and swords in combat.

HC (Heavy Cavalry): Men are fighters of levels 2-3, wearing plate mail armor, employing longsword or bastard sword plus lance as weapons. They also have a footman's mace or a battle axe as a backup weapon. Officers are of levels 4-9, with the same weaponry and armor as their men (but 50% wear field plate as opposed to ordinary plate). Heavy cavalry ride heavy warhorses, with fighters of levels 3+ having chain barding on their steeds and others having padded leather barding (-1 to horse's natural AC). Morale is 14, or 13 if officers are slain.

The prefix **E** is added to indicate an elite unit. Elite units differ from ordinary ones in that morale is 1 point higher. Fighters have a minimum of 6 hp per die. The Dungeon Master should add 2% per level to chances for possessing a magical item, and elite heavy cavalry men have chain barded horses while officers have plate barded mounts with a minimum of 6 hp per die. Elite units of any sort are 50% likely to have an expert animal handler with $1d4 + 4$ War Dogs (50% likely to have chain barding).

Specialist Units: A few units will be referred to as "woodsmen," "rangers," "peasant levies" or some similar title. Such units should be adjudicated by the Dungeon Master in accordance with the encounter tables in *From the Ashes*.

King's Troops: Some units are given the notation "(King's)". These troops are directly responsible to the king through their commanding officer, although he will of course usually act in the interests of the garrison commander unless his king's orders expressly forbid it. For instance, such an officer would not mount a raid into lands occupied by Iuz's forces if forbidden by the king.

Ability Scores and Magical Items: Physical ability scores should be rolled on $2d6 + 5$ for men, $2d6 + 6$ for officers ($d4+d6+8$ if of level 7+). Magical items may be given as per the rules in the MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM entry for "Men."

Patrol Strengths: Along the Flare Line and Royal Highway, a patrol is comprised of $20 + 2d10$ men and $1d4 + 2$ officers. Along the Veng, a patrol is comprised of $10 + 2d10$ men and $1d4 + 1$ officers, and all officers and men will have a bow of some kind. Any patrol may have a priest of level 1-6 with them; this chance is 75% along the Flare Line, 67% along the Veng and 17% elsewhere. Any patrol may have a mage of level 1-6 with them also; this chance is 33% along the Flare Line, 50% along the Veng, 10% elsewhere.

River Vessel/Naval Militias Riverboat militia are regarded as naval militia. Naval militia are of levels 1-2 if men, 3-10 if officers. All naval militia wear leather or padded leather armor, unless they have magical armor in which case this will be chain mail. Naval troops employ heavy crossbows, shortsword or cutlass, and a long knife (treat as dagger). Dexterity score for naval troops should be rolled on

d4 + d6 + 8, or on 264 + 10 for officers This would include any mates and captains, plus any veteran seamen the Dungeon Master wishes to add to a crew. Riverboats will contain a body of 30 + d20 troops, with four officers.

Garrison Strengths

Troop totals for a province include men at garrisons, men on patrols, and men at watch posts. Garrison strengths are given below, with troop type, plus summary figures for troops who are patrolling and elsewhere in a province (at watch posts, etc.). The Dungeon Master may augment garrison numbers from other troop totals as desired. Troops in the North include a certain number seconded from southern and central provinces. Entries for all provinces include notes on troops seconded from elsewhere.

Barony of Kalinstren

Brancast Keep: 100 LI, 60 MI, 40 HI

Castle Ehlenestra: 350 LI (including 250 woodsmen), 50 LC.

Crying Spear Keep: 80 LI, 40 MI, 40 HI, 40 LC, 30 HC plus 50 Velunese HC (King's)

Redoubt: 500 LI, 500 MI, 300 ELI, 300 HI, 200 EHI (inc. 100 Velunese), 100 ELC, 100 HC

Spinecastle: 150 EHI, 50 MC, 200 Longbowmen (Chendl) 200 EMI, 100 EHI, 100 ELC, 50 EHC plus Household Regiment (King's): 250 EHI, 50 HC, plus 100 Velunese EHI (King's)

Other troops: 1,970 LI; 400 ELI, 400 MI; 200 EMI; 600 HI; 100 EHI; 350 LC; 50 ELC; 100 MC; 100 HC (in garrisons and patrols as the Dungeon Master determines). Note: 1,200 troops here are seconded from other provinces.

County of Crystalreach

Fendrelan: 200 LI, 200 ELI

Greatwall: 100 LI, 100 ELI, 200 MI, 100 HI, 100 Longbowmen, 100 MC, 50 HC, 50 EHC

Heldarn: 200 LI, 100 ELI, 120 U=, 80 ELC

Moatshield: 120 LI, 40 ELI, 40 MI, 50 Longbowmen, 50 LC

Morsten: 50 LI, 50 MI, 50 Longbowmen, 50 HI

Redstone: 40 LI, 50 MI, 10 HI

Other troops: 950 LI; 600 ELI; 600 MI; 400 EMI; 800 HI; 200 EHI; 200 LC; 200 MC; 100 HC; 100 Velunese EHC (King's). Note: 550 troops here are seconded from other provinces.

Viscounty of the March

Brancast: 60 EMI, 60 EHI, 30 EMC, 50 EHC

Eyeberen: 100 LI, 100 MI, 50 Longbowmen, 50 HI, 50 MC

Free Borough: 100 LI, 40 MI, 20 HI, 20 LC

Worlende: 50 LI, 50 MI, 40 HI, 30 LC

Other troops: 600 LI; 200 ELI; 600 Longbowmen (along the Veng); 400 MI; 100 EMI; 300 HI; 100 MC; 200 HC; 200 EHC. Note: 300 troops are seconded to northern provinces. The king can request 600, but leaves half stationed along the Veng.

Barony of Littleberg

Castle Greylope: 60 MI, 60 HI, 30 LC

Claw Gorge: 50 LI, 20 MI, 10 HI

Cerenellyl's Towers: 50 LI, 20 Longbowmen, +10*

Littleberg: 100 LI, 100 MI, 50 EHI, 250 EHC

Pantarn: 30 LI, 30 EMI, 10 EHI, 50 EHC

Other troops: 970 LI; 100 ELI; 300 MI; 50 EMI; 100 HI; 50 EHI; 100 LC, 100 MC, 150 HC, 150 EHC. Notes: 750 troops are seconded to northern provinces. (*) – 10 Highfolk elven irregulars (fighter/wizards, fighter/priests, etc.).

Duchy of the Reach

Baranford: 100 LI, 50 MI, 50 HI (King's)

Carnalio Mines: 30 LI, 30 MI, 40 HI, 30 Mountaineers, 30 LC

Caronis: 50 LI, 50 HI

Dapple Wood: 50 LI, 100 Woodsmen, 50 Longbowmen

Kisail: 30 LI, 30 MI, 10 HI, 10 MC

Other troops: 200 LI, 400 ELI (Bootmen or Booters), 100 MI, 100 EMI, 60 HI, 150 LC, 50 MC. Note: 300 troops seconded to northern provinces.

The Gold County

Libernen: 100 LI, 40 MI, 30 HI, 30 LC
Rhavelle Holdings: 50 LI, 50 ELI, 30 MI, 30 EMI, 20 EHI, 20 EMC
Stalmaer: 40 LI, 40 MI, 40 rangers
Other troops: 350 LI, 230 MI, 100 LC. Note: 200 troops are seconded to northern provinces.

Barony of Willip

Regular Troops:

Bronzeblood Haunt: 15 MI, 10 HI

Herechel: 200 LI, 100 MI, 40 HI, 60 EHI

Sentinel Ports: 30 LI, 10 MI, 10 HI, 10 LC (each) plus 40 naval ratings (King's)

Willip: 100 LI, 100 ELI, 100 EHI, 100 crossbowmen

Other troops: 975 LI, 260 ELI, 100 MI, 100 EMI, 100 HI, 100 LC, 50 MC, 50 HC. Note: 200 troops are seconded to northern provinces. Belvor can request up to 400, but leaves half stationed along the Veng.

Naval Forces

The Furyondian Royal Navy (all King's troops) comprises eight Great Galleons (warships) with crew strength 150 per vessel, 16 Heavy Caravels (crew 60), 14 Caravels (crew 50) and 44 assorted river vessels (average crew strength 25). Some 500 reserves are based in Willip at any time, as are the crews of the two Great Galleons and four Heavy Caravels in port at any given time. Light Caravels may rest over here or in one of the strip ports, though the latter mostly service Volverdyva river vessels. No naval forces are currently seconded to any provinces.

The Shadowclaw

Iuz has agents within Furyondy, of course! Spies, ne'er do-wells, renegades from the Bandit Kingdoms taking Iuz's coin and posing as Shield Landers, and worse. This section outlines one small cell of the Shadowclaw, as Iuz's network of agents is called.

The Dungeon Master may use the cell described below, and develop others for campaigning in Furyondy. In devising other agents, keep some things in mind. First, vast networks of agents aren't plausible. Most Furyondians are of good alignment and many lost relatives and friends to Iuz in the war. Only a tiny minority governed by greed, malice, madness or true evil would assist the forces of Iuz. Second, it is very unlikely that any individual Shadowclaw member could rise to an important position in the King's court or that of any provincial ruler. Too many magical checks are made these days for that to be possible (but see the spy Petrenek below). Third, the Shadowclaw cover their tracks very carefully, and different cells often know almost nothing of the existence of others. It should be very hard for player characters to link members of different cells, let alone discover who their "controller" is. This should call for subtle play; spying on the spies and careful collection of every scrap of information before any actions are taken to thwart the evil brood!

Petrenek of Heldarn

Petrenek is a 5' 1", sallow-faced man of 38 years of age, with thinning black straight hair, a pencil moustache, and brown eyes. He dresses conservatively, and always tries to blend in with his background. He is a merchant in Heldarn, trading in foodstuffs and cloth, and he also owns the small *Heroes' Return* tavern and hostelry (with four single bedrooms, two doubles, and a "common room" with bunks for up to eight). His full stats are:

8th-level Thief: AC 1 (*leather armor* +3, does not use shield); MV 12 and special; T8; hp 42; THACO base 17 (melee)/15 (missiles); #AT 2 (melee); Dmg 1d4+1+ special (*dagger of venom*) and 1d6+2+ special (*shortsword* +2); Str 11, Dex 18, Con 15, Int 17, Wis 11, Cha 10; AL NE.

Petrenek coats his shortsword with poison most of the time (Class E); he also has a *blowgun* +2 which he uses to fire small darts coated in the same poison. Petrenek wears magical *rings of free action and mind shielding*, the latter is hardly a cause for general suspicion, since many merchants wish to conceal their thoughts about commercial transactions! He wears *slippers of spider climbing* on nocturnal forays, carries one or more potions of *invisibility* and owns a *special crystal ball with clairaudience*.

Petrenek has a reputation around Heldarn as a fair and helpful fellow. He is indeed fair; since he's paid by Iuz, he doesn't need to make a fortune trading. Rather, he cultivates trust by making fair deals (though he has the appraising proficiency and is not a fool). As for being helpful . . . this is Petrenek's specialty. Here are some of the ways he works:

Tavern Spying: Petrenek offers a public-spirited 25% discount for food and drink to "our boys from the front" if they take rooms at his tavern. He then uses his *crystal ball* to listen in on them, gaining all the information he can.

Warning Merchants: Sometimes, Petrenek will say to a fellow merchant that he has heard that such-and-such goods offered for sale may have something wrong with them. Often, he has sabotaged them himself. To divert suspicion, he has even sabotaged some of his own goods and sold them to a buyer whose money he refunded immediately afterwards. Thus, even he appears to get caught sometimes. Appearing overly accurate might raise suspicions.

Public Works: Petrenek, as a member of the small Merchants Guild of Heldarn, has played a leading, but not overly conspicuous, role in getting the guild to pay monies for public works, notably a rebuilt town hall. Of course, since Petrenek was able to look over the building repeatedly during rebuilding as a representative of those paying for it, he was able to study it very carefully. Now he spies on proceedings there with his *crystal ball*. Petrenek is sociable and is considered a generous guest, who brings gifts of flowers and wine. This gets him invited to social occasions which opens up more people and places for him to spy upon!

Petrenek also uses his talents to sabotage goods in warehouses. He sours wine with vinegar. He scrapes *blight essence*, supplied by his masters, onto vegetables and grain and performs other similar destructive acts. He plants incriminating evidence of fraud on other merchants. He breaks into official and merchant residences for information. He also carries out assassinations. He has a helper on the latter task, a halfling cook at the Noble's Rest who puts poison (Class H) into bowls or onto the rim of glasses. The halfling is only contacted by note and payment, and understands very clearly that if he refuses an order or speaks to the authorities, he will be tracked down and killed. These actions are aimed at depressing trade and sabotaging wealth. In addition to the rare slayings, Petrenek prefers to ambush a target outdoors if at all possible.

Petrenek receives orders through his crystal ball which communicates with a high priest of Iuz (as the Dungeon Master determines) once per month, during which time Petrenek also passes on what he has learned. Similarly, packages containing poisons, potions of *invisibility* and special items such as *blight essence* (a teaspoonful of which can infect and ruin 1d6 cubic meters of produce within 1d8 + 2 hours) are left for him in a cavity below the roots of a dead tree at a crossroads a mile out of Heldarn, once per month (when Luna is fully waned).

Other Agents

Petrenek has very few agents working for him. In order to protect himself, he communicates only indirectly with any one of them. Thus, if any of his agents were to be captured, they would be unable to directly expose him.

An ex-Reyhu bandit, now working as a gravedigger in Heldarn's cemetery, steals bodies which Petrenek boxes up and ships to a warehouse address in Fendrelan (to a cell of Iuz there; bodies are used for animating). This is only done in winter, early spring, and late fall, since bodies may decompose and give off a tell tale stench during the summer. Petrenek treats them with a preservative fluid supplied to him by his masters.

Petrenek also has a servitor in Terlisean who is not really aware of how Petrenek uses him. Petrenek arranges for supplies headed from Terlisean from a variety of merchants, organized by the shipping agent, his contact, to be treated with an oily fluid. This substance slowly evaporates and finally becomes unstable, exploding as a 5HD *fireball* after 1d4 +4 days exposed to the air. An effective dose of this substance is one eighth of a pint. Petrenek himself sometimes sabotages trade in the same way, so that a variety of merchants and shippers seem to have the same problem.

Lastly, Petrenek has one agent whom he keeps tied to him by imminent bankruptcy. The merchant Simanen Conner of Gorsend is a weak man of bad judgement, and he acts on Petrenek's orders in return for desperately needed coin. Simanen has no idea Petrenek serves Iuz, and believes that he is simply helping Petrenek to gain an advantage over other merchants. At Petrenek's instructions, conveyed by anonymous letter, Simanen conducts sabotage, sends information about Gorsend trade, and the like. A good adventure theme for lower-level player characters would be to discover Simanen's actions and their source, and then be set to finding out where the orders come from. The party would initially know only that Simanen's letters of instruction come from Heldarn.

Other Shadowclaw Themes

Sabotage, assassination, spreading false rumors to destroy morale, tomb-robbing and corpse-stealing; all these and more may be among the Shadowclaw's wider actions. Here are a handful of ideas which the Dungeon Master may wish to develop:

A disguised priest of Iuz controls a necrophidius whose bite can cause a *stone curse* (see *Iuz the Evil*) which rots buildings. Controlling this magical creature from miles away, the priest remains out of harm's way.

Agents from within the Gnarley forest use flying magic to travel swiftly across the Gold County, spreading disease and blight among crops.

An evil bard travels Furyondy, using a ring which implants *suggestions* while singing wondrous songs which very, very subtly make Furyondian war heroes appear to be not quite so heroic.

And, for the less subtle, a malign mage employs *emotion (rage)* spells to set Furyondian against Furyondian.

The Shadowclaw should have many subtle, malign ways of sabotaging Furyondy, which will not be easy for player characters to discover. Simply weeding out all of these plots could supply enough adventure storylines to make an entire campaign.

The Highfolk and the Vesve

Highfolk refers both to the town of Highfolk, and to the people of the long strip valley which runs between the Yatils and the Vesve, often termed Highvale. The people of these lands blend imperceptibly into the population of the Vesve itself. Many human farmers have woodsmen relatives. Likewise, elven clans have members in the Highfolk and within the wooded glades of the great forest. These territories show a generally harmonious racial mix, the total numbers being as follows:

Race	Highfolk Town	Highvale	Vesve Forest
Humans	6,500	11,500	15,000
Wood Elves	Few	8,500	9,200
High Elves	1,200	11,400	2,750
Grey Elves	Few	Few	1,000
Gnomes	400	3,400	5,500
Tallfellow Halflings	200	1,700	500
Hairfeet Halflings	Few	Few	500

The key to understanding the Highfolk and Vesve folk is to remember that they are chaotic, strong willed and independent. They stubbornly resist organization and discipline, and are real frontier people. This is their greatest weakness.

Life on the Frontier

Highfolk is administered by Mayor Loftin Greystand, elected by universal vote. Loftin is really only a figurehead, who speaks for the town and, after endless negotiation with other Highfolk “leaders” for the region as a whole when vital issues such as defense or trade are discussed with the Lord of the High Elves. The town of Highfolk has many powerful factions. There are craft guilds, powerful merchant guilds, and a ruling council for each different race in the town. There are also councils of priests and other groups interested in the welfare of the town. Highfolk’s town leaders believe in minimal government. All the mayor and the militia have to worry about is defense, law enforcement, the collection of minimal taxes, and a modest budget. If anything can be done by individuals, from educating the young to building a bridge, that’s how it gets done among the Highfolk.

This principle is generally true throughout the region. The many small villages and towns are each autonomous, and govern their own affairs through public meetings. People are more loyal to nominal local “rulers,” such as gnome princes, elven lords or human elders. These minor nobility hold mostly symbolic authority among the independent frontiersmen.

This principle even applies to armies and militias. Each community decides if it needs and wants a militia, and how strong it will be. Once a decision has been made, however, all freemen and women are liable to pay taxes or tithes to support that militia, and every community of any size has one. Although the local militias are small (only some 2% of the population total in Highfolk), this is compensated for by the fact that almost everyone among the Highfolk can wield a weapon to some effect. This means that levies are almost as good in morale, and often in equipment, as regular light infantry.

The Highfolk have no organized central army or chain of command, and no specialist heavy infantry or cavalry. Their specialist woodsmen and hill fighting troops are of good quality. In addition to local militias, the town of Highfolk has 150 elite Velunese heavy infantry and 50 elite Velunese medium cavalry swelling the ranks of defenders,

One might wonder why the Highfolk have not been conquered by some powerful despot. The answer is simple; there is a strong sense of community here. If, for example, a gnome mine were to be raided word would spread like wildfire. Soon human militia, elven bowmen and rangers, and even halfling hillfolk would arrive in significant numbers to help their gnomish brethren. Within the Vesve, matters are even more chaotic. The average community of woodsmen and elves is quite small and often they have no formal leaders. These people are very insular. They are suspicious (possibly even xenophobic in the case of wood elves) of strangers and slow to ask for help. Furyondian efforts to send aid to these communities from Ironstead take a long time to bear fruit.

Humans: Farmers and Traders

Humans are the largest group throughout the Highfolk and Vesve regions. Most humans living here work as farmers and traders. They also comprise the bulk of militia troops.

Trade in this region is very profitable. The Highvale is rich in livestock such as goats and sheep, fish, vegetables, wild game and timber. The region enjoys a renowned leather tanning industry, including the famed Highfolk deerskin. The region has fair mineral deposits, with most gnomes making their living as miners.

Highfolk imports cloth, fruit, grain, tools and farming implements. These are paid for with coins minted in Highfolk town’s own mint. No Highfolk coins ever show a person’s face or profile since Highfolk does not have leaders who are so revered.

The Vesve woodsmen are tough, intrepid men, looking after their own families and small villages. A goodly percentage of these people are very loyal to King Belvor and volunteer militias from this region fought for Furyondy against Iuz.

Since the outbreak of war, around a fifth of the original population has gone, headed to safer life in Furyondy, Veluna, or further afield. But those who stay are resilient, resourceful folk who have no intention of leaving their woodlands .

Elves: The Powerful Race

Each of the different groups of elves who live in the Highvale and Vesve region have quite different characteristics. They tend to maintain their clan traditions and customs even while mixing with other elven groups in the same communities.

High elves are much more common in the Highfolk than in the High Forest. They dwell in the fertile valleys where they farm, fish, and simply enjoy the life in this lush, green land. They are more organized and open than their cousins, the wood elves.

The high elves do not isolate themselves from the affairs of the day. They make sure their views are felt in Highfolk town and by Belvor. They have their own spies within Furyondy, including the noteworthy Cerenellyl.

Almost all Knights of the High Forest are Vesve high elves and while many of the Highfolk are almost rustic by elven standards, those who stand guard against evil in the Vesve are powerful, wise and strong in the ways of magic .

The high elves are divided 20 clans. Clan membership is considered very important. The dominant clan is Clan Shandareth, most noted for providing the greatest priests of Corellon Larethian and the finest bards of the Vesve. They are the lore keepers, telling and retelling their tales in song and melody. Their Lord, Kashafen Tamarel, holds court at the unusual settlement of Flameflower, the seat of his clan.

The wood elves are divided into two main groups. First, there are those within the lands of the Highfolk, mostly dwelling in and around the edges of the Vesve. Second, there are those within the Vesve itself. Both groups are very chaotic, but the Highfolk wood elves are at least civilized and polite in their ways. They are expert hunters, trappers, and fishermen. The Vesve wood elves shun almost all other races, and it takes years of effort to persuade them not to regard anyone else without deep suspicion. Vesve wood elves are so xenophobic that many of them blame humanity for the actions of Iuz, claiming that Iuz was born of a human mother and was freed by humans from his prison. Dealing with these individuals is very hard work.

The wood elves dwelling among the Highfolk are divided into 15 clans. The Vesve wood elves are divided into 11 tribes, including three grugach tribes in the far north.

The thousand or so grey elves of the Vesve live almost exclusively in the enclave around the Timeless Tree, and are described in the entry for that location.

Gnomes: Mining as Usual

The gnomes of this region generally pursue one of two professions. Those living in and around Highfolk town are mostly merchants. Gnomes living in other parts of the region are generally miners. These gnome miners tend to have specific enclaves, not because they dislike other races but simply because they have found good niches in the Sepia Uplands and Clatspurs to extract metals and gems and make a fair living for themselves.

Gnomes have good relations with humans and elves. This race has probably the best understanding of the intertwined fates of the citizens of Highfolk, Vesve and Furyondy regardless of race. Even the humblest gnome knows a fair bit about the events of the war, even beyond Furyondy. Gnomes often play the role of mediators, those who arrange meetings and bring other races together.

Halflings: The Proud Tallfellows

The halflings of Highfolk are proud people. Since they are about half way between gnomes and dwarves in height (averaging 4' for an adult male), and slimmer than most halflings, they don't call themselves "little folk" or other cute names. Highfolk halflings are a resilient, tough people, and their pony riding spearmen and lithe, mobile sling wielding hill militias are not to be taken lightly.

Most halflings live as farmers, and they have more organized militias than other races. The halflings, with their sheriffs and elders, are the least chaotic of any Highfolk or Vesve race.

The small Hairfoot and Tallfellow communities of the Vesve are found close to the western borders, living as trappers and collectors of yarpick nuts and similar produce. They often live within human or high elven settlements, feeling more secure there.

The Shifting Frontiers of The Vesve

No district or province map fits the valley of the Veverdyva. This is a patchwork quilt of farmsteads, small fishing villages, halfling burrows and the like. Often races share territory quite happily.

The Vesve forest is another matter entirely. The map shows several areas which have very fluid borders, some of which overlap. Those shown are accurate as for spring, 585 CY. They may change rapidly.

The Evil Lands

The Evil Lands are divided into three separate sections of the Vesve Forest. Each is ruled by different powers and different perils lurk within their depths.

First, there the lands of Iuz. Note that these are the lands occupied by Iuz's forces, not those which Iuz lays claim to, which are more extensive. The Pact of Greyhawk did not settle Vesve boundaries. Humanoids in the service of Iuz; mostly orcs, but also hobgoblins, gnolls and a few ogres; are dominant here. They are usually ruled by priests of Iuz, and led in battle by evil humans.

There are almost no woodsmen or elves in these lands, though there are ruined human and elven settlements, especially in the North. There are a few clans and tribes of humanoids not in Iuz's service, and some fierce ogres and even trolls, but they are few. Forest

patrols of Iuz seek to despoil, ravage and slay anyone they find here. Iuz's priests have been using Varrangoin and abyssal bats to spy out these lands and attack anyone entering them. Rarely, agents of Vesve elves or Furryondy will enter the southern portions of these lands, trying to gain information about what Iuz's forces are doing. This is very hazardous.

Iuz uses his forces in the Vesve to harry the good lands to the south. Troops used here are among the most undisciplined and chaotic of those available to Iuz. It is this strategy which gives them an obvious edge over the defenders. It is always harder to defend and protect than to lay waste. If all a conqueror wishes is to destroy, it is hard to stop him.

The second swathe of territory controlled by evil is the goblinoid Vesve. This is occupied by gnolls and hobgoblins who are indigenous forest inhabitants. There are roughly 3,500 hobgoblins and 2,500 gnolls in these lands. Another 1,500 hobgoblins and 1,000 gnolls wander elsewhere in the Vesve. Their attitude towards Iuz are not consistent. Most hate the ores of Iuz's homeland, but a few have taken service (or been forced into service) with the dire demigod. Iuz's priests, their orogs military leaders, and evil mages and warriors with them regard these indigenous Vesve humanoids as utterly untrustworthy.

Since Iuz's field commanders are also chaotic, their policy varies from trying to recruit the evil humanoids to deciding to drive them away or even wipe them out. Note that this area overlaps with Iuz's own within the Vesve. Both groups contest territory, fight skirmishes, spy on each other, and growl their hatreds into the night.

The third portion of the Vesve under the control of evil is the Badlands. This area was invaded by orc soldiers of Iuz during the siege of Chendl, preparing for a flanking strike to sever the Royal Highway and march upon the Highfolk. Those soldiers who passed furthest south were defeated by Vesve woodsmen, Highfolk elves and infantry from Littleberg.

Within the Vesve elite woodsmen and infantry troops, aided by powerful wizardry, harassed and hammered the orcs and slew nearly 6,000 of them in the Badlands. Neither the orcish shamans and their attendant priests of Iuz, nor the Furryondian mages, held back on the use of very destructive magic. Fire, acid, lightning, defoliating magic, blights and plagues, *enervations* and clouds of boiling acrid gas filled the Badlands in the four week battle which finally ended in the destruction of the orcish army.

Thus, the Badlands have become blighted, scarred and infertile. Ponds of reeking, fuming acid, smoking tree stumps, drifting clouds of toxic gas and the stench of unburied bodies are among the known hazards of this terrible waste. Even Iuz's own forces are reluctant to enter it, for the dark magics and energies which the devastations have unleashed, certainly including lyrannikin, menace all who enter here.

The Skirmish Zones

The area shown on the map as the Skirmish Zones notes where most of the continual skirmishing between forces of Iuz, indigenous goblinoids, and elves and men, occur. In this area, Iuz and the Vesve folk battle for dominance. Iuz seeks to strengthen his grip on this territory. The Vesve folk seek to resist and sometimes even mount raids into Iuz's own territory within the Vesve. There are still some elven and woodsmen communities here, but mostly this part of the Vesve has been evacuated and only patrols of elves and woodsmen enter it from the lands of Good.

