Adventures in Filbar ™

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PANGIA COMPENDIUM

ADDENDUM – 1

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Citizen Hobin Willowood

The rolling hills of The Glen are home to a variety of unique people and legends. A favorite tale that is told around nearly every campfire is that of a Halfling called Hobin Willowood. A sleight of hand expert, Hobin was frequently found wandering the roads to the various villages throughout the nation. His penchant for picking up "lost" items that did not belong to him caused him to relocate on a frequent basis and never called anywhere home.

After an unfortunate encounter with a Giant Ram during breeding season the Halfling found himself nursing an injured hand. Without enough cash to purchase a healing elixir, Hobin was forced to recuperate the old fashioned way. During this time his knack for sleight of hand techniques was sorely diminished and he managed to reside in the town of Coopersville for an extended period of time. As a partial invalid he was taken care of by the other members of the community and came to know each and everyone in town quite well.

Just as his dexterity rehabilitation was nearly complete it came time for the election of representatives that were sent to Penshaw, the capital. With no interest in governing, Hobin was the obvious choice for this dreaded job and received nearly a unanimous vote of acceptance. Despite his protests which included not being an actual member of the region he was sent off to the congressional caucus. His reluctance was abated with the assistance of armed guards sent along to escort Hobin.

Upon his arrival at Penshaw he was shown to the lavish accommodations that were utilized by people of his region. While no one in The Glen enjoyed the duties of being a representative one of the perks was that attendants catered to their every whim. Sadly for Hobin this also involved someone in close proximity to him at all times. In spite of his nearly healed hand he was unable to hone his lost skills with someone always nearby.

The week of the congress came and he, along with the other twenty representatives, sat in the audience hall and were explained the duties of their job, the proposed legal changes, and a few other items of decorum. Midway through the caucus he felt that his injury had healed suitably and without warning attempted to see if he could lift the coin

purse of a fellow diplomat. His skills were still rusty and as a result his botched attempt created a rather angry tenor in the room. As the 'victim' noticed Hobin's clumsy attempt at theft a pushing match ensued.

With Hobin and Representative Maris, a Gnome, both claiming to be victims the pushing continued to escalate as the other caucus members watched the drama unfold. The pair moved from pushing to each grabbing ahold of the other and attempted to bring their target to the ground. Hobin was becoming quite concerned that his opponent seemed to be quite skilled in the nuances of combat and it was becoming evident that the brash Halfling from Coopersville may be overmatched.

Maris began to clearly take the fight to a new level with punching which had always been frowned upon within chambers. As Hobin fought off the blows he realized that his opponent had a pair of shackles inside his vest pocket. The Halfling quickly opted to escalate the issue to a higher level.

During a clench with Maris "rabbit punching" Hobin the shackles were pulled forth from the vest pocket and with the lost dexterity returning, went from pocket to wrist on Maris. The clicking surprised all in the room but grew in intensity as Hobin took the other end of the shackles and applied them to Maris's ankle as he took a kick at the Halfling. With both ends secured Maris began to hop around the chamber floor in circles making a multitude of threats towards the spry Halfling.

Later that night at a party thrown to honor the representatives Hobin retold the story while acting out the strange hopping caused from the shackles. As the people of Penshaw watched some, late to the explanation, felt that the description was a new dance brought to the capital. With Hobin finishing the story over a lively tune from the orchestra playing, the Halfling noticed males and females dancing around holding ankle to hand. Thus the invention of "Doing the Hobin" came into being as an entertaining, albeit strange dance that is still performed to this day in The Glen!

Crypts of Shadowheat

Through the centuries of existence the Melcore Empire has seen its share of political changes and holds on leadership. In the years of the four kings the city of Shadowheat grew to become a fortified city and seat to one of the rulers. During the multitude of conflicts between these leaders the city saw its share of sieges and realized two things. First, the walls of Shadowheat were virtually unbreakable and second, disease was the largest factor in defending the city from aggressors.

During the Siege of King Tawndy Befus of 750 it appeared that the King of Ransik would be successful at breeching the walls of the city. Queen Eunice the Thoughtful watched from the high tower of her castle as the Ransik military bored through the walls of her precious city. An attendant bringing the regent wine saw the carnage below and dropped the beverage covering the patio in red liquid. It is said that she remarked to the queen that she would rather die from fetid boils than be captured by the barbarians from the north.

Queen Eunice continued to look out over the parapets but as the hand maiden's words sank in she came up with an idea. The ruler summoned her general and asked about ammunition for the trebuchets lining the courtyard. The military man grimaced under the question and reluctantly pointed out that they had more bodies of dead citizens than stones to hurl in the war machines.

