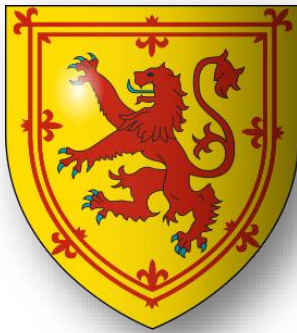


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PANGIA COMPENDIUM

ADDENDUM - 2



BY FRANK SCHMIDT

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Lady Yasmin Mitchell

A decorated member of the Pardorian Grizzly Division, Lady Mitchell has always been a stalwart fighter and protector of the empire. In her recent missions she has been ordered to do things that she did not agree with and believed that the leadership has been infiltrated by renegades to the throne. As a diligent warrior, she took her concerns up the chain of command to the leader.

Yasmin was granted an audience with General Layton and expressed her concerns about recent actions by the Grizzly Division. Her concerns were listened to and she was assured that they were unfounded and the division was still loyal to the crown. After being thanked for her courage to ask tough questions, the commander offered her a difficult assignment. The general pointed out that a rebel faction has been uncovered in the nearby town of Urabus in the southern province. Layton offered her the opportunity to lead a small band of specialists to uncover the group and bring them to justice.



The young and naïve knight jumped at the opportunity to show her patriotism and accepted the offer immediately. The next day she rode out with seven other members of the division and reached Urabus by midday. The information she was given included the location of the “rebels”. A quick overview of the area showed several escape spots from the building where the enemies of the throne were located. As she examined her options one of the men under her command suggested they form a ring around the

building and then one warrior enter sending the rebels scurrying. With little urban experience, Lady Mitchell agreed and advised the troops that she would take the risk of entering the front door.

After everyone was in position, she sped her charger forward jumping off as she reached the front door. Yasmin unsheathed her sword and kicked the door in easily. As she entered and her eyes adjusted to the dim lighting, she was shocked to find simple people including children within the thatched building. The people cowered in fear at her entrance and then the situation became worse.

The sound of missile weapons filled the air and arrows whizzed through the fragile thatch walls. A look of horror crossed her face as the missiles struck the unarmed citizens killing them instantly. She whirled around to exit the building and tell the troops to stop firing but as she did one of her men had crept up behind her and levelled his crossbow at her. She heard the twang and felt the rush of pain as the bolt buried itself into her chest. Her eyes began to swim and she attempted to ask why. The warrior stepped up and bowed sarcastically before kicking her onto her back.

Gasping for breath she could see the dying civilians around her. As the man hovered above her he began to reload his crossbow. "Bye little missy" as he grinned and leveled his weapon at her. Just before he pulled the trigger another man came up behind him and said "She's done, let's light this thing and go". Spitting on her the man gave her a blowing kiss and walked off. As the light dimmed in her eyes she heard the crackle of fire and the smell of burning thatch.

Blinking, Yasmin realized she wasn't dead and looked around. A Cleric loomed over her and announced to several people in the darkness that she had returned to the living. A group of rough adventurer types surrounded her and introduced themselves. Discovering she was among new friends that had pulled her out of the burning building, she shared her story.

It was that day that Lady Mitchell first learned the cruel taste of betrayal. She cut her hair and removed the images from her armor showing that she had been a member of the Grizzly Division. She now works with the underground as a loyalist to weed out traitors of the crown. Yasmin and her friends appear as standard dungeon delvers and will share stories from the trail to garner information on those they seek.

She is a disciplined fighter and has lost most of her naïve beliefs. Together with the "Hedgerow Raiders" she brings a new brand of justice to the traitors of the crown. Her group consists of a Cleric, Mage, Bard, and two others skilled in the use of weapons. The group is unaware of the rumors that the king has been captured but will immediately work on confirming this once told.



The Tale of the Golden Stump

The nation of Allatrama is well known as the location of the finest wood in Pangia. This terrain is rugged and filled with thick forests of enormous Pine Trees that cover the land. Home to outcasts and outlaws from around the continent, settlements are rare and monsters plentiful. The land is also home to some amazing tales that the residents have passed along through generations. One favorite story is that of the Golden Stump.

Years, possibly centuries ago, a large man named Udo Lunde came to the central forests of Allatrama and built a new life here. This stranger had come from the nation of San Doral after an altercation left several men dead. Udo had been branded a criminal and was wanted by the authorities in that land. His proclamations of innocence fell upon deaf ears after he was arrested. Sentenced to death, his only recourse was to escape his cell and flee for his life.

Udo was a blacksmith by trade and had powerful arms from years of working the metal. He studied his cell and discovered a weak point in the construction. Just hours before he was to meet his fate, he was able to pry open the bars and steal a nearby horse. Udo fled westward and managed to avoid further legal entanglements until he finally arrived in the thick woods of Allatrama.

