

A dramatic illustration of a dragon breathing fire at a group of dwarves. The dragon, with grey scales and a red interior mouth, is breathing a large plume of orange and yellow fire. In the foreground, two dwarves in ornate metal armor are visible, one holding a hammer. In the background, a group of dwarves are standing on a rocky ledge, holding long wooden poles with sharp metal points. The scene is set in a dark, cavernous environment with a large, glowing yellow orb in the background.

TRUVANG

CHRONICLES



CURSE OF RUNES

FOREWORD

Max Herngren

*“Runes shalt thou find, | and fateful signs,
That the king of singers colored,
And the mighty gods have made;
Full strong the signs, | full mighty the signs
That the ruler of gods doth write”
Hávamál*





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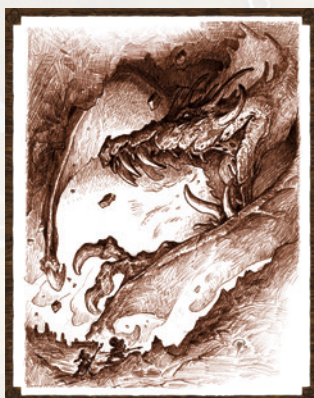
Additional Kudos

Thanks to all the Kickstarter pledgers and to all the backers who made this project come to life

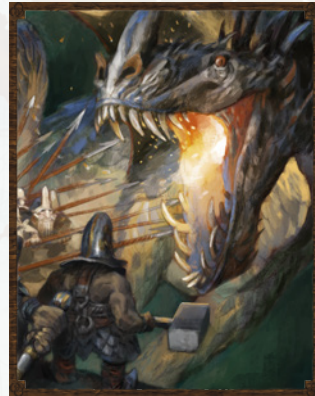
Our style is to use “they” as a singular gender-neutral pronoun when possible. This usage continues to gain mainstream acceptance, including among major style guides such as The Associated Press Stylebook and The Chicago Manual of Style. We believe it is appropriate and practical, not just to reflect common usage but to accommodate a more inclusive view of gender identity. The Trudvang Chronicles books also use “he” or “she” when helpful for added clarity.

ISBN:

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PROLOGUE

Take heed, skalds and gamemasters. Let me tell you a story.
As the fate of the realm of the mysterious Dwarves hangs
in the balance, our heroes' parlay with giants, do battle
with serpent gods, sing with the east wind, and brave the
unknown underground of a forgotten realm.

This is the story of the Curse of Runes, set in a land of sagas that has been forgotten by time and history. Who can say what really happened, and what is just a story? I cannot tell you, for even I have forgotten. So, listen well – this is a tale you won't believe.

PREPARATIONS

Curse of Runes is an epic campaign that tells the story of an accursed sword from the ancient days of Trudvang. This sword carries the curse of an old Dwarf mystery, and it is the task of the characters to uncover that mystery which lies hidden deep within the heart of the world. Ultimately, they must put to rest the old grudges of the Dwarves, and save not only themselves – but all of Trudvang.

Will you be leading this campaign as the game master? If not, stop reading now so as not to spoil the experience for yourself. Curse of Runes is best experienced around the gaming table.

The module is balanced for a party of four characters that have been adventuring in Trudvang for a while. However, should you wish to, you can modify the campaign yourself with minimal effort to balance the challenge to your particular gaming group.

It is recommended that the game master read the module completely at least once before they attempt to run it.

THE LEGEND OF IRONBLOOD

In the Age of Dreams – long before the rule of mankind had come to Trudvang, in a time when the Elven gods of the Vanir still dwelled amongst their children in the forests of the south, there was a kingdom undreamed of far beneath the great Iron Tooth mountains. And its name was Dirbozvo – roughly translated as “molten fortress” or “great smithy” (depending on the pronunciation) in Vrok. Dirbozvo was not a kingdom full of lavishly carved and bejeweled cities and towers in cavernous hollows, nor did it hold any monolithic gates, pillars, statues, or solemn halls full of archaic kings and wisdom. This kingdom was one of the first great smithies of the Dwarves of Trudvang, and it was ruled by the silent Buratja. Dirbozvo was a confusing network of twisting tunnels carved from the solid rock of the Iron Tooth mountains. Where other kingdoms would have great halls and stairwells and bridges, Dirbozvo had tunnels, forges, and dark gaping chasms. If any of you were to look upon

it now, you would not have known it was a kingdom of any race lest I told you so. To the Human eye, it would appear only as a damp, eerie hole of darkness and nothingness except for cold and stone. That is because no Human would have the perseverance or indeed strength to survive the journey into the heart of the mountain – through miles and miles of tunnels and narrow passages. For there lies the true treasure of Dirbozvo and the Buratja: the furnaces. The Buratja Dwarves treated their furnaces like men treat gods. They prayed to them, they sacrificed to them, and they loved them as intensely as they burned. And the furnaces were things of gold and silver and mitraka and hardest iron, and upon them they carved the faces of Borjorn the maker and his daughter Gutka, who was of kin to fire. If you saw those furnaces, you too would have been convinced beyond doubt that Dirbozvo was nothing short of a miracle of Dwarven craft. This was not a kingdom of the Borjornikka, who polish their floors and carve their faces into statues in monolithic halls of ancient somberness. This was a Buratja kingdom, and all that mattered was the furnaces and the logis that fueled them – nothing else.

There are many legends about Dirbozvo – it was the birthplace of Tukorov who was Borjornolika, and the greatest smith who ever lived. It is the place where the fabled Hammer of Time was forged, which was used to slay the Hrimtursir Kvaljar in the war of the giants. It was the greatest smithy of the Dwarves, and its roaring furnaces were only outmatched by the legendary Logakilj, and it housed the biggest population of Buratja Dwarves ever seen before or since.

Today I will tell you the legend of its fall.

At the closing of the Age of Dreams, the great king, or Thune as the dwarves call their leaders, of Dirbozvo was Nimatetsya, from the blood of Pyurin. Nimatetsya is famous in Dwarven culture and most of his kin, no matter where they dwell, can even to this day tell you of him and his many exploits, for so great were his many feats. His name translates to “one who arises”. Nimatetsya was the first Buratja Dwarf to face Ginnungagap alone and live to tell the tale, and for that he was named Thune over Dirbozvo. Not only was Nimatetsya a great Thune and a great fighter, he was also a fabled smith. For in the magma draped caverns of his underground kingdom, he labored intensely through the thousands of years (counting in human terms) of his great rule. The scrolls of ancient knowledge tell us that Nimatetsya’s carved granite throne sat empty for most of his reign, as he would spend all of his time by the roaring logi furnaces making things. Nimatetsya’s crown and mitraka armor he crafted himself, and so too did he make each and every sword, axe, and hammer carried by his warriors in battle. As if that was not enough, the great Nimatetsya was also very, very beautiful – far fairer to look upon than any other Buratja ever seen before or since. Some of his people even believed that he was in fact no male Dwarf at all, but one of the Norglavanja – the beautiful – who live hidden in the underbelly of the world. Whether such a thing is true or not, we cannot know for certain. I could tell you many other tales and legends of Nimatetsya and his kingdom.

But today I will tell you the story of his death.

For so it was that in the 5,000th year of his reign the great king Nimatetsya had a vision. It was a vision of darkness and endless space. A vision of a lone Dwarf braving Ginnungagap without being lost. He dreamed that there in the endless space rested an artifact that spoke to him – a scarlet sword that illuminated the endless darkness around with a blood red glow. In his dream, he touched the scarlet sword, and a great flood of blood came gushing forth, and it pushed back the darkness of Ginnungagap, and as the blood settled it became solid like magma that eventually coagulated into a solid mountain. Nimatetsya awoke – he knew what he had to do.

The mighty Thune mustered his warriors – the fearsome Logovorda – into one of the largest forges of his kingdom, and there he spoke to them. Hundreds of thousands of Buratja gathered, and they all fit in that craggy, molten cavern whose rock was so black that they called it “the soot forge”. Nimatetsya told his kin of Ginnungagap, and of the sword of blood that he had seen that would finally end the great dark beyond. The Buratja loved their king, but they were skeptical and afraid. Dwarves are not afraid of change per se, but they do not commit to it without due cause. So, to appease his people, the king Nimatetsya called for the few Borjornikka that did dwell in Dirbozvo to send word to the Thuuls – the runesmiths and sages of the Dwarves – that lived secluded in an underground cloister. The mountain itself would determine their next course of action.

And so, the Thuuls came to the great king of Dirbozvo, and for a whole year they meditated upon the granite throne of Nimatetsya and the various passages and tunnels of Dirbozvo, hoping to discern the will of the mountain. Finally, the runesmiths of the Borjornikka declared that a wall had been found at the far edge of the kingdom whose purpose had revealed itself. Beyond that wall awaited Ginnungagap, and it was destined that

Nimatetsya – great king of Dirbozvo – was the one to break it. The warriors of the Buratja emptied many of their secret vaults and armories to take up spear, axe, and hammer in the fight to come – for who knew what horrors awaited them in the formless space of Ginnungagap? The Buratja bore no armor in battle, for their hide was thick from the intense heat of the logi furnaces. All they wore were masks of iron and body markings of charcoal and swine fat that would protect them from evil spirits.

The legions of Nimatetsya came to the wall that had been marked by the Thuuls – and they broke it. In that moment, they were met with darkness, and then light, and then, finally, heat. For the Dwarves had not found Ginnungagap as the Thuuls had foreseen, they had found the dragons. Young, strong, and bestial they were. Half blind, bloodthirsty and confused – for they had not yet been made by the snake god Yukk into their final form. Nimatetsya and his warriors were struck with panic, and many died in a matter of seconds as the uncontrolled fire of the dragons licked the soot walls of the cavernous kingdom. Many Dwarves and dragons alike died in the fighting that went on for days according to legend. The dragons fought with tooth and claw and fire, the Dwarves with hammer, axe, sword, and iron wills. But as the dragons were yet young, and the Dwarves were legion, Nimatetsya and his warriors managed to overcome the wyrms and ensnare them with great iron bonds made from the hardest iron they could find in the mountain. The Dwarves call this battle “the great defeat” as they had failed to find Ginnungagap and make good on their king’s wishes to find the sword of blood. But Nimatetsya was not dissuaded, for he had an idea, a plan. The sword of blood that he saw in the dream might not have lain within Ginnungagap after all, but he knew that there was a reason why the Thuuls and the dream had brought him to the den of the dragons.

The Dwarves bound the dragons in mighty chains, and they muzzled them as best they could. Then, they brought

them to the furnaces. For while the fire of logis is indeed intense, none could possibly match the fire of dragons. With irons, hot pincers, and great chains and whips of a thousand masters, the Dwarves subdued the dragons and made them bend to their will. They gave new life to the furnaces of Dirbozvo, and the fires of that kingdom burned like never before. For generations, the dragons were bound in the forges of the Buratja, and for generations they grew stronger. With every year that passed, the fires of the dragons became more and more intense, and so the Dwarves could craft things of even greater beauty. However, the will of the dragons seemed broken as if they had accepted their new fate in captivity. They became sorrowful, and still. It was in that time that many legendary artifacts were shaped that are remembered to this day in writing and in song. The sword of the Elven king Vainoahve, the spear of the dark Witch Lord, and the helmet of the god chosen from the west whose name is forgotten by the Dwarves.

As the dragons grew stronger, Nimatetsya went to work on building a furnace. A furnace so large that its memory would echo throughout eternity. A furnace that could hold such heat and power that the things that were of its making would bring tears to whoever laid their eyes upon them. The great Thuul of Dirbozvo and his closest smiths labored day and night for nigh on a hundred years. Nimatetsya prepared to make his sword. And one day, the moment came when the dragons were large enough and their fire intense enough for the sword to be crafted. So, in the great soot forge, the Dwarves made ready for the forging of the blade that Nimatetsya had seen in his dreams. Five dragons were brought forth and positioned around the fire. It took ten Dwarves to subdue each dragon. Nimatetsya came into the forge and he shunned his crown and his heavy mitraka armor. The great king of the Buratja labored for ten days and ten nights by the furnace as the dragons around it breathed forth white hot fire

without rest. With only his instincts and his sense to guide him, Nimatetsya listened to the sound of the furnace and the fire to know how to treat it. He fed the furnace iron and charcoal in quantities unnumbered and the monumental god of heat devoured it like a starved beast, eating its fill. At the end of the process, just when the moment was right, the time came to execute the final part of Nimatetsya's plan. On the Thune's command, the Dwarves slew the dragons with huge pendulum axes swinging from the roof of the cavernous forge. As the axes fell, the crimson blood of the great wyrms gushed forth in roaring fountains and covered the entire forge from top to bottom. Every Dwarf there bathed in the sanguine liquid, and so did the molten iron in the mold of the sword-to-be. In that moment, Nimatetsya thought he saw an idol of Yukk in the forge shake in anger, but he paid the portent no mind, and thought it a trick of the eye. As the dragon's bodies were still warm, the king mixed the blood and the iron in the gargantuan furnace, and they merged into what is famously known today as Ironblood iron – the hardest material ever created by men, elves, or dwarves. But the great king's work was not over yet. For months more he labored in the forges of his cavernous kingdom, working the metal into the proper shape and finish which his vision demanded. Finally, after a year's hard work, Nimatetsya held aloft his new creation – a perfectly straight and thick blade colored scarlet by the dragon's blood, emitting a crimson glow around it. The Thuuls infused the sword with great runes and magical wards that were inscribed in intricate patterns all along the side of the blade, for this new material was untested and unknown by the Dwarves and so they feared what it might do to them. The jewelers and artisans etched gemstones that shone like stars into its hilt and weaved its grip with the thick hide of the toughest Tunnelhog in the kingdom. Thus, it was the fabled treasure of the great kingdom of Dirbozvo, and one of the finest

treasures that Trudvang has ever seen.

The king named the runeblade Krovabonh – “Ironblood.”

In the years to come, Dwarves from all over Trudvang journeyed over hill and under hill just to witness the might and beauty of Krovabonh. There came visitors from Gjitzmakulj, Brokmuskrym, Grunkrovorda, and even the mighty and famous Tvologoya. It is said that the great Thune Funvor came to see the scarlet blade and compliment its perfection and strength. Each Thune brought a gift that they proposed the mighty Nimatetsya should attempt to slice with his new sword, to show its supposed strength. They brought stone, iron, Mitraka, and even dragon scales. Nimatetsya wielded the runeblade fiercely, and it was indeed strong and could cut through stone, iron, Mitraka, and dragon scales with ease. Nobody could dispute the power and strength of Krovabonh or the new Ironblood iron. There was only one problem with the sword: it made the king dream.

Voices of beasts whispered to him in the night. They whispered to him of betrayal and of treachery, of being entrapped, and of being forced into bonds. Of becoming a prisoner, a slave. At first, it was just the dreams, but then the thoughts of betrayal and treachery began to manifest during every waking moment of his life. The thoughts could come to him at dinner, when working the dragon furnaces, or just when walking about the chasms of his kingdom. He began to hate those around him, and he saw them as enemies more and more with each passing day. They were plotting against him; he just knew it. They were slugs, lesser beings that deserved to die. He shut out his advisors, he stopped talking to his people, and eventually his paranoia and madness went so far that he locked himself in his deepest chamber, allowing no one within the same room as himself. Everyone that even did so much as whisper a treacherous word about the great Thune Nimatetsya of Dirbozvo came to know horrible and painful deaths, all whilst the king listened and was satisfied.

Nimatetsya had brought this doom upon himself. For what the king did not know was that in the eyes of Yukk, the serpent god of deceit, the forging of the runeblade Krovabonh had been too grim; too bestial, even for them. What Nimatetsya had done to the dragons had been evil magic, dark magic that did not belong in the hallowed forges of the Buratja Dwarves. The killing of dragons was nothing new to Yukk, but to kill with such cruelty and then make a thing of such beauty? No, it would not stand. Nimatetsya had brought shame upon his own bloodline, and indeed upon the whole kingdom of Dirbozvo. And so, the snake god Yukk devised a way to punish the great king. He trapped the spirits of the slain dragons in the sword Krovabonh. The dragons whose blood had been mixed with the molten iron were now residing inside the blade itself, waiting to be unleashed. And so, the sword was cursed. Cursed with the bestial and angered spirits of dragons who had been fettered

at the furnaces of the Buratja Dwarves for a hundred years. They thirsted for revenge. Nimatetsya was punished, driven to madness. The mental strain became so heavy that in the end, the great king of Dirbozvo, he who was fairest and most wise and most powerful of all the Buratja in Trudvang, did throw himself onto his accursed runeblade Krovabonh and ended his own life. The whispers in his head had begun to convince him that life itself had become a prison and something that could betray him, and so he rid himself of it. Every other Thune of Dirbozvo after Nimatetsya found the end of their life upon the sharp edge of Krovabonh, even the ones from other bloodlines. At the moment of a Thune's greatest struggle and hardship, the runeblade would betray them, and present itself in the hands of their enemies. It was wielded by usurpers, by traitors, and even by their own brothers in moments of drunken anger. No one could know exactly how or in which way Krovabonh would betray its

wielder. But one thing was certain: in the end, they would all die by its blade, one way or another.

Eventually the Dwarves of Dirbozvo became terrified of the cursed sword and in desperation they locked it away behind heavy vaults and consecrated doors of Ironblood iron. The doors were sealed with protective runes, and all Dwarves of Dirbozvo were forbidden to ever go near it. No more would the great Thunes of that kingdom ever wield the sword Krovabonh as part of their blood right. And so, memory of the cursed blade faded away from our time, along with the kingdom Dirbozvo beneath the Iron Tooth mountains. The Dwarves waned in number, as their race was all but destroyed in many bloody battles and struggles across oceans of time. The ages passed, and Trudvang changed forever.

But it is said that Krovabonh still lies waiting somewhere out there. Waiting for an unfortunate wielders to claim it – and kill at its command.

THE RUNEBLADE

As the adventure begins, our characters have found themselves upon the bitter, misty, and harsh highland in northeastern Runewiik known as Skaftafjell. How the characters arrived there, or for what reason, only they themselves know.

It is recommended that the gamemaster weaves in the characters' previous adventures, backstories, and goals into their arrival at Skaftafjell. This way, the beginning of the adventure will seem more organic and seamless to the players, although it might require some extra preparation from the gamemaster.

The first act of the adventure is quite open in structure, and it is up to the characters themselves to choose their path through it. There is a basic premise to guide the characters, and places for them to visit and people for them to talk to. As a gamemaster, you should refer to the map of northeastern Skaftafjell, and ask your characters questions about what they're doing, when they are doing it, and why. This will help you organically nudge them in the right direction from time to time, so that they end up where they need to be by the end of the act. At the start of the adventure, you should encourage the characters to explore Skaftafjell if they want to before they travel to the larger settlement of Hveig, as there are many interesting places to visit in the wild before the story gets going. When the characters arrive at Hveig, the first part of the main plot kicks in, and the characters are set on

a path that will lead them through the quest to find the Borjornikka Dwarves for the Ark Blood Queen, Tuva Sothi.

For help with dialogue or NPC actions, please refer to the appendix at the back of the module where you'll find more information.

NORTHEASTERN SKAFTAFJELL

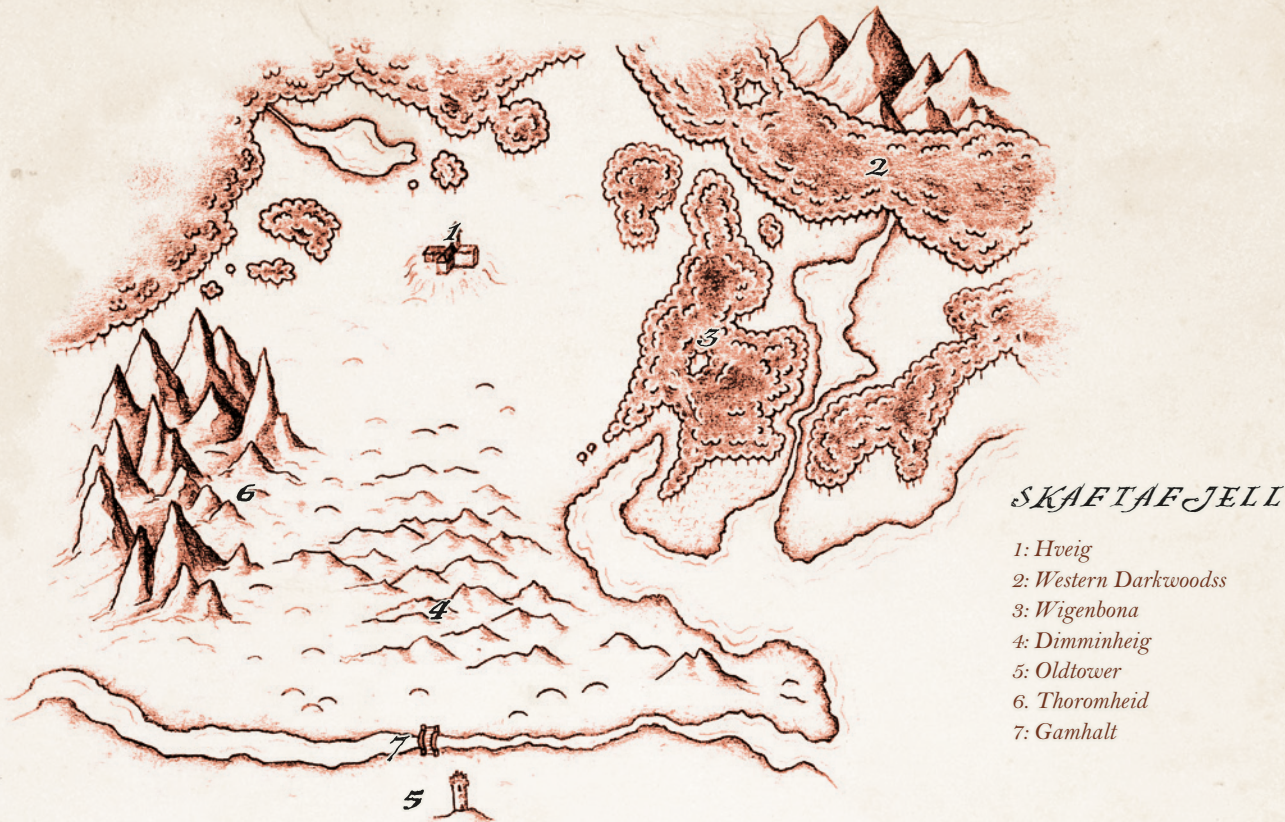
The first chapter of our story takes place to the west of the great Iron Tooth mountains in the northern parts of the kingdom of mankind known as Mittland. In the northeastern parts of this kingdom, where Runewiik borders the sinister Darkwoods, lies the highland named Skaftafjell - meaning "land of many spears" in the old language of the druids of the Eald tradition. It is here that our characters arrive, driven by whatever end.

It is a harsh highland, and those who dwell there make a living as hunters or warriors primarily. Warriors have always held a certain status here, so too have those who can lead a group of fighters in battle and defeat their enemy. In fact, the people of Skaftafjell have more in common with the Stormlanders than the Mittlanders and Viranns that make up

the larger population of both Mittland and Westmark. It is a place where the strong iron will of the Ovus and the tenets of Nid have not quite taken hold as they have over the rest of Mittland, and many still practice the old and savage ways of the sword and spear.

The highlands are ruled primarily by three powerful clans. The most powerful among them are the clan of Gudrugla, and it is they that dwell in the northeastern parts of the land where the green country slithers up with black rock formations against the deep roots of the Iron Tooth mountains and the sinister Darkwoods. Their clan lord is known as Undis, and she rules her people from a settlement called Hveig. The two other clans are the Porkinga who rule over the east, and the lowly clan of Hegla, who occupy the western parts of Skaftafjell. The three clans are in constant conflict with each other, and smaller battles and skirmishes are fought daily somewhere in the wilderness. It is not uncommon for fortresses and homesteads across the land of many spears to change master from year to year, after a siege or raid from an opposing clan.

To strengthen their already powerful position, lord Undis and her clan have



SKAFTAFJELL

- 1: Hveig
- 2: Western Darkwoodss
- 3: Wigenbona
- 4: Dimminheig
- 5: Oldtower
- 6: Thoromheid
- 7: Gamhalt

forged an alliance with the Arks, a savage band of Wildfolk, from the northern mountains, and their leader Tuva Sothi – also known as the Blood Queen. She and her Ark warriors have sworn to protect the Gudrugla clan in exchange for free food, drink, slaves, and care of the fearsome thornbeasts which her warriors ride into battle during their raids across Runewiik.

In Skaftafjell, many still live by the Eald tradition, or some more deep form of nature worship that is very similar to that which is practiced in the Stormlands. Among the clansfolk of Gudrugla, there are those who practice Hamingjes, the dark faith, but these are few and live exclusively close to the borders of the Darkwoods. With the Darkwoods so close to their borders, it is not uncommon for the people of the highlands to take up arms and defend themselves against Trolls and other dark creatures that find their way down from the forest into Mittland for plunder. For that reason, the clans have raised a number of smaller watchtowers here and there upon Skaftafjell. The largest tower is in the outpost of Hveig, where clan lord Undis resides with her family and warriors in a stone keep.

PLACES IN NORTHEASTERN SKAFTAFJELL

The first act of *Curse of Runes* is an open story, and it is up to the characters to decide where they want to go and who they want to talk to. Refer to this chapter whenever they pick a new place on the map to travel to.

1. Hveig

Hveig is a large settlement of wood and stone that serves as the stronghold of the Gudruglas. It is home to one hundred warriors and their families, and some sixty pigs and chickens.

2. Western Darkwoods

In the northeastern parts of the western Darkwoods, close to the lower hills of the Iron Tooth mountains, there is a small colony of Borjornikka Dwarves. The Dwarves live just below the moss-covered earth floor of the forest, in little cobblestone huts and cottages hidden by large rocks and branches of fir. The Dwarves are led by Kvolugain Stonewatch, an old Borjornikka hunter as rough as dragon scales. He and his

little clan of about twenty individuals come all the way from Graydeep in the Stormlands, and serve under the Iron Circle of Grimgnistur. They were sent to this remote part of the Darkwoods by their masters to find the entrance to the fallen kingdom of Dirbozvo, and see if there are any treasures or knowledge that can be recovered from its ruined depths. At the time of the characters' arrival in Skaftafjell, the Borjornikka have been searching for nigh on five years, and have just found one of the smaller and secret entrances to Dirbozvo.

3. Wigenbona

The Borjornikka Dwarves have named their settlement in the Darkwoods Wigenbona – meaning “twig house” in Dwarvish. It consists of about twelve cobblestone huts and cottages buried beneath the moist and damp earth of the forest, housing somewhere around twenty individuals, most of them hunters or warriors from Graydeep in the Stormlands. The settlement is well hidden, and difficult to find by anyone who isn't a Borjornikka Dwarf from specifically the sub-kingdom of Grimgnistur in Graydeep. If there is

such a Dwarf in the party, then they know that the Dwarven treasure hunters and diggers of Grimgnistur bury their houses under fir branches and large rocks. Upon every entrance to the settlement there are usually small piles of polished stones and woven branches that mark the spot. Only Dwarves from Grimgnistur will recognize these signs. The Borjornikka treasure hunters are also known to walk silently, and have knowledge of how to traverse the environment around their settlement to avoid being detected. Thus, anyone who lacks this knowledge will be easily spotted by the Dwarves, who will hear them coming from several hundred meters away. Furthermore, the Dwarves have laid traps around Wigebona that will alert them of any intruders. When the characters come close to the settlement of the Borjornikka Dwarves, they must pass a situation roll modified by Dexterity -5 to avoid stepping in a trap. If the character springs the trap, they will be flung into the air, hanging four meters up from a tree branch in a thick rope bound around their foot. There, they will be left until they are saved by their allies or the Borjornikka Dwarves come to retrieve their prey. Such a character will most likely be drugged by the Dwarves by being force-fed strange mushrooms, before they are returned to the edge of the Darkwoods, unconscious.

In short, to find a way into Wigenbona, one must either be very lucky, knowledgeable, and/or silent.

The settlement itself is very tightly constructed, and anyone who isn't a Dwarf must crouch and hurt their back severely to traverse the dirt tunnels and hollowed out holes beneath the forest floor. This is for the most part a dig-site, and there are not any great findings here in the form of jewels or precious raw materials. The Dwarves are looking for the entrance to the kingdom of Dirbozvo, and nothing else. The Dwarves that are here will attack anyone they encounter and fight to the death, never speaking a word except "traitor" and "backstabber" in Dwarvish to any Dwarf in the adventuring party.

The houses here are round and only have one room each. They roof and



walls are laid with cobblestones and wooden supporting structures, while the floors are of simple packed dirt. Weapons, equipment, and lockboxes full of strange oddities and treasures hang on thin iron chains from the roof. There are small beds here too, off to the far sides of the houses, and in their middle, there are fireplaces dug half a meter down into the ground, where the Dwarves presumably get their heat and cook their food.

In the most eastern part of the settlement, there is a long tunnel that leads onward for a good half hour's march until it stops by the mouth of a cave. Deeper inside the cave, down carved stone steps, past damp and rough walls and pointy stalagmites, the characters will find what looks like a great underground quarry. Here, the Dwarves have worked the mountain for years, chipping away at it piece by piece until they eventually found what they were looking for: the secret entrance to Dirbozvo.

The Secret Entrance

The hidden doors to Dirbozvo are not what you'd expect. It's not like in the stories the skalds tell of huge monolithic gates carrying runes in front of which hundreds of warriors could stand abreast. No, the Dirbozvo entrances are secret, and this one is no different. If not for the spectacular quarry surrounding the entrance to Dirbozvo, the characters would think it nothing special. Just a soft, plain piece of rock with the faintest, smallest gap of about half a centimeter between the door and the mountain that not even a mouse could squeeze through. The hinges are laid with invisibility runes, and do not appear to the untrained eye. When the characters attempt to open it, they find that they cannot, even if they summon all their available strength. No weapon or spell can open that door, at least not as far as the characters know. What they need is the ancient and secret password that was used in the Age of Dreams by a Thuul to make the door and seal it shut.

4. Dimmirheig

The people of Skaftafjell say that the foggy highlands known as Dimmirheig are cursed and haunted. There are a large number of old catacombs here, that entomb hundreds of souls from the old battles long before the lands of Trudvang had been given any names or kings. It is not uncommon to encounter ghosts and other undead creatures up here, where the fog lies thick and the moon shines bright.

5. Oldtower

Oldtower is a ruined watchpost, currently ruled over by the Porkinga clan. They are the rivals of the Gudruglas, and currently the two are engaged in many bloody battles throughout the highlands.

Oldtower itself was once said to have been built by the people that settled this land, but it has since then seen many, many battles, and different people have throughout the years put their own mark on the old settlement. It is now more a ruin than any sort of military outpost. Even so, the Porkinga clan host some seventy warriors and their families here.

6. Thoromheid

On the uppermost highlands of Skaftafjell lies Thoromheid. In ancient times it was a place of sacrifice and prayer to the Flowras, where people would gather every midwinter to perform sacrifice and give thanks to the Flowras of the heavens and the earth. However, in recent times it has become the feeding ground for the vicious thorn beasts.

Ever since the Arks struck a deal with the Gudruglas to protect them from harm, the people of Hveig have been forced to care for the terrible thorn beasts and their riders. With fear for their own lives, a poor few chosen caretakers feed and groom the thorn beasts as they land upon Thoromheid. The villagers also come here to give food and bronze and silver to the Arks as payment for their protection.

7. Gamhalt

Gamhalt is a large stone bridge that runs over a wild and icy river upon the highlands. It connects the territories of the clans of Gudrugla and Porkinga, and a fierce battle is constantly being fought over control of the bridge. One day, one clan holds it, and the next day, the other takes over. On the northern side of the bridge, where the Gudruglas hold dominion, there is a small watchpost where some twenty warriors are housed. There is also a famous blacksmith named Oytun. Oytun used to be a slave to the Dwarves of Grimnistor in the Stormlands for many years. Oytun carries a key to finding the Borjonikka Dwarves in the Darkwoods. He knows that the Dwarves use many traps to protect their settlements, and that they are usually hidden beneath the ground. Sometimes, special shapes of woven branches or polished stones are used to mark the entrance. Oytun has not given this information to the clan lord Undis, because he hates the Arks, and doesn't wish to have any part in aiding their quest. He'd rather fight the bastards than give up this knowledge. He'll give it to the characters for a price, or for a favor in return. If Oytun finds out that the characters are helping the clan lord Undis, he will refuse to give them any information.

MEETING THE GUDRUGLAS

After a long journey through the highland of Skaftafjell, the characters finally arrive at the settlement of Hveig where the majority of clan Gudrugla dwell under the protection of the clan lord Undis. As capable warriors and wanderers, the characters are shortly brought before the clan lord and asked to state their business and names and faith. Any Viranns or Elves will be treated with disrespect, and if there are any Dwarven characters in the group, they will find that the heathen Mittlanders of Gudrugla are very afraid of them and avoid

looking them in the eyes or speaking to them. Any character who is an open believer in the one true god Gave will be immediately cast into chains upon revealing their faith.

Undis' second in command, the burly and black-haired Kvistlaf, will meet the characters at the gates of the settlement and explain to them that the clan has watched them for quite some time. The Gudruglas know all that moves upon Skaftafjell. Kvistlaf is built like an ox and carries a crude sword in his belt. His face is covered in tattoos, and around his neck he wears rotting fingers in a necklace. Most of his teeth are rotten. The characters should feel somewhat nervous about entering Hveig, especially after being met by Kvistlaf. They cannot know if these people, the Gudruglas, are friends or foes, but there is a storm coming, and the characters need to find shelter. They are hungry and are running low on supplies. The characters are soon stripped of their weapons and escorted through Hveig to the stone keep at the far end of the settlement's walls, where the clan lord resides.

By the hall of clan lord Undis the characters are met by a tall and black-haired woman dressed in scale mail, green clothing, and boiled leathers. She is wielding a longbow, and stands guard outside the double doors of the stone keep. Her lips are scarred, and her teeth are sharpened to fangs. This is Jotna-Gunhild, Kvistlaf's younger sister. Her name means "giantess Gunhild", a name presumably given to her for her great height. Jotna-Gunhild is even more grim than her brother, and meets the characters with no warm hellos, only looks that could kill. On her shoulder rests a giant eagle that she calls Mogi. The giant woman converses with her brother for a while, ignoring the characters. She's interested to hear news from the gatehouse, but Kvistlaf has none, except for finding the characters. Jotna-Gunhild thinks they should eat the characters; they look like they'd

go well with pig and potatoes. Kvistlaf agrees, and says that there might be time for that after Undis has had her way with them – she needs the characters for “that special quest”, as Kvistlaf cryptically says.

Inside the greeting hall of the stone keep, the upper echelon of the Gudruglas are in heated debate. “We mustn’t suffer the Dwarf scum!” shouts one flustered individual. “Best leave them alone. No good thing ever came from cave-dwellers and self-proclaimed maggots” yells another. Undis sits upon her throne of ogre bones and rests her ironclad head in her palm, wary. Kvistlaf is quick to announce the characters, and the room falls silent. Undis looks up intrigued as the eagle Mogi flies to her side and whispers something in her ear. With a crooked smile, Undis arises from her throne to address the characters.

Fresh swords in the halls of Gudrugla! Well met be you, come closer. Don't stand in the shadows. I don't trust people in shadows. Mogi tells me that you are assassins and killers. Kvistlaf tells me that you are warriors. Well, I have need for neither. But you shall remain in my hall for a while longer as you might prove useful in due time. If nothing else, you'll go good with pig and potatoes. Now sit and behave in my hall, we're about to have visitors.

Kvistlaf and three other strong bruisers escort the characters to a table by the far edge of the hall in the shadows where they can barely see Undis sitting on her throne on the other side of the room. The conversation continues between what the characters discern to be high lords and warriors like Undis herself. They're talking about Dwarves, gray Dwarves known as the Borjornikka. The characters can work out that the people of Gudrugla stand before some sort of task, they keep referring to a debt or a doom given to them by someone the call the “Blood Queen.” The characters have never heard

such a name before, and if they ask Kvistlaf about it, he'll only tell them to be quiet and not speak while the lords are speaking. The conversation grows more and more heated between the lords until suddenly the double doors of the hall are flung open and the argument is interrupted. In bursts Jotna-Gunhild, her breath is faint. “She comes”, she says. “The Blood Queen comes.” The faces on the people in the hall are pale with fear, and clan lord Undis stands up on her throne, looking like she's seen a ghost. Now the characters can hear huge footsteps coming from beyond the doors. Boom, boom, boom. Suddenly, a shriek is heard in the room, and the Gudruglas move back toward the walls.

Then it comes. A huge beast like nothing the characters have ever seen before enters the hall. A thorn beast, a winged monstrosity from the Iron Tooth mountains, with gigantic fangs dripping with saliva that hits the wooden floorboards with loud thuds. The thorn beast is clad in skulls and iron talismans – some characters with the appropriate skills can see that these are symbols of the infamous Ark Wildfolk. Close behind the thorn beast follow two tall female figures wearing nothing but furs, skulls, and mighty spears. Their bodies are pale and mostly naked, sinewy and emaciated, their hair soot black, eyes gloomy yellow, and their faces painted white and red. Kvistlaf tells the characters to stay put and not to interfere. The thorn beast snaps its neck towards one of the lords closest to it. Another snap, a scream, and a shower of warm blood later and the beast has devoured him. Nobody dares defy it.

Whispers spread throughout the hall as a figure appears from below the black wing of the thorn beast. Clad in white and red garments with a pointed hood, they step forward before the boney throne of clan lord Undis Gudrugla. Attached to the figure's garments are many iron chains and bones that rattle unsettlingly as they move. Slowly,

the hood is removed to reveal a female face, weathered and slender, with eyes tattooed solid black. Around her whole face there are many circles of decorative scarification. Her lips and her chin are painted red. Undis bows before the woman. “My queen” she says in a trembling voice, and presents her sword. The woman accepts the sword and inspects it, holding it aloft. “Where are the Dwarves?” the woman says in a voice as cold as ice. Nobody answers her. She looks around the hall, searching for someone brave enough to give her the truth. “Where are the Dwarves?” she asks again, but slower this time as if wanting to drive fear into the crowd. Undis Gudrugla arises from her knees and makes a nervous attempt to answer the red woman. “We have searched the Darkwoods day and night, my queen. But the Dwarves are cunning, they have hidden their tracks. We are warriors, not trackers or hunters.” The red woman whips around and looks at Undis with death in her eyes. “The Dwarves are cunning, you say. Hidden their tracks, have they. I hear only excuses, pitiful excuses from a pitiful leader. If you are not fit to track a bunch of lumbering smiths through the woods, then I will find someone who is, and I will no longer have need of you. And when I no longer have need of the Gudruglas, you will all come to learn why they call me the Blood Queen.” The woman climbs onto the back of the thorn beast and casts the sword of Undis down onto the floor of the hall with a loud ringing. “Next time we meet I won't be so charitable, my lord. Give me the Dwarven secrets within a moon turn – or you will be the last of your kind.” With a viscous yawp, the thorn beast whips around the room and snatches a man or two in its gaping mouth, disappearing through the double doors of the keep closely followed by the two spearwomen.

THE STONEFYLGI

The characters just witnessed the unpredictable violence of the Arks of the Iron Tooth mountains, and the wrath of the Blood Queen, Tuva Sothi. She is looking for the Borjornikka Dwarves of the western Darkwoods, and has tasked the Gudrugla clan with finding them in exchange for protection. Clan lord Undis is quick to leave the hall and retreat to her private quarters after the exchange with the Blood Queen, and the characters are quickly taken outside by Kvistlaf. There they are handed over to Jotna-Gunhild, who throws the characters into iron bonds and escorts them through Hveig to the far western stockade where they are left to rot in cells built from iron and sharpened wood. A huge and gray Garm is patrolling the stockade, its yellow eyes are penetrating, and its twisted and gigantic teeth are terrifying to behold. The warden of the stockade is called Bryoni, and he's a short little man with a large nose and watery eyes under bushy eyebrows. He's kind to the characters, and gives them good food to eat and warm mead to drink. He's sorry about the situation the characters find themselves in, but assures them that they mustn't take it all personally, it's just the way of the clan lord and the Gudruglas to not trust outsiders. He himself was once a slave of the Gudruglas, taken during a raid on the villages to the south in Runewiik. He can tell the characters many stories about the Gudruglas and the clans of Skaftafjell. He can also tell them a lot about the Gudruglas relationship with the Blood Queen Tuva Sothi, should they ask about her. Bryoni is a capable singer, and will often sing songs at night when the others are sleeping.

