

Chivalry and Sorcery™



Species Supplement & Adventures

Goblins, Orcs & Trolls

By: A.R.Cowley

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foreword

These are the backbone creatures of almost everyone's adventures, regardless of which fantasy rules set is being used. They are the classic bogeymen of a game, the dark threats that are held over the heads of would-be adventurers. *"Are you sure you want to go there, it's said that Goblins, Orcs and Trolls inhabit those regions."*

No matter the title of the book, I think it is important to remember that we are all in the hobby to have fun, tell ripping yarns with our friends and explore in safety and without fear of judgement or ridicule some other side of our own psyche.

The inclusion of adventure, story ideas and plot hooks is central to the publishing of books for the hobby. Histories, Tables and Stats are very fine works, but the raising of the imagination and sparking the creativity of a Gamesmaster is paramount in my mind when writing for the hobby.

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Dedicated To:

Dawn Michele, who inspired the character of Dawn of Snow. Long may you walk through the snow with shorts and flip-flops on.



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Introduction

Goblins, Orcs and Trolls - ask a dozen people what they are, and you will most likely get a dozen answers. Some will draw upon folklore and fairy stories, others on legends, others on the works of JRR Tolkien and fantasy works inspired by him. Some have played other fantasy role-playing games and form their views from the way these creatures are presented in them.

In this book we offer several approaches to presenting Goblins, Orcs and Trolls in your game, drawing inspiration from historical sources, medieval and early modern folk tales and modern fantasy. Not all of them will be suitable for every game world. Use whichever version you like or mix things up, drawing inspiration from several of the versions here. You're the world builder.

A key tenet of **Chivalry & Sorcery's** approach, since the first edition, is "*Monsters are people too*". Goblins, orcs and trolls may still be hostile to other species, but not always, and not without reason. This viewpoint is like that of medieval theologians, who considered how such creatures might fit into their conception of the world - though they were concerned more with the cure of souls and we are concerned with presenting interesting ideas for game settings.

With this in mind, and while you are perfectly entitled to use these creatures as you see fit in your world, try to make them people too. Give them things that they care about, things they are prepared to die for, make them flawed and limited in some interesting way. Then play this out with your group, give them a reason to understand that taking a goblin life may not always be the right option, that negotiation even alliance could be a better way forward. If orcs, goblins and trolls are slain on sight then give the players a good reason to make that choice, not just because they're there.

We also present goblins, orcs and trolls as they appear in our fantasy game setting the Dragon Reaches of Marakush, and in the fantastical Europe presented in the Elves Companion and Dwarves Companion for **C&S 4th Edition**. GMs wanting to use these creatures in their own world settings might look to the Marakush versions as inspiration or may lift them completely to fit into their world.

The book is presented in two main sections, one looking at orcs and goblins, the other at trolls. Each section contains rules for developing these creatures as characters, whether as NPCs or as player characters. Each section also contains an adventure intended to introduce these creatures to player characters.

Sections of this book repeat, revise and expand those found in the **Chivalry & Sorcery** 5th Edition core rulebook, amassing all rules for goblins, orcs and trolls into one volume.

Monstrous Beings & the Medieval World-view

Medieval Christian writers viewed the world through the lens of theology. God created the world and everything in it, but not everything in the world obeyed or acknowledged God. Furthermore, there was a hierarchy to the world - God gave Adam, and hence his descendants, dominion over animals and plants.

Theologians generally accepted the existence of marvels - vampires, revenants, shapeshifters, giants, dragons and monstrous humanoids - and they were keen to fit such creatures into their worldview.

The influential 5th-century North African saint Augustine of Hippo devoted a chapter of the City of God to such marvels as men with one eye in their forehead, giants, pygmies, monopods and the Cynocephali (dog-heads, creatures with the body of a man and the head of a dog).

St Augustine wrote, "*The accounts of some of these races may be completely worthless; but if such peoples exist, then either they are not human; or, if human, they are descended from Adam.*"

Based on Augustine's work, theologians developed a system for determining where in Creation such creatures fitted. The choice depended on two characteristics: Rationality and Mortality.

Angelic creatures, which included demons, the fallen angels, were rational, but immortal. Animals were mortal, but not rational. Only humans were rational and mortal.

It followed therefore that what was rational and mortal was human, no matter its appearance, and therefore descended from Adam. As St Augustine put it, *"No faithful Christian should doubt that anyone who is born anywhere as a man – that is, a rational and mortal being – derives from that one first-created human being. And this is true, however extraordinary such a creature may appear to our senses in bodily shape, in colour, or motion, or utterance, or in any natural endowment, or part, or quality."*

Isidore of Seville, a 7th century saint and theologian, classed certain monstrous creatures as human beings in his *Etymologies*, which remained an influential overview of knowledge throughout the Middle Ages. While he considered monstrous offspring of ordinary people to be portents, he noted, *"Just as, in individual nations, there are instances of monstrous people, so in the whole of humankind there are certain monstrous races, like the giants, the cynocephali, the cyclopes, and others."*

Ratrumnus, a 9th century theologian from Corbie Abbey in Picardy, France, drew on a Scandinavian description of dog-heads living in villages, wearing clothes and farming, to conclude that they were rational, and therefore human. In this, he dissented from the general view of his contemporaries that the cynocephali were animals. Ratrumnus' reasoning, described in his *Letter on the Dog-headed People*, proved to be influential. If they were human, they could become Christian, as any other human, and it was worthwhile sending missionaries to convert them from their pagan ways. In the Eastern Orthodox tradition St Christopher was sometimes represented in icons as a dog-head.

St Augustine's *City of God* and St Isidore's *Etymologies* were widely read throughout the Middle Ages. Ratrumnus' *Letter on the Dog-Headed People* was something of an oddity among his discussions of finer details of theology, such as transubstantiation and predestination. We must bear in mind that these are the views of highly educated churchmen trained to apply logical thinking to theological questions. We do not know what common folk thought, except through the lens of monastic and theological writers. That arguments in favour of the essential humanity of monstrous creatures were put forward in the 5th, 7th and 9th centuries may indicate that this view was not widely accepted outside the circles of educated church thinkers.

Nevertheless, the idea that monstrous creatures are forms of human beings and have souls that may be redeemed through faith – and might even hold church office – is an appealing one. Its very oddness to the modern mind makes it a great tool for a GM wishing to emphasise differences between the modern and medieval mindsets.

These theological conclusions were not historically applied to goblins, orcs and trolls, for during the early medieval period such creatures were not considered rational and mortal. Nevertheless, they would apply to the modern fantasy conception of such creatures as intelligent, mortal species living in the same world as the rest of humanity, should a GM wish to blend history and fantasy in this fashion. This offers the intriguing possibility of an orcish bishop attending church conclaves, of goblin monks and nuns observing the hours and providing refuge to travellers.

The orcs, goblins and trolls presented as potential player-characters in **Chivalry & Sorcery** are built around this idea. They are rational and mortal, and therefore they are human according to medieval Christian theology. They may look different, and their societies and belief systems may be different, but their souls are the same as any other human. They have free will, and they may be redeemed through faith. They may be ordained, hold church offices, and even earn sainthood. They may be rough, even uncivilised by the standards of Latin or Orthodox Christendom, but they have no more propensity to evil than any other human. If they are monstrous by the standards of a European monk, it is because God made them so, and it is likely they find the monk and people like him just as unappealing.

Medieval Orcs & Goblins

In the early Middle Ages, up to the 11th or early 12th century, medieval writers considered goblins, orcs and trolls to be demons – that is, fallen angels, rational but immortal.

The word ‘orc’ derives from an Old English term for a spectre or evil spirit. The poem *Beowulf* lists a series of evil creatures in the first Fitt: “*eotenas ond ylfe ond orcneas*” – ettins (ogres) and elves and evil spirits. An alternate derivation is from the Greek daemon Horkos, representing a curse inflicted on an oath-breaker, which became the Etruscan and Roman underworld deity Orcus, the punisher of broken oaths. Over time this came to mean a powerful monster that ate human flesh - orco in Italian, and ogre in French. If this latter etymology is accepted, then orcs are simply ogres.

Similarly, the first medieval use of the word Goblin refers not only to a demon, but a very specific one: the historian Orderic Vitalis, writing in the 1120s CE, mentions the demon named Goblin (Gobilenus) haunting the town of Évreux, Normandy, since ancient times, noting that it was constrained beneath the town by St Taurinus in Roman times and no longer hurt anyone. The word is also used in Ambroise of Normandy’s *History of the Holy War*, a poetic chronicle of the Richard the Lionheart’s participation in Third Crusade written c. 1195 CE. Ambroise, writing in Norman French, uses the word goblin to mean a malicious spirit (and to form a rhyme with Balian d’Ibelin, commander of the Christian defenders of Jerusalem).

The word goblin, and related words such as the Old Dutch kobeholdo and the German kobold, ultimately derives from the classical Greek kobalos – a rogue, knave, or imp.

Trolls derive from Anglo-Saxon and particularly Norse mythology. As with orcs, early uses of the word troll can be translated as fiend or demon. In early myths they are related to the jötnar, giants, and are presented as solitary creatures or very small family groups living in isolated mountains or caves. Troll women are often presented as more powerful than males.

GMs should treat each demonic creature as individual challenges or puzzles, referring to the 5th edition core rulebook sections on summoning and binding demons, and on the descriptions of demonic creatures in the bestiary section.

An alternate method of representing rational, mortal – therefore ‘human’ – goblins and orcs in a historical fantasy game is to use equivalents to these creatures from medieval folklore and legend.

The medieval creatures who best represent the traditional role assumed by orcs and goblins are wild men (who often exhibit bestial physical features as well as habits) and Cynocephali, the Dog-heads.

Wild Men & Ogres

Stories of wild men first appeared in 9th or 10th century Spain and became common around Europe in the 12th and 13th centuries. The wild men (they are usually male) are solitary creatures inhabiting forests, mountains or other marginal areas within Western Europe. Their wild upbringing is reflected in their appearance – they are hairy, unkempt, dressed in skins, possess great strength and generally wield clubs. In England, from the 1340s, such wild men were sometimes referred to as woodwoses. In the Swiss Tyrol such a creature was known as an orke, while in parts of Italy it was orco or hourco.

While the C&S creature that best fits the wild man is the woodwose, orcs and ogres can also be used to represent them.

Although early depictions of wild men focused on their bestial aspects, later versions of the stories emphasise their innocence and potential good nature. Pulicane, wild man hero of a 14th-century Italian epic, *Buovo d’Antona*, becomes a Christian, a knight and an exemplar of chivalry. By taking part in society, he becomes civilised. Likewise, another wild man, Varocher, in the late 13th century French romance *Macaire*, becomes a knight after saving Charlemagne’s wife Biancofiore from abandonment in a forest and returning her to her father, the King of Hungary.

Attitudes to such chivalrous wild men may serve as a model for occasional player-character orcs and goblins, or even ogres, in a more traditional, human-focused game. Once they take their place in society, they are accepted by all who count. This approach, however, is a forerunner of the colonial-era idea of the noble savage, and some groups may wish to avoid it.

Cynocephali, the Dog-Heads

Not all descriptions are of wild men as hairy humans. Some exhibit even more bestial features – one manuscript portrays Pulicane as a Cynocephalus, a dog-headed man, with dog's feet as well.

The Cynocephali represent an alternative tradition. Unlike the wild men, they are communal creatures, living in villages, practising agriculture, tending flocks and wearing clothes. They live not in marginal lands in Europe, but somewhere over the horizon – the earliest mentions of them, in classical Greece, put them in India. In the reign of Diocletian (284-305 CE), a Roman unit reportedly captured a large Cynocephalus in North Africa, west of Egypt. The Old Welsh poem *Pa Gur?* is an exception by placing the Cynocephali in Britain; it has Arthur's knights fighting hostile Cynocephali (cinbin in Welsh) in the mountains of Eidyn (Edinburgh).

By the time of Ratrumnus' investigation into them in the 9th century they were placed in the far north of Scandinavia or in the distant East. As Europeans ventured away from their homelands, to China, Africa and the New World, the supposed home of the Cynocephali was pushed ever further away. Giovanni da Pian del Carpine, a Franciscan friar chosen as head of an early 13th-century papal diplomatic mission to the Mongol Great Khanate describes the forces of Ögedei Khan encountering them north of Lake Baikal. Marco Polo placed them on the Andaman Islands of South-East Asia; the largely fictional 14th-century *Travels of Sir John Mandeville* puts them on the nearby Nicobar Islands.

Ratrumnus concluded the Cynocephali were rational and mortal, and therefore had human souls, capable of redemption through the baptism and faith in Christ. The medieval churches – Roman and Orthodox – certainly sent missionaries far beyond the boundaries of Europe, and the Church of the East, though considered heretical by both Latin and Greek Christians, spread across Asia as far as Beijing.

Most medieval sources portray the Cynocephali as intelligent and often peaceful, even tender, but several say that they become cruel and hostile to humankind when angry.

This begs the question of what medieval attitudes might have been to such creatures had they really existed. To a large extent this depends on geography – how close are the Cynocephali lands to Christian lands?

Distant lands might be visited by merchants and traders interested in what trade goods or monopolies they might acquire. Such trade ventures were often accompanied by church missionaries. Medieval missionaries may well have preached and attempted to convert peoples they encountered, but their primary role was as explorers, reporting their findings back to Church authorities. The authorities could then decide whether to send a dedicated mission to convert the peoples discovered.

If lands are closer, then the Cynocephali might be considered barbarians ripe for conversion. Medieval concepts of civilisation and barbarity were faith. Peoples who converted to Christianity were accepted into society. Those who did not might be invaded and converted at sword point, as with the Northern Crusade against the pagan peoples of the Baltic.

In other cultures, dog-headed humanoids are bestial, sometimes supernatural in origin. The Saami of Finland describe the Padnakjunne (dog-faces) as cannibalistic and cruel; the Arabian qutrub is a cannibalistic dog-headed demon or jinn known, like ghouls, for congregating around graveyards.

Fantasy Goblins, Orcs & Trolls

While early fantasy writers such as Lord Dunsany looked to folktales and faerie lore for their creations, the modern conception of goblins, orcs and trolls is dominated by the vision of JRR Tolkien, as presented in *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings*. Tolkien's versions have been popularised in the films based on his books and have been influential in subsequent fantasy literature and games, including *Chivalry & Sorcery*.

Tolkien's orcs and goblins – he uses the terms largely interchangeably – and trolls are presented as hostile creatures, foils and challenges to his protagonists. They are rough, at times bestial, given to cannibalism and crude behaviour and language. Their most widely known origin stories are as malevolent versions of “good” races – orcs twisted from elves, and trolls from Ents, by the Great

Enemy. In his personal letters Tolkien noted that these origins, and the presentation of goblins, orcs and trolls, were from the perspective of humans and elves, and that there were inconsistencies in these peoples' views. He also expressed the view that orcs were not irredeemably evil but, being crafted from elves, had the same opportunity for redemption as did the Eldar.

In other correspondence Tolkien described "orcishness" as more a set of negative attitudes that anyone, even those on your own side, might display.

Subsequent depictions of goblins, orcs and trolls have drawn more heavily from the depictions in *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings*, rather than the more nuanced viewpoints expressed in Tolkien's letters and drafts. Even when they are not named as orcs or goblins, many fantasy writers have adopted the trope of evil species as antagonists.

More recent fantasy works have played with the evil species trope, often subverting it. Orcs have been presented as honourable warriors or as noble savages. Stan Nicholls' Orcs series presents them as alien creatures whose memory and culture has been erased by a Dark Lord to force them into servitude. Mary Gentle's comic fantasy *Grunts* sees orcs transformed into a crack combat unit with the discovery of a hoard of US Marine Corps weapons and fighting manuals. The orcs of N. Robin Crossby's world of Hårn, the gargun, are alien creatures with a hive-like culture involuntarily transplanted into the world - hostile and violent, but with a degree of pathos.

If orcs and goblins have been given short shrift, trolls have had even less attention. Trolls are usually presented as bigger, stronger and more savage combatants or challenges than orcs. Only in a few cases - notably Poul Anderson's 1954 novel *The Broken Sword*, which draws on Norse myth, and Greg Stafford's world of Glorantha, where they are considered Uz, the People of Darkness - have trolls and their societies been explored in any detail.

It's impossible to cover all examples of goblins, orcs and trolls found in modern fantasy fiction, but we do present these creatures as they exist in our fantasy world of Marakush, and in the fantastical Europe presented in the *Elves Companion* and *Dwarves Companion*, including their use as player characters. GMs who do not play in Marakush or the fantastical Europe of the companions may wish to adapt this version for their own game worlds.

Demonic Goblins, Orcs & Trolls

Each demonic goblin, orc or troll is a unique individual. All are inherently evil, even if they choose to present themselves as otherwise for a time. This section considers two broad classifications - demons with physical bodies, and evil spirits of demonic origin.

It may not be readily apparent to player characters that a creature is a demon if it is in disguise or has shifted its shape without magick or prayer. The divination spell Detect Supernatural does not reveal the type of supernatural creature, so such creatures might be magickal, fae or some other type of supernatural creature. The spell Detect Evil, and the Act of Faith Prayer to Recognise Evil will register the creature's evil nature. The divination spell True Sight will strip away the demon's glamour and reveal its true form.

As noted in the **Chivalry & Sorcery** 5th Edition core rulebook, all demons share common traits. They are cunning, untrustworthy, ruthless, and cruel. Most demons are overconfident of their abilities - one of their few weaknesses. They may only enter the mortal world by invitation, either directly through summoning, or accidentally through sin or failure to take spiritual precautions praying over food. Demons summoned accidentally usually try to possess the person summoning them immediately, rather than taking physical form.

Normal weapons do half damage to physical demons, and if a demon is reduced to 0 Body by normal weapons it is banished to Hell rather than slain. The core rulebook notes demons may be permanently slain by enchanted or blessed weapons; in Christian theology they are immortal and cannot be permanently slain at all. Reducing one to 0 Body with an enchanted or blessed weapon will banish one from the mortal world for a very long period (at least a century), or permanently.

Demons are immune to magickal and natural fire, but vulnerable to holy symbols - a mere touch with a holy symbol such as a crucifix will cause a demon 5 points of Body damage, with no armour absorption, and holy water causes 1D10 damage, with no armour absorption, when successfully thrown over a demon.

Demons may attempt to possess mortals with an opposed Willpower check. The target gains a 1% bonus to their Willpower for each point of current Spirit they possess (see **C&S5**, p576).

Demons may never enter consecrated ground unless they are possessing a mortal body, and the mortal gains a new opposed Willpower check to break free of possession when their possessed body enters consecrated ground. Demons may attempt to desecrate holy ground either indirectly, through convincing someone to do it, or through a possessed victim.

Demonic goblins, orcs and trolls may be summoned and bound by magi (see the rules on summoning and binding on **C&S5**, p379-381) or exorcized by priests. The Exorcize Ritual can banish a demon temporarily for up to 101 days; to constrain a demon to render it harmless or banish for longer requires a Miracle. To banish or constrain it permanently requires a Greater Miracle if the GM rules it is even possible.

Demonic goblins, orcs and trolls are usually of lesser demonic status, and may usually be represented as imps, malebranches or demon warriors (see **C&S5**, p576-577 and p581).

Evil spirits

The Old English term *orcneas*, and the Old Norse troll, in the sense of an evil spirit, may be interpreted in several ways. They could represent undead found in the **C&S** core rulebook *Bestiary* (p552-557), including non-physical manifestations such as ghosts (which are not always evil), spectres or wraiths. They might represent physical undead creatures such as wights or leichen, though in later medieval works these are more generally referred to as revenants.

They may also be represented by certain types of demon. The Possessor (p577, 581), while it has a physical body in mortal realms, generally acts (as its name suggests) by possessing its victims, and could be misconstrued as a spirit by those unaware it has a physical body.

Gobilenus

An adventure outline

Anglo-Norman monk Orderic Vitalis relates the tale of the demon known to the townsfolk of Évreux, Normandy, as Gobilenus (or Goblin). Évreux is a small cathedral city about 70 miles (110km) west-north-west of Paris. According to Orderic, writing in the 1120s, Gobelin still haunts the town of Évreux, in Normandy, but was forbidden to hurt anyone by St Taurinus, the first bishop of Évreux, who was sent to convert the local tribes by Bishop Dionysus of Paris (St Denis) – the known dates do not match up, for St Denis was martyred in 270 CE at the latest, and St Taurinus was bishop of Évreux from c. 375 CE to c. 425 CE. The demon's true name is Zabulon.

As the man of God drew near the gates of the city, a demon encountering him in three different shapes, that of a bear, a lion and a buffalo, endeavoured to terrify the champion of Christ. But he stood firm in the faith like an impregnable wall and was hospitably entertained in the house of Lucius. On the third day, while Taurinus was preaching to the people, and the charm of the new faith gained him willing hearers, the devil in alarm began to torment Euphrasia, the daughter of Lucius, and cast her into the fire. She immediately died, but shortly afterwards Taurinus, praying, and commanding her to arise, she was restored to life in the name of the Lord. No signs of fire erupted about her.

All who were witnesses of this miracle were struck with fear and astonishment, and believed in Jesus Christ. On that same day one hundred and twenty men were baptized, eight blind men received sight, four dumb were cured, and many more were healed of their various infirmities in the name of the Lord.

Then Taurinus entered the temple of Diana and compelled Zabulon, by the power of God, to stand visible before all the people, at which spectacle the heathen multitude was greatly terrified. For he appeared to them in the shape of an Ethiopian, black as soot, having a long beard and breathing out flames of fire from his mouth. Then there came an angel of the Lord, shining like the sun, and in the sight of all bound the demon's hands and carried him off. On that day therefore, two thousand souls were baptised...

The demon which he expelled from the temple of Diana still haunts the city, appearing in various shapes, but hurting no one. The common people call it the Goblin [Gobilenus] and assert that it is restrained to this day from injuring mankind by the merits of St Taurinus; and that because it obeyed his commands by breaking its own idols, it was not forthwith cast into the pit, but undergoes its punishment in the very place where it had reigned supreme, by witnessing the salvation of those whom it had before insulted and tormented.

Orderic Vitalis, The Ecclesiastic History of England and Normandy, trans Thomas Forester, 1854

Gobilenus is clearly not a low-ranking demon, but one of the demonic commanders or ‘nobility’, a Chevalier de l’Enfer or Power of Hell in C&S terms. St Taurinus performs a Greater Miracle to deal with the demon, which is answered by angelic intervention.

Gobilenus may serve as either a major challenge or a passing reference in a game. GMs who set their games in medieval Normandy may like to limit his appearances to Évreux. Others may like to transpose his legend to another location (or another world). He may appear during any period – although Orderic Vitalis continued writing until his death in 1142, and lived at the Abbey of Saint Evroult in Normandy, 40 miles (63km) from Évreux. GMs may dislike unleashing the demon before then under the assumption that if Gobilenus were released, Orderic would have heard about it and written about it – but a better option in an Early Feudal campaign may be to write an extra paragraph or two of Orderic Vitalis’ history for that campaign. Naming player characters and including game events in-game versions of authentic medieval chronicles is a reward for players that neither Exp or Honour can buy.

To use Gobilenus in a game, consider that he is a demon, cunning and untrustworthy, even if presently forbidden to harm mortals by the power of God. As either a Chevalier de l’Enfer or a Power of Hell his natural form is that of a large, heavily muscled but grotesque humanoid standing between 8 and 9 feet tall. He can take many forms, though, and will seek out and try to tempt someone into releasing him from his sentence. Exactly how this may be achieved is left to the GM, but it should involve a deliberate act rather than an accidental summoning, for Gobilenus is already present in the world.

As a passing reference, Gobilenus might be any odd stranger player-characters meet in and around Évreux (or whatever city the GM deems appropriate). It may be a cat, a dog, a child, adult or whatever else inspires the GM. The encounter should be clearly unusual and leave the players with questions. Gobilenus will register as a supernatural creature, and an evil one, should appropriate magick or acts of faith be employed. Questioning local townsfolk will rapidly bring the very basics of the story – “Ah, you have met Gobilen, a demon that has haunted this town since ancient times. Don’t worry, he can’t harm anyone, thanks to St Taurinus. He had him bound and rendered harmless.”

Before 1142 CE appropriate Local or Regional Geography rolls (depending on where the character is from – local geography covers a 20-mile radius from the character’s home) may reveal there is a monk writing a history of the region at the Abbey of St Evroult, and the characters may approach Orderic Vitalis for further information. After 1142 an appropriate Local, Regional or National History & Legend roll may have a character who also reads Latin recall that there is a reference to the demon in Orderic Vitalis’ *Historia Ecclesiastica*. A critical success should provide the full details (as quoted in the passage above). Either talking with Orderic or remembering the full details of the passage should give the demon’s true name as Orderic Vitalis knows it: Zabulon. In the late-12th and 13th centuries, Évreux was a notable centre of Jewish scholarship, so at this time it is likely that rabbis and Torah scholars such as Moses d’Évreux, author of the Talmudic commentary known as the Tosafot of Évreux, or a fictional Kabbalist might provide necessary information.

If the GM wishes the party to confront Gobilenus, storytelling convention dictates the demon’s release should follow a passing encounter. Gobilenus might be released by a PC (never underestimate the ambition of a necromancer of low morals who has obtained the true name of a demon) or an NPC, probably a necromancer or someone possessed by another demon (likely one of Gobilenus’ minions).

Gobilenus (Chevalier de l'Enfer)

Height: 8'4" **Build:** >13 **Wt:** 650lb**Hair:** None (Horned) **Eyes:** Burning Red **Complexion:** Red-Grey**BOD:** 174 **FAT:** 71 **LCAP:** 1370 lb **CCAP:** 685**BAP:** 20 **Jump:** 3'

STR	24 (98%)	INT	16 (79%)	APP	02 (20%)
CON	23 (96%)	WIS	18 (85%)	BV	12 (66%)
DEX	16 (79%)	DISC	18 (85%)	SPR	0 (0%)
AGL	21 (92%)	FER	23 (96%)	CHA	15 (76%)

BMR	30	DT	10
		SPRINT	20

Base Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Alertness-Sight	36%	41%
Alertness-Sound	36%	41%
Stamina	64%	104%
Dodge	45%	85%
Willpower	47%	87%
Languages (all)	26%	86%
Faith	0	0%
Specialised Skills	47%	varies
General Skills	32%	varies

Combat Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Knight's Broadsword +4,	+60%	90%
Base Damage 36S* Crit +1, Bash 8		
Mace +4	60%	100%
Damage 38C*, Crit +1 Bash 9		

Armour

Own Hide [S14, C11, P11, M13, E7]

Powers

Nightvision: As a chevalier d'enfer, Gobilenus is able to see at night or in complete darkness as a human does during the day. No magickal absence of light will affect it.

Sensing the Way: As a chevalier d'enfer, Gobilenus has an unerring sense of direction. It will always find its way to its destination, even in fog or utter darkness. Magickal attempts to confuse or mislead it will always fail.

Spells: Gobilenus can cast, all Command spells; all Basic Magick – Fire spells up to and including MR7; and all Arcane spells, Divination spells, Illusion spells and Wards up to and including MR6. Gobilenus has +77% PSF with the Demon Magick Mode (TSC 97%), PMF 87, ML7.

Aura of Fear: In its true form Gobilenus inspires fear in any who see it. Anyone seeing its true form (including through use of True Sight if it has adopted an illusory disguise) must roll against their Willpower. Failure results in the loss of 9 AP; failure with a critical die of 9-10 means they cower and freeze in abject panic.

Demonic hide: Any non-enchanted or non-blessed weapon that hits Gobilenus' skin in combat has a 75% chance of shattering. It will do its usual damage for that strike (which will usually be half damage, due to its demonic powers).

Demonic powers: Gobilenus has all of the regular demonic powers in listed in the core rulebook (p576), including half damage from normal weapons, returned to Hell (rather than slain) if reduced to 0 Body by a normal weapon, immunity to fire, and possession.

Demonic weapons: Gobilenus' weapons are forged in the fires of Hell. They are +4 enchanted weapons, but are cursed. Mortals who try to wield them will find themselves haunted by dark thoughts of wrath and hate, their dreams haunted (recovering only half fatigue while sleeping), and the weapons will ultimately cause the death of any mortal who dares to wield them (how they do so is left to the GM's creativity).

Limitations

Demonic weaknesses: Like all demons, Gobilenus is overconfident in its abilities. It cannot enter consecrated ground but can try to desecrate it by indirect means (such as by being in possession of a mortal body). Holy symbols cause it 5 points of damage (with no armour absorption) when in contact with it; holy water causes 1D10 body damage (with no armour absorption) when splashed upon it. Words from holy texts force it to make a Willpower check at -20% (or the Faith PSF of the person reciting the text if higher than 20%) to remain within earshot; otherwise it must leave.

Tactics

Gobilenus favours illusions to disguise its true form and uses Command magicks to invoke confusion and temptation in its victims. If threatened with physical combat, it forgoes spells in favour of melee.

In melee it usually attacks with sword or mace.

It's likely whatever ritual is performed to release Gobilenus – or re-bind him if he is released – should take place at the old Roman temple complex. Medieval Évreux dates from the 11th century. The Roman religious sanctuary (le Vieil-Évreux, or Gisacum) lies 3.5 miles (5.6km) south-east of the medieval town. It covers an area of around 100 acres (250 hectares) and contains a theatre and religious buildings surrounding an open area. The sanctuary probably didn't contain a temple of Diana (a statue of Jupiter Stator was excavated in the 19th century), and it is unclear how much of the site was visible on the surface in the medieval period. GMs should make up or research additional details to suit.

Once released, Gobilenus is capable of all sorts of mischief. He may corrupt or possess NPCs, he may harm or kill as he sees fit and – if the GM wishes to turn the encounter into a short campaign or arc – he might summon his demonic minions. As a Chevalier de l'Enfer, he commands several hundred Malebranches and Demonic Warriors, with a few score Imps; as a Power of Hell he commands a demonic army (see **C&S5E**, p. 576-581 for statistics and details). In either case, a GM unwilling to run a wargame might consider having Gobilenus summon as few minions as they wish, or consider the rest of them away creating pandemonium across Normandy and France (or whatever region/nation the campaign is set in) rather than actively opposing the player characters. Demons are, after all, overconfident.

fae Goblins

Fae goblins are more commonly found in folk tales from the early modern period, though some examples may be found as early as the 14th century. GMs who employ the fae in their medieval worlds may choose to use them in earlier periods as well.

Fae goblins are small (usually around 2 feet tall, though ranging in height between 1 foot and 4 feet) and unpleasantly ugly, with bulbous eyes, sharp teeth, twisted bodies, long, stringy hair and long, grasping arms. They dress in rags and piecemeal armour and wield nasty little weapons such as jagged axes and saw-toothed blades. Fae goblins are mischievous and malevolent, and delight in nasty tricks, especially those that cause harm as well as embarrassment. Fae goblins are fascinated with machinery, and favour elaborate traps and tricks using waterwheels, cranks, gears and clockwork if given a choice. They may adapt mortal mills and clocks in their schemes – woe betide workers in fulling or foundry mills that come to fae goblins' attention. Since they are small and weaker than most mortal races, fae goblins do not usually engage in combat unless they outnumber opponents by 10-to-1 or more.

C&S fae goblins are trooping fairies normally found in large bands, though some may be found in smaller groups or even alone. Other faeries treat fae goblins with contempt, seeming to barely acknowledge them as fae. Almost all fae goblins belong to the Unseelie Court, though even there they are often treated with disdain.

Some goblins can use magick in the witchcraft mode (PMF 36, ML 3, 30 PSF%) and generally know a few spells from the methods of command, transmutation, fire (MR 1 only) and wards; this is more common among solitary fae goblins. A fae goblin can fulfil a wish to take someone, other than the wishmaker, away from the mortal world. Many a person has wished that a loved one be taken away after an argument and regretted it when the goblins have taken them away to the lands of Faerie. Fae goblins have major phobias of sunlight, water and open spaces, they are arrogant, greedy, selfish and stupid.

Redcaps

A subtype of fae goblin is the Redcap, a type of malevolent, murderous goblin found in British folklore. Redcaps are said to inhabit ruined castles along the Anglo-Scottish border, especially those that were the scenes of tyranny or wicked deeds. They are Solitary Faeries, found as individuals or in very small groups. They are known for soaking their caps in the blood of their victims. As a good example of how legends vary, the Redcap in Dutch tales is more like a fae brownie, and in Perthshire, Scotland, it refers to a more benign goblin living in a room high up in Grantully Castle; it bestows good fortune on those who see or hear it.

Redcaps appear as short, thickset old men with long prominent teeth, skinny fingers armed with talons like eagles, large eyes of a fiery red colour, grisly hair streaming down its shoulders, iron boots, a pikestaff or halberd in his left hand, and a red cap on his head. It hurls huge stones at travellers who take refuge in its lair; if it kills them, it soaks its cap in their blood, giving it a crimson hue. It is unaffected by normal weapons, but can be driven away by words of Scripture or by the brandishing of a crucifix which causes it to utter a dismal yell and vanish in flames, leaving behind a large tooth, if it fails a roll against its Willpower minus the Faith PSF of the speaker or wielder.

Hobgoblins

A hobgoblin is a traditional spirit of the hearth, appearing in folklore and considered helpful. However, after the spread of Christianity they were often considered mischievous. Shakespeare identifies the character of Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as a hobgoblin.

The term is made up of two parts, hob – meaning of Elfin origin and goblin meaning ugly and greedy. Literary references are few; they appear in tales from 1500 onwards though the term may be earlier.

Hobgoblins seem to be more practical jokers than vengeful, though they can easily be angered, which makes them dangerous. In the stories it seems that hobgoblins always have the ability to shape change.

There are some named hobgoblins in folklore and literature. Clever hobgoblins are found in several folk ballads collected by Francis James Child.

Billy Blind helps humans in dramatic situations by offering valuable information and advice. Blue Burches a hobgoblin who played harmless pranks in the home of a shoemaker on the Blackdown Hills in Somerset. His usual form was that of an old man wearing baggy blue breeches; however, he also took the form of a white horse, a black pig and a wisp of blue smoke. The family was happy to have his presence and appreciated his help; however, some clergymen learned of his existence and banished him from the house.

Robin Roundcap haunted Spaldington Hall, East Yorkshire and was a hearth spirit of the true hobgoblin type. He helped thresh the corn and performed domestic chores, but when he was in the mood for mischief, he would mix the wheat and chaff again, kick over the milk pail, and extinguish the fire. He is said to have been banished to live in a well for a stipulated number of years, as a result of the prayers of three clergymen. This well is known as Robin Roundcap's Well.

Another term for hobgoblin in Lancashire and Yorkshire was Dobby. Much like the boggart, a Dobby's pranks may become so troublesome that a family decides to move elsewhere, only to find that the Dobby has followed them. However, one Yorkshire Dobby (or hob) lived in a cave and was noted for curing children of the whooping cough. Dobbies could be just as industrious as other hobgoblins and brownies, which led to the expression "*Master Dobbs has been helping you*" when someone accomplished more work than was expected.

Fae Goblin

Height: 2'0" **Build:** 7 **Wt:** 20lb**Hair:** Grey **Eyes:** Red **Complexion:** Varies**BOD:** 30 **FAT:** 23 **LCAP:** 55 lb **CCAP:** 28Lb**BAP:** 15 **Jump:** 3'

STR	12 (66%)	INT	08 (50%)	APP	03 (25%)
CON	16 (79%)	WIS	08 (50%)	BV	04 (30%)
DEX	15 (76%)	DISC	08 (50%)	SPR	0 (0%)
AGL	18 (85%)	FER	12 (66%)	CHA	05 (35%)

BMR	20	DT	4
		SPRINT	16

Base Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Alertness-Sight	9%	16%
Alertness-Sound	9%	16%
Stamina	27%	67%
Dodge	33%	63%
Willpower	19%	49%
Languages (all)	-4%	54%
Faith	0	0%

Relevant Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Ancient Local Geography	22%	82%
Local History & Legend	22%	72%
Riddling	46%	86%
Faerie Lore	50%	90%
Witchcraft	30%	40%
Blending in Surroundings	62%	92%
Covering Tracks	62%	92%
Forester's Stealth	62%	92%
Tracking Prey	62%	92%
Architecture & Engineering	11%	41%
Set/Disarm Traps	19%	49%

Combat Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Slashing Swords	30%	60%
Archery	33%	53%
Axes	24%	54%
Knife Fighting	40%	80%

Weapons**Shortbow 33% PSF% 53 TSC%**

Base Damage +9M

Range (crit), S:20' (+0) M:30' (-3) L:90' (-7) EX: 150' (-12)

Axe 24 PSF% 54 TSC%

Damage 11S Crit +1 Bash 7

Dagger 40 PSF% 80 TSC%

Damage 6P

Armour

Cuirboilli [S5, C7, P4, M5, E7]

Powers

Magical Creature: Fae goblins can't be harmed by the powers of mankind and thus weapons that are not magickal or blessed have no effect upon them. In the Late and Waning Feudal periods they are susceptible to the powers of the divine, and in the presence of prayer or miracles must succeed with a Willpower check or flee screaming. Acts of faith will always work against Late and Waning Feudal fae goblins and any damage from such acts is doubled.

Eternal Life: Fae goblins are ageless and have a bonus of 20% to his Con Resistance when making a Resist Infection, Resist Poison or Resist Drugs roll.

Spells: Some fae goblins can cast command, transmutation and wards of up to MR3, and fire spells of up to MR1. Such goblins use the witchcraft mode (PMF 36, ML 3, 30 PSF%).

Wishgranting: Fae goblins can grant wishes to transport someone other than the wishmaker from the mortal world to the realm of Faerie. They will not do so unless they can think of a way to twist the wish to hurt the person making the wish, or their friends or family, or both.

Fae Hobgoblin

Height: 3'7" **Build:** 9 **Wt:** 53lb**Hair:** White **Eyes:** Blue **Complexion:** Fair**BOD:** 34 **FAT:** 29 **LCAP:** 58 lb **CCAP:** 30lb**BAP:** 18 **Jump:** 3'

STR	12 (66%)	INT	18 (85%)	APP	06 (40%)
CON	17 (79%)	WIS	18 (85%)	BV	12 (66%)
DEX	15 (76%)	DISC	06 (40%)	SPR	0 (0%)
AGL	18 (85%)	FER	18 (85%)	CHA	13 (70%)

BMR	20	DT	4
		SPRINT	6

Base Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Alertness-Sight	9%	16%
Alertness-Sound	9%	16%
Stamina	14%	54%
Dodge	24%	64%
Will Power	28%	68%
Languages (all)	26%	86%
Faith	0	0%

Relevant Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Calm & Attract Animals	37%	66%
Intention of Animals	36%	76%
Slashing Swords	30%	60%
Courtly Manners	28%	68%
Archery	33%	53%
Ancient Local Geography	62%	112%
Local History & Legend	62%	122%
Herbalism	62%	92%
Pharmacology	52%	82%
Riddling	46%	86%
Faerie Lore	100%	140%
Elementalist	61%	68%
Blending in Surrounding	62%	92%
Covering Tracks	62%	92%
Foresters Stealth	62%	92%
Tracking Prey	62%	92%
Axes	24%	54%
Cooking	55%	95%
All Trade Skills	55%	85%

Combat Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Knife Fighting	40%	80%

Weapons**Shortbow 33% PSF% 53 TSC%**

Base Damage +9M

Range (crit), S:20' (+0) M:30' (-3) L:90' (-7) EX: 150' (-12)

Axe 24 PSF% 54 TSC%

Damage 11S Crit +1 Bash 7

Dagger 40 PSF% 80 TSC%

Damage 6P

Powers**Magical Creatures**

Fae hobgoblins can't be harmed by the powers of mankind and thus weapons that are not magickal or blessed have no effect upon them. In the Late and Waning Feudal periods they are susceptible to the powers of the divine, and in the presence of prayer or miracles must succeed with a Willpower check or flee screaming. Acts of faith will always work against Late and Waning Feudal fae goblins and any damage from such acts is doubled.

Eternal Life:

True immortality as far as ageing goes and grants the Goblin a bonus of 20% to his Con Resistance % when making a Resist Infection, Resist Poison or Resist Drugs roll.

Control of Animals:

The Goblin gains +15 PSF% to Calm & Attract Animals and Intention of Animals. He also gains a power similar to the Command spells Command Animals, except that his effective PSF% is that of his Calm & Attract Animals.

Transformation:

As per the Transmutation spell Shape Shift, the Goblin can assume the form of a creature other than a humanoid. The ML of the Goblin for this power is ML 4

Basic Magic Earth:

The Goblin has all of the Elemental Earth spells up to MR 6

Basic Magic Air:

The Goblin has all of the Elemental Air spells up to MR 4

C&S Goblinoids

Unlike demonic and fae goblinoids, the fantasy orcs and goblins of **Chivalry & Sorcery** are suitable for use as player characters if the GM and players agree.

Modern fantasy orcs and goblins, as presented in roleplaying games and post-Tolkien fiction, are usually considered to be distinct physical species of intelligent humanoids. In many, though not all, cases they are evil or at least hostile to Humanity, and have long-standing rivalries with Elves and Dwarves.

While **Chivalry & Sorcery** shares the view of orcs and goblins as distinct physical species, it has consistently viewed them as independent, free-willed creatures capable of both good and evil. There may be rivalries with other species, such as Humans, Elves and Dwarves, but these rivalries exist for a reason, and individual orcs and goblins may vary in their attitudes to other species. Remember Ed Simbalist's catchphrase: Monsters are people, too.

Recent editions of **C&S** have concentrated on two fantastical worlds: the fantasy medieval Europe presented in Paul "Wiggy" Wade-Williams' *Elves' Companion* (BGD, June 2000) and *Dwarves' Companion* (BGD, May 2000); and Stephen Turner's *world of Marakush* (BGD, 1998).

In both cases the societies and game mechanics of orcs and goblins are so similar that they may be treated as the same, but the histories and relationships with other intelligent species differ in the two game settings.

North of Eden

Goblinoid History in Fantasy Europe

Dwarves believe orcs and goblins, who they call *nisser* (sing. *nisse*), to be underground species who instigated a war in deep mines and caverns beneath Scandinavia over possession of the gems and minerals Dwarves value above all else. The underground war lasted 2,000 years before it spread to the surface world around 6000 BCE. In 5942 BCE the *nisser* sent a massive army of 40,000 troops to the surface to wipe out the early Human settlers of Scandinavia. The Dwarves fought a bloody losing battle, the Battle of Folorn Hope (Forlatt Håp) alongside Humans and were preparing for their last stand when they were saved in the 11th hour by volleys of arrows from an Elven army who

had hidden in the woods and watched the day's slaughter impassively before finally intervening only when their own lands were threatened. The Goblinoids survivors were scattered and never more presented an existential threat to the other three species, though skirmishes continue both below and above ground. The Dwarves maintain their grudges against both the Elves, for not intervening sooner, and the Goblins, who they blame for starting the war in the first place.

This version is not the way the Goblins view these events. The most ancient Goblinoid myths and legends – passed down verbally through millennia and no doubt greatly embellished and modified along the way – tell of their origins as hunters and gatherers in a land of endless sky and vast plains where game was plentiful, landscapes were vast, summers were warm and winters cold, and joy was unbounded. This idyllic lifestyle ended with the coming of the Devourers (Goblin: Azkhastis), ravenous demons lead by brutal brothers named Haznakh and Hagmane. The Askhastis slaughtered beasts far beyond their needs, hunting for the joy of killing rather than for food. They draped themselves in skins and decorated themselves with bones as grisly trophies, and even built their shelters out of hides and bones. The Goblin paradise was lost for good as the Azkhastis hunted them down and set Goblin heads on poles to show their despite and their mastery of their new dominions. Paradise became hell, and Goblins fled northwards to lands of near-endless winter, and westwards to the confines of close, dark woods to scrape themselves a new life away from joyful sun and endless sky.

With 21st-century insights we may speculate that the goblinoids' early origins lie in the steppes of Central Asia. The Azkhastis may be goblin folk memories of early Indo-European Humans moving north from Anatolia and Mesopotamia – it's interesting that the goblin legends speak of the Askhastis attacking the earth; the earliest known human agriculture, at Ohalo, on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, dates to around 23,000 years ago, and the earliest layers at Gobelki Tepe date to around 10,000 BCE. Furthermore, the names of the Azkhastis leaders Haznakh and Hagmane may be related to the proto-Indo-European root words for man or hero (*H₂ner-*) and people (*d^hǵ^hemon-*). Nevertheless, the dates do not entirely match with the Dwarven histories; agriculture did not spread until around 10,000 BCE, and its progress outside the Fertile Crescent was slow. The earliest known proto-Indo-Europeans in Central Asia, the kurgan-builders (sometimes

known after their most prominent remains as the Kurgans) did not settle until the 5th millennium BC, long after the decisive battle of Dwarven history. Of course, just because the Kurgans are the earliest settlers we know does not mean they were the only ones.

The Survival Hypothesis, proposed in the early 1970s, suggests creatures similar to goblinoids may in fact be survivors of early Human species such as *Homo neanderthalensis*. There is little to support the hypothesis save a 19th-century translation of an obscure manuscript version of *The Book of Ahmad Ibn Fadlan*, but the hypothesis does resonate with St Augustine's assertion that every rational, mortal creature is human. Recent discoveries of hitherto unknown species of *Homo*, such as *Homo floresiensis* (Indonesia, 2003) and *Homo luzonensis* (Philippines, 2019) lend indirect support to such a hypothesis, though more recent research indicates these species did not survive into historical times as thought when they were discovered.

No known goblinoid legend speaks of the events of the Battle of Forlorn Hope, as recounted by the Dwarves and Elves. This does not mean it never happened; after all, Human histories do not refer to it either. The Elves and Dwarves are much more long-lived than Humans or Goblins, and their written histories go back much further. Goblin survivors were few, and scattered, which would have meant a reduced chance of the story being passed down; it is also possible that the survivors deliberately chose not to add such a defeat into their legendarium.

Relations with Other Species

The relationships between Goblinoids and Humans, Elves and Dwarves are tense. When Goblins live near other intelligent species, skirmishes are likely. In some cases, Humans and Goblins have established uncertain truces, but friendship between the species is almost unheard of.

Neither Humans nor Goblins have any particular historical reason for this rivalry. If the Battle of Forlorn Hope ever took place, it is forgotten by both species. Instead the rivalry between these species is for prosaic reasons: fear of the other, and competition for land and resources.

It is likely that Elven and Dwarven hostility to Goblinoids is, in fact, for similar reasons. While Dwarves are known to hold ancient grudges, the Battle of Forlorn Hope took place shortly after a time

of schism – the Sundering – in Dwarven society. It is possible that the version of the events recorded by the Dwarves is a face-saving one, intended to help keep the peace between Dwarven factions. Dwarves do not like to question their recorded history – as far as they are concerned their past is set in stone (quite literally in their case, as the histories are written on stone tablets).

Just as Dwarves defend their resources from goblins in and under mountains and hills, so do the Elves defend their forests. The situation is perhaps more understandable for the Elves, who also face competition in the form of deforestation from their ostensible allies, Humans. Yet it seems there is a deeper source of Elven loathing for goblins, for while goblins may hunt in the woods, they are much less likely to plough up woodlands than Humans – though the Elves would say that is because Elven patrols keep their numbers in check. Nevertheless, Elven hierarchies are determined by purity of Elven blood, and the Elves are the only intelligent species whose members may devote themselves to hunting goblins, though this is considered a task only befitting half-bloods.

Nor can it be said that goblins are blameless in interspecies rivalries. While they may make tentative peace with humans, they know how implacably they Elves and Dwarves despise them, and often act first against such foes – indeed, some goblins seem to enjoy provoking Elves and Dwarves into retaliation.

Goblinoids of Marakush

The orcs and goblins of Marakush exhibit a wide variety of cultures, from the technologically primitive tribal cultures of Asanthi and the Ruby Mountains to the contemporary feudal state of Darken. Goblinoids sometimes live apart from other intelligent humanoids, and sometimes alongside them; the goblins of Faldon are notable for integrating into its predominantly human feudal society.

The origins of goblinoid species are obscure. Most scholars believe the species arose in the Carlegg Mountains, where they are still most numerous; others consider Asanthi to be their original homeland. The records of the Tylwyth Hen – the Old Folk – say little except that goblinoids came down from the mountains to raid Human and Elvish settlements in 7632 BU (around 8,250 years before the present day) after humans had spread from the Dragon Isle to settle the rest of the Dragon Reaches, and that they were forced underground following a bitter war with

Humans and Elves, which lasted 182 years from 7625 BU to 7443 BU. This was later known as the First Goblin War.

The Tylwyth Hen regarded the goblinoids as a new species when the raids started, but it is unclear whether the goblinoids were truly new to the Dragon Reaches, or whether the Elves simply hadn't encountered them before. No goblinoid legends of the time have survived.

Early Human and Elvish records of the goblinoids focus on war. The first record of Orcs as a distinct goblinoid sub-species came during the Second Goblin War of 6862-6271 BU, during which goblinoids attacked many of the Dragon Isle's settlements on the mainland. Goblinoids were slowly forced to retreat back to their mountains in the closing phases of the war, but gained a reprieve when a volcanic eruption on the Dragon Isle destroyed much of the Dragon Empire's capital, including its arcane library, and forced the Empire to abandon some of its colonies and withdraw to the Dragon Isle.

Goblinoids began to expand again in the 26th century BU, resulting in what the Elves call the Third Goblin War, and humans sometimes call the Unhuman War or the Elf-Goblin War, if they call it a war at all. This period of skirmishes lasted for 2,000 years, from 2468 BU to 425 BU – a distinct period to the long-lived Elves, but a backdrop of history to Humans.

The Third Goblin War is notable for two events of lasting significance.

The first was the appearance of the Avatars of Bulackas, an early goblinoid deity. The three avatars appeared in the southern Reaches, following a goblinoid mass ritual in 1298 BU. The avatars appeared as giant orcs, around 12 feet tall, each one a skilled Necromancer and Elementalist as well as a potent warrior. It took an alliance between Elves, Dwarves and Humans over 10 years to defeat them. In the end, the avatars were trapped in a goblinoid stronghold, the Fortress of Gramsh, which was sent into another dimension by Halderane, Archmage of the Wizards' Isle. The process caused the destruction of the southern Dragon Empire client states of Maincia, Partean and Tylonia, and the creation in their place of the wasteland known as the Dusts of Shalaktoor. Halderane disappeared during the casting of his spell, and it is assumed it caused either his destruction or trapped him along with the avatars.

The Church of Urto has a different version of these events. According to the Ursine Codex, drawing from the Book of Alba, Bulackas was a force of primal chaos created to counter the "*New Gods*". One of these new Gods, Dooret, the Lord of Arcane Lore, created a portal to cast Bulackas into a new dimension. There is no mention within the Ursine texts of goblins or any of the historical events. Few goblins outside Asanthi follow Bulackas in the present day, but the Church of Urto regards the goblins' traditional frenzied midwinter festival as Bulackas-worship and strongly disapproves of it.

The second outcome of the war was the Sundering of the Elves. During the course of the long war some Elves sought to fight fire with fire, adopting goblinoid methods of warfare, magick and philosophy in order to understand and to counter their enemies. Many of these elves continued to employ goblinoid methods after the end of the war, resulting in the Elven Civil War. This resulted in the splitting of the Elves into three groups – the Tylwyth Myndd (Mountain Folk), predominantly scholars and mages, retreated to the Carlegg Mountains, while the two larger factions separated into the Tylwyth Teg (Fair Folk) and Tylwyth Du (Dark Folk). These classifications are based on philosophical outlook, not complexion, and it should be noted that the terms are those used by the Tylwyth Teg, who have most contact with humans. The Tylwyth Du call themselves the Tylwth Cadau (Battle Folk or Fighting Folk), and call the Tylwyth Teg the Tylwyth Ffol (the Foolish Folk).

While the Elves usually present the Goblin Wars as stories of ultimate goblinoid defeat, several Tylwyth Myndd scholars have pointed out that if the goblins' aims were to win a place on the surface world, then the wars should be regarded as a goblin victory, since goblins and orcs are present in most parts of the Dragon Reaches.