The regent's next statement made the seasoned military man pale and quiver his response. "Are you certain of this mi 'lady?" The queen nodded and her attendant fainted on the stones. Looking out over the walls at the opposing army a smirk crossed the leader's face. The general returned to the outer courtyard of the city and relayed the order given to him by his queen.

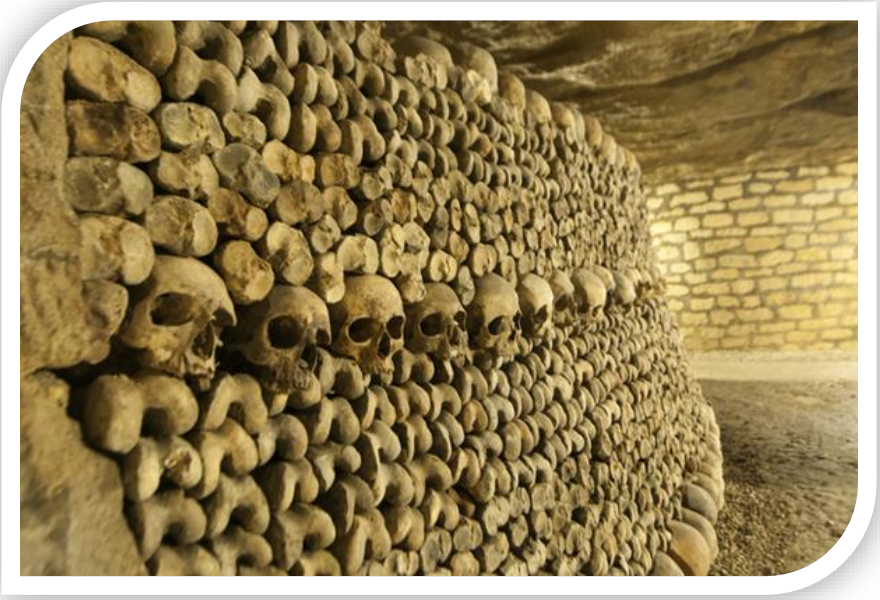
The men manning the war machines had the general repeat the order and then followed it. The men quickly scavenged the bodies of the dead and loaded them into the trebuchets that still functioned. At the general's command the war engines flung the bodies of the dead over the walls into the opposing Ransik lines. Many of the decaying bodies carried spoiled body fluids and disease. With each corpse landing into the lines

the men of Ransik lost faith that they could beat an enemy of such callousness. For a solid day the bodies of the dead rained down upon the men of the north.

The following morning Queen Eunice called down from the sieged wall to the warriors of Ransik. Aided by a magical potion her voice boomed over the battlefield. "You have seen what we do with the bodies of our dead" the queen yelled, "imagine what we will do with yours". The queen and her entourage then left the wall. Senior military commanders were taken aback at her starkness and attempted to order the army back to work but the damage had been done.

The Ransik military opted to quit the siege and return north never again attempting to take the city of Shadowheat. The following day Queen Eunice herself led the remaining military and citizens out into the open fields. One by one the bodies of the dead that had been hurled were collected. Queen Eunice ordered a vast crypt to be dug under the palace and for the bones of the "Heroes of Shadowheat" be laid to rest in a place of honor.

The crypt took nearly a complete year to create but afterwards the bones of the dead were brought under the palace. The tale is widely known about why the crypts were created but very few have been allowed to enter this place of reverence. The few that have documented the experience swear that a soft battle hymn can be heard playing in the winding tunnels under Shadowheat.



Luna Stone of the Elves

A fragment of parchment was recently recovered from the body of a troupe of Elvish warriors on the border of Dilad. After a rough translation from Elors the Sage the item has been identified as a description of a magical item from the closed nation. The parchment purports the existence of an item called the Luna Stone. While the information available was sketchy at best, Elors did his best to comprehend the strange text.

According to the sage a piece of the moon broke off and landed in the southlands of Elves. As the rock fell to the ground a bright blue streak followed behind it. The impact site was discovered by Illustanus, a shepherd and is described as a rough edged rock that is partially translucent. The item was taken and kept by the shepherd who reported that he never felt tired and never needed to eat after taking possession of the stone. A legend grew around this common Elf which finally reached the ears of the rulers of Elfhang. A group of lords was sent to Illustanus' farm to investigate the reported stories with orders to determine if they were fact or myth.