The only exception is the portion of skirmish land within the Lands of the Tree. Iuz's forces work hard to infiltrate this area, as shown, but the grey elves have been very successful in resisting their incursions. Elven and woodsmen patrols should have statistics taken from the "Forces" section of *From the Ashes*. Orc forces should also be taken from that section.

The Heartlands

This is the name generally employed for all areas of the Vesve not overrun by Iuz. These areas include:

Wood Elf Lands: Nearly 80% of all the wood elves of the Vesve live in this area, which overlaps with the homeland of indigenous goblinoids and also has a long skirmish border with Iuz. The Wood elves fight their battles without asking for help. They are renowned for their elven cats (see MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM, FORGOTTEN REALMS Appendix), which are fine sentinels, ever alert and hard to detect.

Beastman Forest: Almost all of the 1,000 shy and gentle beastmen of the Vesve live within these lands. Certain faerie creatures, such as sprites and brownies, dwell here also. Beastmen shun contact with other races save for faerie folk, who often pass on what they have learned from the beastmen to the grey elves and the rangers of Quaalsten. Beastmen hate humanoids and will attack them on sight unless outnumbered. They simply run from encounters with elves or humans (and, prudently, from ogres and trolls).

Lands of the Tree: This the domain of the Vesve's grey elves. They suffer a few woodsmen to live within the area if they are of long established human families. The Lands of the Tree are described in more detail under the heading for the Timeless Tree.

Gnome Hills: This wooded projection of the Sepia Uplands is home to 5,000 of the gnomes of the Vesve, who protect their borders very carefully. Around 500 human miners work here also, and Lord Kashafen of the High Elves maintains 30 or so elven wizards, fighter/wizards and elite fighters here as a gesture of goodwill.

The lands north of the Deepstil River are the province of Wolf Nomads, who hunt game and take wood from this small swathe of forest. However, they visit but rarely and in small numbers, and Iuz's forces are creeping into this area almost unopposed. Around 500 woodsmen, who are mostly hunters, trappers and fishermen, live here and resist these incursions.

The remaining areas of the Vesve have mixed elven and human populations. Some areas of the Vesve are elven clan heartlands, but none of them are of any size. The elves generally tolerate humans traveling, hunting, trapping and sometimes even living on the fringes of their clan lands. The color map does not show dense forest areas. There are pockets of dense forest scattered all across the forest, but none is very sizeable.

Lastly, there are some bandits in the Vesve, a small number (no more than a few hundred in total) who prey on the good folk of the forest whenever they can. They are not generally in the service of Iuz, although one or two groups have been forced into the service of his priests when faced with execution as an alternative. Since such bandits often have a fine knowledge of trails, settlements, spies and woodland lore, they are very useful to Iuz's interrogators.

Locations and Settlements

The Vesve forest is a huge area and the Dungeon Master can readily add dungeons, ruins, towers, marshy terrain around small lakes fed by underground springs, and the like as he wishes. Indeed, he should do so, for the Vesve is the biggest forest in all the Flanaess, and this chapter can only scratch the surface. Lost ruins, malign lurking evils, buried magics, and ancient concealed keeps, bowers, overgrown dungeons and sleeping banes are all waiting to be placed around the forest.

The Defiled Glades

Located deep within the Badlands, this area of some 50 square miles is especially malign. Drifting *stinking clouds*, *death fogs*, and *cloudkill* mists are among the known hazards here. The terrain is treacherous. Men, and even horses, can vanish into bogs which appear to be safe ground in less than a minute. The many destructive spells cast here during the routing of orcish armies coalesced with some deep, buried magic of considerable power to generate these residual effects. Worse still, wraiths, specters and other undead, including Sons of Kyuss, have been seen within and on the fringes of these glades.

While the Badlands may seem like a great area to avoid, there are undoubtedly strong magic items awaiting the intrepid adventurer. A thousand Furyondian troops, half of them elite, died here. Many magical items were lost with them.

The source of the malign magics which drift and spark into life here is unknown, buried somewhere in the Badlands. The Dungeon Master might design an artifact, recoverable by mid- to high-level player characters, to stash here. It need not be evil in itself, just powerful. Retrieving such magic can challenge any parry. The deeper into the Badlands they go, the more awful the perils they should face, so the terrain can be used for adventures of any level.

Delvenbrass

This abandoned, overgrown ruined castle is shunned even by the goblinoids around it. Mobats lurk in the pools of darkness around its forbidding, brass-roofed keep. Many fell monsters lurk here. Delvenbrass has dungeons which reach nearly a mile below the surface of the forest and its ancient Bakluni occupants, who strayed far south from most of their kin when they invaded the Flanaess, are said to have come upon a source of conjuration/summoning magic which overwhelmed their citadel from within.

Dungeon Master's Note: Player characters may well be lured here by tales of the magic and treasure still buried far below the surface. What they should not learn from rumors is that priests of Nerull are exploring the ruins, seeking the same things. In addition a lost trove of powerful, evil magic weapons is hidden somewhere in the area. A three-way conflict involving priests of Nerull versus priests of Iuz versus player characters could result. Add goblinoids to make this a four-way split. This could make for an intriguing adventure!

Flameflower

This is a community of 500 high elves, mostly of the Shandareth clan. Among its lofty tree houses and wooden chalets dwells Kashafen, the Lord of High Elves. Flameflower takes its name from the unique flameflower bushes which burst into a riot of huge, orchid-like crimson flowers at the beginning of each new year. Elven legend states that the bushes sprang up when Corellon Larethian, still bleeding from the wounds suffered at the hands of Gruumsh the orcish deity, first set foot in the Vesve.

This is a sacred place, and high priests of Corellon and other powerful elven deities are among the people here. It is impossible for anyone to approach within six miles of Flameflower without the elves knowing it, and they only allow those they trust to come closer.

Wizards, bards and the finest elven artisans are also among the folk of Flameflower, but the elves here are not truly happy people. In past times, they enjoyed their songs, wine, frolicking and dancing as other elves do. Now they know the evil shadow to the east, and that the time for vigilance has come. "Protect and preserve", they say as a greeting and farewell, echoing their notion of Corellon's role as a protector and preserver of their race.

There are elven spies in the trees all around, Philidor's globes hover and screen those who pass (see below), and beautiful Flameflower is now a base for exchanging information, especially magically, among the high elves of the Vesve. Yet Flameflower is still a place haunted by beauty, the voices of its bards linger in the memory and a visitor here may yet see or sense the presence of shy unicorns, treants, and faerie beings who linger around its fringes.

Gildenhand

This is the largest gnome mine of the wooded Sepia Uplands. It yields copper, a little silver, and, rarely, some amber colored gems similar in appearance to amethysts (base value 100 gp). Five gnomish aldermen speak for the 770 miners here including the 100 humans who work with them.

As yet this community is untouched by Iuz's evil, the wood elves to the east still keep Iuz, and the indigenous goblinoids, at bay. Gnomes here are friendly to those they know, but wary of those they do not. They routinely employ spells such as know alignment from priests and their rare wizards before they allow any access to the walled settlement around the mine complex itself. The gnomes are loathe to allow any stranger too close to their precious resource.

Old, worked-out mines around the settlement are now the burial ground for many gnome elders and notables. The site is sacred to the gnomes. No other race is allowed to enter any of these burial chambers.

The gnomish population includes a number of tough gnome scouts (fighter/thieves and illusionist/thieves) who travel and trade far as Perrenland and the lands of the Wolf Nomads.

Ironstead and Laurelinn

Ironstead is a stockaded village of some 30 wooden buildings and 200 people. Here, Belvor has stationed 40 elite heavy infantry and a dozen rangers and wizards. There are 100 or so woodsmen militia working with these troops. Belvor's aim is to create Ironstead as a listening post within the Vesve, and to try to organize the southern Vesve woodsmen militias more effectively.

Patrols from Ironstead prowl the margins of the Badlands, and communicate with a secondary base at Laurelinn, which is an important forestry and timbering camp of much the same size. The garrison leader, Helmend Fannen, was a wise choice by Belvor. He is a Vesve native who fought in the king's troops in the siege of Chendl. He has returned to his homeland and Vesve people respect one of their own being trusted to lead Belvor's own men. This speaks of trust on Belvor's part.

Ironstead is also a base from which Belvor aids woodsmen by supplying weapons, although Furyondy does not exactly have a surplus to spare. Well crafted metal axes, swords, and shields go to the woodsmen, who make their own spears, staves, bows and arrows.

Timber is transported from Laurelinn on great wagons along the broad forest road to the Royal Highway. This road is patrolled by Furyondian militias, including forces from as far away as Castle Ehlenestra and even Baranford.

Lunadore

Lunadore is a gnomish enclave of some 500 gnomes, who mine for copper here. Technically this is within the fief of Perrenland, but the gnomes here have administered their own affairs for as long as anyone can remember and they consider themselves part of the Highfolk since they have many relatives there. The gnomes here have recently opened up a vein of fair quality moonstones, which they try to keep secret. They have been attacked of late by bandit hillmen from the Clatspurs, and have a permanent militia of 60, including spies ringing the approaches to the mine. Two illusionists here use many deceptive spells such as (*improved*) *invisibility* to protect the spies, and *hallucinatory terrain* to disguise the mine itself.

The Lunadore gnomes trade both with Highfolk and with Traft in Perrenland, and this is a good place to hear news of Perrenland and the Wolf Nomad lands, if the gnomes trust those they are speaking to.

Quaalsten

Quaalsten was allegedly built by the fabled Quaal, of *feather token* fame. The village consists of wood and stone houses, surrounded by a palisade and moat. It is dominated by a motte keep with blue-grey stone base. This magical structure is enchanted to resist spells such as stone shape and transmute rock to mud. The keep is 50% resistant to these types of magical attacks.

Quaalsten is a meeting place for the rangers of the Vesve forest. Roughly 15 of these elite scouts can be found at any one time among the 200 woodsmen who also live here.

The rangers of the Vesve operate in small groups throughout the forest. They move between human settlements, keeping watch. Although they are on good terms with the high and grey elves, they respect the integrity of elven heartlands, and avoid moving through these areas.

The rangers are not highly organized and operate in informal groups. Quaalsten is where a ranger will come to bring important news to others who follow his path. The rangers elect a Lord or Lady Marshal of the Vesve from their number. The lord plays a largely ceremonial role, meeting with the mayor of Highfolk, emissaries of Furyondy and other authorities, passing on information gathered by the scouts.

The current Lord, Elrenn Walthair, is often found here. He and his fellows are always eager to help anyone seeking to combat evil within the forest. Some of Quaalsten's rangers are a little long in the tooth, but they know the Vesve like an old friend. They can give accurate and relatively current information about the activity and movements of goblinoids and servants of Iuz within the forest.

Quaalsten always has a small number of priests of Ehlonna in the vicinity, who work with the rangers. Some of these are half-elven fighter/priests or fighter/priest/mages. Ehlonna's priesthood is strongly opposed to the faith of Obad-hai, and the few druids of the latter faith who wander the Vesve are always kept under close watch by Ehlonna's agents.

The Timeless Tree

The Timeless Tree is both a community and a shrine. This vast oak stands in the central part of the Vesve forest. It measures 160 feet high and its trunk has a circumference of 55 feet. Its branches span a 200 foot radius.

Within this tree's massive network of branches are tree houses of extraordinary elven design. Rope bridges and trailing vine ladders are everywhere, seeming almost to be part of the vast tree itself.

This is the heart of the lands of the grey elves. Here their Seer, High Priestess Calandryen of Labelas Enoreth, holds court inside a glittering crystal chamber within the roots of the oak. This chamber may only be reached from above, by a dimension door effect. The oak is said to have grown from the same tiny group of acorns which also gave rise to Oakvein in the Gnarley Forest. Calandryen can magically communicate with the Oakvein's loremasters as she wishes.

The grey elves protect the boundaries of their lands carefully, with the aid of dryads, brownies and other faerie spies. They do not permit anyone of non-good alignment to enter. They use illusion and non-damaging spells like *wall of force*, *phantasmal* and *spectral force* to deny access to unwanted visitors. In addition, *Philidor's globes* (see below) protect all of these lands, and Calandryen can see virtually anywhere within her domain as she wishes.

The grey elves seem only to passively resist the approach and advance of Iuz and the goblinoids of the Vesve. They certainly don't cooperate much with woodsmen, rangers, or even the high elves. Their own patrols are strictly watchful and defensive.

If anyone were to ask Calandryen why the grey elves choose this path, she would say, "Great magic is afoot which you know nothing about. Iuz has been upon Oerth barely a century I have been here for six, and my people for longer than any other race can tell. I saw Iuz born, and I will see him perish. He is barely a small wave coming to the shoreline of history." She is a priestess of Labelas Enoreth, and it is impossible to convey any urgency or haste to her.

Anyone attempting to attack these lands would face powerful wizardry. Calandryen is served by a ring of grey mages. These are all powerful wizards of 11th level and higher. These defenders of the Timeless Tree wear grey robes as a badge of office.

Grey elf patrols will always be Superior (see the encounter tables in *From the Ashes*), and accompanied by a wizard of level 6 + 1d6.

Verbeeg Hill

This bustling settlement stands at the point where the valley of the Volverdyva narrows sharply as it cuts through the meeting of the Yatils and Clatspurs. The tumbling waters of the great river are difficult to negotiate even for skilled rivermen, and many travelers prefer to use the narrow trail running alongside the river through the dangerous mountain valley.

The town takes its name from a high peak just to the north, which is considered by some to resemble the head of a verbeeg. Indeed, verbeeg are among the hazards in this area as are prowling mountain lions, bears and eagles. Rarely, a monster such as a manticores may be encountered, although it is thirty years since a red dragon slew over 200 townsfolk at Verbeeg Hill.

The 1,100 folk who live here conduct their trade of fishing, and trapping in more peaceful times. The spear fishers of this town, work from small and highly maneuverable boats, resembling canoes. Their boating skills are a wonder to behold.

The salted eels in herb jelly made here are renowned throughout the Highfolk, although their preparation is fairly repellent. Eels are boiled alive in vinegary water. As the mixture sets they are chopped into chunks and herbs are added to the congealing pot. On a good day (or a bad one, depending on how one looks at it), this can be smelled a couple of miles away.

The townsmen also make a good living off of the passing river traffic. They build and repair river boats, and hire out to transport goods through the mountain valley.

Verbeegers are fine hillmen and trackers and if anyone wishes the service of a scout in the mountains, this is perhaps the best place to find one. Of course, locals can always sell the hopeful adventurer a genuine, guaranteed-to-be-accurate treasure map or two.

Verbeeg Hill is a cheerful place, untouched by battle. Some folk here fought in the wars, especially in the Badlands, and they are glad to be back home after the horrors they saw there.

Defending the Forest: Philidor's Globes

The Archmage Philidor (see *From the Ashes*, Campaign Book) is known within the Vesve by the good and powerful. He always appears as a blue-skinned elf, and he never says much about his actions or purposes. He is often referred to simply as the "Blue Wizard."

In many areas he has constructed a network for magical spying using *Philidor's globes*. Each *globe* appears as a 1' diameter glowing sphere of very soft blue and yellow light. They bob about, typically at 20' height, invariably avoiding the approach of any human, demihuman, goblinoid or humanoid race. The *globes* will keep a distance of about 20', moving around to adopt a better position for spying on any intruder. The *globes* have a movement rate of 6.

The *globes* radiate strong magic of the divination type if detected for, but the person detecting magic on the *globe* has to overcome 80% magic resistance to scribe on it at all. The *globes* are unharmed by physical and most magical attacks. They can be successfully dispelled (against 25th level magic use), or disintegrated, if their magic resistance is overcome. Other, high-level, spells may affect them at the Dungeon Master's option. Spells such as *darkness*, *darkness 15' radius*, and *continual darkness* do not affect the *globes*.

The *globes* are effectively *true seeing* devices. Each individual network is "slaved" to a form of *crystal ball* that allows the user to use *true seeing* through the *globe* of his or her choosing, viewing an area up to 240 yards around the *globe*. *Globes* can be moved as the controller wishes, though this requires mental concentration. A *globe* can't be moved more than approximately one mile from the point where Philidor originally created it. Thus, *globes* cannot be sent to spy on the lands of Iuz.

The *globes* also have an internal alarm system. If any goblinoid, humanoid or other servant of Iuz approaches within 120 yards of a *globe*, it causes the controlling *crystal ball* to flash blue and to make a shrill noise for six rounds or until a sentient individual picks up the ball to check what the *globe* has detected.

Philidor's globes are found throughout the Lands of the Tree, in the high elf heartlands where Philidor knows Kashafen, and in a wide area around Quaalsten where Elrenn Walthair is among those who have met the enigmatic Archmage.

Kashafen, Elrenn and Calandryen all possess these unique *crystal balls*, each with their own network of "slaved" *globes*. Other good-aligned defenders of the Vesve may also possess these items if the Dungeon Master so determines. The non-player character entrusted with one must be powerful, and highly intelligent or wise.

Philidor's Place in the Scheme of Things

As yet, giving the defenders of the Vesve these *globes* is the one known action Philidor has taken within the Vesve forest. Player characters will probably only learn of them through hearsay or by encountering one. They are unlikely to discover who is scrying through them unless they are very persistent and earn the trust of Kashafen, Elrenn or Calandryen.

Besides the *globes*, there is little that anyone can say about the Blue Wizard. He just appears and disappears at will, and says what he wishes to say.

Sometimes, he brings additional warnings. It was Philidor who told Elrenn that great magical flying bats would appear in the eastern Vesve three months before the *varrangoin* first appeared. He told the Ranger Marshal how to recognize the different types of these bats, and the strengths and weaknesses of each.

Philidor is also said to have warned the wood elves of the northern lands of the first *chain madness* Iuz would spread among them. Although player characters are unlikely ever to find out about this, the wood elves recognized the early symptoms of the initial victims and contained the outbreak.

Philidor has also warned Kashafen of a buried evil relic of Nerull within the lands around Flameflower, which bears special protections against elves approaching it. This is left as a theme for the Dungeon Master to develop – an excellent way of introducing player characters to the noble lord of the high elves and his people.

Of all those he has spoken to, Calandryen knows most of Philidor's long-term purposes. Like the High Priestess of Labelas, Philidor is in no hurry, and like her he is silent about his schemes. He has his own plans and timetable, and at this time he dispenses information and watchful magical guardians. After he has left a community within the Vesve, moon dogs are heard baying, and no goblinoids or monsters are sighted in the immediate vicinity for some days afterwards. Residual magical effects covering an entire structure such as Quaalsten keep, the Timeless Tree itself, or Kashafen's palatial wooden mansion house, have been said to radiate *protection from evil* and similar benign spell effects for days after the Blue Wizard has visited.

So, what is Philidor's purpose? All that can be said is that he is a greatly powerful servant of good. His eyes stare far into the future, and they shine as he watches over the elves of the Vesve. But then, so do the malign orbs of Iuz the Evil. Istus alone knows the fate of all, as she knows that Iuz hates and fears Philidor and seeks his destruction.

The Fate of the Vesve

The position of the people of the Vesve seems untenable. At this time, Iuz is just beginning to bring some of his most malign magical power to bear upon them. *Varrangoin* and *thassalosses* have been reported within the forest for the first time, very recently. Silent undead hordes have been slipping into the lands of the goblinoids, driving them westward where they come into conflict with men and elves. An outbreak of *chain madness* affected the wood elves of the North this spring (This spell is detailed in *Iuz the Evil*, but its effects should be obvious from the spell name alone). *Vampiric mist* spells have drifted into the skirmish lands close to the Badlands.

The pitiless orcs and monsters of Iuz's armies lay waste to forest and folk. They seek only to pillage, slaughter, and ruin. Forest lands which druids or priests of Ehlonna might take decades to regenerate are destroyed in a few hours by axe and flame. How can the people of the Vesve hope to endure here? And, if the great forest falls, how can the narrow valley beyond possibly be defended?

Then again, the defenders of this mighty forest are not yet organized. Willful wood elves and independent humans resist discipline and don't cooperate well. The gnomes and halflings are stubborn in resistance and fight with real savagery to defend their homes. But if Iuz's forces ever swept so far westward, the struggle for the Vesve would be lost despite their efforts.

The Vesve also has its powerful allies. In addition to Philidor, Mordenkainen looks out over Highvale and would help protect it, were it invaded or in dire peril.

The Vesve holds many ruins, buried treasures and magics. Delvenbrass has been given as one example of the untold number of such sites of the Vesve. But the most challenging adventures for player characters are those which force them to try to bring the good folk of the Vesve together against their common enemy. This should be difficult. How can the xenophobia of the wood elves be overcome? How can the rangers of the Vesve be made to organize defenses in a systematic way? How can Belvor's enclave at Ironstead be helped to organize the kind of defense this forest needs? Even better, could the indigenous gnolls of the Vesve be allied against Iuz; perhaps through their lawfully-aligned flind leaders?

In directly opposing Iuz, the Vesve allows for adventures at any experience level. For low-level player characters, seeking out and slaying small bands of orc marauders is a worthwhile goal. For higher-level player characters, the Vesve is where Iuz is employing some of his most powerful magic and monstrosities. How can the player characters strike a blow against this mass of malign might which could buy the good folk of the Vesve forest time to organize and exploit the advantage a decisive strike against Iuz might bring them?

This is frontier land, a battleground which may decide the fate of Highfolk and Furyondy alike. If your players have player characters who seek to be heroes on Oerth, this is the place to set them some great challenges!

Characters of the Highfolk and Vesve

Calandryen, High Priestess of Labelas Enoreth: 15th-level Grey Elf Priestess. (Dex 15, Int 18, Wis 18, Cha 17). AC -6 (*Bracers of defense* AC2, *cloak of displacement*, *ring of protection* +5), hp 66, AL CG. Calandryen employs many magical items, including a *ring of free action*, a *ring of djinni summoning*, and a *brazier of sleep smoke*. She always wears an amulet which gives her the ability to *detect lie*, even negating *undetectable lie* spells and similar stratagems. Calandryen is nearly 630 years old, a tiny (4' 7") grey elf with skin the color of faded parchment and violet eyes. Her silver hair is tied back from her face and braided down to the small of her back. She is peaceful and composed, taking a long time to think over what she says. The interdicted crystal chamber she rarely leaves radiates *protection from evil* throughout and any creature of evil alignment must save versus spells each round it is within it or be stunned. She can revoke this effect as she wills. Because of her age, Calandryen is a living font of lore and first hand knowledge, possibly unequalled in the Flanaess. Whether player characters learn any of it depends on whether they gain the trust of this other-worldly, secluded mystic.

Elrenn Walthair, Lord Marshal of the Vesve Forest: 16th level human ranger (Str 16, Dex 17, Con 18, Int 14, Wis 16). AC -2 (*elven chain* +4, *cloak of protection* +2), hp 115, AL CG. Elrenn fights two-handed with a *spear* +1, *flametongue* and a *shortsword of quickness*. He also owns a *longbow* +3 and a *dagger* +3. Elrenn owns a *ring of chameleon power* and a greatly-treasured *ring of shooting stars*. His *boots of elvenkind* and *bracers of archery* make him a very dangerous opponent indeed. Elrenn has a very carefully hidden *ring of wishes* with a single *wish* left, which he keeps for rescuing any high level ranger of the Vesve who is lost and cannot be reclaimed in any other manner.

Elrenn is 37, 6' 1" tall, fairly lean and weatherbeaten, with short, black, curly hair and hazel eyes. He has fought evil within the Vesve since coming of age, and he knows almost every inch of the forest. He takes great pains to keep good relations with all non-evil forest creatures. He is one of the few humans from whom beastmen will not flee, and he even laughs and jokes with the rare dryads of the Vesve.

Elrenn is very chaotic, and does not favor forcing the Vesve folk into formal alliances and armies. He truly feels that different groups should share resources and information, and come to each other's need when this seems right. The more they share, the more right this will feel. This is the way to bring the Vesve folk to unity. He believes Iuz will grind himself to a halt in the Vesve's countless thousands of square miles, but he is worried by new manifestations of Iuz's magic; the varrangoin and thassaloss monsters. If he has a weakness, it is that he is a little too cautious. He likes to learn as much as he can about enemies before striking against them, so he favors spying over attacking, though he certainly doesn't lack courage.

Kashafen Tamarel, Lord of the High Elves of the Vesve: 12th-level fighter/13th-level mage (Str 17, Dex 16, Int 19, Cha 17). AC -8 (*elven chain* +5, *shield* +5), hp 49, AL CG. Kashafen has many magical items, but among them are his *rings of free action* and *mind shielding* and *wands of enemy detection*, *fire* and *frost*. Kashafen is also reputed to have an *amulet of the planes*, and even a *deck of many things*. Kashafen, at 312 years of age, is a cautious leader of his people. At this time he is learning how to strengthen his people best, how to steel their will for the struggle he senses must come soon. Kashafen is one of the few who is coming to feel that a combined Vesve army of woodsmen, rangers, gnomes and elves, including the grey elves, must be organized to march on Iuz. For this reason his contacts with Helمند Fannen at Ironstead are cordial and well-received. Kashafen sees immense obstacles, however, including his own people's relative insularity and their dislike and distrust of wild elves. The lord of the high elves sees a need to buy time to bring people together, and this means taking actions which delay, confuse and frustrate Iuz rather than initiating large battles.

Kashafen's blue eyes are steely and his hair is golden blond. Its color and thick texture are unusual for hair of a high elf. He is strong, unusually determined, and serious in thought.

Loftin Greystand, Mayor of Highfolk Town: 4th level fighter (Str 16, Wis 16, Cha 16). AC 7 (*ring of protection* +3), hp 27, AL CG. Loftin's mayoral chain incorporates an *amulet of mind shielding*. At 52, balding and somewhat portly, Loftin is hardly a striking figure of a man and he puffs and pants at the slightest exertion. He has been mayor for 12 years now, an unequalled length of time. He combines a genuinely friendly and kindly disposition with a practical, no nonsense, and informed approach to the world (he has traveled in Perrenland, Furyondy, Veluna, Bissel, the free cities of Dyvers, Verbobonc and Greyhawk and to Urnst). Loftin is honest through and through, and his overriding concern at all times is what the people of the town would wish. This prevents him from ever making any decisions swiftly.

Highfolk's 150 militia troops are responsible to him, through the sheriffs and constables who lead them day to day. Loftin's most overused phrase is "easier said than done," reflecting his genuine gut feeling that to achieve anything he must confer with everyone who might be affected by a decision. This makes him infuriating to deal with, but it's hard to take offense because of his likeable nature.

Loftin respects Belvor greatly, but feels that Furyondy's internal divisions don't say much for more centralized control of power in a land. He believes that Highfolk's best role at this time is to keep trade alive, and to raise money for the Vesse and Furyondy through the largesse of Highfolk merchants.