However, it is only the Elves and to some extent the Dwarves who equate identity with species. Humans and Goblins identify primarily with particular kinships (such as folk or peoples) or geographic areas (nations), and often with subsets of those (such as tribes and clans, or counties and towns). Tensions between Urtind and Darken are seen by both sides as a contest between nations rather than between Humans and Goblins, even though Urtind is dominated by Humans and Darken by goblinoids and dragons.

There are reasons for this. Humans and goblinoids are far more numerous and geographically spread than Elves and Dwarves, and it is impossible to define common interests for the whole species beyond ones that are so general that all living creatures share them, such as survival and breeding. And Humans and Goblins are much more short lived – events that an Elf might remember from childhood or a Dwarf has learnt from their grandparents’ eyewitness accounts are ancient history to both Humans and Goblins.

The result of this is that although Humans may hold negative (or occasionally positive) views of Goblins, and vice versa, it is easier for members of these species to accept that an individual or a particular community is an exception to those views than it is for Elves and Dwarves, who may take more convincing.

Goblin Societies in Marakush

Orcs and Goblins are found in most areas of Marakush, from the deserts of Shalaktoor to the forests of Darken to the crags of the Carlegg Mountains. In most cases such goblinoid societies are tribal, rather than feudal, and tribalism may be regarded as the typical form of goblinoid society. There are exceptions, however.

This section gives an overview of several notable goblinoid communities.

Asanthi

Asanthi, a land of marshes and moorlands between Anderia and Urtind, is home to an estimated 78,000 tribal orcs and goblins and is often regarded as the original homeland of goblinoids. What is not as commonly known is that there are nearly as many tribal Humans living in the area. Each species has a general tendency to regard tribes of its own species more favourably, but alliances and rivalries often cross species divides, and it is not uncommon for a goblin tribe to support a human ally against other goblins, and vice versa. Both goblinoids and Humans herd goats and sheep. Both follow animistic faiths, with shamans as the primary spiritual leaders. Goblinoid shamans revere Bulackas as a primary over-deity or creator, but rarely worship him directly, preferring to work through localised spirits. A notable community of goblins lives in tribal stilt villages in the southern marshes; they survive primarily through fishing.

Goblinoid characters from Asanthi use the regular goblinoid character generation system in this book.

Darken

Darken is a heavily wooded feudal monarchy ruled by the divine Dragon Queen Shugaloth. While the Queen and the higher nobility are dragons, more than half of the commonality and lesser gentry are goblinoids – Orcs, Goblins and Hobgoblins – with substantial minorities of Humans and Tylwyth Du. The state religion worships Shugaloth as a goddess, though many commoners discretely observe older faiths.

Goblinoid characters from Darken generate their Attributes for their subspecies according to the system later in this book, but use the Early Feudal social background and parent’s vocation tables given in the **C&S** 5th Edition core rulebook, re-rolling (or not picking) noble results of Lord, Titled Nobility or Royal Family. Darken society is examined in more detail later in this book.

Faldon

The Barony of Faldon, recently brought back into the Kingdom of Urtind as a semi-independent palatinate, has a significant population of Goblins who have assimilated into the predominantly Human society. Most Goblins live in settlements near the Mithril Heights, wooded foothills of the Carlegg Mountains in the east of the barony, but a significant number have moved to live alongside Humans in villages in central Faldon, and some have settled in towns. Most have converted to the Church of Urto, and several have joined the Church as clerics or as members of the Fighting Order of the Bear. Relationships between Goblins and Humans in Faldon are generally good, but are not completely without tensions, particularly when individuals have limited experience of the other species.

Goblins from Faldon should generate Attributes as other Goblins, but use the Early Feudal tables to generate parental vocation, re-rolling or not picking any result of Titled Noble or Royal Family.

Maurveld (the Eastern Forest)

The extensive wildwoods of Maurveld are thought to contain the largest number of goblinoids in the Dragon Reaches, alongside a large number of Tylwyth Du. Goblinoids and Tylwyth Du are generally hostile to each other, though there are exceptions where dark elf bands and goblinoid tribes have called truces or sometimes even temporary alliances.

Goblinoids of Maurveld live in tribal societies. Character generation is the standard goblinoid procedure given later in this book.

Shalaktoor

What is now the Dusts of Shalaktoor was a significant goblinoid stronghold until the War of the Avatars. The desert sands still hold nomadic tribes of goblinoids, as well as nomadic Human tribes. Interspecies rivalry is not significant compared to the inter-tribal rivalry displayed by tribe of both species; both Human and Goblin tribes are as likely to ally, treat, trade with and fight tribes of the other species as they are their own. Hospitality customs, so necessary to survival in the harsh environment, are observed across species as well as across tribes, and bind guests to peace as well as hosts. Although Humans and Goblinoids do not generally interbreed, both Human and goblinoid tribes in Shalaktoor tend to polyamorous marriages and individuals have been known to marry across species to cement alliances.

Goblinoid characters from Shalaktoor use the standard goblinoid character generation in this volume but add basic knowledge of Riding a Lizard (the giant riding-lizards of Shalaktoor, which are also the chosen steeds of human tribes in this desert) as a background skill.

Other Goblinoid societies

In addition to the areas listed above there are tribal societies of goblinoids in the trollish lands of Trollarl and Rutjarl (see the Trolls section of this book). The goblinoids of Trollarl and Rutjarl have been known to conduct piracy and coastal raids in longships, sometimes raiding as far as Urtind and the Dragon Isle itself. Other tribes live in the Carlegg Mountains, and (predominantly underground) in the Ruby Mountains, where they vie with Dwarves for territory and resources. Isolated bands may be found in other areas, often migrating or outcast from established goblinoid societies. Such temporary bands often live as outlaws and can be quite dangerous to others. All such goblinoids use the standard goblinoid character generation found in this book.

Goblinoid Tribal Culture

Goblinoid tribes are extremely varied in origin, size, government, lifestyle, outlook and technology levels.

The defining feature of all tribes is in identity. The tribe recognises certain individuals as belonging to the tribe, and those individuals recognise the tribe as their community. In most cases, goblinoids are born into their tribe, though some tribes recognise adoption, especially when a husband or wife is expected to move to live with their spouse's tribe.

Tribal customs and tribal honour are an important part of tribal identity. Many individual goblinoids will act as individuals in peaceful times, and may form friendships with individuals from other tribes, even other species, but most will maintain their tribal customs. In times of tension, however, most individuals will display much greater devotion to tribal norms – and in times of war the tribe expects its members to support it. Individuals may find themselves torn between their individual relationships and their tribe's relationships. In such cases, goblinoid culture acknowledges the turmoil but regards the tribal needs as paramount.

The Orcish tale of the legendary heroes Mizakh and Lucknagh highlight heroic behaviour. The two young orcs, from different tribes, became close friends when stranded together in the wilderness. They maintained their friendship after their return, giving each other gifts and honour, serving as each others' companions in duels and winning glory and renown together with their exploits. Each married the others' sister. When their tribes went to war, Mizakh and Lucknagh found themselves facing each other on the battlefield. According to the epic poem about them, each acknowledged their love, friendship and shared history in a long glance before they fell upon each other, neither asking quarter. After his victory Lucknagh held his dying friend as his life slipped away, ignoring the battle around him.

Even a semi-skilled recital of this scene can bring orcish warriors to tears. When the battle was over, legend has it Lucknagh built a great mound over his friend's grave, which he planted with flowers and herbs from the wilderness where they first met and tended it until he died many years later. Their families reopened the tomb, and buried Lucknagh alongside Mizakh. It is said the pair were buried with their greatest treasures, yet the thought of desecrating the tomb of such noble heroes would horrify any but the meanest, most dishonourable coward.

In contrast, those who betray their tribe or harm its standing, even for the noblest of reasons, shame themselves and their family. Goblins value wit, cunning and deceit when dealing with enemies, but the story of the Nameless One serves as an example to those whose deceit is turned against the tribe. The Nameless One belonged to the Splitlickers tribe (so called because they bifurcate their tongues as rite of passage), and swore he was acting as tribal ambassador when he promised sun and moon to another tribe's elders as bride-price for the hand of a fair goblin-maid. His gift of a clear reflective pool led to a war after which the Splitlickers were forced to grant the greater part of their fertile lands to the maid's tribe as reparation. To this day, Splitlickers live in marginal lands, and the Nameless One's real name is erased from tribal histories.

Few cases are so extreme, but all tribal orcs and goblins know their actions reflect not only upon themselves, but upon their families (within the tribe) and upon their tribe (to other tribes). Family feuds can be bloody, and tribal feuds more so. Tribal leaders will generally seek to make peace between families, and with other tribes, especially in matters of honour. Whatever face-saving arrangement is agreed, the needs of the tribe outweigh any needs of the individuals who committed the act.

This is particularly significant in goblinoid cities, which are usually inhabited by several tribes. Keeping peace within the city is important, as the alternative benefits no one, and the opportunities for offending another tribe are greater. Outsiders are often surprised by how peaceful orcish cities are (at least on the surface).

Origin

Most tribes consider themselves to have shared ancestry, usually marking a semi-mythical hero figure or hero couple as the tribal founder. The founder or founding couple's children or grandchildren may be considered the ancestors of any sub-tribes. Many tribes are patrilineal; others are matrilineal, and some are bilineal, tracing their origins through both male and female lines – these tribes most commonly revere a founding couple.

Some tribes are formed of amalgamations of smaller tribes and might be thought of as tribal confederations or nations. There is usually some common link between these tribes – religion, distant ancestry, language, lifestyle.

Others, usually small, are linked to specific occupations, often those with mystical connotations, such as smiths, shamans or wolf-riders, and may be better thought of as cults or societies. Such tribes often stand outside the regular tribal system, somewhat immune from the tribal honour system – after all, a tribe of smiths may be small and easily dominated, but who would risk losing their favour and cut off their supply of ironwork? If such a tribe is threatened, it is likely other tribes will rally to its defence in order to win more favour with it. Profession-based tribes almost always have some ritual for adoption into their community.

Size

Most goblinoid tribes are relatively small, numbering in the thousands or low tens of thousands. It is rare for the whole tribe to gather, though some tribes have gatherings every few years, which every tribal member will try to attend if possible. These are celebratory times where members celebrate each other and the tribe, and are marked by gift giving, the renewal of old friendships, religious ceremonies and confirmation by the whole tribe of those who have come of age or been adopted into the tribe.

Tribal confederacies or nations can be much larger, often numbering in the low hundreds of thousands. It is impossible for such tribes to meet as one, though individual tribes within the nation often maintain their tribal meets, which will usually be attended by representatives of the other tribes in the confederacy and its overall leaders.

Professional tribes are usually very small, numbering in the hundreds at most.

Government

The basic form of government among tribes is a council of elders governing by consensus. Exactly who qualifies as an elder varies, but the position usually refers to a mature individual with a good reputation who can support their family in some comfort. Some tribes, usually those that trace lineage through one gender, limit eldership to one gender; others do not, but may have different qualifications for different genders. In tribes where one gender forms the council of elders, elders' spouses and non-binary individuals may form an informal advisory council.

Elders tend to be conservative and traditional, and usually try to resolve disputes through conciliation. They tend to support the status quo; they have done well by the system of their youth and middle age, and see little reason to change it. Consensus may take time to emerge when a subject is controversial or opinions are divided. For this reason some elder councils appoint a warchief, usually a mature individual with martial prowess, to command tribal warriors in military matters.

A particularly charismatic, shrewd warchief may manage to turn this into a permanent appointment by cowing the elders and usurping their decision-making authority. But elders are proud of their hard-won status and jealous of their privileges; such a change of government is hard to achieve and hard to maintain.

Nevertheless, some tribes do have permanent chiefs. In such tribes, the council of elders often acts as an advisory or discussion body, but final decision-making authority rests with the chief. Most chieftainships are hereditary, being inherited by a member of the previous chief's extended family. Primogeniture (inheritance by the eldest child) is rare; often the current chief will nominate a successor they consider competent from within their family.

Lifestyle

Most tribes are pastoral herders or agriculturalists. Tribes in areas of fertile soils and suitable climates tend towards agriculture. Tribes whose lands do not support crops will tend to be pastoralists. Pastoralists in areas with particularly poor lands, including arid lands and areas with wide seasonal variations, may be nomadic. Most nomadic tribes move between established summer and winter settlements.

Both pastoral and agricultural tribes tend to settle in relatively small hamlets; often these are surrounded by defences such as banks and ditches, palisades or thorn hedges; such settlements will include not only households but granaries or animal folds to guard the settlement's harvest or breeding stock. Households in such settlements often display some degree of kinship with each other. Settlements are often semi-mobile, with households – sometimes entire villages – moving to a new location every generation or two.

Both pastoralists and agriculturalists tend to claim more land than they need immediately. This gives them room to grow, or to move when overuse reduces land fertility around a particular settlement, but leads to frequent disputes when members of another tribe move into unused land another tribe considers part of its domain.

Wild or feral tribes exist on the edges of goblinoid society. They generally survive as hunter-gatherers and are usually looked down upon by more settled tribes. Nevertheless, if their tribal lands are reasonable fertile, and they have managed to defend them from their more settled neighbours, hunter-gatherers can feed themselves comfortably. Some tribes expect their adolescents to spend time – up to a year – living as hunter-gatherers as part of warrior training.

Urban settlements are uncommon but not unknown. Cities are usually small and inhabited by members of several nearby tribes. It is very rare for a tribe to be exclusively urban, or for a city to consist entirely of members of one tribe. Maintaining peaceful inter-tribal relationships in cities is thus important and more difficult. Friction has a tendency to be amplified by close proximity, so urban goblinoids take extra care to avoid public disputes for fear of sparking a tribal feud.

Cities are governed by representatives of the various tribes living in them. If one tribe is dominant, they may appoint a ruler, but wise rulers seek consensus between all the tribes in the city. Numbers count, however, and small tribes may find consensus goes against them more than a larger tribe – unless they have a large rural population who could invade the city or cut off its food supply.

Technology

Humans, elves and dwarves tend to consider goblinoids primitive, their tools and technology crude. This is unfair. Goblinoid society lacks the specialisation that increasingly urban humans and elder races have developed, but goblinoids value effectiveness. All but feral tribes have some familiarity with ironworking, pottery-making and weaving. Urban tribes may specialise in particular crafts, but not usually to the degree that other intelligent species do. While this does lead to products that appear cruder, it also means goblinoid craftsmen are adept at improvisation. A human leatherworker might specialise as a glover, producing finely stitched thin gloves coloured and ornamented to a customer's requirements, but have little idea how to make a saddle. A goblinoid leatherworker will happily make gloves that keep hands warm and dry and a saddle that will be relatively comfortable for both rider and mount, but both will lack the refinement that comes with long years of making one type of product.

Wealthy tribes and individuals may trade with humans (or to a lesser degree elves and dwarves) for specialised goods such as mail armour or may value them as battle loot. Such goods are a means of displaying wealth or prowess and will often be worn or kept in a visible location to impress guests and visitors.

Milk Children

The custom of milk children is common, though not universal, in goblinoid culture. Among those tribes that follow the custom, any child breastfed by goblinoid woman is considered her child. This has several cultural implications.

First, a woman's biological and milk children are considered siblings. They are expected to share the bond of siblings. Children may have more than one mother – a true mother and one or more milk mothers. Milk siblings may not marry, nor may they marry close milk relatives acquired through a milk mother (though exactly what a particular tribe or culture regards as consanguinity may vary)

As a result, goblinoids are careful about who they choose as wet-nurses. The milk-child custom has been used to cement alliances (through the bond of siblings) and to avoid more permanent alliances through marriage. A goblinoid family may avoid having one of their children share a milk-mother with the rival's children. Some have even been known to employ subterfuge to gain a milk-relationship by disguising a woman or a child.

The custom is also used to adopt children left without another parent or guardian, and in some cases, it has been used across species – human children milk-adopted by orcs may be the origin of stories of half-orcs. Milk-children of other species should use their own species' rules for generating Attributes and the relevant goblinoid vocational tables for determining status and background skills.

Goblinoid Character Creation

There are three primary goblinoid subspecies: Goblins, Orcs and Hobgoblins.

Physical description

Goblins are smaller than Humans, with males averaging around 4ft 7 ins (1.40m) tall and females 4ft 5ins (1.35m).

Orcs are larger, with male heights averaging 5ft 1ins (1.55m) and females 4ft 11ins (1.50m). Orc males tend to be stockier than Humans, thus heavier.

Hobgoblins are the sterile offspring of an orc parent and a goblin parent. They usually take after one of their parents (players choice which) in both Height, Frame and Attributes. Most hobgoblins have one or more mutations marking them as different from their parents.

All goblinoids have earth-toned skin, ranging from a pale yellow to a deep brown, sometimes a dull red-brown. Many forest goblinoids, particularly hunters and warriors, dye their skin green using a paste often made of a mixture of weld and woad. This custom, which may have started as a form of camouflage but has taken on ritualistic aspects, is likely the origin of Human representations of green-skinned goblinoids. Dwarves sometimes talk of underground "*dark orcs*"; it is likely this too is the result of applying mineral dyes as camouflage to help in underground stealth.

Goblins usually have narrow faces, with long, flat noses, prominent chins and high cheekbones. They have long, sharp canine teeth and sharp incisors. Orcs' faces are broader, with heavy lower jawbones and tusk-like forward bicuspid; occasionally these are large enough to protrude past their lips. Orcs often have large, upturned noses, which combined with tusks, may be the origin of satirical illuminations depicting them as pig-faced. Nevertheless, orcs are no more pig-faced than priests are monkey-headed (another illuminators' joke).

Half-Orcs

Half-orcs (or half-goblins) are members of other intelligent species raised by orcs, likely as milk children (see Goblinoid Tribal Culture). Attributes should be generated for their biological species, with parental vocation, background skills and vocations as for their goblinoid culture.

Attributes

Orcs are generally stronger for their size than humans, and hardier. Goblins are weaker, but more dexterous and agile.

Human and Elvish views that goblinoids are less intelligent appears to be scholarly prejudice against those whom they consider less educated, as though book-learning and the ability to speak long-dead languages were the only measure of intelligence. Dwarves certainly do not underestimate goblinoid intelligence, but consider them cunning, dangerous foes.

Design method

Historic Orcs should have Strength 12-23 (Str of 12-18 costs 1 CP per level; Str of 19-22 costs 2 CP per level; Str 23 costs an additional 3 CP). They should also have Constitution of 11+, at standard COP costs.

Heroic Orcs should have Strength 14-25 (Str of 14-18 costs 1 CP per level; Str of 19-22 costs 2 CP per level, Str of 23-25 costs 3 CP per level) and Constitution of 13+.

Mythic Orcs should have Strength 16-25 (Str of 16-18 costs 1 CP per level; Str of 19-22 costs 2 CP per level, Str of 23-25 costs 3 CP per level) and Con of 16+.

Historic Goblins should have Strength of 15 or below, Constitution of 16 or below, and Dexterity of 12-22 (Dex of 16-19 costs 2 CP per level; Dex of 19-22 costs 2 CP). Historic Goblins also add +2 to their derived Agility base score (and may spend CP to raise or lower it from that base).

Heroic Goblins should have Strength 17 or below, Constitution of 18 or below, and Dexterity of 14-22 (Dex of 16-19 costs 2 CP per level; Dex of 19-22 costs 2 CP). Heroic Goblins also add +2 to their derived Agility base score (and may spend CP to raise or lower it from that base).

Mythic Goblins should have Strength 18 or below, Constitution 20 or below, and Dexterity of 16-24 (Dex of 16-19 costs 2 CP per level; Dex of 19-22 costs 2 CP, and Dex of 23-24 costs 3 CP per level); Mythic Goblins add +3 to their derived Agility base score, and may spend CP to raise or lower it further.

Hobgoblins choose whether they take after their Orc parent or Goblin parent and assign attributes to suit.

Random method

Historic Orcs must put a roll of at least 9 into Strength and add +3 to the selected roll. They must put a roll of at least 11 into Constitution.

Heroic Orcs use the rules for random Historic Orcs but then add +2 to all attributes (this is cumulative with the Str bonus).

Mythic Orcs use the rules for Historic Orcs but then add +5 to all attributes (cumulative with the +3 Strength bonus).

Historic Goblins must put a roll of 15 or below into Strength, a roll of 16 or below into Constitution and a roll of 10+ into Dexterity. They then add +2 to Dexterity and +2 to their derived Agility base score (which may be further varied by the random derived attribute roll if desired).

Heroic Goblins use the rules for random Historic Goblins, then add +2 to all attributes (this is cumulative with the +2 Dex and Agil bonuses).

Mythic Orcs use the rules for Historic Goblins but then add +5 to all attributes (cumulative with the +2 Dex and Agil bonuses).

Hobgoblins choose whether they take after their Orc parent or Goblin parent and assign attributes to suit.

Lion Heart Method

To play an Orc, the Strength roll must be 9+ and the Constitution roll 11+.

Historic Orcs add +3 to Strength. Heroic Orcs add +5 to Strength and +2 to all other attributes. Mythic Orcs add +8 to Strength and +5 to all other attributes.

Goblin, the Strength roll must be 15 or less, the Constitution roll must be 16 or less, and the Dexterity roll must be 10 or more. Historic Goblins add +2 to Dexterity and Agility; Heroic Goblins add +4 to Dexterity and Agility, and +2 to all other attributes; Mythic Goblins add +7 to Dexterity and Agility and +5 to all other attributes.

A player who wishes to play a hobgoblin may do so if their attributes fall into the range for either Orc or Goblin, in which case they take after that parent and apply the Orc or Goblin attribute modifiers as appropriate. If they qualify for both Orc and Goblin, they may choose which parent they take after, and apply the relevant bonuses. A character who qualifies for neither may be a half-orc.

Sponsor vocation & status

Goblinoids – especially those in tribal societies – are often very close to their extended families. Sometimes a powerful relative takes an interest in a promising young goblinoid, helping their development and position in society. In some cases, a young goblinoid's milk family may take an interest in their development.

To emphasise these differences from Human society, background tables refer to a goblinoid's sponsor, rather than parent. The player may choose whether the sponsor is a parent, a guardian, an aunt or uncle, a cousin or any other extended family member, or whether it may be their character's milk-mother or milk-father. The sponsor will usually be male in patriarchal societies, female in matriarchal societies, and may be either in egalitarian societies.

Racial Height, Build & Weight

The table for these factors assumes that the player is generating a Heroic character. If the character is of Historic quality then reduce the Height factor by 4. However, if the player is generating a Mythical character then they increase their height factor by 4

Orc Weight: 10lb + 8 lb for every inch above 40"

Goblin Weight: 10lb + 7lb for every inch above 40"

Type	Ht. Dice	Ht Range	Avg Ht	Build Dice	Range of Build	Avg Build
Orc						
Male	2D10+54	56 - 74	65"	1D10+1	2 - 11	6 = Heavy
Female	2D10+52	54 - 72	63"	1D10	1 - 10	5 = Light
Goblin						
Male	2D10+48	50 - 68	59"	1D10	0 - 10	5 = Average
Female	2D10+46	48 - 66	57"	1D10-1	0 - 09	4 = Average

1D10	No. Mutations
01	0
02 - 05	1
06 - 08	2
09	3
10	4

Hobgoblin Mutations

Hobgoblins tend to have some form of mutation, roll 1D10 on the table above to see how many mutations your hobgoblin has. Then roll for each mutation on the table to the right to see what they are. These mutations can be cumulative or cancel each other out such as rolling both tall and short.

1D100%	Mutation	Description
01 - 10	Slight Build	-1 to Build, -1 from Strength, +1 to Agility
11 - 20	Heavy Build	+1 to Build, +1 to Strength, -2 from Agility
21 - 24	Good Eyes	Able to see perfectly in daylight, +10 to Alertness: Sight
26 - 29	Keen Nose	+10% to Alertness: Smell
30 - 39	Tall	Add 5 Height Factors
40 - 51	Short	Subtract 5 Height Factors
52 - 56	Dark Sense	-10% to Alertness: Sight in daylight, +20% in dim light
57 - 61	Pigment Change	Non-standard coloration 1D10 and compare to: 01-02 Piebald; 03 Light Green; 04-05 Light Brown; 06-07 Dark Brown; 08-09 Pale White; 10 Dark Ochre
62 - 71	Long Legs	+1 to BAP, -2 to Body points
72 - 81	Short Legs	-1 to BAP, +2 to Body points
82 - 86	Long Arms	+1 foot reach with weapons
87 - 91	Short Arms	-1 foot reach with weapons, (never buys drink!)
92 - 93	Foul Stench	-10% to Charismatic skills, -20% to any dog tracking it, -10% from own Alertness: Smell
94 - 96	Heavy Body Hair	-2 App, +1 Armour versus Crush
97 - 99	Thick Skull	+2 Armour to blows to the head, -1 Intellect
100	Sense of Honour	Some Goblinoids have a chivalrous sense of honour; they never abandon friends and never lie.

Class	Inheritance
Slave	Small Club, 2 days Food, 1 Waterskin
Tribal	Social Status x 15 pennies, 1 weapon from background plus one from each mastered weapon
Warrior	Social Status x 15 pennies, 1 weapon from background plus one from each mastered weapon. (Social status x2)% chance of a tribal pony. This will be trained to be used in combat
Civilised	As a Human however, monies are x 0.8. No one is going to pay an Orc as much

1D100%	Class	Description
01 - 10	Slave	Slaves are captives taken in battle or as tribute or criminals
11 - 75	Tribal Orc / Goblin	The main group of Goblinoids are crafters, traders, farmers etc., though they take up arms when their chieftains command
76 - 95	Warrior	The full time warriors, although this class includes Priests
96 - 100	Civilised Orc / Goblin	Descendants of those Goblinoids that have left the tribes and made their way in Human lands.

Slaves do not have sponsors. Roll again to determine their sponsor's vocation. If the result is Slave again then treat that as tribal. The character will be an escaped slave.

The proportion of slave workers in Orcish society is greater than shown here, but only 10% get the chance to make a new life elsewhere.

All Goblinoid characters have basic knowledge in Brawling and their Own Language: Spoken (at +20 PSF%).

Sponsor's Vocation Tribal			
1D100%	Vocation Sponsor's	PC's Starting Skill Social (Basic Knowledge)	Status
01 - 20	Farm Boss	2 Agricultural Skills, Intimidation + 1 Skill	05
21 - 30	Animal Handler	2 Animal Skills + 1 Skill	05
31 - 35	Fisher	Fishing, Small Boats, Cast net+ 1 Skill	05
36 - 40	Servant	1 Cooking Skill, 1 Arts & Entertainment Skill + 1 Skill	03
41 - 45	Labourer	Endurance, Lifting, Conditioning+ 1 Skill	03
46 - 55	Woodworker	Carpentry, 1 Woodcraft Skill + 1 Skill	10
56 - 65	Leatherworker	Leather-working + 2 Clothing Skill	10
66 - 75	Metal Worker	Blacksmithing + Mace, Clubs & Hammers + 1 Skill	12
76 - 80	Miner	Tunnelling & Mining + 2 Skills	10
81 - 90	Annourer	Blacksmithing, Weaponsmithing, Bowery & Fletching	15
91 - 95	Stoneworker	Masonry + 2 Skills	15
96 - 100	Other Craft	Any 3 Craft skills	10
All Tribal Goblinoids have Spear or Mace, Clubs & Hammers as background skill.			

Table Goblinoid Sponsor's Vocations - Civilised

1D100%	Social Class	Points Cost
01 - 03	Slave	+5
04 - 20	Tribal	0
21 - 90	Warrior	-8
91 - 100	Guildsman	0

Civilised

These gain the basic knowledge of the Human culture that they are in. Roll on Table Goblinoid Sponsor's Vocations - Civilised to find out what Human Social Class the father is equivalent to then check the appropriate Human table for father's vocation as shown in standard character generation.

Sponsor's Vocation Warrior			
1D100%	Sponsor's Vocation	PC's Starting Skill (Basic Knowledge)	Status
01 - 03	Scout	Archery or Sling, 2 Outdoor Skills + 1 Thievery Skill	16
04 - 60	Common Warrior	1 Combat Skills + 1 Outdoor Skill	15
61 - 80	Officer's Guard	Animal Riding, Mounted Combat, Wear Heavy Armour + 1 Combat Skill	17
81 - 85	Urtan Asgh (Leader of 10)	Animal Riding, Mounted Combat, Wear Heavy Armour, Intimidation + 2 Combat Skills	17
86 - 89	Urtan Usasgh (Leader of 20)	Animal Riding, Mounted Combat, Wear Heavy Armour, Intimidation + 4 Combat Skills	18
90 - 91	Priest or Shaman	Faith, 2 Lore Skills+ Diplomacy & Politics	20
92 - 93	Necromancer	2 Lore Skills + Diplomacy & Politics	20
94 - 96	Urtan Asasgh (Leader of 100)	Animal Riding, Mounted Combat, Intimidation, Leadership, Wear Heavy Armour + 2 Combat Skills	22
97 - 98	Urtan Usalk (Leader of a tribe)	Animal Riding, Mounted Combat, Intimidation, Leadership, Wear Heavy Armour, Wear Battle Armour + 2 Combat Skills	25
99	Power Word Mage	3 Lore Skills	26
100	Parurtan Usurt (Leader of many Tribes)	Animal Riding, Mounted Combat, intimidation, Leadership, Wear Heavy Armour, Wear Battle Armour + 2 Combat Skills	30

In addition to the basic Goblinoid knowledge, all Warriors gain two Combat skills and Wear Light Armour.

Goblinoid Vocations

Warrior Vocations

Ahal (Warrior)

Primary Attribute: **Strength (STR)**

Secondary Attribute: **Constitution (CON)**

Open to the 'sons' of Urtan Usasgh, Asagh, Common Warriors and Tribal Sponsors may train as a Warrior of the Tribe. These are the line troops of the Goblinoid hordes

Ahal's Primary Skills	Secondary Skills
Conditioning Endurance Any Combat Skills (except K Only)	Animal Riding Mounted Combat First Aid Stamina Any background skills

Takri (Scouts)

Primary Attribute: **Constitution (CON)**

Secondary Attribute: **Agility (AGL)**

The Goblinoid equivalent of the Forester, the Scouts are not only important in spying out the route of Goblin armies but also detecting the incursions of others. This vocation is usually only open to the 'sons' of Warrior class Sponsors. Takri take a perverse delight in stalking Elven Goblin Hunters

Takri Primary Skills	Secondary Skills
Archery: Shortbow Sling or Javelin Regional & National Geography Endurance Stamina Slashing Sword or Spear or Bludgeon All Outdoor Skills	Any Combat Skills (except K Only) Animal Riding Mounted Combat First Aid Bowery & Fletching Any Thieves Skills Any background skills

Ushbhal (Officer's guards)

Primary Attribute: **Strength (STR)**

Secondary Attribute: **Agility (AGL)**

Officers (leaders of 100 and greater) often have bodyguards, to help stave off ambitious underlings with dreams of promotion. These are strong troops chosen for loyalty (or at worst a sense of self-interest) and speed and can come from any background except Slave. They tend to specialise in only a few weapons, but to be good at those few.

Ushbhal Primary Skills	Secondary Skills
Any 7 Combat Skills (except K Only) Conditioning Endurance Alertness: Sight Alertness: Sound Detect Thievery	Any Combat Skills First Aid Animal Riding Mounted Combat Stamina Any background skills

Tanahal (Mounted Troops)

Primary Attribute: **Strength (STR)**

Secondary Attribute: **Constitution (CON)**

Goblinoids are mostly infantry troops, but most tribes will have a few mounted troops and some plains tribes are almost all mounted. The Cavalry of choice are usually hardy ponies well trained to live with Orcs or, in the case of the tribes of Goblins who are smaller in stature, specially trained dogs, bred to be large in size and close in appearance to wolves.

Orcs who raise horses often have to defend them from other tribes who see them as a handy food supply.

Tanahal Primary Skills	Secondary Skills
Any Combat Skills (except K Only) Animal Riding Mounted Combat Conditioning Endurance	First Aid Stamina Any Background Skills

Partahal (Mounted Shock Troops)

Primary Attribute: **Strength (STR)**

Secondary Attribute: **Constitution (CON)**

Usually only open to the sons of Urtan Asasgh, Usalk and Parurtan Usurt, these are the Goblinoid equivalents to Knights, though they are not as heavily armed and armoured. As well as providing the officer class, these troops will usually be found either as a reserve to drive home an attack, or as the lead of that attack to break through a line. In most Orcish tribes they train on foot as well as mounted.

Partahal Primary Skills	Secondary Skills
Any Combat Skills (except K Only) Animal Riding Mounted Combat Conditioning Endurance Cavalry Lance Battlefield Tactics Leadership	First Aid Stamina Any Combat Skills (except K Only) Any background skills

Darken

Darken is one of the realms of Marakush, a fantasy game world available from Britannia Game Designs Ltd. It is ruled by the dragon, Shugaloth, worshipped as a goddess by Men, and considered evil by other races and reviled. The small set of additions below are to allow C&S Essence campaigns in Darken.

The Government of Darken

Darken is ruled by the Great Queen Dragon Shugaloth, the Living Goddess, the Incarnation of the Death Ancestress. She in turn has started to establish a feudal nation in place of her previous tyranny. However, the Temple of Shugaloth is enjoying its little theocracy and is resisting the expansion of temporal authority.

Shugaloth's Chancellor, Ingravain, has been in the same position for a few hundred years, and more surprisingly he is, or rather was, human. Once a mighty Necromancer, he came to Darken to challenge Shugaloth and take possession of much of her magic, but he was too late.

She had discovered the crystal column about which she is wrapped to this day, a source of more power than any mere mortal magician could counter and he became her slave. After her third Chancellor died she raised Ingravain to his place. Two years after that Ingravain died, upon which he raised himself, as a Leichen. Undead, he has been her faithful servant ever since.

Ingravain inherited a rudimentary civil service which he has expanded, but this expansion has also increased the power of the Temples, who supply the literate young men (of whatever species) to do the work. Therefore Ingravain knows that there is little that goes on in the government that the Temples do not know about.

Ingravain thus maintains a small, separate group who work with him in government and enacting his policies for tasks he does not want widely known.

Officially they are known as "The Queen's Falconeers", and they are paid through budgets allocated to falconry, though the queen has never seen the need to keep falcons! In reality they are the Chancellor's spies and enforcers.

During times when there has been dispute between the Hierophant of the Temple and the Chancellor, the Falconeers and the Hierophant's Guard have come to blows in the streets.

It is suggested that Darken characters join "The Queen's Falconeers", Ingravain's agents in both running Darken and undermining the Temple. They are, by inclination, adventurers, freebooters and as long as they obey Ingravain's interpretation of the law then he is not going to look closely as to how the bad guys bite the dust. Be aware this is only as long as it the bad guys and not some subjects that you just did not like the look of. This means that poisons and blowpipes are available to the Dark Elf characters.

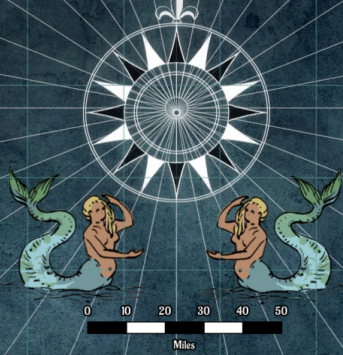
Although Darken has a human population it also is peopled with Orcs, Goblins, Hobgoblins and Dark Elves. It also has Dragons but Dragons are too powerful to be Player Characters at this point.

Shamans of the Orcish peoples still worship the Death Goddess Ancestress Spirit of their primitive tribes. The reason that they have not been totally suppressed is that the Dragon-Goddess Shugaloth claims to be an incarnation of this Spirit, so that the Shamans, by worshipping the Spirit, are also worshipping her. However, the Priests of the official cult are not keen on Shaman and will use any excuse to harass them, or move them on.

Priests of Shugaloth are treated as the same as Friars from the standard C&S rules. There are no Priests, at least none currently ordained, in the Queen's Falconeers.



Darken



The Dragon Sea

The Cadilan Sea

Cadan Bay

Cadanbyrig







The map here has been provided as a setting starting point and the home of the little adventures that are part of this book. They are generic and could be fitted into any campaign. The coast could even be the coast of Darken if you are using the Marakush campaign.

The scale set here is a typical one, though you could make it different if you want. This would give more wilderness areas between the cities, towns, castle and keeps. More land for you to host your characters explorations and adventures. It would also give the lords more space in order to have characters earn lands of their own. These lands will be rough and obviously already occupied with strange creatures and lost structures from an ancient time.

Alternatively if you want to keep the characters firmly within civilised areas, then the scale could be made smaller bringing the inhabited world closer together. This works well with strife and intrigue between the Barons, fighting over the good land quality areas on the map.

The towns and structures on the map can also be added to, maybe you want more smaller conurbations on the map, such as hamlets and villages. Perhaps you would like more lakes and finer detail of brooks and streams. These are all easy to add to the map, in order to make it your own.

- Hamlet [up to 100], No Wall, No Manor
- Village [100 - 400], No Wall, Wooden Manor
- Town [500 - 1,500], No Wall, Stone Manor
- ◻ Town [700 - 2,000], Wall, Stone Manor
- ◉ City [2,000 - 5,000], No Wall, Stone Keep
- City [5,000 - 22,000], Wall, Stone Castle



Orc's Ford



Population 1,242

The population of Orc's Ford might seem to be small in comparison to some of the fantasy cities and towns out there. However, the towns and cities of 14th Century England, were far smaller than one might think.

City	Pop
London	23,314
York	7,248
Bristol	6,345
Coventry	4,817
Norwich	3,952
Lincoln	3,569
Newcastle	2,647
Canterbury	2,574
Oxford	2,357
Hereford	1,903
Cambridge	1,902
Plymouth	1,700
Hull	1,557
Nottingham	1,447
Winchester	1,440

Population as of 1377 census

Orc's Ford is rated as a large town. It's growth has been organic and the houses and structures are spread out along roads, trails and natural terrain features.

The river and the fish pond provide the everyday common folk with their protein; salmon is cheap and easy to come by, most of the guild apprentices will be fed salmon with some veg at least three or four times a week.

Holidays see the goose getting slaughtered or perhaps a pig or goat if a major celebration. Cattle and beef are more expensive and generally eaten by those more well off such as the Masters, Clergy and Knights.

A Very Orcish Adventure

This adventure may be set in a suitable town in your own campaign, or in the sample area map in this book and the town of Orc's Ford, a town of some 1,200 people, that lies out in the wilds of the wooded hills, between the Goblin Woods and Badger's Feast Woods, in the lands owned by Baron Roger Silverheart, a vassal of the powerful Earl Nicolas Whitefall.

Earl Nicolas Whitefall

In his late fifties, the earl still has a good physique and takes part in many of the tournaments that are held in the King's lands. He has a large extended family for which he provides lands and titles.

He stands 5'11", his build is not what it was when he was young, having lost much of his muscle mass over the years. He has white hair, steel grey eyes and a fair complexion. There is an air of sadness about him, he lost his second wife to childbirth a little over a year ago and has not been the happy person he once was. His first marriage, to the King's cousin Karabell, was a political marriage, but he truly loved his second wife, Anne Gardell, the younger sister of the Earl Brightsword.

Anne was much younger than Earl Whitefall, only 18 when they married and this was her first child. Complications during the birth of their son took her life.

Earl Whitefall

7th Level Knight

Social Stats: 42 **BIF:** 76 (2,100 Honour points)

Place of Power: Castle Whitefall

Height: 5'11" **Build:** 4 **Wt:** 157lb

Hair: White **Eyes:** Grey **Complexion:** Fair

BOD: 49 **FAT:** 33 **LCAP:** 204 lb **CCAP:** 102lb

BAP: 15 **Jump:** 8'

STR	16 (79%)	INT	12 (66%)	APP	14 (73%)
CON	17 (82%)	WIS	12 (66%)	BV	12 (66%)
DEX	14 (73%)	DISC	13 (70%)	SPR	12 (66%)
AGL	16 (79%)	FER	13 (70%)	CHA	13 (70%)

DT 5

BMR 0

SPRINT 8

Base Skills

	PSF%	TSC%
Alertness-Sight	0%	7%
Alertness-Sound	0%	7%
Stamina	18%	58%
Dodge	22%	62%
Will Power	18%	58%
Languages (common)	6%	66%
Faith	24%	44%

Relevant Skills

	PSF%	TSC%
Courtly Manners	24%	64%
Local Geography	3%	63%
Foresters Stealth	18%	48%
Tracking Prey	9%	39%
Play Lute	21%	61%
Horse Breeding	34%	65%
Veterinary Medicine	09%	39%

Combat Skills

	PSF%	TSC%
Conditioning 5 levels		
Knife Fighting	34%	74%
Slashing Swords	53%	83%
Axes	29%	59%
Archery	30%	50%
Cavalry Lances	44%	64%
Riding Warhorse	24%	64%
Mounted Combat	54%	74%

Weapons

Shortbow 30PSF% 50TSC%

Base Damage +9M

Range (crit), S:20' (+2) M:30'(-1) L:90' (-6) EX: 150' (-12)

Battle Axe 29PSF% 59TSC%

Damage 16S Crit +1 Bash 7

Knight Broadsword 53PSF% 83TSC%

Damage 14S Crit +1 Bash 8

Dagger 34PSF% 74 TSC%

Damage 10P

Armour

Maille Hauberk, Quilted Surcoat and Great Helm with cloth cap and maille coif, with a Reinforced Shield.

Body [13 / 14 / 11 / 13 / 11]

Arms & Legs [9 / 9 / 8 / 9 / 7]

Head and Neck [27 / 26 / 23 / 24 / 16]

Shield [16 / 16 / 16 / 16 / 16]

His Warhorse is called Stomper and is a Fine Heavy Warhorse.



Baron Roger Silverheart

Baron Silverheart is lord of the Castle Silverheart that is the citadel of the large walled town (pop 3,500) that has grown up around this large defensive structure. (CAS III). It perches on the bend of the river atop sheer cliffs of Sandstone that give the castle a magnificent view along the main King's Highway to the city of Wroughtdaly and South towards the large port city of Woolerton Bay.

His territory is predominantly wooded hills that are home to many of the evil humanoid races and he has been charged with keeping the King's Highway along this stretch of road free from their attacks. Interspersed between the hills and forests are lowland grassy plain that have excellent soil for growing crops and also good grazing for animals. He has been blessed with good harvests for several years and his war chest and coffer are brimming full.

Column Keep on the road to the north is held by a constable for Earl Whitefall, his eldest son, Lord Wrylin Whitefall. Baron Silverheart and Lord Constable Wrylin do not get along at all; there have been too many accidents along that part of the road where attacks have been made upon the Baron's Men.

The Baron is also troubled by Baron Blackwill in the castle to the south of his land. Raids have been made into the baron's land and bandit activities on the trail from Follyhead to Kepher have been frequent. Baron Blackwill claims no knowledge of these activities, but Baron Silverheart suspects that Blackwill is having his men conduct raids into his territory.

The motivation for such attacks is simple jealousy. Blackwill's lands are wet lowlands and while Silverheart has enjoyed bumper crop yields, Blackwill has had several years of famine.

Silverheart is well liked by the people who live under his protection. He is hard lord but fair. He has a beautiful wife and several children. His eldest son, 21 year old Altheric, is currently away training as a squire with Earl Brightsword, one of the Baron's dear friends, and will soon be knighted.. He has two daughters, Matilda and Maude, and younger son of 9 who is currently acting as his brother's page.

The Baron himself has taken a Squire from Earl Downing, an unexpected request from one so distant who the Baron has little contact with. His current page is the youngest son of Baron Windover.

Baron Silverheart

5th Level Knight

Social Stats: 39 BIF: 76 (1,100 Honour points)

Place of Power: Castle and Town of Silverheart

Height: 5'8" **Build:** 8 **Wt:** 172lb

Hair: Black **Eyes:** Brown **Complexion:** Black

BOD: 43 **FAT:** 33 **LCAP:** 199 lb **CCAP:** 100lb

BAP: 16 **Jump:** 8'

STR 14 (73%) **INT** 14 (73%) **APP** 12 (66%)

CON 14 (73%) **WIS** 16 (79%) **BV** 12 (66%)

DEX 16 (79%) **DISC** 13 (70%) **SPR** 12 (66%)

AGL 16 (79%) **FER** 16 (79%) **CHA** 13 (70%)

DT 5

SPRINT 8

BMR 0

Base Skills

PSF% **TSC%**

Alertness-Sight 0% 7%

Alertness-Sound 0% 7%

Stamina 9% 49%

Dodge 12% 52%

Will Power 9% 49%

Languages (all) 0% 60%

Faith 23 43%

Relevant Skills

PSF% **TSC%**

Cattle Breeding 20% 50%

Veterinary Medicine 20% 50%

Courtly Manners 15% 55%

Local Geography 16% 76%

Bee Keeping 14% 44%

Combat Skills

PSF% **TSC%**

Conditioning 2 levels

Endurance 5 Levels

Knife Fighting 30% 70%

Slashing Swords 47% 77%

Spears 38% 78%

Archery 14% 34%

Cavalry Lances 44% 64%

Riding Warhorse 41% 61%

Mounted Combat 43% 63%

Weapons

Shortbow 14% PSF% 34 TSC%

Base Damage +9M

Range (crit), S:20' (+2) M:30'(-1) L:90' (-6) EX: 150' (-12)

Knight Broadsword 53PSF% 83TSC%

Damage 13S Crit +1 Bash 8

Hunting Spear 38 PSF% 78 TSC%

Damage 12P Crit +0 Bash 10

Dagger 30 PSF% 70 TSC%

Damage 6P

Armour

Maille Hauberk, Quilted Surcoat and Great Helm with cloth cap and maille coif, with a Reinforced Shield.

Body [13 / 14 / 11 / 13 / 11]

Arms & Legs [9 / 9 / 8 / 9 / 7]

Head and Neck [27 / 26 / 23 / 24 / 16]

Shield [16 / 16 / 16 / 16 / 16]

His Warhorse is called Raven, a jet black horse with a curly mane and clever eyes and is a Noble Heavy Warhorse.



These territories and NPCs can be placed in any campaign where Earls and Barons divide up the land. This could be the coast of Darken in Marrakush or just about any other eastern coastline.

Maybe a name change for a town or a major city might be required to match up with your campaign map but there shouldn't be too much trouble with making this area fit within your game.

If your game is EF or LF then some of the Armour types may either be too advanced or left behind. You can clad your knights in something suitable.

Sir Godrick & Lady Elanor

Lord & Lady of Orc's Ford

Sir Godrick Dedman is the lord of Orc's Ford, a small town at the very centre of the lands belonging to Baron Silverheart. The area here, has long been settled, with Sir Godrick's distant relative clearing the lands around the manor house, making the area safe for people to set up their homes. The lands were originally in the hands of Orcs; however long and bloody battles and skirmishes have seen the Orcs retreat into the wooded hills.

Godrick is in his seventies and has trouble getting about as well as he used to. Toothless and wrinkled, yet still a proud knight, he hates his body slowly falling apart. Elanor is now 59 and looks like she did when she was ten or fifteen years younger. Godrick always says *"I can't see why you still love me, old and broken as I am."* She replies, *"Because your kindness and the sparkle in your eyes has never diminished."*

Godrick and Elanor had several sons, though now they have all perished, either through wars or skirmishes in the woods and hills with Orcs. They are now giving all of the love and support to their grand children and great grandchildren. They have moved out of Orc's Ford and have lives of their own within the lands of other nobles, Earl Whitefall and Baron Blackwill amongst others.

Sir Godrick, bandy legged and slightly stooped, can be seen often around the town or on Pickers Common with a horse, training or simply riding out. Elanor is always keeping an eye on him as he falls often and she rushes out to lift him back up. Godrick has no squire or page; he feels his ideas and methods are antiquated and no longer relevant to teach modern ways of fighting, either in war or tournaments.

Elanor does most of the work on the manor with the help of some locals and servants. She is still beautiful and wears her long brown hair down to her waist. She loves bonnets, all kinds and is always seen in the colour blue.

Sir Godrick needs no stat block. He will not be in combat with PCs.: Level 14 Knight, **Status:** 31 **BIF:** 65

Elanor however, has a secret.



Lady Elanor Dedman

9th Level Enchantress

Social Stats: 28 BIF: 76

Place of Power: Town of Orc's Ford

Height: 5'8" **Build:** 4 **Wt:** 150lb

Hair: Brown **Eyes:** Brown **Complexion:** Average

BOD: 35 **FAT:** 28 **LCAP:** 105 lb **CCAP:** 53lb

BAP: 15 **Jump:** 8'

STR	09 (54%)	INT	17 (82%)	APP	20 (90%)
CON	14 (73%)	WIS	17 (82%)	BV	20 (90%)
DEX	12 (66%)	DISC	14 (73%)	SPR	09 (54%)
AGL	12 (66%)	FER	16 (79%)	CHA	16 (79%)

PMF: 79	ML: 5	DT	5
BMR	0	SPRINT	8

Base Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Alertness-Sight	0%	7%
Alertness-Sound	0%	7%
Stamina	1%	41%
Dodge	7%	47%
Will Power	10%	50%
Languages (Common)	7%	67%
Faith	-2	18%

Relevant Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Magickal Beast Lore	23%	63%
Charm	40%	70%
Bargaining	24%	64%
Oration	37%	67%
Storytelling	25%	65%
World History & Legend	23%	53%
Lore of Correspondences	33%	53%
Sing	38%	68%
Harp	30%	70%
Poetic Comp	20%	50%
Poetic Recitation	48%	88%
Words of Guard	28%	58%
Laws of Magick	30%	90%
Enchant Mode	69%	79%
Command Method	57%	77%
Illusion Method	40%	70%
Wards Method	37%	57%
Basic Magick Air	40%	60%
Basic Magick Fire	27%	47%
Basic Magick Earth	24%	44%
Basic Magic Water	24%	44%
Transcendental Method	27%	47%
Transmutation Method	24%	44%
Arcane Method	24%	44%

Combat Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Knife Fighting	40%	80%

Weapons

Dagger 30 PSF% 70 TSC%
Damage 4P

Simple Focus

Charges 18 Recharge: 3 per week

- A yew and poplar Harp with iron and copper fittings, the knobs of the harp are opal
- Reduce fatigue costs to cast spells using focus by 2
- +5% to targeting.
- Store 9 MR of Spells

Spells Learned

	MR	FAT	Page	Cast
Sleep	1	2	353	Can
Area Sleep	3	5	353	Sor
Hold Person	4	6+3	357	Can
Suggestion (f)	2	4	358	Sor
Fear	4	7	361	Sor
Greater Charm Person	5	9	356	Ritual
Comman Large Predator	5	9+3	359	Hex
Detect Illusion	1	3	370	Can
Dispel Illusion	1	sp	370	sp
Blurred Image	1	3	372	Hex
Greater Disguise	4	6	372	Sor
Cloak Self (f)	3	6	372	Sor
Lesser Illusion	2	4	371	Hex
Les/Ward against Evil	1	3	395	Can
Les/Ward Against Beasts	1	3	395	Can
Les/Ward against Commands	2	4	395	Can
Les/Ward Against Undead	2	3	395	Can
Create/Command Air	2	3	319	Can
Air Beam (f)	4	6+	320	Hex

Talent

Elanor has the ability to speak with the animals. She can speak with Birds, Hoofed Animals and canines

This has allowed her to form an exceptional bond of friendship using her charm skill with the falcons, hunting dogs and horses of the manor.

To Elanor they are not working animals, they are best friends who help out because of their love for her. A threat to one her animal friends is a threat to a loved one. She acts accordingly if she sees anyone harshly treating one of the animal types she can talk with.

Orc's Ford

1. The Manor House
2. The Church of the Disciples
3. The Green Goblin Inn
4. The Reeve's House
5. The Woodward's House
6. The Beadle's House
7. Chapter of Guild of Esoteric Lore
8. The Chandler
9. The Signet Tavern
10. The Minstrel Inn
11. Usurer
12. Leather Worker
13. Boat Master's Lodge

[1] The Stone Manor House

This is a large stone manor house surrounded by a strong 10' high fieldstone wall. It has a stable for the horses and also a kennel for the hounds.

[a] Bonded Ostler - Master Kaldon Ripkin

Master of the Hunt - Klive Daventree 2nd Level Forester

[b] Bonded Weaponsmith - Master Jason Pertuth

[c] Barracks

Captain of the Guards - Sir Tibeth Maldorn 2nd Level Knight

Captain of the Guards Squire - Squire Maybrook Endorton 1st Level Knight

Sergeant at Arms - Sergeants Edward Althorp & Aubrey Eckelton (3rd Level Servien)

10 Retainers 1st Level retainers

[2] The Church of The Disciples

This is one of the main focuses for life in the town and the primary reason for the town being here at all. The church was built on land and with money donated by the current lord's father, Sir Nigel.

