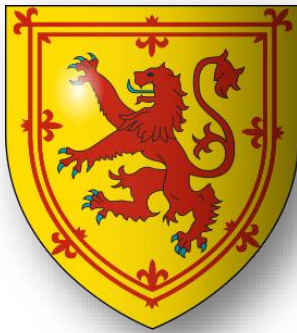


Adventures in Filbar™

US Trademark Serial No.87251157



PANGIA COMPENDIUM

ADDENDUM - 4



BY FRANK SCHMIDT

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Calodontic's Mace

Famore is a land well known for its religious reverence is home to many relics associated with their major deities. One of the better known items is still lost to time and is called Calodontic's Mace. The item was originally owned by the priest Calodontic from the Springdale Diocese in the center of the nation nearly a century ago.

Legend has it that Calodontic was a pious priest who preached love over war despite the dangerous surroundings of the region. Springdale was located in the center of the vast Central Forest which was home to a large Bugbear population. One day a farmer and his young son came to the church to speak with Calodontic about raids near his land. The priest attempted to assuage the man's fears and pointed out that Yeyar watched over them and would protect them. The young boy thanked the priest for helping calm his fears and the pair left.

A week later the farmer returned battered and bleeding profusely. Clerical healing was administered to the man who recovered quickly. As Calodontic questioned him the farmer explained that Bugbears had raided the farm and killed his son. The farmer became upset and went into a tirade. He blamed the priest for giving them false hope and declared Yeyar a false god. Calodontic was taken aback at the blasphemy and could not speak. The distraught man fled the temple to seek revenge.



Calodontic went to the personal garden where a large statue of the deity Yeyar stood. Getting on his knees the priest begged for guidance from his god. Much to the surprise of the priest the statue animated and Yeyar spoke to the preacher. The deity instructed Calodontic to go to a lake in the middle of the woods. He requested that the priest pray there and have faith in the protection of his deity. The statue reformed back into stone and Calodontic reflected on the information.

The lake of which Yeyar spoke was near the middle of hostile grounds and certainly a dangerous trek through humanoid infested lands. Calodontic had received basic weapons training during his studies but had not used a weapon since. He made up his mind that Yeyar would not lead him astray and opted to trust in his god.

The next morning Calodontic set out for his destination several miles away. His journey led him through several burned and destroyed thorps at the edge of his protectorate. Seeing the carnage firsthand made him rethink his message of peace and loving. He passed several groups of refugees each looking dejected. By the end of the day he had reached the edge of the forest where the lake stood. He set up camp and decided to wait until the morning to venture into the dangerous woods.

Several hours into sleep he woke up hearing the scream of a young child. Initially startled he thought he had been having a nightmare but when he looked around he observed the farmer's young boy standing in the trees. Calodontic was moved to tears at the boy's reappearance who appeared quite healthy. The boy waved to the priest beckoning him to follow.

Leaving his campsite behind Calodontic walked and spoke with the boy for nearly an hour. He pointed out that the farmer would be overjoyed that his son had survived the attack. The boy explained that he had hidden from the Bugbears and needed to retrieve something. After the hour the pair arrived at the lake. Calodontic questioned the boy about what they were retrieving and the child pointed into the water. The priest moved to the edge of the water and looked into the moonlit lake. A slender arm rose out of the water with a silver mace in its hand. The arm tilted putting the mace into the hands of priest who took it.

The weapon is a silver, horseman's mace adorned with a black leather handhold. The item began to shine brightly causing illumination out to 10' radius. Calodontic had never seen such a beautiful weapon and turned to show it to the boy. The illumination from the mace showed no boy but a pair of Bugbears in his place. The humanoids rose their own weapons and began to attack the unarmored priest. His previous training took over and with the help of the magical mace he defeated his foes quickly.

In the moment of clarity Calodontic knew that his message to the people was wrong and put them into jeopardy. The next day he caught up to the string of refugees and organized them. At his urging he led the people to take back their homes and land

against the humanoids. With the help of his magical mace he restored peace to the area and drove the foul humanoids back into their dens.



The weapon is able to provide both offensive and defensive abilities. The effects of the mace are doubled if the wielder is a devout Cleric of Yeyar in all aspects. Possession of the mace grants the owner +1 (+2) on their AC as well as Protection from Bugbears making those creatures fight at disadvantage from the illumination of the weapon. When attacking the device acts as a +2 (+4) weapon. Against Bugbears any natural 20 roll indicates a potentially fatal blow. The creature will be required to DC15 vs. Constitution or suffer an immediate killing blow. This effect will be in play on a natural roll of 19 for a devout follower of the deity as well.