Upon their arrival the shepherd presented the stone to the nobles who also felt the strange power of the rock. The nobles returned the Luna Stone to the young Elf and returned to Elfhang with the information. At that time the "Codor" or ruler of the south was enraged that the item had not been brought to him and sent the nobles back to the farm. When they reached the farm they discovered it had been burned to the ground and signs pointed to a nearby Bugbear tribe.

Warriors were brought in to make the area safe again but the Luna Stone was never recovered. Elors has discovered that he only has a portion of the parchment and the item may have been recovered in the centuries since the account was put to vellum but cannot say for certain. With information from Dri Verdal, the truth may never be fully known about this mysterious stone.

The sage will point out that it quite obvious that the stone is magical in nature and may be a rare Ioun Stone that grants several abilities. He will add that it is rumored that Elfhang's ruler wears a crown with an opaque stone and will surmise that it could have been cut and polished down and used as an adornment in the headpiece.

The Water Troll of Fenwick

Reports from the backwater community of Fenwick are that an aggressive Water Troll has been sighted. Local fishermen seeking out the large Blasta Stipen's spawning grounds came into contact with the beast in the early morning hours. The sighting of the Water Troll, or Scrag, as they are sometimes referred to occurred during the early morning hours. Of the four men that spotted the beast only one returned alive to tell the tale.

The account by Timmons, the sole survivor, was exceptionally detailed and claimed that they had been attacked while hauling fish up from the spawning grounds. Timmons claimed that he had been knocked unconscious in the initial stages by a fearsome, green scaly creature that had emerged from the waters. Timmons could not give details as to what transpired after him being knocked unconscious but pointed out that he believes it was the work of a Water Troll.

Panic swept through the small community and the town militia was put on full alert. A missive was sent to Torrence for urgent military aid which arrived a few days later. The

guard entered the fetid waters but were unable to locate the missing bodies of the fishermen or signs of a Scrag. For three days the area was searched with no evidence of the incident and word began to spread that something strange was afoot. The men were known to be avid fishermen but were not prone to drinking excessively.

With no signs of aggressive Troll activity the retinue returned to Torrence. A group of adventurers happened into Fenwick at this time and heard the story. With no other jobs in their sights they opted to explore the coastline on their own. An examination found no evidence, just like the military, and the party was ready to depart when they noticed something just below the waterline on the way back to Fenwick. Wading in one of the party members discovered the hacked body of one of the fishermen that had been weighted down with rope and large rocks.

A complete investigation of the area was done and the other two bodies were subsequently recovered, each had been tied down with rope and rock. An inquiry was launched and again the military was summoned back to Fenwick. Along with the warriors came Pastor Simone Kleck, a Cleric of Pako. The priestess gathered the information available and requested to speak with the sole survivor of the attack. After using a Zone of Truth spell the incident was discovered to be an elaborate ruse designed to cover up the murder of one of the men.

The quartet had been out searching for their fish when an argument ensued. Timmons struck his associate Derwood with an oar resulting in a catastrophic wound to the head. Timmons begged his friends to cover for him but they were horrified at the incident and blatantly refused. As they reached the shoreline with Derwood's body the two associates were attacked by Timmons and killed. The fisherman opted to make up the elaborate story in lieu of facing punishment for his reckless behavior.

For the killing of his three friends and for causing a false public panic the sentence of death was handed down to Timmons. As he stood on the gallows he begged forgiveness of Derwood's stoic widow. Despite an impassioned speech that "demons" had taken over his spirit the widow was unmoved. As is the custom in Torusak the relatives were given the option to carry out the judgment. Derwood's wife, Samantha, calmly moved to the gallows and pulled the switch herself. As the shaking subsided, the widow walked up and spit upon the corpse before returning to her home. So ends the tale of the Water Troll of Fenwick.

Legend of the Mary Jane

While the exploits of the Pirate Lords and their minions are difficult to confirm, one story rings true with every corsair. A ghost ship is said to run the Blasta Ocean and the Abeck Sea. The account is further bolstered by accounts from merchant captains that were in the vicinity of the sightings. This vessel is known as the "Mary Jane" for the distinctive masthead of a woman in blue. The vehicle is said to be engulfed in a fog cloud just before it attacks a pirate ship.

The legend pertains to the Mary Jane being an avenger of sort that only targets pirate vessels which is unusual for that area. The warship is said to be a larger caravel-style with ragged sails that would seem to be ineffective but isn't. Surviving mariners pointed out that the Mary Jane is able to propel itself out of the fog cloud at a very high rate of speed and can close on the corsair vessels in a very short time. A recent report from the merchant ship "The Katang" felt the Mary Jane was able to close at almost twice the speed of a normal vessel and seemed to ride on a frothy wave. This report gives rise to the thoughts that the ghost ship may be using Elemental power to move the ship.