Lunde decided that he should remain hidden and alone until he was certain that he was no longer being sought after and chose a remote forest area. The weapons that the horse carried were used as tools and Udo was able to build a small structure where he lived peacefully for several years. Sensing he was no longer being searched, for Udo relaxed but continued to live in solitude as it had grown on him.

One day while cutting down trees, he discovered a particularly stubborn one that his sharp axe had issues with. For months his trusty ax had never failed him but this unusual tree was different. After several hours of working away at the sturdy pine he discovered something unusual, gold had infused itself into the trunk and ran up the length of the tall tree. The precious metal had 'ribbed' the tree dulling his ax blade significantly.

For three days Udo worked on this singular tree until he was finally able to drop the behemoth to the ground. As he examined the trunk and stump he discovered that the

gold seemed to course through the fibers and further cutting would result in damaging his blade. The burly man thought for a while and, rekindling his blacksmith knowledge, he opted to burn this trunk thereby melting the gold. Once the fire dimmed he would be able to harvest the metal and turn it in at town.

The following day a large fire was built and after several hours only chalky embers remained along with puddles of gold! Udo collected the metal ooze and went to Veshinhime, a nearby village with a trading outpost. He turned the metal in and retold the story of its location. People were amazed at the tale and word quickly spread throughout the land.

Udo was able to get a plethora of goods and equipment and returned to his home to enjoy the fruits of his newfound riches. A few days later pioneers began to arrive each searching for their own "golden tree". Within a month Udo found himself in the middle of a large logging camp with everyone hoping to get rich as he had done but they all failed. Meanwhile Udo had polished his golden stump and visitors flocked to see it before looking for their own.

Sadly for Udo a group of bounty hunters had heard of the amazing find and went to see it for themselves. Lunde proudly showed off the stump and regaled the strangers with the story of find it. The men had recognized the lumberjack as someone they had been searching for and asked him if the stump spoke to him. Giddy with the attention Udo replied he did not know and bent down asking the stump to speak to him. At this point one of the bounty hunters dropped a bardiche down onto Udo's neck severing his head instantly.

The head of Udo Lunde was returned to San Doral where the bounty hunters subsequently enjoyed a payday of their own. This is the origin of the strange saying "A golden stump can't buy you a new head" however few people outside of Allatrama ever understand this bizarre saying.





The Zinca

In the year 1791 the might Greyloch Kingdom fell due to the stupidity and ignorance of the 53rd Hadar. At the time, the nation was one of the strongest in the land and ruled nearly half of the northern coastline of Pangia. The destruction, caused by a magical artifact, caused the land to dry up and destroyed the agriculture and cities.

The Greyloch were known for their intellectual prowess and was home to a multitude of magical items. These items were made by intelligent wizards that strengthened the military ability of the military as well as creations used by "commoners". Among the various creations was an item known as "The Zinca". Ancient texts have revealed that the item had several powers and was used primarily by a sorcerer named Genus Diver. The item is made from black leather and strengthened with magical enchantments.

The item is said to wrap around a human's wrist although it does not mention if it can fit around other parts of the body. The item is decorated with three silver buttons with crosses emblazoned on each button. A secondary collection of fibers is intertwined with two narrow silver tubes and the fibers are connected by two wavy clasps. The item will radiate magic but be neutrally aligned. A sense of evocation may be gathered from a check of the item as well.

The Zinca can be quite powerful to a mage when adorned around the wrist or arm in the case of slender creatures. Each of the cross buttons is imbued with fighting power and will allow, three times a day, gives a boost to the wearer's AC by 2 factors for a period of one hour. The slender tubes allow users to instantly regain (recall) two spent spells that have been used and are 3rd level or less. This power can be used once per day. The silver brackets that hold the fibers can be used once per week (2 times). The magical enchantments of these brackets allow the owner to re-roll a failed saving throw in the hopes of succeeding. The power can only be used once on a roll but two separate times during the day.





The Myth of Elba

The creation of the Gafus Strait between Famore and Fartook has puzzled many since it happened in 816 with a variety of stories pertaining to it. While many believe it was caused from the reduction of the Inland Sea sixteen years previously, others believe accounts that the gods themselves opened the land or underground mining the area collapsed causing the crevice. One of the more popular myths on the Fartook coastline pertains to a Warlock named Elba.

The secluded nature of Fartook allowed it to be a haven to mages fleeing religious persecution from the northern lands of Famore. In the early years before the creation of the waterway the Clerics of Famore attempted to cleanse the land of those who would use magic as opposed to worshipping deities. Rogue mages fled south to hideout in the clustered peaks of the land of Fartook. In the years leading up to the Gafus incident, the holy men had wiped out a significant amount of spell casters and were chasing down a leader of one sect known to vehemently oppose worship of the gods. Elba the Lamé was a powerful caster that wielded Elemental magical power which the Clerics considered twice as bad.