Reverend Father - Hugo Frenton 5th Level Ordained Priest

Master of the Reliquary - Father Patren Boise 4th Level Ordained Priest

Master of the Orders - Father Roger Denhey 3rd Level Ordained Priest

4 x Ordained Ministers - 1st Level Ordained Priest

Paladins of St Martin (1st Level Holy Knights)

Sir Geoffrey De Hearn

Sir Walter Monmouth

Sir Fredrick Blaine

Sergeant Farley Mortimer - 3rd Level Servien

Men at Arms - 5 Retainers 1st Level Warriors

Abbot of the Monastery - Quigel Ronfort 4th Level Monastic

Master of Discipline - Tristram Wellingworth 3rd Level Monastic

4 x Brother Monks - (1st Level Monastic)

[3] The Green Goblin Inn

A three-story inn made from timber and plaster construction and kept in good order. The entrance is always occupied by an elderly gentleman who everyone seems to know as 'Old Bill' and who has his drinks brought for him by a local lad aged around 13 years. Old Bill seems to be about 60 and has difficulty seeing too good as his eyes are always crunched up. Sid sits here from sun up to sun down and watches everyone in and everyone out.

The inn is run by Master Davenport, a local man, who did well by the lord in a battle and won his freedom and a sizeable purse to boot. After going adventuring with a passing band, he returned considerably stronger and richer than before, brought the 'Once upon a time', as it was then, from master Averguard, who was getting on a bit. He spent a great deal of his money extending the tavern and finally he made it into a fine inn.

Master Davenport - 4th Level Warrior

Master Thief - Old Bill 8th Level Burglar

Footpads - Tina Evermeet & Roger Lefler 5th Level Cut Purses

Thieves - Eric Belthrew, Marley Wiseman, 'Buck', and 'Red' 3rd Level Cut Purses

Master Bard - Enialust Silkenvoice - 4th Level Entertainer

Master Ostler - Evan Ribbenforth Commoner 1st Level Forester

The Ancient One - Lord Celavin Meldorth 11th Level Entertainer/Scholar

Songmaster - Tebenorth 3rd Level Entertainer

Animal Companion - Basher Mastiff Dog

Several other bards of lesser repute - Lucky Day, Rose the Nose, Egbert the Skald and Eric Vincent. 1st Level Bards

[4] The Reeves House

This is the house of Thomas Moorcroft the reeve of the village. He is the most experienced farmer in the village and was appointed by the lord who values his advice with regards to the crops and the animals. Thomas has a nice large cottage and an extended family that are provided for by a good stock of animals.

Thomas Moorcroft Commoner

[5] The Woodward

This is the house of the Woodward of the village, Jethro Abergrainge a rather surly man who seems to dislike everyone else in the village. He was given the job to get him out of the way of the reeve and the other folk who regularly work in the field. His job is to make sure that the woods and fallow grounds are well looked after and balanced for the town. The job has its dangers and the villager hoped that he would come to a sticky end in the woods at the hands of Barbarians or Orcs. He was very clever though and brought several very large and ferocious dogs that he takes everywhere with him. Jethro's wife carries with her the same mean streak and can be seen beating children with her broom if they get too close to the cottage. They have no children of their own but look after the son of a dead relative.

Jethro Abergrainge - 1st Level Forester

[6] The Beadle

The village beadle acts like a town policeman, making sure that dues are paid and no cheating is done during the harvest. Ecramond *'The Frail'* seems to be a poor choice for the job of beadle as his frame is not the best and he always seems to be ailing with something. However, he has a presence and insight. Most people in the village are unsettled by his uncanny powers of deduction, and some attribute his insights to mysterious powers. The lord thinks that this is the beadle's way of controlling the populace and laughs heartily when he hears the people's cries of "Witch!" The cries, of course, are always from those who have been found out.

Ecramond *'The Frail'* Commoner

[7] Chapter of the Guild of Esoteric Lore

This is a residential house belonging to a wealthy merchant by the name of Master Giles Stillmoor, who sells cloth. He has many strange visitors to his house who stay for long periods and then leave. They smoke strange weeds and speak in very unusual accents. Everyone in the town distrusts Master Giles, though they are afraid to say more as his money is very important to the town.

Master Giles Stillmoor 3rd Level Mage Hex Master

Animal Familiar: Black Cat – Sooty

Journeyman Celina Fairchild - 1st Level Hex Master

Journeyman Malcolm Mathews - 1st Level Hex Master

[8] The Chandler

Guild Master Elroy Cavenny 4th Level Adventurer

Elroy is the town's guild master and represents all of the town's guilds at the city. He is one of the most cunning men in the country according to some of the other guildsmen in the town and without doubt the richest. He sells general goods and trail supplies to passing caravans and adventures and makes them pay top dollar for the goods with his prices 50% higher than standard. He knows that they will not get the same goods for a long while as the town is a long way from another town.

He has been robbed several times of late and now employs six mercenaries to guard his store which is one of the most prominent shops in the town. The six are called the Batwings for the black leather cloaks that they wear. They have large wooden shields and scale mail armour and are armed with long swords.

[9] The Signet Tavern

The *'Signet Tavern'* has always attracted the more seedy elements of the town as well as the adventuresome types that pass through who have not got the stomach for the collection of bards that huddle together in the Green Goblin Inn. The tavern is a large single-story stone structure situated in the middle of the town; the inside and outside are in a state of disrepair due to the violence that has been visited upon it in its many years.

The Tavern is owned by an unknown out of town gentleman who always seems to have *'just left'* or *'be back later'* or *'on other business'* etc. None have seen this gentleman but many claim to have heard tell of his deeds in the city of Hope and tell fabulous stories of Dragons and vast treasure troves. It is said by the more outlandish elements that the owner has never been seen because the tavern is owned by a Dwarf from the mountains and he wishes to remain unseen.

The day-to-day running of the Tavern is taken care of by a local lad named Eric Vorten, a young man of pagan blood. He has size on his side and he needs it in this tavern as throwing out time indeed means throwing out time and he can oft be seen hefting a drunken body into the street or if they are less fortunate into the lake. He lives here alone and has help from a local boy and two of the local ladies who earn quite well from the tips that the patrons give.

Eric Vorten - 2nd Level Barbarian Warrior

Arianne – Serving Wench Commoner

Matilda – Serving Wench Commoner

Alvin – Cellar Boy Commoner

The prices here are very cheap and players can get drinks and meals at a saving of 20% on the standard prices. However, the quality is correspondingly dire!

Patrons of Note

Osborn - 5th Level Forester

Habib - 3rd Level Thaumaturge a man of dark skin and strange accent

Stein - 3rd Level Conjurer

[10] The Minstrel Inn

For near on three decades, this inn was known to serve the best ale in Orc's Ford. However, recently, it has been overshadowed by her rival, The Green Goblin. The proprietor, Dieter Uttmann, has slowly been growing into a rage - hell-bent on revenging his loss at the Brew Festival. At first, those who knew Uttmann thought his rage was in jest, but lately, they have seen Uttmann dealing with seedier types of people, and it is feared that Uttmann might soon do something he might regret.

Dieter Uttmann Commoner

[11] Userer

Run by a family who hails from the North and the windswept coastal area. They have a thick northern accent. Their notes are of good standing in most parts, though they lose their value somewhat outside of the Kingdom. The brothers had to leave the north, they were members of the silken glove, a powerful guild of thieves up there. However, they got caught short changing the guild and keeping back more for their cut. They were hunted and barely managed to escape. This isn't their real names and they vowed that they would never cheat with money ever again. The competitive streak in them is still strong.

Boris Daybright - 3rd Level Burglar

Harold Daybright - 3rd Level Cutpurse (Boris's Brother)

The two brother families are inseparable, though they compete on everything and have been known to come to blows over some exceedingly trivial matters.

[12] Leather Worker

Jared of Malay is named after an old noble and people have been talking. They think he's some bastard child of a royal. He may well be, or he's just made up a name that sounds important to get the tongues wagging.

[13] The Boatmasters Lodge

Harold Carver is a very important man. He will tell anyone who listens, *"I'm a very important man."*

Much of the trade, in and out of the town comes and goes by the river; indeed many people are happy to travel to their destination by boat. It is much safer than the journey overland, the road to the Major City of Wroughtdale is notorious for highway robbers, bandits and the occasional attack by disgruntled Orcs. The boats travel all the way down the river to Column Keep and on to Wroughtdale and upriver to Kepher servicing all of the tributaries in between.

Harold does a splendid job if asked he can tell you something about every one of the boat crews and their families. If there are frequent travellers, then he will certainly know something about them too.

Harold Carver Commoner.

More People

The town is large enough for you to place many more trades and interesting people with it's bounds. Keep the levels of those people on the lower side. Those who make high levels tend to leave Orc's Ford and head for the bigger cities of the shire. 4th Level is pretty much as far as most get to before leaving for greener pastures in the more urbanised areas.

The Mayor of the Town changes every so often as the guild votes are spilt. At the moment the towns Mayor is Patch The Miller. We have left his details for you to decide upon. Will he be a friend to the characters, or will he be antagonistic towards them, seeing them as troublemakers? How does he get along with Sir Godrick and Elanor? All for you to decide.

What's Going On?

Baron Blackwill has indeed, as Baron Silverheart suspects, been sending raiders into his lands. These raiders often pretend to be Orcs, rarely leave any witnesses to their attacks. Those who have survived have reported the incident as an Orc attack, after all everyone knows that the hills are filled with Orcs.

One day while these raiders were scouting out a hiding place from which to spring an attack, they discovered something very strange indeed. They had stumbled upon an old temple, it was clearly not made by humans. Its bas reliefs and spiky structures indicated an Orcish origin.

They had found the Temple of the Severed Hand. The hand was that of a Titan or powerful giant of some kind, purple of skin and huge, the size of a building. The Temple appeared to be empty and long abandoned. They used the space for while for their attacks, then as autumn came they made their way back to their own lands, giving the report of their finding to Baron Blackwill. Over the cold months of autumn and winter the devious and evil mind of Blackwill churned.

Using intermediaries, and magickal means, he made contact with a tribe of Orcs in the hills. He convinced an ambitious shaman that the temple was of their ancient god, that Silverheart had long ago driven their people out of the area of the temple. He convinced them to return to the temple and to extract bloody vengeance upon Silverheart for his deeds against their god.

The shaman was grateful for his bringing this to them, seeing an opportunity to advance himself by bringing back the worship of their old god, a god who previously only had a name - Manus. He recruited the help of a powerful but discontented tribal warrior, offering him to position of chief of a new tribe if he could bring other malcontents with them.

The renegade Orcs swarmed out from the subterranean home in the cold and windswept hills, down into the wooded vale where the temple is located. Once they were settled they began to raid, doing the work of the human raiders that Blackwill had been sending. On one of these raids, they captured Baron Silverheart's eldest son, Altheric, as squire riding with one of Baron Brightsword's patrols. Survivors reported Altheric's capture to Brightsword, who has informed Silverheart.

Blackwill is driven by envy, he is envious of the land quality that Silverheart has, the success of his crops and cattle. He has blackness in his heart and wants to see Silverheart's lands wither and die. The immediate call to adventure is an appeal by Baron Silverheart to find his missing son (or an order, if the PCs are the Baron's vassals or servants). The PCs might begin their investigations at the site of the raid on Lord Oren's party.

Adventure Game Play

As this is a book partly about Orcs then this adventure can be run several ways.

You can have this game played with the players having Orcs as their characters, the leaders and heroes of the Orcs who inhabit the area of the Temple of the Severed Hand. This is the place where their god Manus can be worshipped properly.

They can plan raids against the humans who had them banished from their homelands. They can fight off the soldiers or heroes that Baron Silverheart sends to clear out this Orcish threat. They can set up the methods of worship for their god. Some acts of faith for the worship of Manus are included, but the players may also have some ideas of what acts the religion might include. Some might be variations upon those in the **C&S** main rules. Some will be totally unique to this faith.

If you are more about *"know thy enemy as you know yourself"* and this book is being used to give the Orcish monster a more interesting face. You can run this in the traditional manner where the heroes are people of Baron Silverheart, sent to sort out the problem.

A third option is to have PC Orcs be representatives of established tribes sent to eradicate this new death cult. The *"tribe"* formed by T'Erennti Dath and K'ribber Roth is brutal and disruptive, made up of ne'er-do-wells who would never advance in a regular tribe. Not only could it upset sensitive tribal politics, the Severed Hand's raids on Human lands could provoke a war between Orcs and Humans. Resourceful PCs might find common ground with Baron Silverheart and help create a more established peace, ultimately helping him deal with the threat from Baron Blackwill as well as from the Severed Hand.

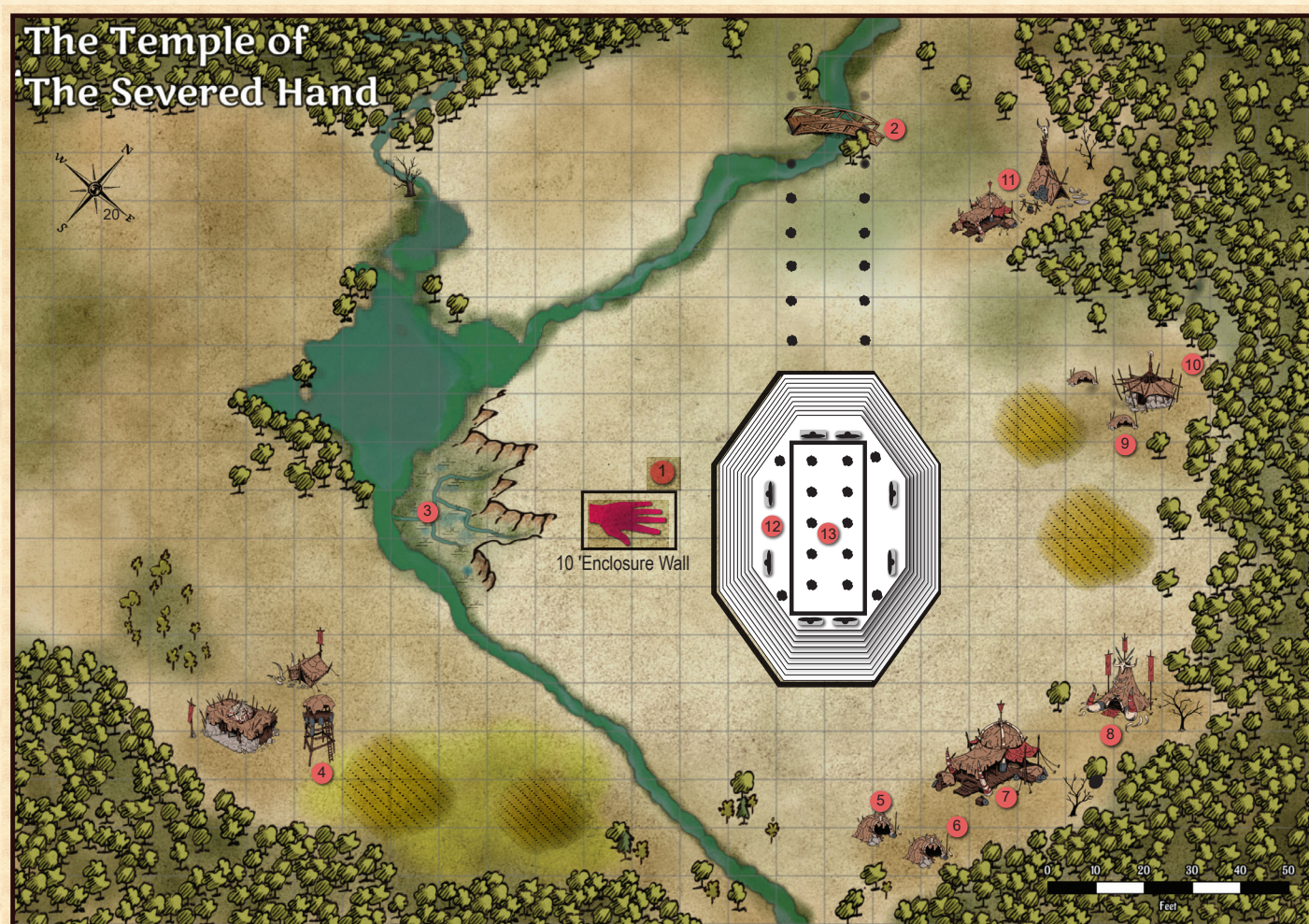
Whichever method you choose to run the encounters in, human-centric or Orcish-centric, they should be about the exploration of Orcish, not just hack and slash. Let humans discover something about the deeper state of Orcish thinking and faith. Or let the players discover this as they play the Orcs.

Role playing is about experimenting with personality and choices that you can't or shouldn't make in a normal society. With role playing, anything can be explored in a safe way.

Be creative and explore Orcs, bring something to the game that you think will be interesting and creative. Remember, however, there are rules of conduct: Have fun, be inclusive and mindful of other's fun! It's just a game, not real life or death so don't get too upset over things that happen in the game.



1 Square = 10 miles



Location 1

The Severed Hand

This is an enormous hand, with a purple hue, but was definitely once alive. The texture and fingerprints of the hand are all still visible, though the effects of weather can be seen, indicating that this is a very old object indeed.

The whole hand lies in a basin, seemingly carved out of the bedrock. The basin is some 10' deep or more in some locations. The bottom is filled with water ankle deep. Spring rains have left most of the area wet and soggy.

Looking at the stump of the hand, one can see what look like tunnels, where blood vessels once flowed, providing whatever the creature was with fresh blood. Now the effect of time have eroded the soft bloody areas leaving small tunnels. One can see that offerings were placed inside the tunnels, some older ones have started to decay. These are coins, food, trinkets, all manner of wooden carvings. There are some human objects in there too, a crushed helm, a broken sword, a human skull etc.

Getting down into the enclosure is easy, one can hang and drop. Getting out of the enclosure is more difficult requiring a helping hand or tied off rope. Without these a character will need to make a successful climbing check.

If the characters come looking for answers as to who the hand once belonged to they will be disappointed for these answers were washed away long, long ago.

Adventure Hook:

If the characters look through the human trophies the Orcs have placed here, they will find that two of the items have information on them that could to reunite the item with a loved one.

A handmade talisman crafted from bone, with a unique enamel design. showing a symbols of a house. Research could reveal the owner of the piece, which could lead to a reward - or maybe a quest to find out if the owner is still alive.

A hunting horn, has brass and silver fittings with an inscription. *"For my Husband Arkle, the best hunter and tracker in the Kingdom."* Arkle isn't a very common name in the area, so a little time asking about might lead to the whereabouts of Arkle's wife.

Location 2

The Wooden Bridge

The bridge construction was originally started by the Baron's raiders. However once they realised that this would most likely become some other pawn in the Baron's plot they abandoned it. The Orcs have carried on with the bridge where the men left off; however they do not have the same skills that the men had and have made a shambles of the project.

The side numbered is the side where the bridge has some quality to it and the planks that make its structure have been sawn and are straight and without warping. The plank from half way to the other side of the bridge are roughly split and have bends and warps. The side that has quality has been put together with joints and wooden dowels. The Orcish-built side is held together with rope.

Overall the bridge is sound to use and won't suddenly drop out from under the characters whatever side they are on. The construction is mentioned here as it is a clue that some other force, some external group other than Orcs has had an influence here.

The Tribe leave four guards here during the daylight hours, when most of the tribe are inside out of the light. These are the standard Orcs listed in the bestiary of the C&S 5th Edition rules

Orcs - (6)

Height

6'3"

BAP

12

Weight

230 lbs

BOD

43

FAT

30

DT

8

BMR

0

SPRINT

16

Relevant Skills

Dmg

PSF%

TSC%

2H Splitting Axe

15S

19%

59%

Dodge

12%

52%

Stamina

12%

52%

Will

12%

52%

Armour - Hide (5 / 7 / 4 / 5 / 6)

Splitting Axe +1 Crit Die, Bash 7

Honour: 19 Each

It's not the job of these Orcs to stand and fight to the death, their job is to make noise, alert the others, fall back slowly fighting defensively until the tribe and muster a response.

Location 3

The Marshland Drop

Standing on the bluff overlooking the stream there is a large stretch of land that is stinky muddy marshland. During the day it is covered with feeding bird taking little fish and snails from the rich alluvial mud.

As the eyes adjust there are several glints of light coming from the marshland. A more concentrated look and shapes can be made out. The glints are reflections from items of metal in the marsh. The shapes are those of the bodies of men.

The Orcs use this area as a dumping ground for their prisoners once they have had their sport. They are executed and then thrown over the side of the cliff into the marsh where the natural movement of the water and mud carries the bodies out into the marsh. It is one of those things that once your eyes have attuned to see, you can't then chose to un-see it. There might be as many as thirty or forty bodies in the marsh.

If the characters ignore the bodies this could be a case for spiritual downturn. These were men who had families, religious rights. If the characters decide that they should investigate then they can find out some information.

The bodies have been stripped of anything that was useful such as weapons and armour, however the odd belt buckle and helmet still remains in the marsh. Some of the bodies will have items that can lead the characters back to their loved ones.

The Orcs don't have any use for coins as a currency. However they do use the copper, Silver and Gold to hammer into jewellery. Therefore the bodies will not have any money on them.

The shallow waters and muddy banks are the home of a family of four Chaos Eels. The full description for these is in the Anderia Kingdom module.

Chaos Eel Blood MRF*3 Elemental Water

The blood counts as four quantities for anointing magical devices used in combat such as swords.

Chaos Eel Teeth MRF*2 Elemental Water

The teeth count as one quantity in magical items intended for healing purposes.



Chaos Eel - Freshwater (4)

STR	18 (90%)	INT	11 (66%)	APP	- (0%)
CON	14 (90%)	WIS	09 (54%)	BV	- (0%)
DEX	22 (85%)	DISC	16 (79%)	SPR	- (0%)
AGL	18 (88%)	FER	18 (85%)	CHA	- (0%)

Length	6' 0" +	BAP	18
Height	15"	BOD	30
Weight	110 lbs	FAT	21
MR:	0		

Core Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Alertness-Sight	12%	17%
Alertness-Sound	12%	17%
Stamina	45%	85%
Dodge	31%	71%
Will Power	20%	60%

M Bite	40%	80%
Damage	7S	Bash 8+

Natural Armour: (5 / 7 / 4 / 4 / 7)

Special Abilities

Double AP loss from critical hits due to blood loss, depth of bite and the fact that they don't let go. Once a bite is successful the next attack gains +25 to PSF

Honour: 32 Each

Location 4

The Watchtower

As with the bridge this used to serve as a lookout platform for Baron Blackwill's raiders. The first 10' of the tower is well built with sawn planks. The Orcs have added more height another 20 feet in fact, using rough split planks. The Orc construction is tied together with rope while the lower section has been jointed and pegged.

Climbing the watchtower is a little dangerous, the Orcs haven't given much thought to the layout of the system for climbing. Also the good holds are spread far apart, not an issue for a large Orc with long arms but a character who is under 6' might well find the climb impossible without some heroic climbing feat.

Skills Check

Skill Used: Climbing, Jumping

Achieving: Make it to the top of the 30' tower without falling

How long: check every 30 seconds for a 10' climb

TSC% Mods

Character is taller than 6': +15%

Elven: +25%

Rope and Grapnel +40%

Success Crit:

01 - 10 The character has mastered such things long ago and this climb is nothing more difficult to him than the tree-house he use to play in as a child, he shimmies up this section with ease.

Failure Crit:

01 - 02 The good grab points are in awkward, out of the way positions, you find yourself stuck, unable to progress.

03 - 07 The climb was tougher than you thought, you are ridge-bound, unable to ascend or descend. To continue you will have to make a leap onto a higher hold point. Make a jumping skill check, any level of success and you have managed to grab a hand hold. Any failure and the character falls. Assess damage depending upon how far you made it up the tower

08 - 09 The character is brazen and makes a stretch for a hand hold that is just that bit too far, he loses his points of contact and falls. He can make another climb check with -50 to his TSC%, any success and he manages to catch a hand hold 10' lower down. Otherwise he hits the ground hard, assess damage as for falls for the appropriate distance.

10 Oops! Back flip with triple salchow and the ground comes up to meet you fast. Assess Damage for fall as though it was from 10' higher

Consequences:

A few Orcs have broken legs and arms from falls trying to climb the tower, they just think it's funny and a bit of a laugh.

Damage from Fall:

10' Character takes a blow of 20C

20' Character takes a blow of 20C and has broken his arm

30' Character takes a blow of 20C and has broken his leg

40' Character takes a blow of 40 C and has broken multiple limbs

Orcs - (2)

Height 6'3"	BAP 12
Weight 230 lbs	BOD 43
	FAT 30
	DT 8
BMR 0	SPRINT 16

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
2H Splitting Axe	15S	19%	59%
Archery		20%	40%
Knife Fighting	4P	35%	75%
Alertness Sight		09%	16%
Alertness Sound		09%	16%
Dodge		12%	52%
Stamina		12%	52%
Will		12%	52%

Armour - Cloth (1 / 0 / 0 / 0 / 0)

Composite Bow 20 PSF% 40 TSC%

Base Damage 13M

Range (crit), S:20' (+3) M:40'(-1) L:90' (-6) EX: 350' (-14)

Quiver with 20 Hunting arrows

One Orc has a religious symbol on him, the back of the symbol is engraved with a prayer and a blessing for Ned Scarman of Kepher

Atop the tower are stationed two Orc Archers. They aren't wearing any armour; the climb is easier and being up in the tower they don't expect to be engaged in combat.

They carry daggers - the only things, other than hands and feet, that can be used in the close quarters up in the tower. Swords and maces are just too big to be able to be effective up here. (apply a -20% TSC penalty to medium or heavy weapons, and halve the STR bonus to damage)

While an Orc in combat is a ferocious thing to behold, up in a tower all day they are not noted for their self discipline. It is likely that during the day the Orcs up here are under cover and asleep. Have only a 20% chance that these Orcs are alert and able to make any perception checks.

After dark, they are more alert and will either be drinking, eating or playing some game that involves the loser cutting himself. During the hours of darkness there is only a 20% that the Orcs can't make any perception checks.

Adventure Hook

Characters who retrieve the Orc archer's holy symbol can trace it back to the temple in small the town of Kepher. The Deacon there will instantly recognise the name and the gift that he gave to one of his priests. He will offer them a reward of 100 pennies for the return of the item.

In addition, if anyone requires the services of a priest he has a PFF of 27 and can cast any of the Acts of Faith for an ordained priest up to that requirement. He will be happy to see the characters any time they are in town and will always do his best to make them feel welcome in his temple and at home.

His BIF 49 is at the disposal of the characters for any clerical matters they might need aid with. He will speak highly of their integrity, bravery and honour and is willing to go out on a limb for them.

Deacon Raybal Chance

Vocation: Priest **Age:** 31
Horoscope: Neutral Aspected Virgo
Father's Social Status: Landed Knight (29)
BIF: 49 (700 honour points)
Height: 5'8" **Wt:** 185 lb
Hair: Brown **Eyes:** Brown **Complexion:** Avg
Body Points (BP): 38 **Resist Disease:** 84%
Fatigue Points (FP): 24
BAP: 13 **Jump:** 8' **Movement - DT:** 5 / **SPRINT:** 8

STR	10 (58%)	INT	14 (73%)	APP	09 (54%)
CON	12 (66%)	WIS	20 (90%)	BV	10 (58%)
DEX	12 (66%)	DISC	15 (76%)	SPR	20 (90%)
AGL	12 (66%)	FER	12 (66%)	CHA	13 (70%)

Base Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Alertness-Sight	0%	7%
Alertness-Sound	0%	7%
Stamina	1%	41%
Dodge	11%	51%
Will Power	48%	88%
Language(Own)	2%	62%
Faith	PFF: 27	55%
		75%

Relevant Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Courtly Manners	8%	48%
Local Geography	12%	72%
Demonology	36%	55%
Charm	3%	33%
Diplomacy & Politics	32%	62%
Oratory	33%	63%
Accurate Counting	COMP	
Theology	47%	77%
Law	22%	62%
Meditation	38%	78%

The Deacon can be a real asset to the character who is willing to put some time in to develop him as a real contact, willing to do and complete favours.

Raybal has contacts with many of Baron Sliverheart staff and also is able to present himself to Earl Whitefall with little trouble. Such access is a gift for an aspiring character. The Deacon will certainly be obliging with all of the characters of the group, however only the one's spending their downtime at the church and helping out will be able to tap the Deacon as a contact. If the group needs funds he is willing to give them 400sp if their cause is a just and honourable one.

Honour: 65

Location 5

Orc Boatmen

This is a 10' Orcish yurt, made with deer and bear pelts as are all the other yurts in this camp. Personal space isn't something that Orcs particularly understand, living on top of one another is the normal, tempers get frayed and fights break out all the time. This is just part of being and living amongst Orcs.

The yurt is home to an extended family, with four adult males and two adult females, there is a single adolescent male who is able to fight also. The rest of the family is made up of babies, children and non-combatants

Orcs - (4)

Height 6'3"	BAP 12
Weight 230 lbs	BOD 43
	FAT 30
	DT 8
BMR 0	SPRINT 16

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
Spears	14P	25%	65%
Knife Fighting	4P	35%	75%
Alertness Sight		06%	13%
Alertness Sound		00%	07%
Dodge		09%	49%
Stamina		9%	49%
Will		0%	30%

Armour - Cloth (1/0/0/0/0)

Harpoon 25 PSF% 55 TSC%

Damage: 14P +1 Crit

The fighting Adolescent has spears half the values of his elders.

The others of the family really can't put up any sort of resistance other than ineffectual punches and kicks.

The yurt has the families share of some of the raiding loot, this is in a purse beneath some furs on the floor, it contains, 20cp and 40sp

Location 6

Orc Fishermen

The fishermen have a high standing in the tribe, they provide a great amount of food for everyone. As a result their families are large, with a number of adolescents, children and babies.

They are not fighters, even though they are large adults they will not put up a fight. They surrender as soon as they are threatened, they beg for the lives of their families. This shouldn't be taken the wrong way, if these Orcs thought they were stronger then they would certain be aggressive. They have spent all of their share of any valuables gaining their women.

Location 7

The Saying Tent

This is where the Chief Holds his court and hands out boons and bane to his people. The court is held after dusk during the blue hour the period of twilight when the Sun is at a significant depth below the horizon and residual, indirect sunlight takes on a predominantly blue shade. The Orcs prefer the evening time to conduct their business.

If the characters are around during evening then most of those able to fight will be clustered around here waiting to hear what their chief has to say and what boons they might get from him. This will leave other areas less patrolled.

The tribe's shaman must be present for any statement from the chief and he give his blessing to the endeavour, boon or bane. The Spirits must be consulted, for to act without their favour would mean trouble later on as they are spiteful and vengeful when they are not heeded.

Orcs - (12)

Height 6'3"	BAP 12
Weight 230 lbs	BOD 43
	FAT 30
	DT 8
BMR 0	SPRINT 16

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
Knife Fighting	4P	35%	75%
Alertness Sight		09%	16%
Alertness Sound		09%	16%
Dodge		12%	52%
Stamina		12%	52%
Will		12%	52%

Armour - Hide (5/7/4/5/6)

While they wont have their large axes here, or any large weaponry, they will have daggers and be wearing their finest hides and valuable adornments.

Each will be wearing a few hundred silver worth of Orcish precious metal jewellery. This has been hammered out of coins they find when they raid. The Queens head can be seen on some areas they haven't beaten quite enough

Orc Chief K'ribber Roth

3rd Level Warrior

Height: 72" **Build:** 9 Wt: 320lb

Hair: Black **Eyes:** Green **Complexion:** Dark

BOD: 54 **FAT:** 36 **LCAP:** 480 lb **CCAP:** 240lb

BAP: 18 **Jump:** 3'

STR	18 (85%)	INT	10 (58%)	APP	06 (40%)
CON	18 (85%)	WIS	12 (66%)	BV	12 (66%)
DEX	12 (66%)	DISC	06 (40%)	SPR	0 (0%)
AGL	18 (85%)	FER	16 (79%)	CHA	13 (70%)

BMR	18	DT	8
		SPRINT	16

Base Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Alertness-Sight	0%	7%
Alertness-Sound	0%	7%
Stamina	57%	97%
Dodge	10%	44%
Will Power	7%	47%
Languages (Goblin)	0%	86%
Language (Common)	3%	63%
Faith	0	0%

Relevant Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Intention of Animals	10%	50%
Courtly Manners	1%	41%
Local Geography	3%	63%
Local History & Legend	3%	63%
Riding	33%	73%
Faerie Lore	3%	43%
Blending in Surrounding	19%	49%
Covering Tracks	25%	55%
Tracking Prey	25%	55%
Axes	57%	87%
Knife Fighting	40%	80%
Archery	37%	57%
Slashing Swords	57%	87%

Weapons

Shortbow 37% PSF% 57 TSC%

Base Damage +9M

Range (crit), S:20' (+0) M:30'(-3) L:90' (-7) EX: 150' (-12)

Splitting Axe 57 PSF% 87 TSC%

Damage 18S Crit +1 Bash 7

Dagger 40 PSF% 80 TSC%

Damage 6P

Knight Broadsword 57 PSF% 87 TSC%

Damage 14S Crit +2 Bash 7

Armour

Maille Hauberk, Quilted Surcoat and Great Helm with cloth cap and maille coif

Body [13 / 14 / 11 / 13 / 11]

Arms & Legs [9 / 9 / 8 / 9 / 7]

Head and Neck [27 / 26 / 23 / 24 / 16]

Special Talent

Berserker Rage P89

Naturally Charismatic P91

Resistant To Magick (applied in BMR) P92

He wears a considerable amount of hammered jewellery from coins he has plundered from the raids on the locals.

Silver Eagle Chest piece - 1,200sp

Silver and Gold Snake Armband - 2,400sp

Woven Gold and Silver Waist Belt - 3,500sp

He also carried a master work Knight Broadsword, this is a Damascus blade with etchings of a knight hacking off various limbs. The Blade is named "ABISCUM" There is a maker's mark also, so its heritage can be tracked.

The chief is the last word; everyone fears him. He is the strongest of the Orc, he can do pretty much whatever he wants. None of the other Orcs has the combat skills or body size to challenge him for leadership. His old lieutenant was the best candidate, but was killed on a suicide mission as the K'ribber Roth planned. It was a bold move for had the lieutenant. survived he would have certainly made a challenge for the title of Chief.

The shaman of the tribe is the power behind the throne, for he speaks for the spirits and even the chief wouldn't dare go against the will of the spirits. Not only would he be cursed by them, he would have most of the tribe rebel against him.

K'ribber Roth is in a strong position, giving his people combat, trophies, captives to play with and plenty of food their bellies. As well as all this they have a spiritual home again. He would have to make a serious error to lose his position as things stand.



Note

If you are playing this in a later period where plate armour is around then upgrade the Chief to have this level of protection.

Armour - Field Plate

(15 / 15 / 13 / 15 / 9)

Full coverage

Orc Shaman T'Erannti Dath

Vocation: Shaman 5th Level **Age:** 23
Height: 69" **Wt:** 275 lb
Hair: Brown **Eyes:** Brown **Complexion:** Avg

Body Points (BP): 50
Fatigue Points (FP): 32

LCAP: 308 lb **CCAP:** 154 lb

BAP: 15 **Jump:** 8' **Movement - DT:** 8 / **SPRINT:** 16

STR	14 (73%)	INT	16 (79%)	APP	12 (66%)
CON	18 (85%)	WIS	20 (90%)	BV	10 (58%)
DEX	12 (66%)	DISC	15 (76%)	SPR	20 (90%)
AGL	13 (70%)	FER	16 (79%)	CHA	13 (70%)

Base Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Alertness-Sight	0%	7%
Alertness-Sound	0%	7%
Stamina	1%	41%
Dodge	0%	40%
Will Power	25%	65%
Language(Goblin)	4%	64%
Language (Common)	0%	60%
Faith	41%	61%

Relevant Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Courtly Manners	22%	62%
Local Geography	31%	91%
Regional National Legends	55%	105%
World History & Legend	55%	85%
Charm	10%	40%
Diplomacy & Politics	22%	52%
Riddling	12%	52%
Accurate Counting	COMP	
Laws of Magick	46%	86%
Lore of Correspondences	32%	52%

Magickal Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Shaman Mode	67%	90%
Divination	41%	71%
Transcendental Method	50%	85%
Arcane Method	45%	60%
Transmutation	45%	75%
Summoning	45%	75%
Plant Magick	51%	81%
Wards Magick	35%	55%

PMF: 77 **ML:** 5 **PFF:** 41

Weapons

Shod Staff 28 PSF% 58 TSC%
Damage 13C Crit +1, Bash 9

Shadow Bolt 60 TSC% - No targeting

All in 5' Radius, Damage 6E, Crit 9-10 Damage 22E then
Make a CON AR with -13% or Dazed for 2AP and ¼ of
TSC% for all skills during this scene.

Shadow Beast (Black Bear) 45 PSF% 60 TSC%

Body: 73
Special: ½ damage from Magickal Weapons

Equipment

Lesser Focus (Charges 35 Recharge: 15 per week)
Ebony Staff topped with the skull of a bear
Reduce fatigue costs to cast spells using focus by ½.
Gives +10% to targeting a spell when held, +13% bonus
to his method TSC%. You can store 35 MR of Spells mark
your choices with (f) on this sheet before the game starts.
These are cast as a Cantrip with no fatigue cost. Each use
of a stored spell costs 1 charge per MR of the spell.

Large pouch with magickal materials
2 large Candles, a waterskin
Fur Blanket (bear)

Spells Mastered

All Arcane Magick spells to MR 6
All Transcendental spells to MR 5
All Transmutation spells to MR 4

Animate Stone Simulacrum P381
All Summon Animal Spells
Cure Blight P375
Grow in Haste P375

Lesser Ward: Undead, Magick, Beasts & Lycanthropes P395
Hedge of Thorns P376

Acts of Faith up to his PFF that fit with the Shaman type.

Location 8

The Shaman's Spirit Lodge

Adorned with the fur, skulls, bones, teeth and claws of black bears, this is the most likely location that the Shaman will be found outside the blue hour tribal saying session. The floor is covered with black bear furs and posts have skulls with tallow candles in them so the eye sockets glow. The air here is always heavy with the smoke of incense or some hallucinogenic plant.

His status in the tribe is such that at all times he will have a guard of two fully armed and armoured Orcs in the tent. They will attack anyone he tells them to, even the chief if it came to it. They know that they would most likely lose their lives but they will obey the Shaman as he speaks for the mighty bear spirit.

Orcs - (2)				
Honour: 29 Each	Height	6'3"	BAP	12
	Weight	230 lbs	BOD	43
			FAT	30
			DT	8
	BMR	0	SPRINT	16
	Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
	2H Splitting Axe	15S	19%	59%
	Dodge		12%	52%
	Stamina		12%	52%
	Will		12%	52%
Armour - Hide (5 / 7 / 4 / 5 / 6)				
Splitting Axe +1 Crit Die, Bash 7				

He keeps four bear cubs. They have their legs tied to the main pole of the yurt with enough tether to roam around but not enough to get to the entrance or to the walls of the yurt.

Second to fish from the stream, the tribe eat a lot of black bear meat, they believe the spirit of the bear enters them and gives them super strength and fortitude. They might be right. Is this some ritual to give those partaking Strength of the Bear (Holy) as an Act of Faith? Is it hokum and Orcs are just naturally harder and stronger?

The Shaman has a PFF in case you want to add the Divine Acts of Faith to his abilities in addition to his Magickal Spells. Increase his Honour to 130 if so.

Location 9

The Women's Yurts

When the Chief wants some peace and quiet, either to be by himself or to have meeting with his warrior or Shaman, he sends the women to these two smaller Yurts.

They are cramped quarters for so many and they smell really bad.

There is no treasure or useful items here and the women are not combatants, they will kick and bite and scream but present no real danger to a character with arms and armour.

Location 10

The Chief's Yurt

This is where the chief and his harem live. During the night they are having fun, either with each other or with prisoners.

Many think it's a horrible thing to be killed by an Orc; true, you are dead. However, whenever possible Orcs will try to take prisoners; status in this group is about how many prisoners you have had a jolly time with. So in combat an Orc who is winning may start looking for a knock-out blow rather than a killing blow.

Chief K'ribber Roth has dozens of females here, all in various dress, modified to be more Orcish. If the chief is threatened they will cluster around him as a shield against harm.

All of the items the Orcs have taken on their raids are piled up here, everything from silverware to a steel bucket and pewter drinking mugs. Coins are shared out to the rest of the tribe for them to hammer into their own jewellery. An upturned bear skull, makes a cup for gems, that have been plucked from more expensive items of jewellery. Removing the gems has destroyed the value of the items, some have been left as chains etc. other have been hammered and their artistry lost.

The chief has no guards; he could not risk it as he would be killed as he slept. The Shaman guards the chief during the day with his Spirit Monster, prowling outside the tent and threatening all who come close. The Monster has been called many times and is now a permanent bound spirit able to be called as a Hex which stays until dismissed. It will follow the orders of the shaman and serve until it is destroyed.

The amount of treasure here is up to the gamesmaster to decide; however it should be a lot. At least enough for the group to wonder how they are going to cart it all away.

The choice here is: will they make the effort to return items to their owners? See to burial costs for fallen, look after widows?

As battle loot there is nothing to say they can't keep the treasure, but a nice healthy reward for doing the right and moral thing from the GM will muddy things.

Location 11

The Warrior Yurts

This is where the male warrior of the tribe live and play. During the blue hours Chief's sayings they might be in that yurt. During the day the tent will be filled with Orc, 30 of them all sleeping on top of one another. During the night they will be out either hunting bear or hunting humans on the road. Bear is good food, but human is good sport and status in the tribe. At night there may be only 5 Orcs here

Honour: 29 Each

Orcs - (5)

Height	6'3"	BAP	12
Weight	230 lbs	BOD	43
		FAT	30
		DT	8
BMR	0	SPRINT	16
Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
2H Splitting Axe	15S	19%	59%
Dodge		12%	52%
Stamina		12%	52%
Will		12%	52%

Armour - Hide (5 / 7 / 4 / 5 / 6)
Splitting Axe +1 Crit Die, Bash 7

Orcs - (30)

Height	6'3"	BAP	12
Weight	230 lbs	BOD	43
		FAT	30
		DT	8
BMR	0	SPRINT	16
Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
Knife Fighting	4P	35%	75%
Alertness Sight		09%	16%
Alertness Sound		09%	16%
Dodge		12%	52%
Stamina		12%	52%
Will		12%	52%

Armour - Cloth (1 / 0 / 0 / 0 / 0)

During the day the Orcs are without their axes and hide armour. Though their axes are available if they spend 10 AP to plough through the mess to arm themselves with it.

Each warrior Orc has a leather sack with his symbol upon it. This is where he keeps valuable items that he can't wear.

Orcs wear as much of their valuables as they can. That way for another Orc to get it they have to attack and kill them. A daunting thought, even for a sadistic Orc. A fight might gain him some goodies, however, should he get injured that makes him weak and he could lose his own life after the combat as others take advantage of his weakened state.

The sacks contain things like: cups and spoons, plates, cloth, buckles all manner of shiny things that we would not think of as valuable.

Orcs love salt and pepper, it's one of their main currencies. Not for the taste though, for the effect it has when rubbed into wounds or eyes.

Each Orc can be assumed to be wearing 100-200sp worth of hammered jewellery and 25sp worth of stuff in his sack.

Honour: 19 Each

Location 12

The Marble Steps

These marble steps are cracked with age and lead upwards some 10' towards great statues. These statues were once marble clad, however the extremes of time and weather have all but eroded away the fine white marble; leaving only a vague grey humanoid figure behind.

The figures are in combat poses, with weaponless hand outstretched and curved to hold shields that no longer exist. Empty eye sockets once held precious facsimiles of eyes and belts have recesses where gems once decorated them.

There are eight statues in all, each staring outwards from the top of the temple, on guard for centuries perhaps. Their plinths have some ancient script with barely legible text.

What does the script say, what tongue is it in? Is it a clue to who built the temple. Is a warning or a curse? Did these statues once contain magical powers to animate. Maybe some magic still remains.

The shaman has performed the necessary magical rituals and enchantments to animate one of the statues. It has been placed on guard and only allows the chief and the shaman to get to the top of the stairs. It has enough autonomy and awareness to determine if the chief and shaman have guests or are being strong-armed to the top.

Stone Guardian

Honour: 75

Height	10"	BAP	14
Weight	3,500 lbs	BOD	185
		FAT	50
		DT	8
BMR	30	SPRINT	12
Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
Stone Fist	30C	34%	74%
Dodge		0%	52%
Stamina		57%	97%
Will		24%	64%

Armour - Stone Skin (15 / 12 / 16 / 18 / 7)

The characters might however disguise themselves as the chief and the shaman and taking the others along as guests. This will succeed as long as they haven't been slain within the temple bounds and the characters do not act too wildly out of character.

Location 13

The Temple Platform

There isn't much on the top of the temple steps. It is covered with a fine carpet, clearly stolen from one of the caravans. There are a few poles where they tie captives to for sport, some charcoal braziers and torch holders. The Chief and the Shaman hold ceremonies up here, usually at the cost of a captive or two.

Hidden under the carpet however, is a trap door. It is a marble faced wooden door 3 feet square. Considering the age the wood of the door is in good condition. It is a dark tropical hardwood and the quality of the seal from the marble facing has kept the weather out. Opening the trap door is a matter of lifting and twisting the inset brass ring. The door is perfectly balanced and opens easily and without noise.

The door opens to grey stone steps leading down into the darkness. At the bottom of the stairs there is are two bronze sconce in the wall that holds a torch each for light. The passageways are fine cut through the bedrock and no tool marks are visible.

It is down here that the tribe are holding their most valuable asset, Baron Silverheart's missing son, Altheric.

Freeing Altheric is the ultimate goal of either Human characters or Orcish characters working against the Temple of the Severed Hand. If players are taking the role of the Severed Hand cult leaders, they must defend against rescue attempts (from Humans, Orcs or both) and decide how to use the him to their advantage. A small group of talented and specialised adventurers could manage to get the baron's son, while a large scale attack would merely result in the death of many of the baron's retainers and ultimately be unsuccessful.

Under Temple Floor Plan



Under the Temple

Location 1

Under-croft Entrance

The Chief and the Shaman do not trust their Orcish fellows to not have some sport with their young Tomothy Silverheart. Therefore they have set in this location their trained Wargs as guards.

Honour: 33 Each

Trained Large Wargs - (4)

Height	45"	BAP	14
Weight	350 lbs	BOD	82
		FAT	35
		DT	8
BMR	10	SPRINT	27
Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
M Bite	14S	36%	76%
Dodge		10%	50%
Stamina		30%	70%
Willpower		24%	64%

Armour - Hide (3 / 4 / 3 / 3 / 3)

The Warg hates daylight (half PSF's in bright daylight, unaffected in cloudy overcast conditions).

Location 2

The Trap

Just in case the Orcs get upset not being allowed to have sport with the baron's son and take matters into their own hands. The Chief has set up a basic trap here.

The trap is activated when the door is pushed open from **Location 1**. To make the door safe to open you have to pull out the door's ring-pull thus deactivating the trap and allowing the door to be pushed open safely.

The trap is a series of high draw-weight crossbows set a different levels, the aimed at the door's threshold to maximise the chances of hitting a target.

Crossbow Trap Skill Challenge

Skills Used: Detect Mantraps, Disarm Mantraps, Dodge
Achieving: Detection, Deactivation or avoidance of the trap

How long: Instant to spot and dodge, 3 min to disarm

TSC% Mods

- No tools -25% to Disarm
- Only Torch Light - 15% to spot
- Visored Helm - 50% to spot
- Heavy Armour - 20% to dodge
- Lantern Light +10% to Disarm
- Master Tools +30% to Disarm

Detect Mantraps

Success Crit:

01 - 10 Character notices the ring pull, which seems loose. They suspect a trap and may proceed to try to disarm it.

Failure Crit:

01 - 02 Something isn't right with the door and the ring pull but he doesn't see the trigger connection, he opens the door and activates the trap. He gets +20% to his dodge for being alerted.

03 - 10 Oblivious to the ring pull, pushes the door open

Consequences:

On a Failure to spot the trigger or disarm the trap the characters in the open doorway are shot with six crossbows. They aren't magically targeted but have been sighted well enough to have an excellent chance to hit targets in the doorway.

Begin with the character at the front. Roll for all six crossbows - they have a 70% chance to hit. Alert characters may actively or passively defend against the attack. Oblivious characters may only passively defend against it.

Each hit inflicts 18M damage plus Crit Die, they cannot score a critical hit from the Crit Die only extra damage.

Disarm Mantraps

Success Crit:

01 - 10 The character has an understanding of this simple trigger and after a little fiddling around he can deactivate this trap.

Failure Crit:

01 - 02 Something has caught on the trigger, it's not deactivated but you can fix it. Make another roll after 3min

03 - 07 The Character fails to deactivate the trigger. Whatever is on the other side is going to happen when the door opens.

08-10 The character believes that he has successfully deactivated the trigger. "It's all clear on the other side"

Dodge

If the characters are aware of the trap they can actively or passively defend against the crossbow attacks. Those unaware of it may only passively defend - the GM may rule that truly oblivious characters get no defence at all.

Those with a shield may use its Armour rating.

Location 3

The Vaulted Chamber

This is a large vaulted chamber 20 feet high and carved out of the rock and lined with plaster and mosaic tiles. Their colour has faded and it is not possible to make out what was depicted here. Several locations have deep scratch marks, where some offensive image has been removed with great prejudice. The scratches have managed to gain a patina that could only come from hundreds of years of exposure.

A dark line goes all around the room, a permanent record of some flood event that filled the chamber to a height of 8'. The floor is covered in slime, this is the guano of the striges in the ceiling but with a casual look it would be mistaken of sludge from the flood. In the dim light above the reach of a torch are a host of Striges, quietly sleeping ready to drop and feed or come night time fly out of the small shafts to the surface and go in hunt of food.

Striges (12)

Height	18"	BAP	18
Weight	13 lbs	BOD	20
Length	36" wingspan	FAT	20
		DT	20(f)
BMR	10	SPRINT	40(f)

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
M Beak	4S	18%	58%
M Claws	6S	28%	68%
Dodge	-	15%	55%
Stamina	-	9%	46%
Will	-	6%	6%

Armour - Dense Plumage (1 / 2 / 1 / 1 / 2)

Description:

The Striges appear as a large headed bird with piercing amber eyes, a falcon like beak with grey white wings and wicked hooked claws. It hangs upside down in caves like a bat and feeds primarily on blood. They often prey on infants using its claws to disembowel them before dining on its victim's blood.

Special Ability

If a successful attack draws blood (BOD damage) they will drain blood at 1 BOD / Turn which also heals their FAT on a 1:1 basis

Note: Striges don't like Orc blood, it tastes like vomit and burnt hair to them.

Location 4

The Steep Stairway

Leading off into darkness, a steep turn and drop, it is impossible to see around and down the corner of the stairs. The chief and the Shaman have lain many clues that the stairs are trapped. They aren't trapped, however obvious and subtle things like pressure plates, tripwires and such would slow or completely deter someone.

As the characters make their way have them make various alertness rolls, detecting and disarming none existent mantraps along the way. If a character gets a critical success on his alertness or disarm check he will know that this is a decoy, he won't know that they are all decoys. Delaying the characters is fine but, delaying them for what? There is no guardian outside the door of the Baron's Prison.

The corridor is home to some rather nasty Mind Midges, so small as to be invisible to the sight. They aren't an issue if you just wander down the stairs, they are too slow to have an effect other than being a nuisance. However, taking time to detect and disarm traps gives the midges time to get into ears and eyes and nose and mouth.

A character can make an Alertness sound skill check at a base difficulty. Any level of success and he can hear the faint buzz of the insect, like high pitched mosquito sound.

If noticed, then a character who has Bestiary Lore can make a skill check with a -12 penalty to their TSC%. Any level of success and they understand the danger that they are in and that the traps are a trick to keep them in the cloud of Mind Midges while they lay their eggs in them undetected.