The current whereabouts of the item are unknown but rumor has it that it was stolen by humanoids from its last owner (not Calodontic) several years ago. The item is a religious relic.



Fissure Monster

"Fissure Monster". The term strikes fear into the hearts of those residents of Fartook that reside along the cliffs in the northeastern edge of the country. As you stand on the cliffs that border both the Gafus Strait and Mare of Kellen one can see Hellgate Peak in the distance. The problem with the view is that a creature known as the Fissure Monster lurks nearby. Reports of a strange camouflaged creature lurking on the sheer drop is nothing new, the residents have told stories for decades about it.

Recently a group of adventurers scouting the cliffs for pirates reported running into the creature but discovered it was not solitary. The group, known as "The Tireless Raiders", were between Phoenix and Bastion when they attempted to catch sight of the fabled volcano. Reports have come in that as they inched towards the steep drop one of their members was attacked by a, their words, "living slab of stone". The party rogue had his leg latched onto by the creature and screamed in pain. His associates attempted to intervene and pull the elongated and slimy beast from their partner to no avail.

The barbarian in the group opted to push the others out of the way and took a mighty swing cutting the beast in half. Unfortunately for the rogue, the creature had most of his foot inside of its body and the barbarian lopped off four of five toes on the half-Elf scarring him for life.



While the party attempted to break the pair up from the ensuing fisticuffs the party Warlock took an interest in the item. An avid writer, the mystic began to examine the internal guts of the creature and discovered that it was a rather simple organism. Aside from a gullet filled with vegetation and bird bones the creature appeared to have no brain to speak of and reproduction was anyone's guess.

The adventuring group finally got the barbarian and rogue separated and circled around the Warlock who hastily made notes in a book. Camus the Black pointed out to his associates that the creature had no arms or legs and appeared to be able to glide up Cliffside using a mucus based fluid secreted by its body. The creature also appeared to have no bones and used a cartilage as body filler. He surmised that this is how the beast was able to hide in the fissures of the cliffs.

Camus then began to physically touch the innards of the creature but a look of shock crossed his face and he froze in place. The other members of the group noticed and asked him what was wrong. The Warlock reported that when his bare skin touched the internal structure it went numb. The clumsy barbarian kicked the man sending him skittering into a thorn bush but did successfully extricate him from the 'guts' of the Fissure Monster.

At this point the rest of the party began to yell at the barbarian for his foolhardy approach to the problem. He turned to get away from the group when he noticed a plethora of Fissure Monsters gliding towards them. Reports indicate that the party was able to successfully evade the slower creatures with only a loss of some toes as a result. The mystery of "do they exist or not" has definitely been answered as the group is not known to spin tales and the story of how the Rogue lost toes is too stupid not to be accurate. We consider the existence of Fissure Monsters to be confirmed.





Marquesa Bondelli

Forty years ago a political scandal rocked the nation of Pardor during one of the rare times of peace for the nation. In the southern holdings of Lendor was a woman of rare beauty. The daughter of Marquis Venton had recently taken over control of the land upon her father's untimely death. Marquesa Bondelli had been groomed since birth to control the lands as her father never had any other children. Prior to his death he had made a political arrangement with the Duke of Lowestoft for his son to marry the young Bondelli.

After the tragic, and unexplained death, the young woman began to teeter on the marriage arrangement citing a lack of loving the suitor. The previous years had been drought ridden in the area of Lendor and the people had been suffering. By comparison the Lowestoft holdings had done quite well agriculturally speaking and a union between the two would provide much needed relief to the Marquesas' people.

The problem ensued when the future Duke of Lowestoft arrived in Lendor and was an arrogant snob to everyone including his future bride. He constantly complained about everything from the weather to his lodgings and ordered the servants around as though he owned them. The young Marquesa had grown up with the people and had always been very respectful towards the staff.



Marquesa Bondelli attempted to explain to the future duke how things worked in Lendor but was abruptly cut off by rude Sir Henri. He then explained to her that the woes suffered by the people were not his concern and most likely the cause of poor management by her father. The comments infuriated Bondelli to the point that she threw him out of the castle.

A week later the current Duke of Lowestoft arrived at the castle demanding answers. By this time the young Marquesa had been bolstered by people who appreciated her willingness to stand up for them. She attempted to politely deal with the older ruler but could not persuade him to see her point. He slapped the young ruler across the face and warned her not to cross him. He declared that the marriage would proceed as planned.