Interior City Maps Key

- = Canals
- = City Walls
- = Damaged City Walls
- = Buildings
- = Damaged Buildings

Chendl City Map

- 1 Palace Complex
- 2 Temple of Pholtus
- 3 Temple of Pelor
- 4 Temples of Heironeous
- 5 Temple of Istus
- 6 Temple of Rao
- 7 Temple of Delleb
- 8 Household Regiment Barracks
- 9 Infantry Barracks
- 10 The Wyrn (Inn)
- 11 Sutter's (Restaurant)
- 12 King's Arms Tavern
- 13 Heroes' Rest (Inn)
- 14 Rajandum's
- 15 Weatherhaven Inn
- 16 Temples of St. Cuthbert
- 17 Temples of Trithereon

Willip City Map

- 1 The Prow (Inn)
- 2 Rope and Tar (Inn)
- 3 The Salted Barrel (Tavern)
- 4 The Hands of Istus

- 5 The Billet
- 6 Grandien's (Gaming House)
- 7 Boar's Haunch (Restaurant)
- 8 Batrachio's (Bawdy House)
- 9 Dialamen's (Inn)
- 10 Temple of Heironeous
- 11 Temple of Pelor
- 12 Temple of Procan
- 13 Temple of Rao
- 14 Temple of Mayaheine

Rel Mord City Map

- 1 City Fortress
- 2 Royal Palace
- 3 "Fortlets"
- 4 Temple of Rao
- 5 Temple of Heironeous
- 6 Temple of Pelor
- 7 Temple of Pholtus
- 8 Temple of Delleb
- 9 Temple of Zilchus
- 10 Royal University Buildings
- 11 Iron Fist Guild Building
- 12 City Baths
- 13 Goods Market
- 14 Riverman's Repose (Inn)
- 15 Ryshenken's Roll (Gaming House)
- 16 Elen O'Steel (Tavern)
- 17 The One Lamp

Nyrond

History of the Land

Nyrond's foundation in CY 356 marked the beginning of the historical decline of the Great Kingdom. The ruling Aerdi House of Rax was divided. Its junior branch proclaimed the sovereignty of Nyrond, together with other satellite states, which swiftly gained their independence. These included the Urnst states and the Theocracy of the Pale. Nyrond allied with the states of the Iron League, and the old Almorian Lands, against the Overking as the House of Rax in Rauxes degenerated into insanity.

Nyrond's people were of the same Oeridian stock as the folk of the Great Kingdom, but Nyrond became a bastion of good, powerfully opposed to its evil eastern neighbor. Nyrond was renowned for the skill of its artists and the richness of its court. Nyrond's became famous for mages of great power. However, it was the kingdom's armed forces that guaranteed Nyrond's strength. Its armies were victorious on every field, and its navy dominated Relmor Bay and the Sea of Gearnat.

Shortly before the Greyhawk Wars, a decade ago, a series of incidents occurred which were to threaten Nyrond's military supremacy. Nyrondese naval vessels and troops began skirmishing with the forces of the Great Kingdom. Ahlissa, the Great Kingdom's South Province, gave succor to pirates raiding Iron League and Nyrondese vessels. This brought on confrontations, which eventually led to war. Nyrond fought many battles, emerging from the war greatly weakened. In the end the cost was simply too great.

Nyrond swelled with an influx of Tenhas driven south by the hordes of Stonefist. While Nyrond drove the invaders back into the Phostwood the kingdom's losses were startlingly high. Nyrond's full coffers and large population could have absorbed that, but the eastern campaigns, waged to aid the folk of the Flinty Hills against the marauders from the Bone March, began to drain the country. Massed Aerdi armies invaded Almor, and even Nyrond's own lands, exhausting even Nyrond's resources.

The great battle of Karndred's Meadows occurred towards the end of the war. King Archbold of Nyrond was trying to reclaim as much of the kingdom's land as he could. Nearly five thousand of Nyrond's best soldiers fell in a single day against the demented, fiend-driven armies of the Overking. Nyrond fought them to a bloody standstill, but the losses were enormous. The cost is still being felt today, and Nyrond's future looks grim indeed.

Nyrond today is a very different land from Furyondy, where a hardy kingdom is striving to recover. Nyrond is a tottering kingdom, where morale is very poor. As we shall see, the Nyrondese have very good reasons to fear the future.

Nyrond Today

Nyrond is a fractured and divided land. Parts of it are thrown into chaos verging on anarchy. The morale of nobility, armies and the common people are likewise all poor in most places. Hunger verging on starvation threatens part of this land. Nyrond's once bulging coffers are bare. The burdens of taxes and tithes are appalling.

Nyrond lost nearly 60,000 dead in the wars, but over twice this number have fled the nation. They have gone seeking work and food simple safety. Many of these emigrants have included some of the kingdom's finest artisans and magi.

How has this happened? Why has Nyrond so collapsed when Furyondy, a much less populous and rather less rich state, has managed to hold itself together? There are many reasons for the terrible decline of Nyrond.

Pride Before the Fall

Undoubtedly, the loss of land and the outcome of the war has been a shock to Nyrond. If Aerdi is sundered, Nyrond is now ringed with enemies, and has lost the flower of its armed forces. Nyrondese believed themselves the shining beacon of good in the Flanaess, possessed of strength through righteousness.

The war has created great doubt in the minds of many Nyrondese. The war brought no great victories or epic triumphs. Was the kingdom's sense of hope and of strength an illusion after all? Did Nyrond suffer the sin of hubris? Nyrond is a young nation, which has lost its sense of history and national destiny.

Distanced Nobility

Without doubt, Nyrond's nobility must take their share of the blame for what has happened to this land. Nyrondese nobility had partly grown effete before the wars, absorbed in the self-indulgences available in the great cities, too distant from their own people. Many ordinary Nyrondese would only see their noble landowner when his bailiffs came to collect tithes and taxes twice (or more often) each year. These many absentee landowners created resentment among the common folk, which is now beginning to fester into rebellion.

King Archbold himself cannot escape this blame. Archbold grows old, and for too long he either left command of armies to old cronies or assumed it himself, leaving Archbold with far too much to do. Among his other mistakes, Archbold pulled far too many troops away from fields and meadows at crucial times, ruining the kingdom's wartime crops.

By the time young blood came to the fore, Nyrond's armies were marching backwards and communications were too poor to allow rapid change of tactical and strategic plans. Nyrond's young nobles sometimes took the blame for defeats, being thrust into war with

no experience, when the original commanders had already lost the day through their incompetence. No wonder that disgruntled younger nobles turn on their king or flee the land. Some have retreated to their own landholdings and refuse to pay the ruinous taxes Archbold levies upon them. Schisms between nobles even erupt into battle. This is a far worse state of affairs than exists in Furyondy.

Too Many Enemies

Nyrond has too many enemies. This may be the crucial difference between Furyondy and Nyrond. Furyondy has one enemy. Everyone there knows who the enemy is, and where the danger lies. Siege mentality was developed in Furyondy, validated by the liberation of Chendl. Furyondians know that holding fast against the oppressor can result in triumph. Nyrond has no experience like this.

Rather, Nyrond is faced with enemies everywhere. On the northwestern front, Iuz stalks the borders of the old Bandit Kingdoms. Many bandits have fled into Nyrond, a double blow, since they pillage and raid where they can. To the north, Fists are still prowling the Nutherwood, and who can say when they may march into Nyrond again? To the east, the chaotic ravages of the Bone March humanoids drive the brave folk of the Flinty Hills back, and the humanoids frequently raid into Nyrond itself. They have no commanders like the priests of Iuz and their trained, elite orogs to discipline them. Finally, to the east and south the shattered remnants of Almor are stalked by goblinoid soldiers and fiends of dire aspect. The grim, razed lands blaze in the distance like the very plains of the Hells themselves.

Now, to be sure, not all of these are current menaces. The County of Urnst forms a very strong buffer against Iuz, and the Theocracy troops have given Fists edging eastward from the Phostwood a sound thrashing, which has generally caused them to melt away northward. However, the perception of many people in Nyrond is that, with so many enemies, the fall of the kingdom is certain.

Nyrond is ringed by fiends, bloodthirsty humanoids, and the forces of an ineffably evil demigod and savage barbaric brutes from the north. Fleeing exiles from Tenh and Almor, even captured bandits, tell the most appalling stories of pillage, mutilation, torture and senseless slaughter and destruction. No wonder morale is poor.

Too Few Friends

Furyondy has many allies. The Highfolk, Veluna, Greyhawk, Dyvers and Verbobonc all support Furyondy to some extent. During the war, Furyondy gained alliance with Keoland and other nearby states, including even Celene. Furyondians feel that if war comes again there are many who can help.

But what allies does Nyrond have? Nyrond has only the Urnst states as strong supporters. There is a tiny level of support from Greyhawk and the Ulek states, but Ulek is far, far away. Nyrond's brave Iron League allies are all but destroyed. Sunndi has almost no way of communicating with Nyrond, the encircled folk of Ironwall have turned now to Veluna, through Bigby's teleport link to Mitrik. To be sure, the Flinty Hills people and the embattled forces of good in the Adri forest turn to Nyrond, but these people are themselves mired in adversity. A nation facing many enemies may lose morale. One with few friends may even lose the will to resist.

Loss of People

The great and good flee Nyrond in droves. They go to Urnst, Greyhawk, and other free cities, even to Furyondy, Veluna, and beyond. This exodus has weakened the kingdom further. Some Nyrondese see their powerful mages and scholars leave them, and they feel lost and betrayed, sinking into despair. Others grow angry, cursing those who have left, determined now to stand up and prove to the craven and feckless that Nyrond might yet survive. But, on balance, the former view has prevailed and thousands of ordinary people, starving and penniless, have fled to the east as well. This has emptied Nyrond's cities of defenders and left too much farmland lying fallow.

Will Nyrond Fall?

The bad news is that Nyrond would surely fall if there were any cohesive force strong enough to topple it. Iuz is not looking to Nyrond for war, because he would have to go through Urnst, and Urnst is strong. The Stonefist men have retreated to the north, in the face of barbarian raids from the east. The Bone March rabble aren't organized enough to overwhelm Nyrond. They prefer killing gnomes in the Flinty Hills to killing Nyrondese peasants anyway.

The greatest threat to Nyrond could come from the evil ruler of much of Almor, the unspeakable Duke Szeffrin, but his feral eyes are currently turned towards Rauxes. The Duke is eaten away from within by hatred of the insane Overking who destroyed his life and turned him into a cold and passionless creature. But who can say how long Szeffrin will look to the east? Would not overcoming Nyrond give him so much more strength to then march east? Ironically, this is where Nyrond's poverty helps it. Szeffrin simply does not see Nyrond as worth the bother. There is not the booty and treasure there to make invading it strategically sensible, although this does not mean that occasional raiding isn't worth his while.

Nyrond's most likely fate is that it will fall from within, sundered into a score of petty fiefdoms, ranging from chaotic and vengeful princelings to desperate border barons trying to hold the Flinty Hills. Intemperate zealots of Pholtus seek to retire into insular intolerance. The kingdom's fate still hangs in the balance.

Rulership and Law

Archbold of Nyronnd, a valiant and decent man, rules this hereditary monarchy from the capital city of Rel Mord. The king has many local nobles who are landholders, administering their own taxes and tithes much as in Furyondy, but traditionally the nobility has been much weaker here. Archbold and his ancestors have always held the power to strip nobles of their landholdings and grant them to others to be administered. Historically, this has been justified by the claim that the king must have this power to ensure that common people could not be ruled by greedy nobility who would overtax them. While Nyronnd's kings have not used their power corruptly, they have used their power to keep lesser nobility firmly in their place.

Nyronnd's kings set maximum levels of taxes and tithes throughout the whole kingdom, and nobles were not permitted to exceed the given figures. Most of the administration of the lands was done by the appointees of the king's powerful bailiff-general, whose men collected all taxes and tithes including those imposed by local landholders. Again, this was done to avoid any possibility of people being overtaxed, and had the effect of making sure the king got every last copper owed to him.

Further, past monarchs created their own advisory councils. A king could veto any appointment a temple might offer to his court, always with a polite and plausible reason. For example, "We feel that Haralden of Oldred would be a better man for our chambers. He is learned of letters and has a better knowledge of the needs of the southern lands," would actually mean, "Your suggestion of Raldamend of Woodwych isn't one I care for. He is too independent and argumentative." Thus, the kings of Nyronnd enjoyed something close to absolute power.

How did Nyronnd's kings get away with this? Their ability to strip nobles of landholdings kept the nobility in line. The ever-present threat of Aerdi kept everyone's eyes firmly to the east. Internal rebellion by nobles might have given an invitation to a power crazed Overking to march into his old lands, even when Almor existed as a buffer. Disgruntled nobles would not risk being branded as inviting that response, so they kept their peace.

Nyronnd was blessed with kings who were wise, careful men. Nyronnd grew in strength and the diplomatic skills of the king and his small group of trusted advisers were widely respected. With increasingly powerful mages and wise sages available for consultation, Nyronnd's kings seemed good rulers indeed. Nyronnd was wealthy, fertile and rich, and a noble's annoyance at his lack of power could be assuaged by the wealth of the great cities. In this respect, Nyronnd began to resemble its progenitor state just a little. Perhaps its fate in the wars had- a grim justice after all.,

The balance of political power in Nyronnd is very different today. Local nobles simply refuse in many cases to pay homage to their king. They have driven out the men of the bailiff-general, often with the support of lynch mobs, and refuse to pay Archbold his due. Some nobles are loyal to the king, some are in open rebellion, and most are somewhere in between. The king has the remnants of his army, and most of his navy, left to him but cannot bring himself to march against his own people. Archbold is now a weak, aging king, broken by the war.

The gazetteer gives individual breakdowns of how law works in different regions of Nyronnd. Historically Nyronndese is very similar to that of Furyondy, and the Dungeon Master may employ the same system when considering crimes and punishments, save that heavy fines are now preferred to imprisonment for all but the very worst offenses. Corruption has also infested the legal system in many places, so that crimes can be overlooked in return for a bribe. Militias may extract spot fines for many crimes, including ones that they fabricate. What else can one expect from men with hungry, even starving, families?

Generally, law in Nyronnd outside the big cities and central provinces is administered as local rulers see fit. Most are good and lawful men, but these are hard times, and some seek to counter public rebellions and riots with harsh, repressive penalties.

Trade, Taxes, and Money

The Big Picture

The state of anarchy which troubles Nyronnd cannot be understated. In some places, including major cities and central lands, agents of the bailiff-general still collect taxes and tithes and pay the crown and the local ruler. In other areas, these men have been driven out and the local ruler administers his own taxes and tithes as he sees fit.

The monies that do filter through to Archbold are supplemented from several sources. First, he receives aid from Urnst in the form of food supplies, weaponry, and coin. He also still manages to gain some income from the Flinty Hills, and from a trickle of aid from Greyhawk and even Ulek.

The king is required to pay his own army and navy, diplomatic and civil service expenses. Archbold has other financial responsibilities which he can no longer meet. The mail runners no longer function. The upkeep of roads has been abandoned, and the defense of the realm's borderlands must be trusted to local rulers. Nyronnd's navy teeters on the brink of mutiny.

Death by Taxes

Nyronnd has virtually all of the taxes which apply in Furyondy (noble tax, hearth tax, freesword tax, etc.), but the figures given for Furyondy should, as a rule of thumb, be doubled for Nyronnd. They also vary sharply by local region (see the gazetteer).

Tax evasion has now become a necessity for most Nyrondeese, since some 50-60% of their incomes are now liable in taxes and tithes, depending on where they live. Nyronde has also seen an explosion of taxes above and beyond those levied in Furyondy. This reflects the increasingly desperate ingenuity of those who have to administer and collect them.

Here are two examples of Nyronde's complicated tax system. The new year has seen the imposition of a fencepost tax. Farmers with fenced fields must pay one cp per fencepost around their lands, the logic being that if a farmer can afford to fence his fields he can afford this tax. There is also the extraordinary boot tax. Every person must pay three cp in tax per year for each pair of shoes or boots they own. Many have retaliated by throwing old, holed pairs out of windows at the bailiffs who come to inspect and tax them ... often followed by a pot of something distinctly more unsavory.

Coinage of the Realm

Nyronde's mint at Womtham produces its own coins, with the standard AD&D game conversion rates, as follows: The platinum sterling is a large, round coin with a likeness of the king on one side and Nyronde's coat of arms on the other; the gold noble with crossed sword and spear on one side and a shield, again with the Nyrondeese coat of arms, on the other; the electrum shinepiece, a bright round coin with a small circular hole, milled from the center, bearing the motto "faithful and honest" in Old Oeridian on one side and a pair of intertwined snakes running around the other; the silver shield, a small, shield-shaped coin with Nyronde's arms on one side and a great helm design on the reverse; and the copper common, with a leaved stave on one side and an engraving of a pair of sacks and some stalks of wheat on the other.

Nyrondeese coin is still used as a major form of exchange in central Flanaess states. Nyrondeese merchants also accept coins from Urnst, Greyhawk, Furyondy, Dyvers and Veluna, but they charge 5-10% for exchange. In major cities, this exchange rate is a standard 5%. Of this, 3% is a mandatory tax levied by the king.

Within Nyronde, only Nyrondeese coinage is accepted so it is hard to evade the charges on exchange while traveling within its borders. Other states have protested to Nyronde about this, but they also recognize the country's dire need for extra tax revenues. In the hardest hit rural areas of the kingdom, coinage is still valued, but a barter economy is becoming more common, bypassing the royal tax laws.

Transport

Nyronde has a system of primary and secondary roads which at the current time (spring 585 CY) can be treated in game terms exactly as for those of Furyondy. No road repairs are currently being carried out, and in later seasons the roads will certainly deteriorate.

Toll roads and paths are significantly more common than in Furyondy and along many primary roads local militias may escort merchants, even adventurers and farmers, charging them by the mile for their "protection" They do not accept a polite declining of their offer very well.

Nyronde has two great rivers, the Nesser-Franz system and the Duntide. The former is navigable within Nyronde for virtually all of its length, up to the lock complex at Kerrinn, though it is hazardous within the Gnatmarsh on account of the fauna there. The Duntide is a broad, slow river like the Nesser-Franz and is navigable as far north as the large town of Womtham.

The Nesser-Franz is the natural border between Nyronde and Urnst. Trade along it has not changed much, but the Duntide is another matter. Here, river militias may charge merchant vessels for their "protection" along quite peaceful stretches of the land. Unfortunately, these militia troops seldom guard the stretch of the Duntide along the Gnatmarsh, where they might actually be useful.

Commerce and Trade

Nyrondeese trade has been hammered by the war. Before the war, the Nyrondeese exported much food, especially to the Pale, the Flinty Hills and even the Shield Lands and on to Greyhawk. Cloth was also exported to these lands. Nyronde also had good control of resources such as silver and gems from the Flinty Hills.

Since the war, the production of staples has decreased by 30% and the distribution of goods has also decreased sharply as farmers are unwilling to travel far with their produce. Who wants to go ten miles to market when this probably means three meetings with bailiffs, money-grabbing militia "escorts" and other hazards such as roaming men from the Bandit Kingdoms? Better to stay at one's farmhouse and eat the food which would otherwise be taxed away. Farmers hoard their produce in case the local lord comes calling for yet another tithe.

The loss of territory in the Flinty Hills has hurt the most. Nyronde is only able to count on half the income from silver and gem mining that it did before the war. This is the primary reason for Archbold having to raise tax rates so much. As more of these lands fall, Nyronde is less able to spend the monies needed to defend them. It is a vicious circle which Archbold can see no way out of.

Obviously, trade with foreign nations has declined sharply. Nyronde is no longer able to export food. Thus, foreign monies that could buy weapons, mercenaries and more are sharply curtailed. Urnst is now Nyronde's only major trading partner.

Amidst all of this, political considerations cannot be ignored. Nyronde has always exported food to the Theocracy of the Pale, and Archbold is determined to see that this continues. He has to. Nyronde still hopes that the Pale can be drawn into an alliance which would secure Nyronde to the north, diminishing any threat from Iuz or the Fists. Archbold feels he simply cannot go begging the Pale for treaties and aid if he also refuses that state the food it needs, since its own lands are not for the most part very fertile. This leads to

the extraordinary situation where peasants starve and riot, while wagons of food are escorted by soldiers from the very lands tilled by the starving people.

The traditional autonomy of the Celadon Forest has been revoked. Since Nyrond was established, the proudly independent people of this forest have lived their own way of life, and they came to Nyrond's aid with soldiers during the war to the east. For a couple of disastrous months, Archbold decided to allow, even encourage, local militia troops and nobles to try to extract taxes from these people. Nyrondese men infiltrate the eastern edges of the forest and chop down the trees, burning undergrowth for grazing. This has led to virtual insurrection in the Celadon, and has also angered the Duchy of Urnst. Archbold realized his mistake and hastily tried to rectify it, perhaps too late. The rebellious Baron Bastrayne of Woodwych had found the Celadon a fair source of bounty, and the local Nyrondese people look at the trees burgeoning in spring, young tender rabbits ready for the pot hopping in the woods, and they decide to take what they can get. Now Archbold is in no position to revoke his blunder.

The prices of goods within Nyrond should be increased by 20% from Player's Handbook prices. In areas where starvation or real hunger can be found, the price of foodstuffs should be increased by 100-300% as the Dungeon Master sees fit. The price of certain goods should also be well above Player's Handbook values. For instance, armor and weapons should be at least 100% more expensive, save for the very simplest weaponry: staves, axes, etc. In the borderlands and major cities, some armor and weapons (such as plate mail) may be virtually unavailable at any price except on the black market, with armies commandeering all that is produced. Indeed, Nyrond may enter a phase of even greater inflation due to shortages. This has not yet happened as of spring CY 585, and this sourcebook is not a textbook of economics, but if the Dungeon Master wishes to develop such a theme in campaigning, Nyrond is the place to do it.

The introductory chapter has outlined the chaos that is Nyrond in general terms. This chapter describes its foreign relations, the state of its military, and important power groups and factions within the kingdom who have some influence beyond a small area. Much of Nyrond is disorganized, with local nobles effectively administering their own fiefdoms, but some groups have begun to coalesce who may yet shape the future of this once great land. Significant non-player characters are mentioned here, and in the Gazetteer of Nyrond have their statistics given in the Characters of Nyrond chapter.

Nyrond: Power and People

Nyrond and Other Nations

King Archbold maintains diplomatic relations with every non-evil state of the Flanaess, and his ambassadors all have one cardinal instruction: Get whatever aid you can for us. Nyrond has virtually no political leverage and is wholly dependent on the goodwill of other nations. Its most important diplomatic ties are with the following states:

Urnst States: The Duchy and County both maintain ambassadors in Rel Mord, and both aid Nyrond with money. The Duchy gives most, since the County has to spend monies on defense against Iuz on its borders. The County's ambassador, the wily Sir Shandell Damian, is also very attentive to the stratagems of the Duchy's charismatic but stubborn representative, Viscount Ferrell Adamas, since the County doesn't want the richer Duchy running the whole show.

Both states are desperate to see Nyrond retain some integrity. The issue of the Celadon Forest is a bugbear with Adamas who is furious with Archbold about the happenings there. Damian takes a softer line with the harassed king, who is thus somewhat more pleased, to see him. Damian also cooperated with Royal General Basmajenn in organizing defenses against Iuz along the Artonsamay River.

Nyrond needs Urnst desperately and Urnst knows it. What Archbold doesn't know is the content of reports which Damian files back to Duke Karl, which state that Archbold is a hopeless case and should be abandoned. Damian's entry in the "Characters" chapter develops this theme.

Greyhawk: Nyrond receives a trickle of aid from Greyhawk, which does not have an ambassador here. The free city sees Furyondy as a major priority, not Nyrond. While Nyrond is looked on kindly by Greyhawk, Nerof Gasgal fears that his covert support of Nyrond could become the source of blackmail even by the Nyrondese ambassador if things get desperate enough back home. Some Nyrondese exiles in Greyhawk ship money back to their homeland, motivated by guilt in most cases. This extra revenue is important to Archbold.

Theocracy of the Pale: The ambassador of the Pale, Grand Templar Ivanic Temzien, is a hard and stern-faced man. He only barely refrains from condemning Nyrond's wickedness as a bastion of heresy and self-indulgent hubris because of the trade links between the countries. The Pale also exchanges information with Nyrond about events in the Phostwood, Tenh, the Rakers and the Flinty Hills since the states have related problems across these domains. Both sides play cat-and-mouse, and usually supply each other with out-of-date information.

Temzien makes no secret of the fact that he considers the Valorous League of Blindness (see below) a fine group of men who may be the vanguard of Nyrond's salvation. He continually urges Archbold to promote their ghastly leader, Grishken of Midmeadow, to the rank of adviser.

This relationship is certainly a strained one, but Archbold is desperately hoping for alliance with the Pale, and feebly praises Temzien's ideas while not doing anything about them. He refuses to act against the Valorous League, however, out of fear of Temzien and his furious screaming outbursts.

Nyrond's relationship to Furyondy has been detailed earlier. Nyrond has ambassadors begging for aid in Keoland, Gran March, and the western states. Except in Ulek, its pleas go unanswered. The Ulek states themselves don't discuss much with Nyrond directly, preferring to move toward alliances with the Urnst states and discuss coordinating their efforts to prop up the collapsing nations of Furyondy and Nyrond. Veluna is well-disposed to Nyrond but, given its geographical situation and the pressing needs of the Highfolk and Furyondy, it does little to support the distant, eastern Kingdom. Nyrondese agents beg for help as far away as the Lortmils, but they get no results.

Nyrond has ambassadors in Sunndi and Irongate, but once again geographic separation makes cooperation difficult. Both of the ex-Iron League states have their own problems. They are obsessed about the threat presented by the Scarlet Brotherhood. Both are beginning to trickle some trade through the old Aerdi lands, but are proceeding cautiously. Neither can commit much in the way of help to Nyrond now, though they might wish to do so.

The Military in Nyrond

Subsequent chapters give no collated information on Nyrond's military strength, as was presented in the "Characters and Forces" chapter for Furyondy. This is for two reasons. First, the military situation is quite different in Nyrond. There is nothing like Furyondy's great land border with Iuz, where a single enemy is faced and there are frequent skirmish battles along that line. Second, Nyrond's forces are not really under any centralized control. Some operate as no more than autonomous local militias, and gazetteer entries will detail those. What is left of the king's army and navy is detailed here.

Archbold still holds control over the army in Rel Mord, along most of the Artonsamay River and the Almorian borders. He controls many of the Flinty Hills garrisons, and troops in many of the largest cities of Nyrond. This control is tenuous outside the capital, and gazetteer entries state where the King's writ runs and where it does not.

This situation is fluid and capable of rapid change. Archbold's troops are, in many cases, on the point of mutiny, due to lack of pay. Another great problem for the military is their poor equipment. Money to replace worn and torn armor, dented shields, and the like are just not available. For a common militiaman to have a relative who is a blacksmith, capable of honing his sword, and that of his friends, for a copper or two, is a great boon in these times.

Archbold's armies are technically under the command of one man, Royal General Basmajenn Basmajenn's major contribution to his men was to get thousands of them slaughtered in the Almorian campaign and the old man is an inflexible bully who fawns over his king and patronizes his Field Generals.

There are three Nyrondese field generals. These include Myariken, Hanshal and Younard, responsible for the north and northwest, the Flinty Hills, and the Almorian borders respectively. These three have varying views of what is happening to Nyrond.

Myariken and Hanshal are younger men who despise Basmajenn. They consider their king a sad and defeated old man who should step aside in favor of the Crown Prince, Lynwerd. Myariken is the more forthright, having denounced the Royal General before the King, and having been threatened with dismissal as a result. Myariken has made his views clearly known to Lynwerd himself. Younard, an older man, also considers Archbold and Basmajenn weak, but he is sunk into despair. He feels that Nyrond is lost, and that he's part of a great tragedy he is powerless to resist.