The characters are left to sleep in the muddy cells for one night, after which they are awoken by the sound of the door to their cell being opened. Undis herself stands there, stroking the standing fur of the huge garm by her side. Undis questions the characters about their past and about their wishes for their future. As she

learns about the characters adventures and goals, she grows intrigued as she realizes that they are well travelled and knowledgeable about the wild. If there is a Dwarf in the group, Undis will make sure to ask them many, many questions about their past and their relationship with other Dwarves. When their stories are finished, the eagle Mogi comes and lands on the shoulder of Undis and whispers something to her. Undis looks intrigued.

The eagle you know to be named Mogi takes flight and leaves Undis standing in the dark at the door of your prison. She searches for something in the pockets of her cloak, as she begins to speak to you in a low voice. "I will not kill you. In fact, I wish to hire you. I need your skills in this task that I have before me – or I shall surely fail." Undis pulls forth a large and heavy sack and throws it before you. The sack lands with a loud thud in the wet mud, and as you inspect it you find it to be filled with many pieces of gold and silver. "Proper payment for the time being. Come, I wish to show you something."

The iron shackles are removed from the characters, and they leave the muddy cells behind and follow Undis through the streets of Hveig. All around, they can see that the Gudruglas are preparing for a battle. Men and women are gathering weapons and armor, sharpening their blades, and practicing their aim with a bow. The houses are being fortified with heavy wooden boards and poles. Ditches are being dug in the ground. Undis will not answer many questions about the sudden call to arms in the settlement. Only that "a good lord prepares for the worst."

Undis leads the characters not to the stone keep and the hall of bones, but instead out from the gates where they are escorted on horseback northward for an hour until they reach the edge of the Darkwoods. For a moment the troupe follows an old path of moss-covered cobblestone

through the sturdy fir trees and over the huge rocks and fallen trunks. There is a silence upon the Darkwoods, and the characters can sense that they are being watched by someone, or something, but wherever they look they see only dense forest and darkness (make the characters roll for Perception and describe the scary and unsettling noises they hear beyond the trees). Not even the gray morning light that begins to break over the highland can make its way through the canopy of the Darkwoods. The place has truly earned its name. Undis and her guards light torches to help them see as they travel further into the forest. After a while, the group leaves the path, and makes their way slowly over moss covered ground beyond a huge stump marked with a red circle. "This is the place" says Undis.

Up ahead, the characters can see torchlight among the trees. Someone is already waiting for them. As the troupe begins to come closer, they see that Kvistlaf and Jotna-Gunhild are standing under the trees holding torches. They turn to face Undis and the characters as they arrive. "It has not turned yet." Jotna-Gunhild says. Undis tells her to be quiet. In front of the troupe stands what the characters can only recognize as a gargantuan stone statue rising from the undergrowth. They estimate it to be no less than three meters in height. The statue is shaped like huge totemic figure, with a bearded face and runes in futhark carved into the stone. Any Dwarf will recognize this as a Stonefylgi, a totem raised by the Dwarves in the Age of Dreams to keep the darkness of Ginnungagap at bay. Undis strides forward and touches the stonefylgi, "Ginnungagap" she whispers almost to herself. The clan lord of the Gudruglas turns to the characters and gives them a grim look.

"This stone was not raised by any human. This is the work of the Dwarves – the ancient Dwarves to be precise. They

call it a stonefylgi, an arcane protector." Undis begins to circle around the giant rock, the shadows cast from the dancing flames of her torch play tricks with your eyes, and for a few moments of terror, it seems to you as if the carved face upon the stone begins to move. Just as you're sure that the statue is about to rise from the moss and begin to move on its own, Undis snatches away her torch with a hiss, and again the stonefylgi falls silent and immovable. "What I will ask of you is no small task. It is a task that none of my people has been able to accomplish for me. Not even my most capable." Kvistlaf and Jotna-Gunhild avert their faces for a moment in shame as their clan lord speaks. "Legend says that there was once an ancient Dwarven kingdom in the southwestern Iron Tooth mountains, not far from this neck of the Darkwoods. It is not known what became of it, and I shall not tell you why I seek that forgotten place. My warriors are good at fighting and killing and plundering, not at finding old legends and hidden secrets. Your past, however, and the stories you tell me make me think you are made from something else, forged from a different mold. I ask you to seek the Dwarves, to find their hidden gates. If you are successful, you will be given double what I already paid you."

Undis Gudrugla says that the characters should seek out a man called Oytun. He is said to know a lot about the Dwarves, and can perhaps provide some answers the characters seek. He works as a blacksmith by the bridge of Gamhalt. However, Undis recommends that the characters not mention her or the Arks if they speak to Oytun. He has refused to share any information with them in the past, and he'll be unlikely to do so with the characters if they are known to be associated with either. The characters are given brown and black mares to ride, and woven leather saddles to go with them. Before she takes her leave, Undis turns to face the characters and speak to them a word of warning and farewell.

"There are those amongst my kin who think it foolish of me to trust you. The Gudruglas are not known for their fondness for strangers. Neither am I. Prove me wrong." With the thunder of hooves and the rattling of chainmail and the flickering red torchlight, Undis Gudrugla and her entourage disappear into the forest and leave you standing alone by the shadow of the stonefylgi. Again, you feel that someone or something is watching you as, despite your better judgement, you hear the statue begin to moan quietly.

FINDING THE DWARVES

The characters quest to find the dwarves is an open story where the characters themselves drive what happens. They can follow Undis' advice and visit the smith Oytun at Gamhalt to learn more about the Dwarves, or they can follow the directions of the clan lord and travel deeper into the northeast of the Darkwoods on their own until they reach the small Borjornikka colony that is protecting the entrance to the old kingdom of Dirbozvo. Once the characters do encounter the Dwarves and return to Undis to tell her of what they have discovered, move ahead to the next chapter.

THE BETRAYAL OF KVISTLAF

When the characters have found the secret entrance to Dirbozvo in the Darkwoods, they should return to Hveig and Undis Gudrugla with the information. She will be very grateful for the characters aid, however Kvistlaf will grow dark at hearing the news, and withdraw from the hall of his lord with fists clenched. As a token of her gratitude, the clan lord awards the characters with an even larger pouch of gold and silver (it is up to the gamemaster to determine the amount), and she invites the characters to spend the night in the stone keep of Hveig with her family and eat and drink and sing. It is a generous offer, and

one that will most likely appeal to the characters, since they can't remember when they last ate at a table and slept in a warm feather bed.

That night there is a feast in the great hall of the stone keep in Hveig. A wild feast. Not like any other court of lords and ladies in Mittland, where the skalds sing songs of ages and heroes past and many great deeds and conquest. The clansfolk of the Skaftafjell highlands are wild and savage, and this is a feast where even the brutal Stormlander would have felt somewhat threatened. You see, as common as it is to drink warm mead and eat plates full of roast wildboar and bird at the feast, it is also common for the Gudruglas to fight each other. With axe, blade, and club. The mead flows and so too does the blood in the hall of the stone keep. Undis sits upon her throne of bones with her beautiful wife Ahlwa in her lap, drinking and shouting and placing bets on folk as they challenge each other to do battle to resolve some old wrongdoing or blood feud. The characters can eat and drink their fill at the feast, but are still regarded as outsiders by the Gudruglas, and they will find it difficult to have any meaningful conversation with the locals. Any Dwarven character will be directly shunned by the clansfolk, and find that nobody wants to look them directly in the eye. The Gudruglas are a superstitious bunch, and many of them are afraid of Dwarves.

As the evening turns to night, Undis rises in a drunken haze, and proposes a toast in honor of the characters finding of the Dwarves. She says that they have done the Gudruglas a great service, and that without them they'd all be fighting the vicious Blood Queen and her Arks at the gates right now. The crowd is quick to cheer the characters on with their lord, strangely it seems, as they are better at expressing gratitude in a group than directly to the characters. However, as the cheers die down, one person rises from their seat, Kvistlaf. He is very drunk. Kvistlaf applauds slowly, almost ironically, and stumbles

forth before the clan lord's throne. He falls on one knee before Undis.

"You say that they have done us a great service, these outsiders, my lord. But what have I not done? Your most trusted warrior. Have I not shown you my service, my love?" Undis is clearly uncomfortable, and the room falls silent. Jotna-Gunhild rises from her seat and tries to stop her brother. "Kvistlaf, shut up." Her brother does not listen. Kvistlaf rises and turns towards you. "I give you my service, my love. And yet you take these outsiders into your home and a woman to your bed." Kvistlaf's voice grows evil and poisonous and his eyes turn dark. You sense that something bad is about to happen, as Undis rises from her throne of bones. "You have my love, dear Kvistlaf" she says. "My love as a brother and as a friend. The outsiders have done you a great service too, they have helped protect your land. Be seated. I will hear no more of your nonsense, Kvistlaf." Undis sits down and the Gudruglas return to their feasting. But Kvistlaf is not done. He draws his sword and points it right at you, his eyes mad like those of a ravenous wolf. The room falls silent again. "Done me a service? Mockery! These maggots have brought me only misfortune. I should have eaten you when I had the chance." Kvistlaf raises his sword high above him and before anyone can stop him, he hurls himself at you and strikes!

Kvistlaf has attacked the characters, and soon they are trading blows in the great hall of the Gudruglas. The rest of the party-goers do not intervene, and neither does Undis or Jotna-Gunhild. It is against the laws of Hveig and the Gudruglas to interrupt a blood duel of honor. Kvistlaf is drunk and he fights poorly, soon the characters can overwhelm him quite easily considering they should outnumber him by quite a lot. The characters can choose to keep Kvistlaf alive after they defeat him, but nobody will stop them if they kill him. It is their right as the victors of the duel.

Jotna-Gunhild does not react in any way to the killing of her brother. She is cold and silent and returns to her drinking. She does not stop her eagle Mogi as it flies over to feast on the warm corpse of Kvistlaf lying amid the fire-lit hall. She leaves shortly after, and is not seen again.

THE BLOOD QUEEN'S TRIBUTE

The characters awake next morning sore and tender. Their bodies aching, but their bellies full and their minds filled with good memories from the day before, except for the betrayal of Kvistlaf. If they chose to keep him alive, they have not seen him since, as he seems to be avoiding the characters. The party is quickly greeted by Gudrugla warriors as they leave their quarters, and informed that the clan lord is waiting for them at the gates of Hveig. They can leave right away, or enjoy a breakfast in the great hall first. Jotna-Gunhild and her eagle are eating in the hall, but they keep their distance from the characters and don't make contact.

At the great gates of Hveig, the clan lord Undis awaits the characters. She is dressed in thick and wild furs and heavy scale mail. Upon her head she wears a crown of iron topped with antlers, and 'round her neck is wrapped a necklace of garm fangs. From her belt is hung a crude sword. At Undis' side are two warriors, neither of them Jotna-Gunhild or Kvistlaf. Should the characters ask why they are not there, Undis will explain that it doesn't matter. Those two have their own issues to see to for the time being. Undis informs the characters that the time has come for them to join her at a place known as Thoromheid, a hill upon the highlands where the Arks and their thorn beasts dwell of late.

During their journey there, Undis explains their relationship with the Blood Queen Tuva Sothi and the Arks, and she speaks quite openly

about how dependent the Gudruglas are on the Wildfolk to keep their borders safe and strong against the other highland clans of Skaftafjell. She tells many stories about the war with the other clans that has been going on for generations, and how everything changed when the Arks came to them. At first, it seemed like a good idea, protection for service. But at the start it was all about simple tasks, like caring for the thorn beasts or keeping the Wildfolk fed. When the Blood Queen came asking for the location of the Dwarves, their relationship soured like milk in the sun. Undis can't explain why the Arks needed them to find the Dwarves for them, or why they couldn't just do it themselves. She admits it is odd, but suspects that the Blood Queen and her people are very superstitious and even more afraid of the Dwarves than the Gudruglas are – something she can sympathize with. After a hard winter, the clansfolk hadn't been able to feed the Arks as well as they are used to, and Tuva Sothi's patience had waned quickly. Undis tells the characters that if it weren't for them, she suspects that the Arks would have destroyed the Gudruglas and found some other way of reaching the Dwarves. She is in great debt to the characters.

After about three hours journey, the characters and Undis Gudrugla arrive at the stormy hills the locals call Thoromheid. There, the ground is ripped up from the violent movements of the thorn beasts, and there too are many skulls and bones from their meals. Rising from the highland earth are huge wooden poles ending in a T shape, carved with imagery of death and disease and chaos. There are many of these poles all across Thoromheid. Soon, the characters can see black silhouettes on the horizon coming down from the northern mountains. As the figures come closer, they can discern that they are indeed Arks riding thorn beasts. The huge monstrosities are soon upon them, and the wind from their wings hits

the characters like a tidal wave and they must struggle to stay standing. The thorn beasts land on the wooden poles and the war-painted and wild Arks slide down from their scaled mounts. There are not only warriors there upon the hill, but also the Blood Queen Tuva Sothi, dressed in her red and white garments with chains and bones. Her presence is cold and unpredictable, like the thorn beast she rides. Undis Gudrugla dismounts from her steed, and the troupe walk out to meet the Arks upon the center of the hill. The queen's thorn beast is following them, and its unsettling presence makes it hard for the characters to focus. Tuva Sothi and her Arks observe the characters and Undis like cattle ripe for the slaughter as they approach them.

"So, have you come to surrender your kingdom, my lord?" the Blood Queen hisses between her fang teeth. Undis remains steely and unmoved by Sothi's remarks. "No, I come before you as a good servant, my queen. We have found the Dwarves and killed a few of them too. The kingdom is yours for the taking, my queen." Tuva Sothi looks at Undis astonished, but smugly pleased with herself. "Good, good my lord. I am happy, but let us not delay celebrating. I want to find the maggots and squash them before they get a chance to flee, like they always do. Soon, the blade and all of Runewiik shall be mine." Undis falls silent and lowers her head for a moment – as if regretting what she's done. "Yes, my queen. It will be so."

Under silence the troupe continues from Thoromheid all the way to the western Darkwoods and the entrance of Wigenbona. There, the Arks leave behind their thorn beasts, and both Tuva Sothi and Undis Gudrugla join the characters going down through the earthen tunnel and into the cave where the secret entrance awaits. Undis is silent all the way, but Tuva Sothi is bursting with excitement, she goes on at great length about ripping

the disgusting Dwarves root and stem from Nhoordland. Finally, they stand before the modest gate of Dirbozvo. The Blood Queen triumphantly strides forward to it, placing a pale and sinewy hand on the door as she whispers something to herself. With a slow thud that echoes through the cave, dust is released from the stone of the door as something snaps into place. The hinges are revealed, and with the sound of stone scraping across stone, the doors slowly slide open as if pulled by an invisible force unseen by the characters. A cold, dry, and dead wind hits them as the troupe stares into a perfectly square, gaping tunnel beyond the door, leading into complete and utter darkness.

THE RUINS OF DIRBOZVO

The characters have entered the old ruins of the ancient Buratja kingdom of Dirbozvo. Where Nimatetsya was Thune, and the logi furnaces burned like the sun. But those days have long since faded. After countless wars, earthquakes, and thousands upon thousands of years of history, the kingdom has fallen into ruin and is no longer inhabited by any Dwarves. It is less than a shadow of its former self, which the Dwarves of Trudvang still speak of to this day. It is now home to only Goblins and tunnelhogs that roam its silent halls and desecrate its memory. Most tunnels and passages have caved in or flooded with water. The furnaces stand cold, the logis are long dead, and the dragons have taken flight to far off lands.

The characters have entered the southernmost door to the kingdom, not far from where the last Thune of Dirbozvo imprisoned the runeblade Krovabonh at the closing of the Age of the Queen. It is in fact this particular blade that the Blood Queen Tuva Sothi seeks. She has heard many rumors about it, and read the stonefylgis in Arkland that tell of its legend. She wishes to claim it for herself, bend its dark powers to her

will, and through its might overtake all of Runewiik in a reign of chaos and blood. The characters do not know this, although they might suspect it. Undis has only recently come to learn of the Blood Queen's plans, and she is conflicted about her loyalty. The clans of Skaftaffjell bear no great love for the people of Runewiik, but would the world be better if Tuva Sothi ruled over it? She does not know. She has not decided yet.

There is, however, one thing that neither Tuva Sothi nor the characters suspects about the old kingdom: the second expedition from Grimnistur. For as one expedition came from the east to search for Dirbozvo in the Darkwoods, another party sent by the Iron Circle came the other way, from the north. This group of Dwarves managed to open the northern entrance and make their way through the abandoned tunnels to this wing of the kingdom. They are ten in number, strong warriors kitted to the teeth, and they are led by the renowned and battle-hardened Zvorda, Rorthram Trollstooth. He wields the two-handed Mitraka hammer Rauku, and wears full Murgli armor. It is likely that the characters will encounter them in the ruins. No doubt the Dwarves will want vengeance for the death of their blood brothers whom the characters slew at Wigenbona.

The expedition to the ruined Dwarven kingdom of Dirbozvo and the quest to find the runeblade Krovabonh is open, and it is up to the characters to decide how they will traverse the ruins. They must traverse a total of 2d6 rooms before the characters reach their destination. Every time the characters enter a new room, roll on the tables below to see what happens. When they have passed all the rooms, move on to the next chapter.

RUINS OF DIRBOZVO

1d6	Type of Room
1	Hall
2	Tomb
3	Stairs
4	Corridor
5	Forge
6	Cavern

1d6	Door to Room
1-3	Locked
4-6	Unlocked

1d6	Number of Entrances to the Room
1-2	1
3-4	2
5-6	3

1d6	What's in the Room?
1	Nothing
2	One trap (roll on the table for traps)
3	Encounter (roll on the table for encounters)
4	Monster encounter (roll on the table for enemy encounters)
5	Treasure (roll on the table for treasure)
6	A secret door to another room...

1d6	Trap
1	Fall trap with spikes – 1d10 damage. Can be avoided. Triggered by pressure plate.
2	Arrows shooting from the walls – 1d10 (OR 10) damage. Can be avoided. Triggered by wire.
3	Sarcophagus filled with poisonous gas – 1d10 (OR 9-10) damage. Can be avoided. Triggered by opening the sarcophagus.
4	Pendulum axes swinging from the roof – 1d10 (OR 8-10) damage. Can be avoided. Triggered by entering the room.
5	Graves containing 1d10 Draugr open up – they attack. Cannot be avoided. Triggered by entering the room.
6	Burning coals fall from the ceiling doing 1d10 damage every 1d6 action rounds. Can be avoided. Triggered by wire.

1d6	Enemy Encounter
1	1d6 Wildfolk looters
2	A lost band of adventurers that have been driven mad by the darkness of the kingdom. They attack on sight and can't be reasoned with.
3	1d6 Porkinga warriors.
4	1d4 stray Dwarf expeditioners.
5	An old prisoner, chained to the wall. Remarkably still alive. How could this be?
6	The second expedition from Grimnistur

1d6	Monster Encounter
1	2d6 goblins
2	1d6 gray trolls
3	Diser
4	Barrow Wight
5	Stonehinje
6	Giant spider

THE CURSED BLADE

At last the characters stand before the huge Ironblood iron gates behind which the last Thune of Dirbozvo imprisoned the cursed runeblade known as Krovabonh. The gates are ten meters tall and twenty meters across, decorated with many faces, figures, and creatures. In the middle of the gates, two huge carvings of dragons meet each other, and their flames seal the gates shut.

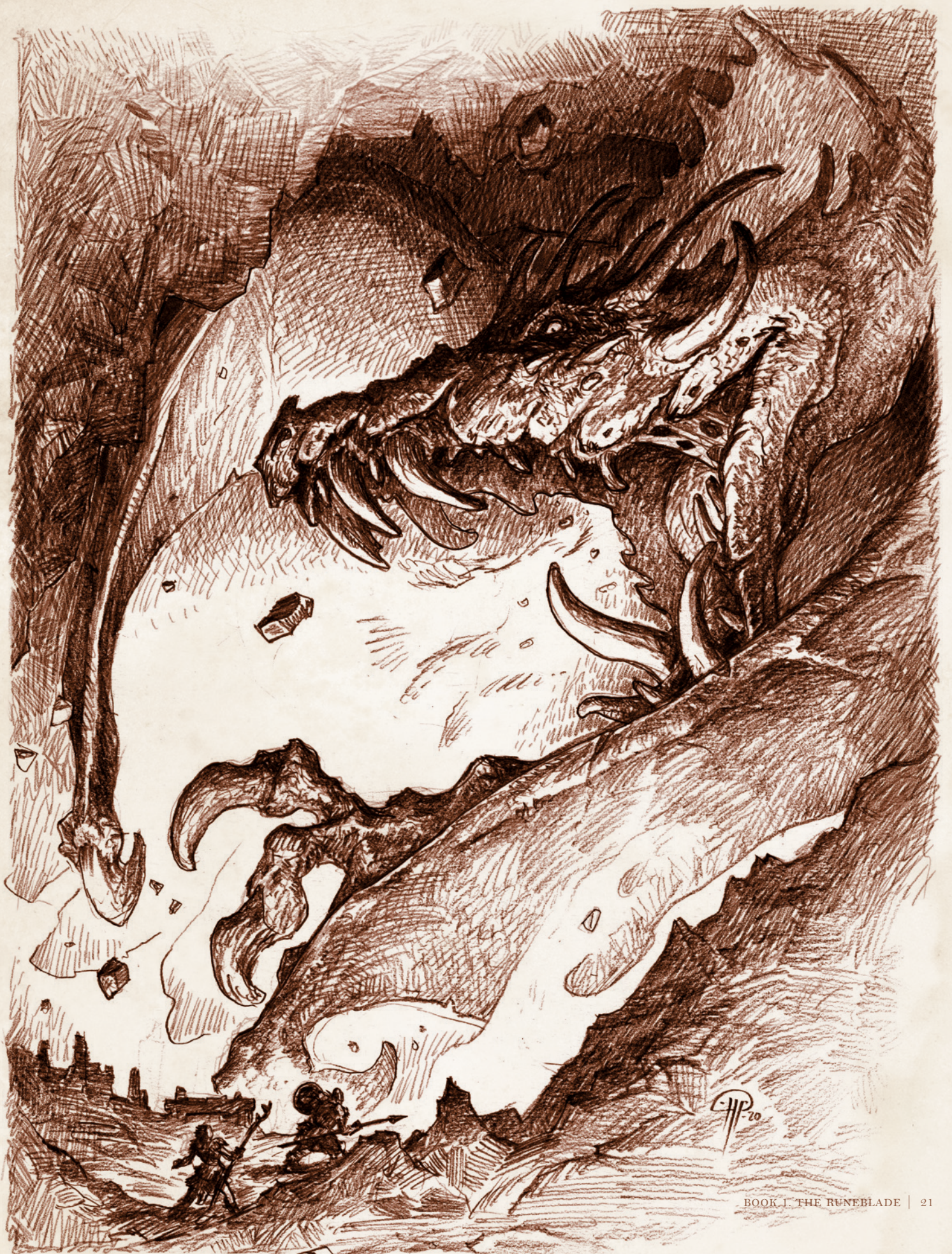
Or at least that's what the gates once looked like.

In the beginning of the Age of the Queen, a great Jarnwyrms known as Glimmyrgjarn came to Dirbozvo to steal the blade Krovabonh. He attacked

the kingdom with savagery and roaring molten breath of fire, and the Dwarves were unprepared for the attack. Glimmyrgjarn never made it to the runeblade, he was the last to be slain by Krovabonh before the characters find the sword. However, before he died, the dragon did manage to break down the Ironblood iron gates protecting it. As the characters arrive at the gates, they find them broken down and scorched, with a huge skeleton of a Jarnwyrms lying in the middle of them surrounded by a meter high piles of Buratja skeletons and rusted weapons and armor. A truly awe-inspiring and disturbing sight to behold. The might of the Jarnwyrms

in life is unimaginable, its skeleton towers over the characters like a titan of old. They feel very, very small and suddenly insignificant, despite their accomplishments. Could they hope to stand against a creature like this ever and live to tell the tale?

Beyond the skeletal dragon awaits no great monolithic hall or polished treasure room. This is nothing more than a huge cave with unpolished and raw walls of blackest stone. The characters can see for several hundred meters into the cave as it is well lit, amazingly enough, by great pillars of stone and iron within which logis are fettered by soot black chains. They shoot up from seemingly



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nowhere, in rows next to a thin bridge leading across a black chasm towards a circular underground lake in the distance. Within the lake there is a small island only reachable by boat. Upon the island there is a scarlet glow, but at this distance, the characters cannot make out its source.

The characters can find a small boat anchored by the shore of the lake, tied by great iron chains to a pillar. The boat is small and clearly designed for Dwarves, and small Dwarves at that. The characters, Undis, and Tuva Sothi can barely fit into the boat – and they should be the only ones alive at this point. As the characters paddle across the silent, still, and black water, they can see the source of the scarlet glow waiting for them on the other side of the lake upon the island. Resting magically upon a vertical stone tablet: a sword.

The master craft of the Dwarves is apparent and undeniable at first glance. The Ironblood iron blade is meticulously polished and shaped, flowing upward like a single scarlet flame from the bejeweled hilt of the weapon – casting a strong blood red glow around it. Three large runes are inscribed upon the right side of the blade in the language of the Buratja Dwarves. Tuva Sothi reads them aloud to you in a cold voice that echoes like the whisper of a ghost throughout the cave. She reads: “Bond, dragon, blood.” Around the tablet there are more runes in futhark. Undis reads them aloud, her voice trembling. “Here lies Krovabonh. Forged by him who arises, Thune Nimatetsya, in the Age of Dreams. Bane of kings and kingdoms.” Tuva Sothi smiles crookedly, and reaches out to grab the hilt of the blade, “at long last.” But suddenly she is hindered by the blade of Undis Gurdugla, resting upon the trembling hand of the Blood Queen, just inches away from the hilt of the scarlet sword. Tuva Sothi looks up at Undis, her expression unmoved. “I’m impressed, my lord. Perhaps you’ll make a queen yet.” Suddenly the Ark leaps backward and pulls out her huge bone-clad axe and holds it at the ready.

Undis takes a defensive stance by the edge of the black water encircling the island, “I can’t let you do it, not this time, you witch.” Tuva leaps again and takes flight from the stone tablet where the sword rests. She lands her blow against Undis but the clan lord parries her foe’s strike. Undis loses her balance from the might of the Blood

Queen’s blow and falls, now the Ark moves toward you with death in her yellow eyes.

The characters are now engaged in a furious duel with the Blood Queen Tuva Sothi of Arkland. Their battlefield, the little rock island, is small – only twenty meters in diameter, and their opponent is a ferocious fighter. She will fight to the death. During the battle, Undis must receive a mortal wound that rends her unconscious.

Strategy

Tuva is an incredibly aggressive fighter, in part due to her Thornroot addiction, but mostly because of her culture. She will try to harm or kill opponents as quickly as possible in order to even the odds, and will dart back and forth in order to make it more difficult to attack her. She will prioritize attacking weaker and less armored opponents if possible, before engaging the greater threats. She will also make use of the ‘Feint’ combat action in order to make her attacks more difficult to parry. She will only try to parry attacks if pressed by a powerful opponent. Tuva is affected by the Thornroot (page 92, Game Master’s Guide) when fighting, and the GM can roll to decide to what extent by using the table on page 89 in the Game Master’s Guide.

As the Blood Queen Tuva Sothi falls lifeless to the stone floor, you hear a demonic cackle echo throughout the subterranean mausoleum. A cackle unlike anything you’ve ever heard before. Ancient, formless, and all-powerful. The sword turns completely blood red, and soon, to your absolute horror,

inconceivable and nightmarish rivers of blood gush forth from the dead Tuva Sothi’s bruised body and overrun the entire island and drip into the black water. A dark and guttural voice speaks to you in an ancient tongue you cannot understand. Your body is filled with uncontrollable heat.

Make the character rolls a SV 12 Psyche test. Those that fail take 1d10 (OR 9–10) fear points. Then continue:

The cavern quakes and you lose your footing as the now blood red water around you is brought to a boil. Fumes rise from its roiling surface that scorch the roof of the underground cavern. Something begins to rise from the water, something huge. It all happens so very fast. From beneath the now meter high sanguine waves arises a monstrous beast, rendered entirely from fire and black bones and sinewy molten muscles bursting at the seams. A dragon so huge that its spiky back crushes the roof of the cave and forces it to crumble before you. You struggle to keep control over yourself as your hearts race and the blood boils in your veins like the lake around you. The dragon draws closer, its gargantuan jaws only meters away. A moment of courage finds you, and you draw your weapons, ready to strike or die trying. But the beast bellows an earth-shattering roar from its gawp and the sonic wave that hits you shatters the steel and wood of your weapons, turning them to dust. You are defenseless. Now the dragon is upon you and you can gaze into the absolute furnace of its gaping maw. Suddenly, something catches your eye, the sword upon the stone tablet. It calls your name.

At this point, one of the characters must choose to pick up the runeblade Krovabonh or they will die from the attack of the giant dragon. Whoever picks up the sword will, from this moment on, be known as the Accursed, and their destiny will be intertwined with the sword Krovabonh.

As you grip the bejeweled hilt of the sword, you feel strong and powerful. As if driven by a force other than your own mind, you hold it aloft above your head, striking a pose chiseled from stone. The dragon advances, dripping with blood and death and fire, but you are prepared. No, the sword is prepared. You strike, and with a steely cold SHWING, the runeblade slices right through the throat of the beast, and the dragon evaporates as if it were made from nothing but mist. The water calms around you, and the cave settles down quietly into silence. You're alive, and you barely understand how.

At this point, the Accursed has been struck with the curse of the serpent god Yukk, once wrought by the ancient Thune Nimatetsya creating the infamously hard and scarlet Ironblood iron. The curse is passed down to anyone who wields the runeblade named Krovabonh, found in the cavernous depths of the ancient

kingdom of Dirbozvo. See the Appendix for more information about the sword and its properties. Only one Accursed can wield Krovabonh.

The characters made it out alive from the fight of their lives, first with Tuva Sothi, and then the strange Logi that seemed to come from her blood. None of this makes any sense to them, and they are understandably shaken. Their psyches are unstable and frail. Make the Accursed make a SV 6 Psyche test, if failed take 1d10 (OR 9-10) fear points. Then, continue:

A cackling, ancient, formless and all-powerful voice calls out to you. You do not understand what it is saying, but you know it is hungry. It needs to feed. It needs to kill. To maim. Suddenly your sword arm is compelled to move, you attempt to resist but you have lost all control over yourself. With anguished cries of pain, the rest of you see your comrade, wielding the runeblade, move

towards the unconscious body of Undis Gudrugla. They beg you to stop them, but you find yourself in shock, unable to move. You hold the sword aloft and against your own inner will you thrust it down with great strength right into the heart of Undis. Her eyes are flung open and her broken body writhes with the impact. Like ash, her soul comes gushing forth from her mouth as she lets rip a bone-chilling scream. She begins to age uncontrollably, her hair falls out, her face becomes emaciated and slender like a corpse, and her skin begins to wrinkle and fall off. The runeblade consumes the ash, and Undis falls lifeless to the ground. Her body nothing but a shriveled and barely recognizable husk.

This is the result of the curse of Yukk. The runeblade Krovabonh has taken its first victim in the hands of its new wielder. The Accursed is seemingly helpless against this new companion, and the characters are unable to stop it.

THE CURSE

The player characters are now cursed by the dwarven god Yukk to carry the sword Krovabonh. As they leave the ruins of the kingdom of Dirbozvo, they are immediately surrounded by the late Tuva Sothi's Arks and taken prisoner. All characters except for the Accursed are disarmed, and the Arks outnumber them severely.

The runeblade is stolen away from them, and on the backs of thorn beasts they are taken to Arkland in the far north of the Iron Mountains.

PRISONERS OF THE ARKS

The journey to Arkland in the north is long and hard, even when traveling on the backs of thorn beasts soaring through the ice wind sky. As prisoners, the characters are treated extremely poorly. When travelling on the thorn beasts, they are fastened by iron chains to their rider, and when resting they are most often tied around a big tree or rock or thrown into a muddy ditch. The characters are only allowed to sleep for two hours per night, the Arks beat or torture them to keep them awake.

The Ark in command is a large man named Goshov. He wears parts of a Hrim Troll's skull as a helmet, and he carries a huge hunting spear woven with human hair. He's an apparent cannibal, as are many of his kin, and he likes to torture the characters by eating human body parts and forcing them to watch. Goshov isn't very talkative, and doesn't even understand much Vrok, only a few words. He can speak the Dwarven

tongue, though, and if there is a Dwarf in the party, he'll communicate with them a lot. During such interactions he'll often mention a place called Borgoverthu, near the limestone caves in Arkland, and ask if the Dwarven character has been there or knows how to get there. Goshov doesn't know much about it, but he says that he's heard that's where the Buratja Dwarves live.

However painful, the character's stay with the Arks isn't very lengthy. One night, as they have made camp in the northern Darkwoods, the characters have been thrown in an improvised wooden cell guarded by three Ark warriors. Goshov is out hunting for food with his best warriors and hunters, and he's left his young daughter in command over the encampment. The thorn beasts are not far, they never are, but the characters can't see them right now. Even though it's low summer, the characters have now travelled so far north in Trudvang, only hours away from the Iron Mountains, that snows have begun to fall, and they feel very cold most of the time. The winds coming down from the mountains rattle the trees of the Darkwoods as if they were shaken by an invisible giant, and bring with them what feels like icy

daggers that cut through the character's skin. The Wildfolk are dressed for the weather, but they won't share their warm furs with the characters.

Suddenly, the sound of a great horn echoes throughout the forest, and the characters can hear the thorn beasts shriek in response. The Arks grab their weapons and start barking at each other and running around the encampment. Everything happens very quickly. From their wooden jail cell, the characters can see armored men and women charging into the fire light of the encampment on dark horses. Their armor is icy blue, their cloaks are white, and their helmets are crested with dragons. The characters can also see that a great white frost dragon is embroidered on their banners and etched on their shields and breastplates. They look like knights. The mounted newcomers quickly overwhelm the Arks and storm the encampment. The Wildfolk try to hold their ground, but they don't stand a chance against the knights and their sharp, castle-forged swords and strong war steeds. The thorn beasts return, and the knights turn to face them. Just then, the characters notice something glittering at the edge of their cell. To their amazement, amidst



the mud and the rocks and the twigs, there is a sword in the cell. Krovabonh.

The characters don't know how the sword got there. Last they saw it the Ark chieftain Goshov licked its bejeweled hilt and stole it from them. They haven't seen it for days. Now that their need is greatest, the sword has re-appeared to them, and the Accursed can easily wield it and break open their wooden prison cell. There are many weapons lying about the encampment that the other characters can pick up and use for the moment to defend themselves (the wild folk weapons are of normal quality). Our heroes join the fight, as there are a few thorn beasts and Arks left in the encampment not yet undone by the knights. The runeblade Krovabonh lights up with a scarlet glow, and a cackling voice calls to the Accursed: "blood, blood, blood."

THE KNIGHTS OF AVOLD

Once the battle is at an end, the remaining Arks flee the encampment like wolves into the night. The thorn beasts take to the moonlit icy skies and disappear. The knights quickly surround the characters in the forest, and prohibit them from going anywhere. A man rides out from the crowd and removes his dragon-clad helm of icy blue plate and reveals a fair and young face bearing a head of silky, white hair woven into a large braid. The man is clearly a Virann, and he introduces himself as Wiggon Avold, a knight commander of the dragon knights of Avold. "Who are you, and what is that blade that you carry" Wiggon says, pointing at the Accursed and the sword Krovabonh, still faintly glowing scarlet. If the characters are honest about their situation, they will be met with compassion by Wiggon and his dragon knights. They will be escorted peacefully and with care through the Darkwoods westward until they reach the eastern slopes of the Sooty Mountains. If the characters lie, and lie unconvincingly, the characters will be taken prisoner by the knights and Krovabonh will be confiscated. The characters will be set free from their bonds once they come clean.

The knights come from the land known as Westmark, and are part of the Avold order of dragon knights from the land of Bysente, just to the west of the Sooty Mountains. The house of Avold is the only house remaining of the ancient dragon knights, and today they hold their ground against the northern Wildfolk and Bastjurs (Jotuns, Tursirs, and Trolls) by a small stone keep near the lumber town known as Nore. Here on the eastern side of the Sooty Mountains, they do not travel often. But as the knights are on an honorable mission from their lords in the west to always fight the Arks and suppress the evil of the Wildfolk, they have been tracking the Blood Queen Tuva Sothi for quite some time. Once they learned that she had settled in the East, close to Runewiik, they re-established their eastern watchtower on the other side of the mountains to be able to follow their prey – that's where they are taking the characters.

The tower is called Oustoyga, or "eye of the east" in the tongue of the Viranns. The knights are friendly people, if a little grim and stoic, and they will warm to the characters even more if they disclose that they were indeed the ones to slay Tuva Sothi themselves. "Gave has blessed you with heroic deeds, you should be thankful," Wiggon says. If the characters want to start talking with the knights about the runeblade Krovabonh, they will stop them and say "Grim words are not for grim places. Let us not speak of such things ere we reach Oustoyga."

The journey to the tower of Oustoyga takes no more than a day, as the characters were already relatively close. During this time, they are clothed and given warm furs for the cold weather, and are well fed. The knights do not share any critical information with these relative strangers, but they ask many questions about the characters' time in Runewiik and the current state of affairs between the different clans of Skaftafjell. They are also happy to tell the characters the legend of their order and the dragon knights of Bysente. It is a long and complicated story, but I will

tell you a bit of it as the knights told the characters, as a song.

Of ancient Westmark ye shall sit now and harken

Before the one god Gave and his people did darken

For ere this time 'twas a king of greatest might

His dying wish to slay a beast – ancient and black as night

Daurglung was his name and with Tugensgrifti he did do battle

The very foundations of Trudvang their duel did rattle

*But in that hour did our great king fall
No one know today where lies his ancient hall*

Leave behind he did sons of three

Red, white, black of hair in sorrow beneath an ashen tree

But thus, did arise the orders of knights

Of Dagur, Glunga and Fodik to new heights

In wartime, old age and bloodshed

No new were born, none did wed

Now remains only one to sit upon the old dragon's throne

The knights of Avold with lance and shield that shone

When the knights sing the song, the runeblade Krovabonh whispers poisonous words and suddenly the Accursed feels angry, as if the knights have done them some great wrong or slain a brother of theirs.

OUSTOYGA

As the characters start to glimpse the gray stone watchtower of Oustoyga amongst the thick Iron Oaks beneath the shadows of the dark roots of the Sooty Mountains, the sun has just begun to rise into the icy sky. The snow has begun to fall much heavier now, and the wind is even more cold and fierce this close to the mountains. Soon, the characters pass a smaller circular wall made from logs, standing five meters high, and running in either direction as far as they can see until the logs reach the mountainside. There's a guardsman at the gates, but with a swift

gesture from Wiggon, the knights and the characters behind them are let through the double gates of thick Iron Oak. The gates are dragged through the frostbitten mud by strong ox-like creatures tied to iron chains. The spearmen at the gates watch the characters with suspicious eyes, some pointing and whispering.

As the company stands before the stone stairway carved into the mountainside that leads up to Oustoyga itself, the Darkwoods have turned into an almost beautiful winter wonderland. The knights dismount from their horses and lead them into the nearby stables. There are a handful of smaller wooden houses here too, made for serving folk and caretakers of the knights. The houses are old and run down, covered with black moss and a thick layer of the whitest glittering snow. The wood is carved with beautiful images, like you can see in many other parts of Trudvang, but not faces or runes or monsters, but instead with fair lines and circular patterns. This is Virann handiwork, finer and made with more finesse than one can find in the Stormlands or Mittland. It's the last thing you'd expect to see in the heart of the Darkwoods.

But Oustoyga is not only a place of beauty in the Darkwoods, it is also a place of steadfast conflict and battle. The tower itself is carved straight from the jagged cliffside of the black Sooty Mountains. It reaches several hundred meters high, and around the tower it is plain to see steps and ledges where masons once balanced and hung to carve the monolithic tower from the mountainside inch by inch. At the peak of the tower is a huge stone statue, also carved from the sooty cliff-face that serves as the upper-most floor of Oustoyga. The statue is formed like a giant warrior wearing black dragon armor and a gargantuan dragon helmet, a thick blade in his heroic grip. Those who know of the lore and legends of Westmark can tell that it's clearly the legendary king Daurglung, who was the forebear of the dragon knights of Bysente. The tower is a sight to behold, even though it is weathered. For the eastern watchtower of Avold is old, and it has been overtaken by Bastjurs more than once in the history of the order. Fifty years ago, the knights abandoned

Oustoyga and withdrew their forces from the eastern side of the Sooty Mountains. It is only in recent years that the outpost has been manned once more, and since then, the knights and their people have been hard at work renovating the tower and establishing its borders. Things are still temporary in the tower, and it is plain to see that the knights haven't quite settled in yet. Wiggon explains that there was a battle only ten days ago when a local clan of woodsmen attacked. They were easily repelled, but there was a fire in the tower, and you can see this now that he mentions it, one side of the cliff is scorched.