As the Duke left he spun his charger around on the front steps of the keep and had the horse defecate on the steps at the doorway. Infuriated by the obtuse behavior from the Lowestoft rulers the young Marquesa took her complaints to Halsworthy and King Memeric. After listening to her complaints the regent pointed out that the marriage agreement had been made by her father and was legally binding. An outraged Bondelli requested the arrangement be declared null and void as her father alive.

King Memeric pointed out that only a trial by combat could supersede the contract and that would have to involve the signing parties. The ruler continued stating that only her father, as marquis could participate. Bondelli countered with the fact that she was the de facto ruler of Lendor and as such, she should be allowed to handle the combat request. A gasp from the gallery followed stunned silence from both the king and the duke who looked at each other.

The Duke of Lowestoft complained loudly that "this girl was not fit to fight him" and the entire concept was ridiculous. The king thought for a moment and summarily agreed with the duke's point. As Bondelli began to interject the regent stopped her. He continued by saying that the young Marquesa had made several good points and she should be allowed her day on the field. The duke's face turned a frothy red and he began to sputter his anger. King Memeric pointed out that he did not expect the duke to participate and then turned his attention to the duke's son and said he expected HIM to handle the detail.

Bondelli bowed deeply and smiled as she did so. The Lowestoft rulers were angered beyond words but could not dissuade the king from his decree. The next day the young woman and Sir Henri met on the tournament field. King Memeric joined them along with a handful of witnesses. He confirmed that a joust would determine the winner. The tools were brought out and both parties noticed the tips were blunted. After the rules were gone over the pair went to separate ends to prepare themselves.

A skilled rider, Bondelli felt confident she could ride the horse but was concerned over fighting the slightly more experienced Henri. Her steward, the man who had guided her father was present and assisted her in preparing for the challenge. Rene, the steward, asked Bondelli if she knew how to joust as he had seen her ride. She replied that she did not but had used a spear on hunts before.

Rene leaned in and told the Marquesa to lean in right before impact and to make sure the training pad was tight against her shoulder. He warned her that there would still be pain but pointed out if she could get first contact she may unhorse the haughty knight. A look of concern crossed the young woman's face and the steward patted her on the thigh. "Do not worry mi 'lady, you have already won by standing up for what you believe in" said the man. A calm spread over her and she smiled thanking him for his words.

As Bondelli prepared herself she noticed that Sir Henri had his horse prancing around the far end of the field twirling the training lance over his head. "MI 'lady, please knock that arrogant shit off his horse" said the steward. Her smile grew large and advised she would try her best.

The king signaled to both ends and then dropped his arm. The pair kicked their horses causing both to rear up before taking off gaining speed with each step. As the Marquesa sped down the route the steward's words echoed in her head. As the pair drew closer she leaned forward seeing Sir Henri's smug smile. Her lance made first contact striking the future duke in the shoulder spinning him out of balance. His training lance skittered off her breastplate knocking her helmet off but she maintained her seat.



A loud crash was heard behind her and she turned to see the smug knight laying in the sand of the route. Victory was hers and she tossed the splintered lance to the ground. Joining the others by Sir Henri it was evident that his pride had been destroyed but he was otherwise unhurt. King Memeric declared her the champion of the field and rendered the previous marriage agreement null and void. Marquesa Bondelli had won her personal freedom and the respect of her liege while defying years of protocol.



Mouck and the Three Stones

One of the favorite fables told by the people of San Doral is Mouck and the Three Stones. Legend has it that several decades or centuries, depending on who is telling the tale, a man named Mouck roamed the southeastern nation. By most accounts Mouck was a charlatan and liar who lived his life off the hard work of others. This transient would wander from town to town scheming to get rich in the easiest possible way and he was good at it.

One day he wandered into the village of Opin near a swamp. This backwater community was chosen as it had no "law" and Mouck was currently wanted by the authorities in several provinces and needed to hide for a while. As he arrived he noticed that the dismal appearance of the village was an eyesore and the people wandered around dejected.

Mouck quickly found the only watering hole in town and introduced himself to the barkeep. At this time he learned why the residents were so glum. Apparently a young Black Dragon had taken up residence in the nearby swamp and had been extorting food and belongings from the locals on the first day of each month. Tomorrow was to be the first month and the people were hurrying to get the tribute in order.