After the symptoms start to show in a character, then allow a trained character to make an unadjusted Pharmacology & Medicine roll to understand the threat and make the treatment accordingly.

Mad Midger Disease

Vector: Exposure for 15 min or more

Resist Mod: 0

Diagnose Mod: -10%

Onset: Instant

First Stage: The character begins to hear voices, this is a trick of the modulation of the insect wings. It sounds like whispered speech, barely audible and just on the edge of being made out as a language

Duration: 10 min +/- Crit Die

Failure: Repeat

Critical Failure: Moves into stage two.

Success: The disease has run its course over the duration. The insect was unable to deposit it's larvae under the skin, or the larvae perished before reaching a dangerous number.

Treatment: Simply washing and rinsing out ears, mouth, nose and eyes would be enough to stop any progress and cure the patient.

Second Stage: The character hears calling to him in the distance, a soulful cry of urgency. The larvae need a good blood flow and warm temperature as well as lots of blood sugar. They excrete a mild hallucinogen and use the voices to keep the character moving towards them and exerting themselves

Duration: 21 hours +/- 2 x Crit Die days

Failure: Roll each hour thereafter, any failure and the midges bursts from the characters moist membranes such as eyes, nose mouth etc. This causes 1D10 Body damage.

Critical Failure: The vast host of midges bursts from the characters moist membranes such as eyes, nose mouth etc. This causes 2D10 Body damage.

Success: Cured

Treatment: Stage two is a more difficult treatment, the patient must be chilled, a cold lake bath for 20 minutes will always cure. If not some other equivalent must be found, this should include restrain, knock out or sedation to calm the patient and cut down the food in the patient's system required by the fast growing eggs.

Location 5

The Lord's Cell

This is the cell the Baron's son Altheric is being kept in. The door is made from the same dark hardwood as the other doors, however a large square hole has been cut into it, about the size of a man's head. This is where the Orcs, throw his food and water in and make sure he hasn't died. The door is locked with a new design but rusty padlock.

As the characters approach the room, Altheric will stick his head out of the hole and call out. He can tell these are not Orcish boots or uneven stride.

"Hello! Hello! Who is it? My father is a powerful man!"
His tone softens. *"Please help me, I don't know how much longer I can take this."*

He starts to sob.

The smell of human waste and sweat comes to the nose as you get to the door, the room behind is quite large and there are many wooden buckets, they are filled with urine and excrement. Empty boxes and barrels litter the place, either smashed by Altheric or by Orcs. These once had water and food in them, now the Orcs are throwing live lizards, birds etc. in and watching him run around trying to catch and kill them.

Pick Lock Skill Challenge

Skills Used: Pick Lock

Achieving: open the padlock to the cell door

How long: 5 min

TSC% Mods

No tools -45% to Disarm

Only Torch Light - 15% to spot

Lantern Light +10% to Disarm

Master Tools +30% to Disarm

Success Crit:

01 - 10 The character has clearly dealt with this sort of lock before, the clasp open with his deft touch

Failure Crit:

01 - 02 The lock is a modern design and includes some tricky elements. Roll again in another time interval.

03 - 09 Thinking that you have it sorted you force the lock and your tool breaks. You may continue but with the penalty of No Tools.

10 - You mess everything up, the lock is now jammed and will only yield to being smashed open.

Consequences:

The character may lose his tools on a bad fail, or jam the lock, resulting in the lock having to be forced.

Body: 50 **Hardness:** 12

Altheric Silverheart [3rd Level]

Vocation: Knight **Age:** 21 **Horoscope:** Well Aspected Cancer
Father's Social Status: Baron (39) **BIF:** 52
Height: 6'4" **Wt:** 245 lb
Hair: Brown **Eyes:** Blue **Complexion:** Fair

Body Points (BP): 52
Total Rest: 4 BP; **Lt Activity:** 3 BP; **Active** 3
Resist Disease: 96%

Fatigue Points (FP): 38 **Sleep (per hr):** 10FP; **Rest (10min)** 9FP

LCAP: 416 lb **CCAP:** 208 lb

BAP: 15 **Jump:** 8' **Movement - DT:** 5 / **SPRINT:** 8

STR	20 (90%)	INT	10 (58%)	APP	10 (58%)
CON	18 (85%)	WIS	10 (58%)	BV	10 (58%)
DEX	15 (76%)	DISC	12 (66%)	SPR	10 (58%)
AGL	17 (82%)	FER	14 (73%)	CHA	10 (58%)

Base Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Alertness-Sight	0%	7%
Alertness-Sound	0%	7%
Stamina	31%	71%
Dodge	30%	70%
Will Power	5%	40%
Language(Own)	4%	64%
Faith	3%	23%

Relevant Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Courtly Manners	10%	50%
Local Geography	3%	63%
Regional National Geo	3%	53%

Combat Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Maces	55%	85%
Slashing Swords	50%	80%
Cavalry Lances	46%	66%
Spears	46%	86%
Shield Play	46%	76%
Riding A Warhorse	18%	38%
Wear Light Armour		
Wear Heavy Armour		
Shield Play		



Armour

Maille Suit (9 / 9 / 8 / 9 / 7) All
 Quilted layers (4 / 5 / 3 / 4 / 4) Body
 Cloth (1 / 0 / 0 / 0 / 0) All
 Crusader Helm (18 / 17 / 15 / 15 / 9) Head
 Leather (6 / 5 / 4 / 5 / 5) Hands & Feet

Body (14 / 14 / 11 / 13 / 11)
Arms & Legs (10 / 9 / 8 / 9 / 7)
Feet & Hands (15 / 14 / 12 / 14 / 12)
Head & Neck (32 / 31 / 26 / 28 / 20)

Hvy Reinforce Shield (+15 TSC%) (16 / 16 / 16 / 16 / 16)

Weapons

Knt Broadsword 50 PSF% 80 TSC% AP Cost: 7
 Damage 16S Crit +1 Bash 8

Boar Spear 46 PSF% 86 TSC% AP Cost: 7
 Damage 17PS Crit +1 Bash 9

Morningstar 55 PSF% 85 TSC% AP Cost: 7
 Damage 20P Crit +1 Bash 8

Equipment

Medium Warhorse (67 TSC% Ride)with appropriate saddle and bridle; 2 x 25lb saddle bags, Canvas Backpack
 Hatchet
 6 pitons
 2 torches; A tinderbox with Flint & Striker
 3 days of dried rations and a waterskin
 Sleeping Furs (bear); Oiled Canvas Tent

Purse: 4cp, 80sp & 6 Cr

Experience: 10,200 spent
Experience: 300 spare

In his cell Edmund has only a cloth around his waist, no other garments. He has made a simple spoon and a dagger by shaping some of the wood from a broken barrel. He uses these to help skin and eat whatever the Orcs push through the hole.

His equipment has not been shared out with the rest of the tribe, it is being held in the under-croft at **Location 7**, where the Shaman has his little temple to the god of the severed hand.



Location 6

The Forbidden Room

As the characters approach this room they will notice that the door has two large sturdy logs wedged and pitoned into place to keep the door shut. The edge of the door where the ring pull is located has large scratch marks from some huge clawed hand. The metal hinges are loose as though the door has had some incredibly force applied to it from behind.

On a successful unadjusted **Alertness Sound skill check**, the character can hear muttering in a strange guttural tongue. It could be noticed by those with **Enchanted Race lore**, as the dialect that Trolls use.

If the characters are oblivious of the muttering of the Troll and open the door the Troll will enter a berserker rage against them. Anyone of any sense would run rather than fight an Troll who is in a frenzy.

This is Bogbrush, a juvenile male Swamp Troll. The cavern here had its floor collapse and the river made its way into the chamber. Bogbrush thought this would be a good place to hold up and hunt the waters from. There was some good Orc pickings to be had. Trouble was a couple of days into his building the hole into the river collapsed. Since then he has been trying to dig his way out or bash down the door. Neither of which seems to work.

He has been stuck here for countless weeks and he is severely malnourished, delirious and looking for something to eat. If combat does occur, he will start off strong, but as soon as his body gets to half its maximum level he will beg for mercy and some food. If refused then he will have to fight to the death for he has been left no other option. *Consider Hindrances, refusing to give mercy to the helpless. Does a pathetic starving troll begging for mercy and food deserve such mercy? For surely were the table turned then your mercy would be death before becoming his dinner.*

Bogbrush The Swamp Troll

Height	8'	BAP	16
Weight	700 lbs	BOD	110 (80*)
		FAT	56 (10*)
		DT	5' / 3'(s)
BMR	25	SPRINT	8' / 6'(s)

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
M Claws	20S	45%	85%
Club	18C	36%	76%
Dodge		18%	58%
Stamina	-	50%	96%
Will	-	35%	75%

Armour - Rubbery Hide (9 / 12 / 9 / 12 / 9)

Description:

Swamp trolls have a perfectly accurate sense of direction and can see at night using an infrared vision that detects changes in the heat of their surroundings. Swamp trolls regenerate physical wounds at 1% per minute and can breath water as well as air. Swamp trolls can move through marshes and swamps as easily as over normal ground and are good climbers (35 PSF%). Swamp trolls have a major phobia of fire (pyrophobia) and a major phobia of sunlight (heliophobia).

Swamp trolls are natural magick users (PMF 68, ML 4, 58 PSF%) and have...

The Command Spells: -

Mesmerise, Greater Fright, Fear and Demoralisation

Command spells are in continuous operation and need no expenditure of fatigue.

The Water Spells: -

Create Mud, Pass Through the Waters and Wet Coat

The Air Spells: -

Breeze and Fog and Mist.

* Reduced values due to malnutrition

Location 7**The Shaman's Refuge**

This is where the shaman comes to get guidance from the spirit of the severed hand. It is where he keeps his share of the loot and other goodies, like his talismans and potions he creates. He has stored the Altheric's gear here just in case he might need to trade him for freedom or safe passage.

It's possible that the fight with the Shaman happens here. He is a powerful adversary and if the characters have had a showdown with the troll then he would certainly have a chance of wining. However, if the characters come into the game fresh then he will try to make a bargain for his life. He will easily tell if the characters have the Baron's son already.

If they don't then he will say, *"You will never find the human Altheric without my help, I will take you there as long as you swear on his life, your gods wrath and your mommy that I will go free"*.

If the characters agree to the bargain he will show them to the cell where Altheric is being kept. Upon seeing the shaman Altheric will shrink into the corner of the room from fear. This will change once he realises he is free. He will try to snatch a blade and run the Shaman through. He may kill the shaman, or, if you would like to have the characters get involved then, a melee could ensue where the characters try to subdue both and keep their word.

The shaman's hoard of goodies is still present in coin form, he uses them as materials for his amulets and talismans, however coin form makes it easier for him to enchant the materials down.

White Horn Talisman

Description:

This is a simple magick item of protection, crafted from the tip of a white tusk ivory of an elephant and is about 3" long. It has been carved with intricate animal figures whose eyes have various semiprecious gemstones inset. The overall shape is that of a rampant bear.

Power:

The talisman when worn gives the wearer, Lesser Ward Against Beasts. 35 PSF% 55 TSC%

Finger Necklace

Description:

This is a necklace that is made from the finger bones of men, they have been strung onto a sinew from a bear. Each of the finger tips has a semi precious gem inset. The necklace has seven fingers on the thread

Power:

The talisman when worn gives the wearer, Lesser Ward Against Undead. 35 PSF% 55 TSC%

Silver Star Talisman

Description:

This talisman is made from hammered silver coins, each of the coins has been made into a seven pointed star of a different size, they have then been overlain on top of each other a slight varied angles to give a many pointed talisman. The centre star is the smallest and is made from gold and at its centre is a bright red ruby of some significant value.

Power:

The talisman when worn gives the wearer Lesser Ward Against Magick. 35 PSF% 55 TSC%

In his belongings he has a text, written by a wizard called **Happervan the Stout** who appears to come from the lands to the west. The text has the methods and history of the magical tincture called Body of Silver.

The lands to the west could be Cadanbyrig or Anderia, if you are using the Marakush setting. Perhaps Happervan could become a good patron for the characters next adventure should they return his papers.

Body of Silver

Other Names

Bane Oil, Tinsel Rub

Power level

This is a simple item with a single spell

Charges

Each vial will hold 8 uses of the body oil

Recharge Rate

None - Consumable

Formula for creation

Materials Required:

Silver, Moonstone, napellus, also known as monkshood or wolfsbane, Myrrh, Tears of a Lycanthrope, Fur of a Lycanthrope, Teeth of the wolf, the boar, the rat and the bear, a garnet. And a clean crystal decanter of good quality

The mage must first purify himself with seven days of water fasting, each day at sunrise, midday and sunset he must bath and scrub himself clean. This must be timed so that the last day of his cleansing falls on the eve of a full moon, for the next day his work begins.

All the materials (not the decanter) must already be enchanted to MR 0

The myrrh and the other fluids are purified using the standard methods of Alchemical purification.

The other materials are crushed and ground to a powder except for the garnet.

The ground component and the purified liquids are combined into a clean decanter, while performing a set 3 hour ritual; the mage must be naked and under an unobstructed full moon. The combination of the ground and fluid materials are activated at the end of the ritual by the dropping of the garnet into the decanted oil.

The garnet may be reused for other preparations.

The spell cast during the ritual is Shower of Stones (core rulebook p328) with the noble metal density.

Consequences

If the spell has not been cast by the time the moon sets then the work is ruined. The cleansing must begin again.

If the ritual is interrupted then not only does the work fail but the caster is in trouble, he has a chance of turning into the very thing he was trying to protect against. Roll a resist disease check. Any failure and he will spend a year and a day as a random werecreature. On a critical failure with his resist disease check he carried the curse permanently or until cured.

For this reason most mages will perform this ritual out in the wild woods.

Description

The oil is a ruddy brown colour and of a loose consistency, in the light the silver shines brightly through the liquid. It has an earthy smell to it.

Powers & Activation

The oil is applied to the body liberally and will stay on the body for several days (ML)

When a person that has been coated in the oil is bitten or clawed by a lycanthrope the magick of the oil will affect the attacker.

Not only does the oil protect the wearer from being afflicted with lycanthropy from the attack, the attacker takes 15 energy damage with each bite or claw that hits.

Original creator

No one knows, it's lost in time. However, most believe that it was a mage whose apprentice turned and was hunting him down. He created the oil as a defence against his attacks.

Date of creation

Lost

Number of copies

The formula for the oil is common and has been copied and spread across the globe

Variants:

None

Research Notes: None

Bane Oil

Description:

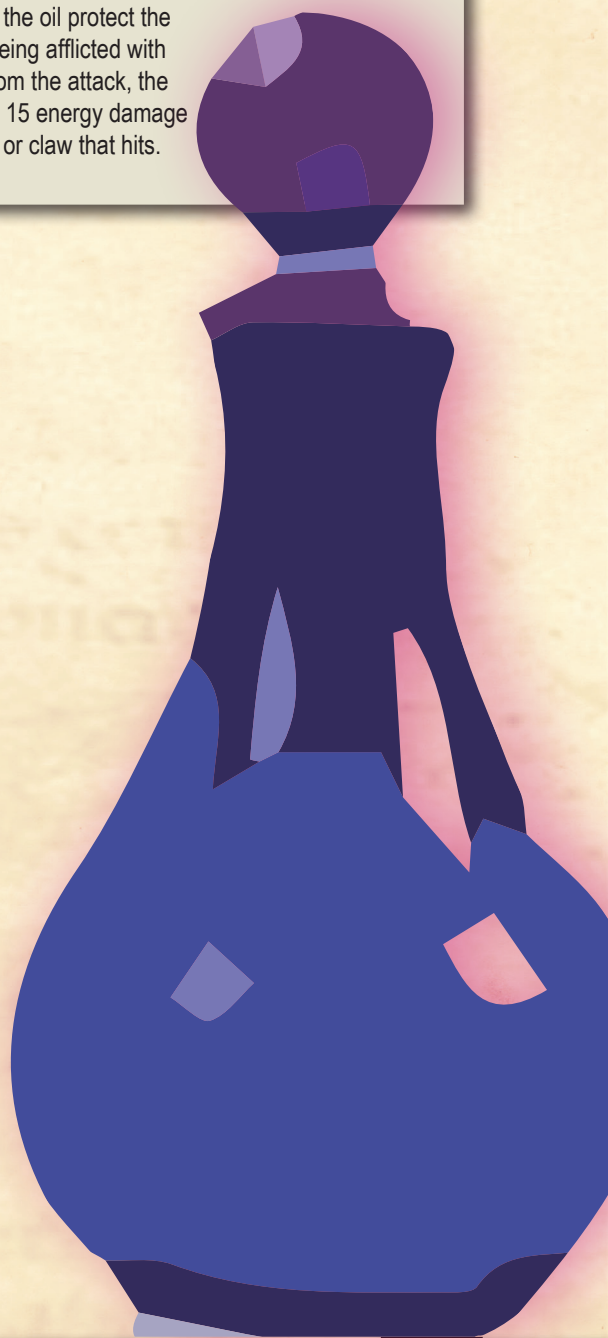
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Trolls introduction

The Trolls

"We are the children of Hel, the lady of the Lands of the Dead. Begotten in the early days of the world. We do not revel in the light, our mother and fathers were creatures of the dark and the deep places of the Earth have ever been home to us."

Trolls are reviled by the races of the surface because of their habit of eating the flesh of the other intelligent races.

"When the world was young, we ranged all over the earth, but our hungers made us hunted, for we only eat flesh, and the flesh of the thinking races is sweetest of all. It is our delight and our curse, for even the most peaceful of us can find the hunger steal upon us, and fish and deer are no longer enough and we must slake our appetite with the flesh of an intelligent being."

"We do not work well in groups, for some will turn on each other and quench the awful hunger with another of our Kind."

Like the Goblin races there are fewer females born than males but unlike the Giants and the Goblin races, Troll females are larger, stronger and more cunning than the males and it is up to the females to stake and hold a hunting territory. The females are the priestesses of the Trolls, being witches and shamanesses, paying homage to the ancestress of the species, the Lady of the Lands of the dead. Few males practice these arts, they seem content to eat, fight and sleep.



Males and females rarely interact, save at certain festivals. At other times the males wander alone, or form into bands to raid and steal flesh and to compete for the title of King. The territory of male warbands might cross several female territories but there is no interaction between the females and the males.

It is known that not only are they matriarchal, but that the females are bigger, stronger and more cunning than the males. It is the females who seize and guard territory. There are fewer females than males, perhaps only one in twelve births of this breed is female, and they maintain ranges to support them and their pride of males. She will fight to defend the range, to seize more males and to stop her own 'pride' being seized.

Trolls can resist the temptation to eat the flesh of sentients (make a Willpower check) but most do not bother, they enjoy flesh too much. They can speak human tongues, and many use the languages of the Scandinavians and Germans or Sverdish or Gaelsh in Marakush to converse, even with each other. Trolls can be cunning craftsmen and artificers, but rarely do they trade their goods and rarer still is the merchant that will deal with them.

There is only one species of Trolls, the names sometimes given to supposed sub-species of Trolls are merely names for the same creature encountered in different places. However, the environment in which they are raised has some effect, which is why in some places you will find bigger and nastier Trolls than in others.

Similarly those that have survived encounters with Trolls speak about the dreadful Troll Magick and comparisons would seem to indicate creatures with differing powers. However, just as humans learn skills and magick to help them in their own environment, so do other races. So is it any wonder that a Troll living in the mountains will learn to use the ice as their ally just as a Troll living in the mere can command the mists rising from the water?

All Trolls can learn magick, though for most it is purely as a tertiary (hobby) skill. The only Trolls who learn magick as a Vocation are Witches and Shamanesses. In addition there are spells unique to Trolls in the Troll Method of Magick, which account for some of more fearsome elements of their reputation. Trolls do not, despite the stories, regenerate lost limbs, but their constitutions are often so sturdy that any damage that does not kill them they can quickly recover from.

Creating A Troll Character

Firstly the player must pay the cost associated with being a Troll, this amounts to 30 points for a male Troll or 40 points for a female Troll. The character must then satisfy the minimum requirements including bonuses/deficits as shown in Table Trolls Minimum & Maximum Attributes. Any Troll PC will be a young Troll, not yet at their full physical power.

Attribute	Females		Males	
	Min	Max	Min	Max
Agility	3	14	3	14
Strength	16	50	15	44
Constitution	12	22	12	20
Bardic Voice	10	18	3	13
Discipline	05	15	02	12
Appearance	02	08	02	08
Spirit	05	17	02	15

Table Trolls Minimum & Maximum Attributes

Trolls also receive the bonuses or penalties as shown in Table Trolls Attribute Bonuses/Penalties.

These bonuses cannot take the appropriate Attributes above the racial maximums as shown in Table Trolls - Minimum & Maximum Attributes

Attribute	Bonus/ Penalty
Strength	+10
Constitution	+2
Discipline	-5
Appearance	-7
Piety	-3

Table Trolls - Minimum & Maximum Attributes

Trolls buy their attributes at normal cost with Constitution treated the same as Elven Agility in the Standard Rules. Trolls purchase Strength at 1 point per point until they reach STR 20, at 2 points per point from STR 21 to STR 25 and at 3 points per point thereafter.

It is recommended that Troll characters use the optional Absolute Strength Rating rules on page 106

Whilst all Trolls are Poorly Aspected, Troll Witches and Troll Shamanesses gain a bonus of +10 to their PMF. Trolls following the Troll Mode of Magick do not gain this bonus.

Height, Build and Weight

Table Trolls Height and Build shows the average Height and Build Factors for Water Trolls. The standard weight for a Troll is 400 + 10 lbs for every inch in height over 50". For the other forms of Trolls, modify as follows:

Mountain trolls: Height Dice is equal to 3D10 + 92" for males and 3D10 + 98 for females, average height is equal to 9'6"

Cave trolls: Height Dice is equal to 1D10 + 74" for males and 1D10 + 78" for females, average height is equal to 7'0"

Wood Trolls: Height Dice is equal to 2D10 + 75" for males and 2D10 + 79" for Females, average height is equal to 7'6"

Swamp Trolls & Ice Trolls are a kind of Water Troll.

Type of	Ht. Dice	Ht Range	Avg Ht	Build Dice	Range of Build	Avg Build
Male	2D10+72	74 - 92	83"	1D10+2	3 - 12	7 = Heavy
Female	2D10+76	78 - 96	87"	1D10+3	4 - 13	8 = Heavy

Troll character can spend their points during character generation to gain more troll like abilities. They may purchase appropriate abilities for the type of troll they wish to portray and can offset the abilities point cost by taking vulnerabilities and weaknesses.

Troll Regeneration

Prerequisite: Troll

A wood troll gains 1 body point back every 2 minutes through regeneration. Even lost limbs can be regrown this way

Cost: 5

Water Troll Regeneration

Prerequisite: Water Troll, Troll regeneration

A water troll gains an additional 1 body point back every 2 minutes through regeneration. Even lost limbs can be regrown this way

Cost: 10

Troll Gaze

A troll is able, with a locked gaze, to render a foe immobile, mesmerised under its gaze. The troll must be within 30' of his target and it takes 7AP to make sure that a good eye contact with his target has been made. The target must make a willpower skill check to avoid being unable to act each round losing 5AP. Even if the target is being clawed or chewed upon.

Cost: 10

Troll Roar

Prerequisite: Wood Troll

With a bone shaking roar taking 12AP the troll demoralizes his target. Those within hearing range 200' must make a willpower skill check. If the group (up to six targets) have been reduced to half their number then this willpower skill check is at 1/2 TSC%

If they fail then they can only show total cowardice for the next 5 min, until they are able to collect themselves and steel their will against such a primal, evil and terrifying roar.

Cost: 10

Troll Cold Resistance

Prerequisite: Ice Troll, Mountain Troll

Against cold attacks a mountain troll has double his E armour rating.

Cost: 5

Cloak of Arcadian Veil

Prerequisite: Wood Troll

Taking 20AP to perform the wood troll calls around him the veil of the shadow-land, the very boundaries of Arcadia snuggle up to his body making him almost impossible to spot (5%) while within the natural surroundings of the woodland. This veil of Arcadia can only be maintained for 20 min When the veil begins falling back from the trolls body after 20min this takes a huge strain on the trolls body losing 20FP

Cost: 5

Troll Senses

Prerequisite: Troll

They can see at night as if it was a bright sunny day and in total darkness as if it were a dark sunless night.

Cost: 5

Advanced Troll Senses

Prerequisite: Troll Senses

They can see in total darkness as if it were a cloudy day

Cost: 5

Troll Fire Vulnerability

Prerequisite: Ice Troll, Water Troll

Ice and water trolls are desperately afraid of heat and fire, their armour protection is 0 against fire. They get a -1 to PSF% for each degree the temperature is above 32F and their morale checks are made at half value in direct sunlight

Cost: -5

Troll Stench

Animals will become panicked and flee at the smell of a troll requiring a successful handling check for domesticated animals to remain, even then they will cower in fear or be too difficult to ride. Characters that have less than 15 CON will have to make a CON AR% to have nausea halving their PSF% of combat skills.

Cost: 10

Mountain Troll Vulnerability

Prerequisite: Mountain Troll

All Arcane spells do an additional 1D10 of damage to a mountain troll. A critical hit brings a 21% chance of shattering a body part.

Cost: -5

Mountain Troll Fear

Prerequisite: Mountain Troll

Mountain trolls can not abide direct sunlight, which does 1/2 D10 damage to the body levels for each minute that they are exposed. Once their body levels reach 0 the troll turns to stone!

Cost: -10

Sand Troll Resistance

Prerequisite: Sand Troll

Sand trolls are creatures of heat and unlike other trolls they suffer little damage from fire. They take 1/2 damage from normal fire. They cannot regenerate from magickal fire that must heal naturally.

Cost: 10

Sand Troll Fear

Prerequisite: Sand Troll

Sand trolls are naturally afraid of water and will not approach or enter any body of water. Water spells that successfully hit (inflicting +1 damage per ML of the caster) a Sand Troll will cause them to make a morale check or flee.

Cost: -5

Sand Troll Water Vulnerability

Prerequisite: Sand Troll, Sand Troll Fear

Sand trolls suffer +1 damage per ML of caster when hit with water spells and their armour against such attacks is halved.

Cost: -5

Sand Troll Cold Vulnerability

Prerequisite: Sand Troll

Sand trolls suffer a -1 to PSF% to all skills for each degree the ambient temperature falls below 40F

Cost: -10

Sand Troll Movement

Prerequisite: Sand Troll

Sand trolls are perfectly at home in dry hot environments, they can negotiate sand dunes and soft sand with ease, are untroubled by high environmental temperatures.

Cost: 5

Cave Troll Fear

Prerequisite: Cave Troll

Cave trolls are naturally afraid of open spaces and need to make a morale check in order to leave the comfort of their cave systems. When out in the open a cave troll can only use half of his PSF%

Cost: -10

Swamp Walking

Prerequisite: Water or Sand Troll

These trolls are unimpaired when travelling through the soft and squishy grounds that are swamps and marshes, able to sprint across such terrain. Even the worst of quicksand only halves their movement

Cost: 5

Water Breathing

Prerequisite: Water or Sand Troll

These troll are at home under the water, they can breath naturally in this environment

Cost: 5

Troll Curse

A dying troll, providing it has the capabilities to perform speech, has the power to curse its slayer(s). This curse will bring bad luck in the form of a 1-13 PSF% penalty to all skill and attribute AR% rolls. This will last for 1 week per level of the Troll making the curse.

Cost: 10

Troll Fear

Facing a troll in combat is a fearsome proposition, any facing a troll with this ability must make a willpower skill roll each round, failure and they must use their AP's to move away from the troll. Each round a character gains +5% to their Willpower PSF% as they gain more confidence. Only a berserker who makes a willpower check can be immune to the trolls fear

Cost: 10

Troll Social Status

A Female without territory or a male without a warband is a lowly thing in Troll society.

A Crafter is the normal Troll female, staking claim to a territory and when not hunting in creating songs and artefacts with which to tempt males when mating season comes.

All Trolls start out with BV 2 x local copper coins, a weapon for each mastered weapon skill, and food for three days.

1D100%	Female Characters Mother's Status	Male Characters Father's Status	PC Points Cost
01 - 10	No territory	Loner	+5
11 - 75	Crafter	Member of Warband	0
76 - 95	Witch	Leader of Warband	-10
96 - 100	Shamaness	King	-20

Sibling Rank

Sibling rank does not matter to a Troll. If a Troll is to inherit its parents' position it has to fight for it, so the sons of a King will fight amongst themselves and also any new claimants, to decide who gets the title. Of course the King is often challenged by others whilst on the throne.

Age

All trolls start at age 15. The actual maximum lifespan of a Troll is not known.

The Hunger

The Hunger for the flesh of a sentient is a well-known Trolls problem. To resist, if the Trolls wants to resist that is, the Trolls must make a Willpower roll whenever a sentient creature is near.

Fear

All Trolls generate fear within a radius of 10 feet of themselves amongst races smaller than themselves. The fear effect is equivalent to the Command Magick spell Greater Fright with a PSF% equal to half the maximum Body points of the Troll.

Troll Background Skills

All Trolls gain the following skills at +10 PSF% and at Level 1: Maces, Hammer & Clubs Find Direction, All, Perception Skills, Find One's Location, Geological Lore

They also gain the Troll Mode of Magick at DF 6 at a skilled chance and the Troll Method of Magick at a skilled DF5.

Trolls also gain the following new skill of Flint Knapping:

Flint Knapping

Attributes: Intellect & Agility

Level: DF 5 BCS 20%; 700 Exp

Flint knapping is the skilled art of turning pieces of flint into cutting tools. The skill allows the character to pummel two pieces of flint together to form arrowheads, flint knives, scrapers, hand axes etc.

With a successful skill roll a Troll can create hand weapons such as knives or hand axes. They have the same potential as normal weapons with base damage reduced by 2 points. With a critical success of 10 base damage equals that of metal weapons and an additional 2 points of crushing damage can be added. Failing rolls result in spoilt flints, a critical failure results in 2 points of damage through accidental cuts.

Troll Vocations

Warrior

Primary Attribute: Strength (STR)

Secondary Attribute: Constitution (CON)

Troll Warrior Primary Skills	Secondary Skills
Any Combat Skills (marked F)	Lore Historical
Any Outdoor Skills	Any Combat Skills ¹
Local Geography	Herbalism
Any Athletic Skills	Any background skills

¹ Includes all combat skills except Cavalry Lance and Riding a Warhorse

Crafter

Primary Attribute:Intellect (INT)

Secondary Attribute:Strength (STR)

Troll Crafter Primary Skills	Secondary Skills
Any Outdoor Skills Local Geography Sculpting Singing Herbalism First Aid	Lore Historical Any Combat Skills Any Materia Medicina Any Athletic Skills Any background skills

Troll Witch

Primary Attribute:Intellect (INT)

Secondary Attribute:Spirit (SPR)

Troll Witches are much like their counterparts in other species, but with a different emphasis in the skills they specialise in. They are one manifestation of the religion of the Trolls, the other being the Shamans, who commune with their ancestors and especially the greatest Ancestor of all, the goddess Hel.

Troll Witches are not as specialised as the shamanesses, whose magick is mostly Divination and Necromancy.

Troll Witch Primary Skills	Secondary Skills
Witchcraft Mode Divination Method Earth Method Command Method Arcane Method Water Method Transcendental Method Ward Method Artefact Lore Interpret Omens Spell Enhancement Geographical Lore (Local Area) Pharmacology & Medicine Singing Perception Skills	Sculpting Spell Research Any Outdoors Skill Herbalism (Materia Medicina) Administer Poisons & Drugs Undetected Any Athletic Skills Air Method Fire Method Summoning Method Ward Method Plant Method Any Background Skills

Troll Shamaness

Primary Attribute:Intellect (INT)

Secondary Attribute:Spirit (SPR)

Whilst some male Trolls become Witches, it is unheard of for any to become Shamans, for the ancestral spirits reject them. The Shamaness communes with the dead and with the Great Ancestor, the goddess Hel.

Troll Shamaness Primary Skills	Secondary Skills
Troll Shamaness Mode Divination Method Transcendental Method Command Method ¹ Summoning Method Ward Method Faith Singing Interpret the Omens Artefact Lore Spirit Lore (as Demon Lore) Perception Skills Spell Enhancement Geographic Lore (Local Area)	Spell Research Any Outdoors Skills Herbalism (Materia Medicina) Illusion Method Any Athletic Skills Pharmacology & Medicine Arcane Method Plant Method Any Background Skills

¹ Troll Shamanesses can learn Necromantic Spells.

Trolls & Magick

Summon Totem

A Troll Shamaness automatically learn this spell as but can only cast it as a Ritual lasting one hour.

Each Troll Shamaness, as the last act of their training, makes contact with a totem spirit that acts as a guide to the Shadow World thereafter. The Spirit adopts the form of an animal or bird native to the area of the Troll's Territory. The Totem can aid the Shamaness in various quests for information. Any Divination spell that a Troll Shamanesses casts or Astral Projection, involves the aid of the Totem. The Totem counts as a 'Master' for the purposes of learning spells. For spells from Primary Vocational Methods of Magick, Troll Shamanesses learn then at the MR as indicated in Magicks & Miracles For spells from any other Methods of Magick, the Troll Shamanesses have to spend twice as long learning the spell, which has its MR doubled (to a maximum of MR 10). Shamanesses only make Magickal devices, save for the focus, by binding spirits into the devices.

Troll Method of Magick

Attributes:Intellect & Constitution
Level:DF 5; BCS 20%; 700 Exp; 7

If not a Magick User then the Troll studies the Troll Method of Magick, which is considered to be a Background Skill at - 10 PSF%. This means it can be Mastered if desired. There is no focus associated with Troll Magick.

Prolong Breathing Underwater

Resistance:MR 2
Fatigue Cost:3 FP
Casting Time:Sorcery
Range:Self
Duration:CON x ML minutes

All Trolls can, and do, spend a great more time underwater than humans, up to their CON in minutes. This spell adds their CON x ML to that duration. Therefore a Troll with CON 16 and ML3 could spend up to $16 + (16 \times 3) = 64$ minutes underwater. How such a bulky creature can stay underwater even before magick is a mystery, but the aquatic life seems to agree with them.

Concealment

Resistance:MR 2
Fatigue Cost:4 FP
Casting Time:Cantrip
Range:10 feet x ML
Duration:5 minutes x ML

This spell creates an area into which normal (i.e. non-magickal sight) cannot penetrate. The nature of the concealing area depends on the origins of the Troll casting the spell:

Cave and Wood Trolls create an area of Darkness.

Water and Mountain Trolls create an area of swirling mist. If the Troll is in an area with large quantities of old snow on the ground then, for an additional 4 FP cost, the mist will be full of ice crystals, requiring a 1 FP per minute penalty for all non-Trolls in the Cloud.

Bind Fear

Resistance:MR 3
Fatigue Cost:6 FP
Casting Time:Sorcery
Range:10 feet x ML
Duration:1 minute x ML

With this spell the Troll can bind their Fear power within the spell Concealment so that all those that are within the boundaries of the concealment also have to deal with the fear, and not just those directly in the Trolls presence.

Enhance Fear

Magick Resistance:MR 4
Fatigue Cost:6 FP
Casting Time:Sorcery
Range:10 feet x ML
Duration:1 minute x ML

This spell intensifies the power of the Troll's Fear so that it causes more despair to the Troll's enemies. With this spell half the Caster's PSF% in Troll Method of Magick is added to the Troll's Fear. This can also be cast together with the spell Bind Fear to make the concealment even more terrifying.

Walk Unhindered

Resistance:MR 3
Fatigue Cost:4 FP
Casting Time:Sorcery
Range:Self
Duration:2 hours x ML

With this spell the Troll can pass through any adverse weather (but not bright sunshine) as if it was a clear and calm night. If the Troll pays double the FP cost it can also apply to terrain as well, including bodies of water, dense foliage, and snowdrifts.

Venom of Hel

Magick Resistance:MR 5
Fatigue Cost:6 FP
Casting Time:Hex
Range:Touch
Duration:Immediate Effect

The Troll's claws and bite become poisonous with the deathly touch of the Death Goddess, an ancestress of their race. Any damage done by the Troll that inflicts at least one point of damage direct to the opponent's Body injects the poison into the victim. The poison inflicts 1 x ML Body points of damage per minute for 5 minutes. If a Stamina roll is failed then, if the victim's CON is less than $(12 + ML)$, the victim is incapacitated for a period of 60 minutes - CON.

For instance, Siegwulf, who has CON 14, is wounded by a Troll who has ML 3 and has caused 2 points of damage direct to Siegwulf's Body. Siegwulf takes 3 points of damage direct to his Body per minute for the next 5 minutes and if he fails a Stamina roll, is incapacitated for 46 minutes.

Enchantment of Skin

Magick Resistance:MR 7
Fatigue Cost:11 FP
Casting Time:Ritual (30 minutes)
Range:Self
Duration:Permanent

This is how some trolls seem impervious to normal weapons. The troll enchants its own skin to become a better kind of armour. This enchantment has several levels and the troll must re-enchant the skin to progress to the next level. Each time the Troll skin must be enchanted from MR 10 down to MR 0. After each enchantment the troll becomes resistant to a magickal weapon with a plus equal to the 1 below that level and will only take half damage. The maximum number of times a Troll's skin can be enchanted is equal to $\frac{1}{2} \times \text{ML}$ (rounding down).

For instance, Eanaswhe has enchanted her skin once, that means all normal weapons do half damage and only magickal weapons do full damage. Geltwista has enchanted his skin four times, this means that a weapon with at least a +3 bonus is required to do full damage.

Storm blast

Resistance:MR 6
Fatigue Cost:8 FP
Casting Time:Sorcery
Range:-
Duration:-

With this spell the Troll can focus the winds into a blast of air similar to the Basic Magick-Air spell Air Wall. If 10 FP are paid then the Troll can bind the elements to the blast as follows:

With water it becomes similar to the Basic Magick - Water spell Water Ram

With air it becomes similar to the Basic Magick -Air spell Air Ram

With snow or ice, it becomes similar to the Basic Magick - Water spell Ice Storm inflicting double damage for the ML level of the Mage.

With loose soil, pebbles and sand it becomes similar to the Basic Magick - Earth spell Shower of Stones.

Acts of Faith

The Shamanesses are religious figures as well as magickal and follow the vocation of Shaman as described in the C&S 5th edition core rulebook for access to Acts of Faith. Many of the spirits they summon are to perform healing.

All Shamanesses start with the following Acts of Faith:

PFF Anoint the Sick
PFF Anoint the Wounded
PFF 5 Blessing
PFF 10 Bless Item
PFF 5 Common Prayer

The following Acts of Faith are available to them and they learn them as per the standard rules:

PFF 35 Purify Food and Water
PFF 50 Cure the Wounded
PFF 20 Holy Barrier of Guard
PFF 35 Remove Curse
PFF 50 Neutralise Toxins
PFF 60 Cure Disease
PFF 45 Banish Spirits (as Exorcise Demons)
PFF 65 Heal Grievous Wounds
PFF 50 Visions
PFF 90 Restore Senses (Combination Cure Deafness/Blindness)

Daylight

The Trolls are creatures of the dark and as such they suffer in sunlight. For each minute in direct sunlight they lose -1 Body and 1 FP. For each minute in indirect sunlight they lose -1 FP until Fatigue is exhausted after which they lose Body points

Natural Weapons

Trolls have great claws on their hands, though they can show remarkable dexterity at times. For details on damage etc. refer to The Bestiary.

Armour

The Trolls have natural armour as effective as the finest made by armourers. The older the Troll, the better the armour. The protection factors gained at as the Troll ages are shown in Table Trolls - Armour

Troll Natural Armour						
Age	C	S	P	M	E	
Up to 20	7	6	5	7	5	
Up to 55	9	8	7	9	7	+2 STR; + 2 CON
Up to 90	11	9	8	10	8	+2 STR; + 1 CON
Up to 140	13	12	12	13	12	+2STR
Up to 200	15	14	14	16	14	+1 STR; +1 WIS
200 +	16	16	15	17	16	+1 STR; +1 WIS

Table Trolls - Armour

The Historical Troll

Feared legends of Norse Mythology found in remote areas of thick forest wilderness, mountains, caves, underground and some in the ocean. They live together in isolated pockets of small family units in places not easily accessible to humans. Giant in size, possessing supernatural strength, typically stupid but sometimes wielding magical abilities. Oaff'ish and evil by nature said to be driven off by the ringing of church bells. Dangerous with a taste for human flesh. Explodes or turns into stone when exposed to sunlight.

Mention the word 'Troll' to a layman and he will most likely think of Lord of the Rings; however much of what was contained in those stories about trolls was taken from a Germanic/Norse tradition. The other famous troll in literature is of course Grendel, who was killed by the hero Bēowulf.

Bilbo Baggins -The Hobbit (1937)

On encountering ravenous trolls - *"He was very much alarmed, as well as disgusted, he wished himself a hundred miles away."*

Bēowulf is one of the most important works of Old English literature, its composition date is a matter of contention among scholars; it is only the manuscript that can be dated with any certainty, the text original date unknown. This text was produced between 975 and 1025. The anonymous poet is referred to by scholars as the "Beowulf poet".

Set in Scandinavia the story dates back to around the 6th century. Bēowulf, a hero of the Geats, comes to the aid of Hrothgar, the king of the Danes, whose mead hall in Heorot has been under attack by a **monster** known as Grendel.

The poem lives in a single copy of the manuscript known as the 'Nowell Codex'. It has no title in the original manuscript, but has become known by the name of the story's protagonist - Bēowulf.

From the Poem

Hrothgar, king of the Danes, or Scyldings, builds a great mead-hall, or palace, in which he hopes to feast his liegemen and to give them presents. The joy of king and retainers is, however,

of short duration. Grendel, the monster, is seized with hateful jealousy. He cannot brook the sounds of joy that reach him down in his fen-dwelling near the hall. Oft and anon he goes to the joyous building, bent on direful mischief. Thane after thane is ruthlessly carried off and devoured, while no one is found strong enough and bold enough to cope with the monster. For twelve years he persecutes Hrothgar and his vassals.

In Denmark, recent archaeological excavations at Lejre, where Scandinavian tradition located the seat of the Scyldings, i.e., Heorot, have revealed that a hall was built in the mid-6th century, exactly the time period of Bēowulf. Three halls, each about 50 metres (160 ft) long, were found during the excavation.

It is a fact that the word Troll never comes up in the poem of Bēowulf, but we can imagine that such was the case. Grendel is himself described as a pyrs "*swamp giant*" by Bēowulf

There is a great deal of confusion and crossover in the use of Old Norse terms jötunn, troll, þurs, and risi, which describe various beings. These were originally four distinct classes of beings: lords of nature (jötunn), mythical magicians (troll), hostile monsters (þurs), and heroic and courtly beings (risi), the last class being the youngest addition. Ármann highlights that the term is used to denote various beings, such as a jötunn or mountain-dweller, a witch, an abnormally strong or large or ugly person, an evil spirit, a ghost, a blámaðr (blue Person), a magical boar, a heathen demi-god, a demon, a brunnmigi (Old Norse "pees in a well" is a being who defiles wells encountered by King Hjörleifr in Hálf's saga ok Hálf'srekka), or a berserker.

Etymology

The Old Norse nouns troll and tröll (variously meaning fiend, demon, werewolf, jötunn) and Middle High German troll, trolle (fiend according to philologist Vladimir Orel) likely borrowed from Old Norse developed from Proto-Germanic neuter noun trullan. The origin of the Proto-Germanic word is unknown. Additionally, the Old Norse verb trylla 'to enchant, to turn into a troll' and the Middle High German verb trüllen (meaning to flutter) both developed from the Proto-Germanic verb trulljanan, a derivative of trullan.

The Prose Edda

The Prose Edda is also known as the Younger Edda, Snorri's Edda or, simply as Edda, it is an 'Old Norse' work of literature probably written in Iceland sometime during the early part of 13th century. Often the Prose Edda is assumed to have been written, or compiled, by the Icelandic scholar, lawspeaker, and historian Snorri Sturluson c. 1220. It is considered the fullest and most detailed source for modern knowledge of Norse mythology.

The Prose Edda starts with a Christian Prologue that lays out the creation of the world and the human race and the rise of paganism after the great flood, a section on the Norse cosmogony, pantheon, and myths. After this are three distinct books: Gylfaginning, Skáldskaparmál, and Háttatal. Seven manuscripts, dating from c. 1300 to 1600, have independent textual value.

From the Prose Edda

In the east dwells the old hag,
In the Jarnved forest;
And brings forth there
Fenrer's offspring.
There comes of them all
One the worst,
The moon's devourer
In a troll's disguise.
He is filled with the life-blood
Of men doomed to die;
The seats of the gods
He stains with red gore;
Sunshine grows black
The summer thereafter,
All weather gets fickle.
Know you yet or not?

On the first day of winter he began to build the burg, but by night he hauled stone for it with his horse. But it seemed a great wonder to the asas what great rocks the horse drew, and the horse did one half more of the mighty task than the builder. The bargain was firmly established with witnesses and oaths, for the giant did not deem it safe to be among the asas without truce if Thor should come home, who now was on a journey to the east fighting trolls.

Asas - Norse mythology: was the general name of the Scandinavian gods (plural). I find it remarkable the similarity between the Etruscan AEsar and the Icelandic Esir

The slayer of Bele's evil race
Made fall the bear of the loud-roaring mountain;
On his shield
Bite the dust
Must the giant
Before the sharp-edged hammer,
When the giant-crusher
Stood against the mighty Hrungrner,
And the flint-stone
(So hard to break)
Of the friend of the troll-women
Into the skull did whiz
Of Jord's son,
And this flinty piece
Fast did stick
In Eindride's blood;
Until Orvandel's wife,
Magic songs singing,
From the head of Thor
Removed the giant's
Excellent flint-stone.
All do I know
About that shield-journey.
A shield adorned
With hues most splendid

Exceptions

The old Danish ballad of Eline of Villenwood mentions a troll not bigger than an ant.

A list of words used in *Bēowulf* and other contemporary sources not in general use.

Atheling —Prince, nobleman.

Bairn.—Son, child.

Barrow.—Mound, rounded hill, funeral-mound.

Battle-Sark.—Armour.

Beaker.—Cup, drinking-vessel.

Begear.—Prepare.

Bight.—Bay, sea.

Bill.—The bill is a polearm weapon used by infantry.

Boss.—Ornamental projection on a shield.

Bracteate.—A round ornament on a necklace.

Brand.—Sword.

Burn.—Stream.

Burnie.—Armour.

Carle.—Man, hero.

Jarl.—Nobleman, any brave man.

Eke.—Also.



Svermark Political Boundaries I

Scale: 1 Square = 100miles



Svermark Political Boundaries II

Scale: 1 Square = 100miles

Svermark

Location:East coast of Arl peninsular
Emblem:A Raven
Form of Govt.:Monarchy
Current Ruler:High Kyng Blazek
Official Religion: Celatan or the Stormbringer Triplets Official
Language:Sverdish
Area:141,000 square miles approx.
Population:3,490,000 Humans
Capital:Drotheim
Currency:Hack Silver or Gold
Trade Goods:Mercenaries and ships

Description

The people' of the civilised world, fear and dread the arrival of the men and women of Svermark.

On the east coast of the Arl peninsular, directly south of Rutjarl lies Svermark. This realm is bordered on the west by the Great Arl mountain range that prevents intrusions from Trollarl, although there still are raids from Goblins and the odd Troll. The north of the region consists of the foothills of the Arl mountain range, which are densely forested by fir, pine and other evergreen trees.

As you pass southwards the forests give way to the green rolling valleys which form the main habitable region. Amongst these valleys, formed by the many rivers flowing from the mountains, lie the townships of Svermark. These towns are fortified settlements built alongside the rivers and ruled over by Jarls. These Jarls form loose confederacies and swear fealty to the strongest amongst them. These Kyngs¹ then, in turn, swear fealty to a High Kyng, currently the strongest amongst them. When a High Kyng dies there is usually a period of turmoil whilst the remaining Kings struggle for power. The current High Kyng is Blazek, who has ensured his claim to power by building a strong húskarl war band.

Each township has a small fleet of ships which ply the river carrying trade-goods. They are also capable of travelling the oceans. Occasionally the ships carry groups of warriors who travel the oceans in order to raid the coastlines and shipping of the other realms. High Kyng Blazek is currently looking at expanding the borders of Svermark in the direction of Valania, as the north of that realm is currently lightly populated.



The Kyngdoms of Svermark

- **Brim** ←
- **Dasherland**
- **Djarla-Land**
- **Döendeland**
- **Frostland** ←
- **Gemtland**
- **Goterland**
- **Halringer Land**
- **Hungermanland**
- **Keltaland**
- **Meadaland**
- **Narken**
- **Ostermanland**
- **Rubotten**
- **Simland**
- **Sundermanland**
- **Tretermanland**
- **Vistaland**
- **Wutterland**
- **Realm of Darwulf**
- **Realm of Heregris**
- **Realm of Greattle**
- **Mines of Kyng Hadrath**

These two Kyngdoms are being presented in the final details that you will be able to find in the new version of the Marakush Campaign. The other princedoms will be presented in brief to give a feel for the location as they are not relevant to the contents of this book

¹ Kyng is not a gender specific word in Sverdish (or, in fact, in Old or Middle English), but signifies a ruler

Common Name: Brim

Other Names

Lakeland, Little Fishers

Creation / Foundation

The beginnings and endings of the Brim empire are a mystery to all the usual scholars, however there are some who study such things and have knowledge of the old times, the time before.

Aims & Goals

A softer more natural culture, the Brim have no expansion desires. If asked, each of their neighbours will claim the land that the Brim occupy. Their goals are live and be happy in whatever way that seems fit for you.

Culture

The people of Brim are predominantly fishermen, using their large freshwater lake as the source for most of their protein and sufficient to export. The locals of Brim are all from an even more northerly stock of humans, They have moderate brown skin and their eyes have epicanthic folds..

During the summer season the lake is clear of ice and the take to their boats in tribal fleets of twenty or thirty. In the winter when the ice covers the lake, they use drills and trot lines under the ice.

Women of the Brim often to have some sort of natural talent, this either develops into a shaman vocation, or they become "Sjáandi" which is a diviner. There is no formal training so levels in these vocations tend to be lower levels, 2nd - 3rd level.

The Brim culture is totemic, believing in the spirits of nature, they do not worship these spirits, they would say that they revere them, cooperate with them and in return the spirits bring them favours and blessings. The shaman of the tribe is the one who communes with the spirits and summons them forth to the ordinary in order to have a question answered, or a favour granted.

The people here are mostly clothed in furs and skins, if forced to fight, generally a peaceful and helpful people they carry with them, bow, arrows and a fishing spear.

Description

Bordered by 6 other princedoms the existence of Brim is contested by each of those all claiming the land of Brim. The tribes here are smaller, shorter and less warlike than the average population of Svermark. They allow traveller free passage, with no hindrance. They have a Chief 'Unlook', who leads the different tribal communities.

At the heart of the land is Lake Ontooba a large freshwater lake, during the warmer months, the water here is so clear you can see the bottom of the lake even at its deepest parts. The great lake is surrounded by smaller lakes and these are sacred to the Brim, said to contain the spirits. Each of the lakes has a spirit associated with it, each spirit a different aspect of the natural world.

Through the middle of Brim runs the mighty river, the Kelraven, the highway for these boat people. They use the river and it's tributaries as a highway through the land. Even in the winter months when the river freezes over the Brim use dog sleds along the frozen water way.

Distinguished Citizens

Chief Unlook 4th Level Forester, Human, Male, Age: 42

Shaman Nanouk 5th Level Shaman, Human, Female, Age: 16

Sjáandi Tootega 4th Level Diviner, Human, Female, Age: 22

Distinguished Organisations

None

Entry

Come and go as you please

History / Research

It is believed that the Brim are remnants of a once ancient and powerful race, so advanced that their boats were heated homes, they moved around without being paddled, they could move across open water or ice with equal speed. The legend is that they were strong with magical powers and held a large track of the Northern land through force of Magickal Fire.

Over the immense span of time since this magickal empire, the people have been worn down to the handful of tribes that form the Brim.

In the circles of wizards who study such things as ancient empires, the Land of Brim is a wonder of stories about spells and rituals of great power. The stories can be found in alternate forms later in time throughout most of the northern lands.