The commander of the order of Avold is Sir Porkild Avold, and when the order was given finances and blessing to expand into the east and reinstate the old tower of Oustoyga, he sent his firstborn son Wiggon to oversee the new settlement and the campaign to slay Tuva Sothi and her Arks. It is a duty that weighs heavily on Wiggon's shoulders, and a task that he doesn't take lightly. The characters can sense that he has a complex relationship with his father.

The tower itself has no less than fifteen large floors, and a myriad of spiral staircases and passages. It is an impressive work of masonry and Virann craftsmanship, even in this spartan state. The characters can wander freely in the tower, and they are each given separate rooms to sleep in. They are provided the opportunity to take a hot bath, shave, clean, and eat and drink their fill many times over. The characters are offered new clothing and castle-forged weapons from the armory if they want them. That is, however, if the characters have behaved themselves in the company of the knights. There is a risk that the characters are treated as prisoners when they arrive if they did not disclose the truth about how they ended up becoming captives of the Arks – or where they got that strange sword from. As prisoners, the characters are thrown into iron bonds and cast into cells down in the cellar of the tower, well-kept behind lock and key. There, they drink water from the natural springs coming from the underground and are given flat bread to eat. The knights are not cruel to their prisoners, but instead

they are just, and every morning and every night the characters are offered a chance to confess the truth of their involvement with the Arks in exchange for their freedom. The Viranns are not interested in keeping prisoners, and once the truth has been told, however grim it might be, the knights treat the characters as equals who do not deserve to sleep in damp cells.

The characters spend a week in the tower, and live with the knights, recovering after their hard imprisonment with the savage Arks. Their wounds heal, and their vigor returns. The days are filled with music, sparring, eating, singing, hunting, and drinking. Many knights want to hear the story of the characters, their many exploits, and their scarlet sword Krovabonh. There might be smaller raids of woodsmen or Bastjurs who come to attack the tower in the night, but they are easily repelled with the combined force of the knights and the characters. In addition to the twelve knights that live and serve at the tower, there are also nigh on twenty young soldiers and warriors that are either training to become knights or serving the knights to pay a family debt or old promise. It is not uncommon in Bysente to send sons and daughters to the knights to pay a debt to the local lord, or to grow up "the hard way", as the knights themselves put it.

During this time, the characters have experienced many disturbing things connected to the sword Krovabonh. The Accursed has been haunted by many violent and evil nightmares, disturbing thoughts and fancies. They feel they want to hurt people they love, and they feel a primordial fire burning in their soul – a painful one – even during moments of calm and peace. The other characters have noticed the Accursed changing too, they can hear their friend mumbling and screaming in the night, and they can feel the evil coming from the sword. Anyone who lays eyes upon it can plainly see that Krovabonh is all together evil and a bad omen for anyone near it. Even they have begun to hear its whispers, its threats. It's telling them that their friend, the Accursed, is going to kill them. Kill them soon.

At some point during the character's stay at Oustoyga, there should be an

occasion when the Accursed unwillingly uses Krovaonh to hurt and wound one of the other characters. Not a grave wound that brings them to death's door, but still a traumatic experience for all parties involved.

When seven nights and seven days have passed, Wiggon comes to the characters during their supper, and asks to speak with them. He wants to discuss their sword and their future.

THE COUNCIL OF TWELVE KNIGHTS

Wiggon Avold has summoned the characters to his chambers at the top of Oustoyga. Wiggon's quarters are located in the head of the gargantuan statue of the old king Daurglung, and the characters must climb a great big stone staircase to reach them. There are several rooms there dedicated to the knightly lord, one to keep his armor, one to keep his sword, and third for him to sleep. The fourth room, in the right eye of Daurglung, is reserved for meetings of the knights themselves. There is a giant table there carved straight from the stone of the mountain, polished and smooth to the touch. 'Round it are carved twelve stone chairs, one for each knight, and at the far end sits one for Wiggon. A great stone dragon watches over him, roaring at the rest of the room. Today, the servants have brought more chairs for the characters to sit on, but they are outsiders, and that room is meant for the twelve knights. Other than the characters and Wiggon himself, there have gathered there also Woiglin, Aesethor, Karstbraun, Tommar, Jolhoin, Pirkast, Thulekas, Moromhildar, Oygon, Vildas, and finally Castas. They are the twelve knights of the eastern expedition, and the keepers of Oustoyga. To start the meeting, Wiggon speaks in a stern voice as he watches the people gathered around the table.

"These outsiders come to us in great need. They are driven by demons, dark creatures or forces far worse than we do not yet understand. As your commander, and the son of your lord, I have taken them in as my guests. Our guests. Some of

you have spoken against me, you Castas and you Karstbraun and you with them Woiglin. I understand your concerns, but it is our duty as knights of Westmark and descendants of Daurglung to help those in need. Especially the enemies of our enemies. So, I ask that you sit with me now and harken to the story of our guests and that you might lend your wisdom and knowledge to help them, as you would help me." Wiggon turns to you and makes a welcoming gesture, "Friends, tell us what has befallen you. Now is the time for the true tale, the whole tale, and the grim tale. The tale of the sword."

And so, it is up to the characters to tell the story. Their story. How they came to Skaftafjell in the northeast of Runewiik. How they met Undis Gudrugla and Tuva Sothi the Blood Queen. How they found the secret doors of Dirbozvo, and within it faced the warrior Rorthram Trollstooth with his Mitraka hammer. How they saw the fallen dragon and the gates of Ironblood iron. How they found the sword Krovaonh upon a tablet of runes, and killed Tuva Sothi and claimed the sword. If the characters tell of the moment where the Accursed slew Undis Gudrugla, the knights will grow grim, for they know that this was a wrongdoing, and the characters should perhaps be punished for it. But in the end, they see the clansfolk of Skaftafjell as Wildfolk, and do not act to apprehend the Accursed at this moment. They let this wrongdoing slide. During the story, the twelve knights will ask many questions, especially about the Arks and Tuva Sothi and the Dwarves of Wigenbona.

After the characters have told their story true and told it all, the 9th knight of Oustoyga, Moromhildar arises to speak. She is an old and battle-hardened fighter, with many scars upon her face. She has unnaturally pitch-black eyes, and her black hair is woven into many elaborate braids and hung with many bronze rings. Moromhildar is shorter and slimmer than any human, and her skin is gray, some of the characters might spot that she is indeed a Barkbrule – a half Korpikalli elf. Her voice is low, and wise.

"This sword is of Dwarven craft, that much is plain to see from your story. It seems to me as if the only ones who could understand these portents and happenings are the Dwarves themselves. But how to find them I would not know, or indeed if they would suffer you to pass the threshold of their kingdoms. If I found myself in need of knowledge about an artifact such as this, I would go to Tvologoya, to the deep Nifulong, and search for the Thuuls and the fabled Buratja smiths." A whisper passes through the room as Moromhildar speaks the word Tvologoya. "Trillheim" you can hear the knights mumble under stiff lips. Another knight speaks, Woiglin the fair, with ribbons in his auburn hair. "You cannot trust the Dwarves. They are cunning and all-together evil. Pray you avoid them." Some of the other knights seem to agree, but Pirkast – he who is eldest – is quick to respond to his brother. "Can't you see the travelers have no choice? Sister Moromhildar speaks true, you must search for Tvologoya."

Now, much of the council seems to agree, they urge the characters to search for the great and ancient Dwarven kingdom of Tvologoya. But one thing remains unanswered: how to find Tvologoya. Most of the characters, and indeed, any Dwarven characters, should be aware that the Dwarves hide their entrances very well, and that the entrances to Tvologoya are notoriously well hidden from anyone searching for them. Finally, after much thought, Wiggon speaks a name. Almost to himself.

"Rautakappu."

The room falls silent, and the knights stare at their commander as if he's just suggested the impossible. They can't believe their own ears.

"Not he who hammers souls into iron?" says Thulekas. "Not he who stole the Stone of Sagas?" whispers Tommar. "The Elf-slayer" mumbles Moromhildar, the half Korpikalli.

The knights are shaken by the mention of the name Rautakappu, a name that is very familiar to any Elf among the characters. His story any Elf will know by heart.

The legend of Rautakappu

Rautakappu is the last Hrimtursir of his once proud line. The land that is today known as Northfrost and inhabited by Korpikalli Elves was conquered by Rautakappu and his people during the long storm. The Hrimtursirs ravaged the forests and mined the mountains bare. Soon, great parts of Northfrost were irreparably decimated, and the Elves wept for an age. After the deceit of the Vanir during the war with the dragons, the tribe of Korpikallis known as Lauladalings, stole/brought (there are many conflicting sources on this detail) one of the mysterious Stones of Sagas from the Illmalaini Elves with the purpose of reinstating their old land. With the hero Aino as their leader, and with the power of the Stone of Sagas in their grasp, the Elves slew the Hrimtursirs one by one. Only Rautakappu survived, after his mother hid him beneath icy waters. Aino and the Lauladalings razed the old castle of Rautakappu's family to ruins, and left none alive, not even the babes suckling at their mothers' teats. Then Aino and the Elves called the winds of Trudvang to them to seek their aid. The winds did come, and they were wrathful. For the Tursirs had laid low the forests and mountains that the winds had flown through in ages past, and they promised to forever carry the magical song, the Jojk of Aino, over Trudvang so that the Tursirs could nevermore ravage the land. Only the Farje wind, the wind of the great ice plains, refused the Elves. As is bid by ancient tradition, when summoned by the horn of the Lauladalings he did come, but after listening to Aino and the Elves, the Farje wind named the Hrimtursirs as their brothers and kin, and swore wrathful vengeance on the other winds and the Elves.

Since then, Rautakappu has been a

returning figure in the legends and sagas of the Elves of Trudvang. The sagas tell of how Rautakappu, in his clothes of iron, riding his sled pulled by mastomants, tries to lure the Elves into the pits and holes where the winds cannot reach. He is said to be fond of eating Elves and Humans, and trapping them in his giant sack. He's a trickster and a deceiver who likes games, riddles, and competitions, which he is known to be rather good at. In this context, any Elf can recall that the sagas of their kin mention Rautakappu as a friend of the Dwarves and an ally of the ancient smiths and Thuuls. It is said and sung that it was them who taught Rautakappu how to forge living souls into iron, a horrible fate for those whom it befalls.

If there are not any Elves in the adventuring party, the legend of Rautakappu is told to them by the knight Moromhildar, who is a arkbrule, half Korpikalli Elf. However, different Elves or different scholars and learned characters might have other conflicting opinions about the legends of Rautakappu. Let the characters roll for Lore & Legends, and give them some different details of the tale. Who really lived at Northfrost? Was it the Korpikalli that stole the Stone of Sagas from the Illmalaini, or was it the other way around? Was it truly just one Stone of Sagas or more? Some may even have read or heard that Rautakappu has a castle of ice on the borders of Arkland, and a great horn within which it is said that the fierce Farje wind lives.

When the telling is done, Wiggon speaks again, standing high up in his stony seat.

"He is a trickster and a feind, but if there is anyone who would know the hidden entrance to the kingdom of Tvologoya and be able to help you find the Thuuns and smiths of Nifulong, it is Rautakappu the frost giant. He will not be hard to find; the Tursir roams the northern Darkwoods on the borders of Arkland, with his sled pulled by mastomants – presumably looking for something or someone. No doubt, Rautakappu will try to fool you and

trick you, maybe even eat you or hammer your souls into iron. At the very least, he'll want something in return for revealing the entrance, I can promise you that. But I see no other option, lest you keep the accursed sword as your lot in life. It will be difficult, but with enough cunning and trickery you might just be able to outsmart the old Tursir, Gave be good."

This is the road the characters must take to find the hidden entrance to Tvologoya, where they might just be able to be rid of the cursed sword Krovabonh. You should remind the Accursed that they have been haunted by many violent and evil nightmares, disturbing thoughts and fancies.

TOWARDS ARKLAND

The journey to the borders of Arkland is hard, and it goes through the northwestern Darkwoods, a gloomy and evil part of Trudvang. Upon leaving Oustoyga, the characters are given food, water, and provisions to survive one month in the wild. In addition, they are given a horse each, loaned for an undisclosed amount of time. They are fine mares of silver, brown and white, and black and red. The strong horses come from Bysente, a land in Westmark, and they have been trained by the knights of Avold to obey their master's word as law. The animals are muscular, and obviously well-traveled in the northern wilderness and mountainous slopes of Trudvang. The characters are also offered the chance to buy mastomant fur as protection from the harsh winds that plague the slopes of the Iron Mountains and the borders of Arkland. However, they are very expensive, even at the discounted price the knights offer.

Upon bidding farewell to the characters, Wiggon extends an invitation to their stone keep Nore on the western side of the Sooty Mountains. They can return the horses there once they are through with their quest. The knights of Avold will want to know all about it, and what became of that magical sword

in the end. Wiggon leaves the characters at the log wall, but the Barkbrule knight Moromhildar joins the characters for an hour or two, riding into the woods to set them on their path. She knows the woods well, almost as her own home. But at the end of the third hour, Moromhildar stops by the root of a great Stonefylgi. The faces of the totemic statue stare down at the characters, almost as a warning to not pass beyond this point. Moromhildar points due northeastward, “ride against the direction of the running brooks and you’ll find your way.” Thus, she leaves the characters there alone, and for a moment the world feels very vast, wide, and wild.

The road goes north. Toward the borders of the Iron Mountains and the homeland of the vicious Wildfolk known as the Arks. There, they must search for the Hrimtursir known as Rautakappu. The journey northward is hard and long, and above all else, it is dangerous. The Darkwoods are a mysterious and dark woodland mausoleum full of monsters, beasts, Wildfolk, and nightmares. Few are strong enough to live in its shadow, and there are only a few and very old paths to lead travelers and adventurers through it. Where the characters are going there are no paths, no travelers, no civilization to speak of. On foot, the journey takes a month, and on horseback, the journey takes about two and a half to three weeks. There is plenty of game in the forest, but everything that the characters encounter seems to be wilder, darker, and more violent. Even the trees and the roots sometimes seem out to entangle them and drag them beneath the earth.

In your session, you can choose to cut through this journey quickly, summarizing it as a hard ordeal that wears heavily on the characters. Or you can choose to play this out day by day, night by night, and let the characters make their way through the forest on their own and experience it in detail. Or something in between. Whatever you do, it is important that the characters understand that the journey is not an easy one. They should encounter plenty

of monsters and Wildfolk that attempt to stop them, capture them, or eat them even. Whatever the case, the characters mustn’t reach the borders of Arkland unscathed and rested. They should be wounded, weary, tired, and hungry.

Encounters in the Darkwoods

1d20	Event
1-3	Wandering trader.
4-6	King’s crown moose family.
7-9	Mastomant sighting, up to six individuals.
10-13	Forest Troll ambush.
14-16	Wildfolk encampment.
17-19	Borjornikka house (the Dwarves will never reveal the location of Tvologoya).
20	Lindwyrn den.

Weather Conditions in the Darkwoods

1d10	Weather
1	Warming sun, cool winds.
2	Rough wind.
3	Misty and cloudy
4	Light rain
5	Heavy rain
6	Light snows, cold winds.
7	Heavy snows, icy winds.
8	Hale and storm - roll for frostbite every three days.
9	Blizzard – roll for frostbite every day. Almost impossible to hunt.
10	Farje wind snowstorms – 1d3 (1d6 if not wearing mastomant fur) every 5 hours outside. Roll for frostbite every day. Impossible to hunt. Drinking water freezes over. Storm comes and goes every 8 hours.

The Arks are tracking the characters throughout the forest. They have been following them since shortly after they first arrived at Oustoyga, perhaps they even tried to attack the tower once but were driven back. After losing the characters and their sword, the chieftain Goshov was furious, and quickly

regrouped his forces to pursue the characters. During the journey north, the Wildfolk and Goshov should ambush the characters and try to kill them. Goshov will be riding a big thorn beast, and he’ll be focused on retrieving the sword Krovabonh from the characters at all costs. If Goshov is severely injured, he will try to escape on the back of his thorn beast.

FINDING RAUTAKAPPU

The frost giant Rautakappu is very old, but he carries the hunger and anger of a youngling. He was born in what is today known as Northfrost, around the Age of the Queen. He’s the last remaining of a long and proud line of giants that were destroyed long ago by the Korpikalli tribe known as the Lauladalings and their leader Aino. He hates Elves, all Elves, and he curses their names by day and dreams of their destruction by night. However, Rautakappu is a great friend and ally of the Dwarves of Tvologoya, and especially the current Thune of Nifulong, the lowest level of Tvologoya, also known as Nifelheim to Humans and Elves. It is at that level, deep beneath the world, that the mythical Buratja Dwarves and great smiths of Trudvang dwell. The Thune of Nifulong is Jorkovan Draaghamr, and he is of the Buratja, one of few in Trudvang as most Thunes across the different kingdoms are Borjornikka. The Buratja will not be ruled by any other than themselves, not truly. They have taught Rautakappu many secrets of craft, and forged him an arm ring of Mitrakka that turns the wearer invisible. It is not entirely known why the Dwarves and Rautakappu are such great friends, but rumor has it that he once helped fight off a tribe of Elves that used to dwell in the Iron Mountains close to one of the entrances of Tvologoya. The Dwarves call those Elves the snow Elves, or Umboralfur in Dwarvish, and they are long gone from Trudvang. Perhaps thanks to Rautakappu.

When the characters go to search for Rautakappu, he is roaming the frosty area

where the northern Darkwoods meet the southern slopes of the Iron Mountains. It is there that the feared place called Arkland lies, where some of the most savage Wildfolk and Bastjur dwell. He is driven by a great need and fury, for the east wind has been mocking him for months now as it wanders westward with the season. Rautakappu and the northern Farje wind are looking for the eastern wind. He hopes that maybe he can imprison it, and use it to thwart the Elves of Northfrost and return there one day to claim his rightful land. When he's not roaming the wilderness, Rautakappu stays in his ice castle in northern Arkland, on the borders of the great ice plains. The castle was in ancient times an outpost of the Snow Queen and her generals. It was once home to Orkhirs and other Bastjur, some among them Hrimtursirs like Rautakappu himself. But after the first defeat of the Snow Queen, the castle was abandoned, and in his exodus from Northfrost, Rautakappu found the old fortress and made it his new home after his own fashion. It wasn't long before he found the fabled dragon horn buried deep in the castle's vaults and dungeons, a horn fabled to be able to control the Farje wind from the great ice plains. Since then, the Farje wind has become an ally and close companion of Rautakappu. The ice castle, named Saugaborgi — or "Fortress of Sagas" by the Snow Queen, is today not only home to Rautakappu, but also his ten mastomants, and some hundred imprisoned Elves of the tribe Njuoratmánná. Rautakappu keeps them in the frost dungeons far beneath the ice.

When he's out in the wild, Rautakappu is riding his gargantuan sleigh called Stormabestla. The sleigh, larger than any house or boat, thunders forth across the rough wilderness dragged by no less than ten mighty mastomants with huge tusks. Even if Rautakappu is mostly invisible, wearing his arm ring, when he rides about the land his sleigh certainly is not. It churns the earth and fells even the mightiest of trees before it in an inferno of primordial force and power. No power, not even the eastern wind, can stop its violent advance. It can be heard for

kilometers around, and seen even farther as flocks of birds and small animals escape its trajectory. Even the maggots in the earth flee Rautakappu and his sleigh. So, naturally, the characters won't have any difficulties in finding Rautakappu once they do reach the borders or Arkland.

Upon the crest of the great icy hill there comes a sound of rolling thunder, of mountains breaking, and of forest crumbling. Flocks of black ravens blot out the sky as they flee, screeching, from something approaching from the north. By your feet squirrels, mice, and even maggots rush by. Soon, even moose, deer, and bear join the panicked flight. Then, down from the hill comes something that you can't fully understand. A wooden sleigh larger than any house or boat you have ever seen comes rushing forth, tearing down the trees and churning up the earth with great violence and fury wherever it travels. It is pulled by ten beasts with long black hair and great tusks that you, upon closer inspection, recognize to be frost-clad mastomants. They are bound by great black and frostbitten iron chains hung with icicles. Suddenly, the creatures come to a violent halt, as some invisible force behind them pulls their iron bonds, forcing them to stop in their meter-deep tracks. Frost and ice envelop you in a great sphere, as a booming voice, coming seemingly from nowhere, speaks to you. With every word, the fir trees around you tremble and shake the snow off their branches. "I am Rautakappu! Slayer of Elves and smith of souls. Who dares stand in my way?"

The characters have found the old Hrimtursir Rautakappu. He is angered and, indeed, surprised by the characters stopping him in his tracks, something nobody has ever done before. As Rautakappu hates Elves, he will naturally be aggressive in his tone toward any Elf in the party. If there any Dwarves he will be kind to them, and even flattering. But also, from time to time he will remind any Dwarf that his people owe him "a great debt." Rautakappu will sometimes be

wrathful and even outright threatening toward the characters, but he will not attack them or try to hurt them. He might break a tree or two and rattle their nerves, but never wound them. Rautakappu is invisible, as he wears his magical arm ring, so the characters will not be able to hurt him. This is a game of silver tongues, not iron swords.

The characters have to convince Rautakappu to help them find the secret entrance to Tvologoya. To find the fabled Thuuns and smiths of Nifulong, so that they might be rid of their accursed sword. Rautakappu is afraid of Krovabonh, but also intrigued, and he'll want to see it up close many times during their conversation. He finds its scarlet steel fascinating and enchanting to behold. Rautakappu is a trickster and a sly character, and he'll not give up information easily. The characters will need to put forth their best arguments and put forth the best of their personalities. Let them roll for Charisma and Silver Tongue many times throughout the conversation, and follow Rautakappu's character description in the Appendix to find a natural conversation tailor made for the characters' tactics. Rautakappu wants something from the characters in exchange for revealing the entrance to Tvologoya. He doesn't want gold or jewels, and he can't be bribed in any way. He only wants one thing from the characters.

"You are persistent, little ones. I'll give you that. And I, Rautakappu the soul smith, am not one to make himself impossible. I will show you Tvologoya, the ancient kingdom of the Dvergur. I will guide you to Nifulong deep beneath the ice and snow where the logi furnaces burn like dragonfire. All this, and more, I will do for you. On one condition. Bring me the east wind, the one they call Ainvildur. Put her in my sack and give it back to me. Then, and only then, will I show you what you seek."

Rautakappu has posed a mighty quest to the characters. To find the spirit of the east wind and bring her back to the



frost giant in his sack. It is no small task, one perhaps lesser heroes would think impossible. Rautakappu will give them his magical cloth sack within which they will be able to trap the east wind and contain its wild spirit. Rautakappu points toward a large fungus on a nearby tree. It doesn't look like a sack, but when the characters touch the fungus it will disappear and transform into a little cloth sack. It doesn't look very magical, nothing else than what you'd keep potatoes in at home. But Rautakappu indeed assures them that it is magical and hexed with spells and strong dark vitner that will trap the spirit. Rautakappu laughs heartily at the idea of the characters finding the east wind, he thinks it is impossible, but sees he's got nothing to lose by letting them try

Rautakappu doesn't know where the east wind is, as he's not been able to find her himself. However, he knows that she comes from the east and always wanders west. Last Rautakappu heard, the east wind was blowing furiously across the plains of Silvtronder, but he went there to seek her and didn't find anything but old kings and iron tongues. The old frost giant now suspects that if anyone knows where the east wind is, it's the old Gandhman named Belgost. Belgost is a wandering vitner weaver in deep contact with the Flowras, the nature spirits of the Eald tradition. Rautakappu believes that the east wind is indeed a Flowra, and he many times calls her by the name Ainvildur and a daughter of Nema. Belgost is said to be in close contact with the wind Flowras, Ainvuldur amongst them. Rautakappu's spies tells him that Belgost was last seen guesting at the hall of a woodland lord named Jarmio, in the uplands of the southern Sooty Mountains not far from the tail of the Darkenriver.

"Go now little imps. Begone from my sight! Before I hammer your souls into iron."

The mastomants roar and blow their trunks as the characters can hear the crack of a whip, as if thunder struck

where they stand, and with the noise of a mountaintop rumbling down a hill, the sleigh of Rautakappu launches and rolls forth with great speed across the rocky landscape until it disappears into the Darkwoods. It breaks down every tree in its path like mere twigs, and soon the characters can no longer see the sleigh, only hear the sound of it. Rautakappu is gone, and they can hear a booming, ugly laughter on the icy winds.

THE WOODLAND HALL

The characters must travel southward to the northeastern shores of Darkenriver in the uplands of the Sooty Mountains to find the hall of a woodland lord where presumably the Gandhman named Belgost is staying. The road is clear, and the characters travel swiftly upon it. Somehow, the weather seems to be helping them, the wind coming down from the north is blowing at their backs and helping them drive their horses even faster than before. There is no snow, no hail, and no rain that touches them. It is all blown away by a harsh northern wind, even though the landscape around the characters falls victim to harsh weather. They are magically untouched by this. They suspect that this is the work of the Farje wind and Rautakappu.

During the second week of their travels, the characters' horses stop dead in their tracks. The forest lies silent, and there is no danger in sight, but something seems to have scared the poor creatures, and they are uncontrollable. Now, suddenly, the silence is broken by loud growls and thundering footsteps, and the rocks of a nearby stony passage are flung aside to reveal a ravenous Ogre. The Ogre is large, no less than three meters tall, with great hands that crush stone under them, and rough fingernails stained with blood. The characters can see that the Ogre is covered in many wounds and arrows, almost as if it has been in battle. As the characters ready their arms and prepare to fight the oncoming Ogre, it is killed suddenly by four arrows piercing its skull simultaneously, with swift swooshing sounds. The Ogre wobbles

for a moment where it stands before it falls like a cut down oak to the snowy forest floor, and cracks open its skull on a sharp rock. Blood oozes forth, and stains the white snow scarlet.

There is silence for a moment. Then swift, whooshing movement, and in the blink of an eye, three figures stand before the characters like gray ghosts. The characters can swiftly recognize the three figures as Korpikalli Elves, their skin gray, their hair black and wild, and their bodies armored with fur and leathers and wooden reinforcements. In their hands they hold beautiful and delicate short bows, silvery arrows resting on their strings. The Elves stare down the characters with dark eyes and grim faces. The characters must be the first to break the silence. Once spoken to, the Elves will also speak. One of them speaks for the group. He is tall and strongly built, and he seems like he is the eldest. He introduces himself as Aitolé, the second as his brother Omiloinio, and the third as his youngest son Yakkusainu. The Korpikalli speak in very broken Rona (the language of Viranns and Mittlanders), but they seem friendly enough toward the characters, they do not intend to hurt them at least.

And yet, the Accursed can feel how they grow angry. The runeblade Krovabonh is whispering to them "kill, kill, kill." The Accursed feels a great hatred towards the Elves, as if they are ancient enemies that must be destroyed.

Aitolé explains that the forests are not safe. A fierce wind is blowing from the north and the hammers of the Buratja in Niffelheim are churning up the earth and enraging the spirits. Something evil is afoot. After some conversation, the characters learn that Aitolé and his family are on their way south to the hall of a woodland lord named Jarmio who dwells on the northeastern shores of the Darkenriver, in the uplands of the southern Sooty Mountains. They say there will be feasting there, and song and great stories. "You weary. We find way. Come join us, come join us." the Elves say. There is nothing suspicious about the Elves, except for the reaction

of Krovabonh, and the characters should join the Korpikalli, traveling southward to the hall. After all, that is where Rautakappu said they would find the Gandhman Belgost.

With the help of the Korpikalli, the characters find their way swiftly through the Darkwoods to the uplands of the Sooty Mountains. The Elves know their way around the land unlike the characters, as if they knew the forests as well as they know their own souls. They almost dance across the landscape, and can easily keep up with the characters' horses. Although it doesn't seem like they are running, strangely enough. They just find their way and move with ease, sometimes on the ground and sometimes in the branches of the snow-clad fir trees. Finally, they leave the forest and journey up through the rocky hills by the southern roots of the Sooty Mountains. Here, they follow the Darkenriver as it climbs upward through many icy waterfalls and roaring rapids high, high above the fir trees of the Darkwoods below. The air up here is thin, icy, but also refreshing. There's not a cloud in the sky, and the characters can see far out across the meadows and the fields of Bysente down below. At last, the country evens out, and the ground beneath their beasts' hooves begins to level. Onward the road takes them, along uplands and mountain passages, until they reach a large plateau covered in high grass and tall trees, a little patch of lush land high up in the mountains by the source of the Darkenriver. Aitolé announces that they have arrived at the woodland hall and haven of Jarmio.

Jarmio is a free lord that lives on a small farm in the mountains that he has named Nemanhallr in honor of the Flowra Neman, who is the spirit of freedom and winds. He's not under any king's rule, nor does he consider himself part of either Westmark or Mittland, although his blood is of the latter. He often says he is a "lord of the forest" and "servant of the Flowras", and considers himself autonomous and an innkeeper of nature spirits and those who have no home in the realms of men. His great wooden

hall at Nemanhallr often houses many Elves, Dwarves, sages, seers, and vitner weavers, and sometimes even Wildfolk. Everyone in that hall has sworn an oath to not spill any blood on the farm and to break the oath is punishable by death. Everyone is welcome if they have a good heart, and there is always a warm bed and a hot meal at Nemanhallr for those who have nowhere else to go.

The night when the characters arrive at Nemanhallr there is a gathering of Elves happening at the hall. They have come from the northern parts of Trudvang to hold a moot and discuss the recent movements of the Farje wind from the great ice plains and the unrest in the Darkwoods. There are primarily Korpikalli Elves here, but a few Illmalaini Elves as well. Aitolé and his family are there to represent their tribe, and they tell the characters that they hope the meeting will decide to move southward and leave the Darkwoods to its destiny. "Tame the wild, none can," he says in a somber tone. Also staying at the hall currently is the Gandhman Belgost, who has recently returned from travels in the far west and is making his way back to northeastern Majnjord and Dark-Mundor that he calls his home. He's recently met with the Flowra Ainvildur of the east wind, and she has told him that dark forces seek to find her and that she must be hidden with his help.

The farm is quite large considering its difficult location in the mountains. It has many stables and sheds for cattle to live in, and there is also a big mill there, and a well that leads to a small underground spring of cool water. As the centerpiece stands a great wooden hall, looking almost like an old Mittlandian temple. The hall is constructed solely from the thick Alfraka which is a rare and very beautiful wood kept by the Elves of Trudvang. It was bestowed upon Jarmio by the Korpikalli Elves of the Darkwoods who are said to have freighted the Alfraka all the way from Soj. The hall is covered on both the inside and outside by huge, beautiful, and ornate carvings telling legends and stories of the creation of Trudvang and the different

Flowras of the Eald tradition. There are faces, animals, winds, flowers, heroes, and beasts in plenty in those carvings, and they are a beauty to behold, of masterful craft. On the inside, the hall can host up to a hundred people on its ground level, and on the higher three additional levels there are rooms and beds for near on a hundred people more. In fact, there is even a small underground floor, with specially designed rooms to house Borjornikka Dwarves. In the main hall there are huge tapestries exploding with color and legend, as well as carved pillars bearing the fabled green man faces, mysterious and sometimes scary faces surrounded by leaves. Branches and vines sprout from the green men's nostrils and mouths, and their ears often bear flowers and fruit. The green man is a sign of ancient Mittlandian nature worshipping, and early representations of the Flowras. Illuminating the hall with a warm glow are many burning fires hanging in iron bowls from the rafters. There are beds of fir branches burning on hot rocks by the edges of the hall as well, and when Jarmio's servants pour cold water on them, they pop and crackle with a hiss and let forth a steam with a fresh fragrance that envelops the hall like a warm blanket. Anyone who breathes in this steam has their natural healing doubled for the time they are in the hall.

At the far end of the grand table is a wooden throne upon which sits Jarmio himself. He's an old, fat, and strawberry-blond man with a red and flushed face. He wears simple clothes and no jewelry, and if you didn't know it, you wouldn't think for a second that he was lord of this hall. But there is a fire in his gut and his tongue is like crackling lightning, and when he speaks of legends and old bygone times, the whole room falls silent and listens with both ears. And when he sings, there are few who can keep from tears. A true skald, he is. There is much food and drink there to fill the characters bellies, but they find it hard to relax and join the festivities. They have a mission to complete and a secret to uncover.

THE FARM

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For the first night the characters spend at Nemanhallr there is a great feast of the Elves happening. There is singing and dancing there, and merriment in plenty. The characters are welcomed by Jarmio himself, who is a happy fellow with nothing but nice things to say about the characters being in his hall. He introduces them to his ten children and his three wives and his two male lovers and bids them to sit at his grand table and tell of their many travels. He is fascinated by their stories, and has a broad emotional spectrum unlike anything the characters have ever seen. He laughs hard at their jokes, and cries dramatically at the sad parts.

Also, at the grand table sits a very old man in robes and furs, almost half asleep. He has a great bushy white beard and long flowing white hair. He seems as ancient as an old oak in the forest, and he leans, even when sitting down, on a huge wooden staff from which are hung many talismans and eagle feathers. This is the Gandhman Belgost, and he is tired and weary.

THE SECRET OF BELGOST

The old Hwitalja weaver Belgost is troubled by dark thoughts and long travels. He has spent over a year in Silvtronder to the far west, but recently has returned to his homeland after being called by his distant sister's son, who is a servant to the king of Dark-Mundor in Majnjord. Upon returning to Mittland, Belgost has encountered the second daughter of Neman, the east wind Ainvildur. Ainvildur is afraid and distressed, and she has told Belgost that someone is after her, wishing to trap her or otherwise harm her. She doesn't know where or when they will come for her, but she knows that she must stay hidden at all costs or a horrible fate shall befall the Elves of Trudvang, who they both love dearly. Belgost is troubled by these portents, and by the secret he carries. For before she went away, the east wind told Belgost where she is hiding so that he might protect her and keep evil spirits from her. The old vitner weaver can't make any sense of it, and he is hoping that the threat to Ainvildur will soon reveal itself so that

it might be hindered. For now, Belgost is deep in thought.

Since the characters arrived at Nemanhallr in the company of the Elf Aitolé and his family, Belgost will not suspect any ill-intent on their part. As long as the characters play their cards well, and do not mention Rautakappu, or any other details about their quest for Krovabonh, the old weaver will not think that they are the threat that he is looking for against Ainvildur the east wind. If the characters engage Belgost in conversation, he will seem very tired and absent-minded, as if he's not really present in the hall. He doesn't eat anything, and Jarmio will often make remarks that there is not vitner in the whole world that can substitute for a good boiled chicken's head. But Belgost doesn't want any, he just wants more wine from the servants.

Let this part of the story be as open as possible, and let the characters direct the action. The farm lies open for them to explore, and there are many people here they can talk to. Elves from other families, the children, wives, and

lovers of Jarmio, and many servants. Belgost is very careful about giving any information away, but he can't help himself but speak sorrowfully of the spirits of the winds and that there are hard times coming upon Trudvang. As the evening progresses, Belgost will show his weakness for alcohol, and he'll start to drink more and more and become drunker and drunker. The Elves ask him many questions, and the characters get a bit of investigation done for free. Belgost tells the Elves around the hall that dark forces are moving to ensnare the spirits, but that Belgost has taken measures to hide them and keep them safe. This sliver of information should be of great interest to the characters, revealed unintentionally in a moment of drunken weakness by Belgost.

If the characters should rely on clever silver tongue's and persuasion and trickery to get the information from Belgost, they should convince him that he'll need allies in the dark times ahead, and that they too seek to protect the spirits from evil forces. Perhaps they can even give false information to Belgost concerning these evil forces and convince him that way that they are fighting on the side of the light. The characters need to proceed slowly and cleverly, as Belgost gets drunker and drunker, and lull him into a false safety that they are there to help him and that they are his allies. The only ones he can really trust to face the oncoming darkness. If they do this well, and the dice are in their favor, Belgost will spill his secret.

If the characters choose to take on Belgost with violence, they cannot do so at Nemanhallr. If they do, they will be killed by the Elves there, this much they already know, and it would be very foolish to go against the wise warning of Aitolé. They must wait for Belgost to travel onwards to the east after three days have passed and the council of the Elves is concluded. Out in the wild, the old Hwitalja weaver will be vulnerable and alone. Belgost is old and weary from many days of heavy drinking, but he is

still an experienced vitner weaver and a fierce combatant. He will put up a fight to remember for the characters, even if they do outnumber him. After Belgost is defeated, he will try to escape, shouting to the sky "Ainvildur, help me!" But the winds do not answer him, and the wizard is caught in the grasp of the characters. To get the information from him they must intimidate him fiercely, but in the end the old Belgost is a weakling and a coward, and he will at last give up the information that they seek. It pains him to do so, and he wishes he was strong enough to keep the secret entrusted to him. The Accursed is compelled to kill Belgost for his weakness after violent whispers from Krovabonh wash over them. The character must pass a Psyche check against 12 to avoid striking him down with the runeblade where he stands.

Belgost Strategies

Belgost's main combat strategy is to lure his enemies into a trap and then unleash his spells upon them. If confronted, he will try to delay the battle by engaging in conversation while secretly vyrding in order to improve his chances. He could for example cast 'Bind' or 'Rust' on the PCs' weapons so that they can't be drawn or are destroyed before they even know what's going on. If Belgost is aware that he is being followed, he will try to make sure that the confrontation takes place in an advantageous environment for his casting, perhaps by taking a high ground or somewhere that makes him difficult to reach in melee. He primarily fights with vitner and only uses the staff as a secondary weapon, for example when forced into melee or when he no longer is able to cast.

The east wind Ainvildur, the daughter of Nema, is hiding at Torpo – an ancient sacrificial and spiritual site that was raised by the ancient Bysentian lords high up in the Sooty Mountains long before the tenant of Nid came to Westmark. The characters who are learned about the land will know that

this a place of inexplicable happenings and dark magic. A sanctuary for the Flowra Morgu, where the old masters and lords of Bystente used to perform sacrifices in their honor. The east wind has hidden there because she suspects it is the last place anyone would look for her.

"They won't be able to find her hiding right under their nose." Belgost whispers.

THE EAST WIND

Torpo is located northwest of Nemanhallr, higher up into the Sooty Mountains. The characters can find their way up narrows passages, through forgotten tunnels, and over jagged and wild cliffs. Snow is raging all around, but the Farje wind is protecting the characters and keeping them from succumbing to the harsh weather conditions. It isn't long before the characters must leave their horses behind, as the mountainous paths and passages become too steep, too narrow, and too dangerous for any beasts to travel along. Now the ice begins to cling onto the rock of the landscape, and the ground becomes more slippery than before. It's hard to stand upright, and they have to grab onto the cliffside with white-knuckled grips to avoid plummeting to their deaths several hundred meters below.

This is the road to Torpo, and it's a dangerous one. Its location is no well-guarded secret, but nevertheless, the place gets few visitors. Not only for the dark rumors that surround it, but also for the treacherous mountain road that leads there. There is no real civilization up here, and their only companions on their journey are long-haired mountain goats watching the characters with curious eyes. As they climb higher and higher, the passages begin to be decorated with bones and skulls hanging from what looks to be rope made from horse or even sometimes human hair. They rattle unsettlingly in the harsh wind. Some skulls and bones

have even been carved and placed into the side of the rock, as if were they books on a shelf. Even higher up, they find rune stones written in ancient Vrok, and great cairns piled on top of each other with old rags of horse skin.

Finally, after near on two days of climbing through the rough landscape, the characters reach a precipice looking out across the landscape below by which stands an old rickety cottage surrounded by four stone pillars dressed in skulls, twigs, and animal skins. There is a faint light flickering from inside the cottage. This is a place of pagan rites and strong spirits, and the characters can feel a supernatural presence watching them. Let them roll to see if they accumulate any fear points from this situation. As they approach the cottage, they can hear a voice that booms like thunder on the Farje wind, Rautakappu's voice.

"Flee alfur! Flee vindur vinur!"

The door to the cottage is not locked and the characters have no trouble opening it. Inside it is dark and cold and quiet. There is a thick cloud of dust hanging in the air. As if nobody has been here for a very long time, neglecting the cottage. In the center of the room there is a table upon which stands a single wax candle, glowing faintly and illuminating little. By the candle sits a figure on a chair, she speaks in a soft, frail, and slightly scared voice to the characters.