Just to complicate matters, Myariken and Hanshal do not see eye to eye either. Myariken wants to hold all of greater Nyrond and despises the Pale. Hanshal is a subscriber to the notion of the Tripartite Alliance (see below) and the lessening of Nyrond as a state. This division, a pernicious one which weakens the young and brave men of power who might be Nyrond's brightest future, is present here as it is in so much of Nyrondese life.

Nyrond's Navy

The Nyrondese Navy is still relatively powerful, and it needs to be. There were losses against Ahlissan vessels during the wars, but the naval ranks are still strong. Ship numbers have been increased by the successful flight of a few Onnwal galleys and caravels to Nyrond when that nation fell to the Scarlet Brotherhood. The navy is still a force to be reckoned with as it fends off piratical raids from Ahlissa in Relmor Bay. The navy maintains a total force in Relmor Bay of 9 galleys, 30 caravels and 20 coasters.

Fleet Admiral Hugarnd is possibly the best of all Archbold's senior military men. Piercingly intelligent and charismatic, the steely young admiral is a brilliant leader and is still loyal to his king. The mutinous grumbling he hears worry him greatly. Hugarnd desperately beseeches his king to settle the justified grievances of his men, but Archbold cannot pay more money to him and Hugarnd is at his wits' end. Despite his better nature, he turned a blind eye to the Nyrondese naval raid on Prymp very recently, where disguised vessels raided the Ahlissan port and made off with goods, a galley which is currently being offered for sale, and even people who have been sold to local landowners whose peasants are in revolt. There are rumors that some of them were sold to evil men buying bodies for slavery in the Almorian lands.

Hugarnd is an honorable but desperate man, who cannot afford time in Rel Mord to badger his king when he has to be with his own naval units. He must be present in person to keep any sort of discipline among them.

Folks and Factions

As a nation begins to fragment into chaos, people react very differently. Some isolate themselves, retreating from the world. Others reach out and attempt to build some kind of stability in alliances with others. The most important of these alliances are described below.

Priesthoods

Nyrond, in contrast to Furyondy, is traditionally a moderately religious nation. While martial deities such as Heironeous had a following, more peaceable deities such as Beory, Rao, and Pelor have been more popular. Boccob, Delleb, Celestian and more cerebral deities have, likewise, found firm favor with the learned. One notable omission is St. Cuthbert, who has never had much appeal in Nyrond. Beory and Pelor have been more revered by common people.

Religious beliefs have polarized since the wars. Some folk seek solace in stern faiths which promise certainty in an uncertain world. Conversion to the faith of Pholtus is the most extreme case of this. Some folk believe the gods of good have abandoned them, and have become bitter apostates. Others still have turned to placating evil gods, or grasping at any straw. These have become vulnerable targets for the sweet sayings of charlatans and soothsayers.

Certain priesthoods still have important power in Nyrond, but the nature of that influence is itself divided in some cases. The church of Pholtus is bitterly divided, for example, between those who follow the deity in his lawful good aspect and those who revere his lawful neutral aspect. The latter are dominated by fervent supporters of the Valorous League of Blindness, while the good-aligned priests have come close to dismissing this as heresy. The most important churches are the following:

Boccob: Some powerful mages sages revere Boccob, but a deity known as "the Uncaring hardly marshals much faith in Nyrond. However, the important group known as The Sagacious Society has many reverers of Boccob, and Archbold's increasingly influential Grey Seer is likewise a follower of the archmage-deity. Boccob's few followers have influence disproportionate to their numbers.

Heironeous: Heironeous remains the major faith among veteran fighters and the officer class. To them, Heironeous embodies the virtues of a Greater Nyrond, a land sustained by faith and valor. Unfortunately this church is served by a High Priest, Arafeld, who is blind and blinkered in his support of the king. He regards the royal family of Nyrond as something akin to divinely sanctioned leaders. Many junior priests are furious with Arafeld and there is division within this faith. Because of its highly lawful nature, rebellion against the king and the High Priest is desperately hard to countenance, even for a clear conscience. Those with energy and drive within the faith are torn indeed.

Rao: Priests of Rao are active throughout Nyrond, seeking to resolve the many conflicts within the land by discussion and arbitration. Canon Durinken of Rel Mord has presented Archbold with what amounts to an ultimatum. By year's end, he must see that the people of the land are fed and cared for, and put an end to starvation and tax rioting. If this means that no money is available to pay the armies, so be it. Unless the people eat they cannot work. If they cannot work, they die of starvation, and there is nothing left to defend anyway. Durinken's frank honesty has earned him the respect of all his priests, and they work hard among the common people, the landowners and all sections of society, as mediators of disputes. Durinken has no desire to see Nyrond defenseless. He simply has a humanitarian sense of priorities, and he does not consider the fact that Nyrond is in serious danger of invasion. He is particularly angry at Archbold's maintaining a huge army at Rel Mord, which he considers senseless.

Zilchus: Priests of Zilchus are angry with their rulers and their king because trade and exchange are collapsing. High Priest Palindren of Rel Mord insists that Nyrond has lived and grown strong through trade and will perish if trade diminishes. He rages at the corruption of so many landowners and the militias who rob merchants and farmers. Palindren is a forceful man who wishes to see the king step aside in favor of his eldest son, and has said so to Archbold's face. That earned him banishment from the king's circle of close advisers.

Evil Deities: Since the war, a terrible thing has happened within Nyrond which would have been considered impossible before. Many people, especially in rural communities, have taken to placating evil deities. They do not worship them, but they perform ceremonies in an attempt to mitigate them and spare themselves from ravages. After the outbreak of plague in Midmeadow early in 585 CY, a small shrine to Incubulos was discovered and some half a dozen villagers lynched for praying to the dark god of disease and death. Likewise, it is said that on the borders of Almor some folk pray to Hextor, the evil god of war, beseeching him to turn the eyes of the fiends there eastward so that Aerdi may be devoured from within rather than fiends feasting on Nyrondese flesh. As yet, this tendency is not general, but it is a source of alarm to any upholder of good and valor within this land. It could also be exploited by priests of dark gods.

Superstitions: More benign, but not much less dangerous, is the growth of superstition throughout Nyrond. The failure of the country to win any convincing victory during the wars has resulted in many, even among the best-educated and most powerful, turning to soothsayers and charlatans for succor. Even the King has his Grey Seer, the rumor goes ... so why should we not also try to discover what the future holds?

Priests of Istus are in short supply, so many turn to those with genuine skills (such as those with the astrology proficiency) and also to charlatans. These people's gilded tongues and honeyed words provide some reassurance for anxious people in troubled times.

Priests of Ralishaz, god of ill fortune, are also sought after for prognostications. They are rare, but they tend to have knowing and not altogether pleasant expressions on their faces,

Other Factions

The Valorous League of Blindness

This is a bizarre sect of Pholtus in his lawful neutral aspect which is strongly approved of by the Theocracy of the Pale. This sect is rapidly gaining converts, especially in the northern Nyrondese lands bordering on the Theocracy. The message of the Valorous League is simple: "There is now only one hope of salvation, Pholtus of the Blinding Light. Only those blinded to iniquity and its lures can hope to prevail in these terrible times. Look at how the rich live while you travail to pay their taxes; is this right? But this is how Nyrond is. Hence, Nyrond must be changed, and were the men to do it, just as we are the men to root out the evil within these lands which matches the evils of Iuz and Aerdi outside" This is a rebellious group, which foments virtual insurrection, but they also have their followers among minor nobility. Often after the latter have recognized that their peasants may lynch them if they don't convert.

The Knights Valorous are the elite of the Valorous League, warriors and warrior priests who are self-appointed rooters-out of evil. It was the notorious fiend hunter, Zylinchin, who discovered the shrine to Incabulos in Midmeadow, and he and his tiny band of fiend hunters stalk Nyrond seeking men and women to impale and burn at the stake for their consorting with fiends. They whip up hysteria all too easily among gullible, rural folk in particular, and their actions are directed toward the goal of incorporating part of northern Nyrond by secession into the Theocracy itself.

Members of the Valorous League subscribe to the doctrine of Lesser Nyrond (see below) abandoning its eastern lands, although they tend to keep quiet about this when fiend hunting in the lands bordering Almor. The more calculating members of this cult actually wish to see at least part of Nyrond incorporated into the lands of the Theocracy.

Members of the Valorous League are, to say the least, peculiar people. Many wear blinders (literally) to emphasize with pride their refusal to see anything but doctrinal creed. Some have gone to the extreme of putting out one eye, since the remaining eye is deemed quite sufficient to see the wisdom of Pholtus's teachings. All members of the League are ascetic and highly intolerant of those whose actions they do not approve. The league has two notable leaders, Grishken of Midmeadow and Carindrell of Armdulanth, both detailed in the "Characters of Nyrond" chapter.

The Sagacious Society

This society is a group of sages, scholars and a few mages within Nyrond which is known to be strongly opposed to the Valorous League of Blindness. Most of them have known each other well as colleagues for some time, and only since the war have they felt the need to organize into a formal society. As yet, this is a loose society, but different members have moved towards improving their communications with each other through the use of crystal balls and similar magic. This is increasingly necessary since the mail riders of Nyrond have ceased their operations.

The Sagacious Society is an elitist group with the goal of preserving Nyrond as a bastion of learning, culture and scholarship. The encircling of the land by Iuz, humanoids, Stonefist and the rabble of Almor is seen as a "barbarians at the gates" problem. Unlike those who have left Nyrond, however, this group is not prepared to run from the problem and follow their pursuits in safe ivory towers in Greyhawk's Grey College or farther afield. They consider that the rot has to be stopped here and now. Fleeing west would merely postpone the day of reckoning.

The society pursues its goals in several ways. First, it is in constant communication with sages and powerful mages in foreign lands, seeking all information and resources it can get to keep Nyrond afloat.

Second, a majority of this society is now convinced that the crown prince of Nyrond must take over Archbold's duties, since the King is clearly a weak and ineffectual man. The society works quietly to this end.

Third, society members must give a significant percentage of their personal wealth and magical items, etc., to support what is perceived as the weakest link in Nyrond's present defenses. Currently, this is deemed to be the Flinty Hills, so these gray-haired, learned gentlemen are in continual contact with the gnomes of those beleaguered lands.

Finally, the Sagacious Society has access to much arcane and secret lore, and it actually recruits adventurers and mercenaries for expeditions into the Rakers, Flinty Hills, even the Griffs, eastern Abbor-Alz and beyond, to seek lost treasures and magic. A society member could make an ideal patron for player characters.

The enigmatic individual known as the Grey Seer is said by some to be a member of this society, but this is doubtful. Most society members keep their memberships secret, and their actions are strictly behind the scenes. Palindren of Zilchus is one of the few publicly known members of this society.

Brothers of the Bronze

This group is a fellowship of woodsmen, rangers, druids, and a few other priests, mages, and warriors who seek to maintain communication between the threatened woodlands of Nyrond, the Celadon and Gamboge forests. They also seek to ally with the good-aligned folk of the Adri Forest. Their goals are to stop Nyrondese pillaging of the Celadon, and to open a land corridor between eastern Nyrond and the westernmost reaches of the Adri.

Most members of this group are not exactly Nyrondeese patriots. They simply believe that the fate of the great woodlands is best assured within the domain of a strong Nyronde. Brothers are not included among the council advising Archbold, although there are persistent rumors that they have the ear of the crown prince. They are angry with Archbold for his stupidity in the Celadon. They take their name from the small piece of bronzewood which they always wear somewhere about their person.

The Tripartite Alliance and Lesser Nyronde

The Tripartite Alliance and Lesser Nyronde are not political groups. They are important issues dividing Nyronde's people.

The Tripartite Alliance is a plan calling for a formal pact and alliance of the Urnst states, Nyronde, and the Theocracy of the Pate. Urnst and Nyronde are already allied by formal pact, of course. As a general idea, this is not too radical. Archbold himself wishes to conclude a pact with the Pale. But there are some who advance this argument really hoping that the Theocracy will effectively take over much of northern Nyronde. This is linked with the second idea, that of a Lesser Nyronde.

The Lesser Nyronde thesis runs like this: Nyronde is too large to defend. Much territory should be given up, to render the remainder more defensible. The usual view of Lesser Nyronde sees the Duntide River as a defensible and natural eastern border, with the western border likewise being formed by the Nesser-Franz River up to Crystal Springs. The northern boundary would run from there to Arndulanth, with the Gamboge Forest and northern lands around Midmeadow being given up to the Pale. This would eliminate borders with Iuz and Stonefist. A defensive ring of castles could hold the line from Arndulanth to Womtham, abandoning the Flinty Hills gnomes to their fate.

This is a seductive idea. There is no doubt that a Lesser Nyronde would be far more defensible than the kingdom's existing boundaries. It is also a counsel of despair and defeat, though many who espouse the doctrine would not admit this. To his credit, Archbold will not countenance it, and of course the local rulers of most of the lands which would be given up are outraged by the proposals. However, there are many influential and powerful men, especially the rulers of central Nyronde lands, who favor the notion of Lesser Nyronde.

A Divided House?

King Archbold is 58 years of age. The Crown of Nyronde weighs heavy on him. He is tired, increasingly weak and ineffectual. His wife has been dead for seven long years, and he has only his two sons left to him. They have burdens of their own.

Crown Prince Lynwerd, just turned 30, is one of the few Nyrondeese military commanders to have emerged with any credit from his battles on the northern front. Strong and decisive, Lynwerd is all too aware that there are many within Nyronde who would see him King. Most wish Archbold to step aside. Some would even be prepared to assassinate the king to get him out of the way. Lynwerd is painfully aware of his father's shortcomings and while he is deeply loyal to, and loves, his father he wonders whether he should still hold to the throne.

Lynwerd tries hard to give his father good counsel, but he sees him cave in to the idiocies of the Valorous League and bow down to the ambassadors of Urnst, and becomes very angry with him. Lynwerd would not act against the king, but he is almost at the end of his rope. He sees the need for strong leadership which Archbold cannot give.

His younger brother Sewardt is the rotten apple in the Nyrondeese lineage, a throwback to the most decadent of Rax's heritage. He is a self-indulgent power seeker with delusions of an alliance with Duke Szeffrin that might allow them to march through Aerdi and overthrow the madman in Rauxes.

In his fantasies, Sewardt sees himself become Overking of a Great Kingdom that has brought Nyronde and Almor back within its control and that can rise again to become the only truly great power of the Flanaess. Sewardt keeps this to himself, but he ably sews rumors of his elder brother's disloyalty to the king into the minds of some courtiers and advisers in Re] Mord. His charisma gives him considerable influence.

Sewardt is very cunning and skilled at managing to convey to everyone after the event that he favored good judgments made by the king and that he did his best to argue against poor ones. He has also made every effort to tarnish his brother's reputation in the process. Sewardt is dangerous because he is planning to dispatch an emissary to Szeffrin, and this twisted young princeling is also verging on evil. He is well received among the fawning courtiers of Duke Korenfluss of the southern lands, and increasingly so at the courts of some dissident local rulers.

The Common Folk of Nyronde

Much of what has been written about the pre-war life of Furyondians applies to Nyrondeese as well, though the nation was richer and the cities grander. Gazetteer entries describe regional variations, but a general sketch of how Nyronde's commoners live and feel now is given here.

Nyrondeese folk are shocked at the events of the wars. They feel their leaders and king failed them. Most have become much more insular, not wanting to know what is happening in endangered borderlands, even if they live close by them. As travel declines, many Nyrondeese become isolationists. If a traveler tries to talk with them, they simply don't want to listen. They protect their own, families and friends, and are suspicious of others. The horizon of many Nyrondeese is not now their own country. It may be just their own village, town, or even farmstead.

Some Furyondians have left their land. Most have some steel and patriotism left. In contrast, many Nyrondese seek a solution to their problems by fleeing abroad, and most of the rest feel defeated and oppressed with no possibility of improvement. This is a land where despair lurks just below the surface.

As the map shows, Nyrond can be divided into seven broad areas of land. These are not absolute divisions, but they are convenient ones. Each area has its own typical level of morale, style of rulership, and social attitudes found in most of its towns, cities and people. Gazetteer entries for lands and locations do not always follow an alphabetical order within each area. Rather, the major cities and land features (forests, hills) are detailed first, followed by a description of smaller settlements (towns, castles, keeps, ruins, etc.).

A Gazetteer of Nyrond

The Western Lands

The western lands comprise the Celadon Forest, the lands around the city of Woodwych, and the Gnatmarsh together with the southern lands around Beetu. These lands were farthest away from the wars, which increases the anger of ordinary people at paying high taxes and tithes since they haven't directly experienced the threat of war.

The western lands are in deep ferment. The two dominant local rulers, in Woodwych and Beetu, have, in their different ways, deeply alienated most of their people. Folk in these lands are surly and inhospitable, avoiding strangers. They mostly despise their rulers and their king. Bandits and highwaymen are a real hazard in these lands.

Woodwych

A walled city of 21,000 people, Woodwych is the home of Baron Bastrayne who administers the lands for some 40 miles around this city, and the small settlements along the road to Hammensend and on to Urnst. Bastrayne feigns support of his king, and Bailiff Radnen Gryppe manages to dispatch some 70% of the tithes and taxes demanded by the crown. However, Bastrayne, in league with Gryppe, is a selfish, cunning man who is planning to make as much money as he can in the coming year and then flee the land. He imposes taxes and tithes in addition to those levied by Archbold. He and Gryppe skim off some 30-40% of all revenues for themselves.

Bastrayne is in good favor with the king. He delivers more money than most, so Archbold will not hear ill of him. Bastrayne also projects the image of a strong ruler. He denounces the "terrorists of the Celadon Forest, and gives glowing accounts of how his troops are imposing order and protecting the vital trade highway west.

Bastrayne has been successful in preventing most accounts of the truth reaching Archbold, by imposing martial law on Woodwych and even having his elite, Headstrong personal Baronial Guard harass and arrest anyone threatening to go to the king. It is whispered that desperate messengers who rode out for Rel Mord were ridden down and killed by the Guard.

Woodwych is, thus, a grim and hard city, ruled by its militia. There are 800 troops garrisoned in Woodwych, with 300 stationed elsewhere in the surrounding land, most patrolling major roads. They are not evil men, but the king didn't pay them at the start of the year while Bastrayne has done so. Actually, Bastrayne and Gryppe deliberately withheld wages for a month so they could get the militia on their side, blaming the king for non-payment.

Bastrayne has successfully persuaded most of them that people in the lands can afford to pay the taxes the militia collects. To many ordinary soldiers, having food for one's family, decent equipment, and wages is all that matters. Bastrayne also waxes eloquent on Nyrond's need for a strong army so the militia believe that what they are doing is right, not just for them but for the whole nation.

To be sure, there are good folk in Woodwych who see what the Baron is doing, but they are cowed and afraid. The Baronial Guard is mostly heavy infantry and cavalry, but it also includes a dozen or so "specialists" who are feared by all as spies. While Bastrayne may not be evil, there are rumors that evil men have found their way into the guard.

Opposition to Bastrayne has sparked into anger and violence in the lands around this walled city, especially within the Celadon, where even a group of his own Baronial Guard has defected (see Celadon Forest, below). It's a matter of time whether violent overthrow, exposure of corruption, of fleeing abroad settles Bastrayne's fate first.

Beetu

This city of 11,000 souls has the ill fortune to be ruled by a weakling, the toadying Count Romadnen Bereman. Bereman tries to buy favor with the king, and simply ignores the suffering of his people as he extracts full due from them. Again, Archbold will not hear ill of a man who is supporting his desperate treasury, but at least Bereman does not rule through fear. He deals with problems by running away from them.

Bereman's 600 royal militia are increasingly demoralized by having to collect taxes, and as many as 10% have actually deserted, fleeing into central Nyrond or even into Urnst. The people of the lands around (Beetu administers lands up to the Gnatmarsh, and along the Duntide to Arnford) have adopted the strategy of trying to conceal anything they own or earn from a militia which they sense feels guilty and wretched at having to collect it and has no stomach for pressing them very hard.

People here are downtrodden and despairing, rather than angry as they are in many of Bastrayne's lands around Woodwych. They have become experts in dishonesty by omission, if not by out-and-out lies, and thieves and rogues are beginning to flourish here.

Just about the only thing Bereman has managed not to do wrong concerns the Celadon Forest. Fearful of the anger of woodsmen, he never implemented the king's edict that the forest should be looted. For this reason much Celadon produce now comes to Beetu, increasing revenues and keeping Bereman afloat.

The Celadon Forest

There is much anger at Nyrond among the 2,500 high elves, 1,000 reclusive wood elves and 5,000 woodsmen who make their living from the Celadon Forest. They have no quarrel with Bereman of Beetu, and regard him as acceptable. They overlook his faults because of their fury at Bastrayne.

Initially, native Celadon folk tried to talk Nyrondese men out of pillaging the forest. When this failed they began to drive them away with threat of force. In return, the Baronial Guard and other militia actually mounted raids, killing woodsmen and elves, to teach them a lesson. Now, there is full scale skirmishing in and around the Celadon Forest. Most Celadon folk believe that their success in driving ordinary Nyrond folk away is sufficient, and that only strikes against militias are now needed. But there are angrier and more implacable people here, too. Some hunt down and kill Nyrondese who have taken up a life of banditry within the forest.

The small village of Copperstead has become the headquarters of the Defenders of Celadon. Here, high elves, woodsmen, and a defecting group of 15 Baronial Guard and 20 other Woodwych militia plan the violent overthrow of Bastrayne. They frequently carry out attacks on militias and even Woodwych merchants. Militant Brothers of the Bronze are among this group, although other Brothers argue strongly against any attacks on people.

Making matters worse, some of the 200 grugach among the wood elves are rumored to have raided the homes of woodsmen on the fringes of the forest, retaliating against humans indiscriminately. They are said to be aided by some of the 400 or so voadkyn of the Celadon. There is also a move afoot to petition the Duke of Urnst for a formal alliance, sundering the traditional readiness of Celadon men to support Nyrond in times of need. There is real bitterness among the woodsmen since many of them fought for Nyrond in the wars, and intruders into the forest may be attacked and disabled first and interrogated later.

Arnford

Arnford is a fishing and ferry town of 3,200 folk, located on the Duntide River. The militia force of 150 is always present, taxing catches of fish and barrels of salted fish at market, even patrolling the river banks to charge fishermen as they bring in their catches! Arnford's once-thriving markets, importing livestock from the southern lands for sale to settlements west and into the Celadon, are now almost abandoned. Merchants and farmers turning up with livestock have grown used to having half of them confiscated in tithes and no longer travel here. The rich Arnford rolls, cloths dyed with plant extracts from the Celadon, are also virtually a thing of the past.

Arnford begins to resemble a ghost town, and some 15% of its people have already quietly left for Urnst or even the Gnatmarsh. There are abandoned farmsteads in the lands around, left by tenant farmers who could no longer afford the ruinous rents and tithes. Some have become bases for men taken to earning a desperate living by banditry.

Callistor and the Gnatmarsh

Callistor is a town of 4,000, located on the Duntide, below Arnford. Like Arnford, Callistor is a ferry town that acts as a gateway to the towns of the south coast and a market for produce brought from the Gnatmarsh. These desperate folk try to make a living by bringing back swamp hay, trapped animals and birds, and the great eels which can be found there.

The living conditions in the Gnatmarsh are desperate and dangerous. Local folk set off in their small, often untrustworthy punts with sharpened wooden spears, snares, nets and a few real weapons. Many fall prey to the lizard men, troglodytes and alligators of the marsh, and to human bandits desperate enough to dwell within the disease-ridden miasma's of this grim' place. Often, sales of their produce take place by night outside of town, in secluded barns and farms, so as to avoid taxes and confiscation's by the 200 militia. These swamp dwellers deal only on a strict barter basis.

The local soldiers are supposed to patrol the northern margins of the marsh, but they hardly venture there now. As a result, monsters emerge from the swamp without folk being warned or the militia dealing with them. An otyugh recently claimed a dozen men before it was slain, and other creatures feast on human flesh these days.

From the Ashes gives basic information about the Gnatmarsh, but the Dungeon Master may add details as desired. Certainly, there are repeated rumors of a green dragon lairing there, and the lizard men of the deeper marsh are very cunning, using traps, snares and spears anointed with poison made from a purple-gray fungus (Class B).

Wild rumors of many kinds, such as bronze-skinned troglodytes possessed of exceptional strength, two-headed marsh trolls, sunken lich's tomb s, and swamp water elementals (controlled by a magical stone) that choke and poison victims, circulate about the marsh. Perhaps some of these rumors could lead to adventures.

Hammensend

Standing at the junction of three states, Hammensend is a frontier trade town of 8,800 people with ferries leading to Leukish and its rich markets. Hammensend is the most welcoming town in these lands because many Urnst folk live and work here as merchants, traders, boat builders, fishermen and the like. Bastrayne's deputed Town Governor Kryallen Fardashen has managed to keep the town reasonably prosperous by the strategy of under-declaring its population (increased by 1,800 since the war), thus reducing the amount

of revenue appearing to be due from it. Many of western Nyrond's richer artisans and merchants have retreated here for this reason and because Hammensend offers rapid escape via ferries to either Urnst state if needed.

The plight of Nyrond is nonetheless emphasized here by the many refugees fleeing the land passing through this town en route to Leukish and then, for many, across the Nyr Dyv. Rich merchants with wagons of produce may not arouse player character sympathy, but the sight of ruined farmers sadly leaving their homeland with little more than bundles of clothing and a well-hidden bag of small coins should.

Located at the junction of the Franz and Nesser Rivers, Hammensend is the place to find people and goods from many lands and a good place to hear tales of woe. It is also, sadly, a city where thieves prey on those who are leaving, and one where some who planned to leave ran out of money or hope, or couldn't bring themselves to set off for a foreign land for fear of the unknown or love of their homeland. These folk have often sunk into debauchery, alcoholism or insanity. The southern quarters of the town have many bordellos, beggars and worse. Hammensend is also occasionally attacked by bandits who fled from the Bandit Kingdoms and settled in the northern Celadon Forest.

Star Haunt

The Celadon Forest has its share of ruins and mysterious places, but none as strange as the star-shaped castle ruin named Star Haunt. The castle is said to have been built by an ancient Oeridian tribe overwhelmed by an inner madness. Its walls glow in the dark due to a phosphorescent moss (and to magic itself).

Monsters lurk within and have a natural defense, for creatures inside the keep become affected by a displacement magic (as per the cloak) after some weeks of dwelling there. Eventually, it is said, they fade and become spectral undead. Wraiths and specters are seen here, and the wails of ghosts and banshees can be heard. The doom that befell the original occupants is as unknown as the magic and treasures the castle ruins may hold. Celadon folk give this mysterious place a wide berth. The shooting stars that rain down around it from time to time are the least of the hazards here.

Spurned Vale

Technically, Spurned Vale lies within the Duchy of Urnst, but nearly 600 Nyrondese have fled here since the war. This community tries to make a living from the edges of the forest and foothills, and in doing so they have angered the wild and strong Urnst hillmen, and the particularly xenophobic woodsmen who live in the forested hills to the northwest. Skirmishes, even a battle, have put this wretched and beleaguered community at its wits' end.