Pinpointing a place or structure from this magickal empire has proven impossible though a small handful of scholars are still trying.

In the guild of Esoteric Lore in the city of Cadanbyrig, there is a coin, gold, round and about 25mm across. It has a square hole at its centre and writing in an unknown pictographic language. However, one word stands out in ancient Runic of the northmen.

BRIM

Allies:

The Brim would say that the spirits of nature and the elements are their allies. Otherwise they do not attend moots, or partake in debates or wars.

Rivals:

Everyone believes that they have already conquered the Brim.



Dasherland

Held be Kyng Hroathgar "*Ganger*" Dasher a powerful man or extraordinary height, he stands 7'3" tall, so tall that no horse can stand to bear his size and weight, it is said that his feet scrap the floor. Due to his size and inability to ride a horse, he walks everywhere, thus his nickname "*Ganger*".

The hills of Dasherland are rich with good hunting for Deer; however the Hill Giants there also enjoy good hunting of Dasher men. Wolves are prevalent and many of the homesteads have large dogs and watchmen overlooking sheep and deer that they have in large herds.

As with most of the other pryncedoms, it is required to present yourself to the chief of village, town when you enter, so that it may be decided if you are weal or woe. The Seer may be summoned to make a determination, but often it is sufficient to see blood, a cut across the outside of the forearm being traditional.

Djarla - Land

Held by female Kyngs Vitkvinna Djarla and her identical twin sister Svartkvinna Djarla. They are often called the '*chess maidens*'. They are cunning and also good fighters. Vitkvinna always wears white furs and Svartkvinna always wears black furs.

The land they control has a good variety of terrain, with excellent hunting in all the areas. It is a land sought after by many in Svermark. All would try to gain a hold in this land, either from marriage or from conquest. Many have tried the marriage route and failed leading some to conclude that the twins are in love with each other for they are inseparable.

The land however, as well as the odd war from a neighbour or two, has the issue of a troublesome fire worm. She has made her home in the mountains to the west, a large cave complex the locals use to call "*Eldandagrottan*" Now, since the arrival of SHE, they fear to speak her name; for legend says that "*a worm can hear their name being called from a hundred miles away.*"

The worm is Rödmagask (a rough translation is '*Red Bellied Lizard*') She is old and has recently awoken from a hundred-year sleep. Hungry and cold, she needs food to fuel the furnace in her belly. Once she has had her fill she will return to the depth of the cave and once again sleep a great slumber.

Döendeland

This translates to, the '*land of walking dead men*'. There is no living prince here. The land has towns filled with dead men who still walk. It is not known if this is the realm of a great necromancer, or the living dead are some curse of the land. Few if any of the Svermark will venture into the Döendeland for fear that the curse will take them and they will also become like those who wander while death calls them to the great halls.

Vast herds of reindeer can be seen stretching into the distance as far as the eye can see. Great cave bears the size of a house hunt and kill during the warmer months and hibernate in their caves.

Those who have venture so far north, have seen the towns of the dead, they are great stone works, crumbling. Jagged spikes of metal stick out from dull grey rocks, the dead have impaled men and animal upon the spikes and leave them to rot. The area near the towns smell of the grave and rotting flesh.

Gemtland

Held by Kyng Thorbold Gemt, an elderly ruler whose once legendary exploits are now a distant memory. In his younger days Thorbold served as a High Guardsman in Urtind, he amassed a large fortune in booty from his efforts in war and personal service to the majestic ruler. However he was caught in the bedroom with a royal family member. His sentence was to be taken out to sea, cut and fed to the sharks. He was prepared, stripped and cut he was thrown overboard. However, they underestimated the strength and willpower of Thorbold, he swam 8 miles back to shore. Afterwards he returned to his homeland where his elder brother ruled.

Towards the mountains lies a vast Goblin mine, ruled by the Goblin Kyng, Heregris, an especially large and gruesome creature. Heregris offered Thorbold a truce, passage through his mines to the pastures on the other side. In exchange Heregris asked for 100 females each year. Thorbold agreed to the terms.

Thorbold's men started to make their way through the paths of the mines and through to the pastures on the other side. They raided and brought back great treasures and many fine slaves. Heregris asked for his due. Thorbold gave him 100 female goats.

Furious with the deceit Heregris vowed that their would never be peace between the two. Since then Heregris and his goblins have waged a constant war upon Gemtland.

Goterland

A very poor princedom, now a full third of the size it once used to be. The Kyng here is Bjorn Godspell. He has taken a religious name and like many in Svermark has been swayed away from the traditional religions of these lands. He has taken to peace and forgiveness. The land, is now gods land, and churches and priest of the new religions are all over. They teach a mixed up version of old and new.

Most of the Kyngdoms in Svermark have the custom of weregild.

In law, it is the amount of compensation paid by a person committing an offense to the injured party. Or, in case of death, to his family.

In certain instances part of the weregild was paid to the kyng and to the lord, they having lost, respectively, a subject and a vassal.

A man's weregild was determined by his status in society; for example, in Anderia the barbarians there hold that a lord's weregild could be many times that of a common man.

The weregild of a woman was usually equal to, and often more than, that of a man of the same class; in some areas, a woman's weregild might be twice as much as that of a man; dependant upon how many children she has born and her skill in arms. Tribal Shaman also have their own rate of weregild, this is sometimes dependent on the class into which they were born.

Halringerland

Held by Kyng Ulrik Halringer a man of renown accuracy with a composite shortbow of the type made from laminated sinew. It is said that his bow draws 200lbs and he can shoot accurately at even 200 yards. Much of this is likely to be self propaganda by the Kyng, or the Skalds trying to gain the kyng's favour.

The land is predominantly thick forest made up of needle-leaf pine. A tea brewed from these pines is said to be a cure for all manner of wet colds and diseases.

The people of Halringer land hunt the forest for deer using their stealth to get close and their sinew bows to bring even the largest stag down with a single shot. The heads of their arrows are exceptionally broad and do not work well at long ranges. A typical kill being between 40 and 60 yards.

Hungermanland

A dangerous area to travel for the people who live here are cannibals. They have found that eating people is easier than chasing around deer or sitting on the edge of frozen lake for hours. They raid each other and out into the surrounding lands. They especial like to break open the long bones and eat the marrow. The people here are called "*The Benätare*" The bone eaters. The men of the Hungerland use large Lucerne like hammers with cruel barbed pick heads.

The Kyng is Bentja Gråvilja, a gaunt and grey-skinned man of some height. He attends the moots of the High Kyng and pleads the cases for his subjects. At the moots everyone gives him a wide berth and treats him with revulsion and superstition, thinking him and his kin possessed by some evil spirit.

Ambassadors are given safe passage into and through the lands, so long as they carry the banner with three golden rings. Many have taken to copying the banner even though they are not diplomats, once found out though they are thus eaten. This has lead to some unfortunate cases of heralds being eaten as they were thought to be mimicking the emblem.

Skalds and those with magickal abilities seem to be immune to being eaten, somehow the Hungermen can tell and avoid such people, stating that they have spirits in them that do not taste good.

Keltaland

Held by Kyng Ragnborg Kelta, a man renowned for his prowess in battle with sword and shield. It is said that a Seer made a '*Gru*' (a sort of curse, prophecy and spell all rolled into one) upon him that "*He shall not fall, so long as a single ally stands with him.*" This has certainly been true so far. His survival in raids and battles seem to defy common sense, he wades into the thick of things swinging and cleaving all around, all the time he is laughing out loud with crazy eyes. He has killed many men, won many trophies in the form of gold and slaves. Yet in his heart when no fighting he seems to be a broken sorrowful man.

There is a great tradition of raiding and pirating other ships far afield, and much of the fear that the civilised lands have for the Svermark originated with raids that Ragnborg has made upon their ships and lands. He is 68 years old now and does not seem to be slowing down. He has a dozen wives,

none of whom seems to please him. During the days and night when he is in his great hall he sits in his great chair, forcing his skalds to recite the bloody escapades of his raids and warring. He does not sleep and eat and drinks little saying that they taste like salt and dust.

The land itself has little to offer, hunting is seasonal in the summer months only. Nothing grows in the rocky ground and their protein comes from fish and hardy goats. Everything else they need comes from trade or raid.

Meadaland

The Land is ruled by Kyng Triúnn Nattbjörn a favoured of the gods, he has primitive talents and uses them to his advantage. He has practiced well his talents has become as good as he can be with just his talent. Now he calls to him, with offer of reward, any who would teach him the ways.

Filled with mixed woodlands and fertile meadows the land is ablaze with colour during the summer months, with fruits here given two or three yields in a year. As the land and its bee-infested meadows would indicate this is the land where the highest quality and most sort after mead is made. Some say that even the gods come down in disguise, upon their feast day to partake of the mead, it is of such fine quality.

The realm has known peace for many years, Prince Triúnn has the ability to sway the minds of those who would attack, he has taken advantage of his powers at all of the Moots. He knows that he needs to be subtle with his abilities, he has incidents early on that learned him this lesson quickly. Now all know of his magick talent, he is treated with suspicion and made to swear an oath to not use his powers in the moot.

The port town ships of Raimina send out mead to other countries, making Meadaland a very wealthy place. Many missionaries from other churches have arrived bringing different religions with them. They have been given a free hand to preach but they have not been allowed to have property or make a building for worship.

Narken

Held by well-respected Kyng Erik Röttškägg, a large man of great seamanship and fighting capability. He has a great sense of honour and what is right and fair. His raid are fast and brutal, taking only that which can be moved in a quick manner. Slaves, gold, jewellery and such. His slaves are well looked after and often end up fighting with him, such is his charisma. At the moots his voice carries great weight to an argument.

This is another violent culture, their lands are barren and even the goats aren't doing well here. The only option the people have is to raid. They have the best shipbuilders in Svermark, their dragonship are long, deep and intricate, able to carry man and horse long distances across rough seas. Neighbouring clans will come to the fortified town of Tumala to have their ships built, paying large amounts. The ships are noted for the carvings and paintwork as there are for the seaworthiness.

Ostermanland

Held by the Prince Dræng Osterman on behalf of High Kyng Blazek. The prince has temporal control of the land and is entitled to half of the yield from products, rents and raids. It is a satisfactory agreement and releases the high kyng from his duties there and frees him to perform as high kyng at moots and Oath swearing feasts.

The lands is of marginal quality able to grow the more hardy rye and the rye-berries are used to make various rye flour products. Seen as the grain pan of the Svermark no one dares attack this principedom for fear of loosing their goods.

The High Kyng Blazek has holdings here that he stays at upon occasion, especially when one of his wives is with child. It gives him time away from his busy life in the capital city of Drotheim.

Rubotten

Held by Kyng Laufar Úsvífr, a well educated man of many skills and talents. As young man his father sent him to Cadanbyrig to learn the ways of the civilised world. He speaks several languages and has a good understanding of many more. He has excellent maths skills and is a formidable debater.

His wit and sarcastic come-backs are feared at the great moots more than sorcery and the eater of the dead. His cutting remarks can live with a person for many moons, leaving them open to ridicule and lack of respect.

The land is warmed by a strange breeze that comes of the sea here and even in winter it never gets frigidly cold like the other area this far north. Down in the valleys and near the coast there are plentiful deciduous woodlands.

Hunting is good and the land is prosperous, however they are burdened from attack by hordes of undead from the Döendeland. These attacks have been ongoing all the way back in the memories of the old folk.

Simland

This is the Land of the High Kyng Blazek and the capital city of Svermark, Drotheim. It is much more cosmopolitan than the other towns in the country, however, that is to say that one might rarely chance upon a foreigner in the street who is not a captured slave.

Simland is like the lowest common denominator of all the other realms of Svermark. It has no high-points of culture, and no low-points of depravity. Most of its resources are brought in through tribute from the other kyngdoms, or from raiding.

It is in Drothiem that the Moots and great feasts are held. Where the other lords and Kyngs come to swear their oaths and pledge their loyalties. Such times are filled with music, mead, sex and hallucinogenic mushrooms. The gods themselves are often seen at such rituals and messages given to those would listen.

For special occasions when the kyng is in need of advice from the gods to settle a dispute or make a countrywide decision; a human sacrifice is made. This is usually a female slave or several if a really serious matter.

High Lords are brought here for their sea burials.



Sundermanland

This is held by Kyng Bergálfur Sunderman, an eccentric at best a crazy-man at worst. He believes he has a direct connection to the gods. He speaks in tongues and has taken a knife to his skin and scared himself with power runes. His justice is random and his punishments bizarre to the extreme. His subjects live in fear of some mad edict from their king like the season of the apple, where they were allowed only to eat apples.

The main trade in Sundermanland is whale meat and whale fat related products. The hardy menfolk of the land go out in boat with harpoons and hunt whales, dragging the carcasses back to be cut up and processed. This is a dangerous job and many are lost each year out at sea.

Vohula is known for the beautiful ivory carvings that they make. All manner of ivory items are exported to the civilised world from here.

Tretermanland

Held by Kyng Treterman, a weak and ill person who it is suspected may not last the year. While still young (18), he has many life threatening ailments. He has no child to take the throne and there are 13 claimants who want it. Even now the land is gearing up for a war, with men taking sides with different lords. Oath swearing has become a daily routine, with the skalds unable to keep up with the developments.

The mountains to the west are filled with valuable minerals and gemstones. Many would fight or die to control the riches of this kyngdom. Also to the west are the Dwarves of the Mountains, the land of Kyng Darwulf. He also keeps an eye on the unstable situation, for fear that the fighting might spread into the passes, vales, meres and caverns of his Dwarvish realm.

Kyng Darwulf has sent ambassadors into the human lands to speak with the 13 contenders for the throne. He wishes to know who is the stronger, who is more cunning, who would be more open to peaceful trade etc. These parleys are ongoing and secret, he does not wish the other contestants to know that each of them are also being visited by Dwarven ambassadors.

What Kyng Darwulf will do with the information his ambassadors bring back is anyone's guess.

Vistaland

This is held by Prince Tósti Wjkalyf a cunning and shrewd man, he has many business plans and acts more like a civilised merchant ship fleet owner than a Svermark Viking. He will trade with any who he can make a profit from. He, however, also knows the loyalty and respect money can buy; he has seen too many Jarls and Kyngs brought down by their own greed and how they treated their people. He is tough but generous with his populace, often extreme in his punishments when it serves as a warning.

The strongest of the Northern Princedoms in number, wealth and trade potential. It has three large towns: The fortified port town of Tinggard, The bustling town, possibly a second capital Favrholt and the large lake town of Bredhus.

Tinggard has many trades, fishing and whaling being the primary ones but also they have gemstones from the mountain lake to the west brought in from Bredhus. The river is flooded with gold and they have a small army panning its beds for nuggets.

They have a border force that keeps watch for invasion from the dead lands or the cannibals. This swift moving hardy force of men call themselves the 'Werewolves'. It's unclear as to whether they really are werewolves. Claims have been made of the ability to shape-shift, but there are more ways to shape-shift than lycanthropy. Of course this could be a clever mind game, have your enemy watching each and every wolf, wandering if he is a ranger watching your movements, or just a hungry lone wolf. The Werewolves number around 200 or so and patrol the borders with their neighbours.

Wutterland

The is held by Kyng Gamlin Latman, the High Kyng's nephew by his late sister. He is a lazy good for nothing who can barely tie up his boots. He hold title and lands purely because his uncle made a promise to his sister to keep him safe and look after him. Blazek raided into the lands now called Wutterland and killed many in order to instate Gamlin on the throne. The land was originally held by the twin Chess Sisters of Djarla Land, who still hold grudge against the Kyng for his actions. He

does however have a cruel nature, enjoying the suffering of others. He torments those who come to pay tribute or present themselves to stay at the Fortified town of Okrona.

Okrona is a three layer, ring walled town and citadel, its streets are lined with the sick and impoverished. It is a grey stark place where fighting and death are all that it has to offer. It is used as a meeting ground for those who would have duel with each other, often up to ten people on a side from two clans with battle in the central town square. An act forbidden by the countries laws but enacted out here under the eyes of the 19 year old Prince.

The land itself is bare and barren, little in the way of resources and no strategic value. It's so underwhelming that the Chess Sisters haven't bothered to try to take it back. It affected nothing in the economics of their lands.

Riding through Wutterland, one can see suffering and poverty everywhere, as well as depravity and cruelty

The Realm of Darwulf

Darwulf is a mighty Dwarven Kyng, he has his vast halls in these mountains and protects the paths and passes with extreme vigour. Stoic and honourable, he is eager to come to agreements that serve the best interests of both parties. His good nature has been betrayed many times by the humans, so now he treats all of their dealings with suspicion. He has learned of their religions and ways and now in dealings he uses their own superstitions against them having them swear oaths and swap rings at a feast ritual.

His mountains are filled with valuable minerals and gemstones. He also keeps an eye on the unstable situation in the Tretermanland, for fear that the fighting might spread into the passes, vales, meres and caverns of his Dwarven realm.

Those who try to travel the paths and passes will be watched, if they stick to the common routes they will be left alone. If they stray, if they prospect for valuable minerals or gems, then they will be taken.

Should the traveller be taken to the underworld city of Guldgruva he will be treated to the smell of smelting, the cooking of mosses, fungi and lichens and the humourless halls of Dwarven hospitality. If he is deemed worthy, through many tests, he may be let go. Otherwise the Dwarves will keep him in the city for the rest of his life. He will be looked after and fed and quartered, he will not be forced to work; however, he will not be able to leave. The Dwarves are a cautious and paranoid race, xenophobic to an extent.

The nature presented to the casual traveller or trader is not the true demeanour of the Dwarf. They are creative souls, tormented by their competitive nature with themselves. They take a perfectionist outlook on life, and only perfection will do, no matter how long it takes. In private they sing, laugh, joke and play practical jokes on each other, they have nicknames and enjoy competitions in all forms. However they might start out friendly competitions but it can't stay that way, they are too geared to have to be the best.



The Realm of Kyng Heregris

A vast goblin mine is the realm of Kyng Heregris. His mountains above ground are the homes of many giants, the two hardly ever meet. Travellers will have trouble making their way through the paths and passes without encountering a hungry giant. The temptation is to make way through the mountain by the many caves. A big mistake for you will never be seen again.

The Kyng hates humans, with a driving passion. He tried to make a deal with a human and it tricked him. Since then Humans are fair game. His goblins raid out from their caves into the human homesteads in the foothills killing without care all who they meet. It is unclear why the goblins mine, and what they mine for. It seems obsessive though, almost religious, as though they are trying to go deeper and deeper in order to find something. Or someone?

The Realm of Greattle

Greattle is a large and fearsome mountain troll, queen over the other females of these mountains. The male trolls up and down the mountain chain for hundred miles all travel here each season to battle for a mate.

The realm has no towns or even settlement of any kind. Mountain Trolls are fairly solitary in their days preferring their own songs for company. The Lamenting song of the lonely mountain troll can be heard in the wind as one travels these mountain paths. Only during the mating season do the males and female gather together, the males do battle for the right to breed and the females put on a show of strength and ferocity by throwing and crushing rocks. The Queen oversees the displays and she gets to choose her mate from all of the male trolls first.

Greattle has a cave palace, she has furnished it with the armour and weapons of enemies she has defeated in battle. One of these weapons is the Bane Spear that once belonged to the mighty Dawn of Snow, an enemy Greattle will not soon forget. Greattle has only a single breast, the other cut off in battle with Dawn of Snow, her dragon tooth dagger aflame with white hot dragon fire carved deep into the Queen, taking her Trollish breast clean off. The dragon flames have left her scared for life, never to heal.

She commands her males to attack Dawn's holdings, using this as a right to mate, should they live against the mighty warrior shield maiden Dawn of Snow.

frostland Realm of the High Mountains

Dawn of Snow

14th Level Warrior

Social Stats: 48 **BIF:** 84 (2,100 Honour points)

Place of Power: The Frostland Realm of High Mountain

Height: 5'2" **Build:** 8 **Wt:** 142lb

Hair: Brown **Eyes:** Brown **Complexion:** Fair

BOD: 49 (64) **FAT:** 39 (54) **LCAP:** 188 lb (1,000lb) **CCAP:** 94lb
BAP: 17 **Jump:** 8'

STR (35) 16 (79%) **INT** 16 (79%) **APP** 18 (85%)
CON 18 (85%) **WIS** 18 (85%) **BV** 16 (79%)
DEX 16 (79%) **DISC** 14 (73%) **SPR** 10 (66%)
AGL 17 (79%) **FER** 17 (79%) **CHA** 15 (76%)

BMR 0 **DT** 5
SPRINT 8

Base Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Alertness-Sight	9%	16%
Alertness-Sound	9%	16%
Stamina	40%	80%
Dodge	40%	80%
Will Power	38%	78%
Language Sverdish	24%	84%
Language Urtish	21%	81%
Language Anderian	21%	81%
Language Draconic	21%	61%
Language Goblin	21%	61%
Language Dwarven	25%	65%
Faith	23%	43%

Relevant Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Charm	46%	76%
Diplomacy & Politics	56%	50%
Bee Keeping	25%	55%
Horse Breeding	25%	55%
Courtly Manners	46%	86%
Local Geography	32%	92%
Leadership	58%	88%
Local History & Legend	42%	102%
Faerie Lore	44%	88%
Enchanted Race Lore	48%	88%
Conditioning 5 levels		
Endurance 5 Levels		

Combat Skills

	PSF%	TSC%
Knife Fighting	33%	73%
Slashing Swords	74%	104%
Spears	65%	105%
Archery	57%	77%
Axes	81%	131%

*PSF and TSC% are without her girdle STR increase

Riding Warhorse	50%	70%
Mounted Combat	61%	81%

Talents

Healing Powers P90
Night Vision P91

Weapons

Shortbow 57 PSF% 77 TSC%

Base Damage 9M

Range (crit), S:20' (+2) M:30' (-1) L:90' (-6) EX: 150' (-12)

Knight Broadsword 47 PSF% 77 TSC%

Damage 14S (22S) Crit +1 Bash 8

Boar Spear 65 PSF% 105 TSC%

Damage 15P (23P) Crit +1 Bash 9

Dagger 33 PSF% 73 TSC%

Damage 6P (10P)

Battle Axe 71 PSF% 101 TSC%

Damage 16S (24S) Crit +1 Bash 7

Armour

Maille Hauberk, Quilted Surcoat and Great Helm with cloth cap and maille coif, with a Reinforced Shield.

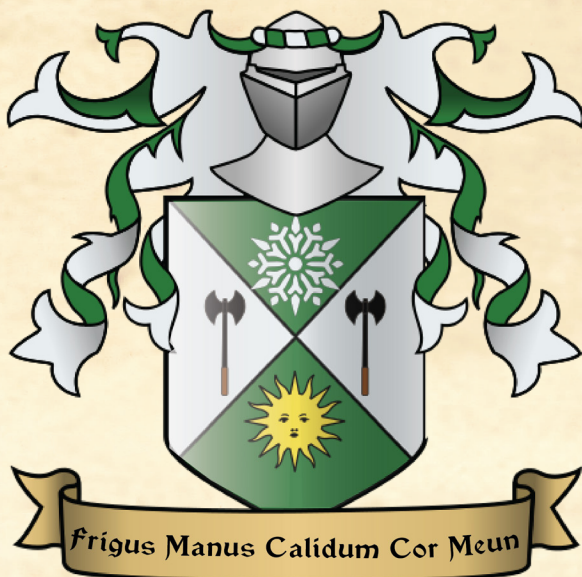
Body [13 / 14 / 11 / 13 / 11]

Arms & Legs [9 / 9 / 8 / 9 / 7]

Head and Neck [27 / 26 / 23 / 24 / 16]

Shield [16 / 16 / 16 / 16 / 16]

Her warhorse is called Tempest. He is a Noble Warhorse with appropriate stats and has learned 4 tricks.



The Frostland Realm of the High Mountains is held by Dawn of Snow. Located high in the mountains, here the weather is always chill, the winters are long and arduous with three out of four seasons having snow. While life is onerous there, she is a beacon of warmth to that land.

Belt of Power 'Megingjörð'

Description

This is a bright silver corset it is made from the finest weave of chain maille that the dwarves of the mountains could make. While on Dawn it looks like a tight fitting maille corset, it will resize and shape to whomever can attune to it.

Attunement

To attune to the item a person must make a Charm skill check, resisted by the item with a 25% penalty. They must also be able to speak Dwarven with at least a 50 TSC% Making the attunement takes a full week with 10 hours per day spent charming the item in Dwarvish. This uses up all of the person's fatigue points for the day. The roll is made at the end of the week. If the person does not make a success with at least a 3 on the crit die, they must either keep trying under the same conditions or they will never attune to the item. Each week after the first, the person must make a CON AR check, on a failure his body has succumb to the stress, he passes out and is unconscious for 2D10 days. On a success he may continue the attunement. His next CON AR will be at -20% then -40% etc. until his endurance fails.

Once attunement is successful it need not be repeated, unless some other person attunes to the item, in which case the attunement must be completed again. The girdle can have only one master at a time.

She is only 5' 2" tall but obviously of a sturdy build, natural beauty, with an overall comely appearance that turns heads. She has long wavy chestnut brown hair that falls to her waist and hazel brown eyes with an alabaster white complexion. She wears a hood of fur, some large bear she probably killed herself, while protecting her camp. Her dress is secured with a girdle made from the claws of Trolls and fine chain.

Her demeanour is one of joviality and she oozes charisma and intelligence. Her raucous laugh is one that gathers attention and is infectious, she can find good in most situations and people but when she is upset she can unleash holy hell. The lands she rules over are harried by humanoids, giants and especially trolls; even the women there are warriors and can take on an Orc - or two. Dawn is no exception and clearly has had training in the art of swordplay. Though few in those lands are mounted warriors, they tend to ride sturdy ponies, preferring to fight on foot, Dawn raises and trains excellent horses of a hardy mountain stock.

While the official religions of her land are Celatan and the Stormbringer Triplets, she has taken to the Lawbringer of Anderian worship and the greater aspect Beleryn.

Powers

While wearing the girdle the character has super human Strength, able to rip the arms off Trolls and beat Giants in wrestling. Even the might of a Dragon would balk at the characters strength.

The Girdle when worn give the following advancements: -

- The Characters Strength is increased to a score of 35.
- Gains +15 Body Levels
- Gains +15 Fatigue Levels
- His Lcap is increased to 1,000lb
- Damage bonus to M or H weapons of +8
- Damage bonus to L weapons of +4

Consequences

If a person is fatigued and the item and it is then removed, his fatigue base is returned to its normal level and the deficit must be paid with Body if his normal fatigue could not take the strain.

If the character has taken wounds to their body levels, removal of the girdle may kill the person if the wounds were sufficiently great to his normal body level.

Her motto translates to “Cold hands warm heart” and this is very apt for her and her sisters and mother. Her brothers were all slain in combats with Orcs or Trolls not long after her father had perished from a poison arrow from a great Orc's bow. She was left with the threat, stepping up she donned her girdle, her shield and strapped on her father's mighty weapons and has since then Done battle with all who threaten her people.

Dawn's every day is hands on, she enjoys her stables, filled with fine horses she breeds and trains, during the summer months she enjoys her apiaries and making honey, mead and doing embroidery. She mixes with her subjects and treats them all like family, she is well loved and respected. While she mingles as one of the people, she remains aloof in her personal life, feeling that the men of the country don't offer her anything to give her challenge. She seeks a man who can be her equal.

Dawn's family owns many powerful magickal items. Some of these have been won in battle by Dawn herself but the most powerful of them were added to the families list by her great, great great grandfather. It is the family story that, Norðmaðr Snow was instrumental in the battle against a great worm in the mountains. 200 men battled the worm, for days through mountain pass and caverns deep. Eventually they slew the dragon and took the riches of its horde of gold and magick from the old times.

Over the years many have been lost in battle, traded away for favours or as wedding gifts. Dawn holds the last of the old times magickal items.

Megingjörð, detailed above, was a gift to Dawn from the Dwarven Kyn Darwulf. His kin were trapped in a Troll ambush and fighting to the death. Dawn came to his families rescue, slaying the Trolls and giving the Dwarves healing, food and somewhere to recuperate their ills. The Dwarven Dead were carried back to the halls of Darwulf on steeds from Dawn's stables and a guard of a score of men and Dawn herself.

Kyng Darwulf, ever distrustful of Humans, heard from the Dwarven survivors the actions of Dawn and her húskarl in defence of his kin; about their kindness and treatment of the Dwarves as though they were nobles of her own land. As a sign of friendship between Kyng Darwulf and Dawn, she was given the Belt of Power Megingjörð

Drekatönn

Dragons Tooth Dagger

This item was crafted by the court wizard of Norðmaðr Snow. After being slain the dragon was taken apart; many of the parts were crafted into magickal items. The Drekatönn (Dragon's Tooth) was one such item.

Description

This is a roundel style dagger with a fine-pointed blade made from the ivory of a huge dragon's tooth. Upon the ivory is a mighty (MR10) compound enchantment. The dagger in all other respects looks plain and simple in its construction, with no adornment. Only its name in runes on the ivory blade. These are tiny and one has to really look to see them.

Powers

When the wielder of Drekatönn utters the command words “Eldur hins gamla” the stored combination spell is automatically triggered at a cost of 10 charges. When triggered the spell is activated and the dagger is encompassed in Dragon fire, that burns with a bright silver blue light of intense heat. This immolation of the dagger lasts for up to 20 minutes, or until dropped or sheathed again.

When immolated in this manner the dagger deals an additional 14 Energy points of damage.

Charges: 200

Recharge: 7 per day



Frostland

Other Names

Sunrise Realm, Snowland

Creation / Foundation

Frostland has been a heartland for men of Svermark for many long generations, settled originally by Olaf Gearsmund who hailed from the Tundra Steppes far to the east. Arriving by boat they slowly moved inland to the foot of the mighty mountains, building a fortified structure on the Jorgeni River looking up at the massive singing falls and near to the large lake Guard. Jorgesi started as a wooden fort and homestead but is now the capital of Frostland with a stone keep and walled town around it.

Later around 200 years ago the mantle of Frostland Kyng fell to Norðmaðr Snow, (Dawn's great, great, great grandfather) his reward for his actions in defeating the Worm that threatened the entire kingdom; Frostland's previous Kyng having fallen in battle with the Worm.

Aims & Goals

Survival is an everyday concern in Frostland, the winter months bring male trolls and attacks from those who are desperate to mate with the Queen. Hungry Giants form into small groups and attack the homes in the higher valleys of the mountains. Orcs and Goblins, their clan size too large to sustain with dwindling supplies make raids a regular thing.

On top of all those, food, frostbite and disease have to be contended with as well as the madness from constant darkness. Frostland straddles the Arctic circle and for half of the year barely any sunlight hit the land; while during the other half the land is bathed in sunlight almost all the day. This northern region is called the land of the midnight sun.

The skies during the dark months are lit with colourful ribbons of light that shine and glimmer and move through the sky like a river. Aurora are common here, it is thought to be the highway of the gods, a bridge of colours they used to move from their heavenly realm to visit the earthly one.

Frostland aims to survive the onslaught of natural disasters and the incursions of evil humanoids.

Culture

The people of Frostland are typical in most ways to the rest of Severmark, dressing and celebrating in the same manner as other Northmen.

Where the people here differ is that a larger proportion of the women of Frostland are trained as shieldmaidens. When the fight comes to a town or village all have to be ready to fight. Trolls, Orcs, Goblins and Giant have no honour. You fight!

Dawn has, in the last few years, spent time in the lands of Anderia, where she took an education. She has fallen in love with horses and they are her pride and joy. While most northmen ride to battle on ponies and fight on foot, Dawn has been training her húskarls to fight from horseback with long spear.

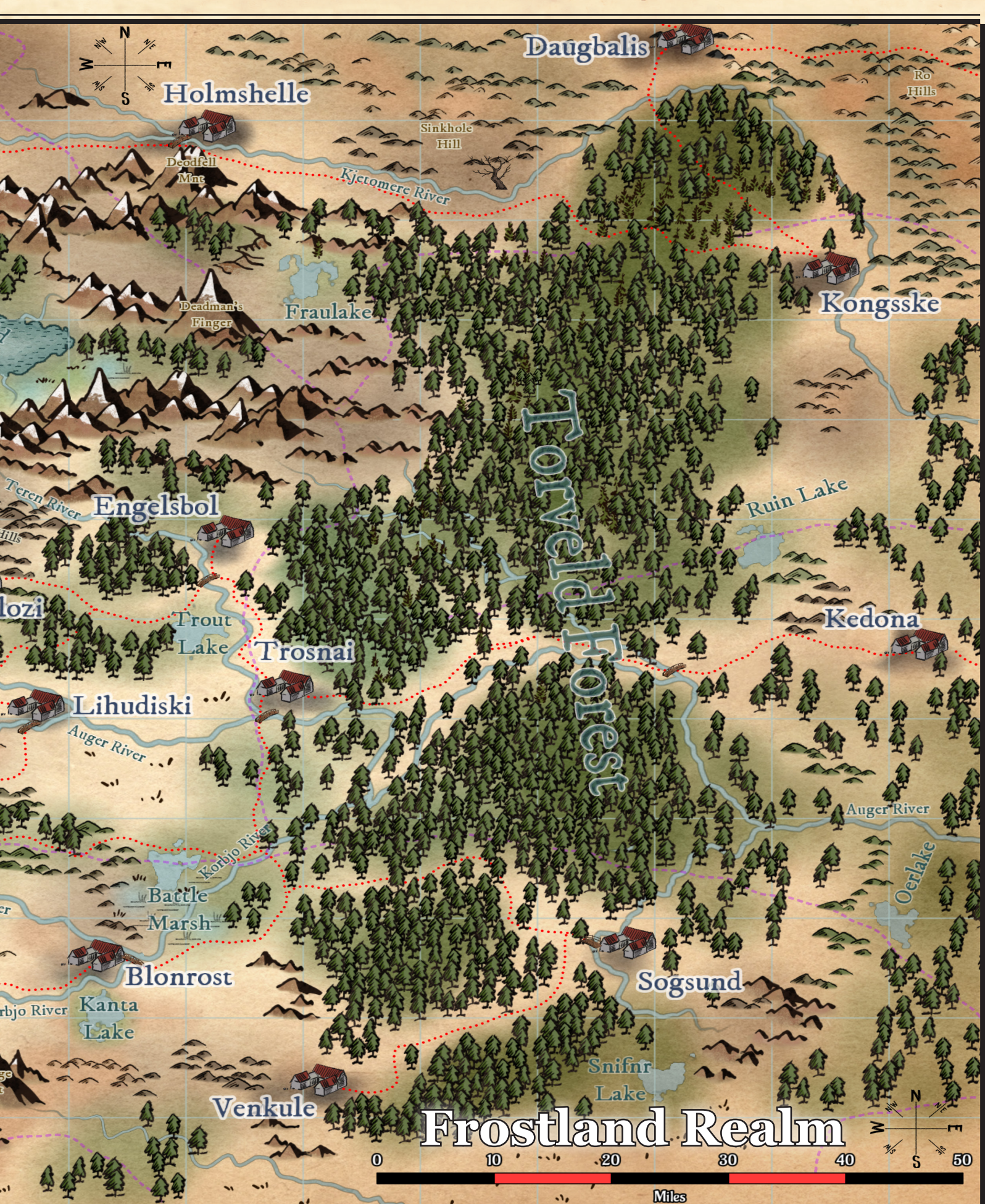
Weregild is still respected in Frostland, though Dawn is trying to make it more unlikely for people to resolve issues by killing each other because they can afford it. She has brought back from Anderia many of the laws of that land. She holds a court once every lunar month, where she hears the plea of her people and tries to resolve the issues with justice.

Description

Set between the three sides of mountains and a wall of fir trees Frostland earns its name well. The winter here is brutal and long, with temperatures dipping low. The summers here are however, warmer than other areas of Svermark and the flowers and fruit do well. Honey and mead are plentiful and the open areas are alive with horses and húskarls in training.

The lakes and rivers provide good fishing and the hills are filled with ore for smelting of iron. The mountains are a valuable source of gold and silver and Frostland while not as rich as some is a wealth land to hail from.



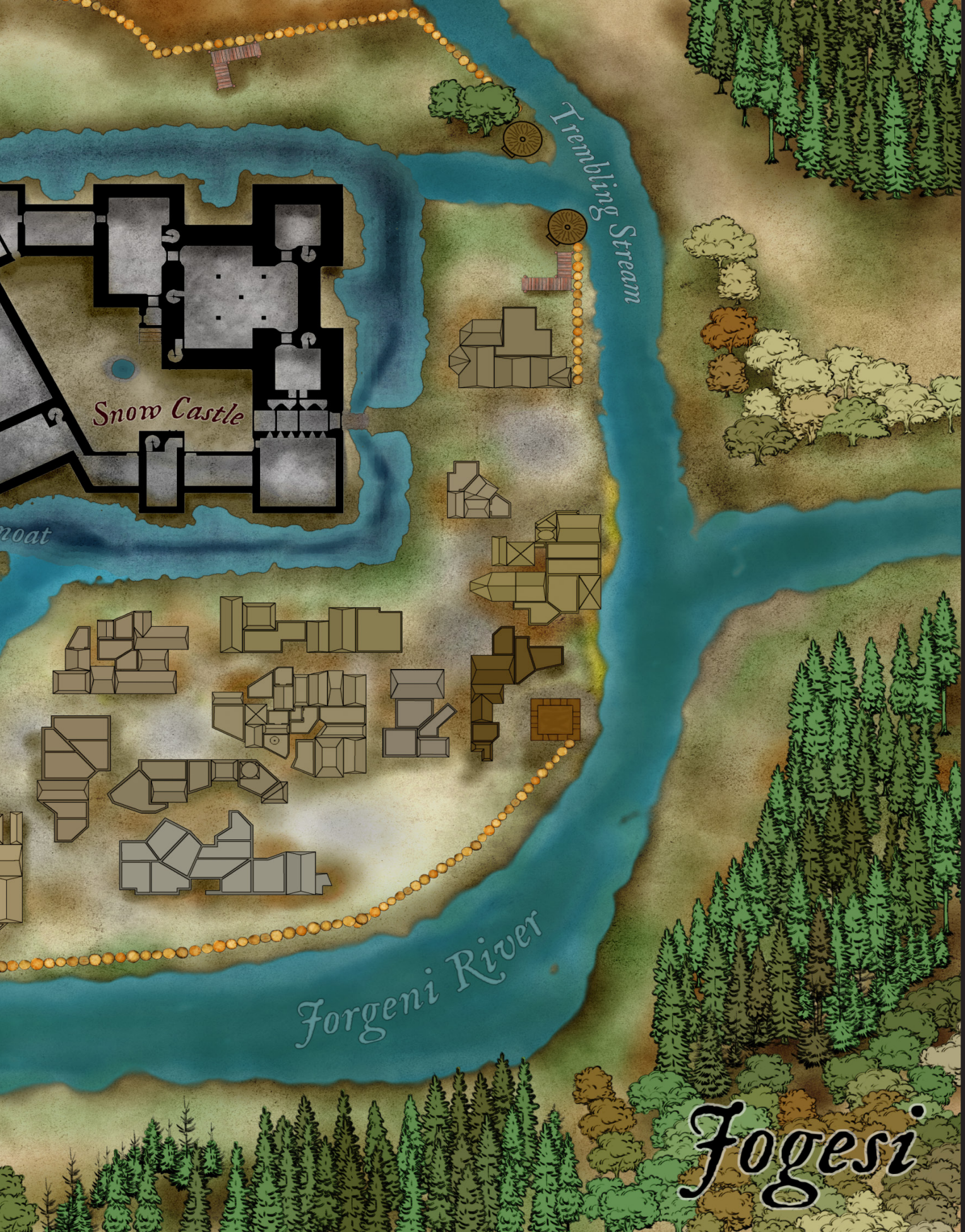


Guaridan Hills



0 10 20 30 40 50
Feet





Distinguished Citizens

Anton Di Celli

Human, Male, 32, 4th Level Ordained Priest of the Lawgiver

Anton is a tall man for his lands but carries a thin and frail frame, his early life was one of illness and maladies. His father was bitterly disappointed in him. As a landed knight he had high hopes that his eldest son would take over the estate after his death. The fitness of Anton precluded his knighthood, he was sent to become a member of the clergy.

Anton is a well-respected priest from Hope in the Kingdom of Anderia. He rose through the ranks quickly but, then when it seemed his star was destined for greatness, he made a mistake. Forsaking his vow of chastity he fornicated with a young woman, he claimed he was seduced and that she has magical powers over him. The church, protecting their own, ruled in his favour and suitable punishment, as an agent of chaos was brought against the woman. After this incident, everything that Anton touched turned to lead.

When the wedding of an Anderian Princess and an Urtind prince came up, he knew that this would be a chance to break out of the cast he had been set in. He travelled to the wedding in Cadanbyrig, where things were dangerous, orcs on the roads, assassins in the cathedral. However, at the wedding, he met a young lady from a far off heathen land, Dawn of Snow.

They got on well and she was interested in the Church of the Lawgiver. She described her lands ways and Anton was shocked at the way that things were settled there with life being held so cheaply. He told her of the benefits of the ways that the Lawgiver gave to the people of Anderia, how he was a real and beneficent god. How he was involved in the day to day affairs of those who worshipped him, his aid to the faithful coming quickly and with striking results. Anton told her some of the doctrine and tales of the Lawgiver.

Dawn of Snow asked for assistance from the Lawbringer of Anderian faith. Frostland is under constant threat of attack and raids from trolls on top of needing some deep restructuring within the snowy society. She has heard tales that church bells and organized religion has been successful in driving off the evils in other areas where they were a menace. It is also her goal to move away from any raiding and slavery as were the old customs.

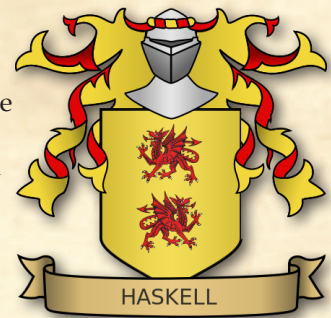
Desperate for positive change for her country and people she has pleaded and offered whatever resources and compensation she can in exchange for hands on help from the church. Dawn believes the structure of the new religious leadership could help with the troll plague and shape a better present and future for Frostland entering a new era.

Anton was impressed with her knowledge of the language and the court, charmed by her natural charisma and sold into his new task by her commitment to her people.

Hathrad Haskell

Human, Male, 26, 9th Level Warrior

Hathrad was the childhood friend of Dawn growing up. They played together, they learned to fight together. They had a bond that seemed unbreakable and so far it has remained that way. He was there for Dawn when her father made an arranged marriage with a brutal jarl, it was a marriage to gain lands and power. Little thought was given to Dawn and her feelings, for such was the ways in the cold north.



Dawn has two children, a son Gudbrand then a daughter Freya, born some years later, she was married at the age of 16 and with child at 17. Hathrad has been a surrogate father to the children these years since her husband's death. A pointless death it was too, he was crushed by a falling tree while cutting wood for palisades. Since then Dawn has been reluctant to take a husband, trusting her old friend with many things, and now having a confidante in Anton, the priest from Anderia.

Haskell is short for a North-man, standing 5'9" and having a muscular build. He has a long blonde beard he keeps plaited same as his hair. Over the top of his right eyes he has a fine piece of tattoo artistry, a lightning bolt, with typical Viking Borre Style inking inside. Haskell is more a Herald for Dawn of Snow, but his friendship and absolute trust makes him invaluable to her in her relations with the other Kingdoms of Svermark. His spear next to her in combat and his protective nature for her children put Haskell at the top of Dawn's list of loved and indispensable people. Many have questioned if the two of them have any more intimate involvements over the years, but no one will dare ask or say outright their speculation upon this.

Hathrad Haskell

9th Level Warrior

Social Stats: 30 BIF: 76 (1,100 Honour points)

Place of Power: Jogesi Castle and Frostland

Height: 5'9" **Build:** 4 **Wt:** 178lb

Hair: Blond **Eyes:** Brown **Complexion:** Fair

BOD: 44 **FAT:** 33 **LCAP:** 325 lb **CCAP:** 163lb

BAP: 19 **Jump:** 8'

STR 21 (92%) **INT** 15 (76%) **APP** 14 (73%)

CON 08 (50%) **WIS** 21 (92%) **BV** 16 (79%)

DEX 11 (62%) **DISC** 25 (99%) **SPR** 24 (98%)

AGL 13 (70%) **FER** 26 (99%) **CHA** 20 (90%)

DT 5
BMR 0 **SPRINT** 8

Base Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Alertness-Sight	0%	7%
Alertness-Sound	0%	7%
Stamina	9%	49%
Dodge	18%	58%
Will Power	29%	69%
Languages (own)	6%	66%
Anderian	20%	70%
Faith	28%	48%

Relevant Skills	PSF%	TSC%
Courtly Manners	37%	77%
Brawling	12%	52%
Regional Geography	6%	56%
Charm	2%	32%
Bargaining	7%	47%
Oration	4%	34%
Storytelling	-3%	27%
Ride Animal (horse)	29%	69%
Chess	2%	42%
Intimidation	19%	49%

Combat Skills

	PSF%	TSC%
Conditioning 5 levels		
Knife Fighting	34%	74%
Spear	55%	95%
Slashing Swords	53%	83%
Axe	52%	82%
Riding Warhorse	29%	49%
Mounted Combat	28%	49%
Battlefield Tactics	47%	67%

Weapons

Inf. Spear 55 PSF% 95 TSC%

Base Damage +9P (7P) Crit +1 (0) Bash 9 (10)

Battle Axe 52 PSF% 82 TSC%

Damage 18S Crit +1 Bash 7

Knight Broadsword 53PSF% 83TSC%

Damage 16S Crit +1 Bash 8

Dagger 34PSF% 74 TSC%

Damage 10P

Armour

Maille Hauberk, Quilted Surcoat and Great Helm with cloth cap and maille coif, with a Reinforced Shield.

Body [13 / 14 / 11 / 13 / 11]

Arms & Legs [9 / 9 / 8 / 9 / 7]

Head and Neck [27 / 26 / 23 / 24 / 16]

Shield [16 / 16 / 16 / 16 / 16]

His Warhorse is called Blix and is a Fine Light Warhorse.

The Great Helm was a gift from Dawn, from her visit to Anderia along with coif, hood and his shield.

Haskell is never far from Dawn's side or that of her children; when she is away, Haskell is in charge. The people of the town respect and fear Haskell, he has a firmer hand with the people than Dawn, sometimes getting a word or two from the lady about his handling of a situation. In private she knows that she needs a strong hand and lets it keep happening.

Distinguished Organisations

The Centaur Brigade

A company of mounted húskarl warriors who fight from horse with long spear. They have similar attributes and stats as an Average Knight.

Entry

The borders of Frostland are patrolled all year around, they will stop travellers who are not familiar and have them present to the local Jarl as is required by the laws of respect.

History / Research

Anyone who visits Svermark can hear tales of the men and women of Frostland about the slaying of the worm.



Allies:

Frostland is on good terms with all of her neighbours, cordial affairs and trade are conducted during the summer months. Feasts are held and the men and woman of all the Kyngdoms attend each others festivals. Many marriages are arranged during such time, and children are conceived without marriage.

Rivals:

Constant threat from invasion by goblin orc and troll is something that the people of Frostland have to live with each and every day. Even during the summer months when attacks are at their lowest point of the year, travelling the pathways through the hills and mountains are still fraught with natural dangers and giants.

While the lands have most of the common types of troll, wood, water, ice etc. they have a very dense population of Mountain Trolls. The queen of these trolls is Greattle, a dominating force who keeps the male trolls subservient, forbidden to learn troll magick, thus it is only the females who have magickal powers.

Dawn plays a constant game of chess with these cunning beasts. Attack, counter attack, juxtaposition of forces and environment, use of light and water. Nothing gets overlooked and Dawn has won more than she has lost.

Others from the surrounding Kyngdoms would take advantage should weakness be shown. There are those who ally with Frostland and they would give help should a concerted effort from Orc or Troll become necessary to defend. For Frostland is the first line of defence against the first line of these creatures. No Prince want to fight the battles that Dawn and the men and women of Frostland fight each day.

The Dark seasons are the worst, Orcs and trolls love this time of year, able to walk about all throughout the hours of dull or dark light. Moving around sneakily or out in the open not being seen by the great burning eye in the sky. This is when concerted efforts from Orc and Troll come to the doorsteps of all in Frostland.

Many Orc and Troll heads however are set upon pike in the boundaries of Frostland, most are claimed by the Centuars. Dawn is a warrior only the female trolls would dare to fight. The weaker males know her colours and stay well clear, though they will take others with ferocity and no surrender is asked or given.

A Very Trollish Adventure

Introduction

It was early spring in Frostland, people were beginning to move around the land, trying to find resources and get set for when things really warmed up. The mornings and nights blurred together at that time of year, never really morning, never truly night. Sleet came down, wetting everything with cold blankets of slush. The people were used to such things and women walked around bare legged carrying buckets of milk or logs for the morning fire.

The mountain sheepdogs barked and a commotion erupted from the Mead Hall, Haskell strode towards the stables where he knew that Dawn of Snow would be; her usual sanctuary this early in the morning. He carried concern and purpose in his pace. His cloak of red blew in the wind and the slush started to stick to his armour.

The stables of Jogensi were massive, able to hold hundreds of horses each. Caravans and visitors stabled their horses here, and from far and wide in Svermark those who wanted a quality steed looked to them. There were two blocks, the easterly block for the younger, untrained horses and those of visitors. The block to the west is where Dawn kept her special projects and the warhorses of the Centaurs. This was where she would be.

One of Dawn's ladies was outside the stable as Haskell approached.

"I'm sorry M'lord, Dawn is in conference with the stable master. She asked not to be disturbed!", She put out a hand to stop his approach but Haskell swiped her aside, sending her on to her backside in the slush. *"Out of the way, this is disturbing news that I bring."* From her soggy seat the woman shouted loudly, *"M'Lady Snow! Haskell approaches."*

Stopping briefly to get used to the smell of the stables, Haskell heard sudden adjustments being made in the stall. He knocked off the mud and dung clinging to his boots and moved towards the stall. A dishevelled looking woman came out of it; Dawn. Her hair was messy and her attire undone.

"Sorry to interrupt your important meeting, M'lady, but this is something you have to see." Looking up at Haskell, adjusting her clothing, Dawn could see that her trusted friend from youth looked concerned and a little confused.

"As always Haskell, you are forgiven for the interruption, I am sure there will be many more such. What has you concerned so? Are the palisades still strong, is there some Orc caught in the ditch again?"

Haskell rubbed his bearded chin, its beads clinking together. *"Nay M'lady, this is truly different to anything I have ever seen. Jarik and Hergard were off to get their nets in, they caught a bigger fish than they expected. The thing was mostly dead, great rends down its body. They dragged its body to the Mead Hall. Everyone is there goggling at it and poking it. It's a bad omen. I think that it is an Aesir"*.

Dawn spun on her heels, thrusting a finger into Haskell's face. *"SHUSH! Don't say that. No good comes from making those statements. No one has seen an Aesir in years! When last did you hear any tales of the Aeser coming to meddle"*.

Haskell raised an eyebrow. *"True, it has been long since. I heard that Hallgut from Simriborg was drunk-talking and claimed he was rescued by the Aesir, said two of them killed the Troll that was eating his leg. Then healed his leg with Aesir Magick. That was... two year ago now."*

Dawn let out a puff of disdain. *"Everyone in Simriborg is a liar and a cheat. They would sell the Aesir for a penny if it meant they could get another ale. Let's go see what this thing is that has come to darken my day and interrupt such a productive meeting."* She pokes her head around the stall and points at the stable master. *"Hold that thought, I will be back."*

Dawn put on her fine green cloak and pulled up the fur hood as protection against the sleet. The lady Haskell has pushed over had risen and was brushing herself off. *"Haskell, you Skitr Åtare."* She threw a large gob of some mud at him. Haskell body checks the woman and she planted her backside back into the freezing cold slush. She laughed and then yelled a stream of obscenities at Haskell.

"She's trouble that one, always will be," Haskell muttered to Dawn.

Dawn looked up at her friend. *"You probably shouldn't have wed the woman then, huh."* Shaking his head he replied, *"Yeah, where were you when I was making such bad decisions. I have Hel to pay tonight."*

He smiles wryly at the thought of his feisty wife's attentions.