At every turn the Paladins chasing the mage were thwarted either through magic or a deceptive public protecting the folk hero mage. Elba was nearly captured at Krosstone, but managed to elude his pursuers by going through the now buried sewer system. Assistance was gained at a nearby farm where retired racehorses were kept. A stable boy named Humus recognized the Wizard from the romantic tales about him. Humus provided Elba with the recently retired, and undefeated, horse named Lightning. With the Paladins of the Faith bearing down on him Elba spurred the mount into action. Unencumbered by heavy armor or barding Lightning was able to speed off leaving the warriors far behind.

Several days and several leagues later Elba discovered sanctuary at the neutral city of Hillsdale where he was able to rest and recuperate after the grueling escape. The exhausted Warlock slept nearly a full day when he was rudely woken up by the innkeeper. The business man reported that the Paladins of the Faith had arrived in town and appeared to have swollen in numbers. Elba was told that the men and women were going door to door attempting to locate the "wanted" Warlock.

Looking out the window Elba knew that his time was short and asked the innkeeper if there was a secret way out. The man pointed out that no sewers existed in Hillsdale and there was no escape. The man pointed out that he was also thankful that Elba had come to town. Puzzled the Warlock asked him what he meant. The innkeeper laughed and told him that he was the reason the warriors came to this location.

The businessman went on to explain that Hillsdale had been the last site for many of his "mage" friends. The town did not care for magic users and preferred the comfort of the gods above. The innkeeper pointed out that Elba's last days were upon him and he should repent and seek forgiveness. A pounding at the door below was the sign that the Paladins had reached the inn. The man yelled out the window that Elba was present and began to laugh at him. "Repent now necromancer <laughing>"

Trapped Elba knew his end had come. He heard the door smash open below and knew he had only moments to live. Looking at the toothy innkeeper laugh at him made his blood boil knowing that many before him had trusted the town which had turned on the mages. Looking to the nightstand he observed his pouch lying there with a tiny blue stone in it. Elba knew that the item, while mundane, possessed Elemental power.

As the knights reached his doorway Elba kicked the innkeeper back into them and reached for the stone. The Paladins of the Faith advanced when Elba threw the stone out the window. As it smashed on the cobblestone below a loud roar was heard. Puzzled the knights and innkeeper looked out the window and observed water rising from the cobblestones and ground in the area. Without warning geysers blew water up from the ground and began to flood the area. For three days water filled the vale, flooding it and creating the Gafus Strait. Legend has it that the riches of Hillsdale are still waiting to be found under the murky waters. As the flood began the people of the vale fled and were forced to the area that eventually became the city of Phoenix.





Battle of Saracen Swamp

The rebellion of the San Doral people against Pardor lasted from 1229-1237 and resulted in the independence of the peninsula-based nation. The mighty empire had controlled San Doral for many centuries prior to the rebellion and had seen its fair share of uprisings but never so united as this conflict. The Pardor Military had full control of the nation's interior lands and had pushed the people out to the edges of the land. The San Doral people held the high ground and were starting to hold out against the stronger, better trained troops.

In 1233 the emperor opted to deliver more troops and ordered them to the eastern edge of San Doral where the lowland would offer an opportunity for troops to cut the nation in half and divide the rebellion in half. Knowing that the lowlands were home to vast wetlands a scout ship was sent ahead to investigate the viability of an eastern front. A ship called The Saracen was sent in along with two hundred foot soldiers. As the vessel sailed around the southern hook of the land it was spotted and the rebellion was able to figure out what was going on. Word was sent to the area now known as Cullifield to prepare for an attack. This small but easily defensible town readied itself only to watch The Saracen sail by.

Word was ferried on via pigeon to the rebels at Swanford in the north but their high cliffs could not be scaled by normal means. The underground there believed that the Pardor vessel may attempt a landing in the swamp on the eastern edge. A rabble of hearty warriors were ordered into the fens to surprise the ship if it attempted to land there.

The San Doral warriors arrived in time to observe The Saracen looking for a safe place to land. Knowing the region far better than their overlords the San Doral guerrillas moved to a narrow strip of land that provided the only known pass into the interior. This location was also home to thick, flammable bogs. With only a few days, at best, to prepare the warriors quickly began to dig trenches connecting several of the bogs. With a speed and efficiency never before witnessed by the men the trenches were not only dug out but had time to fill with the thick, oily, bog water.