People here are truly just scavengers, some wearing little more than rags. Some have taken to the worship of evil deities, feeling that all else has failed them. This is fertile terrain for an evil priest to cultivate should one happen by. There are tales of hidden evil shrines in the southern hills, and darker rumors of blood cults hidden among the local people. These rumors could form the basis of a good low-level adventure.

Swan Bore

Swan Bore is a market town located on the Duntide River. This town of 2,400 people is named after an extraordinary event that occurs regular as clockwork on the first day of Growfest each year, on a stretch of the Duntide for some three miles north and ten miles down-river. A standing wave some eight feet high moves down-river, and on its crest ride great black-breasted swans, honking and whooping. Traditionally this was the first day of a great market festival and week of feasting, with markets strewn across the whole of the town where merchants, traders and charlatans from all over the Flanaess would come.

Hepmonaland ivory, barbarian land furs and Ekbir silks could be found for sale beside Nyrondese food, meat and fish. Oxen, herons, boars, and sheep were roasted and slices sold in hot, crusty bread together with local beers and ales.

Unfortunately, this year's markets were hard hit by tithe-grabbing militias. Many foreign merchants have sworn never to return.

Swan Bore is administered by merchant families of considerable influence and power, and to date they have managed to stave off most taxes by deferring payments. This has meant that the common folk have had to pay more than their share. There is great resentment against the wealthy rulers here, and a rabble-rouser of the Valorous League recently incited a mob to lynch four hapless visiting merchants. The townspeople feel very guilty about this now, but their festering anger still builds.

Rumors have spread that the rich are in league with fiends, and that some local people who disappeared have been sold into slavery. Some angry townspeople have ignored the truth, which is that most of these people have fled to escape taxation or conscription into levies. Mass unrest is just one spark away from igniting here.

The Reeks

This wooden stockade fort originally housed 60 militia who manned river patrols for some 30 miles into the Gnatmarsh. Now there are not 25 left. Most of the others have defected or been overcome by monsters or disease, and the patrol vessels have been broken up for firewood, with only one serviceable vessel left. The militia here have been forgotten, unpaid for nearly a year, and they scrounge what they can from marsh and forest fringe. Their messengers to Beetu never arrived there, and morale is desperately bad. Once proud soldiers have degenerated into feral scavengers, and this is a good place to bring home to player characters how wretched Nyrond's plight has become.

The Southern Coast

The lands of the south, away from the Duntide river, are not very fertile. The soil is often chalky, brittle and somewhat stony so that much of it is used as poor grazing land. Nearly 80% of the population lives within ten miles of the coast. Most people here make a living from fishing and trade, and from the many naval bases along Relmor Bay.

The most important local ruler here is Duke Korenfluss of Oldred, a friend of Prince Sewarndt. The navy, based along his shorelines, is a major headache for him. The king has paid their wages late and only in part, and mutiny is an ever present threat. Korenfluss is furious that this problem is exported into his lands, and his own militiamen have had to prevent drunken, sullen navy soldiers from attacking and robbing ordinary fishermen and townsfolk.

As a result, Korenfluss refuses to pay Archbold all the money owed to him, giving the king an exaggerated account of what costs have been incurred by unrest and withholding the balance. Archbold has threatened to march on Oldred, but Korenfluss told him simply that he would have to fight not only his own well trained militia but also part of the navy and peasant levies too. Archbold backed off swiftly. There is much tension here, and Korenfluss is close to refusing to pay Archbold anything at all.

The Duke carefully blames the king for the high levels of taxes, and local people believe him. They see the king as a money grabbing fool who must waste or fritter away their hard-earned money, since he clearly isn't paying troops properly. Even the garrison of 300 king's troops in Oldred have been affected, refusing to act against Korenfluss for fear they would be lynched by the local people.

The worst outcome of all of this is that smuggling and even slaving have become established along the coast of Relmor Bay again. Smuggling is seen simply as a way of keeping oneself alive when legitimate earnings barely pay for crusts of bread. The navy certainly fights off pirates and raiding parties from Ahlissa, but it also engages in smuggling itself and in many places townspeople and navy conspire in smuggling.

Slavery, the dreaded export of people to the old Aerdi lands, is rare, but there are increasing reports of this occurring. Player characters might be called upon to check on these reports.

The southern lands are often dangerous. People are hard pressed and have begun to accept smuggling, deception, and dishonesty as a way of life, even though slavery appalls most of them. Visitors are warned that locals prefer to prey on outsiders rather than their own relatives and fellow Nyronese. Finally, few religious faiths find much favor here, save for that of Procan.

Oldred

This walled city of 19,500 people is the second most important naval base after Mithat. Korenfluss has been cunning in his rulership here. Through his own extensive landholdings and control of trade, he is able to supply war veterans (the officer class) with goods at subsidized prices. Thus, war hardened men who might be most disgruntled by a life of hardship have been cushioned against it, and many form the basis of his 500-strong, hard nosed militia.

Korenfluss is Guildmaster of the Merchants and Traders Guild, and makes sure the king and the Oldred bailiff, who has to stay under virtual house arrest for his own safety, get the blame for almost all the problems of life in these hard times. Most people are ready to believe it.

Oldred's atmosphere is menacing. There are half-drunk naval troops looking for trouble, thieves in dark alleyways, and evil men escaped from the ruins of Aerdi lurking in its streets. Law enforcing militia troops barely bother with assaults short of murder these days, unless the victim is rich or otherwise important. The wooded gardens of the north side of town, and the houses around them, are occupied by merchants and minor nobility who live well. Even they avoid flaunting their wealth. Cat burglary has become a way of life for the burgeoning Thieves Guild, and even the architecturally fine Temple of Procan was robbed of icons recently, an act which shocked the city.

The navy in Oldred raided Prymp recently, bringing back booty and people sold into slavery in dark and terrible places in Oldred's extensive undercity ruins (the city was built on the site of an old, razed Flan city) which are also said to hold ropers, otyughs, and much worse.

Claw Point

The tall, sheer cliffs around Claw Point are eroding to reveal a honeycombed network of burial passages and catacombs. These hold the moldering, shrouded bodies of Oeridians who settled here at least six hundred years ago.

The place is becoming a favorite haunt of tomb robbers. Unfortunately, their own bodies are found floating around the coast down to Shantadern at regular intervals.

The catacombs are said to be a mile or more deep, holding treasures and trinkets buried with their original owners. There are also tales of curses that affect tomb robbers, rotting diseases caught from the malign air in sealed burial chambers, and of vengeful undead who stalk those taking treasure from these tombs. The natural hazards of the place are bad enough, with crumbling rock and the nightmare of trying to climb down sheer cliffs. There are storms and gales which can whip in from the Sea of Gearnat in minutes.

Adventurers still come here, lured by tales of magical items hidden within the deepest tombs. Those wishing to recover them are warned that smugglers use eaves along the western side close to the shoreline, and that Scarlet Brotherhood vessels have been seen close by, though rarely.

Fairwind Bay and Shining White

Fairwind Bay is a shallow bay of white sands, which is a haven of respite along this dangerous coast. Fairwind Bay often has dolphins, selkies, and a few aquatic elves in its waters. The elves avoid people not from Shining White, and they are said to sink smuggling vessels. They are also spies, and supply Shining White with information on what they have learned from the seas and the scrying of their priestess of Deep Sashelas, who is said to know all that happens below the waters of Relmor Bay.

Shining White itself is a stone castle standing a mile or so from the cliffline, with a central tower keep of pure white stone topped with glowing lances bearing continual light spells. The castle liege is the paladin Farenne of Pholtus, and in her name series of continual light beacons act as lighthouses for a 25 mile stretch of coastline within the lands Farenne administers.

Farenne is a highly unusual paladin for one following her inflexible deity. She is kindly, wise, and tolerant of all but intelligent and scheming evil. She believes a true follower of Pholtus should lead and inspire by the life they live, and she lives humbly and in spartan personal surroundings. She loathes the Valorous League of Blindness, and has run a group of "those heretics" off her lands.

Within Shining White, Farenne's 80 elite castle militia and friends are deeply loyal to her. Her friends include a half-elven bard, and a ranger from Wragby, who knows the coastline better than any other person.

Farenne is bitter towards her king. She feels he understands nothing of the problems of ordinary people and nor does he see the evils rotting away Nyronde from within. Farenne flatly refuses to pay tithes and taxes to Archbold, and she works towards alliances with other lawful good nobles and rulers. From the castle, her folding boat (which is the size of a small caravel) sets out by night to frustrate smugglers and slavers. She delivers such people to the justice of the authorities in Wragby, whose ruler she trusts. Her bowl commanding water elementals, employed by the half-elven mage Schuster, is a fearsome threat to the sea-borne slavers and pirates and they avoid Fairwind Bay.

Nessermouth

This naval base of 3,400 people protects the mouth of the Nesser and used to be a major port of call for vessels from Scant, trading Iron League products with Nyronde across the safety of the strait.

That trade is long gone. Scarlet Brotherhood vessels have tried to trade here, but fully a quarter of the town population are exiled Onnwalese and have made it plain that they will sink any vessel that approaches bearing the scarlet flag. Life in Nessermouth is still good here because the fishing in the broad estuaries is very good and many large seabirds are hunted and trapped for food. The small saline marshes around the estuary likewise yield many game animals.

The town is administered by a bailiff, the king not having trusted any local landowner to control such a vital strategic port. Fully supported by his townspeople, this man has courageously refused to give any taxes to the king above pre-war levels. He deals with the possibility of the navy taking control of the town in the king's name quite easily. He pays them directly from the taxes he collects. Since the navy isn't paid reliably by the king, there's no doubt whose side they are on. This town is simply too far from Mithat or Oldred for Archbold to use force to overtake the town.

Nessermouth is virtually a free town now, and while trade has declined, living is good and the navy here has much better morale than elsewhere. The four caravels and one galley based here keep Brotherhood ships well away from the coastline, and are seen as protectors by ordinary people, which is very different from other ports along the coast.

The town is an insular community, increasingly wishing not to hear news from elsewhere. Outsiders generally have to give up arms and armor to the local sheriff while in Nessermouth.

The Rent

A petty local landowner, Sir Pierell Dempstren, maintains a fortified mansion house and powerful 50-strong militia in the lands here. His source of wealth is a coal mine. Veins of coal skirt around a geological fault, the Rent, which gives the place its name and makes work here very hazardous.

Dempstren manages to supply Archbold with his full due, to avoid attention being closely paid to what he does here. Dempstren wants to avoid attention because his workers are zombies and slaves. He secretly buys slaves along the south coast, and he usually has them killed and then animated by his cousin, a 7th-level priest of Nerull who escaped from Aerdi during the late stages of the war.

Obviously, Dempstren is desperate to keep the secret of his mines profitability. He is paranoid about any intrusions into his lands. For around five miles in every direction around the mine, land is fenced off and posted with signs reading, "Keep Out! Trespassers will be Impaled" One or two senior militia men know what is happening within the mine, but they have kept quiet about this ... so far.

The Small Ports: Relpool, Shantadern, Storport, and Uskarn

The small ports are located along the coast of Relmor Bay. Each of these is a fishing village of around 1,000 people which has modest docking facilities for the Nyronde navy. All are now bullied by royal bailiffs. They are surly places, fearful of the naval militias that visit and demand food and supplies. Their own militia troops are relatively ineffective.

Smuggling is a way of life in all these places and a few people have even turned to piracy, especially in Shantadern. The common unhappiness and erosion of virtue which besets Nyronde is quite visible in these otherwise simple, unexceptional communities.

Wragby

Wragby is a large city located on the coast of Relmor Bay. Wragby's 7,000 people have the good fortune to be ruled by Viscount Jarrold, whose grandfather bought the town and the local lands for some eight miles around from the king of the time, with the proviso that the naval dockyards remain crown property. For this reason, this town has not suffered as so much of Nyronnd has because taxes have not increased appreciably.

Wragby's main problem now is that many outsiders seek to flee here. Jarrold has tried several measures to prevent this, including having local people issued passes and even trying tattooing them. These plans have failed. Now the town is being walled and nonresidents are only allowed in the Foreign Quarter.

Wragby is famous for its old Temple of Istus, a unique 600-year old temple to the Bakluni goddess, who has hardly ever had a following among Oeridians. Its architecture is unusual, with strangely slanted roofs and gutters, so that from many angles the viewer might wonder whether architect and builders suffered hallucinations when the place was planned and erected. The crouching stone gargoyles are of sinister design, and on the very day the Pact of Greyhawk was signed they were said to spit forth pools of blood. Very recently, two gargoyles were found with their heads sundered. Within each was found a mummified toad with a bizarrely-shaped gem in its mouth. No one knows what this all means, but most interpret such events as being dire omens for Nyronnd's future. The old high priestess, Alishendra, is nearing 90 years of age and mumbles in riddles, so she has not been able to clarify matters much.

The navy is a problem in Wragby, underpaid and drunk as usual. Jarrold has threatened Fleet Admiral Hugarnd with denying access to the naval dockyards unless they are disciplined. Local people have also beaten up navy men on occasion, so that now the dockyards are walled off and naval men are not allowed into the main quarters of the town. This has caused much anger in the navy, and reprisals may be forthcoming, threatening violent street fighting.

The North-Central Lands

These are the lands between the Franz and Duntide rivers north of the western lands, and excluding the king's lands west of Rel Mord. This is a fertile area of Nyronnd, with much grain-growing and cloth-weaving giving most people their living outside the cities.

Over a third of a million people live here in myriad farmsteads dotting the landscape, and their lot has not generally been easy. Local rulers here are not far from Rel Mord and the king's lands, and have been whipped into line behind the king by the powerful local bailiffs. Thus, tax and tithe burdens have been heavy and there has been much unrest among ordinary folk, especially to the west. No few have slipped westward across the many ferries and fords of the slow-moving Franz into the County of Urnst. This is true especially in the westernmost regions. Many people have relatives there who have taken them in such hard times. However, there are vital regional variations, and the major cities of Mowbrenn and Hendrenn Halgood both have very unusual rulers!

Hendrenn Halgood

Hendrenn Halgood is located on the trade route, between Mowbrenn and Borneven. This walled city of 13,250 people looks relatively impoverished, but this is an illusion. Most city folk, and indeed the farmers for some 30 miles around, manage to get by fairly well. They do, however, hide this very carefully from outsiders and the prying eyes of the bailiff, on the orders of their beloved duke.

Duke Arnon Orberend is a paladin of Pelor, a kind and merciful man. He comes from a very wealthy family, and has the great boon of family and social ties with especially well-informed members of the Sagacious Society. With information from them, he has financed two very successful expeditions into the Yatils in the preceding six months. One recovered a red dragon hoard, another looted a long abandoned temple of Abatthor, dwarven god of greed. The recovery of loot was spectacular, and his adventurers returned via the Pale, the Phostwood and the County of Urnst, so that the largesse was not so easily spotted by the bailiffs eyes.

Using this money, and some of his own, the duke has been able to return to heavily taxed farmers and other, poorer folk much of what the bailiff has taken from them. Using the bailiffs own lists, Orberend's well-equipped and loyal militias travel the lands returning monies and goods to deserving people, saving them from penury while extracting promises that they would not speak of their good fortune. Small wonder Orberend is popular with his people.

The bailiff senses that something isn't quite right with all this, but he's getting nearly 80% of what the king has ordered, so he keeps quiet. The garrison of 150 king's soldiers has been feasted and courted by Orberend, so they are also well-disposed towards the duke.

Hendrenn Halgood is also of note because the Royal Archmage Ghiselinn, has relocated here, living in his complex of towers and dungeons. Ghiselinn advises Orberend now, while making apologies to his king and excuses for his absence from the capital (see details for Ghiselinn in the "Characters of Nyronnd" chapter).

Save for all this, the city itself is unexceptional. Only the intelligent and inquisitive might wonder why it is so much more peaceful than many Nyronnd cities, and devoid of beggars and vagrants. If such people spoke their thoughts aloud, Orberend might well feel that such intelligence could be put to service in one of his financed expeditions!

Mowbrenn

Mowbrenn is a walled city of 19,000 people located on the main trade route, north of Rel Mord. It could not be more different from Hendrenn Halgood. Count Blackmar Huldane is a harsh, repressive ruler who extracts every copper owed to him from his cowed

subjects, who live in fear of his brutish militia troops. Huldane, a war hero of the Almorian campaigns, was never so cruel and tyrannical before the wars; but then, he is not the man he used to be.

The power behind Huldane's throne is the sinister adviser, "sage" Quarlanth. Quarlanth gained a high reputation for himself as a tactical adviser to Huldane in wartime. Small wonder, since this disguised priest of Hextor often knew exactly what the enemy would be doing, from information given by fiendish sources. Now he has wormed his way into a position of power where he uses his ring of human influence to control the count.

Mowbrenn has become a city infested with dark cults in its secret places and undercity, and victims disappear into the night shadows never to be seen again. A few of virtue have fled to Barren Keep to join Blackmar's son. Those left are sunk in despair.

Again, Archbold does not examine the rumors of this city too closely, since demanded monies are paid and the king himself has seen Blackmar slay fiend and foe in battle. How could he now be cruel and unjust?

Barren Keep

This half-ruined keep stands in the middle of nearly a hundred square miles of semi-barren land bearing only the scrawniest scrub grass covering. Allegedly cursed and infertile, the land is so poor that not even the poorest farmer bothers with it.

The keep itself is said to be haunted. This is not true, but the rumor serves young Cunhal Blackmar well enough.

Here, a half dozen youngbloods of Nyronde nobility have fled in despair. They have seen their fathers, uncles or elder cousins plunge Nyronde into penury and destitution, and their pain at the fate of their land and people was too great for them. By word of mouth they learned of this place, and now they live here and plan the overthrow of the corrupt, weak, and toadying rulers of Nyronde. These young nobles are strong supporters of Crown Prince Lynwerd, and have sent an emissary to him. This emissary was returned without reply.

The young men ride forth and fight the bandits who infest the northern lands, and they mounted a half successful foray into the Flinty Hills in Coldeven. Two were slain, but both gold and magic were obtained. When they ride, they always wear masks to conceal their identities while within Nyronde. These are not rash young fools, but they took for their time to come. Until it does they hide within the keep's dungeons, making plans and dreaming dreams.

Curtulenn

Curtulenn is located on the upper Franz River, on the major trade routes from Mowbrenn and Woodwych to Trigol. This town of 4,000 folk is virtually "twinned" with Trigol, and historically the great ferry boats of Curtulenn have carried trade between the great Urnst city and both Woodwych and Mowbrenn to the east.

This trade is still good because the local landholder, Sir Lellend DeFreiden, has simply refused to administer extra taxation, had the bailiff thrown into jail, and has told Archbold to march on him if he wishes! The brawny ferrymen and local merchants are united in their support of DeFreiden, and farmers and laborers have organized into vigilante militias to defend the town if need be.

Martial law rules here because the people wish it so, and any who dares approach bearing the king's seal or coat of arms can expect a volley of warning arrows from the town walls, and worse if he dares approach closer.

Those who visit find Curtulenn's people determined and self-reliant, but their defiant and individualistic nature makes them rather blind to the growing evils of the town. Rogues, thieves, cheats, and a handful of men from the Bandit Kingdoms cause great trouble in Curtulenn. These bandits pose as mercenaries. They are as ready to stab an employer in the back as to give service.

Kerrinn

Kerrinn is most noteworthy for the lock complex which holds the sluggish waters of the northern Franz in an artificial reservoir. The flow of the river is carefully adjusted, using a weighting system employing loadstones, to artificially increase the depth and rate of flow of the river. Barges, small cogs and smaller vessels are anchored in profusion here, and a network of trading villages and hamlets around this 3,000 strong town (and across the river) spreads in all directions around the town.

Because of trade with the County of Urnst, the people of the town and the lands around have been able to pay extra taxes without being ruined. Regular tax payments are sent to the king, although there is much grumbling.

This town has one especially good reason for paying its taxes to maintain its militias: For some unknown reason, Kerrinn has suffered a plague of monster attacks. Purple worms, ankhegs, even a bulette have been seen of late, and the well-equipped soldiers here have dealt with such menaces efficiently (for the most part, with great good luck). However, should one of these attacks inflict severe loss of life or damage to the locks, the attitude of the townspeople might change.

The South-Central Lands

The south-central lands include the king's own lands, some of which lie west of the Duntide, and Rel Mord itself. There are two major features of these domains. First, save for Rel Mord itself, there are no towns with a population above 4,000, despite the large number (300,000 +) of people living here. Nyronde's kings always used their power to prevent such settlements developing, to avoid any threat to their dominance. Second, and this is a linked factor, Archbold's edicts hold sway throughout these lands. The local landholders beyond the king's lands, which are all directly administered by the bailiff-general are too close to the king's lands to do anything but obey the king's orders. They are too vulnerable to the army at Rel Mord to do otherwise.

For these reasons, this area is as impoverished as any in Nyrond. Fields lie untilled because ruined farmers have fled. Beggars prowl even the rural highways. Bandits and peasants ambush merchants or even adventurers, obviously better equipped and armed than themselves, because they have the desperation that only starvation and fear for one's very life can bring.

The grim reality of Nyrond's predicament is nowhere better illustrated than in these lands with their empty barns, vanishing livestock, and hollow-eyed folk, and bitter militias, levies and bandits prowling in search of money and victims.

Rel Mord

Rel Mord, the capital city of Nyrond, is located on the upper Duntide River. It is a great, walled fortress-city of 34,200 people, though over a quarter of its original population has fled since the war.

Rel Mord is truly an impressive fortress. The city garrison includes 1,500 troops, including 350 elite heavy cavalry. The secondary castles of the king's palace and the "fortlets," bristle with 250 troops apiece, armed with mighty catapult and ballista installations. Rel Mord may never have seen war, but it is well prepared for that day. In total, nearly 3,500 soldiers are stationed here, together with another 4,000 on the king's lands.

Despite the large number of troops, Rel Mord seems to be half abandoned. Trade from Almor has evaporated. Fewer shipments of Gamboge wood head here from Womtham these days. Many small traders have closed their shops, and many small houses have simply been abandoned by their former owners. Many are beginning to sink into disrepair, but beggars, the homeless and some slinking evil folk have taken up residence there.

Rel Mord still has its marvels. The Royal University, home to many members of the Sagacious Society, manages to maintain its archives, libraries and resources. They have managed this despite the fact that many of the society's best sages and teachers have left Nyrond and the previous financial support from the king and merchants has all but dried up. Delleb's fine temple likewise is a treasure-trove of manuscripts, tomes and scrolls.

The temple of Pelor, a healing place for the sick, has become an almshouse for the poor and needy, many of whom sleep in the streets and alleys around the temple or even on its steps. Pelor's priests, with help from the few merchants who can afford to assist them, have also taken over the old Royal Minting House. The mint was moved to Womtham in 577 CY, closer to the source of coinage metals, and this is now a dormitory and almshouse for the poor also.

Nearly a third of Rel Mord's working people are out of work now, what with the loss of trade, population and visitors seeking sages, libraries, and consultations. Archbold does provide aid through the priests of Pelor, but it is hardly enough even to provide nearly 9,000 hungry and workless folk with one meal a day. And the stress is beginning to tell. From time to time, a mob of desperate people may surround and storm one of the small watch houses in the city, or attempt to sack residences in Rel Mord's prosperous southern and eastern parts, which are well defended by militia patrols. The food warehouses of the city have been raided by mobs on more than one occasion. Any able-bodied fighter looking for employment can certainly find someone living there who wants to hire a bodyguard as a matter of urgency.

Archbold's troops are loyal and numerous enough to maintain his grip on the city, and the king and his more sycophantic advisers put the trouble down to agitators and Aerdi agents. However, the wise and well-informed whisper that if nothing changes, the king's fate may be sealed by civic rebellion come high summer.

In the capital, certain locations may be of special interest to player characters. The **Iron Fist Guild Building** is almost an adventurer's exchange, fighters being the most common type found here. Mercenaries and other hopefuls look for employers, but most lawful-aligned and dependable fighters already have employment and those to be found here are often shady and unreliable. The **City Baths**, with their wooden tubs and sunken stone troughs, are well attended during the heat of summer. The **Goods Market** still has some traders and merchants plying their wares.

The **Riverman's Repose** is a tavern frequented by many of the rivermen militias from the dockyards, resting between patrols of the Duntide. **Ryshenken's Roll** is a gaming house where desperate folk often play their last few coins on a spin of the wheel or a throw of the dice. This is a good place to see minor nobility, ruined by taxes, frittering away what's left to them. **Men o' Steel** is a tavern which has a reputation for being popular with war veterans, and in its cellars and basements angry men denounce their king and plot his overthrow. This tavern is regularly raided, but no clear evidence of conspiracy has been found yet. Lastly, **The One Lamp** is a quiet, languid eating and drinking house attended by sages, mannered nobility with some funds left to spend, and the best artisans left in Rel Mord. Here, one can hear tales of Nyrond's old glories from a visiting bard of note, eavesdrop on the tales of sages, and perhaps encounter one of the few remaining non-toadying advisers at Archbold's court, lamenting the nation's fate to a sympathetic audience.

Entrell Estates

Of the many small landholdings around the king's lands, this is one of the few of any real note. Gelleflair Entrell is that rarity . . . a high elf noble. While he obeys the king and the bailiffs (having little choice in the matter, being so close to Rel Mord) his sympathies are entirely with the people of his estates. His own men help locals to hide their possessions, crop yields and the like, to avoid some taxes, while the elf returns other moneys to them from his own pocket.

This is all very laudable, but what makes Entrell most interesting is his great knowledge. He has friends among the Brothers of the Bronze and the Sagacious Society, and his all-knowing magical ring allows him to walk among Archbold's court (which he visits once a month or so) and learn a great deal from those attending it without their knowing.

Despite his seeming minor importance, Entrell is an elf with many political contacts. His entry in the "Characters of Nyrond" chapter notes some of these. His own 220 militiamen are 50% high elves and half-elves. Though many seem to be simple light infantry or light cavalry, nothing could be further from the truth. Many are rangers, elven fighter/mages, or even bards, and this small force is a very powerful one. How Entrell will use it in the increasing strife of the land, only time will tell.

The Northern Lands

This territory contains the great Gamboge Forest, the highly dangerous northwest frontier with Iuz across the Artonsamay and the remnants of the Fists in the Nutherwood, and the two major cities of Woodwych and Borneven.

These are terribly troubled lands. They contain bandits, goblinoids, rebellious zealots, and worse. In these lands, ordinary people are close to riot and open rebellion in many places.

Northern folk in Nyrond are tougher than most, more stubborn and independent, and many speak the Old Oeridian tongue still. They trust their families and close friends, and few other people. Many have been robbed by bandits, and to have tax-gathering militias coming round on top of that is simply too much for them. There have been tax riots in the northern lands, especially around Midmeadow, and peasant vigilante gangs with primitive polearms, clubs and knives are likely to turn out to greet any group of adventurers until they are certain of their intentions.

Visitors to northern villages and hamlets are treated with suspicion. It will be demanded of them that they lay down arms to a sergeant-at-arms if they stay for even a night. If they manage to find a hostel willing to accommodate them, they will probably find themselves locked in for the night. Much of the trade in these lands, outside of the cities, is on a barter basis only.

Living among the people here are 10,000 or so Tenhas who fled to northern Nyrond during the wars. They mostly live in the cities, increasing the burdens on the rulers there. Most Nyrondese are hostile to the Tenhas, who they perceive as lazy, indolent, feckless people with an unpleasantly arrogant nature.