The Mead Hall called 'The Father's Song' appropriate given that the Father was an Aesir, was surrounded by a great number, all murmuring and pulling out lucky charms. Dawn thwacked Haskell on his chest, his mail clinking, *"You couldn't have him taken somewhere quieter, you had to stick him in the Mead Hall."*

Haskell rubbed the spot as though he had been hit with a hammer-blow. *"It was big, they have a large table and are used to sloping out blood after Angus has been knocking heads."* A dog sniffed at Dawn's feet. Pointing at the dog she berated Haskell, *"Seriously, I'm thinking of leaving Rufus here in charge next time I go away. It's a toss up right now."* Haskell grinned, *"Yes M'Lady. You I know I love you M'Lady."* Dawn laughed, *"You!"*

Haskell pushed aside the crowd with authority and announced the arrival of Dawn of Snow with a loud booming voice. The crowd parted and bowed as Dawn followed him into the mead hall

Inside the mead hall a table had been cleared, two fishermen and the owner, Flerty, looking at a strange body. It was long, well over six feet tall, pale as the winter sky, its hair the colour of amber. The things' clothes were torn, the floor wet with blood from several deep and long gashes in its torso. Flerty poked at it again with her mop handle. The thing rolled and mumbled in some strange tongue. Its hair fell to one side revealing long pointed ears.

"See! I told you." Haskell pointed at the thing. *"Aesir."*

"It's not an Aesir, it's not." Dawn turned to Haskell and whispered, *"It's not is it? Why haven't you called the priest, he should know these things"*. Haskell shrugged. *"He is morning singing. You know how he gets if you interrupt his morning singing."* Dawn rolled her eyes. *"It's prayer, he's asking his god for things."* Haskell shrugged, *"I don't know, but if his god was interested I would think he should have got what he wanted by now."* That got him another poke to the ribs off Dawn. *"Maybe he's not worthy of a response, like someone else I know. Hathrad, keep everyone out of here. Flerty, stop poking it, you might upset it and it will eat you. I'll go get the priest."*

A tiny hut to the very west, nestled under the giant wooden palisade was home to father Anton Di Celli. His voice could be heard in the mist that had fallen. The sleet abated for now.

"Sacerdos! Sacerdos! I need you, come with me."

A tansured pate and grimacing face came from around the door jam. *"How many times have I told you not to interrupt me during mass. What is so important that it can insult the Lawgiver?"*

Dawn looked around at the non-existent congregation. *"Two fisherman found a thing, they have it at the mead hall, I want you to come look, I need to see if you can advise me"*.

"A thing?"

"Yes. It's got two arms and two legs and face but it's not anything I have seen here; no orc, troll or dwarf I ever saw looked anything like this." Dawn waved her arms and legs to indicate what she was talking about, as if the priest didn't understand what arms and legs were.

"It's wounded. This much I do know, it has recently tangle with a she troll, I'd know those wounds anywhere, and no amount of water can wash off the stench their magick leaves behind. It's either smart or lucky, probably took its chances in the water rather than be eaten alive by her."

"Well, if I can bring life back to this thing, then perhaps we will have a powerful ally against the trolls. As the great tactician of Urtind, Rakitus once said, the enemy of my enemy is my friend."

Dawn shook her head, *"I have plenty enemies, none of their enemies are my friends, they are all Skítr Átare if you ask me."*

"Perhaps you have not correctly motivated them, actions speak louder than words." Silently Father Anton cursed the mud and freezing sludge squeezing between his sandalled toes on the way to the Mead Hall.

"Quite a crowd this thing has drawn, I would have thought you would have had it put somewhere more quiet, out of the way," he said as they approached the mead hall.

"Oh please, don't. I had this conversation already." Dawn petted the dog on the head as it returned for more fuss. *"Hey Rufus, good boy, you'll be in charge soon. Who's a good boy."*

At the threshold of the mead hall the priest stopped and gasped.

"By all that is Holy. Well, I never thought I would see one. But there it is."

The priest lifted his leather bag to his chest. *"Clear out the way heathens, let me show you what the Lawgiver can do."*

His command of the local language wasn't the greatest, having been quickly instructed in its rudiments by Dawn and picking up the rest by himself. However, from his tone the folk standing around the thing knew that they had been insulted and told to shift.

After several minutes of prayer and the burning of incense, the application of unctions, and the pouring of elixirs, a sweaty priest flopped into the nearest chair. *"I have done all I can, the next few hours will be critical. If the Lawgiver wishes then his fever will break overnight and he should recover."*

"Haskell, you and some men take him into the castle, lock him up and make sure he's guarded all night. Put food and water in with him and let me know as soon as anything changes."

"So, Sacerdos, what is it?"

Exhausted, the priest turned to Dawn, *"I never thought I would see one. You hear tales and rumours, you think they might be true. You doubt though, because the stories are so wild and unbelievable."*

Putting an arm on the priest's shoulder, Dawn looks into his eyes, *"It's an Aesir isn't it?"*

As Anton started to respond and their eyes met, she couldn't stop herself from drifting back into the memory of their first meeting. Although the task at hand was serious, she could not help being pulled back into that moment, consumed with the thoughts of that day, many moons ago.

Lady Snow was thrilled when she got the invitation to the wedding of Lady Katrina and the Crown Prince Artorius at the Cathedral of Belryn. Life was hard in Frostland, a daily struggle for survival for many reasons. Not only was the weather and terrain harsh and unforgiving, being under constant attack from trolls, planning for and sitting continuous vigil on the lookout for the next raid on Frostland was exhausting. The daily struggle of life in Frostland along with the lack of sunshine from living in the Arctic conditions at that time of year was wearing Dawn out. She was mentally and physically exhausted; however she was also strong.

This was the only life she knew, she had to fight and overcome much to be where she was now. Despite the exhaustion she felt in her soul, after years of battle, she remained committed to the safety and well being of the people of her country. Her desire was for positive changes moving forward, away from the old ways, no matter how tiring and all consuming the process.

She understood from her time in Anderia that life was not like this everywhere. Most who were born, raised and living in more civilized places would not understand Frostland's drastic reality.

She appreciated her time in Anderia. Life there had inspired her. Spending time at a happy occasion, away from the persistent pressures of the land of snow, had seemed a wonderful plan. The wedding would be a time to eat, drink, be merry and mingle with important people. Dawn hoped to make the right connections there, that could possibly help her with the heavy burden of managing life in Frostland. A tough job, not everyone would be willing to take that on. It would take the right person, rugged, with a heart to understand and help. She didn't know if she would ever find someone like that but she remained hopeful anyway.

Dawn's mind slipped even deeper into the thoughts of that wedding day. During the pre-ceremony gathering, Dawn had tripped while walking across the room. As she started to lose her balance, she extended her arm to steady herself, grabbing the shoulder of Priest Anton DiCelli. She successfully righted herself, halting a full-fall onto the floor at a really bad time for that to happen. She hadn't been able to help but let out a bit of a giggle in that moment.

Father DiCelli was jolted from the unexpected touch and turned to meet Dawn's eyes. Dawn understood that this was not the most ideal of circumstances, especially in the setting; however, no one seemed to notice this exchange. Smirking awkwardly and with a tilt of the head, she said, *"So much for courtly manners, hmmm?"* The priest smiled.

As unexpected and clumsy as the moment was, he felt the positive, genuine spirit and energy she exuded even on a bad day.

"Are you alright, M'Lady?" Anton asked.

"Oh yes, and thank you for being kind, father," she said as she gave his arm a light squeeze.

"I should probably introduce myself after that embarrassing entrance. I am Dawn of Snow, lady of Frostland, in the high mountain realms of Svermark."

Father Di'celli introduced himself. Dawn lit up when she heard him say he was from the Kingdom of Anderia.

"Oh! A priest from Anderia. I stayed there for a time. I enjoyed the culture there. We certainly could use some of that in Frostland too. Placuit ut vestrum." She gave the Anderian greeting with barely an accent. The two hit it off and exchanged thoughts on religion and life in their very different countries.

The conversation flowed easily. Dawn felt comfortable with Anton. A sort of trust. As the crowd was preparing for the wedding ceremony, Dawn knew time was of the essence. She decided to ask for his help.

"Father DiCelli, I know this is a lot to consider; however, I humbly ask if you might be willing to come to Frostland to help my people."

As she spoke, she thoughtlessly moved her hand on her waist-chain, touching the troll bones hard won in battle.

"We are under constant threat of attacks, from Trolls and Orcs too. Many lives have been lost." Her fingers felt the troll bones on her waist.

"I wish it wasn't so! Living in fear and fighting so hard for daily survival is tiring. I wish there was a different way, I really do. We need divine intervention. I need help managing this. Maybe the faith of the Lawbringer is what we need moving forward. I am hopeful of restructuring things in Frostland. I want to move away from the old ways, of slavery and raids, into a better, more civilized society. A Frostland with faith, justice and equality for all the people. Like Anderia."

However, change is hard, especially when there are no easy answers. Perchance, your guidance and the structure of the Lawgiver faith is what we need to get there. I am tired of the way things are for my people. I'm ready for a change and better days. We all are. I am desperate for that, willing to try new things, implement positive change for the future. Frostland and I humbly beseech you Father, we offer whatever resources and compensation you require for your assistance. I hope you will consider our plight and help us. We are ready for real change powered by divine love and wisdom."

As Dawn finished speaking the group was called to move on with the wedding procession and the conversation ended with much to think about.

Dawn's attention snapped back to the present as the priest said, "No, it's better, it's an Elf."

"Oh! an álfar! Well now that is rare, let's hope that it's Ljósálfar hey? If it's a Dökkálfar we're all done for." She let out her beautiful laugh. *"It's a long way from Alfheim and I was always told that those roads were shut long ago by the Old Father himself. It's not as glowing as I thought it would be. I'm a little disappointed, I was secretly hoping it was an Aesir."*

After a sleepless night tossing and turning Dawn was woken by Haskell.

"M'lady, its awake and speaking, though none can fathom it's meaning. You bade me call you if there was news."

"Thank you, thank you. You did the right thing, I'll come straight away, let me collect myself and present a lady rather than a mess that I am."

The Alfar was in a talkative mood, its voice soft and flowing, sounding like the winds are whispering; yet with an authoritative charm.

Dawn approached, her hand out. The Alfar took it and kissed the back of her hand. Its long amber hair almost reaching the ground as it bowed. It was obvious that it was male, that he was no threat and was grateful to be alive.

Dawn tried to say hello to him in some of the languages she knew. Only when she got to Dwarven did she get a response.

"YES! How so, YES! Hello, and thank you from the star of my birth, may it shine down on you and your descendants as long as I live." He was towering over her but she felt a warmth and kindness she had never felt before. It was almost like she had been sprayed with love.

Dawn stood her full five foot two, and in her best Dwarven said, *"I am Dawn of Snow, Lady of Frostland of the High Mountains of Svermark. Welcome to my home, you are safe and welcome here."*

"I am Vanir, Prince of Alfheim, and I am in your debt, Queen of Frostland. And yet I must ask for a favour."



The Hook

This adventure is designed for players to accept Dawn of Snow as their patron. She is an important political contact in both Svermark and Anderia with a network of nobles who owe her some form of pre-station. Dawn's wealth in raw materials, such as amber, gold and silver, opened up many doors for her in Anderia and to some degree Urtind.

Frostland is located in a central position, along the spine of the humanoid-infested mountains and has access to the sea via the mighty Auger river that flows past Blonroßt. Sailing down the deep fjords Dawn's Frostland merchants take out valuable minerals and gemstones and bring back, horses and modern arms and armour. More importantly they bring back skilled labourers and artisans. She has her own people learn the skills and go out and teach the others of Frostland.

Since the arrival of the Priest, Anton, Frostland has stopped raiding and taking slaves, although those who have been kept as slaves are still treated as such. Their lot has not improved with the changed attitude towards slavery. The Priest is working with Dawn to make changes to how Frostland's culture works but change is hard and he has to fight one battle at a time for their souls. To his credit, father Anton has managed to convert and ordain a few of the Frostlanders and they in turn are taking the word of the Lawgiver to the people.

Through her contacts at the Laughing Bard tavern, Matthew of Brine (12th Level Hex Master), a member of the Lumina Umbra, and Yazid Mukarrib (Thaumaturge of 17th level), the master of the Lumina, she has managed to set up a chantry for guild wizards to come and study the Runic magick of the north in exchange for knowledge of the Urtind methods of casting.

The Characters

From the details above it is easy to see how characters from outside of Svermark can be introduced into the adventure, regardless of their vocation. Merchant Adventurers, Foresters, Heralds, Priests etc. all could have excellent reason for being in Frostland.

The adventure is a tough one as it deals with trolls so the characters should be advanced, they will need both combat and survival skills, magickal and divine talents and be able to come up with solutions to problems on the fly.

The Briefing

The characters are met by Haskell, either as a group or as individuals.

"Hey! You there, the Lady wants to see you in the great hall. She has business with you. Don't mistake this as me asking you either, go see the Lady Snow now."

Lord Hathrad Haskell is about to do his patrol of the ditches and palisades so he has two húskarls with him.

The great hall is a huge vaulted room, filled with smoke and the smell of mead and food from some festivities the night before. At the great seat on the far side of the table sits a beautiful woman with long chestnut brown hair. She is stroking a large dog who cocks its head to one side enjoying the attention of the Lady. At the character's entrance, the dog moves over to them to check them out, a low growl rumbles in its throat. Its head easily reaches waist height, its red shaggy coat glistens and the hackles on its back rise.

"Rufus! Get back here, these are our guests. Please have a seat. Water, wine, food, bring something for our guests, it's early they should have something to break their fast".

Dawn waves her hand in the direction of a servant, who hurries off to obey.

"Thank you for coming, something has happened and I need your help. As you know, being the Lady of Frostland gives me a great deal of power and political reach, even into the lands of Urtind and Anderia. I am sure that either through money, lands or introductions through my influence, there is something that I could reward your service with. You will find that I am a generous patron and as my interests are served and my influence extended so is the influence of those who are under my patronage."

Several servants usher in a small breakfast banquet with all manner of cold and cured meats, cheese and wine, mead and water. They bow to you and the to Dawn as they leave, saying nothing.

"Of course, being the Lady of Frostland, The Snow Queen, The Winter Shieldmaid, The Dread Dawn, has it's downsides. When I move, all eyes of orc and troll are upon my actions. No travel between town and village goes unnoticed, or unchallenged. My days of moving around sneakily are long past."

Some of the food provided to outsiders might have a taste that is too strong for their pallet. Pickled and fermented herring and shark is an acquired taste.

Manners would dictate that the characters partake of the food provided without. This is a case for a roll on the character's Discipline, can he stifle his reaction to such smelly and foul tasting food. If they do not make their Discipline AR% then they will have to see if they can make a successful apology for their actions. Have them roll their Courtly Manners or (untrained if necessary) to try to save the situation.

Whatever they roll, Dawn needs their help, beside she would expect them to make such noises from the food, she has seen this many times before. It will bring a laugh from her as they try to bumble an excuse or apology.

"Honoured guests, a recent visiting dignitary from a foreign realm has been attacked. He survived this attack but the goods he carried upon his horse were lost. I have promised to have them returned to him. However, I cannot move around the lands this early in the year without drawing great attention to myself. Possibly even causing a surge in activities from the orcs and trolls that watch my movements.

You, however, can move in and out of the passes of the mountains, drawing little attention to your movements, bringing nothing bad back to my people. I could of course ask others to perform this task for me, but I have chosen to come to you and offer you my patronage first."

Dawn points at the characters with each 'you'.

"If it is monetary rewards that you seek, then of course any booty that you liberate on your quest is yours to keep. Also I can make a substantial reward in coins, silver, gold or gems as you require."

Dawn gets up from her seat and walks over to a large slab of stone, bending she hefts the stone up on one end, a task that would take ten men and ropes and pulleys to achieve. Beneath the stone is a lined vault of treasure. All sizes of amber, ruby and emeralds, silver and gold in the rough, coins of all the realms. She releases the stone as the characters look on in awe. The bang as the stone falls back into place, shakes dust from the rafters and wakes the characters from their dreams of avarice.

"My visitor has managed to give me an excellent description of the one who attacked him. I know this troll, where she lairs and the way to get to it with little interference from her male trolls. You will still have to deal with the early spring weather, the unpredictable terrain of the high-mountain passes. And of course fight with the She Troll who has taken this prize I seek."

The characters could be allowed to make a Read Character skill roll, upon any level of success:

Dawn wears an eager look upon her face when she mentions this prize, it is easy to read that whatever this thing is it will be a major boon to Dawn from her visitor. Such a desire means that the characters can probably bargain hard to increase their rewards.

"The prize I seek is a puzzle box. Its construction will be beyond anything you have ever seen before. It will be made of many kinds of wood, all colours and texture of grain and it's patterns will enchant your mind. You will stare at it long unless you place it inside a bag or other container before it controls your mind. If you would think to keep this item for yourselves, I would urge you not to, for its powers and influence over you will be too great for you to resist. I would like very much for us to do business with each other again. Trust is a large part of a partnership, I am trusting you with my task, your rewards will await your return with my prize.

Do not take lightly a combat with a female mountain troll, she will have magick and cunning attacks and her lair will be modified to give her advantage, there will be tricks and traps before you get to her inner sanctuary. It will be a challenge."



The characters will have trouble making any good time travelling in this terrain, not only because of the steep and uncertain footing in the hills and mountains, but also because the light available during this time of year is limited. Only a fool would travel in the dark, you could come upon any number of creatures that love the darkness or fall to your certain death. Face to face surprise encounters with trolls orcs or giants would not go well for the group.

So while the map distance doesn't seem like much the travel distance and time is measured by weather, light and terrain. In some areas the group will be lucky if they can make 3 or 4 miles before having to make a camp and set watches. Use the random encounter table provided during the journey; the areas around the villages, towns and keeps are not well patrolled this time of year so most encounters will be hostile.

Daylight Hours

In the far north during early spring the light is never great. The sun rises at 8am and sets at 4pm, even during the hours when the sun is up it is so low on the horizon it gives little in the way of heat or comfort.

During the day-time in hills there is a chance of encounter every 2 hours, roll a 1D10 Crit Die on a 10 the group have an encounter rolled from the table below.

Daytime Hills [Roll 2D10]

Dice Roll	Encounter
2	Boar
3-4	Wolf Pack
5	Alpha Wolf and Pack
6-7	Brown Bear
8-9	Hippogriff
10-11	Worg
12-13	Worg Pack
14	Harpy
15	Bugbears
16-17	Goblins
18-19	Ogre
20	Giant Bees

During the night-time in hills there is a chance of encounter every 2 hours, roll a 1D10 Crit Die: on a 9-10 the group have an encounter rolled from the table below.

Night Time Hills [Roll 2D10]

Dice Roll	Encounter
2	Boar
3-4	Wolf Pack
5	Alpha Wolf and Pack
6-7	Brown Bear
8-10	Worg
11-12	Worg Pack
13	Bugbears
14-15	Goblins
16-17	Ogre
18-20	Orcs

Daylight Hours

In the mountains while technically the sun rises at 8am and sets at 4pm, this can be much different when you have 14,000 feet of mountain in the way, restricting the light even further, maybe only giving 4 hours of usable light if you are in the shadow of a great peak.

During the day-time in the mountains there is a chance of an encounter rolled every 2 hours, roll a 1D10 Crit Die, on a 10 the group have an encounter rolled from the table below

Daytime Mountains [Roll 2D10]

Dice Roll	Encounter
2	Goblins
3	Hippogriff
4-6	Ogre
7-9	Worgs
10-12	Brown Bear
13	Bugbears
14	Mountain Troll - Male
15	Mountain Troll - Female
16	Cave Giant
17	Ettin
18	Frost Giant
19	Stone Giant
20	Greater Gnome

During the night-time in mountains there is a chance of encounter every 2 hours, roll a 1D10 Crit Die on a 9-10 the group have an encounter rolled from the table below.

Daytime Mountains [Roll 2D10]

Dice Roll	Encounter
2	Worgs
3-5	Goblins
6-9	Orcs
10	Hobgoblins
11-12	Mountain Troll - Male
13-14	Mountain Troll - Female
15-16	Cave Giant
17	Swarm of Striges
18	Frost Giant
19	Stone Giant
20	Greater Gnome

For details of the creatures in the random encounters see the Bestiary section of the main **Chivalry & Sorcery** 5th Edition rules. Some creatures not in the main rules will have their details listed later in the book, and others will have more details.

The Dark Under the Mountain



Scale
1 Square = 5'



The Dark Under the Mountain

The mountains present a shield of stone for men to cross over, around or in this case through; to reach the other side and the trails and valleys on the other side. The journey over and around is so dangerous, few undertake such a perilous trek without good reason. The ways are filled with dangerous terrain and threat from Orc, Troll and Giant.

However, Dawn has spent most of her youth travelling these mountains with her father and grandfather, she knows the easy and hidden ways to get through to the passes and vales on the other side of the shield of stone.

This section of the shield of stone she has given the name the Dark Under the Mountain. It was part of and old Goblin mine, most of which collapsed and has not been used for many-a-year now. The mine still holds threats, to be sure, but for the puissant warrior, the cunning sneak and the wary wizard, it is by far the easiest way through.

The collapsed mine stretched much further with other entrances and ways down not shown on the map. If the gamesmaster wanted to make more of the character's journey he could easily add to the complex other ways in, more dangerous ways. Perhaps the characters get lost and can't take the way that Dawn of Snow has mapped out for them.

The Dark Under the Mountain is reached by a natural by difficult series of steps leading up to the mouth of this section of the mine. The step is prone to rockfall and some of the narrow ledges can fall always underfoot.

Have the characters make a series of skill checks along the way, running in a challenge from pure Agility AR rolls to any skill checks you think are appropriate, the consequences for failure should be FP loss, the amount should be the Crit Die or a multiple depending upon the threat being navigated.

Here is a quick example of a running skill challenge with consequences:

Climb the Stone Stair Skill Challenge

Skills Used: Agility AR, Climbing, Strength AR, Discipline AR, Dodge, Stamina Skill

Achieving: Making the entrance with low fatigue and injury

How long: 1 hour

TSC% Mods

No tools -25% to Climb

Visored Helm - 50% to Climb and Agility AR

Heavy Armour - 20% to Stamina

Master Climbing Tools +30% to Climb

The step crumbles away beneath the characters feet [Agility AR]

Success Crit:

01 - 10 The character steadies himself, reaches out and holds on while sharp shards of rock tumbles downwards with a loud clattering.

Failure Crit:

01 - 02 The Character slips and falls, taking 2 BP damage but remains on the ledge

03 - 10 Oblivious to shelf giving way beneath their feet the character tumbles down and off the ledge, they take 10 BP scrambling to halt their decent.

Consequences:

On a Failure with Crit Die 9-10 the character must try to pull themselves back up onto the ledge. They should make a STR AR check. Any success and they are back on the ledge, otherwise a failure will result in the characters taking the Crit Die in FP loss

The Steep Part [Climbing]

Success Crit:

01 - 10 The character rises up the steps like a goat

Failure Crit:

01 - 02 Something has caught on the tackle being used the character takes an additional 10 minutes to make any headway and expends 10 FP to clear the rope or snagged gear. **Repeat Roll**

03 - 07 The Character looks down and loses his grip, he take 7 FP and must make a willpower check to calm his nerves to carry on. The Delay costs 10 min. **Repeat Roll**

08-10 The character takes all the wrong holds and ends up rock-bound. He takes 10 FP damage from stress of the situation. He must make another Climbing Skill roll with -20% to continue. Each failure adds another 10 min to the climb and he suffers another 10FP from stress.

Repeat Roll

Lookout Below [Dodge] Armour can reduce damage

Either from a natural fall or at the gamemasters call because of a failure by an advanced character on the path the character must avoid the avalanche of sharp heavy rock shards falling down.

Success Crit

01 - 10 The character ducks into some natural overhang and avoids all of the debris that is tumbling down past him.

Failure Crit

01-03 The character weaves and jinks out of the way of the falling rocks managing to slip away from the larger shards. He take 3 BP.

04 - 08 The character doesn't see the falling rocks until it's too late, it takes a large section of the debris on his head 8 BP

09 - 10 The character finds himself with nowhere to go, he take the full brunt of the rock slide 20 BP

Consequences:

Any failure also requires a Stamina Check, any failure with this skill and the character must sit and rest for 10min

Location 1

The Mine Opening

Following the map given to them by their new patron Dawn of Snow, lady of Frostland; the character have climbed the steep steps and arrived at the entrance to the old Goblin mine.

A large ledge gives them somewhere to rest though they are greeted by a strong odour of stale beer and rotting food. A draft from the opening is a good indicator that Dawn's map is good and will lead them through to the other side.

On the ledge is a spiky bush, some sort of high alpine hardy plant, it has an early flowering of yellow and red. The spines on the stems of the branches look wicked and sharp, easily usable as needles for clothes, repairs of socks, sacks or flesh.

Herblore Skill Challenge

Skills Used: Herblore

Achieving: The plant is called "Ledge Blessing" and when prepared correctly can be made into a tea that will restore lost fatigue points. The character knows the correct way to make a decoction from the petals.

How long: Instant to know and dodge, 10min to prepare decoction

TSC% Mods

Has Sheep Herding +30%

Detect Mantraps

Success Crit:

01 - 10 The Character is able to make a successful decoction from the yellow and red leave of the bush.

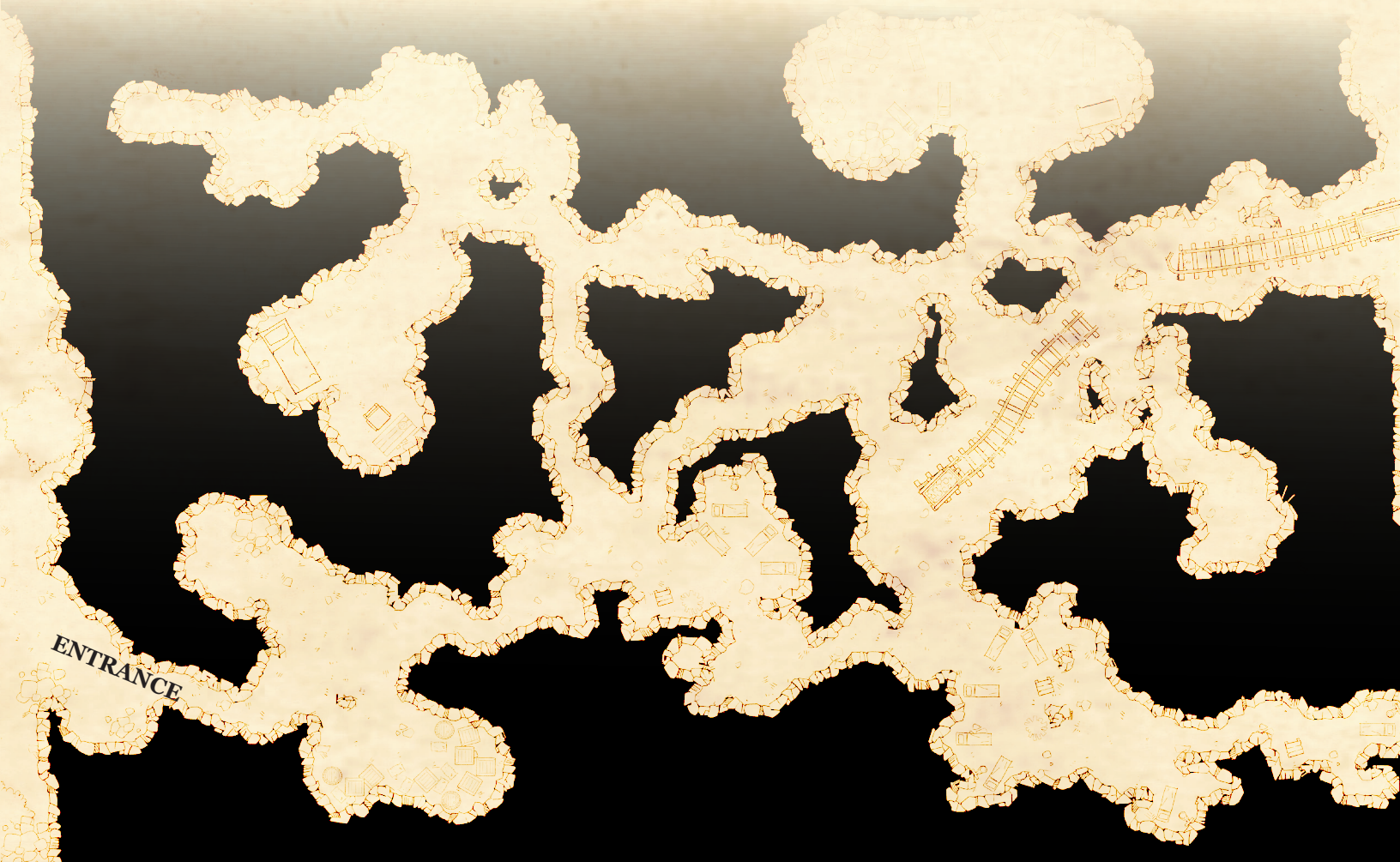
Failure Crit:

01 - 02 The character uses the whole flower not just the petals, they get a failed decoction and the imbiber gains no benefits

03 - 10 Failing to understand the plant and the process the character uses the oily leaves instead of the petals and the decoction induces vomiting and gastrointestinal expulsions.

Consequences:

With a successful decoction, the imbiber recovers half of their lost FP and get a +20% to their next Stamina Check



Location 2

The Goblin Stores

This is where the goblins put their haul of goodies from their autumn raids. The soft food and the open ale caskets have gone off and are stinking the whole place up. The entire cavern is a mess and awash with sticky beer spills, mushy puddles of mashed rotting fruit.

The loss of the stores is not really a concern for the goblins, they will stomach just about anything. However the chamber opposite has become the home of a colony of Striges. The rotting foodstuff and ales have provided a nice change to their diet. Striges don't like Orc meat or blood, so the arrival of the characters will be a nice treat from them.

The wait until the characters are bogged down in slippery beer and fruit mush before they launch an attack en-mass.



Special Conditions

Close Quarters [-20 to long weapon TSC%]

Those characters who have long weapons will be at a disadvantage fighting the striges amongst the barrels and crates.

Slippery Footing [-20 to Dodge TSC%]

The mix of rotting fruit and spilled ale has created a mix of sticky and slippery footing, those characters using a dodge will take a penalty of -20 to the Dodge TSC% and can only make active dodges against attacks.

Vomiting

At the end of each round the character must make a stamina check to see if the stench combined with the strain of combat has induced vomiting.

Roll the character's Stamina skill, any failure and the character will lose the Crit Die amount of AP this turn from spending time vomiting.

Treasure

The goblins have taken away pretty much anything that looked shiny like coins and rich metals as well as arms and armour pieces.

They did leave a few items in the crates that are valuable if a character is prepared to haul it out.

There is: -

- A bolt of Fine Blue Silk 1,200sp (needs washing)
- A Vial of Myrrh 360sp
- A box of Pepper 320sp
- A Hippogriff Feather enchanted to MR0

Striges (20)

Height	18"	BAP	18
Weight	13 lbs	BOD	20
Length	36" wingspan	FAT	20
		DT	20(f)
BMR	10	SPRINT	40(f)

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
M Beak	4S	18%	58%
M Claws	6S	28%	68%
Dodge	-	15%	55%
Stamina	-	9%	46%
Will	-	6%	6%

Armour - Dense Plumage (1 / 2 / 1 / 1 / 2)

Description:

The Striges appear as a large headed bird with piercing amber eyes, a falcon like beak with grey white wings and wicked hooked claws. It hangs upside down in caves like a bat and feeds primarily on blood. They often prey on infants using it's claws to disembowel them before dining on its victim's blood.

Special Ability

If a successful attack draws blood (BOD damage) they will drain blood at 1 BOD / Turn which also heals their FAT on a 1:1 basis

Note: Striges don't like Orc blood, it tastes like vomit and burnt rubber to them.

Location 3

Sigvard the Ogre

Sigvard has robbed all the books from the stash that the goblins have and he has been looking at the pretty pictures and has started to learn to read. He can stumble through some of the simple text with a more basic script, he likes the runic script, some of the more complex scripts make his head hurt but they are the ones that have the best pictures.

He doesn't bother the goblins, unless he gets a headache from reading, then he will go over and bully them or maybe eat one.

His reaction to the characters will be one of shock, he doesn't get many visitors here. He will of course go for his club, an Ogre needs to protect himself from *"Those iron, crusted Ewmans."* He will however ask, *"Any of you draw sounds and speak them back?"*

So he intends to keep a reader as a slave to read to him and teach him words. He likely eat the others.

His cavern is lit by a single torch over his bed where he likes to read, the desk and chair have been made from the old crates and barrels from the old stores. He keeps the books on the table and stacks them so they make a pretty pattern. He has a candle on the desk and only uses this to pick a book to look through.

His bed is huge and seems to be made up of human clothes stitched together in a haphazard manner. For support he has stuffed them with moss and lichens. It stinks of Ogre body odour.

He has nowhere to go, so once in combat he will fight until he either wins or asks for mercy, expecting none to be given. If the characters do give mercy he will be a wretch of a creature whimpering and complaining about his wounds and how he could die at any minute and he continues to beg and whine for help.

This point depending on what the characters do, and how you want to play with spirit, grace and hindrances, could be an interesting session with Sigvard. You might have him go with the characters, he could certainly carry things; however, he won't fight, he's far too injured to fight.

He will give the characters cheeky nicknames, something pithy he can remember rather than their real names he has trouble pronouncing.

Ogre (Unique Semi-Civilised)

Height	7'	BAP	17
Weight	530 lbs	BOD	66
		FAT	44
		DT	8
BMR	0	SPRINT	14
Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
Large Club	15C	41%	71%
Dodge	0	0%	40%
Stamina	0	56%	96%
Will	0	15%	55%

Armour - Hide (5 / 7 / 4 / 5 / 6)
Large Club +1 Crit Die, Bash 8



Treasure

He hasn't had much need for gold or silver, he lets the goblins keep that stuff. He does have a barrel of brandy, he has had a couple of swigs out of it so there might be some backwash in there, a piece of un-chewed goblin perhaps.

His biggest treasure, and one he will plot heavily to get back! Is the book collection he has amassed.

- **Manual of Puissance at Arms**
2,000exp in Slashing Swords over 2 months of reading
- **War Tome of Honorius Shalkoor**
5,000exp in Battlefield Tactics over 6 months
- **Khemosutra**
5,000exp in Pharmacology & Medicine over 12months



Location 4

The Path Down

If you plan to make this little dungeon larger then this would be the place to put a shaft leading down. Either a spiralling stair, or a chair and pulley system, just large enough for the number in the group less one. That tension of having a single character left behind is always a good feeling as a gamesmaster.

If on the other hand you are running this game as a one-off adventure are happy to move things along then you can run this little combat encounter.

Orcs - (2)

Height 6'3"	BAP	12	
Weight 230 lbs	BOD	43	
	FAT	30	
	DT	8	
BMR 0	SPRINT	16	
Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
2H Splitting Axe	15S	19%	59%
Dodge		12%	52%
Stamina		12%	52%
Will		12%	52%

Armour - Hide (5 / 7 / 4 / 5 / 6)
Splitting Axe +1 Crit Die, Bash 7

Treasure

These Orcs have a little cash on them: one has 32sp and the other has 12sp

Location 5

The Goblin Guard

The cavern is well lit by both a small but smoky fire and a torch upon the cavern wall. Four smaller rough made bed bundles are on the floor and a goblin is sitting occupying himself with whatever bones or trinkets has taken his eye. Some are mocking the others valuables.

A small table has a pile of rubbish upon it, stuff the goblins aren't interesting in or haven't managed to share out yet. It looks like this group has started raiding the local homesteads after the last heavy snow abated.

They are never very far from their weapons but will be seated so they will yield 5AP at the start of combat but will be standing when things kick off.

Goblin - (4)

Height 5'7"	BAP	13	
Weight 145 lbs	BOD	34	
	FAT	22	
	DT	7	
BMR 0	SPRINT	12	
Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
Goblin Scimitar	7S	15%	55%
Dodge		21%	61%
Stamina		2%	42%
Will		10%	50%

Armour - Leather (3 / 1 / 1 / 2 / 6)
Goblin Scimitar Bash 9+

Goblin Tactics

Goblin Weaving

If another goblin ally is engaging your enemy, then you can use your goblin weaving ability. You may spend AP instead of FP to make an active Dodge.

Goblin Shadow Strike

If you are not engaged by an enemy you can spend AP's in the shadows. Each AP skulking in the shadows gives you a +1 to your TSC% on your next attack. You can gain a total bonus equal to your PSF%.

Honour: 15 Each

Honour: 29 Each



Location 6

The Crushed Dwarf

The area is dark and definitely something is not right with this area. Off in the distance those with keen hearing can make out scuttling noises.

The cavern here has an old and rust ore cart filled with ore. When things collapsed the cart came off the rails and somehow it seems that a dwarf was trapped beneath the cart and crushed to death. His chain armour has almost totally rusted away as has his clothes and boots. However his weapon seems as shiny as ever. The problem is that the warhammer is firmly trapped with the dwarf under the laden cart.

The cart will need to be lifted off the Dwarf to get to the shiny warhammer. The goblins and the Ogre are too stupid to empty the cart, thus making it lighter and easier to tip it off the dwarf and the hammer.

The action will still need a Total lifting capacity of 2,000lbs. Add those character helping to tip the cart to see if they can make the weight. If the characters are too stupid to empty the cart then they're never going to succeed.

As can be seen from the map the area is heavy with cobwebs, this is because the area ahead is home to a dozen giant spiders, looking for a meal, when the characters move the cart then they alert the spiders to their presence. From out of the darkness the spiders will strike hoping for a juicy meal.

The goblins have lost a dozen or so to the spiders and don't come this way anymore.

Only 2 of the spiders will leave the nest.

Goblin Boss - (1)

Height	5'9"	BAP	15
Weight	185 lbs	BOD	44
		FAT	32
		DT	7
BMR	0	SPRINT	12

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
Goblin Scimitar	9S	25%	65%
Dodge		31%	71%
Stamina		12%	52%
Will		20%	60%

Armour - Scalemail (10 / 8 / 7 / 8 / 7)
Goblin Scimitar Bash 9+

Goblin Tactics

Goblin Weaving

If another goblin ally is engaging your enemy, then you can use your goblin weaving ability. You may spend AP instead of FP to make an active Dodge.

Goblin Shadow Strike

If you are not engaged by an enemy you can spend AP's in the shadows. Each AP skulking in the shadows gives you a +1 to your TSC% on your next attack. You can gain a total bonus equal to your PSF%

Goblin Accuracy

You spend an addition 2AP to make your blow upon your enemy, if you score a hit you get +2 to the Crit Die result

Honour: 30 Each



Honour: 60 Each

Giant Venomous Spiders - (2)

Height	4'3"	BAP	12
Weight	125 lbs	BOD	44
		FAT	49
		DT	8
BMR	10	SPRINT	16

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
Venomous Bite	7P	27%	67%
Dodge		20%	60%
Stamina		18%	28%
Will		27%	67%

Armour - Chitin Exoskeleton (5 / 5 / 5 / 5 / 6)

Venom

When the spiders attack deals any amount of Body Points in damage the victim must make a Stamina check, this is at a penalty of 27 (the Spider bite PSF%) to the victims TSC%.

Success Crit:

10 The character has a natural resistance to this spiders venom, he gains a +20 bonus to his stamina TSC% against this spiders venom.

08 - 09 The character shrugs off the poison and carries on as normal with no ill effects

04 - 08 The character feels sluggish and his vision becomes somewhat blurred he has a 4 AP penalty each round the effect last for an hour.

01 - 03 The character has a mild effect from the venom, his limbs begin to shake uncontrollably and fine control is very difficult. He has a 4 AP penalty each round and takes a -27% penalty to any skills or actions that requires the use of DEX the effect last for an hour.

Failure Crit:

01 - 03 The character has a mild effect from the venom, his limbs begin to shake uncontrollably and fine control is very difficult. He has an 8 AP penalty each round and takes a -54% penalty to any skills or actions that requires the use of DEX the effect last for an hour.

04 - 09 The character is awake and aware and can speak, all be it slurred. He can blink and breath. All other actions have stopped, the effect last for an hour.

10 The character is completely paralysed, all functions have stopped and he will perish from being unable to breath if he cannot overcome the toxin. Each round he must make a stamina check at -27 to his TSC% any success and his condition moves up to the next level. Failure and he suffers 7 Body Points of Damage. This routine continues until he dies or moves up to the next level crit die failure result 04 - 09

Extract Venom Skill Challenge

Skills Used: Administer Poisons & Drugs

Achieving: Extraction and preparation of a sticky salve to be used on an open wound or placed upon a small blade such as a short sword or dagger

How long: 10min to extricate venom and 1 hour to prepare salve per spider

TSC% Mods

Has medical tools +30%

Makes a successful Pharmacology & Medicine Skill Check with a -27 to TSC% gains +30%

Administer Poisons & Drugs

Success Crit:

10 The character is able to make enough venom salve for three applications

07 - 09 The Character is able to make enough venom salve for two applications

01 - 06 The character is successful at making the extraction and preparing the venom salve for a single application.

Failure Crit:

01 - 02 The character manages the extraction but wastes the material and makes no venom salve

03 - 08 The character fails at the extraction and doesn't even get to the procedure to make the venom salve

09 - 10 The character blunders through the extraction, he fails to notice some open cut or nicks himself and the venom enters his bloodstream. Have the character make a Stamina skill without penalty, the check and compare the success and crit die on the table below.

Consequences:

Each application can either be used directly on an open wound, (any creature that has taken Body Points of Damage) or placed upon a small blade to inflict the wound. An application can be used once, directly on a wound or it will remain active on a blade for a single day.

Any wound inflicted with the coated blade will call for the target to make a Stamina check and compare to the results below:

Success Crit:

10 The character has a natural resistance to this spider's venom, they gain a +20 bonus to his stamina TSC% against this spider's venom.

08 - 09 The character shrugs off the poison and carries on as normal with no ill effects

04 - 08 The character feels sluggish and their vision becomes somewhat blurred causing 4 AP penalty each round the for an hour.

01 - 03 The character has a mild effect from the venom, their limbs begin to shake uncontrollably and fine control is very difficult. They have a 4 AP penalty each round and takes a -27% penalty to any skills or actions that requires the use of DEX. The effect last for an hour.

Failure Crit:

01 - 03 The character has a mild effect from the venom, their limbs begin to shake uncontrollably and fine control is very difficult. They have an 8 AP penalty each round and takes a -54% penalty to any skills or actions that requires the use of DEX. The effect last for an hour.

04 - 09 The character is awake and aware and can speak, all be it slurred. He can blink and breath. All other actions have stopped, the effect last for an hour.

10 The character is completely paralysed, all functions have stopped and he will perish from being unable to breath if he cannot overcome the toxin. Each round they must make a stamina check at -27 to his TSC% any success and his condition moves up to the next level. Failure means they suffer 7 Body Points of Damage. This routine continues until they die or moves up to the next level crit die failure result 04 - 09

Blixtrande Hammera

Hammer of Lightning

Crafted in the court of King Darwulf in the mountains of Svermark by the Master Dwarven Smith Långtskäg.

Description

The hammer is made from an iron mithral alloy and so will never rust and is almost unbreakable. It has a haft wrapped in the hide of a mountain troll and a single rune is upon either side of the hammer. The top of the hammer is adorned with a large domed amber gemstone.

Powers

When the wielder of Drekatoönn utters the command words "*Kala Leh Patori Morti*" the stored combination spell is automatically triggered at a cost of 10 charges. When triggered the spell is activated and the dagger is encompassed in a ball of lightning that burns with a bright silver blue plasma of intense heat. This immolation of the dagger lasts for up to 20 minutes, or until dropped or sheathed again.

When immolated in this manner the dagger deals an additional 14 Energy points of damage.

Once immolated in this manner the wielder of the weapon can choose to cast the ball of plasma onto a distant target. The ball has a range of 100 feet and requires the use of an additional 10 charges. The ball seems to dart around objects and find its target. The target, if inanimate, takes 42E damage. If a creature then it must make an active dodge skill check to avoid the ball.

Success Crit:

07 - 10 The targets fast movements manage to get him out of the way of the ball and then it dissipates.

01 - 06 The target is too quick for the ball, he is barely brushed by the intense heat of the plasma, he take 7E damage.

Failure Crit:

01 - 06 The target ducks and the balls plays over half his body causing severe burns, he takes 14E

07 - 09 The target freezes momentarily and gets a full body hit, the ball is over his entire body inflicting horrible burns he takes 21E

10 The target is mesmerized by the shifting patterns of blue and white plasma, he stands still, effectively an inanimate object, the ball of plasma sticks to his body; suffering critical burns, he takes 28E

Charges: 100 (200) **Recharge:** 4 (7) per day Damaged



Location 7

Goblin Warriors

The goblins here will be able to have chance to prepare a defence, originally asleep they will jump to ready upon the commotion from combat either in location 6 with the cart or spiders or location 5 The goblin guards. They will form up in the entrance the their chamber and will try to protect the chief of this little tribe.

The goblin chief will hold back and used ranged attacks on the characters with his bow. The goblins will not be drawn out of their chamber the will stand an guard the chamber and the chief till the group get fed up and leave or they die protecting the chief.

When the line of goblins get down to two goblins the chief will arm with his scimitar and enter the combat.

Goblin - (5)

Height	5'7"	BAP	13
Weight	145 lbs	BOD	34
		FAT	22
		DT	7
BMR	0	SPRINT	12

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
Goblin Scimitar	7S	15%	55%
Dodge		21%	61%
Stamina		2%	42%
Will		10%	50%

Armour - Leather (3 / 1 / 1 / 2 / 6)

Goblin Scimitar Bash 9+

Goblin Tactics

Goblin Weaving

If another goblin ally is engaging your enemy, then you can use your goblin weaving ability. You may spend AP instead of FP to make an active Dodge.

Goblin Shadow Strike

If you are not engaged by an enemy you can spend AP's in the shadows. Each AP skulking in the shadows gives you a +1 to your TSC% on your next attack. You can gain a total bonus equal to your PSF%

Honour: 15 Each

Goblin Boss - (1)

Height	5'9"	BAP	15
Weight	185 lbs	BOD	44
		FAT	32
		DT	7
BMR	0	SPRINT	12

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
Goblin Scimitar	9S	25%	65%
Dodge		31%	71%
Stamina		12%	52%
Will		20%	60%

Armour - Scalemail (10 / 8 / 7 / 8 / 7)
Goblin Scimitar Bash 9+

Goblin Tactics**Goblin Weaving**

If another goblin ally is engaging your enemy, then you can use your goblin weaving ability. You may spend AP instead of FP to make an active Dodge.

Goblin Shadow Strike

If you are not engaged by an enemy you can spend AP's in the shadows. Each AP skulking in the shadows gives you a +1 to your TSC% on your next attack. You can gain a total bonus equal to your PSF%

Goblin Accuracy

You spend an addition 2AP to make your blow upon your enemy, if you score a hit you get +2 to the Crit Die result

Treasure

The goblins have amassed quite the haul of coins and jewellery.

1,200sp

42 Cr

A silver and sapphire necklace 700sp

A gold Tiara with Diamonds 4,500sp

A plain golden ring 500sp

The items are spread around the cavern in bedding and little cracks of the walls, wherever the goblins could hide them.

Goblin Chief - (1)

Height	5'9"	BAP	16
Weight	195 lbs	BOD	46
		FAT	38
		DT	7
BMR	0	SPRINT	12

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
Goblin Scimitar	10S	45%	85%
Goblin Shortbow	9M	40%	80%
Dodge		41%	81%
Stamina		22%	62%
Will		30%	90%

Shortbow 20' +2 crit, 30' +1 Crit, 90' -6 crit

Armour - Scalemail (10 / 8 / 7 / 8 / 7)

Goblin Scimitar Bash 9+

Goblin Tactics**Goblin Weaving**

If another goblin ally is engaging your enemy, then you can use your goblin weaving ability. You may spend AP instead of FP to make an active Dodge.

Goblin Shadow Strike

If you are not engaged by an enemy you can spend AP's in the shadows. Each AP skulking in the shadows gives you a +1 to your TSC% on your next attack. You can gain a total bonus equal to your PSF%

Goblin Accuracy

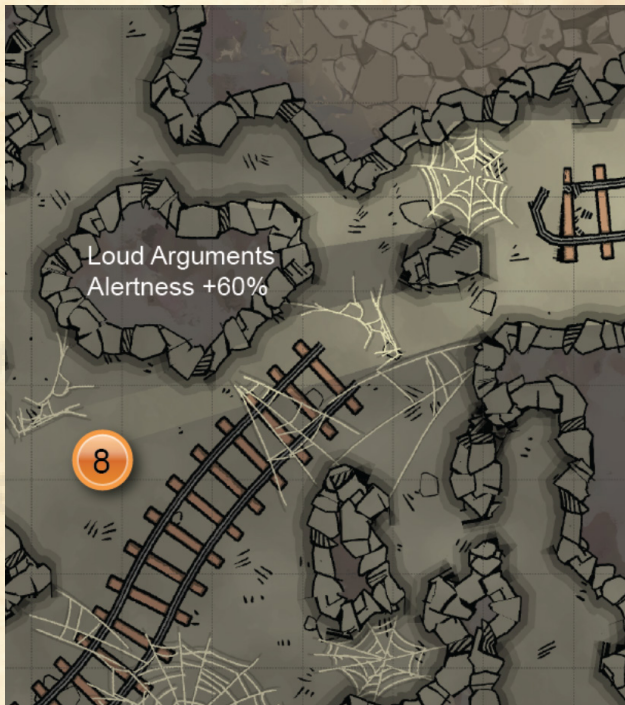
You spend an addition 2AP to make your blow upon your enemy, if you score a hit you get +2 to the Crit Die result

Sure Shot

When shooting in to combat at short range (20') you have trained to be extra careful to not hit your allies. Even on a Crit Die failure of 10 when shooting into melee you will not hit your allies, you will always make a sure shot.

Long Draw

When using a shortbow that has been made for you, you can draw the arrow back just that little bit further than usual gaining some extra speed of flight and power. Spend 1AP extra to make your shot and you gain +2P damage and 10% more range.



Location 8

Spider Home

This is where the spiders call home, they take any prey that their poison has paralysed and they cocoon them up here for drinking later. While 2 of their number will reconnoitre outside of the web nest (leaving 4 here) the others will defend the brood of spiderlings. If the characters stumble into the web nest without drawing the 2 reconnaissance spiders out then there will be 6 spiders here.



Giant Venomous Spiders - (4)

Height	4'3"	BAP	12
Weight	125 lbs	BOD	44
		FAT	49
		DT	8
BMR	10	SPRINT	16

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
Venomous Bite	7P	27%	67%
Dodge		20%	60%
Stamina		18%	28%
Will		27%	67%

Armour - Chitin Exoskeleton (5 / 5 / 5 / 5 / 6)

Venom

When the spiders attack deals any amount of Body Points in damage the victim must make a Stamina check, this is at a penalty of 27 (the Spider bite PSF%) to the victims TSC%.

Success Crit:

10 The character has a natural resistance to this spiders venom, he gains a +20 bonus to his stamina TSC% against this spiders venom.

08 - 09 The character shrugs off the poison and carries on as normal with no ill effects

04 - 08 The character feels sluggish and their vision becomes somewhat blurred. They have a 4 AP penalty each round. The effect last for an hour.

01 - 03 The character has a mild effect from the venom, their limbs begin to shake uncontrollably and fine control is very difficult. They have a 4 AP penalty each round and take a -27% penalty to any skills or actions that requires the use of DEX. The effect lasts for an hour.

Failure Crit:

01 - 03 The character has a mild effect from the venom, their limbs begin to shake uncontrollably and fine control is very difficult. They have an 8 AP penalty each round and take a -54% penalty to any skills or actions that requires the use of DEX. The effect lasts for an hour.

04 - 09 The character is awake and aware and can speak, all be it slurred. They can blink and breath. All other actions have stopped, the effect last for an hour.