"Who is it that comes in the night? Is it you, Belgost?"

The figure is indeed the East Wind Ainvildur. She's been hiding in this cottage high up in the Sooty Mountains for little over a month, and she's afraid and alone. She was waiting for Belgost to come escort her to her next hiding place, but he never came. Instead, it is the characters that arrive there. Ainvildur appears as a beautiful young woman, with wild and bushy auburn hair that seems to dance in the

wind even when she's inside. Her eyes are deep forest green, and her cloth robes are light and there are many silk bands woven around her arms that also dance in the wind like her hair. 'Round her waist is a broad leather belt embellished with flowers. This is the Flowra of the east wind, the daughter of Nema, and she needs the characters help. She wants to talk to them, to explain to them the situation before they trap her in Rautakappu's sack. She's not a fighting creature, and can do nothing to resist her fate but plead for mercy and relief. Ainvildur tells the characters that she believes the frost giant Rautakappu is looking for her and her sisters to trap them and ensnare their power to launch an assault on the Elf tribes of Northforst to the east. She pleads with the characters to spare her and to let her escape the Sooty Mountains and flee into the east. It is an unnatural fate, she says, as the East wind is destined to always wander west. But now, Rautakappu and her brother the Farje wind have forced Ainvildur to go against her nature and flee east. She begs the characters to let her go, she doesn't have any means of fighting or resisting Rautakappu.

When she learns about the characters fate and why they need Ratakappus help, she falls silent and sorrowful. Ainvildur admits that there is nothing she can do for them; she has no power over Dwarven gods, or indeed, any knowledge of the crafting of Ironblood iron or the curse that the Accursed character carries. However, she does pose an alternative course of action to the characters. The East wind says that she is close friends with an old and ancient tribe of creatures known as Norglavanja – the beautiful. Any Dwarf will immediately recognize the name Norglavanja as Dwarven, and that the beautiful that Ainvildur speak of are in fact the mythical mothers of the Dwarves. Any non-Dwarves would need to perform a successful roll for Lore and Legends modified by -8. If the characters inform Ainvildur of

the Norglavanjas connection to the Dwarves she will be surprised, she didn't know about this and thought the beautiful ones to be of their own race.

Ainvildur says that if the characters help her escape the Sooty Mountains and the grasp of Rautakappu, she will call upon the Norglavanja. With their knowledge of the mountains and the ancient lore of Trudvang, they will be able to show the characters the entrance to Tvologoya and Nifulong. With successful rolls for Lore & Legends, some characters might have heard the fragmented legend of the Norglavanja. They are said to live deep, deep beneath the mountain and to be the very heart of every Dwarven bloodline. They are sometimes referred to as "the fairies" or "the ones that fly on light".

Suddenly, as the characters are deep in conversation with Ainvildur, the silence is broken by a fearsome howl and a man shouting just outside the cottage. He yells the name of the Accursed. The characters instantly recognize the voice as belonging to Kvistlaf of Skafthjell (alternatively Jotna-Gunhild if Kvistlaf was killed earlier).

"Queen slayers! Come out. Come out and face me. We have the house surrounded. There's no escape. Come out!"

As the characters look out the windows of the cottage, they can see that a great crowd has gathered outside. Wildfolk, up to twenty men and women strong, carrying sharp axes and spears and burning torches that glow in the cold night. They wear skulls and tusks and fanged jaws on their heads, and are clad in black scale plate, chainmail, and wild mastomant furs, covered head to toe in tattoos and scarification. Now the Farje wind has stopped protecting the characters, and the snow has begun to fall upon the precipice of the Sooty Mountains upon which the cottage stands. There is a thorn beast there too, and most important of all, standing in the front of the crowd, is Kvistlaf. The old ranger is dressed in Wildfolk furs, his hair and

beard long and wild, and upon his head he bears a crown of antlers. In his grip he carries a big axe decorated with skulls and bones. If he survived their previous encounter, Goshov is there too. If Kvistlaf was killed at Hveig in the first act of the adventure, then his place will be taken by Jotna-Gunhild in this encounter. She is there to avenge the death of her brother.

"The free people of Nhoordland have made me a king! As befits a man such as myself. My first act will be to tear open your guts and feed your innards to the hounds – queen slayers. Come out!" Kvistlaf roars.

The Wildfolk are furious, hungry and thirsty for the characters' blood. They must fight to defend the cottage and the East Wind as the Wildfolk and Kvistlaf will try to slay her. Should they succeed, then the characters will never be able to find the entrance to Tvologoya and be rid of the sword Krovabonh. And so, a battle begins, a furious battle. As they are fighting, the Farje wind whips up a snowstorm that rages with a vengeance. Ainvildur is doing her best to fight off the storm, but her brother is stronger. She cries to the wind, "Stop brother! You are not evil." but the Flowra of the East Wind receives no answer.

Kvistlaf is meant to die during the battle, as he falls his last words are "Undis..." It seems as if Kvistlaf loved her until the end, and hated the characters for killing her. Soon after Kvistlaf dies, the eagle called Mogi will appear to the characters, remove a talisman from his neck, and then swiftly fly away.

Now that the battle is over, the storm settles across the Sooty Mountains, and the characters must decide what will become of Ainvildur, the spirit of the East Wind. Will the characters trust her promise and help her escape the Sooty Mountains in exchange for a meeting with the Norglavanja? Or will they capture her in the sack of Rautakappu and return her to him? Whatever they choose,

it will change the course of the story from this point on. The next part of the adventure is split into two sections, or tracks, depending on what decision the characters made.

TRACK ONE – RETURNING TO RAUTAKAPPU

The East Wind Ainvildur can do nothing to help herself, as the characters trap her within Rautakappu's sack. She weeps and pleads, but it is over. Soon the sack is sealed, and the characters have done right by their deal with the Hrimtursir. As they leave the precipice, the bloody scene with the Wildfolk and the rickety cottage behind, they hear a booming and ugly laughter on the Farje wind. Rautakappu's laughter.

Upon descending from the Sooty Mountains and returning to the Darkwoods the characters are met by Rautakappu, thundering across the forest like an avalanche driven by a thunderstorm. The characters can feel Ainvildur squirming and kicking in her sack, her muttered cries are desperate. As the Tursir arrives, his Hrim body has plunged the landscape into the heart of winter, and suddenly the characters are very, very cold as heavy snows rage around them and frost grips the vegetation. Even though the characters can't see the frost giant, they can feel him breathing heavily. With every flair of his great nostrils, the trees around them shake and shed their layers of snow. Rautakappu laughs, he cackles like a madman, as the characters present the sack containing Ainvildur. It's a horrible laugh, and the characters are very disturbed by it. "Kill, kill, kill now!" whispers the wicked runeblade Krovabonh to the accursed as an invisible giant hand reaches out to grab the sack with the East Wind inside. The characters can feel the biting cold and decaying smell of Rautakappu's fingers as they wrap themselves around the kicking East Wind and lift her high in the cold air.

"Bahahaha! I have found you, Rautakappu has you now! Now there is no escape from me, nobody can hear you scream in my sack."

Even the most dark-minded characters can't help but feel somewhat guilty for handing over the East Wind Ainvildur to the cruel Rautakappu. They can't be sure what terrible fate will befall her now, but surely, she will never be free to wander the lands of Trudvang again. As Rautakappu puts away Ainvildur in his giant sleigh, the characters can feel how the wind from the north grows fiercer than ever. It seems to blow with less resistance and the characters suspect that this sudden change is connected to Ainvildur's kidnapping. The East Wind blows no more upon Trudvang.

Rautakappu is so enamored with his prisoner, that the characters must remind him of their part of the deal. To show them the secret entrance to Tvologoya and Nifulong. Although they cannot see him, the characters can sense Rautakappu's smirk.

"Yes, indeed. Come little ones, take up seats on my Stormabestla and I will show you the gate to the realm of the Dvergur. We ride with thunder; we ride with storm, and we ride with ice!"

Before the characters can do anything to hinder it, they are plucked by invisible giant fingers and lifted like children into the sky high above the fir trees. Is this the moment when Rautakappu betrays them? Will he smite them to the ground or pierce them bloody on the tops of the trees? Nothing of the sort happens. Instead, Rautakappu lifts them gently to lie on warm furs and pillows inside his great sleigh. To the characters, it is like being on a gargantuan longship, larger than any sleigh that the Stormlanders of the east use on their raids, and bigger than any trade ship that sails upon the lakes of Westmark. As the mastomants blow their trunks into the winter sky and Rautakappu cracks his black whip like Stormi's lightning, the sleigh

launches at the speed of light. The characters must hold on with white-knuckled grips to stay standing, but some of them lose their footing and slide back and forth like ragdolls across the floor of the sleigh. Ainvildur howls in fear as the sleigh takes off, and that gut-wrenching sound is as chilling and bone-biting as the breath of frost dragons. The Farje wind drives them on northward through the Darkwoods at an unimaginable speed. Onward, onward across the borders of Arkland, high up into the Iron Mountains. As if driven by masters from Blotheim, the mastomants pull the sleigh beyond icy uplands, across frozen lakes, and through winding mountain passages. They navigate with the speed of crazed warg beasts, and the sure-footedness of mountain goats. Surely, some wicked spell rests over the mastomants and the sleigh called Stormabestla. For the characters have never seen or heard of such fast mastomants before. All in all, the journey takes no more than five days, which is astonishingly fast. Rautakappu only stops to sleep every other night, and when he does, he does so with an eye open so that none can sneak up on him and kill him. The giant has had unfortunate experiences of such attempts. The mastomants are given milk to drink from gargantuan wooden bowls.

At last, as night falls on the fifth day, the sleigh makes a halt by the imposing roots of the Iron Mountains shooting upward into the sky and disappearing above in the icy and windswept clouds. Rautakappu lifts the characters off the sleigh and speaks to them, for if they jumped off themselves, they would break every bone in their body. This time, Rautakappu is almost whispering, as if he doesn't want someone nearby to hear them.

"Down through the passage, follow it downward, find a hole in the stone. Go through. Down, down, down - find black Nifulong. Rautakappu will not follow, too small for Rautakappu. I leave you here, little things."

Staring down the landscape, the characters can indeed see a narrow passage up ahead where only one man can walk abreast, leading downward into a small mountainous valley. Rautakappu grunts affirmingly, and with the crack of his whip and the bellowing of mastomant trunks, he disappears again like a furious avalanche shooting across the winter landscape, leaving the characters alone once again to find their way.

TRACK TWO – MEETING THE NORGLAVANJA

When the characters tell Ainvildur that they're not going to put her in Rautakappu's sack, but that they're going to help her flee, she is ecstatic with joy. Her hair and her silk ribbons burst with wind even though it is still around them and she laughs and dances in the moonlight. But suddenly the delightful scene is interrupted by a crack of lightning and the sudden arrival of a fierce snowstorm. Ainvildur shivers and falls to her knees, holding her hands up to the sky as the Farje wind arrives. "Brother! Oh Brother!" she yells at the sky. Another crack of lightning and a foul and ugly voice can be heard on the wind. It is Rautakappu's voice, and he is mighty angry.

"Fools! Snakes, maggots, backstabbers and traitors! I know what you have done. Rautakappu sees your betrayal. I will seek you in the mountains, I will seek you in the fields, and I will seek you upon the sea. Hear me now! You will not be safe anywhere. I will hammer your souls into iron and send your shriveled husks to Helgardh to rot as playthings for Nifelfang. This I swear! Or I am not he who is clad in iron!"

Rautakappu is furious. Not since the time of his clans defeat at the hands of the Korpikalli Elves has he felt this betrayed and fooled. He will never forget the character's faces, and he will never stop hunting them. As the game master, you should try to use this fact

as much as you can going forward in the adventure. Even though it may not be called out specifically in the text of the adventure, think about how Rautakappu's presence can be felt from this point on. How do the characters know that he is hunting them? Perhaps he sends Trolls and Goblins and other assassins after them to kill them? Will he try to ambush them and trap them in his great sack? Will he send the Farje wind after them to make their travels harder? Even though he might not physically harm them (unless that's something that is appropriate in the story), the characters should always feel his intimidating presence. Just hearing his angry voice on the wind may be enough.

The Farje wind is relentless and the snowstorm that he has brought is devastating. Ainvildur grabs the characters by the hand and shows them a path through the mountains. All the while they can hear the howling screams from Rautakappu and the crack of his whip as they flee. The frost giant is chasing them on his big sleigh throughout the mountains, but as they are carried by the magical winds of Ainvildur, they seem to be able to outrun him. Ever so often they can glimpse a giant frostbitten, bearded, and horned face beyond the storm clouds, or a huge black sword swinging in the air and crushing down meters behind them into the mountainside. Rautakappu is coming to kill the characters and he is not wearing his arm ring of invisibility anymore. "Stand still so I can kill you!" he screams just as his gargantuan sword misses the characters and Ainvildur. The characters are not meant to fight Rautakappu now, not unless they want to die. Facing him in the snowstorm of the Farje wind high up in the mountains would be suicide, and an impossible battle for them to win.

"Just a little bit further!" Ainvildur yells from up ahead. You can barely see her now through the snowstorm but her magical winds carrying you and the warmth emitting from her hair

tells you that she is nearby. Although Rautakappu is close behind, you feel safe in her hands, you know that she will carry you to safety. That certainty only wains momentarily as the frost giant's hundred-meter-long broadsword comes crashing down beside you and smites the mountainside into gravel. The sound is ear-splitting. You soon realize that you yourself aren't even running anymore. As you look down at your feet, you see them kicking and moving, but in truth it is the winds of Ainvildur that move you along at lightning-speed.

Finally, Ainvildur turns a sharp right into a cave, just as a bolt of lightning hits the mountainside. With a crack, a boom, and an earth-shattering quake, huge stone blocks fall from hundreds of meters up in the air, and land with a deafening sound just meters away from the characters. The way back is sealed, and now the furious screams of Rautakappu are muffled and faded. The cave is pitch black and silent, only water dripping slightly from the roof of the mountain breaks the silence in an agitating rhythm. Ainvildur says that she has taken the characters to where she last met the Norglavanja, they should not be far. If the characters have torches with them, they should light them, otherwise Ainvildur will light a small fire with vitner in her palm that illuminates an area three meters in diameter.

The cave is small, and it leads forward into passages and tunnels that take the characters farther down into the murky mountain. The cave is very humid, and the floor is covered in gravel and fungus, and even vines in places. From time to time, fairies flit past the characters in colorful rays of light as they progress deeper into the cave, but they soon disappear into small cracks and crevices as swiftly as they appeared, and the characters have no ability to converse with them or catch them. Soon after their first encounter with fairies, the walls of the cave begin to be covered in strange and ancient carvings and runes. Runes from a language that none

of the characters recognize. Dwarves in the party can see that these runes are like ancient Futhark, but they are even older and more foreign. They can only understand fragments of words, if even that. "We're getting close, the Norglavanja are not far now." Ainvildur says as they observe the runes.

The rune carvings get more and more elaborate the deeper down they go, and after walking ever downwards for almost two hours, suddenly, Ainvildur stops in her tracks and stands still for a moment, hesitating. Then, after a beat of silence, the characters can hear scraping footsteps against the gravel in the cave up ahead. Ainvildur gestures to the characters to stay back, and she begins to slowly stride forward. She whispers a word into the darkness that the characters don't understand, a strange word, a magical word, spoken almost like a whistle or a song. Then, from beyond the darkness a voice answers her. Ethereal, beautiful, and warm, singing and whistling. As Ainvildur's vitner flame moves farther out, this figure begins to reveal itself, and soon the characters can see it in its full glory.

The figure that reveals itself in the faint light of Ainvildur's vitner flame is white. That is the first thing that comes to mind. White delicate skin, white long thin hair, white long fingernails, and huge pale eyes like those of a subterranean fish. The figure is short, just a head taller than a Borjonikka Dwarf, but its proportions are very strange. Its arms are very long compared to its legs and torso, and its hands are even larger as too is its head. However strange, there is still a grace and reverence to the posture of the figure, and it doesn't remind you of either Dwarves, Humans, or Trolls. If you were to liken it to any creature, you would liken it to an Elf. Elf-like are its clothes, also. Thin and long robes of silk, embroidered with patterns and runes like those that decorate the walls. Round its neck the figure wears a necklace of prayer beads of bone, and it wears two thick wooden arm rings

decorated with long black feathers. You can't quite be sure if this is some trick of the eye, but it seems to you as if the flickering light of Ainvildur's vitner flame is glittering and reflecting in spots on the creature's delicate, white skin, as if it was covered in frost or entirely made from it.

This is a Norglavanja that the characters and Ainvildur have encountered in the cave of the Sooty Mountains, a female Dwarf. It speaks an ancient version of Futhark that is extremely rare in this day and age, and has not been spoken by the Dwarves since the Age of Dreams. Meeting the Norglavanja is a very special experience for all the characters, but especially for any Dwarf in the party. For them, this is their first time meeting a female of their own kind. The first time seeing a glimpse of what their mother maybe looked like. Emotion overwhelms them.

Ainvildur speaks with the Norglavanja for a moment, she seems to be arguing with it. But after a while of conversation, they share a handshake, and Ainvildur returns to the characters. The pale figure watches the characters closely as Ainvildur speaks to them, inspecting every inch of their being with its huge, gloomy, and droopy eyes.

"This is Eien-Sullimo, and she's one of the Norglavanja. A proud, noble, and ancient folk. She knows these mountains well, and she has agreed to guide you through the passages and subterranean landscape all the way to the roots of the Iron Mountains to the north and the entrance to Nifulong and Tvologoya. I shall not go with you, for I must leave you here now. Rautakappu still hunts me, and I cannot risk him finding the beautiful ones here. So, I must go, I must go swiftly. Thank you for everything you have done, I can never repay you, although this is a small token of my gratitude." Ainvildur removes one of the silk ribbons woven around her arm and hands it to you. "This may not look like much to the world, but it holds the

powers of the East Wind. My power. Hold it aloft wherever my winds blow, and it shall guide you to the place where your heart desires to go."

With those words Ainvildur turns away from the characters and soon disappears into the shadows and darkness of the underground passage leading back to where they came from. After a moment, just as the echoing sound of Ainvildur's footsteps has faded away, a strong and unexpectedly warm gust of wind hits the characters, carrying a faint whisper: "Thank you." Suddenly, they are brought back to reality by a light whistle from Eien-Sullimo, standing waiting behind them. She points ahead at the tunnel leading forward. Then she turns around and starts walking into the darkness, the characters had better keep up.

The road with Eien-Sullimo is dark, long, and quiet. The Norglavanja moves swiftly through the vast and cavernous underworld, as if she had lived there her whole life. She even has more knowledge and grace traversing the caves than any Dwarf in the party. She doesn't speak to the characters, they soon begin to suspect that she doesn't even understand their language. They certainly don't understand her language, even if Elves in the party can understand a word or two here or there if they really concentrate and try to think about the grammar of the word and the history of language. But this is not enough to have any sort of meaningful, or even informative, conversation.

The journey beneath the mountains takes about a month all in all. There is plenty of water to drink in the subterranean world, quiet and murky lakes along the way, and Eien-Sullimo spends most of her time catching fish and harvesting fungus for the characters to eat. There are no feasts here underneath the mountains for the characters, but there is enough for them to survive on. The mushrooms are full of nutrition although they are eaten raw and taste uninteresting. The journey northward should be relatively

uneventful, except for perhaps a few battles with small packs of Goblins, tunnelhogs, and Trolls. Eien-Sullimo is no great fighter, and she will turn invisible whenever enemies arrive and run away to hide.

During the journey through the underground, the Accursed should have many violent and terrible dreams, and many disturbing thoughts about hurting their friends. The urge begins to grow stronger now, and the Accursed is afraid that soon, they won't be able to resist them. The characters need to be constantly reminded of the cursed sword Krovabonh that they carry, and the need that drives them on their quest. Consider playing out a scene where the Accursed suddenly turns aggressive against the Norglavanja under the influence of the violent whispers of Krovabonh. The beautiful one runs away, scared, and the characters must spend a day looking for her before they find her hiding. There should be at least three scenes dedicated to the curse of Krovabonh while the characters are traveling. Of course, the Accused's struggle with their curse and the whispers of the runeblade are constant, however, three prominent scenes should suffice to get this idea across to the characters. Try to personalize these scenes and encounters to best fit the interpersonal relationships and struggles of the player characters for maximum effect.

Finally, after thirty long days and nights in darkness, the characters ascend from the underground into the world above. The snowclad mountain landscape of northern Arkland is almost blinding to the characters, and it takes several minutes for their eyes to adjust to it. At first, they feel nauseous and disoriented from the light. Standing by the mouth of the cave, gazing upon the landscape, Eien-Sullimo speaks, almost singing, one word that any Dwarf will instantly understand the meaning of: "Ginnungagap." The Norglavanja leads the characters onward across the snowy uplands to the foothills of the Iron Mountains that border Arkland and the

Great Ice Plains. Eien-Sullimo seems to be unmoved by the cold, even though she wears thin clothing. She shows no signs of frostbite or weariness from the weather. Now, in bright daylight, the characters can get a better look at the Norglavanja, and they can see that her white skin is like frost. There is a strange icy quality to it, and when the sun hits it the right way, it glitters just like frost and fresh snow does. It is a strange sight indeed.

They travel above ground for no more than three days. At every turn, the violent and strong Farje wind coming down from the north tries to hinder them with harsh weather and biting cold. A blizzard traps them in a cave for a whole day before they can move on, another day they are caught in a small avalanche and just barely manage to make it out with their lives. At long last, upon the blood-red dawn of the fourth day, they reach the roots of the mountain that Eien-Sullimo has been looking for. There, she shows them a passage, a narrow passage where only one man can walk abreast, that leads downward into a small mountainous valley.

A SECRET GATE

The mountainous valley that the characters find themselves in is small. It's almost as if they're standing amidst a snow-clad glade in a forest of stone. Getting down here wasn't hard, but it took a long time of slowly shuffling through narrow passages and descending jagged cliffsides with rope. But now they are here and relieved. If the characters arrived here with the Norglavanja Eien-Sullimo, the journey was easier because she showed them secret tunnels and passages that no Man or Elf or even Dwarf in the party could have spotted with their eyes.

The snowy valley is in fact a frozen lake covered in thick layers of snow. Should the characters for some reason begin to dig down, they will eventually reach the layer of ice about four meters beneath the glittering snow. There

are many old bones and skulls frozen into the lake, would-be conquerors of Tvologoya, that met their demise in a watery grave. At the end of the valley, cut into the smooth rockface of the mountain, is a gaping hole leading forward into utter darkness. The hole is perfectly square, two by two meters, surrounded by runic carvings of futhark. Any Dwarf can read them (or anyone with the Read and Writing: Futhark specialty), and they say:

Ere I looked upon the children of Borjorn, when Tvolog slew Semjalinkk and the Sons of Soot would spill their own blood – I saw the standing stones in Ginnungagap. Fire come of molten mountain and ancient ritual, old meaning and tradition. I heard the chords of the Skaald and he sung me a song of doom and fire and battle and blood. I traveled far and wide, and sought the children of Borjorn. Spear, axe, murgli, and hatchet, I saw a siege that lasted for a hundred years. For ere there was a King of Soot and Stone, there was a battle of fire and blood. And so, stood the standing stones in Ginnungagap and lay a crown on the mountain. Chains that bind brothers of blood. Chains unbroken, chains unbent. Mountain will hold, Trilheim will persist, the Dwarves will remain. Realm of a million hammer strikes. World of fire and darkness. Friends come, foes despair.

There is a door to the gaping dark hole, but it is open and hung on golden hinges. The door is made from the same stone as the mountain, but decorated with golden images and faces. Just above the door is carved the image of a great hammer into the smooth rockface.

This is one of the secret entrances to the Dwarven realm of Tvologoya and the black Nifulong beyond.

With the Norglavanja

If the characters arrived at the gate of Tvologoya with Eien-Sullimo, she will walk up to the gaping maw of the

mountain and point straight ahead into the darkness. “Tvologoya” she says. At this point the story diverges again. What happens next is based on when the characters killed Kvistlaf.

Kvistlaf was killed at Torpo, Jotna-Gunhild is alive.

If the characters killed Kvistlaf at Torpo and Jotna-Gunhild is still alive, the following happens.

The characters can hear a sudden whoosh and feel a sharp wind pass by their faces and ruffle their hair. There’s a swift, blurry shadow and then, without warning, the Norglavanja is pierced through the shoulder by a black arrow and is thrown backward. The blood oozing forth from her wound colors the white snow dark crimson. Before the characters can react, a second arrow hits Eien-Sullimo in the leg as she is on the ground, and finally, a third right in her throat. She gurgles blood, looking helplessly at the characters with fear in her beautiful, pale eyes. Life fades from her quickly, and the Norglavanja dies. The characters can do nothing.

The characters can hear the screech of a large bird, and as they look up, they see the eagle called Mogi fly through the gray sky. Then a shadowy figure emerges from behind the rocks above the gate, carrying a large bow. The figure is dressed all in black, and it’s got an arrow pointed straight at the characters. Now they can see who it is, hiding behind the dark hood: Jotna-Gunhild, sister of Kvistlaf from Skafthjell. Around her neck she wears the glass talisman that Kvistlaf bore when he died at Torpo.

“I have come to slay you.” Jotna-Gunhild says in a cold voice. Then, without moving a muscle in her calm face, she lets loose her black arrow.

During their fight with Jotna-Gunhild, her eagle Mogi will try to attack the characters several times. Mogi counts as a skilled level trained animal. Each round, Jotna-Gunhild can either choose to have Mogi attack

a Player Character directly, or use the eagle to disturb a character, giving them -4 on their combat actions, and Jotna-Gunhild +4 on her attacks against the character. The Player Characters can stop this annoyance by killing Mogi. Remember that human sized characters receive a modifier of -1 when attacking a creature that is ½ human size.

While fighting Jotna-Gunhild, the blade Krovabonh is whipped up into a fury, and the Accursed can feel its spirit hissing and spitting “kill, kill, kill her now!” The sword has an increased chance to trigger the ability Bloodthirst for the duration of this encounter. The ability triggers on an 8 or higher on the damage die instead of the normal 10. In addition, at the start of every new action round, the Accursed must pass a Psyche check of 14. Should they fail the check, the character instantly enters Bloodthirst.

You can find information about Bloodthirst in the appendix.

Kvistlaf died at Hveig

If Kvistlaf died in the first act of the adventure, during his outburst at Hveig, the following happens.

The characters can feel how the icy wind suddenly takes on a new strength as they’re about to descend into the mountain. It blows with a newfound fury and anger, and soon the mountainous valley is caught in a furious blizzard that has materialized in a matter of seconds. The characters can see no more than three meters ahead, and they lose sight of the Norglavanja. The blizzard is thunderously loud, and they can barely hear their own thoughts. Suddenly, a figure begins to fade into vision from beyond the blizzard. It is short, it stumbles, and moves randomly to and fro. Now they see, it is Eien-Sullimo! But there is something wrong, there is dread and horror in her face. They can see more and more clearly and now it is apparent, the Norglavanja is bleeding. She has a great wound in her stomach as if she has been pierced by a spear, crimson blood flows forth defiling the pure white snow below her. She mumbles something

under her breath that the characters cannot hear, and then her eyes roll back in her head as she falls face forward into the snow. Dead.

For a moment, there is only emptiness and snow. No attacker. Then there is a faint whisper on the wind, the characters can't make it out. A shadow begins to take form somewhere out there in the storm. Now they hear the words.

"Where is my sister? Where is Ainvildur?"

It happens so fast, from nowhere the shadow in the storm grows to huge proportions and begins to move fast towards them. With an icy and ear deafening shriek, a huge monstrosity lunges at the characters from beyond the blizzard. Scales, fangs, fur and tail – a huge Hrimwyrm moves to attack!

The hrimwyrm is in fact a physical manifestation of the Flowra of the Farje wind, the brother of Ainvildur. The characters cannot kill the dragon, but they can cause it to flee. When the Farje hrimwyrm has become severely wounded (lost more than 100 BP) it will whip the blizzard around the characters into a fury with its wings. The reinvigorated storm causes the characters to stumble to the ground and lose their footing if they cannot pass an Agility check. The storm grows more and more intense, and now they can't see anything but furious snow whipping past them, tearing at their skin like daggers. But then, just as fast as it arrived, the blizzard settles and the hrimwyrm has disappeared.

While fighting the Farje hrimwyrm, the blade Krovabonh has an increased chance to trigger the ability Bloodthirst for the duration of the encounter. The ability triggers on an 8 or higher on the damage die instead of the normal 10. In addition, at the start of every new action round the Accursed must pass a Psyche check of 14. Should they fail the check, the character instantly enters Bloodthirst.

You can find information about Bloodthirst in the appendix.

Rautakappu's Champions

If the characters arrived at the hidden gate of Tvologoya as the friends and helpers of Rautakappu, then the following will take place.

As the characters are about to enter the mountain, a thick mist assails the mountainous valley. This is no natural mist; the characters can sense that. It is a strange and ghastly mist, and any Dimwalker amongst them will know that this is the mist of Dimhall – the world of the dead. The mist grows thicker and more intense, and the air slowly turns more and more thin and rid of oxygen, as if it wasn't intended for breathing. Then, out of the thick mist appears a figure that horrifies the characters.

She appears before you as a skeletal character. Clad in torn robes, rusted armor, and broken swords, her bone-white face tells of death and famine and disease. In one hand she holds three spears, one tipped with iron, one with bronze, and one with shadow. In her left hand she holds seven skulls by their soot-black and tangled up hair. "I am Morgu" she says. "and I have come to collect my niece. Where is she? Where is Ainvildur?"

This is Morgu, the Flowra of war and death, and as she says, she has come to collect her niece Ainvildur. She has gotten word from the other daughters of Neman that she was captured by the characters. Morgu is willing to have a conversation with the characters and she does not attack them. She wants the characters to tell her where Ainvildur has gone, and who took her. If they do, she will disappear with the mist that she summoned, but if they do not, then Morgu will curse the characters. She curses them with the fate to suffer painful and mournful deaths when the time is right. The characters each suddenly feel a sharp pain in the palm of their left hand. There, where there was nothing before, is now an open and bleeding wound, a mark of the Flowra of death. Then, Morgu disappears silently with the mist.

THE JOURNEY TO TVOLOGOYA

The characters have all grown up on stories and legends of Tvologoya, no matter if they are Humans, Dwarves, or Elves. To the Humans, it is known as Trilheim, and there are many songs and telling's across Westmark, Mittland, and the Stormlands about the millions and millions of passages, vaults, archaic cities, and monolithic halls of that kingdom that is eldest upon Trudvang, and indeed, most mythical and mysterious. So, perhaps it is a disappointment to many of the characters to find only stone, and darkness, and cold. Nothing but stone and narrow empty rough passages for hours and hours, leading ever downward into blackness. The characters begin to wonder if they have been fooled, perhaps Tvologoya doesn't exist? Perhaps the Dwarven kingdoms are just lies? This looks nothing like the legends told them.

And so it should continue for a long time. Weeks, maybe even months, of constant traveling in darkness and cold passages and tunnels, leading the characters downward to more stone and more dark passages, leading to even more stone and even darker passages. There are no Dwarves here, or at least they do not choose to show themselves to the characters. In fact, the tunnels and passages leading down to Tvologoya are almost completely devoid of any life except for insects and bats. There is no civilization here, no tribes of Wildfolk or Bastjurs. Well, perhaps a lost Troll or family of Goblins here or there, or even perhaps the feared tunnelhog, but no organized society. Only darkness.

For food and drink, the characters must rely on finding natural sources of cool water running from cracks in the stone, or found in murky and spooky underground lakes. There are plenty of fungus and mushrooms growing in the caves, and with successful wilderness rolls, the characters should be able to find enough to survive on. However, it is no lavish existence, and this time they

have no Norglavanja to show them the best mushrooms and most refreshing springs of water. The constant and unrelenting darkness should begin to take its toll on the characters after a week. They are accustomed to seeing the sun at least every now and then, and this compact and non-relenting abyssal darkness is unlike anything the characters have ever experienced, not even when they traveled under the Sooty Mountains. For every week the characters spend in the passages leading down to Tvologoya, they must pass a Psyche check of 12 to avoid obtaining a modifier of -1 to all their SV's. Should the characters fail a lot of wilderness rolls, they should also have to pass a Constitution check of 14 because of hunger. Should they fail this check, they obtain an additional modifier of -1 to all their SV's until they are sufficiently fed again. All in all, the journey to the first signs of civilization should take no less than two months, but probably more. It is recommended that you do not play out this period scene by scene, but instead use a "montage approach" where you as the gamemaster summarize the journey together with the players, and highlight a number of extra significant events and encounters.

Encounters on the Way to Tvologoya

1d20	Event
1-3	Underground lake.
4-6	Abandoned Dwarven bridge, half destroyed and littered with skeletons and rusted armor. Old battle between the Borjornikka and the Buratja Dwarves.
7-9	Tunnel swine family, up to five individuals.
10-13	Abandoned mining shaft - old chains, tools, and apparatuses.
14-16	Huge chasm - must climb up and down old abandoned stairs to pass below.
17-19	Gargantuan statue that transforms into a Stonehinje.
20	Hibernating Hrim Troll.

Finally, after a dark and long journey, the characters reach civilization inside the depths of the mountains. The mountain opens to a huge cave that continues for as far as the eye can see in all directions into complete darkness. In front of the characters, there is a narrow stone bridge where two Dwarves can walk abreast but no more. The bridge is thin, and seems to be carved directly from the mountain. There stand two large stonefylgis by either side of the end of the bridge, and they are carved with watchful and bearded faces, staring back at the characters with dead stone eyes. The bridge continues for six meters ahead until it disappears into darkness, there is no light source in sight, and if they peer over the edge of the precipice of the mountain, they can only see more darkness below. It is an ocean of shadow, and the bridge is the only way to cross it.

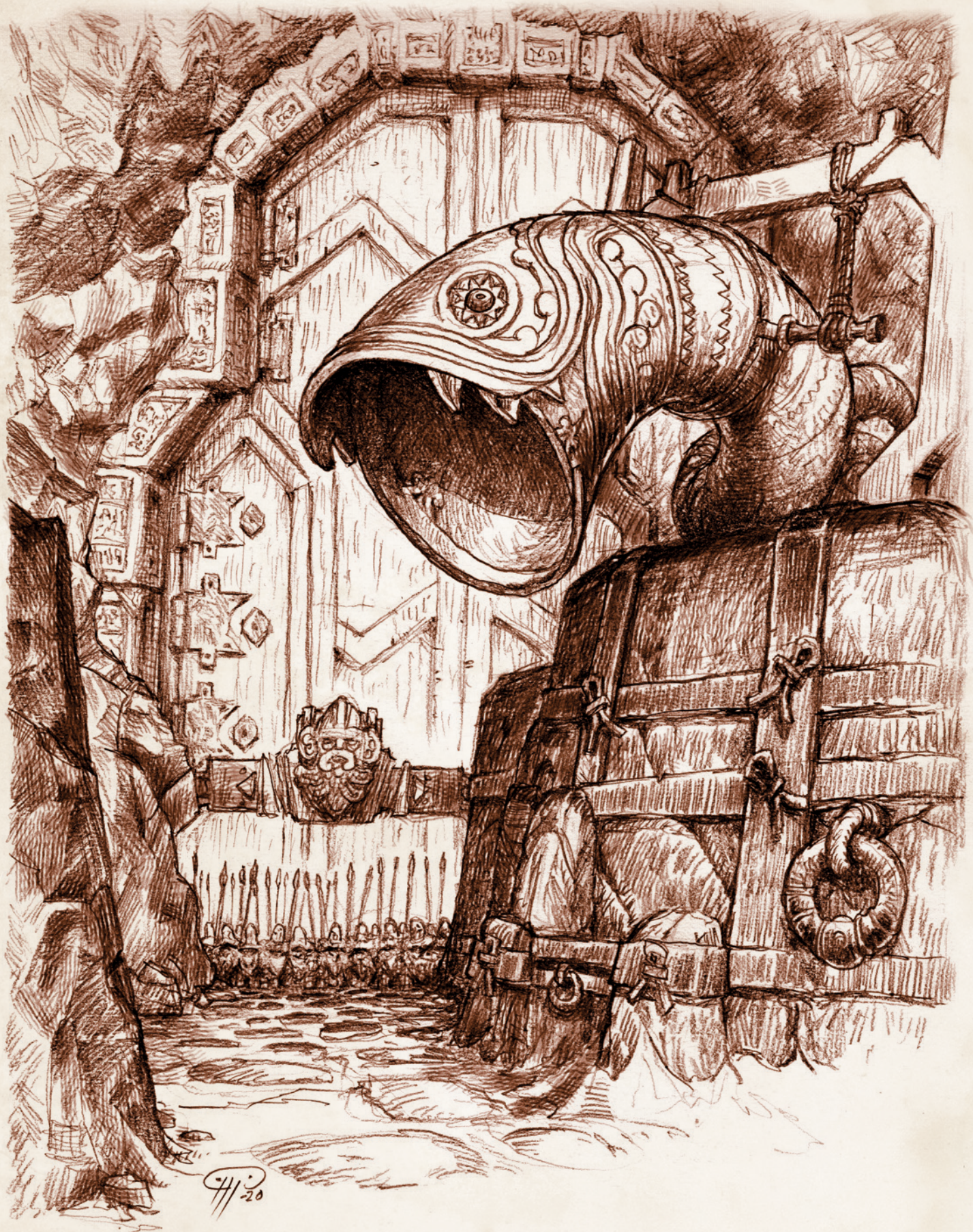
Walking across the bridge should be very harrowing for anybody that is not a Dwarf. The bridge is so thin and so smooth, that if the characters were to lose their footing for just a split second, they would fall to their assumed doom thousands of meters below. They continue to cross the bridge for what seems like hours, and soon they have darkness in front of them and darkness behind them. Nothing else. After three hours of steady march across the bridge, they hear something from beyond the darkness, the rattling of metal on metal. Then, footsteps, and finally a voice. The voice speaks in Futhark as a figure appears from the other side of the darkness, a bBorjornikka Dwarf dressed in scale mail armor, black as soot that flows like a robe all the way down to his bare, hairy, and soot-covered feet. In his hand he carries a great spear, across his arms are tattooed many runes and, on his face, he wears a dreadful mask of iron with a long nose and heavy eyebrows. If none of the characters answer the Dwarf in futhark, he will switch to Vrok, with a broad accent.

"I am Komsko of Pwundur's blood. You trespass on Borjornikka lands. Who are you? Why do you come?"

If the characters treat the Dwarf with respect, tell their names and their bloodline, the Dwarf will ask them to follow him farther across the bridge. If they show him the runeblade Krovabonh, he will be even more intrigued with the characters, and insist that they please follow him. Even if the characters don't mention Krovabonh, the Dwarf will notice its hilt, and instantly recognize it as at least Dwarven craft, and a rare artifact. However, if they are rude to the Dwarf, he will turn around and leave without a word, and the characters must find another way to enter Tvologoya, or give up their mission.

The Dwarf known as Komsko leads the characters onward across the bridge, onward into darkness. More and more darkness for two more hours, until they finally start to see faint lights in the distance. Warm fire lights. As they get closer, the lights become more and more clear, until they finally see that they are indeed signal fires burning from carved braziers of stone, shooting straight up from the darkness below them. The braziers illuminate what the bridge is leading to, a huge gate.

The gate of the Dwarves is unlike any the characters have ever seen. Carved from solid stone, and reaching up into the roof of the cave for a hundred meters, it is decorated with thousands and thousands of images describing scenes and people from the mythology of the Dwarves. There is Borjorn the maker, Yukk the serpent, and the beautiful Gutka of fire. There, too, is carved the legends of Tvologoya, the first Thune Tvolog and his slaying of the Buratja king. There is the hundred-year long battle between the Borjornikka and the Buratja and the final uniting under one kingdom. Around the gate has been carved many lines and patterns to accentuate the shape of the gate to make it appear larger than it really is. All in all, it is a breath-taking sight.



By the end of the bridge, where the narrow passage meets the gate, there is a huge iron horn resting upon a mound of carved rock. The horn is etched with scales to resemble a giant serpent. The Dwarf Komsko ascends the stairs encircling the mound up towards the horn, and kindly asks the characters to stay put. He grabs ahold of the horn, and with a breath from his iron lungs, he blows three strong signals that echo like the roar of a dragon throughout the underground chasm. There is a moment of silence, but then fires light up in consecutive rhythm on either side of the gate, and illuminate the area around them. Then, a horn blow answers Komsko from somewhere else in the chasm, and with the sound of mountains being dragged across iron, the gates slide upward as if pulled by invisible chains.