The Tenhas, save for those with real skills, have been unable to find work since Nyrondese discriminate against them, and any northern community of significant size has an enclave of these wretched people. The Tenhas have little choice but to beg, steal, forage and scavenge. Many turn to debauchery, drink, or prostitution to try to stay alive. Some have become wild zealots of the Valorous League of Blindness; others have turned, in their bitterness, to furtive, secret worship of evil and nameless things.

In addition to all the other troubles of these lands, Nyrondese and Tenha mobs have been known to fight pitched battles, and Tenha bandits have raided northern farmsteads.

Borneven

Borneven is the central city of the northern lands. The city stands at the junction of many roads. Gamboge Forest produce is still brought here for sale, and soldiers still tramp wearily north toward Midmeadow to patrol the far north of Nyrond.

Borneven's 9,700 people still live tolerably well because of their role in bringing goods from the Gamboge, which are vital to Nyrond. Even some silver from the most westerly Flinty Hills mines comes here. Given that many king's troops pass through here, the local landholder Viscount Larapel Klendern has little choice but to follow royal edicts. Thus, most folk use barter as a means of exchange and avoid any coin which might be taken in tax. Borneven's people are getting very accomplished at black market dealing, and thieves prosper here.

The king's bailiff concentrates on keeping the supply lines from the Gamboge safe rather than zealously extracting every last coin he can get in tax, so the townsfolk get by.

Greenplane

This small town of 1,200 has many buildings of plane tree wood, treated with a water-repelling plant extract which greens the wood, giving the place its name. Greenplane is the major trading outpost for Gamboge produce headed to Borneven, and where Gamboge folk buy tools, utensils, woven cloths, metal weapons and the like.

A few Flinty Hills gnomes have begun to make their way here from the wooded hills to the southeast, avoiding Arndulanth, where the Valorous League is no friend to demihumans. Thus, Greenplane is a good place to hear their tales. Greenplane is home to 100 heavy infantry. These soldiers help Gamboge woodsmen with bandits on the western margins of the forest.

Gamboge Forest

The Gamboge Forest is home to a mixed community of some 10,500 wood elves, 1,300 high elves, 6,000 humans and 2,800 gnomes. The wood elves occupy the deepest heartlands of the forest, with a handful of high elf and gnomish settlements among them. They do not care for humans sharing their lands and they drive them off with traps, snares and warning volleys of arrow fire when they approach too closely. The wood elves have been approached by the gnomes of the Flinty Hills for help, and have been seen in the wooded part of the Flinty Hills. There at least the two races appear to cooperate to help each other defend the lands, though the wood elves do not venture into unwooded hills.

The woodsmen of the Gamboge, like all the races, give fealty neither to Nyrond nor the Pale, but they prefer the traditional tolerance of Nyrond's rulers and most of the forest produce is traded to Nyrond. Fortunately, Archbold did not make the same mistake here that he did with the Celadon, possibly due to the sound advice of Borneven's local ruler. For this reason' Gamboge forest produce is sold to Nyrond at fairly cheap prices and this effective subsidy is vital to the kingdom. The tubers, nuts and berries of the Gamboge helped northern folk get through a winter which otherwise might have meant starvation. The northern Nyrond folk know and respect this. Few would emulate their western compatriots in looting the forest, though one or two desperate people are just beginning to do so of late.

However, while relations between the communities of the Gamboge and local Nyrond folk are fair, there is bitterness in the hearts of many woodsmen against the distant and seemingly uncaring rulers of the land in Rel Mord. Some 1,000 Gamboge men fought in Nyrond's cause during the wars, and many supported the gnomes of the Flinty Hills when the Bone March humanoids came pouring from the east. From the gnomes, the woodsmen have had gifts of silver, gems and ore in return for their help. From the king of Nyrond, nothing. And now, still, these men support Nyrond with the fruits of the forest, and little thanks comes their way yet. There is no love of the king here.

Menaces of the Forest

The Gamboge is a dangerous place indeed. Ogres and hobgoblins are both indigenous to the forest, and to the east more humanoids, including some gnolls, goblins, and especially orcs, are filtering into the woodlands from the Bone March and across the Rakers.

The western fringes of the woods are home to desperate bandits, mostly men from the Bandit Kingdoms who managed to flee this far eastward, but also a few from Nyrond itself who have taken to a life of banditry in the face of hardship. For this reason, all the Gamboge races patrol their lands and the fringes of their settlements. High elves, gnomes and woodsmen tend to cooperate and share what they have learned on their patrols. The wood elves do not, outside of their limited contact with the gnomes.

The evil intruders into the Gamboge Forest are badly organized and chaotic. No dominating, intelligent evil foe faces the Gamboge peoples, and for this reason this woodland is not faced with the possibility of inexorable defeat by malign, magic wielding evil forces in the way the Vesve Forest may be.

One of the consequences of these infiltration's into the forest is that woodsmen in particular have begun to draw back into an increasing number of small hamlet settlements, clearing areas of some 100-150 yards radius and building stockades around groups of wooden cabins. There are many fewer small groups of perhaps two or three families living together in the Gamboge in isolated glades than previously, although many still live this way simply because they have always done so and they're not going to be driven away from their homes.

In the safer areas of the forest, such small communities still thrive from hunting and gathering. The woodsmen keep a few hives of bees for honey, and use dead wood for fuel and charcoal.

Forest Locations

There are no substantial settlements within the Gamboge Forest, and no base of forest rangers like those found in the Gnarley, Vesve, or Celadon Forests. There are, however, small groups of Brothers of the Bronze among the new settlements which are springing up. In the Gamboge, members of this group train woodsmen in fighting skills, bring in weapons for folk to defend themselves, and even attend to such mundane business as teaching the children of the woodsmen about the wars, the great forests of the Flanaess, and the need for woodsmen of different lands to ally with each other. The Brothers go quietly about their work, but their contribution to morale and a sense of community among the people of the forest is considerable.

The Gamboge has a few reputed evil ruins, dangerous haunts, and sunken temples of vile goblinoid gods, but in truth these are few compared with the Gnarley or Vesve forests. Outside of the goblinoids and their vile, brutish deities and shamans, there has not been a history of evil stalking these woodlands. If the Dungeon Master wishes to devise some buried evils, dungeons or ruins within this forest, arcane and powerfully magical locations will not fit well with the nature of these woodlands.

Midmeadow

Midmeadow is a city located between the Nurtherwood and the Gamboge Forest. It stands on the borderlands between Nyrond and the Theocracy of the Pale.

Midmeadow was once a beautiful city. Built largely of Gamboge and Phostwood woods, elven architects had a major hand in its design and even many commoners' houses are pleasant to the eye. Richer residences are often works of art, with cross gabling, complex roof thatching and even leaded arched windows. The richest mansion houses, with stone great halls and oriel blocks of intricate workmanship, were a delight to behold.

Times have changed in Midmeadow. The 12,000 people who live here are close to anarchy. The local administrator, Sir Sermend Mastersein, is a cowering and feeble man. Midmeadow's old ruler was slain by Stonefist men in the grueling Phostwood campaigns, and Sermend was a disastrous choice by Archbold as a successor. The man hides when hard decisions have to be made. When the townspeople riot he orders his 600 militia to secure important public buildings, including his home and the homes of his cronies, while the streets are abandoned to the rioters.

The people of Midmeadow have much to riot about. While they go hungry, local produce, and even Gamboge produce sold on at a profit, is shipped north to the Pale for badly needed revenues. The wagon trains are defended by heavy militia escorts, but that hasn't stopped them being raided by large gangs of peasants. Midmeadow itself suffered a plague of arson attacks early in the year, culminating in the looting and sack of a major part of the richer merchants' homes on the north side of town. The rioters are learning that Sermdent simply doesn't use force against them, so they are gaining the taste for riot and mayhem. To add to the city's woes, there was an outbreak of plague earlier in the year.

Many decent folk, even those who are poor, are appalled at rioters who may have a genuine grievance but who have begun to sack and pillage for more than they need. Hence, the Valorous League of Blindness has begun to gain adherents in Midmeadow and the lands around. This has resulted in some interesting, and sometimes bizarre, events. Phalanxes of Pholtus-revering flagellants stand along the border with the Pale, delivering their solemn renditions of "O Blinding Light" to all Nyrondese who approach. Processions of Pholtus's pilgrims trek through the streets of Midmeadow, demanding extreme penalties for rioters. They offer their help to the militias, who regard them as yet another problem they'd rather avoid, so the men of Pholtus stand watch over many buildings by night as vigilantes.

A pitched battle between these people and the unruly elements in Midmeadow is only a matter of time and Grishken, leader of the league in Midmeadow, is urging his followers to prepare for a day of reckoning against the "fiend worshipers", as he labels all who don't see eye to eye with him. Just to make matters still worse, some northern Nyrondese have even taken to the placation of evil deities, notably Incabulos, since outbreaks of disease are not rare among underfed folk. The league recently uncovered a shrine to the foul god of disease and death, and as noted earlier have used this as an excuse for a frenzy of "fiend hunting". Add to this some 2,000 half-starving and wretched souls in shanty camps around the city walls, and this city is truly a powder-keg, only one spark away from an explosion.

Bestien's Towers

This twin towered castle keep stands watch over the southern Nutherwood. The 150 heavy infantry and 300 light infantry garrisoned here patrol the southern forest margins, watchful for any remaining Stonefist men. The Nutherwood is technically part of the Pale, but the Pale soldiers allow Nyrond troops to hunt Fists within the wood. This castle is a base for the 800 militia who, at any one time, patrol the eastern border with the Pale. The troops of both nations have little love for each other, and exchanges between patrols tend to be short and to the point.

The Stone Road

This great highway forms the border with Urnst. The road itself is not made of stone. The name refers to the dry stone walls, some 4 feet high, which line the highway along its full length of over a hundred miles. The agricultural lands on both sides of the border are somewhat stony and livestock farming, especially of sheep and goats, is of major importance. Grazing fields are often demarcated by the same dry stone walls.

The border is entirely patrolled by soldiery from the Duchy of Urnst, save for a handful of small watch-posts on the Nyrond side, as far north as Starkwall where the road ends. Nyrond's border continues on to the Nutherwood along the eastern banks of the Artonsamay, and here some 1,600 king's troops patrol the river border with the old Bandit Kingdoms', now occupied by Iuz. These lands are not wholly controlled by Iuz, and there are still bandits roaming within them which have to be controlled. Hobgoblin soldiers, marauding bandits, and a rare fiend cross into Nyrond upon occasion. These are merely random attacks and at this time Nyrond does not appear to face an organized source of aggression. However, the attacks still cause important loss of life and have driven many farmers away from the fertile valleys and dates of the Artonsamay basin.

Both bandits and hobgoblins come in search of booty and the hobgoblins have a nasty reputation for taking captured humans back to Iuz's lands as slaves. Iuz the Evil contains extra details and information.

Crystal Springs

These springs, located astride the Stone Road, are the source of the Duntide River. The waters flow from a series of small rocky outcrops. Many springs bubble from subterranean aquifers to the surface here, in an area of fifteen square miles or so, and where they do the rock formations tend to be brittle, almost glassy blue-veined quartz. The rock is of little use, since it is so brittle, but surprisingly it is weather resistant and has not eroded over the centuries. Such a strange geological formation has been thought to have magical origins. Certainly, a priest or wizard casting detect magic here will find intermittent and erratic dweomers of mixed kind, which vary with the phases of Celene and Luna.

Below the strange crystal formations, a network of chambers and caves are said to hold magical and monstrous secrets in their calcified chambers. Little is known of what lies therein.

There are several militia bases with 60-200 soldiers each within five miles of Crystal Springs. The Dungeon Master is encouraged to develop this locale which is deliberately presented here as a mystery.

Starkwall

Starkwall is a fortified watchtower which now forms the base camp for the local militia units. These soldiers patrol the eastern banks of the Artonsamay, overlooking the Bandit Kingdoms. A wooden palisade wall has been erected around the fortified tower, and

militias are deeply suspicious of any who approach this potentially dangerous borderland. Morale here is not good, for the militia are poorly equipped and many of the ordinary soldiers find their wages are paid late and their food rations are meager and of poor quality. The most interesting person at Starkwall is Skandar Gundersson, a wily bandit who now advises the militias on hunting the raiders from his former homelands. Skandar is detailed in the "Characters of Nyrond" chapter.

Eastern Nyrond

The eastern lands of the kingdom contain those parts of the Flinty Hills within Nyrond's rule, the great city of Womtham and the chaos of the southeastern borderlands with Aerdi. Nyrond has powerful forces here, and these lands are one of the two great drains on the king's purse. Strategically the Flinty Hills are vital to Nyrond, and must be protected from the ravages which lie to the east.

The human occupants of these lands have twin burdens. Not only are they heavily taxed, but they are also within raiding distance of forces in the Bone March, or Aerdi, or both. The further east one travels here, the more paranoid and neurotic people become. Despite the presence of many soldiers, people begin to drift from the easternmost lands for the towns and cities, so that Womtham in particular is overcrowded and hard pressed to cope with the influx of people. Indeed, the soldiers are often a good reason for leaving since their officers often provision them by commandeering livestock, grain and any stores which farmers have.

Army morale here is fair. The troops are paid more or less on time, and many are war veterans from the battles in the Flinty Hills. Their equipment is usually mediocre at best, however, and there is certainly grumbling among the ordinary infantrymen. As people drift off west, troop losses are increasingly replaced by peasant levies conscripted to prevent them getting away. These levies are used in support positions, away from the border, and their morale is poor. For an officer to be placed in charge of such a levy is a sign of severe disfavor.

Womtham

Womtham is a major city, located on the upper reaches of the Duntide River. Womtham's population stood at 13,000 before the war, but this has swollen to some 24,000 now including a shanty town of tents, shacks and even covered wagons around the recently completed city walls.

Womtham occupies a key strategic position. Gamboge produce for Rel Mord is shipped down the Duntide from here, as are metals from the Flinty Hills, on their way to the Royal Mint of Womtham. The city is also the headquarters of the eastern armies, with 1,000 troops resting between tours of duty. All told, Nyrond has some 5,000 troops in and around the Flinty Hills, and another 4,000 patrolling in the region of the borders with the chaotic lands just west of the Adri forest.

If it still had but 13,000 people, Womtham would be reasonably prosperous. Because the trade which passes through is so essential to Nyrond, even Archbold takes a lenient line on extra taxation here. There is guaranteed work for Womtham's people loading up goods for shipment, in the Mint, in the army of the land, and elsewhere.

The influx of easterners looking for work and food has begun to make matters difficult. The town's ruler, Duke Finelann Boomgren, sealed the town's gates against the 5,000 shanty town folk, but this isn't entirely effective. With so many wagons, boats, and people having legitimate business coming and going, Womtham's back alleys and more run down laborers' houses swell with refugees. As is often the case, starvation, begging, disease and crime are no strangers to this Nyrondese town.

One related problem Womtham faces is an increase in the activity of wererats in its sewers and most dilapidated housing. A priest of the deity Squerrik (see Monster Mythology) coordinates their attacks.

Because the army is strong, and Boomgren has proclaimed martial law in parts of the city, with the support of its indigenous inhabitants, the refugees are sullen, miserable wretches, too pitiful for rebellion. Womtham's original inhabitants have actually turned on their fellow countrymen, denouncing them as cowards and faint-hearts who won't work in their own lands to earn a living and supply the town with the food it needs. This is an unusual reaction, Nyrondese folk rarely turn against each other elsewhere, but there are seeds of true bitterness here.

Evil priests are no strangers to the lands across the border, and they might find fertile soil for their doctrines in the hearts of many refugees. Should they be able to reach them with their words there could be real trouble in Womtham.

Arndulanth

Nestled on the edge of the Flinty Hills, in the shade of the Gamboge Forest, this town of 2,000 people has traditionally been virtually a free town, a market for Gamboge goods and the output of mines in the wooded hills. Sadly, Arndulanth has changed character sharply since the end of the war.

The local leader of the Knights Valorous, Carindrell, is an immensely charismatic speaker. He denounces the wickedness of Womtham, which most Arndulants (as townspeople are known) know well from trading visits. They have seen the wickedness and poverty of that city. Carindrell denounces Archbold as weak, a king failing to defend his valorous people, but his primary targets are the incompetent generals of Nyrond's armies. When Basmajenn visited Arndulanth en route to the northern front during the wars, Arndulants were able to see what a pompous fool the man was, so this message is well received. Carindrell claims that the Gamboge and Flinty Hills folk keep Nyrond afloat with their produce, and what do they get in return? The warrior priest argues implicitly for autonomy of the people of the region, and his words reach receptive ears.

Carindrell's supporters have cleaned up the streets of Arndulanth Northern refugees have been run out of town, and retinas forced into "civil" work, such as street cleaning, the worst laboring jobs and the like, under conditions of virtual slavery. Markets are watched by Valorous League members, who expose cheats and thieves.

While Carindrell doesn't rule the town, its Mayor can barely oppose the man's words since he is so popular. A recent stunt by Carindrell proved immensely effective. With much pomp and ceremony he and a dozen Knights Valorous marched off into the Flinty Hills. They returned with the corpse of a Nalfeshnee, a fiend of truly horrifying appearance. Carindrell gave a great speech in the marketplace, stating that such fiends would surely come to stalk the hills and forests unless people's hearts turned to the One True Path. How he managed to come by the corpse is unknown, but many responded with zeal mixed with fear.

The Flinty Hills

The Flinty Hills can be divided into three broad areas. These areas include the lands within Nyrond; lands to the east where the gnomes prefer autonomy; and lands to the far east where gnomes and goblinoids from the Bone March are in a state of constant battle.

No border between the two eastern zones is shown, for this fluctuates constantly as gnomes and orcs skirmish and battle. Indeed, raiding parties from the Bone March may penetrate into almost any part of the hills, which also contain indigenous goblinoids, gnolls, hill giants, ogres and northern trolls. These are dangerous lands!

The Flinty Hills within Nyrond are home to some 7,000 gnomes, 1,000 hill dwarves and perhaps a few hundred halflings, predominantly out in the wooded lands. The eastern hills contain a further 9,000 gnomes, 1,500 dwarves and a few dozen halflings. In addition, perhaps 3,000 human hillmen are scattered through the entire hill range, living from herding, foraging and gathering. The demihumans get on well, and aid each other in their defense. Many of the humans are friendly to the smaller folk, but some are either bandits or simple opportunists.

The gnomes of the Flinty Hills are the major miners of silver, and the few fine gems which Nyrond possesses as resources. The dwarves mine some silver, but also iron and a little lead, extracted with difficulty from northern mines close to the Rakers.

The Flinty Hills folk are divided between support for Nyrond and a desire to stay independent. Nyrondese armies fought the Bone March and North Province armies here, and the demihumans don't forget that, but they also hear tales of the human king's weakness. The gnomes, in particular, hate the Theocracy of the Pale since its rulers mostly regard demihuman religion as heresy. Because of this there is little trade north. The Flinty Hills people are anxious for the safety of the Gamboge, since forest produce is vital for feeding many of the mining communities.

Snake Pass

This twisting pass links the powerful military garrison at Schukendale to the fortress of Mistwatch. Many mining communities are located along this route. Schukendale is a fortress town standing at the eastern ends of both Snake Pass and Ogrebolt Pass. It is named for the shuken, a small and agile local breed of sheep.

The town boasts three fortified keeps, and a total of 1,000 soldiers are garrisoned there, with many more scattered throughout the local area. These troops mostly act as spies, gathering information for the king. They are also well trained fighting men, and the demihumans gladly receive their aid in keeping humanoid at bay. Most of the militia troops in the area are stationed around mines in the hills. They have good morale and equipment, since the Flinty Hills folk are generous to them and many possess good armor or shields of dwarven make.

The Ogrebolt Pass leads east from Schukendale into the free hills and to the gnomish citadel of Glandeven, often besieged by Bone March goblinoids but still unbowed.

Mistwatch is a citadel standing atop a high, flat peak. The castle is of dwarven design and mostly built by dwarven engineers and laborers. This impressive and forbidding fortress overlooks valleys and dates often filled with mists. There are two major silver mines in the dales within three miles of the citadel, with over 800 gnomes working in them. Mistwatch dominates the local landscape, intimidating humanoid raiders and providing a place of refuge for the miners. The commander of Mistwatch is a hill dwarf of the Nyrondese army .. a real rarity. Flandeld Soughdriver is a remarkable character indeed (see Characters of Nyrond). Regular forays are made eastward from here, and Flandeld has many friends and contacts in the free lands to the east.

Adding Flinty Hills Locations

The Dungeon Master may add mines, keeps, towers and ruins as he sees fit if the Flinty Hills are to be used as a campaign setting. These hills have relatively few rumors of hidden temples, great buried magic, ancient treasures and the like, and of course gnomes and dwarves have dug out much of what lay secretly buried below the hills in any event. Rather, the Flinty Hills should be expanded as a location for warfare between demihuman and humanoid, especially the ferocious Euroz and Keiger Bone March orcs.

Cordrend

Cordrend is a walled town lying within a mile of the agreed boundary between Nyrond and the old North Province. The town was once home to 1,800 people. Now it is the base for that number of troops alone. A double stone wall is being built here, at a cost Nyrond can barely afford, but it has to be done. Utter anarchy faces Nyrond east of here, and this increasingly fortified army base, covering the foothills, is a key strategic location and must be secured.

Both Bone March humanoids and Aerdi soldiers, many of them orcs themselves, prowl the hills to the east. They raid into eastern Nyronnd, and troops patrolling from Cordrend and watch-posts both west and north fight them off virtually daily.

There is no effective ruler in Innspa, the eastern town of the old North Province, and many rumors fly about the chaotic factions struggling for power there. What is for certain is that the once allied Aerdi and Bone March armies who fought Nyronnd the length and breadth of the Flinty Hills are in a state of turmoil, fighting among themselves.

Fending off these raids is not excessively dangerous for the troops here, for they are well equipped. While outnumbered they have superior organization. However, the current problem is one of simple attrition. Replacing lost men and equipment is not easy for a virtually bankrupt nation, and the humanoids seem almost numberless and replace their losses with ease. Worse still, early spring brought the first attack of fiends. Three vrock attacked a watch-post north of Cordrend and wiped out over thirty men before they were destroyed. They had the advantage of surprise, and now Nyronnd's men are prepared for such an attack, but the loss of good fighting men was sorely felt.

Cordrends garrison commander, is an intelligent and capable fighter. Captain-General Osmeran, a distant cousin of the Almorian war hero Osson, marshals and organizes troops well and is a powerful leader from the front. He is also a very independent leader, as his dealings with the Adri freemen show.

The Adri Forest

A full detailing of this great forest is beyond the scope of this book, but it has long been a thorn in the side of Aerdi. Thousands of elves, good-aligned woodsmen, and defecting Aerdi human soldiers hide within its borders, resisting all attempts to bring them to their knees. With the leadership of Archdruid Immonara, also a leader of the Brothers of the Bronze, they have kept their homelands safe.

Adri folk have long yearned for union with Nyronnd. After all, Nyronnd lies but forty miles from the edges of the forest. Their emissaries were received sympathetically by Archbold, but he claimed his hands were tied. The Pact of Greyhawk defined Nyronnd's borders, and he dared not go to war. Establishing a land corridor to the Adri would certainly be an act of war. Likewise, Archbold had no material help to offer. Adri's emissaries returned empty handed.

Osmeran, the commander of Cordrend, takes the view that the more trouble Adri folk cause to the evil rulers of Aerdi, the less trouble they will cause for Nyronnd. Thus, he regularly meets with representatives of the forest, including the elven mage Nukirien, who uses teleport without error spells to visit Cordrend from the forest depths. Information is exchanged, and also some goods. Osmeran supplies what weapons he can in return for food from the Adri for his troops (Nukirien's *bag of holding* helps with this). It isn't much, but at least it's a start.

Recently, the Adri men mounted a diversionary attack on a military camp northwest of Innspa, drawing troops in pursuit eastward. Osmeran mounted a coordinated raid a day later and his men slew over 250 humanoids and an Aerdi general who happened to be visiting. Both sides are very happy with this cooperation, and plan more combined strikes against their mutual foe.

Pelleur Keep

This stone keep, located on the edge of the Flinty Hills, across from the Bone March, is a real weakness in Nyronnd's defensive line. It has had to be abandoned, for monsters repeatedly emerged from the hills nearby and attacked troops stationed here. Xorn, wyverns, hook horrors and even a group of very rare spriggans attacked and caused significant loss of life. As a result, the defensive line of patrols has been withdrawn three miles from the keep. Oddly, the monsters only very rarely advance further to the new defense line, and a magical source of their attacks on the keep is suspected.

Much equipment had to be abandoned in the keep. Adventurers managing to retrieve it, or even recapture the fortress, would certainly gain Osmeran's thanks and confidences.

The Almorian Borderlands

These are the most dangerous lands in all of Nyronnd. Along the eastern border from Relmor Bay to Kurast Tower at the source of the Flessern river, Nyronnd has no less than 25,000 men under arms. Beyond a mile wide no man's land lie the ruins of Almor, now the fief of Duke Szeffrin a creature of implacable evil.

This entire swathe of Nyronndese land is a huge army camp, and the rural people here are all organized into peasant levies. Most people here fought in the Almorian campaign against the Overking and have seen the evils still stalking Almor, or heard tales of such from those they trust.

In these lands at least, people will not hear ill of the king. Everyone is too fearful of the king's fall. Should there be turmoil in Rel Mord, these folk are right in the firing line. "My country (and king) right or wrong" would be a fitting motto to sum up the attitudes of people here. They do, however, by and large hold the commanding generals, Younard and Basmajenn in contempt.

Archbold and Basmajenn give first priority to their troops here, and as a result they are well fed and paid, moderately equipped, and have fair morale. Their commanding general, Younard, is with them most of the time though Hugarnd, the Fleet Admiral in Mithat, is a more popular and commanding figure.

In these borderlands, there is a lot of skirmishing. The Pact of Greyhawk negotiated a border here for Nyronnd and Aerdi, but the Overking, whose representative signed the treaty, has no power here. Szeffrin, and the chaotic goblinoids and fiends who ally with and

serve him, act by their own lights. This is why Nyronnd is forced to maintain a large army here. For adventurers seeking violent combat action on the front, this is the place to be.

Mithat

Mithat is a walled city on the coast of Relmor Bay. It stands at the end of the Sword Road, anchoring the southern end of Nyronnd's defensive line facing Almor.

Mithat's 28,000 people include no fewer than 4,000 naval militia and 3,000 troops, so the city is a virtual military garrison. Indeed, Younard and Hugarnd jointly administer it, Archbold having revoked the grant of town rulership from a local noble family (since the incompetence of his royal general got most of them killed in the wars, this is really adding insult to injury).

Unlike Oldred, and so much of the southern coast, the navy here is well disciplined and regards itself as elite. Mithat naval marines and seamen openly express their disgust at the virtual piracy which the Oldred and other western naval troops have engaged in. Mithat also has a good fishing fleet, which operates in Relmor Bay with naval protection. Their catches are crucial for feeding people in this bustling city. Mithat is a very law abiding place. Thieves and rogues find very lean pickings here, and there is no thieves' guild within this city. Further, the 3,000 or so Almorian refugees who fled here during the wars have been found work and homes. Mithat's people have seen the fiends, undead creatures, orcs and other evils stalking Almor, and they know what alternative Almor's people faced if they did not flee to Nyronnd. There is still a wartime spirit here.