Captain Winthrop of the Katang was being pursued by a ship in the Pirate Lord's fleet at the time but was unmolested by the Mary Jane. It is her testimony that the ghost ship saved her vessel from being taken over by the pirates and was not pursued after the battle with the buccaneer ship. Captain Winthrop provided further accounting that the Mary Jane appeared to be crewed by a skeletal force with apparitions in the rigging. If this account is accurate then the Mary Jane would most certainly fit the "ghost ship" category. Although the merchant captain did not get a look at the "captain" of the Mary Jane she did report that the skeletal figures were not all human in stature.

With the sworn accounts from the Katang, it is reasonable to believe that the Mary Jane is actually a bane to the pirates and may have a grudge against the Pirate Lords. A good description including the masthead was given by Captain Winthrop and her crew but pointed out that the sails had no markings of note.

The maritime journals from Melcore, Torusak, and older texts from the Kingdom of Bane have all been examined to attempt to identify this vessel. Currently there are records showing a ship with this name and masthead making identifying it difficult to say the least. One item found in the open bazaar in Three Hills did offer a plausible answer. A tattered tapestry was found to be on sale with the ship's name of Mary Jane. The woven rug told the story of a great love between a merchant and his wife who was murdered by pirates. No images were present the old fabric but with the lack of information available, this tapestry would seem to offer a plausible explanation. Sadly when I returned to the market the next day the item had been sold off to an unknown buyer. Flyers were put up requesting a viewing of the item but no replies have been obtained.

While the facts are few and the information sketchy, I can only provide this brief report and give a tepid answer of our ships are probably safe from the Mary Jane at this point. I would feel that the targets chosen in the past in no way jeopardize out seagoing ventures at this time.

This report was prepared by Sir Myron Adelson, Deputy Minister of the Seas and Waterborne Travel Division of the Pardor Empire for an evaluation of the alleged sightings of a "ghost ship" known as the Mary Jane. I offer this document with no reservations about its authenticity and at the peril of my duties as a deputy minister.

Battle of Corrigan Swamp

The year of 1587 saw the ascension of Emperor Agar of Pardor take the throne and decree a massive expansion plan for his nation. The first order of business was a project to join the Inland Sea to Fandon Lake allowing the nation to have access to an eastern ocean as well. While Agar's dreams were big his experience in ruling and military matters was weak. As the third son he was never trained in the arts of leadership and as a result came in poorly prepared for the duties.

Agar sent survey teams into the northern fens, later known as Corrigan Swamp to determine the best way to open the waterborne passage. The inhospitable nature of the swamp led the surveyors to move further east into the tree covered lands of eastern Uvarno. The incursion was discovered by the horsemen of the plains and a group of the riders met with the surveyors just outside the swamp. The dealings initially began peacefully but soon turned as a misunderstanding in the finer points of language by one of the Pardorians, insulted one of the tribal leaders.

The problem escalated and the survey team retreated back into the swamp and called for reinforcements. When word of the hostilities reached the ears of Emperor Agar he dispatched a friend of his named Corrigan. This inept drinking buddy of the emperor had been given the title of general and was told to deal with the situation. Confident that the "rabble" of horsemen could easily be dealt with and he led two cavalry units into the swamp.

Horselord Teenun Wildmane, ruler of the Uvarno at that time, had been told of the problems on the border and also went to investigate with a large force. With most of his group high on the bluffs he went down into the gulley leading to the marshland. While discussing the situation with the original Uvarno force he found himself facing off with General Corrigan and a line of nearly two hundred medium cavalry. The men in the lowlands fought bravely and defended Horselord Wildmane to the best of their ability but were eventually overwhelmed and had the Uvarno ruler cornered. As they moved into the mouth of a small canyon General Corrigan ordered Wildmane to surrender.

The proud Uvarno drew out his bone handled axe called "Feldslayer" and stood his ground. General Corrigan had several members of his cavalry move in but the rough terrain caused them issues and could not adequately use their mounts to trample the Horselord. Three waves of five lashed out at the tanned warlord but each fell under his double bladed weapon. With his strength weakening he noticed shadows falling in front of the Pardor military and everyone looked up to see the Horseriders lined up at the top of the canyon watching from above.