As the day waned Mouck was able to speak with several residents all of which were upset at the toils that they had to endure. As night fell the business filled up with people trying to unwind from their hectic day and the swindler saw his chance. He stood atop a table and gave a wild speech about the people work hard for their belongings and should be allowed to keep them.

Objections from the crowd came at him from all sides purporting the obvious strengths of the Wyrms vs. their obvious weakness in killing such a foe. Despite his assertions that he knew Black Dragons tended to be stupid the populace did not have much faith in the young man's speech. Each idea he purported was shouted down and the group felt that continued tribute was the only solution until a real hero could be located.

Much to his chagrin, his gambit had not paid off. He gained lodging on the floor of the tavern and awoke to the townspeople moving about at a fever pitch. Every member of the community had gathered their share of items and brought it to the center of town

for the tribute. Thinking quickly he gathered three stones and some embers. On each of the stones he scrawled strange sigils that he had seen in a faraway temple. As the appointed time grew near the residents supplicated themselves near the tribute pile.

While the residents waited, Mouck moved out to the pile and put the three identical stones out around the pile. Taking a stick, he scrawled wavy lines in the dirt connecting the stones together. The residents watched the activity but did not know what to think. Shortly thereafter a black shape appeared in the sky and a very young Black Dragon landed near the pile and the con artist.

Puzzled the dragon, speaking in the common tongue, questioned Mouck about who he was and what he was doing. To the surprise of all the young man boldly announced that he was Mouck the Mighty, slayer of dragons, destroyer of foes. The young creature was clearly puzzled and asked him what he wanted. With much bravado the scammer announced he had claimed ownership of Opin and all its belongings. The Dragon looked at him and asked how he would protect his dominion.

A smug look crossed Mouck's face and with sweeping hand gestures he pointed to the three stones. "As you can see foolish Dragon, the stones are magical and form a barrier around the goods of the community. You cannot cross the barrier without dying." Clearly perplexed by the bravery and account given by Mouck the creature pondered the situation for a moment. Spotting the tavern owner leaning against his building he ordered the man to cross over the lines.

The man looked to Mouck who nodded his head side to side in a stern warning. The Dragon boomed out "DO IT" causing all to shake with fear and several beads of sweat to appear on the merchant's face. "Pick up one of those stones and bring it to me" ordered the creature. Cautiously the ale maker moved to one of the stones and Mouck told him loudly that he would see him in the afterlife. As the simple man bent down to pick up one of the stones Mouck began to chant religious overtures stunning everyone present including the Dragon.

"ALMIGHTY PLEASE DO NOT TAKE THIS SIMPLE MAN TO YOUR LOVING ARMS FOR HE KNOWS NOT WHAT HE DOES AND IS UNDER THE COMMAND OF THE EBONY EVIL BEFORE US!" exclaimed the charlatan. The tavern owner began to shake violently with fear and fumbled around. The Dragon was clearly getting upset and again ordered the man to pick up the rock.

With great hesitation the man reached down again for the rock and as he touched it gave out a blistering yell and fell backwards into dirt writhing around violently. As he attempted to crawl away he reached out for the Dragon with a blackened hand. A stunned silence fell over the crowd and the Wyrms looked around mystified at what had happened.

Finally Mouck spoke. "Creature, you have cost me one slave. I will not condone your actions and demand retribution. Shouting out he exclaimed "ALMIGHTY, GIVE ME THE STRENGTH TO SMITE THIS STEALER OF MY PROPERTY. GRANT ME THE POWER TO PICK UP THE SACRED STONE AND DESTROY THIS FOUL BEAST".

Mouck tentatively reached down and picked up the marked stone. His arm trembled in power and he screamed loudly. He turned with the rock still held aloft and began to run towards the young Dragon. Mortified at the turn of events the creature began to back up quickly until it vaulted into the air and flew off. As it gained altitude it noticed that Mouck was continuing to chase it. The beast flew higher in an effort to get out of range and quickly sped off into the distance.

As Mouck watched the creature grow smaller in the distance he began to laugh heartily. He turned and walked back to the pile and the body of the tavern owner. The people stood up in shocked disbelief and began to approach him cautiously. "You have magic rocks?" they asked. Laughing again he told the people that magic rocks do not exist. He looked down at the corpse and ordered him to rise. The businessman stood up and brushed the dust off his clothes as the villagers stepped back shocked. "Did it work?" asked the man. It did indeed came the reply from Mouck.