10 The character is completely paralysed, all functions have stopped and they will perish from being unable to breath if they cannot overcome the toxin. Each round they must make a stamina check at -27 to their TSC%; any success and their condition moves up to the next level. Failure and they suffer 7 Body Points of Damage. This routine continues until they die or moves up to the next level crit die failure result 04 - 09

Honour: 60 Each



Location 9

The Goblin Rearguard

The spiders have been very proficient at keeping out things from the Troll side of the mountain, other Goblins and Orcs for example. However, every now and then a Troll wanders by and takes an interesting the tasty smell of Goblin. The spiders won't tangle with a Mountain Troll and so the rearguard have to make sure they hold off the troll until the chief can escape.

Goblin - (4)

Height	5'7"	BAP	13
Weight	145 lbs	BOD	34
		FAT	22
		DT	7
BMR	0	SPRINT	12
Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
Goblin Scimitar	7S	15%	55%
Dodge		21%	61%
Stamina		2%	42%
Will		10%	50%

Armour - Leather (3 / 1 / 1 / 2 / 6)
Goblin Scimitar Bash 9+

Goblin Boss - (1)

Height	5'9"	BAP	15
Weight	185 lbs	BOD	44
		FAT	32
		DT	7
BMR	0	SPRINT	12
Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
Goblin Scimitar	9S	25%	65%
Dodge		31%	71%
Stamina		12%	52%
Will		20%	60%

Armour - Scalemail (10 / 8 / 7 / 8 / 7)
Goblin Scimitar Bash 9+

Goblin Tactics

Goblin Weaving

If another goblin ally is engaging your enemy, then you can use your goblin weaving ability. You may spend AP instead of FP to make an active Dodge.

Goblin Shadow Strike

If you are not engaged by an enemy you can spend AP's in the shadows. Each AP skulking in the shadows gives you a +1 to your TSC% on your next attack. You can gain a total bonus equal to your PSF%

Goblin Accuracy

You spend an addition 2AP to make your blow upon your enemy, if you score a hit you get +2 to the Crit Die result

Honour: 30 Each

Honour: 15 Each

The goblins are trained and expecting attacks from the Troll side of the mountain, the commotions from inside the caverns and the mines has them confused as what to do.

When they are engaged they will fight erratically until they get into their stride. Give them -20 TSC% for the first 2 rounds of combat.

They go all in after that, and the bosses will even enter a berserker rage as per the talent in the **Chivalry & Sorcery** main rule book Page 89

Treasure

They are supposed to have given anything they get from the Trolls to the chief and he shares out the goodies. However, the bosses have been sneaky and have stored away some things they found in a Giant's sack.

100sp

4Cr

A golden Orb with gems 1,200sp



Location 10

The Brood Chamber

This area is covered in webs, and is the brood chamber for the spiders. There are dozens of tiny, fist sized spiders. They are not offensive so if the characters leave them alone they will just sit in the webs and wait for their next meal to be fed to them. However if the characters decide to have a search around for treasure in here then they will find that these spiders are able to swarm and attack.

Split the spiders into groups of five, each against a separate single target adding +30 PSF% and +10P damage)

The spiders also carry a poison like their large parents do, however it is considerably weaker.

If more than half of the spiders die, then they will flee into the cracks in the cavern walls.



Spider Brood Swarm (20)

Height	7"	BAP	10
Weight	8 lbs	BODY	15
Length	18"	FAT	19
		DT	8
BMR	10	SPRINT	15
Relevant Skills			
L Bite	1S	PSF%	TSC%
Dodge	-	12%	32%
Stamina	-	9%	49%
Will	-	0%	40%
	-	6%	46%

Armour - Hide (2 / 3 / 2 / 2 / 3)

Venom

Any wound inflicted with the coated blade will call for the target to make a Stamina check and compare to the results below:

Success Crit:

10 The character has a natural resistance to this spiders venom. They gain a +20 bonus to his stamina TSC% against this spiders venom.

08 - 09 The character shrugs off the poison and carries on as normal with no ill effects

04 - 08 The character feels sluggish and their vision becomes somewhat blurred they have 4 AP penalty each round. The effect last for an hour.

01 - 03 The character has a mild effect from the venom, their limbs begin to shake uncontrollably and fine control is very difficult. They have 4 AP penalty each round and take a -27% penalty to any skills or actions that requires the use of DEX. The effect last for an hour.

Failure Crit:

01 - 03 The character has a mild effect from the venom, their limbs begin to shake uncontrollably and fine control is very difficult. They have 8 AP penalty each round and take a -54% penalty to any skills or actions that requires the use of DEX. The effect last for an hour.

04 - 09 The character is awake and aware and can speak, all be it slurred. They can blink and breath. All other actions have stopped. The effect last for an hour.

10 The character is completely paralysed, all functions have stopped and they will perish from being unable to breath if they cannot overcome the toxin. Each round they must make a stamina check at -27 to TSC% any success and their condition moves up to the next level. Failure and they suffers 7 Body Points of Damage. This routine continues until they die or move up to the next level crit die failure result 04 - 09

Dealing with Cobwebs

There are two ways to deal with the cobwebs, the first is treat them in an abstract way, leaning towards descriptions and risk rewards. The second is a mechanical way with rules and dice rolls. Both of these systems for working with cobwebs should give the players the sense of danger and both should be enough to be suitably creepy. However, for realism, the mechanical rules will give much more in the way of options for the characters and the spiders in combat. The difference will be in the time the combats take. The abstract method is quick and clean, but sacrifices options, the mechanical is slow

Cobwebs Mechanical System

1. **Getting Stuck.** A character who is in a square that contains a web must make a STR AR with a penalty of 30% at the start of each round. On a success they can spend APs normally. On a failure with a crit die of 01- 09 they have half their normal BAPs for that round. On failure with a Crit Die of 10 they cannot act and can only spend FP to active dodge, though these act as though a passive dodge for how much PSF% can be applied. They can roll another STR AR at the beginning of the next round.
2. **While Stuck.** A character who fails the STR AR can use some of their APs to attempt to escape. Either by tearing the web strands with their hands, or cutting them if they have a sharp object that was held when they got stuck. They make a weapon attack roll, with any success they gainback the half of the APs lost. Or another STR AR roll tearing at the webs with their hands, -30 TSC% any success and he gains back the half of the APs lost.
3. **Attacking While Stuck.** The character can spend their APs to attack while stuck, however their attack rolls are at a -30 TSC% penalty and weapon or shield parries are not allowed.
4. **Attacked While Stuck.** The character cannot use APs to parry or passive dodge.
5. **Freeing a Stuck Ally.** This is much easier to do than being stuck oneself. If you are not stuck in a web you can try to free a character who you can reach.
6. **Burning Webs.** A character can clear a 5'x5' square of webs using normal fire and an action taking 7APs. Magick fire can do twice that amount for the same APs. Area spells will destroy webs in the volume created.

Cobwebs the Abstract System

When the character is in a square containing a web, they take a penalty to all physical actions of -30 TSC% and have their BAP halved.

A character can still use APs to clear a section of web, either with fire or hacking through with blade or axe. 7APs for either will clear a 5'x'5 square of webs and make it safe to enter without getting stuck.

Between the poison and the webs the characters will need to be cunning in fighting the spiders. The spiders are going to want to leave their webs, it's their ball park, they'll want to fight there. The reconnaissance spiders however, that's their job go take the fight to the enemy see what is outside of the web that can be brought back to feed the brood.

Location 11

The Troll Valley

The characters have broken out to the other side and are looking down onto the valley floor. The valley is dark in the shadow of the mountain. A long trek down the side to the valley below.

An Ore cart stands in good condition on some rail tracks. The tracks seem to wend and wind down the rock face to the valley below. A walk of many hours could be made short by riding the cart down the tracks. Or made short in a terminal death sense.

We will leave this up to the gamesmaster as to how the ride plays out. However, there is some fun to be had in this for sure.



Manticore Hunting Range

The five mile stretch of valley belongs to a pair of Manticores, a breeding pair. They have had several cubs over the years and are currently nurturing another. Their lair and cub, is high up in the mountain, atop a sheer spire of rock with a wide enough shelf just below the summit. To reach it one must be able to fly.

In this area, any random encounter roll will be with the manticores, they have such dominance over the area. If they are killed, go back to normal encounter results.

The manticores are on the hunt most of the daylight hours, during this time an encounter will be with both of them. At night time they take turns in sleeping and making short reconnaissance flights to see what is moving about. At night time the encounter will be with a single manticore.

There are two resources for the gamemaster available for further detailing: the ruins of Navarik and the ruins of Galabdur.

Navarik

This was once a stronghold for the Clan Snow back in the days when the great worms were being slain and the folk of the north were legends. As the Trolls and other humanoids overtook the valleys and the west side of the mountains, the folk lost their foothold in this area. The Ruins are extensive and have a dungeon level beneath. What this place holds for your adventurers is up to you. However Undead is a good fit, as most things that are living are hunted down by the Manticores.

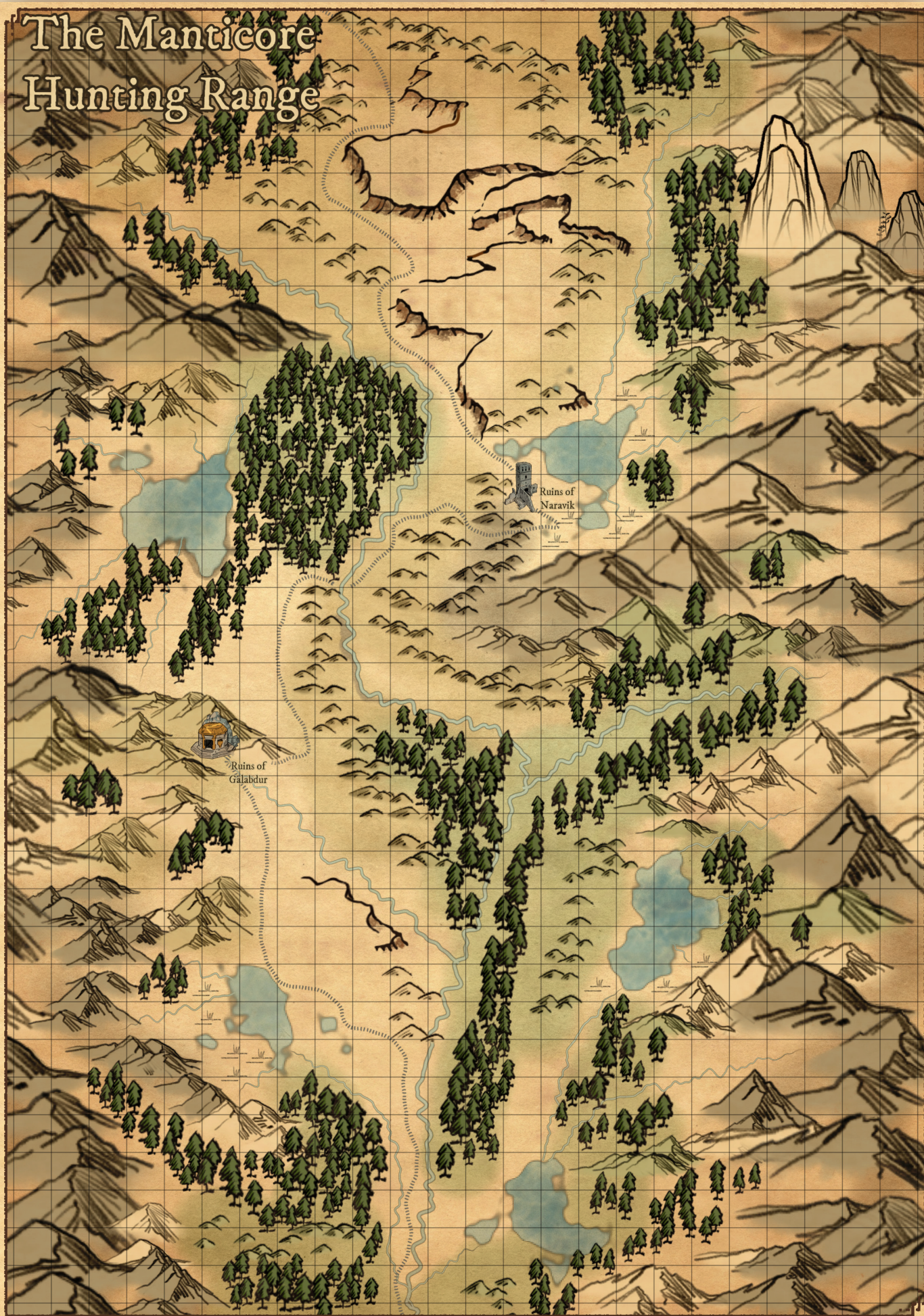
Galabdur

This was once a dwarven stronghold, it belonged to the mighty King Tarwulf, a forebear of Darwulf. The stone fortress cut into the side of the mountain was a favourite palace of the King. Its halls were long and tall and the fires inside raged day and night and their crackle was accompanied by song and fine music.

The King and all of the forts inhabitants were one day, never heard from. Some say that a mighty worm came into the fort and ate everyone. Other that it was some mighty magickal curse. Rumours of poison and treachery have circulated.

With all of the suspicion of the Dwarves no one has been here since the tragic quieting of Galabdur.

The Manticore Hunting Range



Spike Tailed Manticore (2)

Height	5'	BAP	18
Weight	2,000 lbs	BOD	65
Length	36' wingspan	FAT	50
		DT	8/(f)
BMR	20	SPRINT	24/30(f)

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
H Tail	12P	49%	89%
H Claws	14S	39%	79%
Dodge	-	5%	45%
Stamina	-	54%	94%
Will	-	15%	55%

Armour - Hide (6 / 9 / 7 / 7 / 5)

Description:

A complex magickal hybrid creature with the head of a man, the body of a lion, the wings of a dragon and a tail made up of spikes. They do not wear armour or carry weapons; however, their hide is thick and well resistant to weapons. They prefer to lair in the high mountains, and hunt in the valleys below.

There are desert varieties that have a scorpions tails and are wingless, or subterranean ones with a mighty clubbed tail. The desert and subterranean manticores are usually solitary only coming together to mate, however the mountain variety usually stick in pairs for greater safety from the greater predators that inhabit that terrain.

There are many theories upon the creation of the manticores, however one truth is that they despise humanoids cursing them as they claw and take them high into their mountain lair to be eaten at their leisure. Usually a cave on some high shelf where only flight will get you there.

Special Ability

The spiked tail manticore has a tuft of spikes at the end of its tail. It can throw these sharp barbs at an enemy up to 150 feet away. To throw a barb is 7APs and the manticore has 50 of them in its tail tuft.

The spikes once thrown can regrow back on the manticore's tail at a rate of 10 per day.

Magickal Materials

As a legendary beast a manticore provides a wizard with a veritable cornucopia of magickal resources. 13 + 1D10 quantities of MR 2 Blood, Bone, Hide and Brains etc. each of which counts as three substances for enchantment purposes for the element of air or command spells in items.

Rasande Torc**Talisman of Rage**

A twist of metal strands, either copper, silver or gold from which hangs the heart of a manticore.

Preparation

The heart of the manticore MR 0 needs to be warm and still twitching to make this item. The strands of wire can be beaten into shape from coins and this must be done before the heart cools and stops twitching. A craft skill roll with any success will be sufficient to make the time requirements. Once formed into a torc the item is active and no spell needs to be cast into the item.

Power

The wearer of the item can enter and leave a berserk rage at anytime he wishes to.

- If copper was used (100sp) in the torc's construction there is a 10% chance that the wearer will not exit their rage each round after making the decision to stop. Also there is a 10% chance that anyone the wearer engages in combat, also enters a berserk rage (If affected Roll willpower - 40 TSC% to resist each round).
- If silver was used (400sp) in making the torc the wearer will always be able to exit his rage; however the chance for his enemy to become berserk is 20% (If affected Roll willpower - 40 TSC% to resist each round).
- If gold was used (20cr) in its construction then the wearer can enter and exit at will and the items has no effect on enemies.
- If the creator is so bold as to mix metals then a cursed item is created. The wearer can not remove the item unless they have a remove curse upon him. The item will send the wearer berserk upon a failed skill check of any skill with a Crit Die result of 9-10. In addition when in combat they (automatically) and their opponent (roll willpower - 40 TSC% to resist) will enter a berserker rage.

Forest Truff

Height	5'	BAP	20
Weight	0 lbs	BOD	40
Length	0	FAT	32
		DT	20(f)
BMR	20	SPRINT	40(f)

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
Dodge	-	40%	80%
Stamina	-	50%	90%
Will	-	35%	85%
Alertness sight		35%	40%
Alertness sound		40%	45%

Special Abilities

May use magic as ML 6, Illusions to level 6 45 PSF%

Commands to Level 4 26 PSF%, Air to Level 4 26 PSF%

Water to Level 6 45 PSF%, and they may lend up to 27 fatigue to a friendly Wizard for casting spells. The only real means of attack other than magic, is by the use of their possession ability. The rules for possession can be found in 5th Edition **C&S** Core rules

Description

Born out of the essence that lies between the blades of grass and the stones, the trees and the moss, the sky and the land; the Truff is a spiritual being. Depending upon whom you talk to the Truff can be either malevolent or benevolent. They work for the good of the life of their forest and have been known to aid wizards who combat evil forces within the Truff's realm.

They do this by lending the wizards some of their life force, effectively reducing the cost of the spells they cast to zero. The Truff protects foresters who only cut dead wood and manage the forest well, culling only where needed. They have been known to warn of attack by wolves or guide the forester away from pitfalls. Those who harvest the bounty of the forest for their own greed and profit will almost always come to ill if a Truff is in the area.

Truffs live in the boundaries between this world and the spirit world and as such have no physical body. They can only manifest themselves in a reflective surface such as a still pool or the shine of a knight's armour. This makes them very difficult to get rid of. They can however be trapped.

A wizard must first fashion a mirror from true silver and 21 other materials from the area of the Truff's home. Once crafted he must go to an area in the forest where there are no reflective objects except for the magical mirror. Then he casts the Rank 6 summoning spell Summon Lesser Spirit. When the Truff appears in the mirror the final closing word is spoken on the mirror enchantment and the Truff is trapped. The wizard must however be very wary as the Truff is a powerful spirit and he will not be very pleased at being trapped. The enchantment does not stop him from using his powers. Most likely the wizard will bargain services for release.

**The Forest Truff**

Lentgala is a large castle (V), originally of dwarven construction the castle fell into ruins after the death(?) of King Tarwulf. Dawn's Jarl Harald Ivar took a full hundred men over the mountains with the mission to reclaim the castle for Frostland. He did just that, with the loss of many over the last three years. This is Dawn's oasis in the sea of Orcs. Trolls and Giants on this side of the mountain range.

Jarl Harald has held off all of the attacks from the various humanoid factions that assail the castle on a regular basis. In fact the group have many women and artisans there now. Their journey to here over the mountain trails and passes was a perilous one. They have rebuilt and restored as much as they can of the old castle. Its defences were still in good shape with most work required inside the walls.



Outside of the walls an elite group of foresters, scout and hunt in the hills and forests around the castle. They call themselves the "*Vlu Ensom*" or Lone Wolves. They have had many encounters with the forest truff that lives in the woods to the south of the castle. The early encounters with a paranoid forest spirit and a skittish bunch of Vikings didn't go so well. However, after numerous encounters they are now on terms with each other and fight against the cruel and destructive Orcs and Trolls of the area.

If a Troll is encountered in the forest then it will be a Wood Troll. The encounter with the truff should be a role-playing encounter. Threats and soft testing with spells from the truff might occur. He may show himself in some pool or shiny surface. He might give them tests to see if they are good, that is, in tune with what the forest and nature wants. He might offer up riddles.

Use the players role-playing to gauge where the truff goes with the encounter. If they are a combative group he might show them the way to a particularly mean Wood Troll. Maybe have some form of Skills challenge with Charm or Con or Read Character. Or even give them Survival and Forestry challenges, hide and seek in a very childlike fashion.

The goal of the truff is to protect his forest, he needs to see that the characters are not going to infest the woodland or burn it down. He wants to be very certain that they are not with the Orcs or Trolls.

The truff is an excellent chance for the group to gain an ally in the next encounter on their journey, a wizard in the group might be lucky enough to have the truff grant him some of his spirit to power their spells. In the combat with the wood troll the truff might cast spells to aid the characters if things are looking grim for them.

The truff also knows where there is a stash of ancient magickal items, if they kill the wood troll in the next encounter then he might just reward them with revealing the stashes location to them. The reason I say might here is because Magickal items of any kind ancient or not can change the balance of the game dramatically, therefore, the award of magick must be up to the individual gamemasters to judge if the group needs the boost to their power level or if they are already hitting above the curve, maybe leave this particular magickal award for another adventure. After all the characters have to come back this way to get the puzzle box to Dawn.

Organisational Chart The Vlu Ensom

THE BUCK
Roftr Bulvjy 8th Level Forester
He is a small man for the north, he had huge amounts of shaggy black hair. He trains his men hard and recruits them young. The death rate in the Vlu Ensom is high. However most learn some form of Magick in the process of their training.

THE GATEKEEPER
Eadjy Bulvjy 6th Level Forester
She is Roftr's wife and a sturdy one too. She keeps the pups away from Roftr when he needs to get other things done, family stuff. She has a cutting wit and well as a sharp tongue and Axe.

OFFENSIVE DECISION MAKERS
Lofki Knudsen 4th Level Forester
A complete brute of a man, he stands 6'4" tall and is all muscle (STR 20). He is the groups tank, the one who goes up front against the trolls and can stand toe to toe and fight.

DEFENSIVE DECISION MAKERS
Matmfridr 5th Level Forester
He is like the knowledge bank of the organisation. He knows the movements and names of the female Trolls and the Orc and goblins leaders of the area.

OFFENSIVE LEADERS
Hoathgar 3rd Level Forester
Mortick 3rd Level Forester

DEFENSIVE LEADERS
Vandar 4th Level Forester
Erlik 3rd Level Forester
Miska (F) 4th Level Druid

WORKER LEADERS
Maskell 3rd Level Forester

OFFENSIVE DRONES
2nd Level Foresters

WORKER DRONES
2nd Level Foresters

DEFENSIVE DRONES
2nd Level Druids

GATHERER DRONES
1-2nd Level Foresters.

An elite unit of Forester warrior who specialise in Mountain and Arctic warfare. They are well adapted to moving through the taiga forests unseen and combatting the natural and unnatural creatures that live there. They are located in the High Mountains of Frostland and HQ at the Old Dwarven Castle of Lengala.

The Wood Troll

If trolls in general are solitary creatures, then wood trolls are the solitary troll. You will never see a group of trolls, you might see two trolls, but only because they are in rutting season and the fights for land and females send them into an even more heightened state of frenzy. If trolls are ferocious the woods trolls are the most ferocious of the trolls. They like to spend time getting to know their prey first, using their natural camouflage to hide amongst the tree tops, they hunt down the prey with great joy.

When thinking of a wood troll, think of the Predator from the movies, how he stalks and takes a group out one by one, waiting for his moment. Once he has taken a victim, he will attack with full ferocity, taking nor giving any quarter. Wood trolls always take trophies of the one's who fight back, those have a special spiritual place in the wood trolls lair. Skulls are arranged in an altar, a homage to his greatest kills.

Most Troll cultures have the females with the most strength and the most magick, well certainly female wood trolls are bigger and stronger; however unlike mountain trolls they share the same levels of magickal powers.

As the name suggests wood troll prefer to inhabit woodlands, they are usually specialised preferring either evergreen or deciduous woodlands. It is unlikely that a wood troll will be found where the woodland is mixed with both these.

A wood troll is, like a bear before hibernation, continually hungry, driven by this hunger to eat, then eat again. They especially enjoy the flesh of elves and dwarves though they will settle for a human when they are plentiful and usually easy picking. They are superb trackers and even a stone or hard earth surface cannot shake a troll.

They have a natural camouflage and sprout moss like growths as well as dappled colouration. Though they can hide amongst the trees perfectly well they have devolved magicks that allow them to vanish amongst the natural backdrop of the trees and undergrowth.

They are unlikely to give a group a straight up fight, they prefer sneaky ambushes, taking one at a time, using total ferocity when making any attack. Wood trolls are always berserk when they attack a prey. Those who have witnessed a wood troll attack have cited the shock of the brutal way the

prey is ripped into. It is almost as though the person couldn't move, they just stood there and let the troll dismember them.

As you can see from the stat block below and the special talents of the troll, they are a formidable foe, it is very likely that the group will need the aid of the forest triff in defeating this particular enemy.

During the encounter have the characters make plenty Alertness skill checks, make strange guttural noise or soft whispers tell them it seems nearby but they can't place where it comes from, or see anything that would make such a noise.

You could have the troll imitate one of the characters companions, try to lure him off on his own. Or give the characters a good moral reason to split up.

Cloak of Woodland Guise

Description

A cloak made from the enchanted hide of a wood troll. It is dappled with green and amber hues as well as tufts of old man's beard lichens.

Formulae

The character must enchant the complete hide of the wood troll MR 7, 21 quantities. This is then cut and tailored into a suitable cloak

Powers

The wearer of the cloak has an effective Blend into Surrounding skill of 100%

Boots of Unnoticed Passage

Description

A pair of dappled green and amber boot that are soft and sponge like.

Formulae

Made from 7 quantities of wood troll hide MR 7, the fluffy bits.

Powers

The wearer moves silently 100% and leaves no tracks. However he does leave the faint scent of wood troll, this can be an issue in fey woodlands where the fey hounds are constantly patrolling and sniffing for the presence of wood troll.

Evergreen Wood Troll

Height	8'	BAP	13
Weight	600 lbs	BOD	64
		FAT	50
		DT	6'
BMR	25	SPRINT	10'

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
M Claws	12S	41%	91%
M Bite	8S	39%	79%
Spear	30P	38%	88%
Dodge	-	3%	43%
Stamina	-	37%	77%
Will	-	23%	63%
Alertness Sight		33%	38%
Alertness Sound		27%	32%
Outdoor Skills		40%	80%
Blending with Surrounding		50%	90%
Athletic Skills		39%	79%

Armour - Hide (13 / 10 / 12 / 13 / 13)

Magickal Materials

A wood troll is a veritable apothecary shop for a wizard looking for materials to make magickal items or foci from. 24 quantities of bone, teeth, claws, blood, organs can be harvested from the corpse of a wood troll. MR 7 each.

Hide: This provides 21 quantities of magickal materials. An entire hide may be enchanted into a magical cloak of woodland guise. Or 7 quantities may create Boots of Unnoticed Passage.

Wood Troll Abilities

Troll Senses

They can see at night as if it was a bright sunny day and in total darkness as if it were a dark sunless night.

Troll Regeneration

A wood troll gains 1 body point back every 2 minutes through regeneration. Even lost limbs can be regrown this way.

Troll Gaze

A wood troll is able, with a locked gaze, to render a foe immobile, mesmerised under its gaze.

The troll must be within 30' of his target and it takes 7AP to make sure that a good eye contact with his target has been made. The target must make a willpower skill check to avoid being unable to act each round. Even if the target is being clawed or chewed upon.

Troll Roar

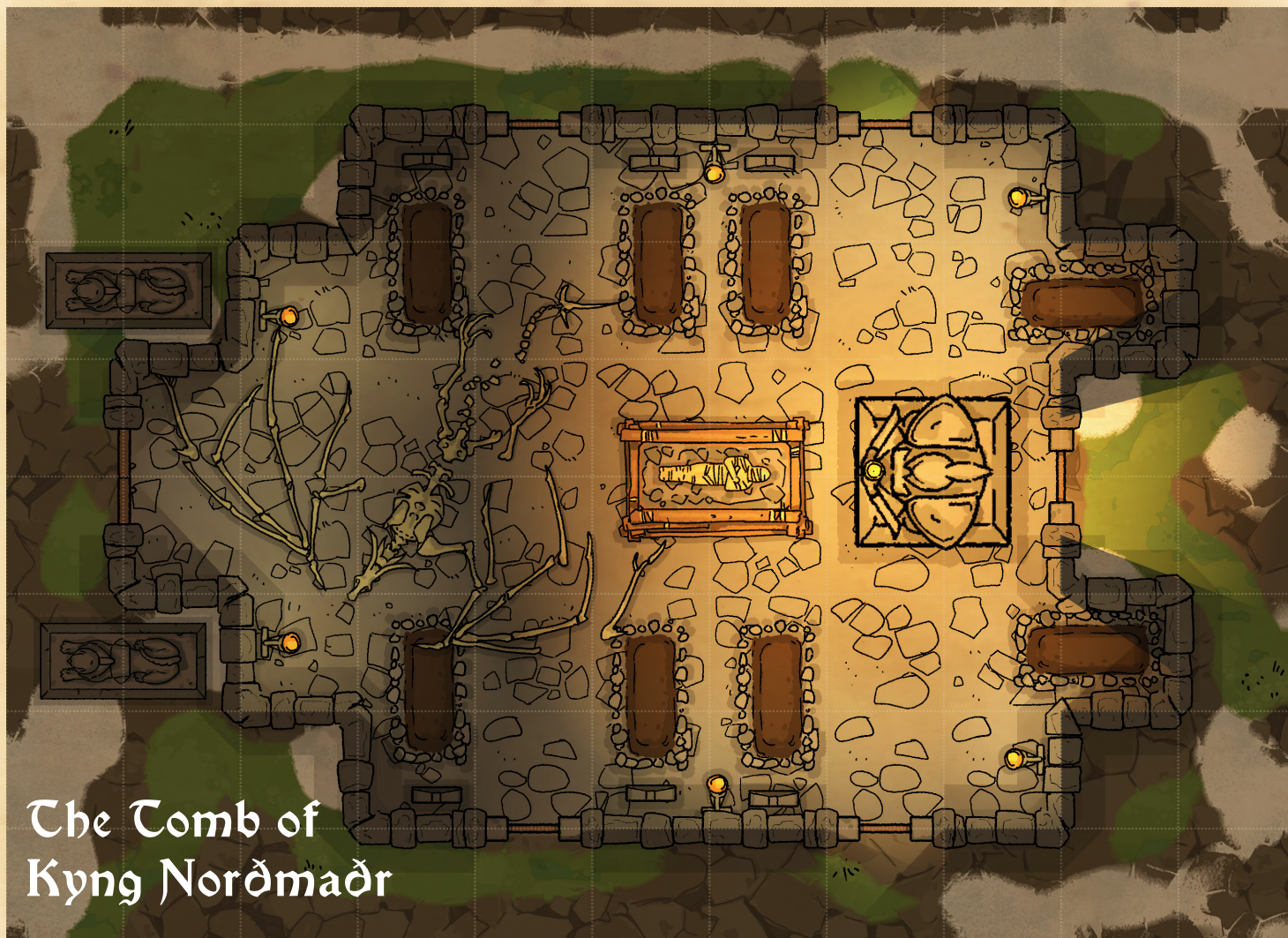
With a bone shaking roar taking 12AP the troll demoralizes its target. Those within hearing range 200' must make a willpower skill check. If the group (up to six targets) have been reduced to half their number then this willpower skill check is at 1/2 TSC% If they fail then they can only show total cowardice for the next 5 min, until they are able to collect themselves and steel their will against such a primal, evil and terrifying roar.

Cloak of Arcadian Veil

Taking 20AP to perform the wood troll calls around him the veil of the shadow-land, the very boundaries of Arcadia snuggle up to his body making him almost impossible to spot (5%) while within the natural surroundings of the woodland. This veil of Arcadia can only be maintained for 20 min

When the veil begins falling back from the trolls body after 20min this takes a huge strain on the trolls body losing 20FP





The Tomb of Kyng Norðmaðr

The characters could stumble upon the tomb, or this could be the where the stash of magick items are that the forest truff shows the characters too.

The tomb is made from the hard grey granite stone of the local mountains. It is a large structure with a gargoyle atop a large spire. Light falls out of the windows from the magickal ever-burning torches and braziers. There are eight basic kist for his loyal banner-men and a single more ornate kist for the Kyng himself.

A kist is a small stone-built coffin-like box or ossuary used to hold the bodies of the dead. Examples can be found across Europe and in the Middle East. kists have been associated with other monuments, perhaps under a cairn or long barrow. Several kists are sometimes found close together within the same cairn or barrow. Often ornaments have been found within an excavated kist, indicating the wealth or prominence of the interred individual.

A large statue of the kyng in full armour and holding a brazier of light is at the far end of the tomb and he looks down upon the skeletal remains of the worm he slew in battle and his own remains.

The tomb has been lost to the people of Frostland since before Dawn was born. Its hall was once a place of pilgrimage, to show respect for the sacrifice that was made by the Kyng and his thanes.

The crypt holds many possibilities for the gamesmaster. He could just have it as a place of mystery for the characters to explore, rest up and equip with items from the vaults. However, perhaps the Kyng in his long rest has become unhappy that his loyal banner-men have forgotten his sacrifice and has returned from the dead as a creature of revenge and hate. He would be aided by the return of his men, also raising from the dead to once again fight with their lord.

Perhaps the gargoyle atop the spire is a guardian, long tasked with keeping out the unwanted attentions of Orc or Trolls.

The level of danger / reward here is very customisable dependant upon the level of your group of characters.

Honour: 14 Each

Gargoyles (3)

Height	35"	BAP	12
Weight	130 lbs	BOD	35
Length	62"	FAT	35
		DT	6
BMR	10	SPRINT	21

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
M Bite	11S	39%	79%
Dodge	-	22%	62%
Stamina	-	26%	66%
Will	-	33%	73%

Armour - Hide (2 / 3 / 2 / 2 / 3)

Perhaps the kyng will rise as a powerful wraith and his men as wights to teach the invaders to his tomb that Norðmaðr is still a mighty power and that a worm slayer is not to be treated with disrespect.

Honour: 63 Each

Wraith

Height	6'	BAP	19
Weight	n/a	BOD	-
		FAT	60
		DT (Fly)	10'/30'
BMR	0%	SPRINT (Fly)	20'/60'

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
Touch	crit x3	30%	60%
Dodge	0	33%	73%
Stamina	0	27%	67%
Will	0	43%	83%

No Armour

Each touch hit ignores armour.

It also drains 1 FP at the end of each round from every living creature within 50 feet.

See **Chivalry & Sorcery** 5th Edition Bestiary section p555 for all its special abilities.

Wights (8)

Height	5' 9"	BAP	12
Weight	160 lbs	BOD	48
		FAT	31
		DT	10'
BMR	0%	SPRINT	20'

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
M Claws	13S	25%	65%
Dodge	0	20%	60%
Stamina	0	35%	75%
Will	0	40%	80%
Longsword	11S	28%	68%

Armour - none

The have innate magick powers (PMF 37, ML 3, PSF 36%) and have access to Basic Magick Air - Fog and Mist, all Command spells that relate to illusions and fear to MR 2. They can see in darkness. (See **Chivalry & Sorcery** 5th p555)

Honour: 56 Each

Helm of Norðmaðr

Description

A typical helm of the northmen, however it had a bone crest running along the centre line and where the earpiece protection would be there are the scales of a red worm

Formulae

Made from 7 quantities of dragon bone, the eyes of the dragon and a decoction of its blood.

Powers

The character is immune to fear of any kind and cannot be affected by gaze attacks, such as that of a troll, Medusa or basilisk

Note: A decoction is a concentrated liquor resulting from heating or boiling a substance or enchantment especially a medicinal preparation made from a plant. "a decoction of a root" the action or process of extracting the essence of something.

The Thane Barrow

These are the burial barrows of the men who fought with Norðmaðr in the battle against the great red worm.

As with the Kyng's tomb these too could hold weal or woe for the characters, wights of course would be appropriate for such mounts.

Sword of Norðmaðr

Description

A Viking broadsword with a double fuller and runes running down the length of the blade.

Formulae

Made from meteoric iron that has been folded in with blue steel from a far distant land of the rising sun and pattern welded in the form of a serpent. It has then been trice case hardened in the ashes of a sentient tree.

Powers

The blade has +4 Crit Die modifier and bashes on a 8+

It also contain several spells within the runes on the blade, the wielder must know the command words to activate the runes and access the spell effects. This takes 3 APs

1. Rune of Strength **"Styrkur"**
The character becomes incredibly strong, his LCAP is increased to 1,000lb and he gets +8 to his damage with melee weapons. This effects can be used for 6 rounds totally in a day. It can be turned on and off as desired.
2. Rune of Speed **"Skjótur"**
The character becomes a blur of celerity and their movement is double its normal rate, and they add 6APs to his BAP. This effects can be used for 6 rounds in a day. It can be turned on and off as desired.
3. Rune of Bravery **"Grimmd"**
The character becomes incredibly brave and gains +50% to Discipline AR and Willpower Skill rolls to remain steadfast against fear. This can be used when making such rolls a total of 6 times a day
4. Rune of Healing **"Heilsufar"**
The character heals at incredible rate, having the affect as though 1 round was a whole day of rest for Fatigue and Body level recovery. This effect can be used once per day.

If the characters have a bad encounter with the Truff and bypass the tomb of the Kyng, then they could always come upon the barrows and have the items and undead be found amongst those ruins. They are also an excellent place to seed information for your next adventure. Perhaps the worm that was slain never had its true lair discovered and there is a map of likely suspects.

The barrows all interconnect and raiding one of them could well bring all of the wights into the action, unless the characters are stealthy and cunning.

The supplement **Nightwalkers** has a map and some more details on the undead as well as secret societies that might be inserted in the information the characters come across within the tomb and barrows.



The Lair of the She Troll Mjertle Everborn



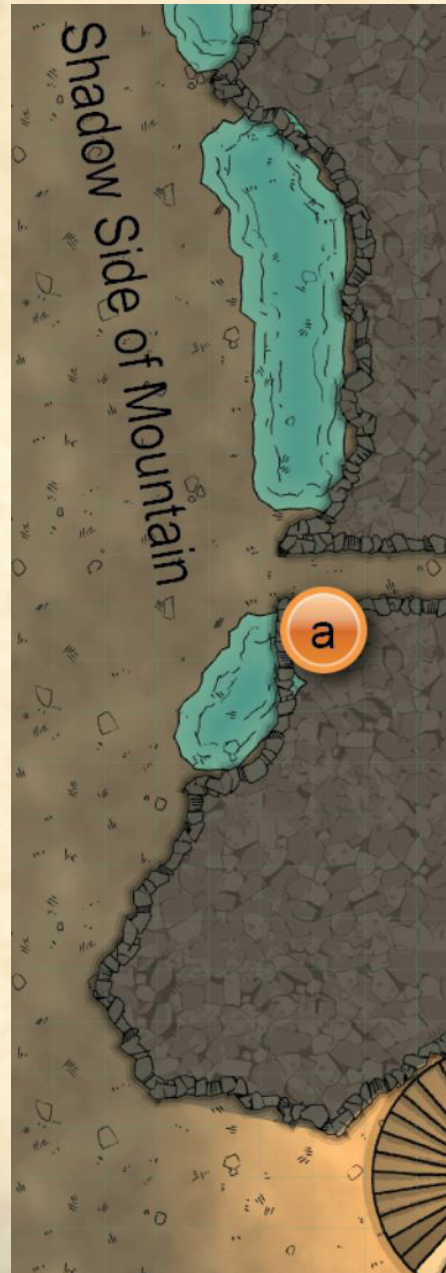
The Lair of Mjertle

The lair is located atop a high mountain in the Frostland realm under the leadership of Dawn of Snow. The area is where once a great empire ruled, the people of the Brim being their descendants. The lair is a relic of that empire, a beacon that shone so long ago few know its true name. Many scholars have tall tales of the wonders of this ancient empire and few scraps of unreadable runic texts, a stone item of a strange shape and unknown function. Such items with a good provenance can fetch a great amount of money to the right collector.

Once the characters are atop the mountain in the location that is marked upon the map they were given by Dawn of Snow they will find the ruins of a great city, now overtaken by rock growths and lava flows, only the outlines of structures give away the former habitation of the area by people. Much of the city has crumbled leaving it formless or buried deep beneath old ash that is now as hard as any stone.

With this maze of intricate boxes and alleys there is the ruins of a tower, its walls no more, however the foundations give away its former height. A set of spiral stairs go down the side of the mountain a tube cut through the rock, clearly by some form of stone magic. A soft glow of light still falls into the tunnel the stairs create, coming from nowhere and illuminating the steps below.

The way is clear, the characters must descend the steps and make their way down. This is an easy if daunting and fatiguing task. The steps go down some 400' to another rock shelf overlooking the shadowed side of the mountain. All the way down the stair tunnel light basks the characters and warms them, though the heat and light seems to be coming from nowhere.



Location a

After descending the strange stair case the characters come out onto a large shelf overlooking the shadow side of the mountain and the valley below. Movement can be made out in the valley but too far away to say what is moving around down there.

Pools of water collect in pockets along the wall of the mountain, green and filled with moss and lichens.

Between the first two pools is a small opening, it seem big enough to squeeze through, although a fight in such a tight tunnel would make melee with anything but a dagger impossible.

The tunnel doesn't look like it has been made naturally, the sides of the tunnel are sculpted like something has removed the rock like it was mud, with three fingered hands.

Location 1

A statue of a huge giant guards the cavern entrance, it holds in it hand a stone axe of a size that could cleave a horse in two. The statue and the axe are positioned such that the axe would fall over the entrance to the cavern.

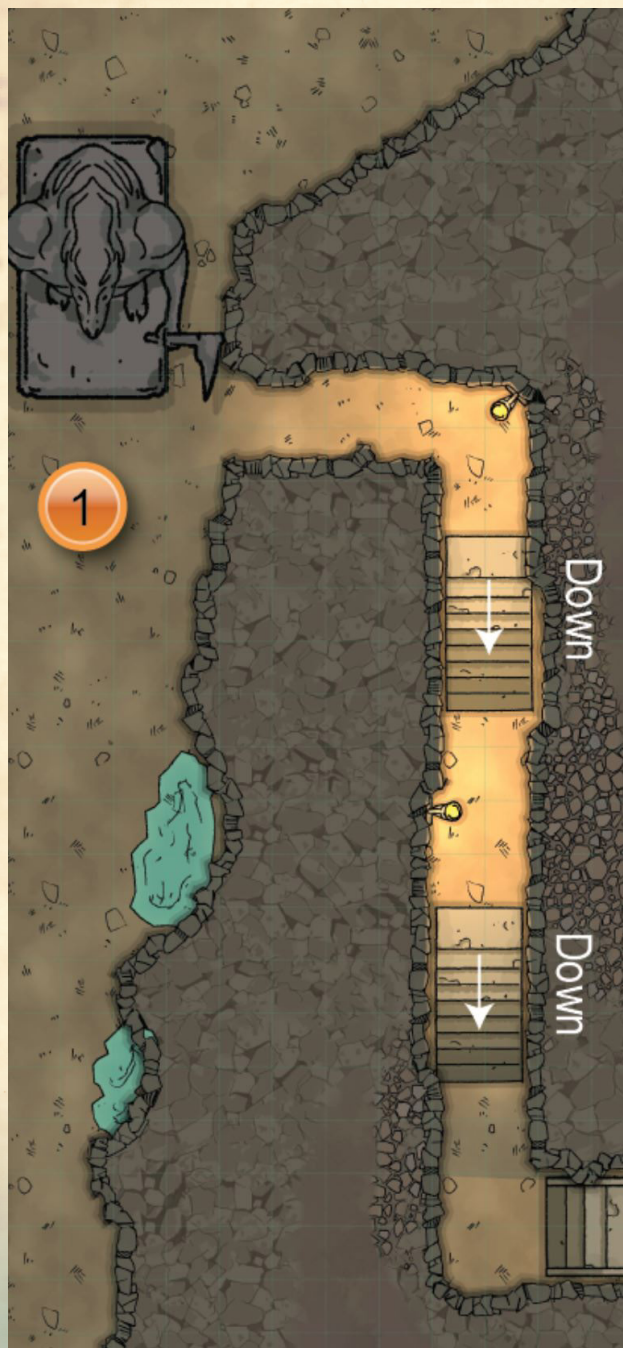
The axe head is large enough the should it fall then it would block off the entrance to the cavern. Anything caught under the axe when it fell would be cut in two.

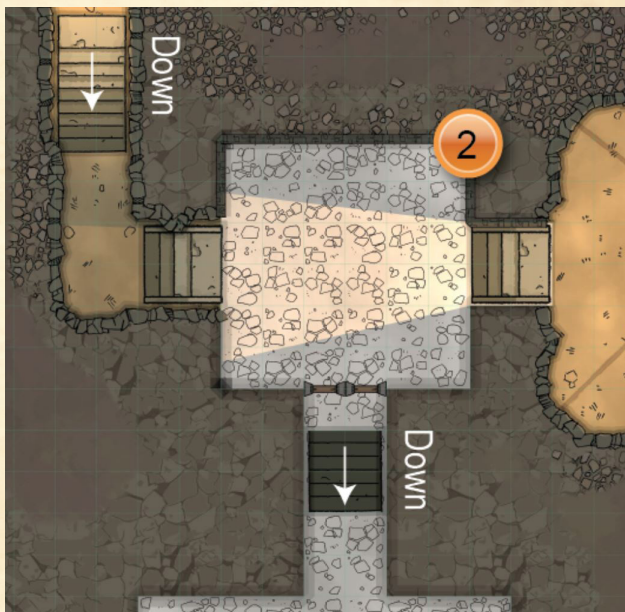
A soft orange glow of light issues from the cavern and there are many tracks of trolls, mountain trolls, entering and leaving through the cavern entrance.

Did they have some secret method from stopping the giant statue from cleaving them in two and blocking the entrance?

No, there is no great mystery here, the statue does not animate, but the threat of such will make the characters think about it and wonder.

Inside the cavern, after a turn a corridor of stone leads down with cut steps and ever-burning torches to light the way. These torches are modern and not of the same creation as the city above or the light in the stair tunnel, these are just your average magickal torches.





Location 2

After making their way down the dimly lit stair the characters enter a square chamber. It is well cut from the rock and the floor is smooth polished stone. It is very shiny, like it has had a coat of lacquer varnish. From ahead there is a flicker orange light that is really very bright and with comes an stench of rotten eggs and intense heat as though they were standing next to a forge. The crackle of roar of the larva flow is like a deep rumble that rattles the characters bones and seems to be coming from everywhere.

On the southern wall there are two doors, sturdy and made from petrified wood that has the same varnish polished look as the floor.

The floor of the room is covered with bones, those of humans, orcs, goblins and even trolls. The bones are in piles but it's hard to pick a way across the floor without treading on a pile of bones. A character who makes an **Alertness Sight** check will notice small movements within the piles of bones.

The bone piles are the snacks that the trolls have left in this entry way to their lair, it is both a quick dinner place to eat and also a warning to other trolls or intruders that they are proficient and capable hunters and your doom is sealed if you enter.

The bones however, have been made into piles by a fey creature, several of whom make their home here, living off the scraps the trolls leave behind. They are too small to be a threat to the trolls and the trolls bring them bones, but the characters...

They look like they have good fresh bones.

Marrowhogs (10)

Height	24"	BAP	18
Weight	30 lbs	BOD	25
		FAT	30
		DT	4
BMR	20	SPRINT	8
Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
M Bite	6S	49%	89%
Dodge	-	20%	40%
Stamina	-	26%	66%
Will	-	33%	73%
Alertness		15%	20%

Armour - Hide (2 / 3 / 2 / 2 / 3)

Description

The Marrowhog is a type of fey gremlin, taller, viscous and stouter than their more mischievous cousins. They have long pointed snouts with sharp cruel looking fangs that can penetrate deep to the bone of their prey and crunch and munch upon the marrow within.

Special Attack

If Marrowhogs score a critical hit of 9-10 they have managed to burrow into the flesh and are gnawing upon the bones. Instead of taking the crit die in damage the character takes this amount as a cumulative penalty to TSC% of physical actions. The penalty can be removed with Cure disease.

Optional Magick Item

Within the piles of bones, a good search result (9-10) will reveal an unusual helmet. This is a magickal item from the time of the Brim empire. It is a large dome like helmet with chain straps, easily mistaken for some cooking pot.

Helm of Brim

Description

Dark iron dome of metal with soft iron chains that clasp under the chin.

Formulae

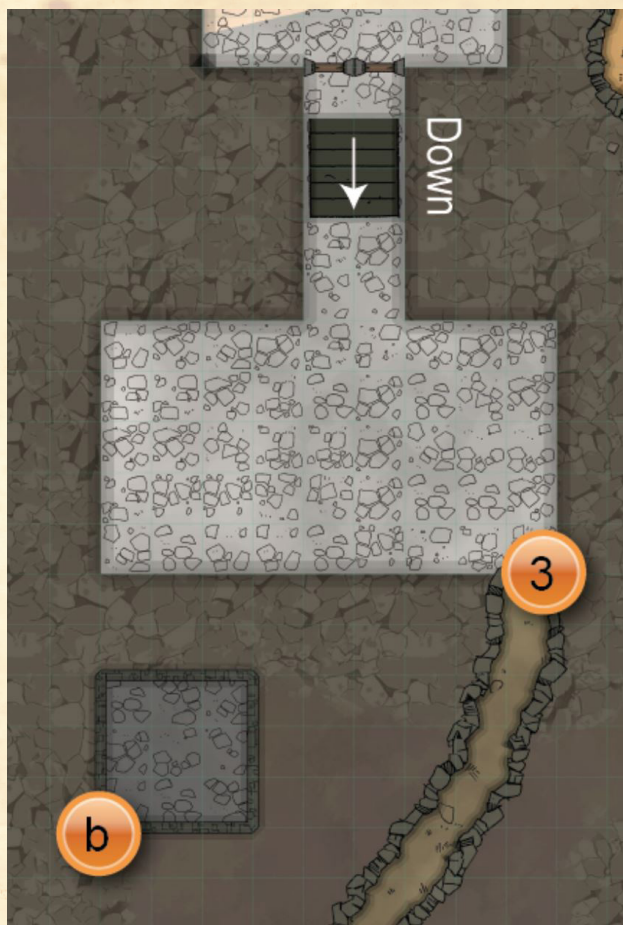
Made from 21 quantities of Iron and treated with a quench of 7 quantities of alchemical noble metal distillations.

Powers

When worn the character has a magickal armour against fire giving him a protection of 20E against even dragons breath or spells of dragon fire.

Kyng Norðmaðr was described as having worn such a strange helm in combat with the worm,

Honour: 30 Each



Location 3

This large square chamber is home to one of Mjertle's male trolls. Ganderwulf is not the best of the male bunch but he was good enough to have the grace of Mjertle shine on him and give him a home in her lair. As long as he keeps bringing back good food and showing her suitable respect he is safe. It's not only Mjertle he needs to worry about though, the other male trolls have design to bring in their own friends to the lair, so Ganderwulf's death wouldn't be a tragedy, they could petition Mjertle to instil one of their own troll mates and increase their power within the male conclave.

Ganderwulf

Height	9'	BAP	10
Weight	800 lbs	BOD	64
		FAT	47
		DT	5
BMR	25	SPRINT	10

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
M Claws	19S	39%	89%
Dodge	-	0%	40%
Stamina	-	41%	81%
Will	-	14%	54%
Alertness		20%	25%
Set Mantraps		21%	41%
Climbing		60%	110%

Armour - Hide (11 / 8 / 10 / 11 / 9)

Description

Mountain trolls are the largest and strongest of the trolls, however, what they have in strength and bulk they lack in brains. They are least intelligent of the trolls. Mountain trolls are usual solitary creatures, only allowed to gather together at the express permission and request of a female mountain troll. These are hulking figures that roam the mountains in hunt of prey, covered with flinty grey hides rough like sandpaper. Their limbs are huge with massive muscles and the disposition of a rabid wolverine. They prefer to lair in mountain caverns or sink-holes in the barren valleys below.

They cannot stand sunlight, but unlike the stories they do not turn to stone upon the first rays of sunlight. A troll in sunlight takes 10 damage to his body each minute he is exposed. Death indicated he has fully turned to stone. They have a craving for the flesh of sentient humanoids, dwarves are a favoured delicacy and humans a close second. They will take orc and giants and even other trolls when things are getting desperate. Overall their demeanour is one of an animal-predator with some spark of intellect in their somewhere. They can speak and often spout some dwarfish tongue, usually single words: Hate, Hungry, Hot, Thirsty.

Weakness: Sunlight Vulnerability

The Mountain troll loves the northern climes, especially because of the lack of daylight hours in the winter and early spring and autumn.