Out from the other side of the gate comes marching a squadron of fifty heavily armored Borjornikka Dwarves carrying masks, shields, and long spears. With a loud grunt, they take a stance, shield up and spear out towards the characters. Then, they can hear a voice shouting from the other side of the gate in Futhark.

"Who comes before the gate of Yetzin?" the voice cries. The Dwarf Komsko steps forth and shouts back to the voice. "Komsko of Pwundur's blood comes before the gate of Yetzin, bringing an artifact of old."

After a moment of silence, another horn blow is heard from beyond the gate, and with yet another grunt the squadron of Borjornikka warriors shift formation to allow Komsko and the characters to pass. They pass the warriors and onward through the gate. There stand many Dwarves also dressed in armor and masks, watching them as they pass by, whispering and pointing. Let any Dwarf roll for Perception against 12 to hear what they are saying. "The sword, look." Komsko leads the characters onward through passages and long halls and corridors and up

stairs and down stairs. The mountain here is not as raw and rough, the walls are polished, and there are most often carvings decorating both the ceiling and the walls. There are many high pillars here too, and statues standing as silent watchers in the quiet, dark hallways. There is still very little light down here, however, and the characters often find it hard seeing where they put their feet and they stumble on more than one occasion. This area of the mountain is filled with life and movement, and there are many Borjornikka Dwarves here that the characters pass by in their hundreds, rushing back and forth into tunnels and passages away from the path that Komsko is leading them on. They observe the characters with fear, as if they were ghosts, but quickly avert their gaze as if afraid to look any of them directly in the eye. Most of the Dwarves are carrying something, sacks, tools, weapons, armor, and lockboxes and chains. They are not armored, but instead show their upper bodies and feet and faces naked, only covered by their long-woven beards and thick pants made from tunnelhog leather. If the characters ask Komsko where he is taking them, he will say "To the Thuuls, to see about your sword."

After passing away from the tunnel network surrounding the gate, Komsko leads the characters along a huge straight tunnel that passes onward for just under an hour. The tunnel is solid black stone, and it is polished smooth. Here there are many defensive moats and crevices carved into the floor and walls of the tunnel, the characters can only guess that they are used to defend the city from would-be attackers. There to defend are also great sliding doors of iron and stone every 80 meters along the tunnel. They stand open now, but each are guarded by a smaller gate house where a warrior and two smiths are positioned. At every gate house, Komsko must speak to the Dwarves and explain their venture. The characters must state their full name and bloodline before they can pass to the next stretch of the tunnel. At the mention of the

word "Krovabonh", the Dwarves that they meet show terror upon their rough faces.

After reaching the end of the tunnel, the characters are led by Komsko up a set of stairs and through a large underground circular keep. The characters can see that the round walls of the keep stretch for thirty meters up into the jagged rock roof, and that there are many slits in it for bowmen to fire arrows from. Here, it is lighter, as steel and stone braziers are situated both inside and outside the keep illuminating the fortification with a warm and dancing fire glow. The characters do not stay there for any length of time, and only experience a fraction of its interior, as Komsko is quick to lead them onward. The outer parts of the keep that they do pass through have a low stone ceiling, several heavy stone pillars, and rough floors that make up many chambers and rounded rooms. The walls are covered in armor stands and chains carrying artifacts of war of immaculate craft. The air is filled with sweat, smoke, and dust. There are many warriors there too, grinding their blades on stones larger than themselves, and fitting armor and trading war stories, some even sharing a drink of the famous Krustall mead from heavy and meter long wooden barrels. They observe the characters with mistrust and raised eyebrows. Perhaps there is even a Zvorda or two in the keep, perhaps the first many of the characters have ever seen. Komsko shepherds the characters downward to an underground passage that leads them onward for another hour underneath the large keep. This passage too is fortified and protected by sliding walls of stone every 80 meters. At the end of it, just by the entrance to Yetzin, there is a huge lift made from thick wood and iron. The lift is operated by no less than ten strong Zvorda workers, who pull on huge black chains that are hung around the roof of the lift and ascend upward into darkness. As Komsko leads the characters onto the lift they roar and smash their hands together, as if preparing for a great

struggle, and begin to pull on the chains as the lift is launched upward. The lift goes up, up, up, and up through a narrow shaft that is no more than 5 meters by 5 meters large, just inches shy of the lift's own size. The lift stops with a sudden thud, and the characters must struggle to stay standing. Komsko however is unmoved. They pass along another narrow passage and then to a diamond shaped room with polished stone walls leading upward to a roof from which many lockboxes are hung, both large and small, from thin silver chains. In the middle of the room there is a hole in the floor, it too is diamond shaped, leading downward into darkness. Komsko leads the characters around the hole along one of two side passages to the other side of the room, where a narrow staircase awaits, leading up to a small locked door, not unlike the one the characters encountered when they first entered the mountain. Beside the door there is a small, round hole. No larger than a coin. Komsko knocks three times at the door, and mumbles something in the small hole. After some waiting and a lot of noise from the other side, the door is flung open, revealing a 3 meter diameter, perfectly round tunnel leading forward into orange light. Komsko nods, "Yetzin, this way," he says.

The characters should be reminded that this intricate network of tunnels, lifts, doors, gatehouses, walls, and secret codes is no light defensive structure. This is Dwarven defensive engineering and art unlike anything they have ever experienced before. Here in these narrow halls, a lone warrior in full murgli armor could take on armies, as the enemy could only advance no more than two attackers at a time. It is an impressive construction.

THUULS OF YETZIN

The characters have arrived to Yetzin, or "the temple city" as it is also referred to by the Dwarves. It is one of the most sacred places to their kind in all of Trudvang. Yetzin is located in a huge hollowed out cave deep inside the

uppermost level of Tvolgoya. Carved originally from one huge monolithic black rock, it is said that the work to build the city took thousand Human years. Thousands and thousands of Borjornikka masons have labored throughout the generations to craft the single most impressive piece of architecture that the characters have ever seen. It is not only because of its deep connection to Thuuldom that Yetzin is called the temple city, but also for the hundreds of actual Dwarven temples that make up the city proper. Here the characters can see towers upon towers, and archaic structures encircled by gargantuan staircases and outdoor passages, and circled streets leading up and down and around the temples. Houses with rounded roofs stacked upon other houses in artistic and planned out fashion to form almost a pattern of dragon scales crawling up around the rounded temples and towers. All carved from the same piece of black rock and all around, where the towers end and there are no walkways, utter and total darkness descending for as far as the naked eye can see. It is an awe-inspiring sight, and any Dwarf in the party will have heard legends about the temple city of Yetzin for all their lives. To finally be here should be an emotional moment for them, especially for any Thuul.

As the characters enter the city with Komsko, he turns to them and points to the grand temple in the middle of the city, standing hundreds of meters higher than any other building in Yetzin.

"You in Borjornikka land now. In Yetzin, holy city. Show respect – or you will be dead."

After the characters promising they will show respect, Komsko removes his iron mask for the first time to greet the characters. His beard is long and black, and his face is tired and old. Komsko has been around for a long time, no less than a hundred Human years old. The age can not only be seen upon his weathered face, but also in his gray, deep, tiny,

and watery eyes. The old Dwarf bows before the characters and again repeats his name and bloodline. The characters should do the same.

"I take you to grand temple now, to meet Uggin of Guashov's blood. Eagle Thuul, great rune smith. Know the answer, he will. Bring your sword, bring Krovabonh the accursed." Again, Komsko points at the great temple in the middle of the city, rising hundreds of meters above everything else, so high that its tallest tower almost scrapes the jagged black roof of the hollow cave. The old Dwarf nods affirmingly, and starts walking.

Komsko leads the characters through Yetzin, up through winding staircases, circular streets, and over bridges shooting across gaping black chasms towards the grand temple. The grand temple is the most impressive structure in the whole city, sporting no less than fifty round stone towers placed along and around the temple, and another hundred houses in proximity for the Thuuls to dwell in. The houses are carved directly from black stone, like everything else in Yetzin, and they are square or circular in shape, holding quite a few rooms and furniture, also carved directly from stone. The main gate of the grand temple is like humongous portal rising five hundred meters from the floor up through the temple. It is sprung directly from the stone of the temple's main structure, and around it is carved many straight lines repeating the shape of the portal outward, and directly above the portal is hung a huge statue of Borjorn the Maker, claspng two snakes in each strong hand.

As the characters pass across the grand stone bridge leading to the grand temple, the only way to get there, they are greeted by a crowd of Borjornikka waiting for them. The crowd is very large and from the characters rough estimation, they can see that at least two hundred Dwarves have gathered here to see them with

their own eyes. Word has traveled quickly through Yetzin that foreigners are coming, carrying nothing less than the cursed sword Krovabonh. Amongst the Dwarves, the sword is also known as “Bite of Yukk” or “Shadow of Yukk”, and as the characters pass by the Dwarves, they can hear many of them whispering the different names. Most of the Borjonikka seem to be Thuuls, wearing serious faces, with many tattooed magical runes upon their muscular and heavy-set bodies. The Dwarves watch the characters with dead serious eyes, as if this moment has a very dark and ominous meaning that they respect. As they approach, the crowd parts like a split sea to make way for Komsko at the helm of the troupe, leading the way for the characters up towards the great temple.

Just meters away from the gate of the grand temple, the characters can notice that the crowd of Borjonikka seems to be getting thicker and thicker, as if this place is the epicenter of the attention. At the mouth of the portal there have gathered five tight rows of drummers carrying bodhran-style percussion instruments that they pound furiously in an aggressive, fast-paced rhythm. The musicians begin to stomp their feet as Komsko suddenly stops in his tracks, as if commanded by the drummers to do so. The drummers start to chant and yell in Futhark, and soon the crowd joins them, pounding their heavy feet on the stone underneath in rhythm. Then, suddenly, as if orchestrated by the same master, the Dwarves stop, and the city falls silent. There is silence for a moment, what’s going to happen? The drummers part, revealing the darkness behind them, leading into the grand temple. Out from the darkness comes a figure, a Dwarf, dressed like Komsko in a shirt of scale mail all the way down to their bare feet. Face covered in an iron mask, and arms covered in runic tattoos. Komsko walks up to meet the Dwarf, and they exchange a strange handshake only recognizable to another Borjonikka from Yetzin. The two

speak to each other in hushed voices, pointing and looking at the characters. Then, after a while, Komsko waves the characters over. He speaks to them, the other Dwarf eyeing them with a suspicious gaze.

“The Eagle Thuuls have agreed to meet you. Follow, and show respect in their presence.”

Komsko leaves the characters behind, following them with his grey, watery eyes as they follow the other Dwarf into the darkness of the temple. The path through the grand temple of Yetzin is dark, and it’s hard to make out the fashion of its interior. After a while of adjusting to the darkness after the brazier lit exterior, they can notice polished pillars of black rock, and large statues against the walls of what seems to be a grand corridor leading onward through darkness. The hallway is long, empty, and quiet. Only the footsteps of the characters that echo against the massive stone breaks the silence. It is a foreboding walk, and it seems to last forever; the characters can’t fully know where this new guide is leading them. Finally, they reach a set of large double doors of stone, polished and reaching ten meters high above them. A set of five guards stand outside the doors, but they part as they see the troupe approaching, and then turn to slowly push the doors open. They are heavy, and the sound they make when they open makes the walls around the characters tremble.

Beyond the double doors they are met by fire light coming from many stone braziers standing in the great halls of the Eagle Thuuls. The word Eagle means “grand” in Futhark, and the hall of the grand Thuuls certainly lives up to the expectations. The hall is in fact a huge and round cave with rough, raw, and unpolished walls of black rock that reach hundreds of meters upward into darkness. Leading from the double doors is a narrow bridge of stone where two Dwarves can walk abreast. On either side of the bridge stand huge burning braziers of stone on small platforms. The bridge leads to a

central platform in the hall, circular in shape, and its floor carved with many runic symbols and shapes each forming and entangling around each other. In the center of the platform lies a huge tablet made from polished obsidian, the fire light from the braziers dances against its glass-like surface. On the northern end of the platform stand three grand stone thrones, each with a small stone staircase leading up to it so that it hovers several meters above anyone standing on the main platform. The thrones are Dwarven sized, but their backsides are enormous, shooting up several meters above the thrones like totem poles carved with many symbols and faces from Dwarven mythology. On either side of each throne is a statue, one of Borjorn the Maker and one of a hammer. On the throne stationed to the right sits a small Buratja Dwarf covered in iron jewelry, and with hair and beard tangled and dirty that obstructs their face. It is resting huge, rough hands in its bearded lap. On the throne to the left sits a huge Zvorda Dwarf dressed head to toe in full Mitraka Murgli armor and mask, shining like a star in the fire light. In the middle, and most impressive, throne sits a Borjonikka Dwarf. He wears no clothing at all, but lets his long and braided beard obstruct his private parts. Every inch of his body is a masterpiece work of runic tattoos and scarification, even his throat, hands, and face are covered. He bears a formidable mustache that is woven with many golden rings, and on his head, he wears a Mitraka band.

The characters are led across the bridge to stand by the obsidian tablet on the platform. The Dwarf who led them there leaves them behind and returns to the double doors that close behind them now. The guards line the other side of the bridge, spears and shields ready, and the characters understand that whatever happens next, there is no escaping this hall with violence. The Borjonikka on the middle throne rises and speaks, his voice echoes like a roaring thunderstorm in the hallowed hall.

“Who stands before the Eagle Thuuls of Yetzin? Why have you come?”

The characters are expected to tell their story to the Egle Thuuls of Yetzin, to tell it true, and to tell all of it. If the characters want to lie to the Thuuls, they must use the Silvertongue specialty. Should they fail with this, the Dwarves will throw them into prison cells and starve them until they tell the truth. Once they have told the Thuuls how they came upon the sword Krovabonh, the dreams they have been having, and how they came to find the Dwarves of Tvologoya, the Zvorda Dwarf will rise to speak. He is angry, furious in fact, waving his great big Troll arms as he shouts.

"Thieves they are! Nothing more. We should throw them in the logi furnaces or break their bones on black chains. To steal from the halls of our dead brothers, it is an unforgivable crime!" The Buratja Thuul leans in and whispers something to the Borjornikka Dwarf quietly. The Thuul nods and rises again to speak. "My brother Burrzu is right to be angry. You have committed a crime punishable by death. Present the blade, we shall let the mountain decide what happens next." As you lay the accursed runeblade upon the polished tablet of obsidian, Krovabonh whispers to you in panic, "No! Murderers, liars, backstabbers. Kill, kill them all, kill them now!" You must resist a primal impulse to clutch the blade in your hands and slay every last Dwarf in this room, but you manage to restrain your mind. As the scarlet blade lies resting upon the black obsidian, the Buratja Thuul arises from its throne and descends the stairs onto the platform. It stands for a moment observing the sword with its black, small eyes almost entirely obscured by its giant sooty hair. The Dwarf is only a few centimeters taller than the tablet as it stands just next to it, its hands hovering above the scarlet sword. The hands begin to tremble as the Dwarf starts to mumble quietly words and phrases that you can't understand. However, you sense that there is a weight to the language and the words, you understand that they have meaning and

at this very moment your fate is being decided. The Buratja seems to drone off for an eternity, physically present, but spiritually somewhere else. Then, as if ripped from an intense trance, the Buratja looks up at you in reverence, its soot black eyes twitching. "They not die. They Kuttjatti, what the soul shall be. Mountain has spoken."

The Egle Thuuls of Yetzin have determined the fate of Krovabonh after the vision of the Buratja Thuul. The Dwarves call this fate "Kuttjatti", or "what the soul shall be", and it is something that they respect immensely, their whole culture and religion is built around it. Although the characters have committed a crime punishable by death (desecrating a Dwarven kingdom) the Egle Thuuls have determined that their fate is intertwined with the fate, the Kuttjatti, of the runeblade Krovabonh, and therefore they cannot be killed. From now on, the characters are treated as being chosen by the mountain, chosen by Borjorn himself, to carry this sword. However, the Dwarves to recognize that Krovabonh is a cursed sword that they fear greatly just like the characters. After this has been conveyed to the characters, the Borjornikka Thuul will speak to them in a serious tone, the weight of his words apparent.

"It is true that the blade Krovabonh is cursed, and cursed by none other than the cunning serpent Yukk." As the Thuul speaks the name, every Dwarf in the hall shivers and hisses with fear. "It is your fate to carry this sword, your Kuttjatti. However, it is not the fate of the sword to be cursed. We will help you, if you are willing to help yourselves. Brother Pryyndur shall guide you across the Bifhrust down into Nifulong. There, by the furnace of Logorij, swords shall be forged in the name of Borjorn, swords of Mitraka. For ere you shall be rid of the curse of Yukk, you must face him yourself, and with the consecrated swords of Mitraka you must banish the snake god from the harborage of

Krovabonh. Then, and only then, will the curse be lifted from the runeblade. This is your fate, your mighty Kuttjatti. Do you accept it?"

This is the quest posed to the characters. To fight a serpent god, a mighty ask, and a task only heroes can complete. In the world of sagas, the characters accept their Kuttjatti, and do as the Egle Thuuls of Yetzin have prophesied.

BIFHRUST

The characters are following the Buratja grand Thuul named Pryyndur down through the passage that the Dwarves call the Bifhrust – or Bifrost in Human languages. They are heading towards the lowest levels of Tvologoya, to the misty and dark kingdom of the Buratja Dwarves called Nifulong, or Niflheim "the world of mist" by the Humans. There they must help the Buratja Dwarves craft swords of Mitraka that will enable the heroes to do battle with the serpent god Yukk and lift his curse from Krovabonh.

The Bifhrust is the main way of navigating across the three different levels of the vast realm of Tvologoya. It is essentially a descending gateway consisting of a huge network of bridges, passages, and tunnels leading you farther and farther into darkness for an un-assessable distance. In fact, no Dwarf or Human as ever been able to measure how far down the Bifhrust leads. It's as much a structure and a gateway as it is a mythology and a legend, a story to tell your children and your grandchildren about the size of Tvologoya and the kingdoms of the Dwarves. To pass through this network without a guide that knows the way is impossible without losing your way and veering into side passages and trick tunnels that would trap unwary travelers or intruders in caves and deep chasms that nobody, not even the Dwarves, could ever hope to find their way back from. In such places, far away from the eyes of gods and men, nobody knows what awaits you.

This is the road the characters must take. Even though they are guided by the great Thuul Pryyndur, a master of stone and runes and gods, it is a dangerous road that takes no less than a month of constant travel and descending into deeper darkness. The first level of Bifhrust is dominated by stairs, the second by bridges, and the last one by narrow passages and tight, winding tunnels. In Vrok, the word Muspelheim, which is the homeland of the Dwarves, roughly translates to “world of fire” or “land of heat”. But, the first few weeks of traveling through Tvologoya and the Bifhrust, the characters won’t truly understand the meaning of this name. Up here is a kingdom of cold, dark, and polished stone. Carved staircases that lead ever downward through hallowed and quiet halls, rooms and temples of archaic statues and somber faces carved into monolithic blocks of smooth and freezing stone.

Encounters in Upper Bifhrust

1d20	Event
1-3	Mining operation.
4-6	Zvorda Dwarves carrying huge boulders from a mining site.
7-9	Wildfolk spy.
10-13	Mitraka excavation.
14-16	Underground lake crossed by riding a great boat.
17-19	Attacking Trolls
20	Zvordorkum fighting a Firdtursir in a ruined chamber.

However, as the characters descend further, the heat begins to hit them like a never-relenting wall. Rivers of lava, endless falls of magma, and cracked raw stone barely containing its smoldering interior. All draped in clouds of fumes and black smoke from the burning logi furnaces of the Buratja Dwarves. The hallowed halls of the Borjornikka in Tvolograd are long, long gone. There are no polished surfaces here, no statues, no carved faces and no somber thrones or towers. Only rough, raw,

and rugged walls of stone, and crooked passages circling forth through the lava-draped warrens of intricate tunnels and smithies. Here, the center of attention are the monolithic logi furnaces and the smoldering fires and never-resting anvils of the Buratja Dwarves. Every moment of every waking hour, the sound is echoing throughout the passages, the sounds of white-hot steel being submerged into hissing water, and the sound of a million hammer strikes upon a million bars of steel and Mitraka. The Buratja Dwarves call these places cities, but the characters can’t liken them to any cities they have ever experienced before. To them, it is incomprehensible that their guide Pryyndur finds his way, but somehow, he does.

Encounters in Lower Bifhrust

1d20	Event
1-3	Spies from an enemy clan of Dwarves.
4-6	Buratja Dwarves transporting Wildfolk slaves.
7-9	Lava fall.
10-13	Logiwyrms eggs.
14-16	Sleeping adult Muspeljotun.
17-19	Attacking Logi.
20	Young Muspeljotun.

When the characters arrive in Nifulong, they stand before the gate of the Buratja forge city of Logakilj.

A BURATJA SWORD IS FORGED

The gates of Logakilj are no ordinary gates made from stone or iron or wood. The forge city of the Buratja Dwarves is protected by a gigantic lava fall, cascading downward from the roof of a black cave for a hundred meters, until it plunges into a great river of slow-moving magma. A bridge of black stone leads out from a small precipice across the magma river and towards the lavafall. At the gate, the great

Thuul Pryyndur grabs ahold of a pair of great black Ironblood chains that are swung around a totemic pole shooting up from the lava just by the edge of the bridge. The Dwarf unrolls the chains and wraps them around his forearms. The pain must be excruciating due to the temperature of the chains, but the Buratja Dwarf doesn’t even make a face. Using unimaginable strength for its small body, the Buratja Thuul pulls a huge Ironblood anchor from the smoldering magma, and tosses it onto the bridge. At the moment of the anchor’s release, something seems to click at the top of the lavafall several meters above the characters. The sound of a great weight smashing onto a hard surface, and then, as if someone turned off the tap, the lavafall stops flowing and reveals a gaping rock maw beyond, leading onward into darkness.

Pryyndur leads the characters onward through narrow passages and winding tunnels, downward, ever downward, until they reach a place where the stone surrounding them suddenly seems different. Not polished or smooth, but somewhat treated. Instead of carvings on the walls, the characters can here see great fossils of animals and insects unknown or extinct, dating back from a prehistoric time even perhaps before the Age of Dreams. At the end of the tunnel, the characters can see a hot glowing orange light in the distance, and a wall of heat growing ever more intense the closer they get to the light-source. As they approach the glow, they can see a hole at the end of the tunnel. Not a natural hole, but more of a strange doorway, carved from the stone into a circular shape, and inlaid with iron and gold and worked and shaped into faces and symbols of hammers and strong hands. As the characters enter through the hole, they are met by an awe-inspiring sight.

The cave is no smaller than five hundred meters in diameter, carved directly from the jagged black rock of Nifulong. Everywhere, there are mountains of coal pieces as large as

Zvorda fists, and chains thick as giant snakes in circled stacks here and there. Vaults and exhaust pipes cross every inch of the cave walls and ceiling, as if they were the metallic skeleton in the belly of some otherworldly gargantuan beast. They hiss and shout and spit steam and smoke and embers, releasing heat and cold and soot-black smoke. There are anvils and kegs of water and beds of smoldering stone and great molds, large as giants, filled with pools of molten steel flowing from great iron caskets suspended from the pipe-covered ceiling by chains like monstrous metallic snakes. There are hundreds of Buratja Dwarves here, all at work, rushing to and fro in the cave carrying tools and fuel for their next project. But as the centerpiece, and the truly awe-inspiring sight, stands the monolithic furnace that every Dwarf has heard legends about, and perhaps even some Humans and Elves. It is said that the Borjornolinka ("he who is of equal to Borjorn") called Tukorov labored day and night for three hundred years to make the furnace. It stands one hundred meters high and twenty-two meters in circumference. It has eighteen chambers and twenty-four air-inlets, and around the waist of the furnace are carved many huge runes of bonding to trap any logi inside it. But inside that furnace resides no normal logi. Legend says that Tukorov tricked the prehistoric logi named Logorij into the furnace, and that the smith himself had to sacrifice his life in order to trap it inside. Inside, the Dwarf and the giant logi melded together into one spirit, one soul, to power the furnace for all eternity. Ever since, for all ages of time until this moment, this furnace, which was named after the logi Logorij, has been the most significant and important furnace in all of Trudvang. And it is within this furnace that the destinies of the characters shall be decided.

As the great Thuul Pryyndur enters the forge, he calls to his pupils with a sudden ferocity in his tone that the characters have not heard from a Buratja Dwarf before. He speaks in Futhark.

"Sons of soot stand ready! For I come to you with a mighty destiny – the destiny of Krovabonh the accursed and the bane of Yukk. We shall forge swords, swords for heroes. Swords of might and swords of Mitraka. These swords will be the bane of gods. Stand ready, open every chamber and vent of Logorij and prepare the fuel. For we shall labor until our backs are bent and our bones broken. Stand ready, stand ready! This is the moment. This is the time. Brothers, sons of soot and stone and fire and flame!"

As if controlled by one mind, one heart, and one will, the Buratja Dwarves all begin to move in unison. As if practicing an elaborate dance or combat maneuver, they move to their posts and do the job that has been assigned to them by their master since the day that they were born. For any other than a master Buratja smith, the process is hard to follow, and even harder to make sense of.

To the Buratja Dwarves, the forging of Mitraka into weapons so pure and sharp that they could cut through bone and flesh like they were butter, is a sacred ritual. It is not just a craft, it is a religion. Firstly, the great Thuul Pryyndur searches the passages and tunnels and lava-draped chasms of Nifulong for days until he finds the precise Mitraka vein that has revealed its destiny, its Kuttjatti, as being fit for the swords that the characters shall wield in the battle against Yukk. The characters are very lucky that this search only takes a few days, as the odds of finding the right Mitraka source are very slim. Not only must the source be the right one according to the Dwarf's religious beliefs, but it must also be of such a kind that its purity levels are correct so that the final swords don't become too brittle. Then, the Dwarves load the eighteen chambers of the Logorij furnace with charcoal and carbon in combination with Mitraka ground into a sand-like substance for no less than six days straight. It is a mighty work, and the Buratja Dwarves neither sleep nor eat for the duration of this loading. The furnace is like a great beast, devouring the materials at an

incomprehensible rate, and the Dwarves must satiate its hunger as best they can. Now, after six days have passed, the great Thuul draws closer as he tunes in to the senses of the furnace, observing as the Mitraka slowly descends to the bottom of the furnace that the Dwarves commonly refer to as the "muspelbohn" or "the cradle of fire." During this time, the other Buratja Dwarves gather close to watch their master with reverence, droning in low throat-singing like a quaking choir to imbue their Thuul with the sacred qualities that he requires in his work. For this, the Thuul has his runic tattoos completely exposed, as the pain of embers from the furnace landing on his bare skin allows him to gauge the position of the Mitraka in the furnace. Then, after approximately five hours of singing and feeling, the Thuul gazes inside the furnace to see the color of the Mitraka as it has settled into the muspelbohn. Only then can he know if the metal has rested and gone through the necessary chemical processes to become material worthy of his master craft swords. As the temperature rises in the furnaces, and further impurities sink to the bottom of the chambers, the Dwarves can no longer approach to furnace too close or risk their hair and beards spontaneously combusting. They must use their sharp ears to guide them, and listen to the bellowing and hissing sounds of the furnace that expands outward through the air-inlets.

Then, as the feeding and the listening and the tuning ends, the time has come to extract the material from the furnace. The Buratja do not break down the furnace like many Humans must do to extract their material, but instead they raise each other up on great lifts pulled by huge snake-like chains, high up above the hundred-meter-high furnace. After lifting the lid of the furnace, shaped like a giant bearded head, they use very long spades and tools consecrated with strengthening runes by the Thuuls to shift the Mitraka out from the bed of the furnace. By the chambers of Logorij, their brothers await with huge hammers that they use to separate the charcoal and carbon from the Mitraka that

have formed like a black scab around the pure metal inside. The Mitraka falls onto a bed of round iron poles, that are then surrounded by strong chains and pulled away from the heat of the furnace by no less than twenty strong Zvorda, out toward huge vents releasing icy air sourced from the peaks of the Iron Mountains thousands and thousands of kilometers above. The winds of the mountains cool down the Mitraka and, after a day of waiting and cooling, the Buratja can begin to actually extract the purest Mitraka and begin to work the blades.

At that point begins a moment of prayer and quiet dedicated to the god Borjorn, the maker. The Buratja stand before the huge piece of Mitraka that they have wrought together and mumble. To the untrained ear, it may sound like nothing short of a dark cacophony. But in truth, it is a sacred moment for the Buratja in which they exchange words with the god Borjorn, sharing their thoughts and desires for this piece of Mitraka. They ask for the Kuttjatti, the destiny, to be fulfilled, and for Borjorn to let this be the greatest work they have ever made together. Then, after the moment of holiness, the shaping of the swords may begin.

The shaping itself, heating up the Mitraka and through immaculate craft and patience bashing the sword into the correct form, can take several weeks if not months. It takes several smiths hitting the blade at the correct points at the correct moment in correct rhythm for the sword to be just right, as its designer intended. Once the blade itself has the correct shape, the Dwarves cover the Mitraka in a special slag and clay that is left behind by dying logis, which is used to insulate the blade for the hardening process to come. This also gives the

Mitraka sword a special pattern inside it that the Buratja call “Yukkainvornsko”, which roughly translates to “the tail of Yukk” in Vrok. This name has come about due to the snake like character that the pattern has. Then, the Dwarves heat up the mighty Logorij furnace once more, and all light in the forge is completely snuffed out so that the Thuul might correctly see the color of the Mitraka during the hardening process to know when it is exactly the right temperature. The sword is placed into the furnace, held by great Ironblood iron tongs by the Thuul. Legend says that only when the Mitraka has achieved the color of the eyes of Gutka, the daughter of Borjorn, has the sword reached the correct temperature. At this moment, the sword, still white-hot, is brought onto a sacred anvil that the Dwarves call “Thuulvarok” or “the fist of the rune smith.” Upon this anvil the sword is imbued with any runes that may power the Mitraka blade and grant it magical properties. These particular Mitraka swords made for the characters are only imbued with one rune by the Egle Thuul Pryyndur. This rune is of extraordinary quality and imbued with immense mystical power. It will allow the characters to carry the swords into the spiritual realm of the serpent god Yukk, and there actually harm him. After the rune has been pounded into the Mitraka by the Thuul, the sword is then quenched in ice cool water and polished into an exquisite finish with a sanctified small stone dipped in water.

For the duration of this whole process the characters are not allowed to leave the forge of the Buratja Dwarves. The Dwarves want them to stay there and witness the forging of their weapons, it is essential for their souls to be linked with the sword in this spiritual process for

the efficiency of the blades to be optimal. Besides, the Buratja won’t allow them to escape their forge because they suspect that in the end, the characters might not be strong-minded enough to go through with their destiny. This is something they cannot allow, so they keep them there, perhaps against their will. At the end of the forging, when the swords are completed, the characters are presented with their weapons by the Buratja. After tuning in the essence of each character’s soul, Pryyndur gives every sword its own unique name (let the players decide the name of their own swords). Once they are named, the Buratja Dwarves will whisper the names of the swords, so that they echo like hushed growls throughout the forge.

During the forging process, the runeblade Krovabonh will start to whisper to the Accursed. This time the sword doesn’t urge them to kill or to maim directly, but seeks a different route of influence. It tells the character that the Dwarves are going to betray them. That the Dwarves are going to kill them. That the Dwarves are evil. All the while the long forging process of the Mitraka swords is taking place, Krovabonh tries to turn the Accursed against their friends and against the Dwarves who are helping them. Regularly, the Accursed should have to roll a situation roll with SV 10 modified by Psyche (because of little exposure to sunlight, low morale and probably low food and water intake in Muspelheim). Should the character fail, you should play out a scene where the Accursed somehow tries to interfere with the forging process, or even tries to openly attack the Dwarves. Should this happen, this character will be cast into iron chains and separated from Krovabonh. However, this doesn’t stop the manipulating whispers.

FORGED ITEMS

One-handed heavy weapon	WA	IM	PV/BV	Weight	Damage	Quality
Mitraka Stakk Sverd	3	-3	9/90	1.2kg	1d10 (OR 8-10)	Master: +1 SV to use this sword, +2 CP is locked to the sword
Plate armor	PV/BV	Heft	MM	Weight		Quality
Zvordorkûm-maki styled armors	13/130	1	0 m	5.6 kg		Special: The PV is 24 against normal fire and 20 against magical fire.

THE CURSE IS BROKEN

Finally, when the swords of Mitraka are forged and the work of the Thuul is done, the great work of the characters begins. Now is the time, now is the moment, and the final battle is at hand. They must brave the unknown spiritual realm of the Dwarves, and with only their hearts and wills to guide them, they must do battle with the serpent god Yukk and emerge victorious. Then, and only then, may they be free of the curse of Krovabonh.

The characters are fitted from head to toe in Dwarven iron armor, consecrated by protective runes that ward off evil spirits and magic. The armor is Dwarven in craft, but specially designed by the Buratja Dwarves of Logakilj to fit Humans, Elves, Half-Trolls, or whatever race the characters might be. They characters are chosen by the Egle Thuuls to do this work of battle, and thus the Dwarves are obliged spiritually to do their best to help the characters. An honor like this, to have a specially fitted and designed piece of Dwarven armor, is unheard of, and almost never bestowed upon anyone outside of the Dwarven community. The armor is designed in the form of the dress worn by the fearsome Zvordorkum, the elite warriors of the Dwarves, into battle against dragons and Bastjurs in the deepest chasms of Muspelheim. The armor is extremely beautiful, fabled to be able to withstand even the fires of logis.

The Dwarves lead the characters away from the great forge, far away from the furnace city of Logakilj, up again through the Bifhrust to where the mountain is cold, silent, and dark. For while the god Borjorn lives by the anvil and the sparks that fly when the hammer hits the iron, and his daughter Gutka lives in the roaring fires of the furnace, the serpent, the deceiver and the trickster god Yukk, lives in the shadow and in the darkness. The Dwarves are afraid to travel too far into the darkness of the tunnels in

between Tvolograd and Nifulong, for it is there, in the mists of the steam from the forges of the Buratja down below, that they fear the road leads to where Yukk lives. In the kingdom of darkness and loneliness and pain that the Dwarves call Nidavellir. It is a land of vast and unending searching, of longing, and of struggle. Unlike Ginnungagap, Nidavellir is not formless or shapeless. Instead, it's a place of endless tunnels and fog from which nobody can ever return. That is the place where even the Dwarves who have lived under the mountain for all of their life start losing their way. Some Dwarves believe that it was in Nidavellir that the Norglavanja – the beautiful – were first lost, and that is why they have all gone from the kingdoms of Muspelheim. But above all else, Nidavellir is known to be the kingdom of Yukk. For it is there that he lures unwary Dwarves to follow him into the winding and cold tunnels and passages, promising the way to some lost treasure, artifact, or knowledge. But the snake only leads them astray, promising a way out, but only trapping them deeper in his realm, never to return.

Eventually, as all other accompanying Dwarves fade away from their journey, only the great Thuul Pryyndur dares lead the characters on their path toward Nidavellir. Until, by the mouth of a great and dark and mist-draped tunnel, even he stops. He whispers to the characters in a low voice, as if he's afraid that unwanted ears are listening.

"In there" he says, and points into the vast and misty darkness of the tunnel ahead, "there is Nidavellir. Kingdom of Yukk. I not go. Pryyndur wait here. Too dark, Ginnunga. I pray, I pray for Borjorn to show strength." The Dwarf makes a gesture towards you, as if bestowing a blessing upon your bodies. As you turn away from the old Thuul to face the misty and cold darkness of the tunnel beyond, you suddenly feel unseen eyes watching you. Yellow, snakelike eyes.

Beyond the dark tunnel, the characters find a cold, damp, and misty landscape. It seems as if this place, Nidavellir, perhaps was once the most fuming and boiling hot core of the Iron Tooth Mountains. But long ago, some dark force cooled it, and hardened the smelting lava into the landscape that the characters encounter here today. Wherever they look, the characters see strange and black rock formations, tunnels, chasms, cliffs and passages, all eroded and gnawed away, as if someone had thrown burning acid on them. Like warped teeth and twisted bones, pillars of rock wrap 'round the distorted titanic landscape. All is wrapped in a green, sickly mist.

The characters have found Nidavellir, the forgotten land abandoned by the Dwarves before the Age of Dreams. It is said to be the home of the snake god Yukk. To find their opponent, the characters need to try to follow the green mist, it will lead them like a trail of ghostly breadcrumbs towards his lair. This may prove easier said than done, as the mist often shifts and transforms. Finding their way through Nidavellir should be confusing and difficult, and the characters should have to spend several days there in loneliness and darkness. Not beset by any Bastjurs, but by their own dwindling psyches.

Yukk's Lair

The characters find themselves following a narrow cave passage downward into a dark and gloomy chamber. Here, every inch of the black rock has been carved into images of death. Skulls, tormented faces, and writhing bodies clad in expressions of horror and pain drape this chamber. There are actual skulls here too, white Dwarven skulls stacked upon each other forming meter-high mounds. The characters have entered the lair of the snake-god Yukk, the serpent and the deceiver of Dwarven mythology. Once the characters step into the chamber, the green mists disperse, and the characters can now see clearer than they have previously been able to in the dark underground of Nidavellir.

The first sign the characters notice of Yukk is a faint hissing noise echoing throughout the dreadful chamber. Then, a slimy slither that brings chills to their skin. Finally, a whisper. A whisper that seems to be coming from everywhere and nowhere at the same time. It is a hoarse, cunning, and rattling voice that speaks to them. Seducing, yet unsettlingly vile at the same. At first, Yukk speaks in Futhark, but if the characters do not understand him, he will switch to Vrok.

"Who did they send?" he says. "The kings of old? The sages of tomorrow? No, only the heroes of today. Come closer, come closer. My eyes are old, and I cannot see you so well. Please, step into the light."

Suddenly, the eyes of a skeletal statue light up with a green flame at the far end of the chamber. It casts a gloomy and sickly light across the southern end of the room. If the characters enter the pool of light, Yukk will continue to speak

from the shadows. If they remain where they are, he will present himself as a pale and sickly little Dwarf with long white hair and beard, and blind, red eyes. His image does not seem threatening to the characters, or indeed very dangerous at all.

"Why have you come?" the snake-god continues. "I do not get many visitors. Not since the Age of Dreams have I spoken to another in the flesh. You carry something with you, a heavy load upon your mind. Please, tell me what troubles you."

When the characters tell Yukk about Krovabonh and their curse, he lets forth an angry hissing noise that generates 1d5 fear points.

"So, the sword yet remains in Trudvang. Very good. I thought it lost or destroyed long ago. What is less to my liking is that it has fallen into your hands, for I made it to torment the Dwarves, not

to torment you. I can set you free of this curse, but like everything else in life, such a gift comes at a price."

At this point, Yukk tries to strike a deal with the characters. To free them of the curse of the Ironblood blade, the snake-god wants the characters to commit an act in his name to torment the Dwarves. Yukk wants them to kill one of the Egle Thuuls. The characters are not meant to accept this offer from Yukk, as it would completely derail the campaign and not be in line with the fact that characters in Trudvang are meant to be hereos. However, should you wish, you can play out this plotline of the adventure after your own design.

When the characters decline, Yukk will transform into a huge, monstrous white snake, and attack the characters and try to kill them where they stand. What ensues is a fierce battle with the image of the snake-god. Only the Mitrakka swords forged by the Buratja Dwarves can damage the white snake.

BOOK THREE

BLOOD, FIRE, AND DEATH

The characters have managed to heroically defeat the snake god Yukk in the dark realm of Nidavellir. With the god of lies and deceit now banished from Trudvang, if only for a few hundred years, the characters can now finally, with the help of the Dwarves of Tvologoya, be rid of the curse of runes and no longer be tied to the runeblade Krovabonh.

THE CURSED RUNE

When the characters emerge from the dark and misty tunnel that connects Nidavellir and Nifulong, they are met by a great gathering of the Buratja Dwarves. At first, they are hard to make out, dark and jagged like the rocks they are, but soon they all gather together in a low and foreboding throat-song for the characters. Their many voices make the pebbles dance. There is also the Thuul Prynduur, who emerges from the darkness carrying necklaces of brightest silver for the characters. He hangs them around their necks, and mumbles something that the characters cannot hear. After a moment of silence, Prynduur speaks to them.

"Snake has gone. Kutjatti is finished. Now, runes must die."