Blazebane

At the end of the war, as the armies of Nyronnd and the Overking ground each other into the bloody dust, Blazebane was where a final stand was made to cover the approach to Mithat.

The stone walled castle boasts five high towers. It also has a dry, 25 foot deep moat which has a ring of standing stones within it which radiate magic strongly. Ghiselinn himself prepared this defense. When the hordes of Aerdi filled the moat and siege engines bombarded the castle walls, magical items with elemental (fire) aspects (wands of fire, flametongue swords, etc.) were flung into the moat to fuel the defense. A huge wall of fire filled the moat, and Ghiselinn conjured meteor swarms from the stones to destroy the siege engines. The mighty wall of fire alone, harmless to the castle's magically protected walls, slew over 1,500 orcs and soldiers.

The effect of these defenses on the Overking's troops, even the fiends, was devastating. Blazebane held. Ghiselinn is no longer to be found here, but the 1,600 troops remember the mighty defense this castle made, and it is a vital watching post looking eastward to Almor.

The Sword Road

This muddied trail (hardly a road at all) is constantly patrolled by Nyronndese troops in groups of 22-60 soldiers (including I d4 + I officers, fighters of levels 4-7). Supply wagons fight through the mud bringing food, clothes, and weaponry, constantly reprovisioning the many militia posts along the road. Here, as fast as funds allow, earthwork defenses and fortified militia posts are being erected. This work is very similar to Furyondy's Flare Line, but work here is being done at a much slower and less efficient pace.

Anyone approaching within a mile or so of the road will be approached very swiftly by troops. If they are not busy on the king's business, will be brusquely turned back westward. Troops along this road have some important magical resources available to them, in addition to the priests and mages who assist the army. The most noteworthy of these is Holmgren's Stone, a wheel of flint which can sharpen metallic edged weapons (up to 50 per day) and impart a magical quality of + I enchantment for 12 + it 12 hours for each weapon. However, the mages and priests in Archbold's service are also careful to use "flashy" spell effects to improve morale. For example, a heroes' feast spell may be employed to feed and succor ordinary troops, a fabricate spell may be used to craft finished items from raw materials before the eyes of the soldiers, or monster summoning/ messenger spells used to recruit animal helpers. Troops may be fed on gooseberries enchanted before their eyes. Most such actions are really only for show, but spell casters understand their effect on the minds of ordinary soldiers. Priests and wizards don't just sit around waiting to blast orcs with fireballs, they use their spells constantly to support and supply the army and maintain its morale.

Kurast's Tower

Kurast's Tower stands at the source of the Flessern River. Here, the Flessern rises to the surface in dramatic fashion from a system of aquifers. The river flows from a prominent hill which overlooks much of the landscape. Atop this unusual prominence is a humble Barefoot tower of a black, granite-hard stone wholly alien to the area (the same as is found at Millennium in Almor). Since this hill is right on the border, a garrison of 400 troops is stationed here. They are really not sure what to make of the wizard who owns the tower.

Kurast appears as a humbling, forgetful old man who probably hasn't experienced human company for many decades. He is a water elemental, and his tower's dungeons open into the caverns below the hill and here he experiments with his magic. His attitude towards the troops is mostly cordial. He is friendly, jesting with the troops and telling them incomprehensible riddling, punning jokes. Kurast even gave General Younard a ring of water walking when he came to visit.

At times, though, he is churlish and petty and locks himself away for days on end. Kurast is a puzzle, but he dispatched water elementals down the Flessern to harass an orc band advancing along the northeastern bank, so he is regarded as an asset by the army. So far, at least.

Across the Border

This chapter can only give a brief insight into the horrors which stalk the remains of Almor. A later sourcebook will describe these lands in more depth. However, what is given here should be sufficient for any Dungeon Master to develop a campaign here.

The ruler of most of Almor's old lands is the evil Duke Szeffrin. Szeffrin is a fighter, one of the Overking's most prized generals and advisers until the demented Ivid had him slain and raised in his current form. Szeffrin has a reputation for appalling cruelty, and the fate of the living folk who fell into his clutches in the war can barely be thought about. Szeffrin does not, at this time, attack the might of Nyronnd directly. His eyes turn east, his soul (or what remains of it) filled with a desire to slay the Overking. Nonetheless, creatures in his lands are dangerous for many reasons. Not the least of these reasons is their simple weight of numbers. No one has any idea how many creatures, monsters and horrors stalk Bloodcrystal. There are other reasons also:

First, Szeffrin has many goblinoid soldiers in his lands and service. Most of them are ex-Aerdi soldiers. A few are Bone March rabble attracted to the Duke's reputation for vicious, sadistic evil. Patrols or from 10 to 100 of these creatures have been observed, stalking the land a mile or so from Nyronnd's borders. These creatures raid Nyronnd virtually on a whim. While such attacks are not a serious threat to an army, a massed orc warband some 200-400 strong can inflict significant casualties on watch-posts and wipe out patrols entirely.

These attacks are almost random, but they are moderately frequent and may become more so later in the year when orcs go raiding for food at harvest time. Perhaps the most disturbing element of these forces is the inclusion of much more powerful creatures with them. Phalanxes of ogres, hill giants, and even trolls have been reported among the armies. How control is retained over such normally quarrelsome racial mixes is unknown.

Second, Szeffrin has some powerful priestly magic to call upon. High-level priests of Hextor are among his grisly court at Bloodcrystal, and no priest of Hextor ever counseled peace and amity. There is little doubt that these priests use their own powers, probably with Szeffrin's acquiescence if not active approval, to beset Nyronnd. They send out the undead legions which have been seen in the central borderland area.

Third, Szeffrin is no stranger to the company of fiends. Just as Ivid is seated on the Fiend-seeing Throne, Szeffrin has his friends in low places. Tanar'ri, yugoloths and gehreleth have all been sighted in his lands. These creatures delight in marauding into Nyronnd. Their abilities often allow them to bypass strong defenses and attack weak spots behind armies. Just their appearance, and reports about them, strike terror into the hearts of many.

Finally, Szeffrin appears to be able to call on magic of colossal scale and unknown origin for special occasions. Bloodcrystal, his dire fortress, is said to have sprung up within a week. Radiating magic and evil intensely, no sage has discovered how on Oerth this was effected. Unknown magics stalk his lands and skies. Flying stone chariots, spraying acid and smoke, bear howling fiends aloft. A hazy blood-red streak of smoky fire on the horizon seems to reach virtually to the sun. A red streaked black "rainbow" followed a thunderstorm which deposited bloody hailstones the size of goose eggs. Some such tales maybe wild rumors, of course, but no-one is in a position to prove them false.

In addition to all these dangers which face any foolish enough to enter these lands, there are areas of hugely varying size within Szeffrin's fief which bear the terrible scars of the wars. Tens of thousands perished, and fiends and dire priests razed the lands. Wastelands of unburied corpses harbor disease and stalking undead. In places it seemed as if Oerth itself screamed at the rain of iron, acid, fire, blood and lightning which struck and saturated it. Life draining, enfeebling and enervating effects are all said to fester in the darkest places here, on battlefields and other sites of carnage and atrocity. For the adventurer, the very land itself may be a hazard.

Bloodcrystal

This malign edifice is home to Szeffrin, arch-fiends, murderous priests of Hextor and Istus alone knows what else. Bloodcrystal appears as a four towered castle with red crystalline fragmented cupolas atop each tower. Evil and very powerful magic must have been employed in its construction. Juju zombies (by day), and ghouls and ghosts (by night) guard the walls, and elite ore archers prowl the battlements. Ettins and trolls man the guardhouse above the great, acid-spitting iron gates. Tanar'ri of several types have been seen inspecting troops and defenses. At least one marilith has prowled the battlements, and nabassu stalk the blasted lands seeking victims among the few surviving humans who have not yet been able to flee.

Bloodcrystal has powerful magical defenses of its own. The structure blocks all but the most powerful magical scrying, and Archbold's Grey Seer has warned him that it is also protected against fire, electrical attacks and transmute rock to mud

Millennium

Towering over a rocky clifftop at Seawolf Point, this black stone castle withstood nearly three months of siege when cut off from Nyronnd's armies during the wars. Originally built by the Overking in 107 CY, the castle was named for the thousand years the Aerdi overlord believed his great kingdom would endure.

The terms of the Pact of Greyhawk allowed the survivors of the siege, but a fifth of the 1,500 souls originally garrisoned there, to return to the kingdom. Gleeful fiends took up residence in the castle, and the extensive catacombs below.

The rocky cliff face below the castle has many sea caves and shafts bored down into them over many centuries. The fiends and priests here are said to have begun the task of filling the catacombs with undead from the corpses of those who fell defending the castle.

Disease-ridden bodies are deliberately floated along the shoreline into Mithat Bay from here in the hope of infecting the Nyronde. The garrison of Blazebane protects the approaches to the bay with wide nets to catch the briny, bloated corpses.

Onyxgate

While some form of gate is thought to exist in Bloodcrystal, it is definitely known that a gate to the Abyss exists in the dungeons below this deceptively small castle keep, built by the Overking's priests. The dungeon complexes leading to the gate lie nearly a mile deep and they are overlaid with powerful illusions which hid their very existence from the rulers of Almor when that land knew better days.

Archbold, Younard and Hugarnd are all said to consider a strike against Onyxgate to be a move which would weaken Szeffrin significantly, and thus reduce the threat to Nyronde. Finding anyone willing to mount an attack on this fiend-haunted place is another matter entirely. Archbold will not countenance ordering anyone to do so. A death on the battlefield is one thing. Officers and generals may order their men to take that risk. The fate awaiting any who fall in Onyxgate is too ghastly to imagine, and Archbold could not accept it in good conscience.

Obviously, any high-level group of adventurers who offered their services to Nyronde in this matter would find themselves well rewarded, even if Archbold had to ransack his near empty treasury or even donate magical items of his own in gratitude.

Nyronde is an excellent campaign land. Geographically, it has hills, forests, great rivers, marshland, coasts, and is not far from the Raker mountains. Politically, it has great divisions. Militarily, there are more enemies than even the most determined adventurer could wish for. Here are the major themes for campaigns and adventures, with notes.

Adventures in Nyronde

Intrigues and Politics

The dominating theme, of course, is the weakness of the king and the desire of many to see the crown prince assume the throne. This has many potential subsidiary themes and spin-offs. These include the treachery of Sewarndt the renegade young bloods of Barren Keep, corrupt local rulers seeking a way out, loyal and torn nobility and military leaders not knowing what to do.

Player characters can become embroiled in this in many, many ways (be sure to read non-player character entries in the following chapter to add detail to gazetteer entries). They may find evidence of corrupt local rulership in Woodwych, Mowbrenn, Hammendsend and elsewhere. They may learn of the desire of certain powerful men to oust the king ... but when does this become treason? Do the player characters want to see Archbold go, or are they loyal to him? What will they do with information they have acquired?

In many places, such as the Celadon Forest And Mowbrenn, it is almost impossible for player characters to avoid political problems. Just imagine the good player characters could perform for Nyronde if they exposed Bastrayne of Woodwych and brought the beginnings of peace back to the Celadon Forest.

Higher-level player characters could become embroiled in a campaign which reveals Sewarndt's desire to ally with Szeffrin. Uncovering this should be very difficult, and Sewarndt would do all he could to have the player characters killed. He is a Prince, so he has formidable resources!. What would the player characters do with what they have learned? It could bring down the whole royal family, if they do not handle matters correctly. At a much lower level, how will player characters handle an encounter in which an unpaid and half starved militia troops are taking food from farmsteads in the country? Will they defend the farmers by force, or try to mediate the situation? Such encounters can be a powerful way of impressing on player characters how wretched Murano's situation is.

On the Borderlands

Murano's borderlands are fertile territory for adventures and campaigns of many kinds. The Flinty Hills offer excellent scope for ore bashing on the grand scale. With non-player characters like Osmeran, Flandeld and others, and the existence of more challenging enemies there, more accomplished player characters can find much more than a mere monster bash. Trying to work with Aura folk, crossing the borders and having to make one's way carefully and without being detected, could involve the player characters with Brothers of the Bronze and make this type of adventure more varied and interesting. Progressing up into the Rakers, perhaps on an expedition sponsored by Arnon Orberend and Ghiselinn, could challenge high-level player characters, although for them the Almorian front is the place to be.

Many adventure themes can be set across the border in Almor's fiend-ridden lands. Recovering lost property, especially powerful magic, rescuing hostages, kidnapped nobles or powerful warriors, and the like. The adventure themes used here will be similar to those which apply in the case of strikes into Iuz's lands beyond Furyondy, and of course Nyronde has its own border with Iuz's territory. Stoink is not far away. This old capital of the Bandit Kingdoms crawls with goblinoids, evil bandits allied with Iuz, and a speckling of priests and darker foes.

The borderlands of the north also offer fertile terrain for skirmishes and pursuits. Raiding Fists still lurk in the Phostwood. Imagine a situation where they raid Nyronde, then raid the Pale, and the Pale's border watch accuses Nyronde bandits of the crimes. A

Pale-Nyrond skirmish is all Nyrond needs. It's up to the player characters to find the real culprits and bring them back to justice, with at least a couple still alive.

Involving the player characters with the Valorous League of Blindness offers intriguing adventure possibilities. The league is detested by most Nyrondese, but rulers often can't act against them for fear of offending the Pale. Trying to persuade hysterical peasants not to follow this dubious group can be very hard work, and the player characters themselves might be denounced as heretics by Knights Valorous.

Perhaps Quarlanth of Mowbrenn might see the player characters, realize they could be a threat, and frame them in some way so that the league turns up just as a fiend appears with the player characters, summoned in some way by Quarlanth. To clear their name, the player characters have to get past fiend-hunting Knights Valorous intending to put them to the stake and find out who actually summoned the fiend. Turnabout is unfair (but fun) play!

Finally, don't forget the south coast. Aerdi pirates, privateering renegade Nyrondese navy vessels, even Scarlet Brotherhood vessels, mix with smugglers and bandits there.

Characters of Nyrond

Arafeld, High Priest of Heironeous: 16th-level priest (Str 15, Con 15, Wis 18, Cha 16). AC -4 (*plate mail* + 4, *shield* +2) HP 81, AL LG. Arafeld has a *phylactery of faithfulness*, a *mace of disruption*, and a *battleaxe* +4, together with a *ring of mind shielding* and a *periapt of proof against poison* + 3. At 64, Arafeld has grown old with his king. He is still proud and stern of bearing, fresh faced and with a full head of steely grey hair above his blue eyes.

But he begins to weary. Arafeld believes that Nyrond must have strong armies or it will certainly perish, and he is blind to the failure of Archbold's policies. He berates any who disagree with him, saying that Nyrond is beset and strong force must be maintained whatever the cost. He administers the church hierarchy with a grip of steel, and is one of the king's most powerful supporters.

Archbold, King of Nyrond: 17th-level fighter (Str 18/ 35, Con 16, Int 15, Wis 15, Cha 17). AC -8 (*plate mail* +5, *shield*+5), hp 99, AL LG. Archbold always wears a *ring of free action*, a *ring of mind shielding*, and an *amulet of proof against detection and location*. He has access to many other magical items, as the Dungeon Master determines. Archbold is 58, 5' 11", of heavy-medium build, with typical Oeridian red brown hair, lightly tanned skin and brown eyes. Archbold is a good, decent, and kingly man who suffered a great shock in Nyrond's failure to win any decisive victories in the Greyhawk Wars. His mind is now dogmatic and set, and he is stubborn, unwilling to hear dissension. Nyrond, land of the good and great, must be defended and protected. If this means hardship, so be it. There is no other course. Archbold is most worried about the border with Almor, but sees external enemies everywhere. To him the only way right can triumph is through might. Archbold is desperately afraid that Nyrond will fall, and that he will be a king presiding over collapse and tragedy. This colors all his actions and deeds, and he is growing tired, rendered increasingly ineffectual as his tunnel vision causes more and more of his distant land holders and nobles to forsake or challenge him.

Duke Arnon Oberend: 10th-level paladin (Str 16, Wis 16, Cha 17). AC 0 (*plate mail* + 2 & non-magical shield), hp 61, AL LG. Orberend has a prized *broadsword* + 2, *dragon slayer* (specialized [mastery in combat and tactics]) and a *pearl of wisdom*, together with a *longbow* +2 and *two arrows of slaying (evil priests)* that he is saving for a suitable occasion. A good, kindly man of 48, the duke is small for a fighter at 5' 7" but is compact and tough. He has sandy hair, glittering blue eyes, and walks with a slight limp (dragon-slaying can lead to nasty injuries). Orberend sees himself as a defender of all the people he rules, and pities Archbold, whom he sees as a tragic figure. He doesn't seek power for himself, but comes to rely on Ghiselinn's wise counsel and feels that if he has some role to play in Nyrond's doom, then he must do all he can to support the virtues of valor, tolerance, and mercy.

Royal General Basmajenn: 16th-level fighter (Str 18/ 27, Dex 16, Con 17). AC -5 (*plate mail* +5 & non-magical shield), HP:104, AL LN. Basmajenn has a *two-handed sword* +3 (specialized [mastery in combat and tactics]) and wears magical *rings of free action* and *warmth*. Basmajenn is 66. He is a long time friend of the royal family, and a general whose inflexibility and crustiness in old age mirrors and reinforces that of the king. He has always blamed his failures on his subordinates, just as the king blames failure on fractious, selfish nobles around his kingdom who refuse to pay full due. Basmajenn contemptuously dismisses others with different views from his own very outdated and inflexible opinions. As a military commander he is a mediocrity. He is pompous, and his 6' height cannot disguise a spreading gut. He brushes his hair sideways across his scalp to conceal his baldness, and verges on the absurd when he wears his military uniform, weighed down by his many medals.

Duke Bastrayne of Woodwych: 9th-level fighter (Str 17, Dex 17, Int 16). AC -3 (*plate mail* + 1, *of command*, *shield*+1, + 4 *versus missiles*), hp 58, AL N. Bastrayne is 5' 9", slightly fat with notably short and pudgy fingers, and his fat-cheeked face and carrot hair color is an unappealing combination. The Duke is wily, cunning, and unctuous to other nobles of higher or equal rank to himself. Wholly selfish, he is just marking time until he can flee to a far off land with as much money as he can cream off from taxes. After the coming harvest is the time he currently plans to do this.

Count Blackmar Huldane: 8th-level fighter (Str 16, Dex 16, Int 16). AC 0 (*chain mail* +2 & non-magical shield), hp 50, AL LN. Huldane has a *ring of mind shielding*, a *shortsword* + 4 and a *rod of smiting* (18 charges). Always a strict ruler, Blackmar is now seen as cruel. He sees himself as carrying out the king's edicts and supporting the laws of the land. He is effectively a brainwashed puppet, regurgitating the "advice" of Quarlanth as his own words and opinions. If presented with evidence of the evils of Mowbrenn, Blackmar simply denies it. He regards his son as a traitorous renegade, though he is unaware of where he is. Blackmar is 50 years old, 5' 11 ", black haired and brown eyed. He dresses in simple grey and blue robes most of the time.

Carindrell: 7th-level fighter/8th-level priest of Pholtus (Str 15, Int 16, Wis 17, Cha 17). AC 0 (*chain mail* +2, *shield* + 2), hp 51, AL LN. Carindrell has a *broadsword* +3 which detects evil three times per day, a *ring of shocking grasp* and a *bag of holding* used for carrying many weighty tomes of Pholtus. Carindrell is 40 years of age, 5' 11 ", of medium build, with dark brown hair and green eyes. Carindrell's purpose is to convert as many as possible to the reverence of Pholtus, and to see the northern lands of Nyronde secede and become part of the Theocracy. In the longer term, he subscribes to the Lesser Nyronde doctrine, also hoping that the other Nyronde lands will become notionally allied with, but in actuality administered by, the Pale. Carindrell is a fanatic, but a dangerous one owing to his charisma and wiles.

Cunal Huldane: 7th-level ranger (Dex 17, Con 16, Wis 15). AC 3 (*leather armor* + 2), hp 60, AL NG. Cunal is 24, black haired and brown eyed like his father, 6' tall and lean. He has a *two-handed sword* +2. He has fled Mowbrenn, despairing of his father and indeed most of those who rule Nyronde. Overly idealistic and sensitive, Cunal has a fellowship of young rangers, fighters, a bard and a priest of Mayaheine with him at Barren Keep. They protect local farmers from bandits and also rob the rich to give money and food to the poor. Cunal is building strength, including magical items, treasure and some good fighting men as supporters, for the day when the crown prince becomes king. Cunal longs for this day. Cunal has another goal. That is to destroy Zylinchin and the Valorous League, which he hates.

Durinken, High Priest of Rao: 15th-level priest (Int 16, Wis 18, Cha 15). AC 0 (*bracers of defense* AC 3, *ring of protection* + 3), hp 62, AL LG. Durinken has a *footman's mace* +2, +5 *versus evil creatures* which paralyzes evil beings (normal saving throw versus paralyzation applies) on a successful hit, and other magical items at the Dungeon Master's discretion. Durinken is in a very difficult situation. He sees all too well the king's weakness and the dissensions sundering the land. His view is that Archbold cannot continue to rule for long, and the prime duty of Rao's priesthood is to mediate disputes around the land and hold things together until Lynwerd comes to the throne. He will not act against his king, but he instructs his priesthood to give full support to local rulers and landowners who have the support of their people while giving alms to the poor and suffering everywhere. Durinken has made it plain that all but the most precious icons of the faith must be sold to give such alms, if necessary. His priesthood is very loyal to this 49 year old. If he is bowed a little with his anxieties, the 6' 2", slim high priest is still a charismatic figure and genial in his rare moments of relaxation.

Farenne, Paladin of Pholtus: 10th-level paladin (Str 17, Dex 17, Con 16, Wis 16, Cha 18). AC -2 (*plate mail* + 2), hp 82, AL LG. Farenne is unmistakably Oeridian-Suloise stock. She is fair skinned, with light auburn hair, and blue eyes. She is not tall (5'6") or seemingly powerful, but she is steely-willed when her mind is made up. A tolerant, kindly, and often smiling woman of 30, Farenne is hospitable and delights in the visit of any other paladin or good bard. She is, however, one who seeks power. She believes that Nyronde people in her lands are much better off than those elsewhere, and wishes to increase her rulership and influence. She believes the Pale is a nest of heresy (!) and argues fiercely against any tripartite alliance including that land. Farenne hears much of what happens on Relmor Bay, and is willing to tell those she trusts to act in the service of lawful good what she has heard.

Viscount Ferrell Adamas, Ambassador of the Duchy of Urnst: 9th-level specialist diviner (Dex 16, Int 18, Wis 17). AC 2 (*cloak of displacement* not usually worn, *ring of protection* +4), hp 25, AL NG. Ferrell wears an *amulet of proof against detection and location* and has a *crystal ball* in addition. Ferrell doesn't move much from Rel Mord, using his spells rather than a network of agents to gain information about Nyronde. He is small, at 5'5" and slim of build, but his hazel brown eyes are lively and a knowing smile seems to play around his pale skinned face. Ferrell scrupulously separates opinion from fact in reports to Duke Karll, and considers that Archbold is a dead duck and that Nyronde will be forced to retreat to the east, at the very least.

Ferrell says little, though the king thinks well of him, and is not often seen at social events. He doesn't actually care for his appointment much, wishing to return to his landholdings west of Nellix which are currently administered by his sister.

Flandeld Soughdriver: 9th-level thief/8th-level fighter (Str 19, Dex 17, Con 18, Int 15). AC 0 (*bracers of defense* AC 5, *ring of protection* + 2), hp 65, AL NG. Flandeld owns a *military pick* + 4 and a *dagger* + 3, together with *wings of flying* and a *necklace of adaptation*. He comes from a mining family, the name Soughdriver referring to the soughs (pronounced "suffs") bored up from rivers or streams to the lower levels of mines to drain water. Since driving a sough can take years, it is a job dwarves are well adapted to.

Flandeld is 118, 4' 4", extremely powerfully built, with black hair and a splendid black beard plaited at sternum level and greased with goose fat. He is an expert hill scout and tactician, having "mounted more ambushes than you've had bowls of gruel for breakfast". Flandeld is cool of temper, concentrates fiercely, sleeps little and commands his troops with iron discipline ("if I can't see my face in your boots, soldier, you'll polish everybody's boots for the rest of the week."). However, the dwarf is brave and careful of the safety of his men. He never mounts frontal attacks on ores and goblins, always employing feints, ambushes, lures and traps. He knows many dwarves and gnomes of the free eastern lands, and is an unequalled source of information about the situation there. He and Osmeran think highly of each other, and often meet to discuss their tactical situations.

Gelleflair Entrell: 9th-level fighter/9th-level mage (Str 16, Dex 17, Int 19). AC -6 (*elven chain* + 4, *shield* + 2, *boots of striding and springing*), hp 41, AL CG. Gelleflair has a prized *longsword* +2, +5 *versus orcs* and a *longbow* +2, together with a *ring of wizardry* doubling first- and second-level spells. He also possesses a *unique magical ring* which can cast ESP and detect lie two times per day each. These effects overcome all preventive devices or spells such as *undetected lie*, *mind blank* and *Sertens spell immunity*.

Gelleflair is 161 years old, a slim 5' 5", with typically high elven blonde hair and green eyes flecked with amber. Gelleflair's family received their land grant from Nyron's first king for support in their secession from Aerdi, but the elf sees how Archbold now ruins the land and is actively forging alliances among those who wish to change the king's mind. Gelleflair sees forcing the king from the throne as a lost resort and in forging alliances he urges moderation and a longer term view than often prevails. He is opposed to alliance with the Pale, and the Lesser Nyron doctrine.

Gelleflair's troops are elite forces with excellent ambushing, tracking, and magical skills. The Dungeon Master should detail them as suits the nature of the campaign in Nyron. This also applies to developing Gelleflair's contacts.

Gelleflair has strong links with the folk of the Adri and owns a magical amulet allowing him to teleport to a druidic grove in the forest, and back home. Strengthening Nyron's links with Adri is currently his prime goal. However, among other contacts the elf has are the following:

- Links with the Knights of Luna. Gelleflair knows Melf, and wishes to see Celene come to the support of Fyryndy.
- Links with both Urnst states. Gelleflair believes strong alliance with Urnst is vital, and tries to convince Urnst nobles not to give up on Nyron.
- Links with individual mages and sages throughout the central Flanaess. Gelleflair has an excellent library of Aerdi history, especially magical treasures, icons and artifacts.

Gelleflair is an ideal non-player character to guide, commission, and advise player characters. Almost any adventure, from intrigue to treasure hunting in the Rakers, can be steered by using Gelleflair as a key non-player character.

Archmage Ghiselinn: 19th-level mage (Dex 16, Int 18, Wis 16). AC -4 (*bracers of defense* AC 2, *cloak of protection* +4), hp 38, AL LG (NG). Ghiselinn has many magical items. The most important are his *rings of free action* and *spell turning*, his *wands of fire, frost, and conjuration* (fully charged), and a *staff of power* with 19 charges. Ghiselinn is 49, 6' exactly, thin and scrawny, with a well-lined face, greying brown hair and green brown eyes. Unlike many powerful mages, he is chatty, sociable and friendly to those of good alignment.