Completely puzzled the villagers began to ask questions until the con artist called for silence. He explained that the entire three stone gambit was merely a ruse designed to frighten off the Dragon. One citizen stepped up, pointing out that the ruse could have gotten them all killed. Mouck agreed but pointed out that it didn't come to that. Mouck declared himself savior of Opin and demanded half the tribute for his reward.

Mad at his reckless actions, but glad that he had gotten rid of the problem, the citizens acquiesced and a portion of the reward was given to the tavern owner. This tale initiated the phrase "Running a Mouck" which means a reckless gambit that succeeds.





Tunnel of Light

History is filled with tales of magical portals from one end of Pangia to the other but none are as famous as Greyloch's famed "Tunnel of Light". As the stories go, every five years a golden light would fill the gap at location known as Bear Claw. A rock formation sitting out into the Speten Sea is pockmarked with shale spots that resemble a large bear rising out of the sea. A gap the size of a castle entrance is present just below one of the "paws" on the formation.

During the lifespan of the kingdom no less than thirty instances of the Tunnel of Light had been documented. Ancient texts purport seeing unusual things during the light show which only lasted a few minutes for each instance. In later years the area was blockaded by the naval forces and documentation was locked down by order of the regent. A recent exploration company recovered a parcel of ancient scrolls contained within a dungeon reporting one of these "Tunnel of Light" experiences.

In the year 1790 a young sailor named Foible was on a warship in the blockade. On the appointed day in the middle of summer at high noon a golden glow filled the gap. With the sun high above there was no chance of illumination being responsible for the lighting and it certainly appeared to be magically created. On this date Foible was assigned to the crow's nest of the ship "The Brigade" and had an excellent view of the anomaly.

Foible was shocked to see the golden aura shimmer and open up as a strange craft began to emerge out of the gap. The vehicle appeared to be silver in color and covered in plates. A small metal tower adorned the top of the vessel and was occupied by two men in white surcoats.

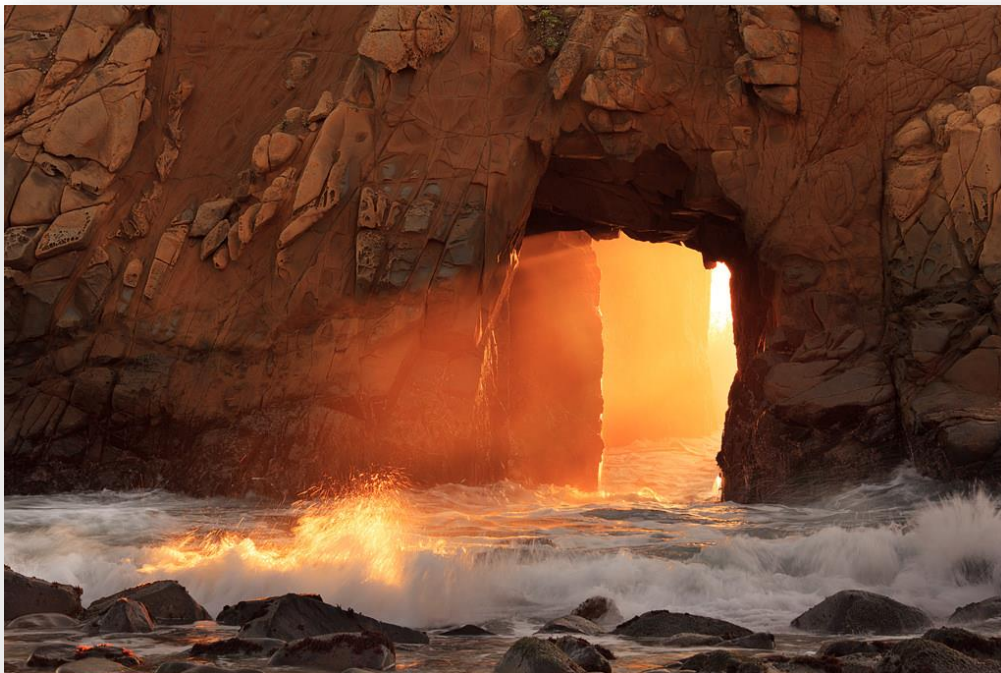
The captain of The Brigade was in a smaller boat along with the commanders of two other Greyloch military units. The small boat rowed up to the metal vessel and a parley ensued. From Foible's position he could hear the group talking but reported he was unable to hear everything completely. The report of the incident from the midshipman stated that an argument ensued between the groups.