The characters follow the Buratja Dwarves back to the forges where the Mitrakka blades were forged. There, under ceremonious and mystical circumstances, the Dwarves attempt to unmake the Ironblood sword Krovabonh. The powers of Yukk are no longer there to protect the sword, and the Accursed can no longer hear the sword whisper to them. Even as the Dwarves begin

to pry the magical runes from its blade using mighty pinchers and hammers, the sword lies silent and still.

One by one, the runes are removed, and by the magical chanting and whispering of the great Thuul Pryyndur, their magic fades from Trudvang and turns to nothing more than floating embers that the rune priest catches in his sooty hand and stows away behind his ears. There, their mighty glow fades into nothingness. The jewels and precious stones inlaid upon the hilt of the sword are also removed, and given to messengers to carry away to other parts of Tvologoya where the Dwarves count their treasures in great vaults and chambers, unknown to Man or Elves. Lastly, the naked Ironblood blade is carried with great respect across the smithy, and laid in the middle of the greatest furnace in all of Nifulong. There, with the sword resting upon the molten bed, the Dwarves whip the furnace into such a raging storm of heat that not even the sword forged by dragon's blood can withstand it. Finally, after many hours of chanting and working the air vents of the furnace, the sword melts away, and is gone from the realm of Trudvang. It is done. After all, the characters are free.

For a moment.

Suddenly, the silence is broken by a hellish shriek. All the Dwarves in Nifulong clasp their ears and writhe their sooty bodies in pain. The Accursed feels terror overcome them. Then, the demonic cackling laughter of a maniac echoes throughout the caves of the Dwarves, and the very firmament of the mountain trembles like thunder. The molten iron in the forge suddenly shifts in hue and turns into purest and reddest blood – smoking from the heat. Then, a thunderous voice echoes throughout the kingdom for all Dwarves to hear.

"Do you think you could deceive me? Do you think you could defeat me? Fools! Thieves! Craven! I am the shadow of your world. The destroyer of reality. The great snake that will eat the universe! Flee now, as best you can – worms! Flee, flee, flee for your miserable little lives!"

From the blood sizzling in the forge bed erupts a huge shadow that envelops the entire room. For a moment, nobody can see anything, and the entire world is engulfed in utter darkness. Then, two scarlet eyes appear in the far darkness, and they gaze like intense, molten rubies upon the characters. A moment of silence, a low growl, and then a huge explosion erupts

from the center of the forge. The room is covered in an inferno of fire and smoke, and the characters and all the Dwarves are flung back by a huge heatwave. The sound is deafening, and nobody in that sooty forge can protect themselves from its totality. The fire scalds the characters and burns their armor and hair – many of the Dwarves who are not protected by armor catch fire and burn to death. Those who do not burn are crushed under falling rocks and crumbling furnaces, as the explosion shakes the very foundations of the mountain. Nifulong is falling apart, and the perpetrator is soon revealed from a shroud of soot and fire. Standing amidst the wreckage of the forge is a giant, burning dragon. Its body so gargantuan that the mountain all around is giving way to it pushing up against the roof of the cave. The characters recognize the dragon from Dirbozvo, where they claimed Krovabonh for the first time, and a beast presented itself. This is that same beast given flesh.

By destroying the runeblade Krovabonh, the characters have let loose into the world the final curse of Yukk – the spirit of fire and blood known as Glimmyrgjarn. Glimmyrgjarn takes on the shape of a giant Logi dragon made from fire and blood and shadow. It is the primordial avatar of the dragons' hatred against the Dwarves of Trudvang, and it is the ultimate apocalypse designed by Yukk to end them once and for all. Now, Glimmyrgjarn has been released upon Trudvang, and the kingdom of Tvologoya is sure to fall unless the characters can stop the creature.

The Dwarf Prynduur is there, and he grabs the characters. The old Thuul is dying from many burns, and he speaks swiftly to the characters. He commands them to run. The Dwarf hands the characters a stone upon which a map is carved. He says that it shows the way out via a secret passage. It will lead the characters to the western slopes of the mountains.

“Long ago, friends to the west. Shining armor, lance, and shield. Call for aid. Save us.”

Before Prynduur can specify the location and character of these friends to

the west, he is slain by Glimmyrgjarn's fire. If the characters remain here, or try to fight the dragon, they will be killed. The characters must follow the map of the secret western passages and seek the friends of the Dwarves in the west that can aid them in liberating Tvologoya from the fires of Glimmyrgjarn. Time is short, for although Tvologoya is indeed massive, the dragon's fire will devour it all in time.

THE FLIGHT OF HEROES

With the roaring fires of Glimmyrgjarn still burning hot behind them, the characters take flight into the western tunnels and underground passages of Nifulong. They are guided by a stone tablet given to them by the Eagle Thuul Prynduur that leads them along narrow passages, through dark chasms, and across quiet subterranean rivers.

For hours the cries of the Dwarves echo throughout the caves, and for days they can feel the rumblings of the ongoing battle with the dragon of fire and blood. This is a struggle of special magnificence, as the Dwarves are especially trained and equipped to do battle with dragons when properly prepared. However, when unable to prepare thoroughly, such a dragon could wipe out entire kingdoms. And this is no ordinary dragon. This is a spirit of fire and blood.

The characters are alone down here in the darkness. All animals and creatures of the underground have fled the sounds of Glimmyrgjarn, and they find that the passages are eerily empty. The path is not blocked by any locked doors or sealed passages, the only secret of this route is its entrance. Following the map, the characters find a hidden door behind a decommissioned forge. Speaking the three runes etched on the back of the stone, the door opens, and reveals a staircase leading upwards into darkness. The staircase continues upwards for days. When the characters need to rest, they can do so in small carved chambers that reveal themselves off to the side of the stairs every two to five hours of climbing. The chambers are spartan in quality, and a bare, cold stone floor will have to do for the characters to rest upon.

Although free of Krovabonh, the characters' dreams are bothered by visions of Glimmyrgjarn slaughtering the Dwarves of Tvologoya. The characters know in their hearts that they themselves have brought this doom upon the Dwarves, and that they must be the ones to set it right.

After four days (or was it five? It's hard to tell in the darkness) the characters reach the top of the stairs. There is a narrow passage leading forward to a gate of smooth stone. The door can be pushed open with some strength, and soon the characters can breathe fresh air again. The light of the sun is blinding at first to the characters, and the icy winds of the foothills of the Sooty Mountains rip at their skin. Being submerged for so long in the darkness of Tvologoya has made the characters somewhat wary of the sunlight, and for a moment they can sympathize with the Dwarves and their fear of Ginnungagap. As the characters step out into the world, the stone door closes behind them, and is sealed shut. When the characters look back, it is impossible to tell where the door is located. Its hue and shape has completely melded with the cliffside.

A blue sky and a stone road lead the way down through the foothills to the world below. The characters can see far, and down below the foothills they spot a small town and a large stone tower. At first, they cannot make out what banners blow in the wind from the battlements of the town, but as they draw closer and closer, the characters begin to see that the banners carry the dragon crest of the knights of Avold.

These must be the friends that Prynduur spoke of.

Soon, the characters are not far away from the gates of the town, made from strong oak and reinforced with black iron bands. The walls and gates are also decorated with many carved figures depicting dragon knights with lance and shield. Upon the battlements there stand bowmen clad in blue cloth and chainmail, and the frost dragon banners of Avold dance in the wind. The bowmen spy the characters approaching from quite far away, as about three hundred meters of flat grassland separate the last foothills of the Sooty Mountains and the northern gate of the town. As the bowmen spot the

characters, bells can be heard throughout the valley. Not long after, the gates are opened, and out through them ride a company of armored figures atop mighty steeds. As they approach, the characters recognize their armor. These are knights of Avold.

At first, the characters cannot tell who the knights are as their helmets obscure their faces. The one in the front is particularly slender, and as the knight removes their helmet, the characters, to their relief, recognize the dark-eyed face of Moromhildar. She greets them with a smile on her ashen face.

"I did not think to ever see you again, honored friends. We saw smoke rise from the mountains to the north and so we feared the worst. Tell me, why have you come all this way? Where is the sword?"

When she learns about the ill news from Tvologoya, Moromhildar's face grows dark. She is quite obviously struck by the news. Moromhildar insists that the open field is no place to discuss matters like this. The characters are welcome guests of the knights of Avold, and they should meet with her lord, the father of Wiggon, to discuss these matters and to decide what happens next. Besides, the characters could use rest in a proper feather bed.

If the characters look behind them to the mountains of the north, they can see gargantuan pillars of smoke rise from the peaks. A reminder of Glimmyrgjarn raging below the surface.

FRIENDS IN THE WEST

The characters have arrived in the northernmost town of Bysente, known as Nore. It is the high seat of the fabled knights of Avold, and the proud men and women that live and work in the city around them. Once upon a time, there used to be a great stone keep here, but throughout the years of fighting with the Hill Trolls and the dragons, the keep was ruined and burned down. Now, but a single tower remains of the once great keep. However, even such a ruin is a formidable sight to behold, and the

knights use it well as lodging and training grounds for new recruits.

The surrounding town is of typical Westmark fashion. Multiple story houses made from strong oak and Alfraka, held by pillars and mighty beams and decorated with chimneys of cobblestone and roofs of scale patterns. The roofs are painted in such colors so that when the sun shines upon them they glisten and gleam as if they were they clad in gemstones.

This is no trade town, and visitors rarely pass through here, although the town keeps a modest ale-house for the locals. Here, the people are decent and keep their wits about them. In the day, people are busy in the forest, working what little oak remains, or searching the mountains for deposits of ore that could restore the profitable mining operations of yore. For in the time of the stone keep, when the knights of Avold were still great in numbers, the town of Nore was known for its plentiful mines to the north. But since the mines ran dry, the miners moved on, and the townsfolk that remained were left without much of a purpose. These days, the only significant trade the exists is with the Dwarves of Tvologoya. When the Dwarves can be bothered, they like to trade with a man known as Od the Rich and his son, Odnur Odson. The two make a rather loathsome pair, that keep their riches and golden trinkets close about them, and rarely do they share their riches with the rest of the townsfolk.

As the characters arrive in Nore, it is just past midday, and the streets of the town are mostly vacant, as folk are busy at their trade. Moromhildar and her knights lead the characters toward the old scorched ruin of the House of Avold, and the stone tower. The ruin is mostly occupied by knights in training, and the odd spearman or shield bearer that hopes to gain favor with the knights and be recognized a warrior worthy of their honorable creed. The people here are wary of the characters, for they look grim after such a long time spent in the kingdom of the Dwarves. Their clothes smell of sulfur, and their skin is covered in soot. However, in the presence of Moromhildar and her knights, none dare openly defy them.

Once inside the ruin proper, a couple of stable boys attend to the knight's horses, and offer to watch the character's heavy satchels and equipment for them. After all, it is not proper Westmark custom to stroll around carrying large sacks and traveling gear. The characters need not worry, nothing will be stolen from them, as Moromhildar makes sure that their belongings are sealed in her private chambers. With those details taken care of, the characters are quickly shown up the tower; there will be time for rest later.

The characters are brought into a modest hall in the highest chamber of the tower. There is a large fire burning in a pit of coal in the middle of the room, each side flanked by mighty stone pillars from which the banner of Avold is hung. There are many bookshelves here, and swords and shields and spears hung from the walls for display. Mighty weapons, decorated with gold and silver and brilliant stones. The fire plays tricks with the stones, and to the characters they seem almost hexed by some sorcerer's spell. From the ceiling are hung mighty chandeliers of black iron, carrying wax candles that drip down into the burning coal pits below, causing a venomous, hissing sound. On the far side of the room, there are two large windows covered in unnumbered layers of dust that dim the sunlight that has to struggle to be let through. Right in between the two windows stands a simple throne carved from the stone of the tower, and upon it rests an old and gray man wearing a bronze crown and long blue robes. Next to the old man stands a familiar man, Wiggon Avold. He is deep in conversation with the old man when the characters and Moromhildar enter the room. Wiggon is glad but surprised to see the characters again, and he greets them in a stern embrace.

"We've seen the smoke rising from the mountains. We thought you'd be lost. What happened? What of the sword?"

The old man on the throne rises slowly, his back bent like a crow's beak. He looks at you with dim eyes, and now you can see that the old man is in fact blind. He points a bony finger from the other side of the fire, and his old face smiles at you.

"So, these are the carriers of the sword?"

The ones who deal with giants and winds? My son has told me a lot about you, and I must say I am fascinated to finally have you here in my ruin. Come closer, the lot of you. What is this smoke rising from the kingdoms to the north? What fire burns in the heart of the mountains?"

The old man is indeed Porkild Avold, and he is knight lord and banner keeper of the house of Avold. The knights are bound to his service. He is also the father of Wiggon.

Once the characters have told their story, told it all and told it true, both Wiggon and Porkild are left in deep, troubled silence. Moromhildar clasps the hilt of her sword, ready to act. For a moment, Wiggon paces back and forth across the room, stopping every so often to look out the north facing window of the chamber, to the pillars of smoke rising over the mountains. Finally, the old Porkild speaks.

"It seems to me, if I'm not understanding the tale wrong, as if this dragon is only after the Dwarves. No? Why should we offer up our lives for them? What have they done for us? Nothing. They hide in their mines and in their caves and shun us. Only when there's promise of gold and noble stones do they slither out from their holes."

Moromhildar is shocked by her liege lord's statement.

"But, my lord..."

Moromhildar begins to speak but she is soon interrupted by the raised finger of Wiggon, who has his back turned towards you. He slowly turns and looks deep into the fire.

"Father is right. The Dwarves are of low cunning, and they cannot be trusted. Besides, we are too few to fight this fight. Whatever the outcome of this battle in Tvologoya may be, it will surely be contained there. We have nothing to fear from this new threat."

Now Moromhildar is almost disgusted. She lets go of the hilt of her sword as if she doesn't have the strength to rest her hand there anymore.

"And we are supposed to be the dragon slayers? Knights of Avold? No matter

what your quarrel is with the Dwarves it is our sworn duty to slay this beast."

Wiggon gives her a stern look.

"It is not our fight."

Moromhildar turns to face her lord.

"A lord should know better. Shame on you, Wiggon Avold."

With those words, Moromhildar exits the room. Leaving a tense atmosphere in her wake.

For a moment, the room is silent after Moromhildar exits. Then, Wiggon turns to the characters. He tries to apologize and explain the situation. The knights of Avold are few in number, and they cannot afford to lose their best men and women in a fight they do not even know for sure that they have to take part in. He urges the characters to leave the Dwarves to their fate, the sword no longer curses them.

Porkild Avold offers to let the characters stay in his ruin as long as they like. To sleep in feather beds and eat from his table until they are full and drunk and well rested. The characters are shown their quarters deep in the ruin, where the old stone keep yet has roof and walls to offer cover from the wind and cold. Furniture and candles have been brought to make the ruin livable, some might even call it slightly cozy. The characters go to sleep with troubled minds that night, the knights of Avold will be of no help to them it seems.

THE FIRES OF TVOLOGOYA

That night, as the characters sleep, a great battle is fought by the south-west gate of Tvologoya. Glimmyrgjarn is attacking from deep within the mountain and has uprooted the old tunnels and passages of the Dwarves. The lower levels are burning, Nifulong has fallen, Yetzin is draped in shadow. The end is near.

The Dwarves hold their own upon the last bridge of the south-eastern gate, but the dragon breaks through and drives the Dwarves out into the world beyond. In the mountains, amidst the ice and snow, a battle is fought that will be known in legends as the Uzungi-Brinaun – the great shame. For in a raging snowstorm high up in the mountains, the Dwarves face the full might

of Glimmyrgjarn as they attempt to drive him from their kingdom. Thousands of Dwarves die, and avalanches and tornadoes of fire and lava are caused by the raw fury of the dragon. Earthquakes shake the foundations of Trudvang, and the gates of the Dwarves crumble to dust. The kingdom is lost, and unlike any dwarves before them have done – the bloodlines of the western gates flee their kingdom for Ginnungagap. The Dwarves flee down the foothills and through the mountain passes to escape the fire and death of Glimmyrgjarn. Some die from the cold winds, others from avalanches, and others still from the sorrow of leaving their kingdom behind. It is a great exile, a shameful exile. The Dwarves are led into this exile by the Eagle Thuul known as Uggin of Guashov's blood. The characters have met him before in Yetzin, when Uggin spelled the doom of the blade Krovabonh with his fellow Eagle Thuuls and sent them on their way into Nifulong to be free of their curse. One could say that the characters are in his debt for being alive today. Uggin is ashamed of leaving Tvologoya behind, but he must take responsibility for his people in dire moments such as these. He does not know how the other parts of the kingdom have fared; they may be all that remains of their people. They must preserve the bloodlines. Above all else, the mountain and the bloodlines.

The characters awake with the sound of bells ringing in the night, and they are quickly called upon by the knights. Their presence is requested by the gate. As they rush to the battlements to see what is happening, they can see great fires burning up in the mountains. The flames rise several hundred meters high, and the glow lights the fire blood orange. Stranger still, they can see lanterns, and a caravan of people approaching the gates from the foothills. Now, as they draw closer, the characters can see that it is in fact a caravan of Dwarves. Soon, Wiggon is there with them at the gates. The Dwarves have left their homes? This is unheard of. Everyone is in awe of what they are seeing, but as the Dwarves draw closer to the gates, Wiggon does not dare open his gates for them. The knight commands his bowmen to draw their arrows and await his command. As the Dwarves

spot the arrows being aimed at them from the battlements, they stop in their tracks. The Farje wind blows from the north, as an old Dwarf step forward from the crowd. His armor is burned and his beard is singed short, still slightly smoldering. His face is covered in many tattoos and on his head he wears a band of Mitraka that shines with starlight in the darkness.

"I am Uggin of Guashov's blood. I come in peace, we come in peace." The Dwarf, whom you recognize as one of the Eagle Thuuls of Yetzin, turns to gesture toward the crowd of miserable looking kinsmen behind him. There are young ones there too, and what looks like workers and craftsmen. Very few of them wear armor, or look anything like warriors to you.

"We were attacked and with shame driven from our home. Even now, the beast that slew my kin rages in the mountains to the north. And he may come this way soon, as my people lay in ashes."

Hearing that a fire-breathing dragon may not be far away, the bowmen on the battlements next to you grow tense with fear. Wiggon gives you a look of comfort, and turns his attention to Uggin below.

"I am sorry for your plight, Dwarf. What is it you seek here in Bysente?"

Uggin looks around, as if seeking for something he has failed to see before.

"Is it not obvious, master knight? Shelter, food...help. It is not like my people to ask for help, but we have nowhere to go. Our home burns in the fires of a dragon. Not any dragon, an abomination, a demon of fire and blood! Open your gates to us, and we shall be forever in your debt, master knight."

Wiggon contemplates what to do next for a moment. His brow wrinkled and his hands resting on the hilt of his sword.

"How can I trust that you'll not turn us all into maggots once I open these gates for you? How do we know that this isn't some Dwarf trick?"

"You don't" Uggin says. "But why would I lie to you? Look around. Our warriors are dead. We have no fight left. We are tired, we are old, and we are finished. Open the gates, or don't. Whatever you do, our lives are in your hands."

Wiggon is silent for a moment, then he comes to his senses.

"Open the gates!" he cries.

As the gates open, the caravan of Dwarves are led under the escort of knights to the ruin of Nore. The majority of the Dwarves are led into the catacombs below the ruins, where they can feel most at home, for the Dwarves prefer the comfort of the underground over the fleeting nothingness of Ginnungangap. Uggin and a handful of warriors still alive are led up into the highest chamber of the stone tower, where tables and seats are prepared along with food and drink for the Dwarves. There, in the night, the Dwarves tell their story to the knights and to their liege lord Porkild Avold. The characters are there to listen too.

It is a harrowing story of blood, fire, and death. It is clear to the characters and others listening that the state of Tvologoya is very much difficult to know right now. The kingdom is in chaos, enveloped by fire, and communications are cut off. No messengers have arrived to inform Uggin and his people of anything. He has not heard from the other Eagle Thuuls. As far as they know, these Dwarves are the only ones that are left of the kingdom of Tvologoya.

"But what of the dragon? Will it stay there? Will it remain in the kingdom?" Porkild asks.

"I do not think so" Uggin says as he munches away on a leg of lamb. "The monstrosity pushed us away from the gates and then sent us running. It killed everyone, even the youngest of our brothers. Even those who were no threat. Even...even those who ran. It seemed to me like this beast was out to eradicate us, one by one. To squash us. There was an anger there, a fury that you do not see in most animals. No, this one's thirst for blood cannot be satiated. It will destroy us all in the end."

The room is in shock. Porkild hangs his head, Wiggon looks like a gray ghost. But then, out from the darkness, Moromhildar steps into the fire light.

"Then, we must kill it. Kill it dead."

The Dwarves shrug their heads.

"Kill it?" Uggin says. "You cannot kill this thing. It is not of flesh and bones. It is of fire and blood. It is a curse by the snake god Yukk – a final doom upon the Dwarves of Trudvang."

"I'll show it my steel and then we'll see." Moromhildar growls from behind gritted teeth.

Uggin puts aside his mug of ale and gives Moromhildar a well-meaning look.

"I know your anger, child. But that is just the problem. Steel is no use here, nor is Mitraka. Only Vitner. Only Vitner so powerful that this world has never seen it's like will do the trick here. For this shadow cannot be slain, it must be banished."

The room falls silent. The situation is more dire than any of them could have ever suspected. Not only is this dragon immensely powerful, but no mortal weapons can kill it. It would seem as if this, finally, is the impossible task that cannot be overcome. The one fight the characters cannot win. As far as they can see, it is over.

But then, Porkild rises – his eyes clearer than ever before. The old man limps to the fire burning before his throne. He draws his sword and holds it inside the fire, staring at it intensely as if he can see something in the burning iron that the rest cannot. Then, a realization comes to him, and he speaks.

"Then, it would seem to me as if we need someone who possesses powers that we could never muster. To banish the dragon, the dragon that came from the sword, we must put it back into a sword. We must hammer it into iron. We need Rautakappu."

Depending on the previous actions of the characters, this statement can be more or less distressing. Did they betray Rautakappu, or did they deliver the East Wind Ainvildur to him? Are they his friends or are they his foes? No matter the case, Rautakappu is not a name spoken lightly in any room upon Trudvang, and a cold breeze passes through the room as Porkild speaks of the giant. But, after prolonged conversation, the characters realize that they have no choice but to make contact with Rautakappu. No one else can help them, or at least, no one else that they can think of. The Vanir have left Trudvang, the Dwarves of Tvologoya

are unaccounted for but possibly wiped out, and the one true god Gave is yet to descend upon their realm. All other options are impossible. This is what they must do.

Uggin is familiar with Rautkappu and his many interactions with the Dwarves of Tvologoya. From him, the characters learn that Rautakappu lives in an icy keep – the infamous gardgard – where Arkland borders the great ice plains – the end of the world. According to legend, it is there that Rautakappu keeps his magical horn that calls upon the Farje wind, and it is there he holds many Elves of the tribe of Njuoratmánná captive. Only there, down in his dark ice smithy, does the old frost giant hold the anvil of souls that the Dwarves of Nifulong once clad in the runes that would let the old giant hammer souls into iron and entrap them within its bonds. Joklagard can roughly be translated to mean “the frozen court” in Vrok.

It is a long road, and a dangerous road to Joklagard. But the characters will not go alone, Moromildhar will travel with them.

JOURNEY TO THE END

As the characters depart from Nore and bid farewell to the knights of Avold, they are well equipped and prepared for the long journey ahead. Traveling to the edge of Arkland will take them at least one month, perhaps longer depending on the weather conditions. They travel through harsh terrain, driven by great need.

The characters are given food rations and water to survive up to two months in the wild. They are also given warm blankets, 15 meters of rope, and climbing equipment. Shovels, hatchets, and other tools are also supplied by the people of Nore. Just before they depart, Wiggon also presents the characters with a cloth map of Trudvang as the Viranns know it. On it he points out the best way that the knights have found to enter Arkland. From the northern slopes of the Sooty Mountains, he says there is an icy ravine passage that will hopefully let the characters pass unseen by the thorn beasts of the Arks all the way to the edge of the world where the great ice plains lie. There,

in a hidden valley, the characters should be able to locate Joklagard. It will be no easy task, as legend claims that the home of the giant is warded by spells of secrecy that make it particularly hard to find. Finally, the characters are gifted horses to travel on by the knights.

Their long journey leads them due northward of Nore for a week’s travel by horse, until they leave the shadows of the Sooty Mountains behind them. From the slopes of the mountains, the trek continues into icy tundra, through what the Viranns that occupy the borderlands of the western Darkwoods call The Scar. An icy and snowy strip that runs like a frozen wound due southward of the great ice plains, through Arkland and then into the Darkwoods. The weather is harsh, and the icy winds troublesome, but Moromhildar is quick to mention that they should thank all the stars in the night sky that they don’t have to travel through the Troll-infested Darkwoods. At least out here in the highlands, one can see an enemy coming. Even if they are as

elusive as the Farje wind. The one who struggles the most with the journey is Uggin, the Eagle Thuul. He’s not used to being above ground for prolonged periods of time, and the sheer stress of traversing such wild country takes him out of play more than once. Whenever the troupe can, they must stop to let Uggin rest and recover his strength. For every mile they put behind them, the Dwarf grows weaker.

Throughout the journey you should remind the characters of the threat of Glimmyrgiarn, which is constantly looming. Up in the mountains they can see his fire raging, and from time to time they pass plots of land that have been completely decimated by his fire. Even some old Wildfolk fortresses and homesteads have been attacked and razed to the ground. Once in a while, they should suffer earthquakes and smaller avalanches as a result of the dragon’s violent battles with the Dwarves. Sometimes, the ground might even crack open and spew forth lava.

ENCOUNTERS ON THE WAY TO ARKLAND

1d20	Event
1-3	A lost traveler.
4-6	Snow moose family.
7-9	Mastomant sighting, up to six individuals.
10-13	Forest Troll ambush.
14-16	Wildfolk encampment.
17-19	Thorn beast riders.
20	Hrim Troll.

WEATHER CONDITIONS ON THE WAY TO ARKLAND

1d10	Weather
1	Warming sun, cool winds.
2	Rough wind.
3	Misty and cloudy
4	Light rain
5	Heavy rain
6	Light snows, cold winds.
7	Heavy snows, icy winds.
8	Hail and storm - roll for frostbite every three days.
9	Blizzard – roll for frostbite every day. Almost impossible to hunt.
10	Farje wind snowstorms – 1d3 (1d6 if not wearing mastomant fur) every 5 hours outside. Roll for frostbite every day. Impossible to hunt. Drinking water freezes over. Storm comes and goes every 8 hours.



In your session you can chose to cut through this journey quickly, summarizing it as a hard ordeal that wears heavily on the characters. Or, you can choose to play this out day by day, night by night, and let the characters make their way through the forest on their own and experience it in detail. Or something in between. Whatever you do, it is important that the characters understand that the journey is not an easy one. They should encounter plenty of monsters and Wildfolk that attempt to stop them, capture them, or eat them even. Whatever the case, the characters mustn't reach the borders of Arkland unscathed and rested. They should be wounded, weary, tired, and hungry.

Arkland

At long last, the characters arrive at the borders of Arkland, where the Darkwoods pass into the nameless mountain chain that borders the great ice plains and the realm of Trudvang. This is a harsh and unforgiving landscape. The forests are dark and full of unspeakable horrors. The snow lies thick, the mountains are black and icy, and nigh on impassable. Moromhildar says she has only been here a few times before, but that it was enough to make her wish to never come back again. But she can remember where they need to go to find the mountain pass that will lead them away from the eyes

of the Wildfolk. Joklagard lies in the north of Arkland, in the area that borders the great ice plains, a day or two's march from where the characters enter Arkland.

Moromhildar says that they must not be seen by anyone while they are here. Should the savage Arks learn of their presence, they will be vastly outnumbered, and surely be captured, killed, or worse. On their journey north, the troupe stays on the western side of Arkland, as the eastern parts of the land is very densely populated, with many cities and fortresses of the Wildfolk. The most critical part of the journey is when they must pass the infamous Huve.

Huve is really in practice just a gathering of very large rocks. There is no keep here, there are no towers and no battlements. Nor is the place owned by any chief or held by any warlord. It is simply a gathering place for all the Arks, and an important one at that. It has become a place where the Wildfolk can meet to share spoils of raids and battles. It is a place where business is settled among the savages, where deals are struck, and where rituals are conducted. Sacrifices are also common at Huve. This is the only place where the characters can find passage northeast that will lead them further along to Joklagard, otherwise they would have to pass by heavily protected fortresses and lookout points further east. Such an expedition would surely end in the death of the characters.

As the characters arrive at Huve, there is a meeting happening of two local clans that are making sacrifice to the dark gods of Hamingies, to ask for a good raid in the lands of the south. They have gathered many Bastjurs in chains here, and even some Human prisoners from Westmark, ready to be slaughtered on the icy stone tablets in the name of demons and chaos serpents. The characters must attempt to sneak past the cultists gathered, followers of the giant god Vigan, to avoid becoming offerings themselves. Sneaking past the cultists is not an easy thing, and most likely the characters will fail at this task, since they are in a very open and exposed environment, tired and weary, and leading their horses and gear along in the waist high snow. All the characters must sneak past. If they fail the skill roll, they will draw the attention of the Wildfolk cultists, and an intense chase will ensue.

The Chase

If spotted by the cultists, they will take up the chase for the characters on sleighs dragged by ravenous wolves. Depending on how poorly the characters failed their sneak attempt, the chase will start with a different distance unit. From 4-6 units. The characters must increase the distance to 10 units, slay their enemies, or destroy their sleighs to move on. At the beginning of each combat round, a transport roll is

performed by every rider (the characters) and every sleigh driver (the cultists). A failed roll means that something is dropped (an item), or that the combatants receive negative modifications to their rolls. Vitner weavers are interrupted in their action etc. Should one of the groups rolls succeed and the other group fails, the distance increases or decreases (depending on who was successful). Everyone that does not possess above 7 in Agility or +2 in Dexterity will receive -5 to all combat related rolls during the chase. When a transport roll is failed, roll on the table below.

FAILED TRANSPORT ROLL TABLE

1d20	Result
1-5	1d6 food rations fall from the horse.
6-10	The characters must pass a situation roll against 10 (Dex) or receive an additional negative modifier of -2 (weavers of Vitner pass a Psyche roll to see if they are interrupted).
11-15	All enemies receive +3 to hit the characters.
16-19	One of the characters drops a significant item that is precious to them (the character decides themselves what the item is). The game master must agree that it is significant.
20	The rider falls off the horse and the horse is shot down. They must pass a roll for Dexterity against 7 to avoid taking 1d10(OR10) damage.

Uggin is riding with one of the characters, and if the cultists can catch up with the characters, they will snatch him. If he is snatched, the characters will be forced to give up the chase and face the cultists in battle to rescue Uggin. There are 8 cultists in total riding on the four sleighs.

As the chase comes to an end, the characters should be approaching the western most mountains of Arkland. The same mountains where, on the map, you can see that the infamous Skalgrim rests. Here, the troupe must go through a secret icy ravine that was carved long ago by the first nomad people of Trudvang that would let them pass from the great ice plains into Arkland before it was given that

vile name. Now, the characters must use it to pass the other way – to find their way north to Joklagard.

The passage itself is a narrow ravine that has been cut into the icy mountainside by the masons of old. Rumor has it that it was built by a thousand men and women that labored for generations. Although this may be the case, it's nothing the characters can see with their naked eye. For so massive are the mountains of Arkland, that not even a hundred years of work has put more than a primitive scar through it. Here, two grown men can walk abreast, but no more. It is a tight passageway that leads due northward in a straight line. Here, the characters are trapped like fish in a barrel. Moromhildar does not like it, but it is plain to see that this is their best option. It is the option where they will remain unseen by the Arks. However, should they be caught by some stroke of damning luck, their escape will be impossible. And so, with trembling hearts and wavering courage, the characters step into the passage one by one. They cannot take their horses with them.

What the characters do not know is that the Farje wind has been spying on them ever since they arrive in Arkland. The eyes of the flowra of the icy winds have been upon them, and he has been sending many messages back to his master Rautakappu, who's Goblin slaves are following the characters behind cracks and crevices in mountain as they enter the icy passage. Depending on their standing with the ice giant, their encounter with him will be very different.

Friends of Rautakappu

The old frost giant is waiting for the characters by the edge of the passage. As they are about to gaze upon the vast nothingness of the fabled great ice plains, he blocks their way forward. Even though the characters know that they ended things well with the giant, they should be intimidated and nervous in his presence. He is still a formidable giant, and this may be the first time they have seen him without his arm ring. If that's the case, look to the Appendix for a character description of Rautakappu.



The old giant says that he has been waiting for them for quite some time. But he cannot understand why the characters seek him in such a remote place. When the characters tell him about their quest, and their search for someone who can help them defeat Glymmirgjarn, Rautakappu will act most mysteriously, and avoid giving a definite answer on whether or not he can help the characters. He tells the characters that he wants to discuss serious matters like this in his grand hall in Joklagard.

“Consider yourselves my honored guests, please.”



The only way the characters are getting to Joklagard peacefully is by agreeing to Rautakappu's terms of cooperation. He wants to transport the characters in his magical sack as he wants to keep the location and entrance to Joklagard a secret. The characters must agree, or suffer becoming foes of Rautakappu (see below).

Foes of Rautakappu

If the characters did not turn over the East Wind Ainvildur to Rautakappu, he will meet them with hostility. The frost giant will ambush them in the night, and while laughing like a madman, he will entrap them in his giant magic sack. The Farje

wind will blow up a blizzard to confuse the characters and make resistance futile. They will arrive as prisoners in Joklagard.

"I have you now, little maggots! Hammer your souls into iron, I will. Churn your bones into paste and stuff your flesh into sausage, I shall. Serve up a feast for my Goblins, yes most hungry are they. We'll savor every last moment of your death. By iron, by fire, and by ice it will be."

BLOOD ON ICE

Whether or not the characters have helped the giant Rautakappu in the past or not will

not change the outcome of the following chapter. Rautakappu is a trickster and a fiend, and from the moment he learned that the characters were approaching, he started to suspect that they were up to no good. As he's seen them slay Wildfolk and Trolls and other Bastjurs on their way, he is certain that they are not to be trusted and must be destroyed. But Rautakappu is a lonely fellow, and he mostly converses with enslaved Elves, the Farje wind, or his Goblin slaves at Joklagard. So, before he hammers their souls into iron, Rautakappu intends to play with the characters, and enjoy their presence for a while. He will challenge them to games and competitions, and the characters must use their wits to

outsmart the old frost giant, and ultimately win their freedom from him.

The following part of this chapter is written assuming that the characters are friends of Rautakappu. Should they instead be foes, you as a gamemaster can skip the niceties and make Rautakappu treat the characters as prisoners from the very beginning, as they are trapped in his magical sack. For the foes of Rautakappu, the action begins again in the chapter called Prisoners.

What happens to Moromhildar and Uggin at Joklagard is up to the gamemaster to decide, as it is not written down here in detail. Uggin is old and frail, and Moromhildar is well traveled and can handle herself in battle. What fate befalls them should no doubt be largely driven by the actions of the characters.

Joklagard

Due south of the mountains upon which Skalgrim rests, about four days straight march or two days by sleigh, lies a great lake called Storm's Eye. That lake never freezes over no matter how cold it gets, because of the ferocious currents and underwater whirlwinds that plague the waters of the lake. Any ice that settles due to the cold is quickly torn asunder by the currents, and left to float as giant blocks along the lake. In the middle of that lake, upon a single solitary island, rests the farm of the giant: Joklagard. In ancient times, long before the battles of old that would lead to the exodus of the frost giants, Joklagard was built in the far north of Trudvang. It stands now as it did long ago, a formidable and frostbitten fortress on the slopes of the uttermost northern mountains, overlooking the first miles of the great ice plains that expand ever onward into cold and unyielding nothingness. By the account of Rautakappu and others of his ilk, it took nigh on twenty years to build the fortress from blocks of stone and ice carved directly from the nearby mountains. The giants build tall, and they built big. Long ago it was home to many Tursirs and family members of Rautakappu. But, after the slaying of the Elves, the fortress stood empty for many years until Rautakappu had grown strong enough to reclaim it from

those who stole it from him. With the help of an army of Goblin slaves he had recruited in the Darkwoods and the deep chasms of the Iron Mountains, the old frost giant reclaimed his childhood home, and drove the Elves away into far off lands. With a molten spear of fire and the crackling whip of a thousand masters, he drove his enemies from Trudvang so that they fell into icy graves and came to rue the day that they crossed paths with the giant who is clad in iron. But that was long ago, and it has been many years since any battle was fought at Joklagard. The Arks have grown to respect and fear Rautakappu, and he is mostly left to his own up on the northern borderlands.

Rautakappu has grown more and more suspicious as of late, and wary of his enemies. He keeps his borders well protected, and it is not uncommon for him to send Goblin spies as far as the western Darkwoods to gather information about the comings and goings of strange folk. When at Joklagard, the old frost giant almost always wears his arm ring of invisibility to avoid being seen by spies or other ill-doers. His only company in the old fortress are his Goblin slaves, the Farje wind, and a handful of Korpikalli prisoners that have been doomed to an eternal life in his icy stockades. It is not uncommon for Rautakappu to spend a great deal of time talking to his prisoners, as he finds his existence up in the cold north more and more lonely with every year that passes. Really, the old giant would like nothing more than to make new friends. Although he has grown much too wary and ill-tempered to truly trust anyone.

The Child of Winter

What nobody knows about Rautakappu is that he is in fact a father. It is a well-kept secret, as unbelievable as it might sound. For two winters ago, there came a woman of frost and snow from the wastes of the great ice plains to the north. She was fair, and she was wild, and before the moon had set upon the icicle-clad peaks, Rautakappu had fallen in love with her. The lady was named Misja, and she was dying. Her tribe had been hunted by Wildfolk, and she had suffered many wounds in many battles. Rautakappu took her in and nursed her back to health for many months. She slept in the

highest chamber of his ice tower, and little by little Misja's strength returned to her.

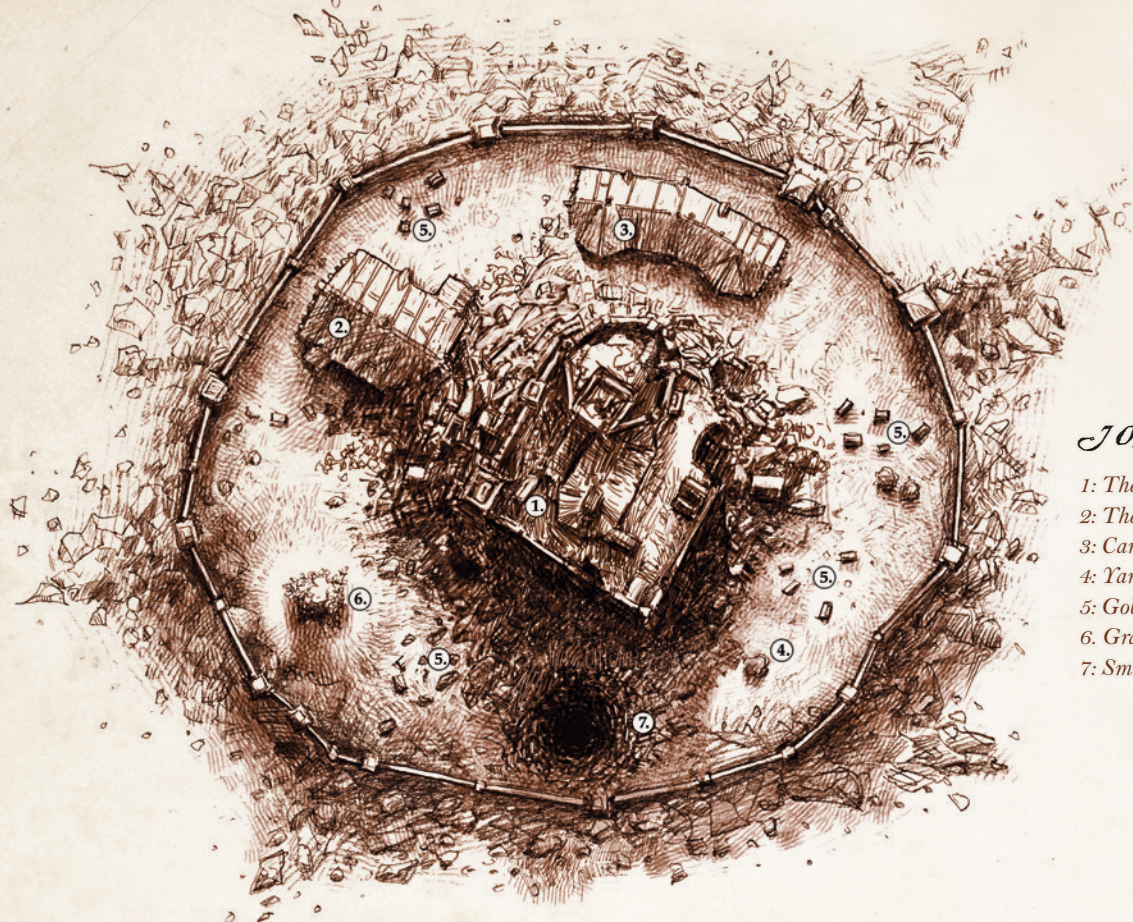
The two lovers enjoyed one marvelous winter together, during which their affection for each other grew and blossomed like frost on a highland flower. Rautakappu showed her all the beautiful nature of his kingdom, and she sang to him and gave him comfort in times of darkness and doubt. They had each other, and nothing else in the whole wide world. Until, one day, Misja became with child. However, to the great despair of Rautakappu, Misja would not survive giving birth, and the child was born into this world without a mother. Rautakappu was beside himself with grief, and for a whole year he disappeared from the face of the world, leaving the child in the care of his Goblin slaves.