Ghiselinn has been Royal Archmage for five years and fought with armies on the Almorian front. This gave him the chance to meet and destroy more fiends than he'd ever imagined possible, and the excitement of it all rather blinded him to Archbold's growing weakness. Now, Ghiselinn is disenchanted (no pun intended). He doesn't know what to do, so he has retreated to his birthplace of Hendrenn Halgood, whose ruler he trusts and likes, to consider what he should do. Not being one skilled in diplomatic or political matters, he tends to follow Arnon Orberend's advice, though any notion of treachery or treason horrifies him. Ghiselinn knows much about the history and tales of the Rakers, and his store of lore and tales aids Orberend's expeditions, so the two work most happily together.

The Grey Seer: 17th-level specialist diviner (Int 18, Wis 17). AC 1 (*grey robes of the archmagi*, *ring of protection* +4), hp 33, AL N. The Grey Seer wears a *ring* which absolutely blocks all divination spells directed at him (save for commune), and owns many divinational magical items of his own, including at least *two unusual crystal balls*, a *wand of enemy detection*, a

ring of x-ray vision and a *pack of unique magical cards* capable of casting an augury spell three times per day, concerning events within the following 6 + d20 days. The Grey Seer is of an unknown age, but appears at least 80, being hunched and stooped with lined and wrinkled skin. However, he has thick grey hair (unnervingly this is crew-cut) and despite his seeming age and posture he can move swiftly and react fast. His familiar, an owl named Buberin, appears as old as he does and rarely leaves his shoulder, even sleeping there.

The Grey Seer has been an adviser to Nyrond's kings for over 60 years. Now, since Archmage Ghiselinn has decamped, the Seer is Archbold's hovering key adviser, poring over runes, magical mirrors, and the like. He does not lie to the king, but he can be evasive when he wishes, usually by clouding the truth with indecipherable riddles.

The Grey Seer appears to be a classic doddering old fool or wily old soothsayer who riddles for the sake of it. Actually, he's sharp as a razor, always ready with a retort to any implied criticism or wisecrack, and as to what he truly thinks of the future of the land... he alone knows. Many of the king's court fear or dislike him, and he has no friends. Few feel terribly at ease in his presence. The Dungeon Master is encouraged to develop him as an obviously stereotyped character, who is then seen to have depths his stereotype does not suggest.

Grishken: 11th-level priest of Pholtus (Dex 17, Wis 17). AC -1 (*chain mail* +3), hp 48, AL LN. Grishken uses a great *two-handed footman-flail* + 3 which inflicts double damage on any chaotic creature it strikes, and he also possesses a *ring of mind shielding* and a *wand of size alteration* together with a *brooch of shielding* (62hp capacity) that has the secondary magical property of adding + 4 to all saving throws against enchantment/charm spells. Grishken is 60 years old, a gaunt man of 6' 2" with steely grey hair and watery grey blue eyes. Grishken is a maniacal zealot who considers almost anyone disagreeing with him as an active fiend worshiper. His message is more apocalyptic and terrifying even than that of Carindrell. The two are jealous of each other and frustrate each other in indirect ways. Grishken plots to take over Midmeadow when it collapses into anarchy and proclaim it a theocratic, free city. And then for the rest of the north lands....

Field General Hanshal: 15th-level fighter (Str 18/11, Con 17, Int 16, Cha 15). AC -2/-4 (*chain mail* + 3 of fire resistance, *shield* + 3, *cloak of protection* + 3, *boots of speed*), hp 98, AL LN. Hanshal employs a *bastard sword* +4, wielding it one-handed in combat (specialized [mastery in combat and tactics]), and owns a *longbow* + 3 in addition to the *horseshoes of a zephyr* on his roan warhorse mare, Beaulah. Hanshal is 6' exactly, strongly built, brown haired and eyed, and at 36 he is coming into his prime. Hanshal fought against the Fists and in the Flinty Hills in the wars, with great distinction, and while he is no great strategist he inspires confidence in his men for the simple reason that he never puts them at greater risk than he must. He also favors leading from the front, which ordinary soldiers appreciate.

Hanshal is grim from the dilemmas he faces. He believes that Nyrond cannot be held to the east, yet he must defend it there. He believes the royal general is a fool, yet he must obey him. Being highly lawful, he cannot bring himself to do other than obey dictates and orders he feels must fail. For this reason, he is tense, and rigidly self controlled. He appears harsh and curt to those he does not know, simply because he has to. spend so much time fretting over his orders and reports.

Fleet Admiral Hugarnd: 13th-level fighter (Str 17, Con 16, Int 17, Cha 17). AC -1 (*chain mail* +5, *cloak of protection* + 2 & non-magical shield) hp 74, AL LG (NG). Hugarnd is 6' 1" of medium build, with short red-brown hair and grey eyes. His *cutlass* + 3 can dispel magic two times per day at 16th level of magic use (specialized [mastery in combat and tactics]). He also possesses *rings of regeneration* and *water walking*. Hugarnd is an impatient young man of 35. He is well aware that Archbold and Basmajenn are poor commanders, but since his navy has generally fared much better than Nyrond's armies he has little direct ground for complaint. The navy has problems, with poor morale and discipline outside Mithat, and Onnwalese captains have complained to Hugarnd about his Nyrondese captains of the south coast. Hugarnd considers that the navy's strength should be used for determined strikes into Ahlissa and Almor behind Szeffrin's front line defenses, though naval piracy is something he is angry about. Confused and uncertain of Nyrond's future, Hugarnd might ally with other senior military men in moving against Archbold if the time seemed right.

Grand Templar Ivanic Temzien: 14th-level priest of, Pholtus (Int 16, Wis 18). AC 4 (*ring of protection* + 4, *cloak of protection* + 2), hp 70, AL LN. As most ambassadors do, Temzien has an *amulet of proof against detection and location*, and a *phylactery of faithfulness*. His *staff of striking* (18 charges) is inscribed with many runes and sigils of Pholtus, and he carries it everywhere. Temzien is a small, dapper man of 5' 6" with blonde hair and green eyes, and an unnerving steely gaze. He also possesses a furious temper. He will listen to opinions other than his own for a while, growing steadily more red faced, and then explode in a tirade of fury, berating the, stupidity or "moral turpitude" (his favorite phrase) of his listener. His instructions are to promote the faith of Pholtus and the Valorous League of Blindness in Archbold's council, and in truth Temzien doesn't care if Archbold and Szeffrin slaughter tens of thousands on the eastern front so long as the Pate's borders are safe and preferably expanded into northern Nyrond. A passion- less and bloodless ascetic, Temzien's advice to Archbold on his problems at home

is to abolish all free days and festivals, reinstitute serfdom, and scourge wrongdoers first and confiscate all their goods afterwards.

Viscount Jarrold: 5th-level fighter (Str 17, Int 15, Cha 15). AC 2 (*chain mail* +2 & non-magical shield), hp 34, AL LG (LN). Jarrold owns a *ring of shooting stars*, a *ring of free action*, and a *broadsword* + 2 that can cast know alignment and detect lie two times per day each. Jarrold is young at 29, 5' 9 1/2" with curly dark brown hair and hazel eyes. He dresses simply, in blacks, browns and greys. Jarrold owns his own lands and pays only his own personal taxes to the king, so his people suffer less than most. Jarrold stands up to Archbold and his navy, and protests loudly to Fleet Admiral Hugarnd about the misbehavior of the navy in Wragby. For himself, he is a loyalist and a supporter of the crown who tries to enforce laws fairly but fully. His one personal anguish is that cousins of his, landholders in Almor, were lost without trace in the wars and he believes that they are held captive by Szeffrin. If this were so, the man could become a target for a terrible blackmail.

Duke Korenfluss: 8th-level fighter (Str 17, Dex 16, Int 16). AC -3 (*plate mail* + 1, *shield* + 2), hp 51, AL N. Korenfluss is something of a rake, looking older than his 46 years. His blonde hair is speckled with salt and pepper at the temples, and he has bags under his blue green eyes. Still, his 6' 3" frame is lean enough, and he dresses richly and well. Korenfluss's major failing is his insatiable taste for toadying and fawning advisers at his court. The Duke prefers to play the political games he favors alone, without his advisers being smart enough to know what he is up to. Currently, he spends time with Prince Sewarndt, but he is uncertain whether to back this young man or his elder brother. He sees Archbold's weakness, and knows the king cannot sustain his throne long. He has a special loathing of the Valorous League and of Rao's priesthood, and whoever he backs with his militia and influence will need to be opposed to both. Korenfluss is a seasoned political game player who always tries to maximize his own influence and advantage.

Kurast. 12th-level specialist elemental (Water; Con 16, Int. 18). AC 4 (*bracers of defense* AC 6, *ring of protection* + 2), hp 45, AL N. Kurast has a *bowl of commanding water elementals* and a *wand of frost* (40 charges), together with a vast collection of potions (25% chance for any potion in the DUNGEON MASTER' Guide). His prize possession is a *magical wand* which, when held, ensures that no elemental summoned by him will ever turn upon him, and gives it a base 50% magic resistance against spells which banish it (other than Kurast's own).

Kurast is obsessed with lore concerning magical fluids and waters. He has actually visited the hanging glacier of Alisedran (see From the Ashes), knows of many other such wonders, and is planning an expedition to search for magic at the very source of the Flessern. Some of his ideas are crazy, some of the lore he knows is deluded nonsense, but some is genuine. He has a bizarre attitude to! the Nyronde around his home, thinking of them almost as pets and patronizing them. He is an extremely difficult individual to understand. Nearing 70 years of age, the black haired mage has a disconcerting habit of sucking in his lips when speaking, making his speech hard to understand at times, a problem exacerbated by his occasional lapses into Old Oeridian.

Crown Prince Lynwerd: 13th-level fighter (Str 18/ 97, Dex 17, Int 16, Wis 15, Cha 16). AC -6 (*splint mail* + 4, *shield* +2), hp 81, AL LG. Lynwerd owns *winged boots* (MC:C) and a *longsword of dancing* (specialized [mastery in combat and tactics]), together with an ancient Oeridian *crossbow of speed* that can bless 2d6 bolts per day. He wears *rings of invisibility* and *regeneration* and has access to other magical items as the Dungeon Master determines.

Thirty years of age, 6' 2", strongly built and handsome, closely resembling his father as a young man, Lynwerd finds himself in a very difficult spot. He is very well aware that his father grows weak and ineffectual, and that there are many who would see him step aside for his son. Lynwerd himself gives no encouragement to those people, but he also sees that his brother is a bad lot and that he must act to secure the succession for himself, for Nyronde's sake. If Lynwerd were to become king he would take a calculated gamble. He would reduce the forces pitted against Szeffrin, reduce taxes on peasantry and rebuild the morale of his people. He would not weaken defenses in the Kron Hills, and he also favors the Adri people, looking to magical means to increase the flow of communication and goods with them. Lynwerd is also considering a dynastic marriage to a suitable noblewoman from the Duchy of Urnst and is a careful, shrewd diplomat and politician.

Field General Myariken: 12th-level fighter (Str 18/ 16, Con 17, Int 15). AC -2 (*plate mail* +4 of *etherealness*, one "charge" used & non-magical shield), hp 96, AL LG. Myariken owns a fine range of powerful magical items, including a *girdle of stone giant strength*, a *bastard sword* + 3, *frost brand* (specialized [mastery in combat and tactics]), and a very rare *medium horse lance* +4 from which a successful strike dismounts an opponent unless a dexterity check is made at -4. Myariken is 44, tough and muscular, with iron grey hair and a thick black beard greying in places. Standing 6' 6", his height only adds to the intimidating stare of his dark brown eyes. Myariken has a broad swathe of scar tissue along the right side of his jaw, where most of his teeth are missing and his beard is scrawny from the rending of a massive two-headed troll encountered in the Rakers some years ago.

Myariken commands the northern front and makes no bones about his contempt for his king. If he had his way, he would root out the Valorous League, close the borders with the Pale and keep the scarce food of the north for its own people. Because Myariken is a reverer of Pholtus in his lawful good aspect, he truly loathes the League and the Pale, and some say he has even instructed some of his most trusted henchmen to raid the Pale from the Phostwood, to bring food back to the north. It is also true that Myariken is one outburst away from losing his command, and that he makes no secret of his desire to see Lynwerd king.

Captain-General Osmeran: 10th-level ranger (Str 16, Dex 17, Int 17, Cha 15). AC 2 or better (*leather armor* + 3, *defender's longsword*), hp 61, AL CG. Osmeran also owns a *shortsword* + 2, *boots of elvenkind*, and a robe of *blending*. Osmeran is 37, 6' 1", slim of build with silver flecked black wavy hair and deep blue eyes. He has a liking for halfling smoking weed, his one real vice. Osmeran is a wily, cunning leader who can take in tactical situations very swiftly. He manages to keep his troops well provisioned and equipped for the most part, by overstating equipment losses and the like in reports. Osmeran gets on well with gnomes in particular, and speaks gnomish fluently. He has excellent information about goblinoid activities from gnome and Adri contacts, and knows how to use it to good effect. He maintains good discipline by his effective, intelligent leadership and his men admire him. He acts by his own lights, acting in what he judges to be the best interests of his men and those he is charged to protect.

Quarlanth: 11th-level priest of Hextor (Str 16, Con 16, Wis 17). AC 1 (chain mail +4, shield not used), hp 61, AL LE. Quarlanth has a *scimitar* + 3, + 5 *versus good-aligned creatures*, a *ring of mind shielding* and a *ring of human influence*, together with *dust of disappearance* (6 applications) and a *robe of scintillating colors*. With his ring of human influence, he has come to exercise virtually complete control over Count Blackmar Huldane, so the ruler of Mowbrenn is now his puppet. His other magical ring has always helped prevent the exposure of his evil nature, and since he advised Nyrond's soldiers well in the Almorian battles he is trusted.

Quarlanth is a cunning man. The count's decrees are what Archbold wants, while alienating the common people and spreading dissent and strife (which Hextor likes). However, while evils begin to appear in Mowbrenn, they are still in the shadows and secret places. Quarlanth does not wish exposure, after all. He sees the evils begin to take root and flourish, and he bides his time. Mowbrenn's central location makes weakening the city a true weakening of Nyrond, and this wicked priest is delighted by this. Quarlanth may be operating as a renegade on his own, or in alliance with Szeffrin of Almor, as the Dungeon Master wishes. If the campaign is to use the Nyrond versus Almor conflict as its major theme, then Quarlanth will be allied with Szeffrin, of course. Likewise, the exact nature of the evils flourishing in Mowbrenn, and how far these may spread, is also left for the Dungeon Master to develop, depending on how detailed he wishes to make Mowbrenn in his campaign.

Prince Sewardt: 9th-level mage (Dex 18, Con 15, Int 18, Cha 17). AC 1 or better (*ring of protection* +3, *boots of speed*), hp 30, AL N (NE). Sewardt is 25, 5' 11" and slim of build. He is pleasantly handsome, with green eyes, brown hair and a fetching smile. However, Sewardt is beginning to turn to evil. He is corrupted by a lust for power. Most unusually, he took to the study of magic, not least because he could never hope to equal his father and elder brother as a warrior. He has access to the king's magical treasure trove (items as the Dungeon Master determines but Sewardt always wears a *ring of mind shielding* and a *ring of invisibility*), and he has come to want more treasure, more magic, more power, more of everything. There are whispers among the shadows that he has even sent a magical messenger to Szeffrin, proposing an alliance, seeing himself as marching back to Rauxes to become a new Overking. Sewardt is dangerous because of his malign intelligence and charm, and because his father would probably have anyone accusing his son of wickedness executed for treason ...unless there were solid evidence, of course. Meantime, Sewardt continues to accumulate friends and contacts among disgruntled minor nobility, working his way up the ranks.

Sir Shandell Damian, Ambassador of the County of Urnst: 10th-level bard (Dex 16, Int 17, Cha 17). AC 1 (*elven chain* +2), hp 40, AL NG. Damian is 38, a soft spoken, incorrigible romantic. He possesses the usual *amulet of proof against detection and location* and *elven cloak and boots*, with a ceremonial *shortsword* +2 and *dagger* +2 with which he fights two-handed when he must. Damian is a trusted emissary of the Countess, and he is exceptionally talented at inducing a sense of confidence and comfort among those he talks with. Thus he ferrets out more Nyrondese gossip than almost anyone, and he sifts wheat from chaff with his high intelligence. Damian talks little and listens a lot in Archbold's court and councils, but he is sociable and enjoys wine, women and song. He is well able to feign being a little more drunk than he ever becomes, another of his stratagems.

Damian believes that Archbold is weak and unable to rule much longer, and that Nyrond will fall. He has advised the Countess of Urnst of this, and suggests that the Lesser Nyrond idea may be the only real hope for survival of the land. He also makes it clear that no Urnst/ Nyrond/Pale alliance would be desirable at this time, and that Lynwerd is the only man able to hold the lands of Lesser Nyrond.

Damian has one or two spies around the land, left for the Dungeon Master to develop. Their role is to learn all they can of rulers, power struggles, and how Nyronnd's ailing economy fares.

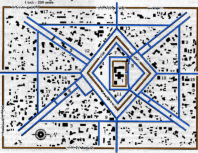
Skandar Gundersson 7th-level fighter (Str 18/08, Dex 15, Con 15). AC 2 (*chain mail* +2), hp 61, AL CE. Skandar owns a *two-handed sword* + 1, a *crossbow of distance and accuracy* (+3) and a *ring of invisibility*. Aged 35, 6' tall, with wavy blond hair and blue eyes, this limping bandit hails from the Riftcrag area. He has a murky past, with a price on his head in Greyhawk for blackmailing the Captain-General of the Watch there. Fleeing home, he soon had to flee again, this time from Iuz. Skandar is an unscrupulous man with an unpleasantly depraved nature, but he knows his bandit kin well and advises Nyronndese on their patterns of attacks, feints and skirmishes. His advice has helped Nyronndese militia round up some fifty marauding bandits, so he is tolerated as a useful adviser. Cruet, dishonest and twisted, Skandar is a vile individual who has his value to Nyronnd nonetheless.

Field General Younard: 12th-level fighter (Str 17, Con 17). AC -1 (*plate mail* +3 which also radiates protection from evil & non-magical shield), hp 94, AL LG. Younard, at 60, is a man whose despair is writ large on his face; he looks ten years older. He is 6' 1", wholly bald, with brown eyes and huge, shovel sized hands which grip his *warhammer* +4 (specialized [mastery in combat and tactics]) with less strength than they once did. Younard is technically commander on the Almorian borders, but Archbold and Basmajenn render him virtually a puppet since they issue the orders for the armies there. Younard sees their incompetence, and is powerless. He is too lawful and decent to act against his king, and is simply a despairing, hopeless man now. Of course, if he were able, just once, to become involved in some dramatic, powerful military strike which gave him a success which the war denied him, he might yet be invigorated. If that happened, he might well ally with his fellow field generals and present a united front to the crown prince, demanding that they go to the king and insist on the change of leadership Nyronnd needs.

Zylinchin, Knight Valorous: 12th-level fighter (Str 18/32, Con 17, Wis 15, Cha 15). AC -2 (*plate mail* + 2, *shield* +2), hp 102, AL LN. Zylinchin owns a *longsword* + 2, + 4 *versus extraplanar creatures* (specialized [grand mastery in combat and tactics]) and *rings of free action* and *sustenance*. He also totes *wands of enemy detection* and *illumination* (each with 17 charges). He stands 6' 3", nearly 17 stone of muscle, and has cropped brown hair and hazel amber eyes. Zylinchin is the chief Fiendfinder-General of the Valorous League of Blindness, reporting to Grishken of Midmeadow on his exploits. A Goodyear old Nyronndese, Zylinchin became an enthusiastic convert to Pholtus' faith during the wars as he saw Nyronnd's troops fail to win decisive victories, which he puts down to lack of inspiration which can only come from true faith. Zylinchin has bought the story that fiends are at work all around Nyronnd (and, after all, he's seen them in Almor and in the Bandit Kingdoms, so he has some evidence for his belief). Disguised, depraved and uttering seditious and tempting words, these fiends stalk Nyronnd's lands, corrupting the nobles and weak souls of the peasantry, in Zylinchin's mind. Unfortunately, he has had his successes, finding a shrine to Incabulos and extracting "confessions" from terrified, starving peasants. With his eight attendant Knights Valorous (five fighters of levels 5-8, two fighter/ priests of levels 5/6 and 6/6, and a 10th-level priest), Zylinchin roams the northern lands looking for wickedness and souls to convert, often at sword point. However, he also dispenses alms to peasants if they follow Pholtus and for this reason not everyone hates him. Most Nyronndese militia despise the man, but can hardly oppose the power of this group, and most local landholders detest man and message both. It is said that no few northern Nyronndese nobles have put a price on Zylinchin's head.

Chendi City Map

1 inch = 200 miles



The Marklands

1 hex = 20 miles



Hills

Mountains

Forested Hills

Light Forest

Heavy Forest

Marshland

Badlands

Barren Lands

Desert

Cave

River



Primary Road



Secondary Road/Trail



National Border



Internal Border



Capital City



City



Walled City



Town



Walled Town



Village



Castle or Keep



Fort



Tower



Camp



Mine, Quarry



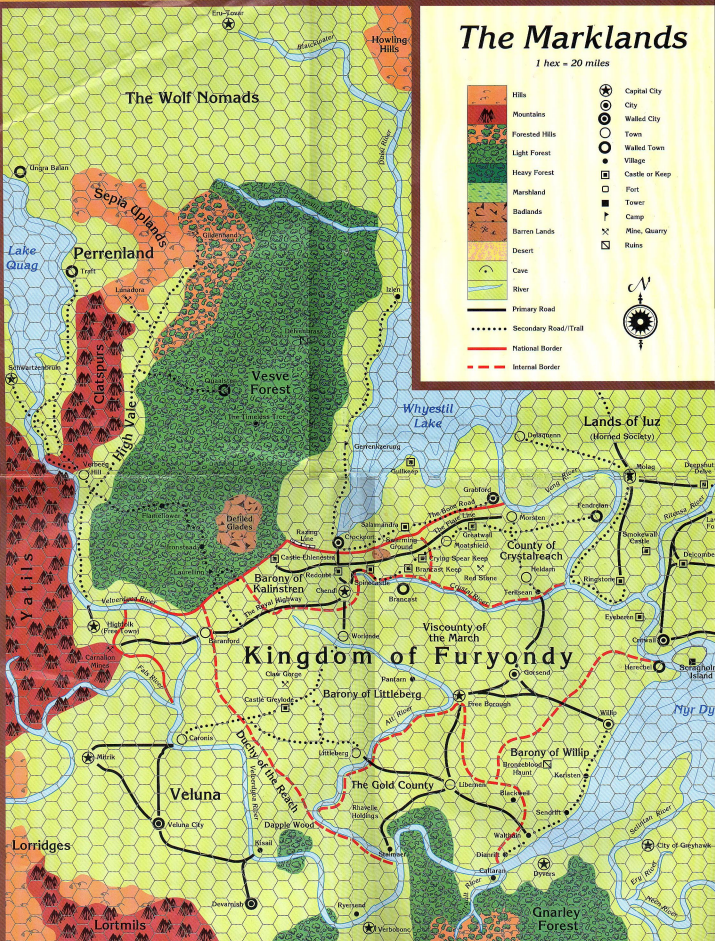
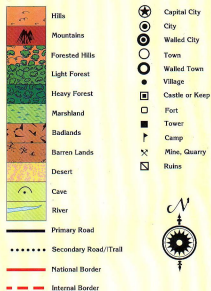
Ruins



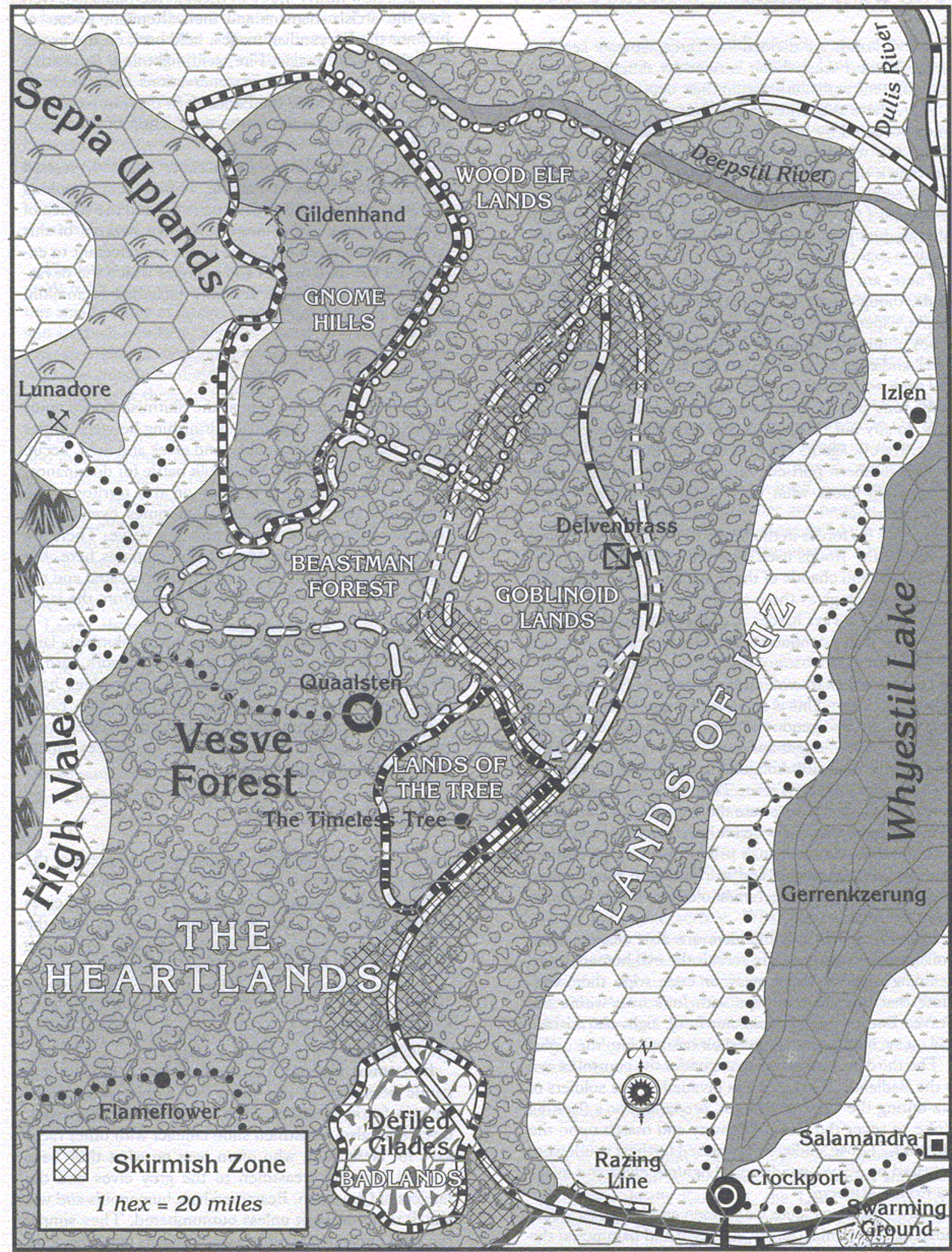


1 hex = 20 miles

1 hex = 20 miles



The Highfolk and the Vesve



Willip City Map

Abstract