When caught out in direct sunlight a troll begins to burn. This isn't a burn as though touched by the beam of a laser, it is a volatile burning with light and gases escaping from the skin of the troll. Where the light touches the burning takes hold, stone can be seen forming a hard black basalt like glassy stone.

Mountain Troll Abilities

Troll Vision

They can see at night as if it was a bright sunny day and in total darkness as if it were a dull cloudy day. In an underground setting with no light sources they can see as if it were a moonlight night

Troll Regeneration

A wood troll gains 1 body point back every 2 minutes through regeneration. Even lost limbs can be regrown this way

Troll Cold Resistance

Against cold attacks a mountain troll has double its Energy armour rating.

The Southeast corner of the room has a small hole in the floor, this is where the tunnel comes up from the small entrance on the rock shelf. It's way too small for the troll to fit through. He has placed a stone over the hole. This can be pushed to one side with a STR AR% roll.

In the southwest corner there is a false doorway. It is arched and has intricate runic symbols around it, though they make no sense. The central part of the fake doorway has been carved to look like two large open doors, leading off into a room with some apparatus of an unknown purpose or origin. The details of the carving are incredibly realistic as though one is actually looking into a room.

Location b

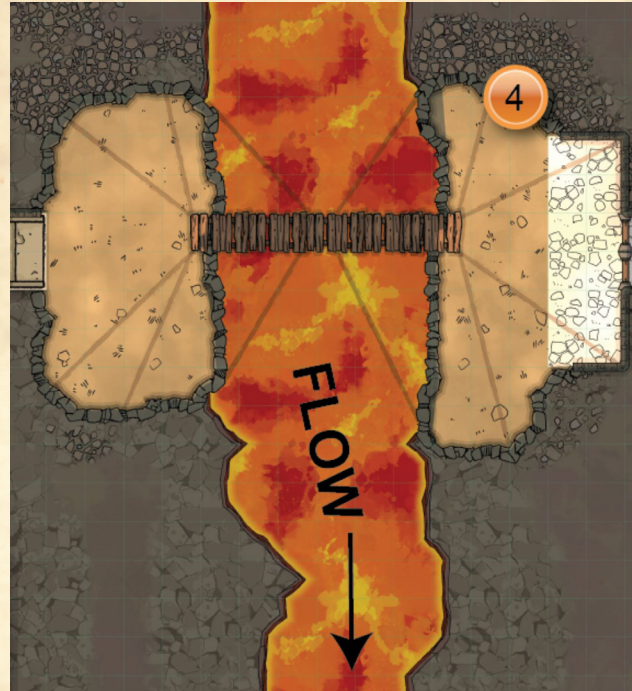
Inaccessible unless one has the ability to pass through stone, either using spells or the artefacts of the Brim.

Inside the room is a large apparatus, it seems to be made of noble metals, still shiny and not a single scratch upon its surface. Bright gems gleam brightly all over the apparatus, twinkling in the light.

If a character tries to pluck a gem, they can; however once taken it turns into glass.

With time at least three days, and some brutal handling a character can harvest a small fortune in metals: around Cr240 worth of metals can be salvaged.

As for what the apparatus does... That's up to you, can a player do research and find out what it does?



Location 4

The Larva Chasm

The noise, heat and stench here is overwhelming. A bridge made from petrified wood and secured with chains is precariously suspended over a fast flowing river of molten rock. Steam rises in the form of deadly toxic fumes.

Is the bridge safe to cross?

Yes, but the characters don't know that, they will want to take time to gauge if they are safe to cross over this ancient suspended bridge. This could be time that they don't have with the fumes overtaking them every second they spend in the room.

Bridge Skill Challenge

Q. Is the Bridge Safe?

The characters must make a skill check each minute, each character can make one skill roll a round though they can pass if they have no relevant skill. Characters may use the same skill as each other.

Each minute add up the Crit Die for successes and take away the Crit Die for failure.

The group needs to make a total Crit Die successes of 100.

Each minute the characters must make a Stamina Skill Check. Each minute after the first they get a cumulative 5 penalty to their Stamina TSC%

A failed roll and the brain is starting to be affected by the toxic fumes. Give the player only ½ of PSF% with skills that require INT.

However they must still keep rolling their Stamina checks.

Fail the roll they pass out.

They must still keep rolling their Stamina checks.

A third failed roll and the brain is shut down by the toxic fumes. Even if they are woken up they will have only ¼ of their PSF for skills that require INT

They must keep making their Stamina Checks.

A fourth failure is their final failure, the brain has succumbed to the lack of oxygen and the toxic gases. The characters dies.

Once the characters is out of the influence of the toxic fumes, they will awaken in 15min and their PSF% levels will recover at the rate of 1/4 per hour in good air.

A cure disease will remove all penalties at the end of the prayer.

Once the group achieve 100 Crit Die successes with relevant skills they have determined that the bridge is safe to cross able to carry 2 armoured characters or 2 without Armour at a time.

Crossing the Bridge

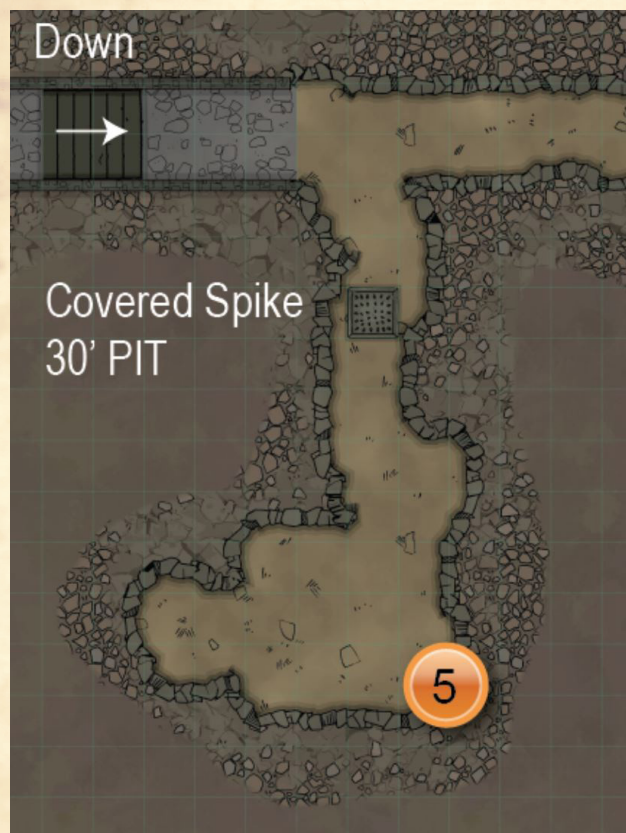
The bridge sways and gives underfoot, the heat and the fumes make it hard to place hands and feet correctly. It takes a full round of action to move 10' across the bridge.

Cutting the Chains

The chains can be cut, they have a hardness of 20 and 30 body points. Once two on one side have been cut the bridge tilts throwing off anyone on the bridge into the larva. They can make an Agility AR to try to hang on. A 1/2 Agility AR can be made every 10' to crawl across the bridge like this.

When all four chains have been then that side of the bridge collapsed and make crossing the larva chasm impossible without flight or some magick.

This could be a good tactic if the characters are on the run from Mjertle and they need to cut off or kill her while she is crossing the bridge.



Location 5

Home of Vajwulf

Vajwulf is further up the pecking order than Ganderwulf, he brings home better quality meats. He is certain that Ganderwulf has been entering his cavern while he's been out hunting, so he has set a pit trap at the entrance to his lair. It is not every well hidden, mountains troll are not only stupid but when it come to things not related to food they're really lazy.

Covered Spike Pit

Spot

The lead character walking down the tunnel has chance to spot the covered spike pit trap. The covering is haphazard and a character gets +40% to their alertness sight check.

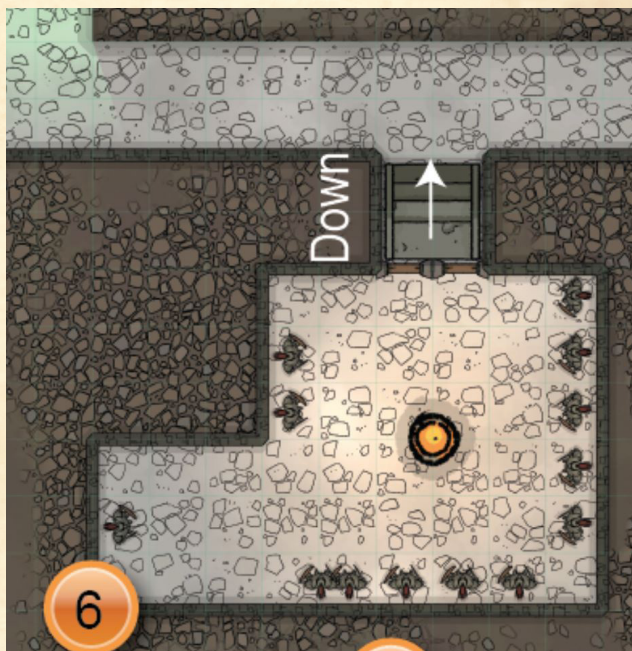
Disarm

The character can just step over the pit, it's only 5' across

Consequence

If the character fails to spot the trap and steps on the covering he will fall 30' onto spikes. He can make an AGL AR to save himself hanging on the edge of the pit.

They take 3D10 Crush falling damage. Roll 1D10 and they take that many spike hits for 6P damage each.



Location 6

The Charnel House

This room is filled with bones, however unlike the other bone location this is filled with bones that are trophies. Dawn would recognise many of the shield devices and banners here that accompany the remains of her Jarls and kinsmen.

The bones of the skeletons have been strung together with troll hair to keep them joined, then they have been strapped to wooden poles in the upright and posed in a fighting stance.

The skeletons here are mostly human, with a couple dwarves and also two elves. These are the travelling companions of Dawn's mysterious eleven visitor. They were not so lucky as to escape the attack of Mjertle.

While the bones of the fallen are here, along with their weapons, shield and armour that they still wear, their other goods are located somewhere else in the complex.

One might be tempted to search for items that could be of a magickal nature here, though this would only burn time and gain a chance to be found by one of the roaming male trolls.

The room has two fake doorways, one to the west that is the magickal control for location c and one to the south with is the magickal control for location d.



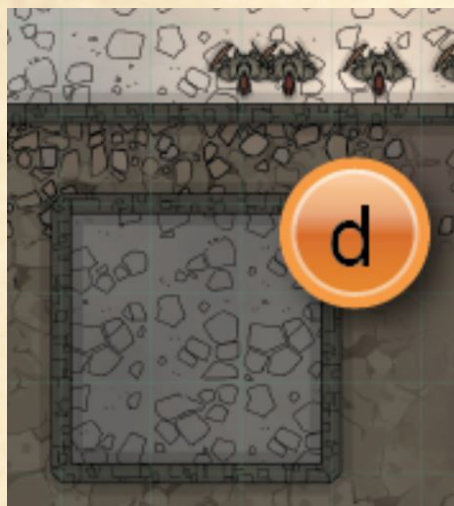
Location c & d

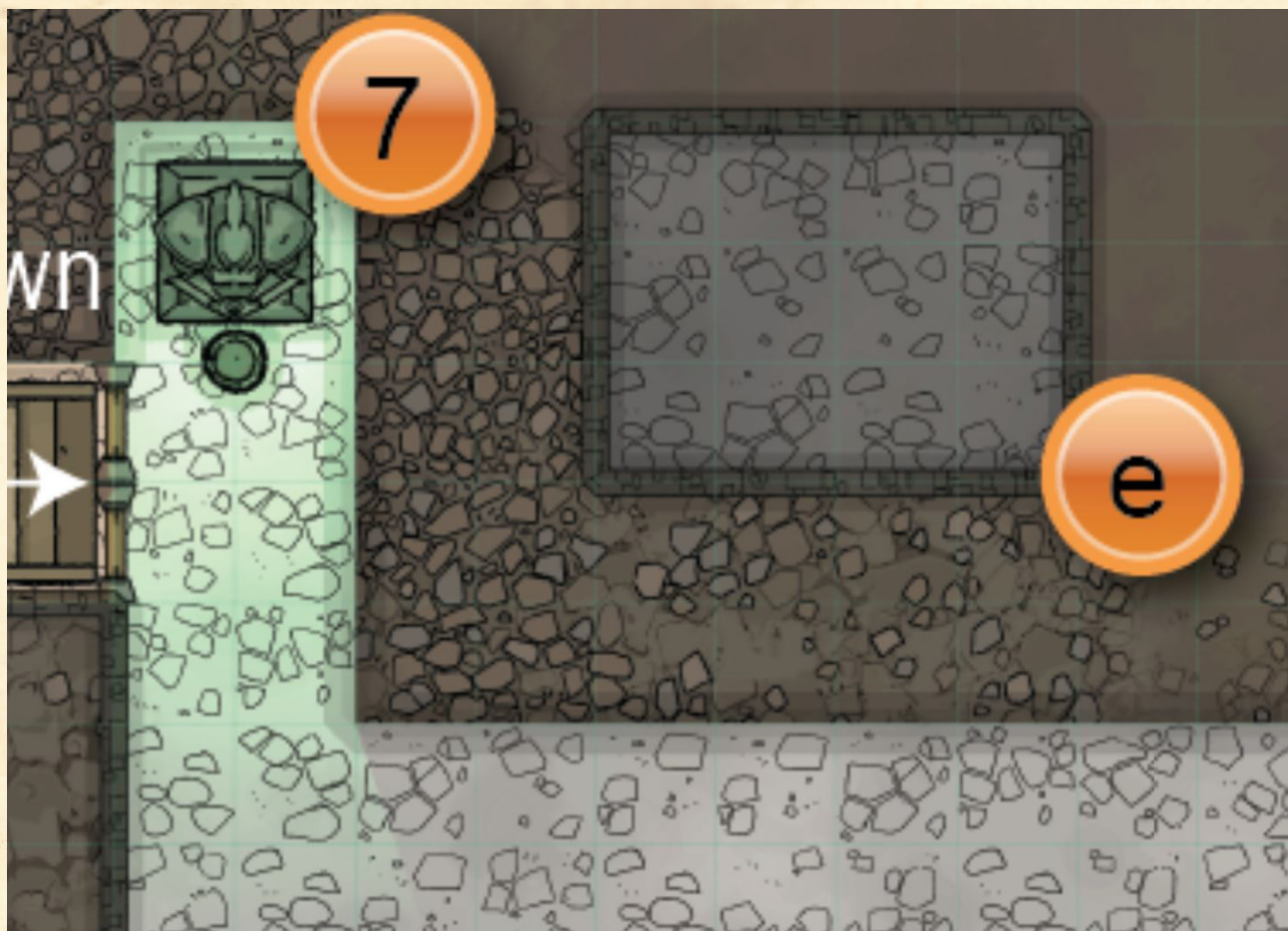
The magickal control on the west and south walls will be a carved image of these rooms. It is inaccessible unless one has the ability to pass through stone, either using spells or the artefacts of the Brim.

Inside the room is a large apparatus, different but similar to the one in location b, it seems to be made of noble metals, still shiny and not a single scratch upon its surface. Bright gems gleam brightly all over the apparatus, twinkling in the light.

As with the machine at location b, gems plucked from the machine will turn into glass, and three days spent salvaging will yield metal worth Cr240.

As for what the apparatus does... That's up to you, can a player do research and find out what it does?





Location 7

The Strange Statue

Clearly humanoid, it is hard to tell if the statue has been defaced or genuinely the subject looked this way. It seems to be some sort of cross between a Brim mixed in with the features of a mountain troll. It is wearing some manner of strange armour, made from plates and with joints like a crabs. The facial features and the armour make it difficult to know if the features are a helmet design or the subjects actual look. The figure hold some sort of weapon, square clubbed at one end and tappers to a dull point at the other end, being around 36" long.

Behind the statue on the wall there appears to be a cracked mirror. Jet black the mirror has a spider-web of white cracks over its surface.

In front of the statue is a raised plinth and atop that a glass dome that glows green, a faint pulse to the light can be detected if a character pays attention for a minute or so.

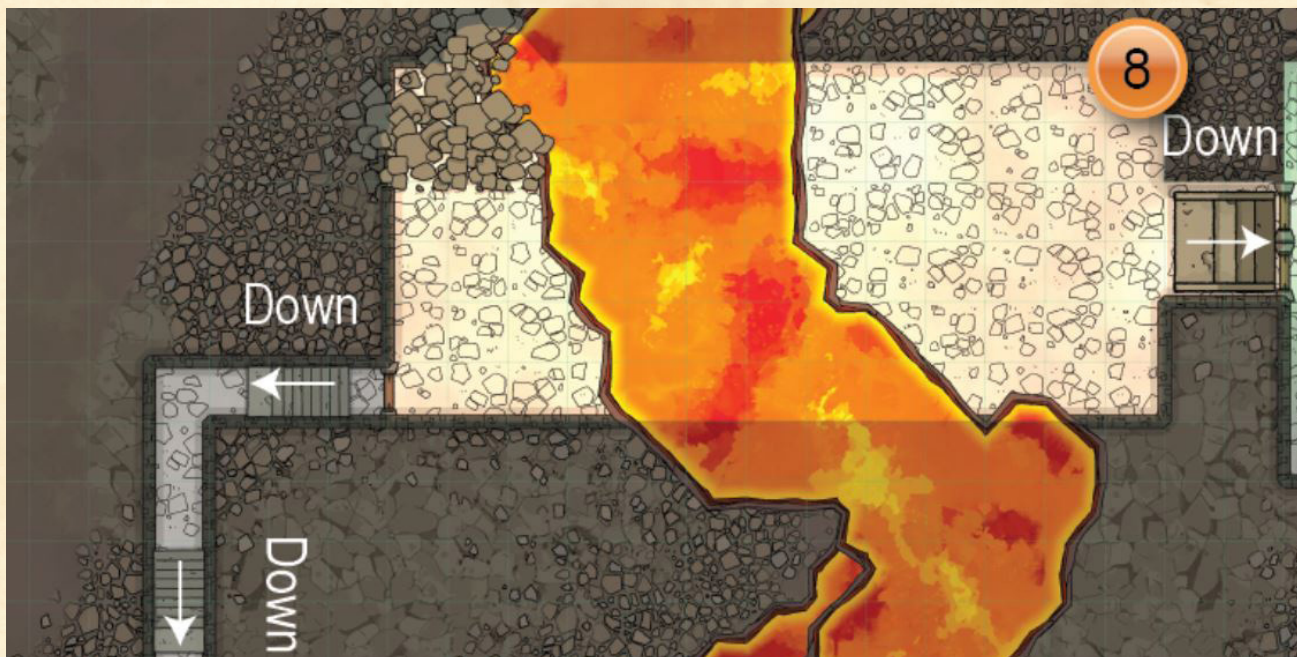
The dome controls the doorways in the complex, behind the statue was a seeing mirror that showed what doorway was being controlled but this has been destroyed and the statue added at a much later date.

If someone smashes the dome then this causes the fake stone doors to open and close randomly. When a characters is in eyesight of one of the fake doorways, there is a 1 in 10 chance that the door will open. Once open it will stay open for 1D10min.

Location e

The magickal control on the east wall will be a carved image of these room. It is inaccessible unless one has the ability to pass through stone, either using spells or the artefacts of the Brim.

Inside the room is a round table with a chair at its centre, a cut out allows a person to walk through the table and get to the chair at the centre. The table has all manner of gems upon it surface that glow all colours. Once again however if they are plucked from the table they turn to glass.



Location 8

This chamber is the protection for Mjertle, its larva flow and massive chasm are not passable to the make trolls, orcs, dwarves or humans. It is a 30' drop down to the larva flow.

The heat and stench here are almost unbearable. The floors smooth flagstones have been ripped up, from the doorway to the drop off and the rough rock floor beneath has been scratched up with troll claws. This seems to be in a line along where the chasm is at its most narrow. Directly opposite the smooth floor has many hundreds of long scratches that go all the way to the back wall.

Mjertle lairs in room 9 along with her precious treasures. This room is impassable for most and gives her peace of mind while she sleeps.

She is using the area of upturned flagstones and scratched floor as a run up, so she can get better traction. With this run up she can make the jump across the gap. The narrowest gap is 25'

A human with 20 STR and 20 AGL will have a jump of 12' with a run up they can add $\frac{1}{2}$ D10 feet to this amount; a potential of 17'. Still a ways short of the 25', however jumping skill adds +1' for each level so if a character has 8 levels in Jumping he would have a slim chance of making the jump.

Clearly the characters need to be inventive.

With a wizard in the group there are of course many magickal options using spells such as flight and teleport. Other spells could be used creatively too, for example create earth could be used to close the distance needed to jump, or maybe create command air to create a huge updraught and carry the character the extra distance. Creating dangling vines to swing on, or summoning creatures to take you across. Making the jump is also within the realms of a lesser miracle.

More mundane option could be worked out, salvaging materials to make a bridge, or springboard for extra distance.

Clearly if the characters can't get across the chasm then they cannot get the puzzle box. Therefore as a gamesmaster have some fun with the builds or spells, make it tense and give the characters a few moments of dread. However, ultimately you have to make sure that whatever they try has a good to certain chance of succeeding.

Making the jump rolls in secret if they are using a method that shortens the gap or have failure and low Crit Die results lead to strength checks to pull oneself up off the ledge you are dangling from while your feet cook.

Location 9

The Lair of Mjertle Everborn

Mjertle is a typical female mountain troll, paranoid and constantly angry and hungry. She is also greedy and has amassed a large treasure trove from the ruins she has raided and also from the men, dwarves and orcs she has killed or been brought to her by her males.

The major items in her treasure trove are of course the magical puzzle box that Dawn requires the characters to return, but also a trollbane sword. This is a two handed greatsword, it has an odd design to it, clearly old it does not look like anything the characters have ever seen before. It has runes down the length of the blade which is clean of rust or pitting. The edge is sharp and shines brightly light the sun even in the dark.

Mountain She-Troll Abilities

Troll Vision

They can see at night as if it was a bright sunny day and in total darkness as if it were a dull cloudy day. In an underground setting with no light sources they can see as if it were a moonlight night

Troll Regeneration

A wood troll gains 1 body point back very 2 minutes through regeneration. Even lost limbs can be regrown this way

Troll Cold Resistance

Against cold attacks a mountain troll has double his E armour rating.

She-Troll Gaze

A she-troll is able, with a locked gaze, to render a foe immobile, mesmerised under its gaze. The troll must be within 30' of his target and it takes 7AP to make sure that a good eye contact with his target has been made. The target must make a willpower skill check to avoid being unable to act each round. Even if the target is being clawed or chewed upon.

Mjertle Everborn

Height	11'	BAP	12
Weight	1000 lbs	BOD	80
PFF	35	FAT	65
ML	6	DT	5
BMR	25	SPRINT	10

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
M Claws	24S	76%	116%
Dodge	-	0%	40%
Stamina	-	60%	100%
Will	-	46%	96%
Alertness		35%	40%
Set Mantraps		33%	73%
Climbing		60%	110%
Jumping	+10'		
Troll Method		38%	58%

Armour - Hide (20 / 14 / 18 / 19 / 21)

Description

See the troll Ganderwulf on P131

Spells

As a female mountain troll Mjertle is well versed in the magick of the trolls.

Summon Totem p63

Bind Fear p64

Enhance Fear p64

Walk Unhindered p64

Venom of Hel p64

Storm Blast p65

Acts of Faith up to PFF 35 p65

All Earth Spells up to MR 6 **C&S** core p325 - 330

All elemental spells that relate to cold up to MR 6

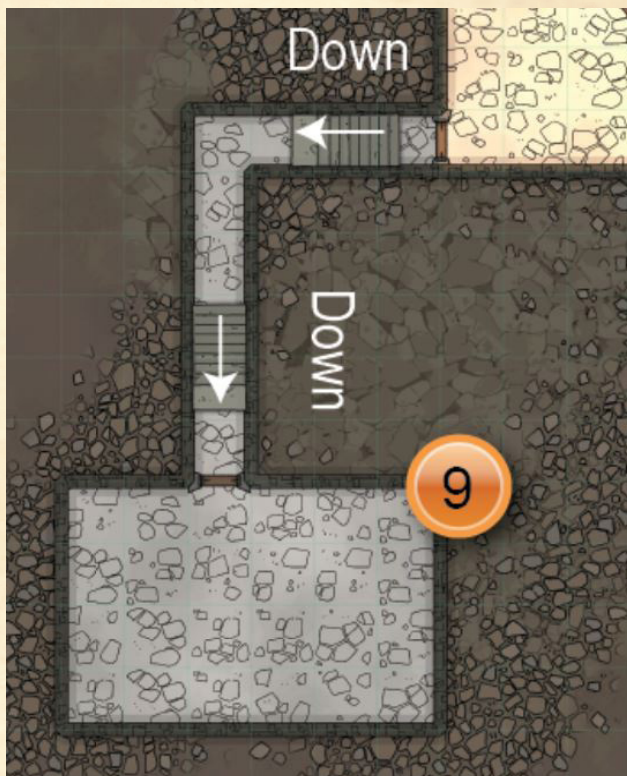
Arcane Weakness

Female trolls are vulnerable to the Arcane spells, doing an additional 1D10 damage. A critical hit with such Arcane damaging spells, has a chance to shatter limbs as though hit with a crit from a trollbane weapon.

Magickal Materials

Her corpse will give 28 quantities of Bone, claws, teeth blood and organs rated at MR4 and of the element earth with a value of Cr 1 each.

The hide of the mountain troll counts as 21 quantities of magickal material. If the full hide is enchanted and the spell Arcane shield cast into the item, it can be made into a Cloak Protection (see following page)



Brim Trollbane Greatsword

Description

This is a two handed greatsword, it has an odd design to it, clearly old it does not look like anything the characters have ever seen before. The blade is flat with no fuller yet is lighter than it looks and is easy and not tiring to wield. It has etched runes down the length of the blade which is clean of rust or pitting. The edge is sharp and shines brightly light the sun even in the dark. The pommel is a dome of polished obsidian and the quillons are made from gold and look like the arms of a troll.

Formulae

The making of such swords of power will be detailed in an upcoming module dealing with Alchemy, Mechanics and Weaponsmith/Armourers.

Powers

Simplified for the game, more details on bane weapons will be in the upcoming module.

The sword has a Crit Die bonus of +3. It has a bash of 6+ It ignores all troll armour values, this includes armour that is made from the hides of trolls. If the additional 1D10 Damage from a critical hit is a 10, then the troll has lost a limb. Roll 1D10: 1-5 Hand, 6-7 Arm, 8-9 Leg, 10 head. (Odd number left, Even number right) Losing a head wont kill the troll but it will only have ½ its usual APs for the round.

Cloak of Protection

Description

A hooded grey cloak, it does not blow in the wind and seems to become soft and translucent if it gets wet. The inside is lined with a black felt and the clasp is made from gold.

Formulae

Made from the hide of the mountain troll, 21 quantities of Mountain troll hide Gold, Silver for attachments and Mercury to stiffen the hide are also required. If the full hide is enchanted and the spell Arcane shield cast into the item it has the following powers

Powers

When worn the cloak gives the wearer an +10 bonus to all non metal armour values.

This armour bonus does not work if the cloak becomes soaked. An hour or more in a downpour of rain, or crossing a deep ford is enough to negate the armour bonuses as the cloak softens and becomes jelly like.

A critical hit while in this state ruins the item.

Gems

- 2 x Black Pearl
- White Pearl
- Citrine
- 2 x Eye Agate
- Peridot
- Rich Purple Corundum
- Violet Garnet

The coins here are off sorts of mix of metal, origin and age, they are stored in an old sea chest that his made from the same smooth petrified wood as the bridge over the larva. Inside the chest is a heavy load of coins. The total value once sorted and exchanged would be 6,000sp

Location 10

Strige Home

This cavern intersection has a good flow of air and is well protected from the usual aerial predators. This comfort and buffer has allowed several of the Striges to grow to an incredible size. They do not bother the trolls, their hide is far to thick for even the largest of the Striges to penetrate.



Rotating Saw Trap

This is a non functioning trap, it looks like it was activated many decades ago, if not centuries. Two large 5' diameter steel discs protrude from the wall with some mechanism behind the wall to drive them. Everything has rusted and is locked solid, though they do block easy movement through this section of the corridor. This sort of traps is far beyond what a mountain troll could make.

Striges (12)

Height	18"	BAP	18
Weight	13 lbs	BOD	20
Length	36" wingspan	FAT	20
		DT	20(f)
BMR	10	SPRINT	40(f)
Relevant Skills			
	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
M Beak	4S	18%	58%
M Claws	6S	28%	68%
Dodge	-	15%	55%
Stamina	-	9%	46%
Will	-	6%	6%

Armour - Dense Plumage (1 / 2 / 1 / 1 / 2)

Description:

The Striges appear as a large headed bird with piercing amber eyes, a falcon like beak with grey white wings and wicked hooked claws. It hangs upside down in caves like a bat and feeds primarily on blood. They often prey on infants using claws to disembowel them before dining on the victims blood.

Special Ability

If a successful attack draws blood (BOD damage) they will drain blood at 1 BOD / Turn which also heals their FAT on a 1:1 basis

Note: Striges don't like Orc blood, it tastes like vomit to them.

Dire Striges (2)

Height	30"	BAP	18
Weight	28 lbs	BOD	35
Length	6' wingspan	FAT	35
		DT	20(f)
BMR	10	SPRINT	40(f)
Relevant Skills			
	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
M Beak	6S	28%	68%
M Claws	8S	48%	88%
Dodge	-	25%	65%
Stamina	-	9%	46%
Will	-	6%	6%

Armour - Dense Plumage (3 / 5 / 2 / 2 / 4)

Description:

The Striges appear as a large headed bird with piercing amber eyes, a falcon like beak with grey white wings and wicked hooked claws. It hangs upside down in caves like a bat and feeds primarily on blood. They often prey on infants using claws to disembowel them before dining on the victims blood.

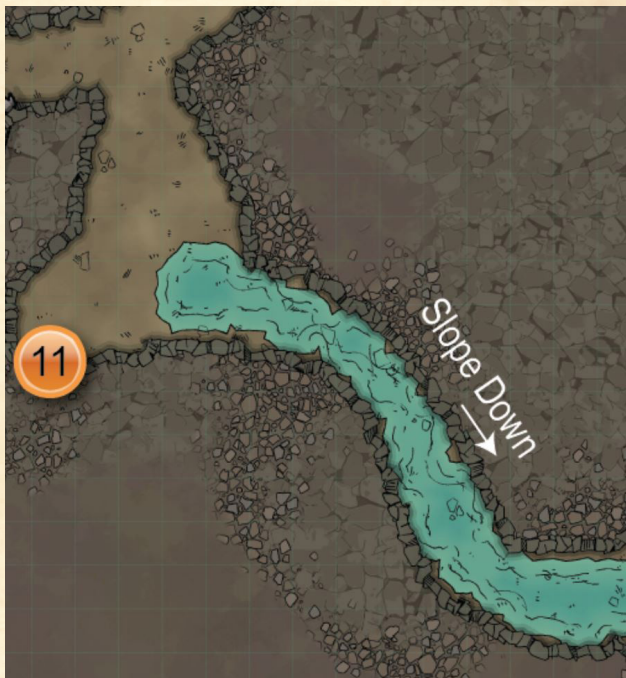
Special Ability

If a successful attack draws blood (BOD damage) they will drain blood at 2 BOD / Turn which also heals their FAT on a 1:1 basis

Note: Striges don't like Orc blood, it tastes like vomit to them.

Honour: 14 Each

Honour: 25 Each



Location 11

Water-slide Room

In the southeast corner of this room there is a large downpour of melt-water it collects into a natural bowl formed over centuries and then swiftly disappears down a shoot into darkness. The tunnel is easily wide enough for a character and his gear to slide down.

This will give alternative and fast safe access to location 12, 13 and 14



Location 12

This chamber is a little over 2' higher than the water shooting past in the slide, heading east. The flow of cold water keeps this chamber cool and aerated. The entire cavern is covered in mosses and lichens.

Spitting Beetles (6)

Height	14"	BAP	14
Weight	3 lbs	BOD	11
		FAT	21
		DT	2/10(f)
BMR	10	SPRINT	30(f)
Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
S Bite	3P	15%	45%
Spit Fire	8E	30%	75%
Dodge	-	5%	45%
Stamina	-	10%	50%
Will	-	25%	65%

Armour - Chitin Armour (4 / 7 / 2 / 2 / 3)

Description:

They are large Beetles with two bright yellow stripes one down each side of the wing cases. They have large mandibles and dine upon the snails that live in amongst the mosses and lichens.

Special Ability

They have a unique defence capability, they can spit a natural chemical concoction that is like Greek fire. It burns hot and sticks to flesh and armour. It has a limited range 10'

Honour : 35 Each



Location 13

The Troglodyte Lair

This little chamber is home to a couple of Trog, they feed off the beetles, snails and crabs in the water an caverns that they Trolls do no use. They have simple fur beds, a collection of trinkets that they have stolen from the trolls, it lies in a pile in the northeast corner of the chamber, set up like a shrine. Beneath the trinkets are a set of Trog bones, laid out in reverence of some elder.

At the head of the trinkets is a mannequin, arms raised and he holds a blue metal snowflake talisman. The figure is about 1 foot tall and has bendable arms, legs hands and feet, but no facial features. His erect posture is maintained by a metal rod and a wooden base. His arms are raised holding the metal snowflake which glistens and has two distinct faces both snowflakes but one is bright and twinkles in the torchlight and the other is darker blue with more subtle reflections.

A crude jute twine strand hangs down and forms a loop to hang around one's neck. This is a magickal talisman, created in the old days of Kyng Norðmaðr it is an heirloom of the Snow Clan.



Troglodyte Juvenile

Height	6'	BAP	9
Weight	225 lbs	BOD	35
		FAT	33
ML	1	DT	7
BMR	10	SPRINT	12

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
M Claws	8S	14%	54%
Spear	7P	20%	70%
Dodge	-	0%	40%
Stamina	-	21%	61%
Will	-	23%	63%
Alertness		33%	38%
Craft Skills		7%	47%
Climb		38%	78%
Swim		55%	95%

Armour - Hide (3 / 5 / 2 / 2 / 5)

Description

Roughly humanoid reptilian creatures who enjoy the constant temperature and darkness of subterranean dwelling. They are family, clan oriented creatures who have the slightest of sentience about them. Troglodytes are incredible territorial and will fight any intruders, not retreating or giving quarter to those who defile their domain.

Weakness

Almost all Troglodytes without fail have the Severe versions of Agoraphobia and Heliophobia traits p100 from the **C&S** main core rule book. A Troglodytes PSF% is halved out in the open and a further -10 to TSC% if bright light, either the sun or magickal light.

Spells

There is an ML # listed for female Troglodytes. Very few males learn to cast magick spells. This is a form of casting based upon summoning the spirits of their ancestors who's ghostly form then performs the desired magickal effects. They use the mode and method from the shaman vocation.

Troglydte Female Adult

Height	6'	BAP	11
Weight	265 lbs	BOD	42
PMF	62	FAT	42
ML	3	DT	7
BMR	10	SPRINT	12

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
M Claws	10S	26%	66%
Shaman Mode		56%	66%
Spear	9P	20%	70%
Dodge	-	0%	40%
Stamina	-	27%	67%
Will	-	32%	72%
Alertness		49%	54%
Craft Skills		13%	53%
Climb		38%	78%
Swim		55%	95%

Armour - Hide (3 / 6 / 3 / 2 / 5)

Description

She is a fine example of a female Troglydte with a frill mane of speckled red orange and blacks.

Weakness

Almost all Troglydtes without fail have the severe versions of Agoraphobia and Heliophobia traits p100 from the **C&S** main core rule book. A Troglydte's PSF% is halved out in the open and a further -10 to TSC% if bright light, either the sun or magical light.

Spells	FAT	Page C&S 5th
Sleep	2	353
Area Sleep	5	353
Hold Person	6+3	357
Suggestion	4	358
Fear (f)	7	361
Detect Illusion	3	370
Dispel Illusion	sp	370
Blurred Image	3	371
Greater Disguise	6	372
Cloak Self (f)	6	372
Lesser Illusion	4	371
Lesser Ward against Evil	3	395
Lesser Ward Against Beasts	3	395
Lesser Ward against Commands	4	395
Lesser Ward Against Undead	4	395
Create Command Air	3	319
Air Beam (f)	6+	320

She has a simple focus: -

Charges 18 **Recharge:** 3 per week

A leather medicine bag, it contains enchanted bones and teeth as well as Iridescent bug wings. The bones and teeth are all Trog bones and teeth. They are her connection to the ancestors.

- +5% to targeting
- Store 9 MR of Spells marked (f) cast as hex at no fatigue cost.

The Symbol of Snow

Description

A blue metal snowflake with two aspects, dark and light. The blue metal seems to be embedded with crystals as it seems to sparkle like glitter in even the faintest of lights.

Formulae

This uses the formulae from the core rules for Item of Power.

Powers [All effects are at ML 10]

The powers are activated by speaking the command words for the specific power.

The light Side

- Daylight - "**dagsbirtu**" [4 charges]
This power works as the spell Area Eldritch Sunlight from the core rules p348
- Sunburst - "**sólbruna**" [6 charges]
This power works the same as the spell Sunburst in the core rules p348
- Arcane Shield - "**Bogaskjöldur**" [5 charges]
This works as the spell of the same name in the core rules p346

The Dark Side

- Arcane Cloak - "**Bogagöng**" [4 charges]
Works as the spell of the same name in the core rules page 346
- Walk the Rainbow "**áfanga**" [7 charges]
This works as per the spell Phase in the core rules p350
- Speak to the Beastman "**dýratala**" [8 charges]
This works the same as the spell Command Lycanthrope in the core rules p360

Charges: 200 **Recharge:** 7 per day



Location 14

The Trog Home

This is where the main group of troglodytes live, the area is constantly wet, though a warm blooded reptilians they are well used to cold water and enjoy the freedom of movement in the shallow fresh water.

There are two families here, 2 Male Adults, 2 Female Adults and 2 Juvenile togs

Troglodyte Female Adult (2)

Height	6'	BAP	11
Weight	265 lbs	BOD	42
PMF	62	FAT	42
ML	3	DT	7
BMR	10	SPRINT	12

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
M Claws	10S	26%	66%
Shaman Mode		56%	66%
Spear	9P	20%	70%
Dodge	-	0%	40%
Stamina	-	27%	67%
Will	-	32%	72%
Alertness		49%	54%
Craft Skills		13%	53%
Climb		38%	78%
Swim		55%	95%

Armour - Hide (3 / 6 / 3 / 2 / 5)

Honour: 25 Each

Troglodyte Juvenile (2)

Height	6'	BAP	9
Weight	225 lbs	BOD	35
		FAT	33
ML	0	DT	7
BMR	10	SPRINT	12

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
M Claws	8S	14%	54%
Spear	7P	20%	70%
Dodge	-	0%	40%
Stamina	-	21%	61%
Will	-	23%	63%
Alertness		33%	38%
Craft Skills		7%	47%
Climb		38%	78%
Swim		55%	95%

Armour - Hide (3 / 5 / 2 / 2 / 5)

Honour: 23 Each

Troglodyte Male Adult (2)

Height	6'	BAP	13
Weight	300 lbs	BOD	50
		FAT	50
ML	0	DT	7
BMR	10	SPRINT	12

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
M Claws	12S	32%	72%
Spear	9P	20%	70%
Dodge	-	0%	40%
Stamina	-	33%	73%
Will	-	38%	78%
Alertness		54%	59%
Craft Skills		19%	59%
Climb		38%	78%
Swim		55%	95%

Armour - Hide (3 / 6 / 3 / 3 / 5)

Honour: 36 Each



Location 15

The Nonsense Room

As the characters enter this room all of their senses will be assailed with conflicting information. The room is hot yet they have the chills, it has water everywhere yet the atmosphere is dry, the water seeping in under the southern door, flows uphill towards a great demonic face that snorts fire. The ground looks like stone tiles yet it's soft, the water is surrounded by what looks like sand, yet it is a single thing that is hard. There is an island of green slime that seems to move and undulate.

Flagstones

These are like a sponge, when stepped on the character sinks up to his calf and takes effort to pull one's leg out. ½ AP when on flagstone.

Dark Gravel

The gravel moves around as though it has some life to it. When stepped on it starts to vibrate and climb up the character's leg, higher and higher as if drawn upwards by the character's breath. Indeed if allowed

to climb it will begin to force its way into the character's mouth and into his lungs. One can brush off the gravel stones easily enough. When brushed off the let out a high pitched squeak.

The Sand

This is hard and though it looks like sand it seems to be a contiguous object around the water, as though it is a barrier keeping the water back.

The Water

This is cold to the touch and seems to evaporate instantly on the skin or item. It leaves a white residue and the skin begins to crack and dry all the grease and oils removed from the skin. Blisters will form and make holding things or walking difficult. -20 to relevant physical skills TSC%.

The Slime

This gives off a sickle sweet smell, like fresh marzipan. It is incredibly sticky. Anything touching the slime will become stuck instantly and stuck hard and fast with no chance of just a tug and getting free. A character trying to pull himself free will do himself harm before making any headway at freeing himself 1D10 Body damage if they use a big effort, or get help to pull them free as they tear flesh and wrench joints.

It will become obvious that the slime is beginning to envelope the character, slowly crawling up from the original touch site. The rate is incredible slow probably so slow it would take 24 hours to kill someone this way. Not a silly time frame given that the character is totally stuck.

However, the water poured over the area, will neutralise the sticky within a minute or two and the characters can easily pull themselves free.

A stuck creature cannot dodge or use a stuck limb.

Floating above the green slime are two statuesque purple and black floating objects. They look like some nightmare of the deep yet have an otherworldly demonic visage to them. Something about them stops you looking directly at them, you find yourself turning away in disgust involuntarily.

Dimensional Abomination (2)

Height	7'	BAP	17
Weight	330 lbs	BOD	66
		FAT	44
		DT	8
BMR	0	SPRINT	14

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
Flurry of Tentacles	15C	41%	71%
M Beak	10S	20%	60%
Dodge	-	0%	40%
Stamina	-	56%	96%
Will	-	15%	55%
Stealth	-	45%	75%

Armour - Hide (5 / 7 / 4 / 5 / 6)

Flurry of Tentacles +1 Crit Die, 7 Bash

The beak carries an hallucinogenic toxin that acts much the same as 'Offends Thee' A powerful hallucinogenic agent. Causes visions of hellish creatures crawling out of the victims skin. He tries to rip the creatures from his flesh.

Vector.....	Open Wound
Onset	1 min
Damage	9 Body / Turn
Duration	3 Turns

Description

A purple and black floating squid like creature, larger than a man. It has two large dead shark like eyes and can see easily in the darkness. It recoils from light and will never be encountered in the daylight hours, even on a dark overcast day.

This is a floating horror, equipped with a dozen or more 7 foot long tentacles that drape down to the floor. They are lined with gripping suckers and are meant to hold on and crush the life out of their prey. Once slain the Abomination moves in to devour with their cruel beak.

If they get a hold with their tentacles (**STR** 17AR 82%), then they often peck with the beak, knowing that if they retreat the toxins might just finish off what they started.

Aura of Disgust

This creature does not belong in this reality and the brain instinctively recoils in disgust. Looking at the creature is an act of will. At the start of a combat round a character must make a willpower skill roll, a failure means that the character loses his Crit Die in APs for that round. Any sort of true sight will negate this effect.

The Demon Head

Snorting fire, the head looks completely demonic in nature. The fire however burns cold, leaving those near the flame chill. In fact within a single round of being within the glow of the fire they will take 1D10 Fatigue and continue to do so until they leave the glowing zone. If close enough to physically examine the demon head they will be taking 1D10 Body damage each round and have to make a Stamina Skill check to avoid getting Frost Bite.

Frost Bite: The Failure Crit Die result is a permanent reduction to TSC% of physical skills. A cure disease will remove the penalty.



Spear Trap & Double Spear Trap

Clumsy and hastily set by one of the male trolls this trap can be spotted easily. Alertness +30 to TSC% all the that needs to be done is to step over the thick trip wire.

The Spear trap does 2D10 body if activated and the Double Spear trap does 2D10 body and a 50% chance less $\frac{1}{2}$ Dodge PSF% of a second lot of 2D10 Damage.

Location f

Inside the room is a large apparatus, different but similar to the one in location b, it seems to be made of noble metals, still shiny and not a single scratch upon it's surface. Bright gems gleam brightly all over the apparatus, twinkling in the light.

As with similar machines elsewhere ein the complex, gems pried from it will turn into glass, but three day's work will salvage Cr249-worth of metals.

As for what the apparatus does... That's up to you, can a player do research and find out what it does?

Location 16

Hûgerwulfs Lair

This is the home of the current man in the house for Mjertle. He is the strongest of the male mountain trolls who serve Mjertle and makes sure that the other male trolls understand his position and power handing out regular beatings to the lesser trolls. As with most trolls he has a collection of trophies from scouting old ruins and his kills.

Carved Ivory Drinking Horn inlaid with Silver
Fine Leather Braces
Leather Boots with Electrum Buckles
Silk Vest threaded with Platinum
Silver Gauntlets
Silver Medallion
Small Bag of Spices
Wooden Chest filled with various coins

Total value of the horde 6,430sp

Hügerwulfs

Height	9' 6"	BAP	11
Weight	900 lbs	BOD	72
		FAT	55
		DT	5
BMR	25	SPRINT	10

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
M Claws	21S	57%	107%
Dodge	-	0%	40%
Stamina	-	53%	93%
Will	-	20%	60%
Alertness		30%	35%
Set Mantraps		27%	67%
Climbing		60%	110%

Armour - Hide (15 / 11 / 13 / 15 / 15)

Description

Mountain trolls are the largest and strongest of the trolls, however, what they have in strength and bulk they sure lack in brains. They are least intelligent of the trolls. Mountain trolls are usual solitary creatures, only allowed to gather together at the express permission and request of a female mountain troll. These are hulking figures that roam the mountains in hunt of prey, covered with flinty grey hides rough like sandpaper. Their limbs are huge with massive muscles and the disposition of a rabid wolverine. They prefer to lair in mountain caverns or sink-holes in the barren valleys below.

They cannot stand sunlight, but unlike the stories they do not turn to stone upon the first rays of sunlight. A troll in sunlight takes 10 damage to his body each minute he is exposed. Death indicates he has fully turned to stone. They have a craving for the flesh of sentient humanoids, dwarves are a favoured delicacy and humans a close second. They will take orc and giants and even other trolls when things are getting desperate. Overall their demeanour is one of an animal-predator with some spark of intellect in their somewhere. They can speak and often spout some dwarvish tongue, usually single words: Hate, Hungry, Hot, Thirsty.

Weakness: Sunlight Vulnerability

The Mountain troll loves the northern climes, especially because of the lack of daylight hours in the winter and early spring and autumn.

When caught out in direct sunlight a troll begins to burn. This isn't a burn as though touched by the beam of a laser, it is a volatile burning with light and gases escaping from the skin of the troll. Where the light touches the burning takes hold, stone can be seen forming a hard black basalt like glassy stone.

Mountain Troll Abilities

Troll Vision

They can see at night as if it was a bright sunny day and in total darkness as if it were a dull cloudy day. In an underground setting with no light sources they can see as if it were a moonlight night

Troll Regeneration

A wood troll gains 1 body point back every 2 minutes through regeneration. Even lost limbs can be regrown this way

Troll Cold Resistance

Against cold attacks a mountain troll has double his Energy armour rating.



From the Other Side

As with the site adventure that was presented for the section on Goblins and Orcs, the Troll section can be played with the players having troll characters. They could be all male trolls vying for the favours of Mjertle, trying to capture the best meats or find the best trinkets that she would like. They might have to fend off adventurers who are trying to kill Mjertle and get the puzzle box.

You could use the troll stat blocks here for quick fun or use the troll generation in this book to create unique trolls for a longer lasting game.

Epilogue

The maps, monsters and tools are all here to inspire the gamesmaster to imagine and create his own interesting story to get the characters back to Dawn safely with the Puzzle box located in Mjertle's lair. This could be as swift or as slow as you like. With the details of Frostland and Dawn of Snow as a patron then there should be no lack of inspiration or setting ideas.

There is a few burning questions though...

- What was an Elven noble doing in the mountains far away from Álfheimr.
- What importance does this magickal puzzle box have to the world at large, as well as the questions of interference from Álfheimr
- Where was it being taken, and for what purpose.

Well these are the makings of another adventure, one that you will have to write.

Dawn sat in the cold chapel, her emerald cloak pulled tight around her curves, warding off the worst of the wind blowing through the cracks in the badly built structure. Opposite her sat her confidante and moral advisor, Anton; a priest of the Lawgiver from the far off kingdom of Anderia.

From deep in thought she looked up.

"The all father closed the roads to Alfheim long ago, centuries, if not thousands of years have passed since the people of those lands have come to trouble our doors. The stories of old are true! They have such powers and knowledge of secret things."

Father Anton poured the hot water over the finely chopped pine needles, stirred them and offered the refreshing tea to Dawn.

"In my land, we call them Elves, their realm we call Arcadia, they are indeed a mighty race, legends speak of their magical gifts and prowess in battle. They have a history of meddling in the affairs of humans, M'lady; though not always to the detriment of those who align themselves with the Elves."

Drinking from the hot cup Dawn seemed to brighten.

"We saved the life of a prince and gave him back an item that was precious to him. That will count for something. Won't it? I mean are these creatures good to their words?"

"Oh yes M'lady Snow, the histories are replete with stories of the Elves sticking to their word even when it has cost them dearly. However, they are tricky bargainers, they can twist the words of a pact to suit their needs. Any alliance must be cast in iron, or they will take advantage of the language of such loopholes that might exist."

Dawn loosened the cloak's grip as the hot tea warmed her.

"Anton, you are a priest of the lawgiver, you are bound by so many laws and articles of justice. You will be able to bargain for us this - cast in iron agreement; an alliance between Frostland and the Elves."

Dawn used the term of Elves, feeling more civilised in doing so.

"It will be my honour to negotiate such a treaty M'lady. But our guest has left, we have none to negotiate with". Anton waved his hand in the direction the Prince left.

Dawn thought for a second, then standing, made a proclamation.

"We will find this open path into Álfheimr, go there and make a treaty with them, I suspect that this puzzle box has something to do with the opening of the way. Now that they have it back, I think that more ways into Álfheimr are going to be open. We need to be the first, take full advantage of what we can learn from them. This will make Frostland strong and my people safe and well.

I will lead a group on an adventure to find the path to Álfheimr, we will search out our prince who owes us a life debt and we will make a treaty with him. Firstly though, I will not go into a foreign land without some knowledge of their tongue and their laws and ways. I suspect that my Dwarven ally might have some knowledge of their ways and their tongue, Dwarves are long-lived and keep records on everything.

I will go to the mountain realm of Kyng Darwulf and speak with him upon the Elves. I must insist you come with me Anton, and I shall collect together a fellowship of hardy adventurers to accompany us. It is a hard road to the entrance of Kyng Darwulf's realm. We will need the best outdoorsmen, our strongest warriors, our brightest rune mages, our trickiest of trap-masters.

Have a feeling I have not had since the old days of my father's victories. Hope! I think that the future of Frostland has never been more bright. The knowledge and protection we can gain from an alliance with the Elves will have far reaching consequences for the whole of Svermark.

Think of the magicks, the building methods, the tactics of war, the connections to the old gods, the...

I have to get moving, my head is swimming with possibilities and I have to do something."

Leaving the chapel, she shouted in a booming voice that belied her small stature.

"Haskel, looks like Rufus is in charge, I am going on an Adventure!! Bring me my armour! Bring me my axes! Once again, my lineage as a royal lady of Frostland will be known across the land!"



Goblins, Orcs & Trolls

Species Supplement

Goblins, Orcs and Trolls - ask a dozen people what they are, and you will most likely get a dozen answers. Some will draw upon folklore and fairy stories, others on legends, others on the works of JRR Tolkien and fantasy works inspired by him. Some have played other fantasy role-playing games and form their views from the way these creatures are presented in them.

In this book we offer several approaches to presenting Goblins, Orcs and Trolls in your game, drawing inspiration from historical sources, medieval and early modern folk tales and modern fantasy. Not all of them will be suitable for every game world. Use whichever version you like or mix things up, drawing inspiration from several of the versions here. You're the world builder.



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