When Rautakappu returned from his year of exile, he named the child Elsa – the bearer of light in his tongue – and he vowed that from this day to his last, he would spend his every waking moment protecting the child and honoring his love to Misja by raising the child to a future of strength and prosperity. To protect the child, Rautakappu built an entirely new section of catacombs and tunnels below his icy tower, within which he built a sealed chamber for Elsa. There, no one could find the child, and they would be safe from harm.

In the end, the child Elsa will be the key to Rautakappu's redemption and the saving of Trudvang from the fires of Glimmyrgjarn. The characters just don't know it yet.

Places and Encounters at Joklagard

Joklagard is a formidable fort made mostly from strong black wood reinforced with iron, standing upon solid stone foundations that have been melded together with black ice and giant's magic. It was once a ruin after the war with the Lauladalings, and Rautakappu is still hard at work rebuilding it to its former glory. Once upon a time, it was a giant keep made from ice and snow and held together by archaic magics. However, since the savage battles with the Elves, only a single tower remains in the center of Joklagard, where Rautakappu now has his high seat. The old giant has



JOKLAGARD

- 1: The tower of ice
- 2: The Stockade
- 3: Carriage House
- 4: Yard
- 5: Goblin Housing
- 6: Graveyard
- 7: Smithy

built a formidable stone and wood fort around the ice tower, made up of many buildings and houses for animals, slaves, and other ill-doings. Surrounding it all is a great ringed wall of wood and stone that has a single gatehouse, facing south. Joklagard is only reachable by a great ice bridge that stretches across the Storm's Eye lake to the southern gatehouse. Using a magical password that only Rautakappu knows, the bridge can be lowered into the cold water of the lake to protect the fort from intruders. It is nigh on impossible to reach the fort by boat across the lake, as anything less than an immense ship would be torn asunder by the strong currents, and smashed upon the drifting blocks of ice. Suffice it to say that nobody enters, or indeed leaves, Joklagard without the will of Rautakappu.

Consider the following chapter – up until Souls and iron – as an open story. There are pre-designed sections that should occur during the characters' stay at Joklagard. But how the characters get there, and what events happen before and after to lead into those story sections, are up to the players. Use the places and

encounters listed below as a framework to guide the story, and feel free to expand or shorten wherever it feels appropriate to the session at hand. The most important story bits are called out.

When the characters are exploring Joklagard, you should roll on the table below to see where Rautakappu is located.

RAUTAKAPPS LOCATION

1d10	Rautakappu is...
1	wandering about the yard.
2	in the kitchen.
3	tending to his sleigh.
4	eating in the dining hall.
5	torturing the Elves in the stockades.
6	sleeping – snoring loudly.
7	paying his respects at the graveyard.
8	visiting Elsa.
9	out and about with his sleigh. He will return shortly.
10	out on a longer trip. The characters can explore for 1d6 hours before he returns.

Treasures at Joklagard

Rautakappu is clad in many rings of bronze, silver, and iron. The metal in these have a total value of 200 silver coins, but a skilled craftsman can earn a lot more from it if forged into something that a buyer is willing to pay for.

In his master bedroom, Rautakappu keeps the Alfarka sword Eveningstar that was carried by the Elven hero Johiho.

One handed light weapon, damage 1d10(OR 9-10) +4 combat points per action round IM: 0 PV/BV: 9/90.

Tossed away like trash in the basement, the characters can find a suit of Alfarka armor that also once belonged to Johiho (PV/BV: 4/40, Heft: 2).

1. The Tower of Ice

In the center of Joklagard stands the only remaining structure of the once great fortress that was part of Rautakappu's family legacy. The great tower of ice. The tower rises like a single spire, unshapen and unformed – like a lonesome

glacier – up toward the night sky. Once upon a time, it was reinforced with many smaller structures and towers, but during the war with the Elves, they all crumbled and were razed into dust. Now there is only the one tower, a marvelous reminder of times long gone and the fading power of the frost giants. Now, the tower is the high seat of Rautakappu, and the place where he spends most of his time when he is at Joklagard. He sleeps, eats, and practices his sorcery here.

The tower's exterior and interior are both completely made from ice, cold and solid. It can only be melted by the most powerful dragon fire, as it has been reinforced and made to stand strong by giant's sorcery. Inside, it is a maze of cold and dark corridors, towering stairwells, empty rooms, and formidable pillars. A haunted feeling lays over the whole tower, as it is for the most part completely empty and abandoned. Here, the cobwebs grow thick and large, and the wind blows chillingly and loudly through broken crystal windows. The lower floors are somewhat populated by Goblins, but the higher floors are completely empty, except for old Rautakappu, aimlessly wandering from time to time. Needless to say, everything is made for a giant and thus is incredibly large for a Human. To climb the stairs, one must use climbing gear, and to walk from one end of a floor to the other can take up to ninety minutes. In total, there are ten floors in the gargantuan tower. Below is a description of some of the most important locations.

- ♦ **Throne Room:** The throne room of Rautakappu is a quiet and eerie place. A single hall of ice lit by braziers of blue magical fire hung from the rafters. There is no life here, no cheering. Only Rautakappu sitting deep in thought on his throne of ice, and his Goblin slaves watching him quietly in fear.
- ♦ **Basement:** The basement is a collection of frosty chambers and rooms. Some are for freezing meat that is hung from giant chains and hooks, while others are for storage of firewood and other things that comes

in handy around the farm such as tools and weapons. This is also where most of the Goblins sleep, and there are 2d6 Goblins currently in the basement and 1d6 of them are awake.

- ♦ **Roof:** Up on the roof of the tower there is a great platform in the center of which stands a large horn mounted upon the skull of a giant. The horn is white as marble, and has been inlaid with gold and shaped into the form of a great serpent. This is the magical horn that in the time of the Long Storm was crafted by Aino, the king of the Lauladalings, to call upon the winds of Trudvang to spread his Jojk. Blowing into the horn requires the character to pass a Situation roll against SV 11 modified by Psyche. If the character fails, they take 1d10 (OR 9-10) frost damage and suffer 1d10 (OR 8-10) fear points. If they succeed, the character has managed to summon the Farje wind to them. By the laws of nature, when summoned by the great horn of king Aino of the Elves, the Farje wind must sit in silence and harken to the characters without harming them. For so it is decided. A character description for the Farje wind can be found in the Appendix.
- ♦ **Dining hall:** The dining hall of the tower is perhaps the grandest room in all of Joklagard. In ancient times the Thursirs used to hold feasts of great magnificence here. Over fifty giants would then meet here to sing, drink, eat, and wrestle. You can only imagine the size of such a room. Nowadays there's only Rautakappu and his Goblins left to dine here, and most of the room has been neglected over the years which has caused great spiders to form nests in the dark corners where no one goes. However, in the place of honor at the far end of the room, there is always a clean table and a warm fire burning.
- ♦ **Bedrooms:** There are quite a few bedrooms on every floor of the tower. The beds are giant sized and made from solid ice. They are an eerie reminder that this once great tower used to be populated by more giants than just Rautakappu.

- ♦ **Master Bedroom:** On the ninth floor of the tower, Rautakappu has his master bedroom. This is where he sleeps on a bed made for two giants, when he's not out and about wandering the corridors of the tower or seeing to business out in the wilds of Nhoordland. Aside from the large bed, the master bedroom is where Rautakappu keeps his most precious valuables. The things he trusts no one but himself with. In a large lockbox, the characters can find a great rusty key that will unlock the door to the secret catacombs. To unlock it one must either have the key, which Rautakappu carries around his neck on a silver chain at all times, or one must pick the lock with a successful roll for the specialty Locks & Traps +2 (because of the size of the lock).
- ♦ **Kitchen:** The kitchen of Joklagard is a rather primitive construction which is mostly operated by Goblins. They cook different types of meat that Rautakappu returns with from his hunts over large open fires, and generally mess about with pots and pans and the odd pinch of spice. When the characters discover the kitchen, it is hard to tell if a fight is going on, or if the Goblins are cooking. For the Goblins, it's really all the same. Enemies: 2d6 goblins. Treasure: pots and pans worth approximately 2d6 copper pieces if one can carry them all. The odd rare mastomant meat.
- ♦ **The Secret Catacombs:** Below the basement of the frozen tower lies the secret tunnels and catacombs that were built by Rautakappu to protect the child of winter, Elsa. Elsa is the child of Rautakappu and his lover Misja, and has since the death of her mother, she has been protected in these secret catacombs to keep her from harm. Elsa wanders freely in these catacombs, which are half her playground and half prison. A winding network of snowy tunnels and icy ramps and stairs make up a maze of sorts that is very hard to navigate. If the characters come here without a map (which can only be obtained from Rautakappu) it will be very hard for them to find their way to Elsa. To find the way to Elsa without a

map, the character must pass a skill roll for the specialty Finding and Spotting modified by -2. When encountered, Elsa is not hostile. She is most likely sleeping in her nursery room.

2. The Stockade

There is a big, relatively newly built, stone building that is attached to the northwestern parts of the tower of ice. This is the stockade built by Rautakappu to house the imprisoned Elves of the Lauladaling tribe. On the outside, the building is of dark gray stone, but on the inside, the walls are packed with ice, and a quiet and gentle mist that dances from roof to floor along the walls.

The cells in the stockade are made from bars of black iron reinforced with ice and magic. One who carries the key can open them, or the locks can be picked (+2 because of the size of the lock). There are about twenty cells that house around sixty severely weak and malnourished Lauladaling Elves. If they are transported without their reindeer, they will wither in strength and die. There is an Elf there named Raskapa who offers the characters help and advice if they want it. The others will speak with the characters, but they are very weak, and their hearts are frail from sadness.

There is a pen at the far back of the stockades housing some 100 reindeer that are crowded together in far too small a space for them. The gate to the pen can also be picked like the other lock, or opened with the key.

The key to the cells and pen is kept by an Ogre called Boroballar. He keeps watch outside the stockade, but sometimes comes in to give out water and minimal food.

3. Carriage House

This is the place where Rautakappu keeps his giant sleigh that he uses to plough across the vast wilderness of Nhoordland like an avalanche from Helgardh. The carriage house is not only large enough to house the gargantuan sleigh, but also to fit pens

where his mastomants live when they're not busy out in the yard or dragging the giant's sleigh. The mastomants are not hostile creatures, but years of torture and servitude have made them sensitive to touch and new impressions. They will become nervous in the presence of the characters. When not out in the yard, the mastomants are chained down by icy chains.

There are also 1d6 Goblins at all times in the stable to guard the mastomants.

4. Yard

Most of Joklagard is a huge open yard where Rautakappu's mastomants run free to play and exercise. There is also a healthy number of Goblins roaming around the yard when they are not sleeping. During the day, there's at least 3d6 Goblins patrolling in the yard, tending to the mastomants, or otherwise getting up to no good.

Getting across the yard unseen is not an easy task as it is fairly open. However, there are a few trees and pieces of the old fortress ruin left that the characters can use to conceal themselves from the Goblins. Unless the characters interact with the mastomants in some way, they will not mind the characters even if they see them.

It is not uncommon for Rautakappu to stroll about the yard or sit quietly under a tree to smoke his big pipe made from the horn of a mastomant.

5. Goblin Housing

The Goblins that are set to guard Rautakappu the closest sleep in the basement of his tower. However, most of the slaves sleep in dirty and neglected ruins that are spread out across the open yard. Once upon a time, when Joklagard was a proud frost giant fortress, these used to be rooms and chambers. But since the battles with the Elves and the ruin of Rautakappu and his clan, they have fallen prey to nature – to the cold and the wind. So, now they are only fit for Goblin slaves to sleep in – ruins of old.

In truth, the Goblins hate Rautakappu,

but they also fear him immensely. The Goblins can help the characters if they are convinced by good roleplaying and successful skill rolls for Silver Tongue (given that they can speak the Dark Tongue). The characters get +2 on the skill roll for Silver Tongue, considering the Goblins low intellect. The Goblins will not take any great risks or enter a battle with Rautakappu. The characters themselves have to come up with how the Goblins can help them. An example might be to distract him during games, to pull a chain around his legs or – if the characters get really good die results – poke out the giant's eyes when he's sleeping.

6. Graveyard

There is a small and delicate place on the east part of the yard of Joklagard, close to the wall. Here is a mound under which is buried Rautakappu's old love Misja. There is no sign or stone to mark her out. Just a mound of snow, ice, and stone upon which a white willow tree grows.

7. Smithy

In the center of the yard at Joklagard there is a great big black hole that leads down into darkness. To get down, one has to scale huge but slippery steps of stone and ice that descend in a spiral into the darkness below. Once one finds themselves in the darkness proper, they will be transported to a distant dimension by converging mists.

Only when the characters have been given the Rune of Souls by Rautakappu can they make this journey. Otherwise, they will simply find themselves left in the dark bottom of the pit without anything happening.

The place that the characters find themselves in is known as Hwalia by the frost giants, and it is their ancestral hunting grounds where they draw their magical strength and shamanistic powers from. It is a place in-between Trudvang and the realms beyond. A sort of mist-land, not that different from a place like Helgardh.

Here, the characters can find the

mystical smithy of Rautakappu, where he keeps the tools that he uses to hammer souls into iron. The smithy itself is round, and located on an open, snowy, and desolate field obscured by white mists. A single blue flame is alight in the smithy, and when the characters enter, it expands and jumps into various braziers and ovens placed around the smithy, and the place comes alive with heat and magical firelight. A hammer covered in runes will present itself, and the characters will feel strong and knowledgeable when they pick it up. Anyone who carries the hammer temporarily has their skill value in Care, Handicraft, and Hard Materials increased by 2d6. When they drop the hammer, the skill points go away.

At the smithy, the characters can craft a soul forged weapon. To create a soul forged weapon, they must pass a skill check against the following:

- ♦ **Specialty:** Hard Materials
- ♦ **Discipline:** Invoke.

Also, the characters must be in possession of a soul that they can offer up to be forged into the weapon. They cannot use their own souls, lest they'd die.

If the characters fail on their rolls, they still manage to make a soul forged weapon. However, such a weapon will be flawed. This flaw will come into play later in the story (see the chapter Souls and iron).

The weapon made is meant to be used to trap Glimmyrgjarn, and not to be used in combat, therefore it does not have any statistics. It will do minimal damage in combat (1d4 maximum).

The soul forged weapon that the characters create is laid with many runes – not unlike the once infamous Krovabonh – to trap the souls of the slain.

A Warm Welcome?

When the characters arrive at Joklagard, the scheming Rautakappu takes them to the great dining hall of

his ice tower. There, his gGblins serve up a large feast of old bones, dark ale, and bloody meats. The Goblins don't step into the light from the warm braziers, but prefer to observe the characters and their master from the shadows.

Rautakappu will ask the characters many questions about their comings and goings. He wants them to tell him about their journey through Tvologoya, and what happened with that magic sword of theirs. Rautakappu will keep up a façade, and play the part of welcoming host very well. He gives the characters compliments, and many times he asks if they want any more food or if he can ask his servants to bring them something else. Perceptive characters can sense that there is something wrong, as the Goblin slaves watching from the shadows seem on edge – despite Rautakappu's best attempts, the mood is not relaxed.

If the characters tell Rautakappu about their current mission, to defeat the dragon Glimmyrgjarn and banish him from Trudvang, the old giant will shift to a more hostile tone.

"So, that is why you have come...I see. You seek to lead a dragon to my home? To fry me? To cook me? To turn my ice tower into slush?"

The old giant stands up in his chair and slams his fist on the table. A shockwave of frosty ice knocks the characters back in their chairs. The Goblin slaves give out a wicked cry, and swarm the characters from out of the shadows. They start clawing at the characters, tearing their hair and their clothes as a mad horde. Soon, the characters are overpowered, and have their weapons taken away from them. The characters can try to resist, but will eventually be overwhelmed by the sheer number of Goblins. If they refuse to be imprisoned, they must die.

As the characters are dragged away from the dining hall, they hear Rautakappu screaming at them – furious.

"Is this how you repay me? Rot you will – rot for all eternity! Perhaps I'll come visit you later. Perhaps I'll make toys out of you yet!"

The characters are led away in chains from the dining hall. To the tune of the howls and dark singing of the Goblins, they are pushed along down to the stockade and cast into cells with the Laualadaling Elves.

Prisoners

The characters are prisoners in the icy stockade of Joklagard. With them in their cell they have about ten Korpikalli Elves of the ancient tribe of the Laualadalings. Since the Age of Dreams, the Laualadalings have been mortal enemies of the frost giants, and Rautakappu is a well-known character from their many legends. If you wish, the Laualadalings can tell stories of Rautakappu, and perhaps remind them of his legend, but told instead from the perspective of the Elves.

Among the Laualadalings is a young Elf named Raskapa. He tells the characters how he and his family came to be imprisoned by Rautakappu.

A year ago, the Elves rode north to face Rautakappu, a hundred strong upon their reindeer they came to storm Joklagard and lay low the fortress. A hundred strong may sound like a small number, but don't forget that the ancient Laualadalings possess the forgotten magic of the winds of Trudvang, and gifts of weaponsmithing and armor craft that were taught to them by the Vanir gods themselves. The Elves had come on this day to battle Rautakappu because rumors had reached them that the old giant had chosen an heir to his frosty kingdom. The Elves believed it unlikely that Rautakappu had borne a child, so they believed that he had allied himself with some other powerful giant and named them his heir. So, it was the duty of the Laualadalings, as old tradition wills it, to protect the interests of their tribe

and lay low Rautakappu before he and his new heir grew in power. But when the Lauladalings arrived, they found no heir – only a furious Rautakappu stronger than ever before, with the Farje wind to support him. After days of battle, the Elves were defeated, and those who had not been struck down in the fighting were thrown into frosty chains and cast into the stockade to rot.

The Elves cannot help the characters in any concrete way, unfortunately. They can only give the characters information about Rautakappu and Joklagard, as they know it from their stories. The only way out of the cell is to either pick the lock (+2 because of its size) or to sway the prison guard – Boroballar – that has the keys. Boroballar is not very smart, and can be tricked if the characters are clever enough. His big weakness is that he loves all things shiny, and especially adores anything made from gold. Boroballar always keeps the keys to the cells tied around his neck.

Rautakappu's Games

When two days have passed in the stockade, Rautakappu will come to visit the characters. He is happy that the characters have not frozen or starved to death yet – he wants to play some games with them before they die. But what's in it for the characters? Well, if they win, they will gain their freedom, and Rautakappu will consider their request to help them fight Glimmyrgjarn. Does Rautakappu tell the truth? No, but the characters cannot know that. As far as they know – this is their best bet.

If the characters escaped their cell on their own, Rautakappu will be furious to find the stockade empty. If he finds the characters, he will try to kill them.

To play his games, Rautakappu will gather the characters out in the yard with a large crowd of Goblins assembled to observe the fun. The characters can see the Goblins trading bronze coins – it looks like they are placing bets and pointing at the different characters.

Rules Board Games: the first challenge that Rautakappu offers up will be one of board games. It's a strange game that the characters do not recognize, but Rautakappu is fair enough to explain the rules to them. Only one character can participate in the board game match.

3 rolls are made by the characters and Rautakappu in the skill Entertainment (gambler, game strategist/cheating). The character can choose between 3 different strategies to apply to their move that give different rewards and skill modifications.

- ♦ **Safe move:** +3 on the skill roll, +1 for a successful roll.
- ♦ **Normal move:** +/-0 on the skill roll, +2 for a successful roll.
- ♦ **Risky move:** -3 on the skill roll, +3 for a successful roll.

The one who has the most points after 3 rolls wins the challenge. If the character and Rautakappu are equal, the character will perform one final roll that decides the outcome.

Sleigh Racing: In the second challenge, Rautakappu challenges the characters to a lap of sleigh racing. The characters won't actually race the giant, that wouldn't be fair. Instead, Rautakappu has appointed some of his best wolf riding Goblins to take the reins. Same principle as with the board games apply, but this time with a roll for Horsemanship (riding/driving wagon).

Dueling: Rautakappu's final challenge for the characters is to do battle with the half ogre half giant named Fylke. Fylke is much larger than an ogre, but indeed smaller than a fully grown giant. He wears black armor, carries a crooked saber, and a round buckler. The characters can join in force to battle Fylke. If they manage to defeat him, they win the challenge. If they die, well...

Once the characters have completed all of Rautakappu's challenges, or when they fail a challenge, move on to the next chapter.

The Giant and the Dragon

And so, from the mountains to the north, there comes a great world-ending howl. As the very foundations of the world shake and begin to be torn asunder, snowstorms and hurricanes brood on the horizon – drawing ever closer. The Goblins flee in terror in whatever direction – killing each other in their panic as they claw at the walls for escape. Even the mighty Rautakappu is taken aback by what he sees. And what he sees is fire. Immense fire. Unlike anything there has ever been or ever will be since. Fire that tears up the mountains and the forests and the sky like an infernal tidal wave of death. The sun is eclipsed by burning clouds, and the world falls dark.

And in that terror, he comes – a black shadow soaring through the smoking air on wings large enough to whip up tornadoes that churn the forests, root and stem. Glimmyrgjarn – the destroyer of worlds.

From the south, the dragon Glimmyrgjarn has come to destroy the characters. After it was set free from its prison in the sword Krovabonh, the dragon was bound to kill the characters and all others who have ever carried the sword forged by the Dwarves long ago in the blood of the dragonkin. After laying waste to Tvologoya, the dragon made its way north, and has now caught up with the characters.

What Glimmyrgjarn didn't count on, was Rautakappu. The old giant is obviously startled by the appearance of the dragon, and his Goblin slaves flee in terror. This situation generates 1d10(OR 8-10) fear points. However, Rautakappu soon recovers from the initial shock, and draws a gargantuan sword of ice from a sheathe on his back. He makes a stand against the dragon, ready to fight.

"You come for Rautakappu? You come for me? Blah, curse you! Death to you!" the giant boasts. He signals to you to



run and hide behind him. Why this sudden show of affection? Perhaps there is a reason he has not killed you yet, you think to yourself. "Come on then – come here!" he shouts. The dragon lets forth a fiery cry that sets the clouds in the sky ablaze as it crashes onto the icy walls of Joklagard. The ice melts and breaks beneath its mighty claws, and the ground cracks open. Rautakappu lets forth an icy yawp, and charges toward the beast.

Rautakappu and Glimmyrgjarn have begun their duel. From this moment on, this battle will live on in history and legend as a story for generations to come. The battle of the giant and the dragon, of fire and ice at the edge of the world. The characters are caught in the middle of it, and although they cannot directly fight the dragon – the heat it generates will set them on fire if they get too close – they will not be idle in this moment. For as the dragon lands, the characters can see that underneath its sooty scales, a molten liquid spews forth. It looks like lava. The lava lands on the ground, and soon transforms into monstrous logis that attack the characters. These logis are larger than any the characters may have seen before this battle, mutated and warped by the blood of the dragon into abhorrent creations of draconic unholiness. As the duel of the ages rages around them, the characters must fend off the logis.

For a party of 4 or more characters, 2d6 Dragon Logis appear. Modify using your judgement should your party be smaller.

As the battle rages on between the giant and the dragon, it is clear that Rautakappu is taking the majority of the beating. Things are not looking good. This should be a desperate battle where the characters have to put everything on the line – perhaps one of them will even have to die if the dice roll that way. In any case, the characters should be left with critical injuries. When the moment is most dire, the following happens.

A thundering cry splits the sky. You turn

around to see the giant, Rautakappu, holding the dragon of fire and blood by the jaws. His sword broken, his body savaged, and his horns shattered. "No, not like this" the giant yells as the dragon's power overwhelms him, and both combatants are flung with earth-shattering force towards the tower of ice. The collision is immense, and the tower cannot withstand the impact. Split in two, it crumbles into a whirlwind of fire, blood, and snow.

The ice tower of Joklagard is breaking, and the characters must pass a Situation Roll against 15 modified by Agility to avoid being hit by the falling debris. Should they fail, they are hit by the debris and take 1d10 (OR 10) crushing damage. Armor does not protect them.

Soon, the battle goes quiet, as the dust settles on the fallen tower. As the characters search through the rubble, they quickly find the broken body of Rautakappu, blood dripping from many wounds. The remaining Goblins have gathered in silence to watch the old giant in his final moments. He is dying. However, there is no trace of Glimmyrgjarn – it's as if he just disappeared. Rautakappu coughs suddenly, he is trying to speak to the characters. It's hard to hear what he's saying at first – so much blood is gurgling around in his half-broken mouth.

"Come closer, little ones. I cannot speak loudly. I am weak." he says. "How strange the world is, so full of strangeness. I shouldn't be dead. I should be alive. But now it seems my fate has been decided and I cannot fight it. So weak, in the end, so weak. It must be you who stop the dragon, little ones. I could not, but maybe you can. Yes, I believe you can." The giant searches for something inside his pocket for a moment, and then he pulls out a little black stone – perfectly oval and polished to a smooth touch. In its middle, there sits a strange circular rune, glowing with faint blue light. There is something special about the stone, something deeply powerful – you can sense it. "Take this stone, little

ones. It's my soul. Such a big thing in such a small trinket – funny if you ask me. But that is how the Dwarves taught me. That's how they taught me to forge souls into iron. You must make iron of your own. Iron to trap the dragon – iron in my forge. Just like the Dvergur did, trap the dragon's soul in the iron. Take it, take it and go. Don't ask me why, this is the way it must be." Rautakappu holds the strange stone in his hand, and as you reach out to touch it you see a faint vision of a little girl with white flowers in her hair. Rautakappu locks eyes with you – somehow you understand – he knows what you saw. "So, you have seen, little one. Elsa. Yes. She must go with you. This is what I ask in return for my soul. Take the key around my neck – find the catacombs by the north wing of the tower. Take her to the Dvergur, let her live with them. Yes." Something strange and sentimental comes over Rautakappu – his eyes fill up with tears as he turns to face the sun above him. "Yes, she'd like that." Fading away slowly, Rautakappu dies.

Rautakappu has given the characters a magical runestone that carries the power of his soul. They can use this in the giant's Smithy (see the section on the Smithy on page 67) and forge a sword with it to trap Glimmyrgjarn. After the battle, the dragon fled back to the ruins of Tvologoya to lick its wounds, but it will regenerate in time unless the characters stop it.

Rautakappu has also asked them to take the child Elsa with them and take her to live with the Dwarves. To find the entrance to the catacombs in the dusty ruins of the tower, they must pass a Skill Roll for Shadowing (Finding & Spotting) or have their search be prolonged by hours until they can attempt the roll again. With the map they find on the body of Rautakappu, navigating the catacombs is easy, and they should find their way to Elsa's chambers without much to stop them except the cold and the darkness of the underground.

Once found, Elsa will be surprised to see the characters, and she'll be suspicious

of them – even afraid perhaps. The child is not like one would expect the child of a Thursir to be, perhaps. She is small, no larger than half a man, and she is neat and pale skinned. Her hair is white, her face fair. The only thing to reveal that she is not Human is the blue tint to her skin, her black eyes, and the small horns sticking up like stumps from her little head. Elsa doesn't understand a word the characters are saying, and they can't understand her. Getting her to come with them can be a challenge, but eventually she'll go with them – especially if the characters have some food or interesting object to lure her with.

When Elsa finds the dead Rautakappu, she is beside herself with sorrow. Crying and sobbing, she needs a moment to calm down by the body of the old giant. The Goblins come up to Elsa and pat her on the head in sympathy, and they start to gather stone and clumps of ice from the destroyed tower to place one by one on top of Rautakappu's body. They are forming primitive burial mound. If they want to, the characters can stay and help.

Ultimately, it is up to the characters if they go to find Elsa and keep their promise or leave her. Rautakappu is not alive to know the difference.

The more perceptive amongst the characters can notice that many Goblins have gathered around the big round hole in the middle of the yard. It is the top of the stairs that lead down into the smithy of Rautakappu. The Goblins themselves don't dare to go down, but they encourage the characters to do so, if they can speak the dark tongue. Otherwise they will just nod and point down into the darkness. If Elsa is with them, she will take the characters by the hand and lead them down into the darkness, whistling a strange tune all the while.

SOULS AND IRON

The characters descend down into the Smithy of Joklagard and craft a soul forged weapon using the soul of Rautakappu. See the Smithy chapter to read how the characters can craft the

weapon, and what skills are required. When the characters return from the deep below, the Goblins are still all there waiting for them, watching with wonderment as they ascend. They whisper amongst themselves as they see the soul forged weapon.

Soon, the wind starts blowing harshly from the cold north, and the Goblins scatter in terror. However, no threat appears. Only the apparition of the Farje wind. The spirit of the Farje wind is angry because the characters are alive and Rautakappu is dead. He says that he would kill them now if it were not for the dragon. The Farje wind is bound by oath to serve Rautakappu's family, and because the old giant let them live, he cannot harm them. Instead, he is bound to help the characters carry out the giant's last wish. To keep Elsa safe, and to banish the dragon from Trudvang.

From its home high up in the sky, the Farje wind can see many things. He witnessed how the dragon Glimmyrgjarn, after the tower of ice fell, took flight as a smoking shadow southward into the mountains. The Farje wind is certain that the demonic dragon is badly hurt, and has retreated to lick its wounds and recover its strength. Now is the time to strike.

"That iron you carry" the Farje wind says, "it is special. It is soulforged, just like that sword that you once bore. This one is not cursed, but it carries an extraordinary power – the power to ensnare other souls. The dragon is only the physical manifestation of a demonic presence in our world. Evil and chaos taken on flesh and blood. It cannot be killed – it can only be trapped. With this iron, it can be done. God speed, heroes. We shall never meet again."

With those words, the Farje wind takes little Elsa's hand, and both of them evaporate into a strong cold wind that blows high up into the icy sky above. Suddenly, the ground shakes, and a loud noise of cracking ice can be heard behind you."

The Farje wind has left the characters behind, but in his wake, he has opened up the ice bridge that leads the way out of Joklagard.

The characters must now track the dragon Glimmyrgjarn to the place where it is hiding. The demonic dragon is weak, wounded, and biding its time until it can strike again. Following the dragon is easy enough, as it left a trail of destruction and chaos in its wake. Trees have been uprooted, great cliffs have been crushed, and the earth has been churned up as if an earthquake had ravaged it. The trail leads the characters up into the mountains due south of Joklagard, where they can overlook the borders where Trudvang meets the lands of the great ice plains beyond. It is a beautiful sight as the sun rises above the froze white horizon.

Up in the cold mountains, the characters can find a cave where Glimmyrgjarn is hiding. Deep within the darkness of the cave, the characters don't encounter any hulking monstrosity spitting fire and blood – but rather a shriveled and emptied husk. The dragon's scales have all fallen off, revealing a pale and fleshy soft hide underneath, covered in pus and blood and dark gray smoke. Its eyes have been clawed out, and its teeth broken. As the characters approach, Glimmyrgjarn snaps with tits jaws at random, trying to figure out where the characters are coming from. But the dragon is not even strong enough to lift its own tail, much less attack the characters. It is a pitiful sight.

Suddenly, you hear a voice coming from behind you in the darkness. A dark, and low voice. "It is a sad thing really, such a mighty creature bereft of its power." Out from the darkness emerges a Dwarf clad in nothing but a great long beard and an iron crown atop their head. The Dwarf appears fair of skin to you, rough and yet somehow noble. "I have done many horrible things throughout my reign. I've killed brothers, broken promises, lied, cheated. Were I to tell you all the things I have done, you would do well to strike me down where I stand. But out of all I have done, that I regret

most." The Dwarf points a sooty finger towards the pallid dragon writhing in pain and confusion on the cave floor. "What we did to them all was bestial, and I will spend all of eternity making up for that. And so, I come before you here now today, the ones who have carried my sword, to ask you a question: why do you fight? Look at it – this creature is beaten. It will do no more harm. This you can be sure of. Go from this place, move on with your lives. The time for heroics has long since passed. I shall remain to watch the creature. Trust me."

The Dwarf is the apparition of the old Dwarf king Nimatetsya who once forge the Ironblood runeblade Krovabonh that cursed the characters. Since his own slaying by the sword, Nimatetsya has been entrapped within it, just like Glimmyrgjarn. Through the battle with Rautakappu, the dragon was so severely weakened that its physical form upon Trudvang started to crumble. And so, Nimatetsya, being part of the dragon, has come forth.

The characters must choose whether to slay Glimmyrgjarn with the soulforged weapon and banish its spirit from Trudvang, or to follow Nimatetsya's wish and simply walk away from their quest. The curse was broken in Tvologoya, but can the spirit of Krovabonh really be trusted to remain dormant? Can the characters be certain

that if they walk away now, the dragon won't come back to haunt them later? We cannot know.

Killing Glimmyrgjarn

If the characters decide to slay the dragon, it will not resist them. The dragon is too weak to fight, and the characters can simply kill the dragon with a single blow. You should make sure to describe this moment as a pitiful one – for there is no honor in this killing.

As the dragon dies, it fades from the world of Trudvang like a faint memory, along with the apparition of the old Dwarf Nimatetsya. The soulforged weapon used to slay the dragon absorbs the spirit of the dragon and traps it within. The sword is now cursed to forever carry the tormented soul of all the dragons once inhumanely slain by the Dwarves in the creation of the Ironblood iron. The characters have created a new Krovabonh – a new curse of runes – it was the only way to stop the destructive force of Glimmyrgjarn.

If the characters created a flawed soul forged weapon, the one who wields the weapon to slay Glimmyrgjarn will have their own soul trapped in the weapon along with Glimmyrgjarn. This does not kill the character right away, but it removes their ability to cast Vitner or invoke the gods until the soul is recovered. Their charisma is immediately converted to –4.

As the dragon fades from the world, the characters hear a voice on the wind.

"Old habits die hard, I take it. But is the world really a better place now? Think on that, heroes. For as one evil dies – another is born."

Sparing Glimmyrgjarn

Walking away from the broken dragon feels like the right thing to do. They've had enough of killing and no longer being in mortal peril is a refreshing feeling, after all.

As the characters leave the cave and greet the auburn dawn – they are met by the Farje wind waiting for them. As the apparition of the wind spirit turns to the characters, they can see that his icy face is twisted in anger.

"What have you done? Do you even understand what this means? The old Dwarf has played you for fools. That dragon will regain its strength – and it will come for you. For all of us. Fools, you've doomed the lot of us to unspeakable horrors. But know this, for all that you have wrought, the sacrifice of Rautakappu my master will not be forgotten. Before the world ends, I will avenge him."

Before the characters can do anything, he is gone with the wind.

EPILOGUE

The story has come to an end, but many questions yet remain. Whatever happened at the end, did the characters make the right decision? Did they create a new curse of runes and a new weapon to trap souls – or did they trust in the spirit of Nimatetsya to safeguard the world from Glimmyrgjarn and the wrath of Krovabonh?

If the characters killed Glimmyrgjarn, what did they do with the soulforged weapon?

And whatever happened to the Dwarves of Tvologoya? Where did they go after the dragon laid low their kingdom?

Where did the Farje wind take Elsa? Is she truly safe with him?

What about the Farje winds threat to the characters? Will he pursue them?

ADVENTURE POINTS

The game master should distribute adventure points in accordance to the table below and with the guidance from the Game Master's Guide throughout the campaign.

Player characters:	AP
Explore a named location in Skaftafjell	+10
Learn Oytun's secrets	+15
Meet Undis Gudrugla	+5
Find the dwarves at Wigenbona	+10
Battle Kvistlaf for the first time	+10
Kill Kvistlaf	-30
Entering Dirbozvo	+20
Finding Krovabonh	+10
Killing Tuva Sothi	+20
Breaking free from the Arks	+5
Arriving at Oustoyga	+5
Befriending the knights of Avold	+5
Learning the legend of Rautakappu	+5
Finding Rautakappu	+15
Meeting Aitolé and his companions	+5
Befriending Jarmio	+5
Befriending Belgost	+15
Defeating Belgost	+20
Learning Belgost's secret	+25
Finding Torpo	+10
Defending Torpo	+15
Meeting the Norglavanja	+20

Player characters:	AP
Returning the east wind to Rautakappu	-25
Finding the secret gate	+25
Finding Tvologoya	+50
Arriving at Yetzin	+15
Meeting the Egle Thuuls	+5
Traversing the Bifhrust	+15
Forging a Buratja sword	+20
Finding Yukk	+15
Breaking the curse	+100
Escaping Tvologoya	+10
Arriving at Nore	+5
Departing for Arkland	+5
Surviving the journey to Arkland	+15
Escaping the cultists	+5
Arriving at Joklagard	+10
Visit a location in Joklagard	+5
Summon the Farje Wind using the horn atop the tower of ice	+25
Obtain the keys of Boroballar	+25
Craft a regular soul forged weapon	+50
Craft a flawed soul forged weapon	-50
Best Rautakappu at one of his challenges	+15

APPENDIX

KROVABONH

The sword feels heavy in your hand, heavier than you'd expected. The master craft of the Dwarves is apparent and undeniable at first glance. The Ironblood iron blade is meticulously polished and shaped, flowing upward like a single scarlet flame from the bejeweled hilt of the weapon – casting a strong blood red glow around it. Three large runes are inscribed upon the right side of the blade, and in the language of the Buratja Dwarves, they read “bond, dragon, blood.”

In the adventure the characters will acquire the accursed runesword called Krovabonh, roughly translated to “ironblood” or “sword of blood” in Vrok, forged by the legendary great Thune Nimatetsya of the Buratja kingdom Dirbozvo at the closing of the Age of Dreams. The sword was crafted using the extremely durable Ironblood iron, which is made by mixing metallics with the blood of jarnwyrm in the

white-hot dragon fire furnaces of the Buratja Dwarves. The sword bears many magical runes upon its blade, inscribed by the ancient Thuuls to give it magical properties and abilities, which are described below in detail.

The sword Krovabonh is cursed by the snake god Yukk, who wishes to punish the Dwarves for their monstrous and barbaric treatment of the dragons during the savage crafting of the Ironblood iron. Within the sword is captured the souls of dragons and countless others who have been slain by the blade throughout the ages, their tortured spirits have all accumulated to form the monstrous nature spirit of fire and blood who is named Glimmyrgjarn. The ancient dragon waits to one day be released from the sword, and truly enact the vengeance of Yukk upon the Dwarves of Trudvang with such a white-hot rage that has not been seen since the Long Storm.

Throughout the adventure, the

characters will make use of Krovabonh many times to lay low the mighty foes that stand in their path. It is important, however, that the characters still feel threatened at times, and that they pay a heavy price to wield such power. As gamemaster, you should make frequent use of the sword's curse and magical runes to remind the characters of the evil nature of the blade. In the end, it is very important that the characters feel that their lives would be better if they did not have the sword at all.

Rune of Bond

The first rune of Krovabonh binds it to the one who wields it forever. Legend says that only death can separate the two. Whenever a reluctant wielder discards the sword it will, eventually, return to them. When a critical moment arises, when you're at your most vulnerable, you'll see

FORGED ITEMS

One-handed heavy weapon	WA	IM	PV/BV	Weight	Damage	Quality
Krovabonh	2	-5	8/NA*	2.5 kg	1d10 (OR 8-10)	Legend: *the sword is unbreakable.

something glitter in between the stones and shrubbery – a shimmering hilt – and Krovabonh will present itself to you when all else has failed, forcing you to wield it once more. On other occasions it will be there waiting for you after a particularly horrible nightmare, resting solemnly upon your chest. It is a mystery how Krovabonh returns to the wielder over and over again, but one thing is certain: you'll never be able to be rid of the sword. No matter if it is thrown from the highest mountain or dropped in the hottest river of lava. It cannot be destroyed by any means known to Men or Elves.