With a puzzled look General Corrigan motioned for some of his units to break out of the canyon and climb the incline to deal with the "rabble". Much to their dismay the Pardor cavalry found themselves facing a horde of men and horses bearing down on them. The Uvarno above peppered General Corrigan's pale mount with arrows causing him to fall under the horse. Wildmane approached the trapped general and in one fell swoop lopped off his head. The Pardor troops were now in complete disarray as the archers above sent arrows cascading into their ranks.

Three days later the Pardor cavalry returned to their fort in the eastern lands but their riders were without heads. The bodies had been lashed to the horses and returned home. Both sides gave the name of the general to the fens for different reasons. The Pardor Empire attempted several more raids into the Uvarno lands but were never successful.

Nearly a century later the Norris Seaway was constructed through the swamp at great expense of time, coin, and lives. During the building of this waterway the workers would often find bits of old Pardor armor, weapons, and the occasional skull thought to belong to the ill-fated venture west.

Lord Oberon of Savewet

By the year 1226 Dilad was quickly being carved up into independent fiefdoms that fought amongst themselves. This was also the year that the village of Savewet came into existence. A warrior named Lord Oberon had victoriously fought off the Lizardfolk of the Fandon Lake region after numerous raids were reported in the area. Lord Oberon was a fighter in the company called the Avarice Group. This adventuring cadre had gotten a name for themselves after dealing with the Goblins of the coastline north of Acre. The repeated raids had made the land untenable for the humans and help was requested.

The Avarice Group discovered the job opportunity and moved south to add further to their fame and fortunes. Upon arriving at the small collection of farms the adventuring party discovered that a group of scaly aggressors had risen up from the shoreline and been raiding the farms in the area. Several fishermen that had arrived apparently started the uprising when the Lizardfolk territorial waters were encroached upon. The fishermen were savagely killed but one made it to the outskirts of the farmland.

The leader of the Lizardfolk tribe called the Dorinz, felt that the farmers would continue to attract interlopers to their home and opted to begin raiding the settlements and dismembering anyone found standing in their path. The Lizardfolk colony was not large but it was fierce. By the time the Avarice Group arrived eleven farms had been burnt to the ground in the immediate area.

Priestess Mo-Landra was the spokesperson for the party due to her charismatic effect and charming personality. While the rest of the group waited impatiently she gathered the facts available and determined that the aggressors had to be located somewhere near the shoreline due to their amphibious nature. The group determined that they would set out the next morning to seek out the lair of the murdering humanoids and deal with them face to face.

As the group pitched tents and set guards they were surprised in the middle of the night by a raiding party. Several Lizardfolk were killed but not before the group's mage was kidnapped and dragged off. To make matters worse a thunderstorm rolled in with sheets of rain drenching the area and obliterating any tracks left by the raiders. The

next morning the hunt for the aggressors began and led to the Fandon Shores. Debris made the trip difficult by a successful track was done by the Ranger and a set of concealed caves were located.

Initial guards were surprised and the party was able to gain entry into the winding caverns easily. A small button was located where the caves branched and the party quickly recognized it as belonging to the mage. With anger overtaking caution Lord Oberon plunged into the dark tunnels slaying several Lizardfolk as he went. With his associates in hot pursuit the group found themselves inside a large, damp cavern. Lashed to a rock pillar was the mutilated body of the group's mage. A large amphibian stood next to the pillar and turned to face the party. A long streak of red blood from the mage adorned the face of the immense creature and croaked "Welcome interlopers" in the common tongue.

The group charged in and failed to notice the surroundings. An overhang stood above the cave entrance and was occupied by twelve Lizardfolk. As Sir Oberon leaped forward a net came crashing down behind him catching the other members of the party. A bloodlust took over and the Lizardfolk slew the bulk of the Avarice Group. Sir Oberon left into the air swinging his enchanted bastard sword and cut the head of the Lizardfolk leader in one abrupt slice.

As the head fell to the ground the warrior turned to see his companions cut down. He glanced over to the dead mage and observed a special wand still affixed to the wizard's belt. Sir Oberon grabbed the wand and recited the words he had heard the magic user say several times. A ray of golden light extended from the tip of the wand sending flame at the Lizardfolk killing them all. As the flames flickered out Lord Oberon noticed the wand was now broken and useless. With silence hanging over the cavern Lord Oberon wept at the loss of his companions.

Upon his return the villagers thanked him profusely and asked if he would remain in the area as their protector. With a heavy heart the warrior agreed and became lord of Savewet until the end of his days the head of his nemesis decorating his hall.