The warriors aboard The Saracen gathered their supplies and sent out scouts which quickly found the "stable" ground to be the easiest way into the interior for the men, mounts, and wagons. The San Doral people skirted the column of warriors for several miles as they approached the recently trenched area. The debris from the trenches had been strewn throughout the firm land making it muddy and difficult to cross.

As the Pardor line approached the excavated area they fanned out to search for a good spot to cross the trenches. With San Doral guerrillas in the grasses on the opposite side waiting, one member fired a flaming arrow into the trench. The oily bog erupted in flame and smoke rose along a ½ mile front. This was the signal the guerrillas had been waiting for. The men and women of San Doral rose as one and began to fire missile weapons at the bewildered footman. With deadly accuracy the Pardor warriors began to fall.



The invading general issued the order to retreat but did not realize that narrower trenches had been crossed to this point. A second fire was initiated at the rear of the military and additional San Doral people presented themselves, leaping through the flames to drop their enemies in hand to hand combat. By the end of the day the remaining invaders from The Saracen had fled in multiple directions and succumbed to the dark recesses of the swamp.

The San Doral people dressed in their victim's armor and color returned to the ship. Their ruse worked and they were able to easily catch the few guards and kill them. A hole was put into the ship and The Saracen sank into the murky waters. The nameplate of the ship was removed and sent to the main camp as a warning. The swamp still bears the name of the ill-fated ship to this day.



Murder of the Took

In the year 187 of recorded history a great debate raged in the Gnomish held territory of present day The Glen. The survivors of the Gnomes scientific vessel "Hata Mori had encountered several groups of Halflings that resided just past the Plateau Mountains. Initial contact had been strained but peaceful and the two sides were suspect of each other. Over the years contact had been maintained on a regular basis.

Aggressive beasts far outnumbered members of each group and survival was a day to day project. After several meetings the Halflings and Gnomes felt that a mutual pact between the two cultures could tip the balance for who controlled the land. While many were prone to agree with the logical assumption there were several sects that felt the other side could not be trusted. One of these sects were controlled by a leader named "Took".

The Took held the further settlements south for the Gnomes and his group was always in competition for food with the most northern group of Halflings. The different cultures had strained relations due to a food shortage in the mountainous region. Threats were passed between the two groups as ownership of this and that went back and forth. The northern Gnomish colonies did not have this issue and pushed for a mutual pact believing that cooperation was the key for both of their successes.

A conclave was held by the Gnomes and the only dissent for unification was from the Took. He pointed out that the others had not had to deal with the same woes as he and his people had. He was rather vehement about his lack of trust in "the runts" and could not be swayed to even consider the proposals of the others. The Took seemed to take his racial issues to an entirely new level when a group of Halfling hunters were taken into custody accused of poaching.

The Gnomish leaders pleaded with the Took to release his prisoners but in a fit of anger ordered them to be executed. The act completely broke down ties with the Halflings who demanded the Took be turned over to them to face charges of their own. The Took militarized his people and created a fortress along the main pass to the southern lands. This prompted anger on both sides of the mountains and another conclave was held but without the Took.

The Gnomes of The Glen weighed their options carefully as is their custom and came to a rather stark decision. In order to promote peace and heal relations with the Halflings, the Took would have to be removed from his position of authority. The problem was that his people were very loyal to the Took as he had saved them from difficult times in the past. With convincing that clan looking bleak the Gnomish council came to the abhorrent choice to have the Took killed. The difficult choice was made worse when the Gnomes looked at each other for a volunteer for the deed.

The quiet room became exceedingly uncomfortable as each diplomat hoped another would speak up. Finally one Gnome stood up and announced that since there were no volunteers they would draw beans. A bag of beans was brought into the assembly and spilled onto the table. A group of white beans was selected and a singular black bean to determine who would handle the task. Each Gnome selected a bean until Kelrug Wormscrew held the black bean aloft.

The diplomats thanked him for his service and left the room. A large butcher's blade laid in the pile of the beans and Kelrug picked it up. A tear fell from the Gnome's eye as he had once been a close friend of the Took. With the knife tucked away in his tunic he made his way to his friend's fortress. Upon arrival he announced himself and was greeted by the Took himself. The angry leader thanked his dear friend for coming to help with the blockade and invited him in.

The Took offered Kelrug some wine and cheese and they told old stories for nearly an hour. With one wine bottle spent the Took reached for another bottle but as soon as he turned his back Kelrug plunged the knife deep into his friend's back. With an apology the Gnome said goodbye to his friend and took command of the fortress. He ordered a withdrawal out of the pass and only then did he admit to the Took's followers what had happened. Kelrug was shunned by the Gnomes and left the community going towards the shoreline. The murder paved the way for unification between the two groups which is the foundation of The Glen to this day.