Captain Teach was next to Foibles commander and attempted to board the strange craft and was told to desist. Always reckless, Teach disregarded the warning and

boarded while drawing his sword. One of the two strange men pointed a dark metal tube at the Greyloch commander and a loud boom was heard. From his position high above Foible noted that the loud noise was accompanied with a puff of black smoke and fire was seen exiting the end of the metallic tube. Captain Teach fell into the water with a large hole through his armor and chest.

A flurry of ballista rounds were fired at the foreign vessel but seemed to bounce off harmlessly. One missile weapon found its mark, striking one of the two men in the face. The other man in the white suit pulled his injured comrade into the tower and the vessel began to retreat into the glittering portal. As it began to disappear a much larger metal tube appeared from the deck and fired off a ball of flame. When the blast struck The Overlord the ship immediately blew up and sank sending shards of wood over most of the fleet.

Another round of missiles were fired at the strange ship as it backed into the portal just as the golden glow dissipated. Captain Teach was taken aboard The Brigade where Foible was able to get a clean view of the injury. The scroll reported a hole the size of a child's fist went completely through the body of the dead captain and was still smoking. This account occurred just before the final days of the empire and no further records have been kept or located. From this account it has been speculated that Greyloch's Tunnel of Light is some type of portal.





Velchana – ‘The Silent One’

Allatrama is home to rough terrain filled with many hazards ranging from weather to fierce monsters. Among the oral tales told by those living in the southern reaches is the story of a powerful fighter named Velchana, also known as ‘The Silent One’. This is her story.

In the centuries it has taken to tame the land to this point groups of men and women have sought to gain wealth and possessions in any manner suited to them. One of these raids took place at the small farming thorp of Tungsten near the eastern coastline. Barbarians from the Black Talon Tribe set upon the community and slew every member of Tungsten that they could find. When the raiders ended their assault over fifty people lay in the fresh snow, hacked to death by the weapons of these barbarians.

By dusk the village had been picked clean of anything of value and the intruders left without burying the dead. Shortly after sunset Grofa, a hunter, and his ten year old daughter Velchana returned to their home to find that their previous life was destroyed. The pair organized the dead and burned their corpses as was their custom. With an enormous blaze behind them the two moved into the countryside to extract revenge on the Black Talon Tribe.

As night fell on day two of the chase, Grofa observed flickering campfires. Quietly the pair moved forward to the edge of the light. He told his young daughter to remain behind and then crept into the camp. For several nervous minutes the girl waited and was so intent on the fires in front of her that she did not realize guards had found her. She was grabbed from behind and managed to bite one warrior on the hand before she was knocked unconscious.

Cold water splashed on her face rousing her awake. She found her and her father tied to trees with a large contingent of the Black Talon Tribe surrounding them. The chieftain approached her father and asked him who he was. A defiant Grofa spit on the large man who promptly lopped off his head rolling to the feet of Velchana who cried out. The chieftain approached her and asked her to identify herself. She scowled and told him that she would never speak again. As he raised his axe to chop her head a

woman stopped him. As Velchana watched, Chieftain's sister pleaded for mercy on the young child. An argument ensued but the Black Talon leader relented. Velchana was turned over to the woman.

As the seasons changed the traumatized child never spoke as she had promised. Chieftain's sister took good care of Velchana and treated her as her own daughter. Over the years the refugee watched and waited for her chance at retribution. She learned the ways of the Black Talon people and learned the art of healing from Chieftain's sister. During this period she learned what could heal and what could harm.

After six years the chieftain spoke with Velchana again but it was to inform her that she was of age to marry and would have no say in the matter. The young woman stared daggers and learned that the next night a celebration would occur in which all the eligible women of the tribe would be married off. With this knowledge sprang an idea. For the next several hours she gathered items from nature's bounty and helped prepare the celebratory meal.



When the women of the tribe began to serve the food Velchana saw her opportunity. She began to add a seasoning to everything served that night. With everyone in a good mood few took notice of the silent girl's actions. Everyone engaged in the feast and all suffered the same fate. As the "picking of the mate" ceremony began coughing began from several different people. As the chorus picked up Velchana watched in silent happiness. Her 'seasoning' was a poison that attacked the lungs. The members of the Black Talon tribe choked to death as they were unable to breathe.

Velchana walked over to the strong chieftain who was lasting longer than anyone else. Wordlessly she hefted his axe as he tried with all his might to get a breath. A crooked smile crossed the woman's face and she buried the axe squarely into the head of the man who had robbed her of her previous life. Rumor has it that one small child witnessed the event and survived...hence the legend of "The Silent One"