Rune of Yukk

The second rune was not inscribed by any Thuul or craftsman, but by the serpent god Yukk himself. Yukk was offended by the way the king Nimatetsya brutally executed the jarnwyrmes and used their blood to craft the sword Krovabonh. To punish the king, Yukk inscribed his rune upon the sword in secret – and like a snake it would slither inside the Thune's mind and slowly poison it to a point beyond saving. The same fate will befall anyone who wields the sword.

Every time the blade takes a life, the wielder must pass a straight Psyche check with no modifiers. After an amount of time has passed that is determined by the gamemaster, the character who wielded

the sword will have a violent and dark nightmare. A nightmare full of dread and horror, death and dismemberment and brutal violence. Utter chaos made real. After they awaken in a cold sweat, the purpose of their Psyche check will come into play. If they passed the roll, the character is disturbed by the dream – like a normal person would be. However, if the character fails the Psyche roll, they find that they actually enjoy the nature of the dream, even though it was violent and bloody. Slowly, for every failed Psyche check using Krovabonh, the character will be overtaken by more and more sinister thoughts. Eventually, after 10 failed Psyche checks, from separate encounters, the character that wields the sword will be given the ability called Bloodthirst.

Bloodthirst

When the character rolls a 10 on the damage die, they enter a bloodthirsty rage and lose control over themselves. They fight like a mad animal, screaming at the top of their lungs, unable to tell friend from foe, as their eyes turn blood red. When the character rolls to hit with an attack in this state, they must pass a Psyche check of 12 to avoid attacking their friends. Should they fail the check, the character attacks their closest ally instead of their intended target. If they pass, the character attacks the target

they intended normally. Once engaged, the bloodthirst lasts until the fight is over.

Rune of Fire Blood

The third rune of Krovabonh enchants it with a magical property that activates whenever the wielder rolls an open roll on the damage die. Upon activation, the blade of the sword glows more intensely of scarlet than ever before. Gashing into the flesh of their foe, it causes their blood to be lit aflame, and burns the foe from the inside out – causing 1d10 damage and 1d4 additional damage every 1d6 action rounds.

When a person is killed in this way, their soul is consumed by the sword in whirls of ash. Such eaten souls are never allowed to rest in their afterlife, leaving behind only a gray-colored, shriveled, and wrizened husk of a corpse in this earthly world.

Logiwyrmes, Logis, and muspeljotuns are immune to the damage of this ability.

NPC's

The characters will encounter many NPC's throughout the campaign. Here they are catalogued with a brief character description and appropriate statistics for the game master to use as is or to modify for their needs.

Ainvildur

"Winds guide you."

Ainvildur is the name given to the Flowra of the east wind and the daughter of Nema. She travels all year from east to west and then back again and she answers the jojk of Aino the old Lauladaling elf hero. Because of her allegiance with the elves, Ainvildur is fleeing from Rautakappu who wishes to catch her and trap her in his magical sack.

Movement: 2 CP per 1m (Max 10 m)

Body Points: 28

Damage Levels:

1-7 (0) / 8-14 (-1) / 15-21 (-3) / 22-28 (-7) / > 28 (dying)

Character Traits: Charisma +2, Perception +1

Skills: Agility SV 6, Care SV 1, Entertainment SV 1, Faith SV 1, Fighting SV 6, Knowledge SV 10, Shadow arts SV 6, Vitner Craft SV 6, Wilderness SV 10, Geography 3

Initiative: +/-0

Combat Points: Free 6

Aitolé

"This place is not safe. We must move swiftly."

Aitolé is a korpikalli elf that is leading his family through the Darkwoods to the woden hall of Nemanhallr. He is weary and not quick to trust. Hundreds of years of fighting the dark creatures of the forests have taught him that life is hard and that one must take care not to become victim to its wrath.

Movement: 2 CP per 1m (Max 10 m)

Body Points: 30

Damage Levels:

1-9 (0) / 10-17 (-1) / 18-25 (-3) / 26-33 (-7) / > 33 (dying)

Character Traits: Constitution +1, Intelligence +1

Skills: Agility SV 7, Entertainment SV 1, Faith SV 1, Shadow arts SV 6, Vitner Craft SV 1

Care SV 8 Handicraft 2 (Hard Materials 2), Tradesman 1
Fighting SV 7 Armed Fighting 1 (1H Light Weapons 2), Battle Experience 1 (Fighter 1)

Knowledge SV 6 Language 1 (Foreign Tongue [vrok] 1, Foreign Tongue [Rona] 1, Mother Tongue [Eika])
Race Knowledge 1 (Monster Lore 1)

Wilderness SV 8 Survival (Camper 1, Pathwalker 1)

Initiative: +/-0

Combat Points: Free 8 / Attacks & Parries 2 / Armed 1 (1H Light Weapons 4)

Ark

Movement: 2 CP per 1m (Max 10 m, max 9 m in armor)

Body Points: 35

Damage Levels:

1-9 (0) / 10-18 (-1) / 19-27 (-3) / 28-35 (-7) / > 35 (dying)

Character Traits: Strength +2, Constitution +1, Charisma -2

Skills: Care SV 1, Entertainment SV 1, Faith SV 1, Knowledge SV 1, Shadow arts SV 6, Vitner Craft SV 1, Wilderness SV 7

Agility SV 8 Battle Maneuver 1 (Combat Movement 1),
Horsemanship 2

Fighting SV 10 Armed Fighting 2 (1H Heavy Weapons 1, 2H Weapons 2), Battle Experience 1 (Armor Bearer 1, Combat Reaction)

Equipment: Tvei Axi (WA 2, IM -6, PV/BV 9/90), Fur Armor (PV/BV 2/20, MM -1, IM -1)

Initiative: +2

Combat Points: Free 11 / Armed 2 (1H Heavy Weapons 2, 2H Weapons 4)

Samples of attacks:

(IM -4) Tvei Axi Attack 1: SV10, Attack 2: SV7

The Arks are battle-hardened and fearless. Many of them have seem to have seen too few winters. They are a terrible foe to fight as they attack their opponents without any regard to their own safety. All of them fight to the death.

Belgost

Strategies

Belgost's main combat strategy is to lure his enemies into a trap and then unleash his spells upon them. If confronted, he will try to delay the battle by engaging in conversation while secretly vyrding in order to improve his chances. He could for example cast 'Bind' or 'Rust' on the PCs' weapons so that they can't be drawn or are destroyed before they even know what's going on. If Belgost is aware that he is being followed he will try to make sure that the confrontation takes place in an advantageous environment for his casting, perhaps by taking a high ground or somewhere that makes him difficult to reach in melee. He primarily fights with vitner and only uses the staff as a secondary weapon, for example when forced into melee or when he no longer is able to cast.

The east wind Ainvildur, the daughter of Nema, is hiding at Torpo – an ancient sacrificial and spiritual site that was raised by the ancient bysentian lords high up in the sooty mountains long before the tenant of Nid came to Westmark. The characters who are learned about the land will know that this a place of inexplicable happenings and dark magic. A sanctuary for the Flowra Morgu where the old masters and lords of Bystente used to commit sacrifice in their honor. The east wind has hidden there because she suspects it is the last place anyone would look for her.

Movement: 2 CP per 1m (Max 10 m)

Body Points: 30,

Damage Levels:

1-8 (0) / 9-16 (-1) / 17-23 (-3) / 24-30 (-7) / > 30 (dying)

Character Traits: Constitution -2, Psyche -1, Intelligence +2, Charisma +1

Skills: Care SV 1, Entertainment SV 1, Faith SV 1, Knowledge SV 7
Agility SV 8 Battle Maneuver 2 (Combat Movement 2, Evade 3)
Fighting SV 10 Armed Fighting 2 (1H Light Weapons 3), Battle
Experience 1 (Combat Actions 2, Combat
Reaction 1)

Shadow arts SV 7 Shadowing 1 (Finding & Spotting 1)

Vitner Craft SV 10 Call of Vitner 2 (Hwitalja 3, Vitner Habit 1),
Vitner Shaping 2 (Sejding 2, Vitner Runes 1,
Vyrding 2)

Wilderness SV 8 Nature Knowledge 1 (Botany 1)

Equipment: Captital Staaf (WA 4, IM -3, PV/BV 4/40, +1 to Vitner
Craft SV),

Vitner Points: 60

Vitner Tablets: Soil Craft level 5, Vitner of Objects level 2, Power of
Thought level 2

Initiative: +3

Combat Points: Free 11 / Armed 2 (1H Light Weapons 6) / Combat
Actions 4

Samples of attacks:

(IM +/-0) Staaf Attack 1: SV10, Parry1: SV9

Borjornikka Dwarf Ranger

Movement: 2 CP per 1m (Max 8 m)

Body Points: 30

Damage Levels:

1-8 (0) / 9-15 (-1) / 16-22 (-3) / 23-30 (-7) / > 30 (dying)

Character Traits: Perception +2, Psyche +1

Skills: Entertainment SV 1, Faith SV 1, Knowledge SV 7, Vitner
Craft SV 1

Agility SV 8 Battle Maneuver 2 (Combat Movement 2, Evade 3)
Care SV 8 Handler 2 (Commander 2)

Fighting SV 10 Armed Fighting 2 (1H Light Weapons 2 Bows
& Slings 2), Battle Experience 1 (Combat
Actions 2, Combat Reaction 2)

Shadow arts SV 8 Shadowing 1 (Finding & Spotting 1, Camouflage
& Hiding 2)

Wilderness SV 8 Nature Knowl. 1 (Botany 1), Hunting
Experience 2 (Tracker 2, Wilderness Signs 2)

Equipment: Split Axi (WA 4, IM -3, PV/BV 6/60), Veidi Bogi (WA 3,
IM -2, PV/BV 2/20)

Initiative: +4

Combat Points: Free 11 / Armed 2 (1H Light Weapons 4, Bows &
Slings 4) / Combat Actions 4

Samples of attacks:

(IM +1) Split Axi Attack 1: SV10, Parry1: SV7

(IM +3) Veidi Bogi Attack 1: SV10, Parry1: SV7

Boroballar

Type: Humanoid; **Size:** 2t;

Movement: Land 2 CP per 2 m (Max 20 m)

Natural Armor: 1;

Religion: Haminges;

Initiative: -1

Fear Factor: 1d10.

Body Points: 59

Damage Levels:

1-15 (0) / 16-30 (-1) / 31-45 (-3) / 46-59 (-7) / >59 (Dying)

Character Traits: Constitution +2, Dexterity -2; Strength +4

Feats: Mood

Skills: Agility SV 5, Care SV 4, Entertainment SV 3, Faith 4, Shadow
Arts SV 7, Vitner Craft SV 1.

Fighting SV 7 Armed Fighting 2 (One-Handed Heavy
Weapons 2; Two-Handed Weapons 2); Battle
Experience 1 (Armor Bearer 1; Fighter 1);
Unarmed Fighting 1 (Brawling 1; Wrestling 1)
Knowledge SV 5 Language 1 (Mother Tongue (Bastjurnal) 3)
Wilderness SV 7 Hunting Experience 1 (Hunting and Fishing 1);
Survival 1

Equipment: Tvei Klubb (WA 2, IM -5 PV/BV 6/60, Damage 2D10
(OR 7-10)+4).

Combat Points: Free 8/ Attacks & Parries 2 / Armed 2 (One-Handed
Heavy Weapons 4, Two-Handed Weapons 4) / Unarmed 1 (Brawling 2,
Wrestling 2).

Samples of attacks: 2 actions per 1 round

Unarmed SV 8, SV 5

Weapon SV 10, SV 6

Bryoni

*"Let me tell you a story to get us to the other side of the night.
What say you?"*

Bryoni is an old man that once used to be an aspiring skald and
storyteller. But that was before he was taken prisoner by the
Gudruglas. Now, after many years of penniless enslavement,
he serves as the Warden at the stockades of Hveig for fair
payment.

Movement: 2 CP per 1m (Max 10 m)

Body Points: 31

Damage Levels:

1-8 (0) / 9-16 (-1) / 17-24 (-3) / 25-31 (-7) / > 31 (dying)

Character Traits: Charisma +1, Constitution -1, Perception +1

Skills: Agility SV 6, Faith SV 1, Vitner Craft SV 1, Wilderness SV 5
Care SV 7 Tradesman 1 (Peasant 1)

Entertainment SV 8 Music & Dancing 2 (Singing & Playing 2),
Storytelling 2

Fighting SV 8 Armed Fighting 2 (1H Light Weapons 2)

Knowledge SV 7 Culture Knowl. [Wildfolk] 1 (Customs & Law 1)

Shadow arts SV 8 Shadowing 2 (Finding & Spotting 1)

Equipment: Seax (WA 4, IM -1, PV/BV 5/50),
Initiative: +0
Combat Points: Free 8 / Armed 2 (1H Light Weapons 4)
Samples of attacks:
(IM -1) Seax Attack 1: SV7, Attack 2: SV7

Dragon logi

Type: Other
Size: 1.5t;
Movement: Land 2 CP per 1,5 m (Max 12 m);
Natural Armor: 2; **Initiative (base):** 0;
Fear Factor: 1d10 (OR 9-10).
Body Points: 65
Damage Levels:
1-17 (0) / 18-33 (-1) / 34-49 (-3) / 50-65 (-7) / >65 (Dying)
Character Traits: Charisma -2, Psyche +3, Strength +3
Feats: Fire Body, Fire's Hand, Night's Sight.
Weapons: Bite/Claws Damage: 1d10(OR 10)
Initiative: 0
Samples of attacks: 2 actions per 1 round
Bite SV 13; Claws SV 10

Eien-Sullimo

"...."

Not much is known about Eien-Sullimo as she is one of the mysterious Norglavanja – the beautiful amongst the dwarves. All we know is that she is very old and very strangely beautiful.

Movement: 2 CP per 1m (Max 10 m)
Body Points: 28
Damage Levels:
1-7 (0) / 8-14 (-1) / 15-21 (-3) / 22-28 (-7) / > 28 (dying)
Character Traits: Charisma +4, Constitution -2, Intelligence +4
Skills: Agility SV 8, Care SV 1, Entertainment SV 1, Faith SV 5, Fighting SV 8, Shadow arts SV 8, Vitner Craft SV 1
Knowledge SV 10, Cultural Knowledge [Dwarves] 5, Language 5 (Mother Tongue [Futhark] 5, Foreign Tongue [Bastjuma] 2, Foreign Tongue [Ancient Rona] 1, Foreign Tongue [Ancient vrok] 1, Foreign Tongue [Dragearthian] 1
Wilderness SV 8, Geography 3
Initiative: +/-0
Combat Points: Free 8

Farje hrimvurm

Type: Quadruped winged creature;
Size: 7t;
Movement: Land 2 CP per 14 m (Max 28 m); Flying 2 CP per 14 m (Max 42 m);

Initiative (base): -4;
Fear Factor: 1d10 (OR 7-10).
Body Points: 204
Damage Levels:
1-51 (0) / 52-102 (-1) / 103-153 (-3) / 154-204 (-7) / >204 (Dying)
Character Traits: Perception +2
Feats: Hidden, Hrim Body, Hrim Breath (SV 13), Night's Sight, Thermal Sight.
Natural Weapons:
Bite damage 3d10 (OR 8-10) +6, IM 0
Claws damage 3d10 (OR 8-10) +6, IM 0
Hrim Breath damage 2d10 (OR 8-10), IM -4
Number of Rounds to Spread Combat Points: 3
Combat Points:
Free: 10; **Natural Weapons:** Bite 10, Claws 13
Samples of attacks:
3 actions per 3 rounds
Bite SV 12; Claws SV 12, SV 9

Goshov

"Goshov - kill!"

Goshov is the chieftain of the band of Arks that kidnap the characters. Like many of those he holds sway over, Goshov is a cannibal that prefers to eat the body parts of humans whenever he can get ahold of them. It's an unusual taste, but something that is quite common amongst Arks such as himself. Despite his rough exterior, Goshov is afraid of many things. Storms, fire, and above all else he fears the sorcery of Vitner.

Movement: 2 CP per 1m (Max 10 m, max 9 m in armor)
Body Points: 35
Damage Levels:
1-9 (0) / 10-18 (-1) / 19-27 (-3) / 28-35 (-7) / > 35 (dying)
Character Traits: Constitution +1, Strength +2, Psyche -2, Charisma -2
Skills: Care SV 1, Entertainment SV 1, Faith SV 1, Knowledge SV 3, Shadow arts SV 1, Vitner Craft SV 1, Wilderness SV 5
Agility SV 8, Battle Maneuver 1 (Combat Movement 1), Horsemanship 2
Fighting SV 10, Armed Fighting 2 (1H Heavy Weapon 1, 2H Weapons 2), Battle Experience 1 (Fighter 2, Armor Bearer 1, Combat Reaction 1)

Equipment: Tvei Axi (WA 2, IM -6, PV/BV 9/90), Fur Armor (PV/BV 2/20, MM -1, IM -1)
Initiative: +2
Combat Points: Free 11 / Attacks & Parries 4/ Armed 2 (2H Weapons 4, 1H Heavy Weapons 2)
Samples of attacks:
(IM -4) Tvei Axi Attack 1: SV11, Attack 2: SV10

Jarmio

"Come sit by my side! Come drink from my cup!"

Jarmio is the eccentric lord of the woods and the hall known as Nemanhallr. He bears a strawberry blond beard and a belly full of ale and food. Jarmio is quick to let people into his hall and his life and he welcomes all strangers like close friends or long-lost siblings. He also has a way with animals, as if he could speak their language.

Movement: 2 CP per 1m (Max 10 m, max 9 m in armor)

Body Points: 34

Damage Levels:

1-9 (0) / 10-18 (-1) / 19-26 (-3) / 27-34 (-7) / > 34 (dying)

Character Traits: Charisma +2 Perception -1

Skills: Agility SV 6, Entertainment SV 10, Faith SV 1, Knowledge SV 8, Shadow arts SV 5, Vitner Craft SV 1

Care SV 9, Handler 1 (Sage 2), Healing & Drugs 1 (First Aid & Nursing 2) Tradesman 2 (Brewer 1, Cooking 2, Peasant 1)

Fighting SV 8 Armed Fighting 2 (1H Light Weapons 1)

Wilderness SV 8 Nature Knowledge 2 (Animal Friend 3)

Combat Points: Free 8 / Armed 2 (1H Light Weapons 2)

Jotna-Gunhild

"Keep away, or I'll cut you."

Jotna-Gunhild is a large and dark-haired woman who likes to keep to herself. She doesn't like to talk to people unless she has to and is averse to all types of social interaction. For the most part she likes to whisper things in the darkness to her eagle whom she has named Mogi after her half-giant mother.

She is third in command to Undis and half-sister of Kvistlaf.

Movement: 2 CP per 1m (Max 10 m, max 9 m in armor)

Body Points: 32

Damage Levels:

1-8 (0) / 9-16 (-1) / 17-24 (-3) / 25-32 (-7) / > 32 (dying)

Character Traits: Perception +1, Psyche +2

Skills: Care SV 1, Entertainment SV 1, Faith SV 1, Knowledge SV 7, Vitner Craft SV 1

Agility SV 8, Battle Maneuver 1 (Combat Movement 2), Body Control 2 (Jumping, Climbing & Balancing 1, Swimming 1)

Fighting SV 10 Armed Fighting 3 (Bows & Slings 4, 2H Light Weapons 3), Battle Experience 2 (Armor Bearer 2, Combat Reaction 2)

Shadow arts SV 8 Shadowing 2 (Hiding & Camouflage 2, Walking in Shadows 1, Finding & Spotting 1)

Wilderness SV 8 Nature Knowledge 2 (Animal Friend 2) Survival 2

Equipment: Tve Bogi (WA 2, IM -4, PV/BV 3/30), Seax (WA 4, IM -1, PV/BV 5/50), Capital Fur Armor (PV/BV 2/20, MM -0, IM -0)

Initiative: +6

Combat Points: Free 12 / Armed 3 (Bows & Slings 8, 1H Light Weapons 6) / Combat Actions 4

Samples of attacks:

(IM +2) Tve Bogi Attack 1: SV13, Attack 2: SV10

(IM +5) Seax Attack 1: SV10, Attack 2: SV6, Parry 1: SV5

Knight of Avold

Movement: 2 CP per 1m (Max 10 m, max 8 m in armor)

Body Points: 34

Damage Levels:

1-9 (0) / 10-18 (-1) / 19-26 (-3) / 27-34 (-7) / > 34 (dying)

Character Traits: Constitution +1, Strength +1

Skills: Care SV 5, Entertainment SV 1, Faith SV 1, Knowledge SV 8, Shadow arts SV 1, Vitner Craft SV 1, Wilderness SV 7

Agility SV 8 Battle Maneuver 2 (Ironclad 2), Horsemanship 2 (Riding 3)

Fighting SV 10 Armed Fighting 2 (1H Light Weapons 1, 1H Heavy Weapons 1, Shield Bearer 2), Battle Experience 1 (Fighter 1, Armor Bearer 3, Combat Actions 3)

Equipment: Barda Makir (WA 3, IM -5, PV/BV 7/70), Lill Spjót (WA 4, IM -1, PV/BV 3/30), Medium Shield (WA 2, IM -2, PV/BV 5/50), Double Chain Mail (PV/BV 8/80, MM -3, IM -4)

Initiative: -5

Combat Points: Free 11 / Attacks & Parries 2 / Armed 2 (1H Light Weapons 2, 1H Heavy Weapons 2, Shield Bearer 4) / Combat Actions 6

Samples of attacks:

(IM -6) Lill Spjót Attack 1: SV10, Attack 2: SV7; Medium Shield Parry 1: SV 8, Parry 2: SV7

(IM -11) Barda Makir Attack 1: SV10, Attack 2: SV7; Medium Shield Parry 1: SV 8, Parry 2: SV7

The Knights of Avold are mounted warriors in heavy armor. They have Capable battle trained horses that which means that by spending 6 combat points at the start of the turn, they receive +4 when attacking their unmounted opponents while such enemies get -4 on their attacks against them.

Komsko of Pwundurs blood

"You are in Yetzin now – a city of knowledge. Show respect."

Komsko – which roughly translates to "born in Komsk" – is a Thuul apprentice of the borjornikka dwarves in the kingdom of Tvologoya. He helps the characters find their way to meet with the Eigle-Thuuls.

Movement: 2 CP per 1m (Max 10 m,)

Body Points: 30

Damage Levels:

1-8 (0) / 9-16 (-1) / 17-23 (-3) / 24-30 (-7) / > 30 (dying)

Character Traits: Dexterity -1, Intelligence +2

Skills: Agility SV 5, Entertainment SV 1, Shadow arts SV 7, Vitner Craft SV 1, Wilderness SV 7

Care SV 8 Handicraft 1 (Hard Materials 2)

Faith SV 7 Divine Power 1 (Faithful 2), Invoke 1 (Thuul Forging 1)

Fighting SV 10 Armed Fighting 3

Knowledge SV 7 Cultural Knowl. [dwarves] 3 (Lore & Legends 2, Customs & Law 2, Religion 2), Language 1 (Foreign Tongue [vrok] 1, Foreign Tongue [Rona] 1, Mother Tongue [Futhark] 3, R & W [Futhark] 3)

Initiative: +/-0

Combat Points: Free 10/ Armed 3

Kvistlaf

"They can bend, or they can break."

Kvistlaf is a dark-haired prodigy of the Gudruglas. Despite his young years he carries a weathered look so that he might be mistaken for a seasoned veteran from the wilderness. Perhaps that is appropriate, as many would say he has an old soul. What Kvistlaf also has is an anger issue, and he isn't slow to spill blood to solve his problems. He is the brother to the stern Jotna-Gunhild and secretly he is in love with Undis and wishes to prove his worth to her.

Movement: 2 CP per 1m (Max 10 m, max 9 m in armor)

Body Points: 36

Damage Levels:

1-9 (0) / 11-19 (-1) / 20-28 (-3) / 29-36 (-7) / > 36 (dying)

Character Traits: Strength + 4 Constitution +2, Dexterity +2, Charisma -2

Skills: Faith SV 1, Entertainment SV 1, Knowledge SV 5, Shadow arts SV 6, Vitner Craft SV 1, Wilderness SV 7

Agility SV 10 Battle Maneuver 1 (Combat Movement 2), Body Control 3 (Ambidexterity 5, Jumping, Climbing & Balancing 1, Swimming 1)

Care SV 5 Handler 1 (Commander 1)

Fighting SV 10 Armed Fighting 3 (1H Light Weapons [right hand] 3, 1H Light Weapons [left hand] 3), Battle Experience 1 (Fighter 2, Armor Bearer 1, Combat Reaction 1)

Equipment: Krum Sword (WA 4, IM -3, PV/BV 7/70), Split Axi (WA 4, IM -3, PV/BV 6/60), Fur Armor (PV/BV 2/20, MM -1, IM -1)

Initiative: +2

Combat Points: Free 11 / Attacks & Parries 4/ Armed 3 (1H Light Weapons [right hand] 6, 1H Light Weapons [left hand] 6) / Combat Actions 2

Samples of attacks:

(IM -4) Krum Sword Attack 1: SV8, Attack 2: SV8 Attack 3 SV 8, Split Axi: Attack 1: SV9(7), Attack 2: SV9(7)

Kvistlaf is almost completely ambidextrous and can fight with a weapon in each hand, making him very dangerous, his uncontrolled aggressiveness makes him a lesser fighter however, as he prefers to make many quick attacks instead of making them precise. His brute tactic is to unleash a barrage of strikes upon his opponents, forcing them on the defensive until they finally break beneath his mighty strikes.

Mogi

Type: Bird, **Size:** 1/2

Movement: 2 CP per 4m (Max 28 m)

Body Points: 18

Damage Levels: 1-5 (0) / 6-10 (-1) / 11-14 (-3) / 15-18 (-7) / > 18 (dying)

Feats: Fast, Combat Training (Excellent)

Weapons: Claws (1D5 damage)

Combat Points: Free 14 / Claws 12

During their fight with Jotna-Gunhild her eagle Mogi will try to attack the characters several times. Mogi counts as a skilled level trained animal. Each round, Jotna-Gunhild can either choose to have Mogi attack a Player Character directly, or use the eagle to disturb a character, giving them -4 on their combat actions, and Jotna-Gunhild +4 on her attacks against the character. The Player Characters can stop this annoyance by killing Mogi. Remember that human sized characters receive a modifier of -1 when attacking a creature that is ½ of human size.

Moromhildar

"The forests speak to you. You need only open your ears to hear it."

Moromhildar is also a proud knight of the house of Avold, stationed by Oustoyga under the command of Wiggon Avold. She is a Barkbrule, a half Korpikalli elf, and thus she has a deep connection with nature and is as much a ranger as she is a knight. She often keeps watch over the wilderness for the knights of Avold and informs them about the comings and goings in the dark woods of the western lands.

Movement: 2 CP per 1m (Max 11 m, max 10 m in armor)

Body Points: 31

Damage Levels:

1-8 (0) / 9-16 (-1) / 17-24 (-3) / 25-31 (-7) / > 31 (dying)

Character Traits: Dexterity +1, Intelligence +2

Skills: Agility SV 7, Entertainment SV 1

Faith SV 1, Knowledge SV 8, Shadow arts SV 6, Vitner Craft SV 1, Wilderness SV 8,

Care SV 7 Healing & Drugs 1 (First Aid & Nursing 1)

Fighting SV 10, Armed Fighting 1 (Bows & Slings 1, 1H Heavy Weapons 1), Battle Experience 1 (Fighter 2, Armor Bearer 4, Combat Actions 3)

Equipment: Barda Makir (WA 3, IM -5, PV/BV 7/70), Veidi Bogi (WA 3, IM -2, PV/BV 2/20), Capital Hardened Leather Armor (PV/BV 3/30, MM -3(1), IM -0)

Initiative: +1

Combat Points: Free 11 / Attacks & Parries 4/ Armed 1 (1H Heavy Weapons 2, Bows & Slings 2) / Combat Actions 6

Samples of attacks:

(IM -4) Barda Makir Attack 1: SV10, Parry1: SV8

(IM +/-0) Veidi Bogi Attack 1: SV14

Oytun

"Speak your business or shut up and leave me in peace."

Oytun is an old blacksmith forging weapons at the bridge Gamhalt in Skaftafjell. Once upon a time he used to be a slave in the mines of the dwarves and therefore he knows a lot about them and their traditions. Since they have grown to become a scourge upon the land, Oytun has come to despise the Arks and their thorn beasts. However, out of fear for his own life the old blacksmith keeps such opinions to himself.

Movement: 2 CP per 1m (Max 10 m)

Body Points: 33

Damage Levels:

1-9 (0) / 10-17 (-1) / 18-25 (-3) / 26-33 (-7) / > 33 (dying)

Character Traits: Constitution +1, Intelligence +1

Skills: Agility SV 6, Entertainment SV 1, Faith SV 1, Shadow arts SV 5, Vitner Craft SV 1, Wilderness SV 4

Care SV 8

Handicraft 2 (Hard Materials 2) Tradesman 1

Fighting SV 7

Armed Fighting 1 (1H Light Weapons 1)

Knowledge SV 6

Culture Knowl. [Dwarves] (Lore & Legends 1, Customs & Law 1) Language 1 (Foreign Tongue [Futhark] 1, Foreign Tongue [Rona] 1, Mother Tongue [Wild Vrok] 3)

Initiative: +/-0

Combat Points: Free 7 / Armed 1 (1H Light Weapons 2)

Porkild Avold

"I cannot see your face, but I sense your resolve from far away."

Porkild Avold is the liege lord of the knights of Avold and the father to Wiggon Avold. Porkild sits on the high seat of the dragon knights in the little town of Nore in Bysente. The old man was once a proud knight capable in horseback riding and fighting with sword and shield. But the years have not been kind to the old Porkild and now he is little more than a shadow of his former self. Pale, weak, and slowly fading away.

Movement: 2 CP per 1m (Max 10 m)

Body Points: 30

Damage Levels:

1-8 (0) / 9-16 (-1) / 17-23 (-3) / 24-30 (-7) / > 30 (dying)

Character Traits: Dexterity -1, Strength -2, Psyche +2, Intelligence +1, Perception -4

Skills: Entertainment SV 1, Faith SV 1, Shadow arts SV 1, Vitner Craft SV 1, Wilderness SV 7

Agility SV 8

Horsemanship 2 (Rider 2)

Care SV 10

Handler 1 (Commander 3, Sage 2)

Fighting SV 10

Armed Fighting 1, Battle Experience 1 (Fighter 3, Armor Bearer 2)

Knowledge SV 10

Language 1 (Foreign Tongue [vrok] 1 Foreign Tongue [Eika] 1, Mother Tongue [Rona] 3), Race Knowledge 2 (Monster Lore 3)

Initiative: +/-0

Combat Points: Free 11 / Attacks & Parries 6/ Armed 1

Rautakappu

"Hammer your souls into iron, I will. Or put you in my sack – haha! Learn to fear the mighty Rautakappu!"

Rautakappu is the last hrímtursir of his once proud line. The land that is today known as Northfrost and inhabited by Korpikalli elves was conquered by Rautakappu and his people during the long storm. The hrímtursirs ravaged the forests and mined the mountains bare. Soon great parts of Northfrost were irreparably decimated and the elves wept for an age. After the deceit of the Vanir during the war with the dragons, the tribe

of korpikallis known as Lauladalings stole/brought (there are many conflicting sources on this detail) one of the mysterious stones of sagas from the illmalaini elves with the purpose of reinstating their old land. With the hero Aino as their leader and with the power of the stone of sagas in their clasp the elves slew the hrimtursirs one by one, only Rautakappu survived after his mother hid him beneath icy waters. Aino and the Lauladalings razed the old castle of Rautakappu's family to ruins and left none alive, not even the babes suckling at their mothers' teats. Then Aino and the elves called the winds of Trudvang to them to seek their aid. The winds did come, and they were wrathful. For the tursirs had laid low the forests and mountains that the winds had flown through in ages past and they promised to forever carry the magical song, the jojk, of Aino over Trudvang so that the tursirs could nevermore ravage the land. Only the Farje wind, the wind of the great ice plains, refused the elves. As is bid by ancient tradition, when summoned by the horn of the Lauladalings he did come, but after listening to Aino and the elves the Farje wind named the hrimtursirs as their brothers and kin and swore wrathful vengeance on the other winds and the elves.

Since then, Rautakappu has been a returning figure in the legends and sagas of the elves of Trudvang. The sagas tell of how Rautakappu in his clothes of iron, riding his sled pulled by mastomants, tries to lure the elves into the pits and holes where the winds cannot reach. He is told to be fond of eating elves and humans and trapping them in his giant sack. He's a trickster and a deceiver who likes games, riddles and competitions which he is spelled to be rather good at. In this context any elf can recall that the sagas of their kin mention Rautakappu as a friend of the dwarves and an ally of the ancient smiths and Thuuls. It is said and sung that it was them who taught Rautakappu how to forge living souls into iron, a horrible fate for those whom it befalls.

The frost giant Rautakappu is very old but he carries the hunger and anger of a youngling. He was born in what is today known as northfrost around the age of the queen. He's the last remaining of a long and proud line of giants that were destroyed long ago by the korpikalli tribe known as the Lauladalings and their leader Aino. He hates elves, all elves, and he curses their names by day and dreams of their destruction by night. However, Rautakappu is a great friend and ally of the dwarves of Tvologoya and especially the current Thune of Nifulong, the lowest level of Tvologoya also known as Nifelheim to humans and elves.

Underneath his thick mastomant furs, Rautakappu wears a gigantic chainmail, the shirt of iron from which his name derives. Although he always travels in snow and frost, the armor never seems to rust for some reason. Elven legends claim that each time Rautakappu captures an elven child, he forges their soul into the next link. Only Rautakappu knows the truth of this tale, but some who have heard the rattle of his mail claim that if you listen carefully enough, you can hear the voices of the trapped children...

Size: 8t;

Movement: Land 2 CP per 8 m (Max 64 m);

Initiative (base): -4;

Fear Factor: 1d10 (OR 7-10).

Body Points: 232

Damage Levels:

1-58 (0) / 59-116 (-1) / 117-174 (-3) / 175-232 (-7) / >232 (Dying)

Character Traits: Strength +8

Feats: Fire weakness, Frenzy, Grip, Horn Throw, Hrim Body

Skills: Faith SV 3, Knowledge SV 8, Shadow Arts SV7, Vitner Craft SV 1, Wilderness SV 10

Agility SV 7 Horsemanship 2 (Driving Wagon 2)

Care SV 10 Handicraft 3 (Hard Materials 4)

Entertainment SV7 Gambling 2 (Game Strategist 1, Great Gambler 1)

Fighting SV10 Battle Experience 5, Fighter 5

Armor (Chainmail): 10;

Weapons:

Unarmed: 2d10 (OR 8-10) + 8, **Initiative:** 0.

Two-Handed Weapon: 4d10 (OR 7-10) + 8, **Initiative:** -5/-7

Number of Rounds to Spread **Combat Points:** 3

Combat Points: Free 10 / Attacks & Parries 15

Samples of attacks: 2 actions per 4 rounds, Weapon SV 15, SV 10

Rautakappus enchanted arm ring turns him invisible, meaning that characters must pass a difficult (-7) skill check against Finding & Spotting in order to see him while he stands still, and a normal skill check against Finding & Spotting when he moves.

The Farje Wind

"By ice and by snow."

The Farje wind is the spirit and the flowra of the northern most wind of Trudvang. In old times, the Farje wind was the only of the four winds to refuse the call of Aino the hero of the Lauladalings and side with the ferocious Hrimtursirs in the war with the elves. When summoned by an ancient horn that carries Aino's magical jojk, the Farje wind must come and listen to what the one who blew the horn has to say.

The Farje wind appears before the material people of the mortal world like an avatar of ice. A slender man made entirely from blue and crystalline ice and snow. Their eyes are white, and their laughter is cold.

Thorn beast

Type: Winged creature;

Age: 70, max 150;

Size: 6t;

Movement: Land 2 CP per 6 m (Max 18 m); Flying 2 CP per 12 m (Max 36 m);

Natural Armor: 3;

Initiative (base): +4;

Fear Factor: 1d10 (OR 7-10).

Body Points: 153-188

Damage Levels (for 171 BP):

1-43 (0) / 44-86 (-1) / 45-129 (-3) / 130-171 (-7) / >171 (Dying)

Feats: Night's Sight, Terrifying Stench.

Natural Weapons:

Bite damage 2d10 (OR 8-10)+6

Claws 2d10 (OR 9-10)+6

Number of Rounds to Spread Combat Points: 3

Combat Points: Free 7; Natural

Weapons: (Bite 6; Claws 14);

Samples of attacks: 3 actions per 3 rounds

1 Bite SV 12; Claws SV 8, SV 7

For more information regard the Thorn Beast, see page 25 in Jorgi's Beastiary.

Tuva Sothi

"Bring me blood. Blood for the blood queen."

Tuva Sothi – also known as the Blood Queen - is the wildfolk chieftain of the savage Arks. Her name brings fear into the hearts of many from Fjaal to the Stormlands and her reputation precedes her wherever she goes. Tuva hates outsiders and his afraid of Dwarves. She loves her thorn beast as intensely as some love their dogs.

Strategy

Tuva is an incredibly aggressive fighter, in part due to her Thornroot addiction but mostly because of her culture. She will try harm or kill opponents as quickly as possible in order to even the odds and will dart back and forth in order to make it more difficult to attack her. She will prioritize attacking weaker and less armored opponents if possible before engaging the greater threats. She will also make use of the 'Feint' combat action in order to make her attacks more difficult to parry. She will only try to parry attacks if pressed by a powerful opponent. Tuva is affected by the Thornroot (page 92, Game Master's Guide) when fighting, the GM can roll to decide to which extent by using the table on page 89 in the Game Master's Guide.

Movement: 2 CP per 1m (Max 10 m, max 9 m in armor)

Body Points: 38

Damage Levels:

1-10 (0) / 11-20 (-1) / 21-29 (-3) / 30-38 (-7) / > 38 (dying)

Character Traits: Strength + 4 Constitution +2, Dexterity +2, Charisma -2

Skills: Entertainment SV 6, Faith SV 8, Knowledge SV 6, Shadow arts SV 9, Vitner Craft SV 1, Wilderness SV 9

Agility SV 8 BattleManeuver2(CombatMovement3,Evade2),
Horsemanship 2 (Riding 3)

Care SV 7 Handler 3 (Commander 3)

Fighting SV 10 Armed Fighting 3 (2H Weapons 5), Battle
Experience 3 (Fighter 4, Armor Bearer 1,
Combat Actions 3, Combat Reaction 3)

Equipment: Masterful Quality Tvei Axi (WA 2(4) , IM 4-, PV/BV 10/100), Capital Quality Fur Armor (PV/BV 2/20, MM -0, IM -0)

Initiative: +11

Combat Points: Free 13 / Attacks & Parries 8/ Armed 3 (2H Weapons 10) / Combat Actions 6

Samples of attacks:

(IM +7) Tvei Axi Attack 1: SV12, Attack 2: SV12, Attack 3: SV10

(IM +7) Tvei Axi Attack 1: SV12, Attack 2: SV12, Parry 1: SV10

Uggin of Guashov's blood

"The blood is strong."

Uggin of Guashov's blood is a proud dwarf and a revered Eagle Thuul of Yetzin. To be an Eagle Thuul – the most revered amongst the rune priests of the dwarves – is considered a formidable honor and Uggin and his ilk's are treated like royalty by their people. When Glimmyrgjarn lays waste to Tvologoya, it is Uggin that leads the people to safety in Bysente.

Movement: 2 CP per 1m (Max 10 m)

Body Points: 30

Damage Levels:

1-8 (0) / 9-16 (-1) / 17-23 (-3) / 24-30 (-7) / > 30 (dying)

Character Traits: Psyche +1, Intelligence +4

Skills: Agility SV 5, Entertainment SV 1, Shadow arts SV 8, Vitner Craft SV 1, Wilderness SV 5

Care SV 10 Handicraft 2 (Hard Materials 5)

Faith SV 10 Divine Power 3 (Faithful 3, Powerful 3), Invoke 2
(Thuul Forging 4)

Fighting SV 7 Armed Fighting 1 (2H Weapons 1), Battle
Experience 2 (Fighter 2)

Knowledge SV 10 Cultural Knowl. [Dwarves] 3 (Lore & Legends 2,
Customs & Law 3, Religion 3), Language 3
(Foreign Tongue [vrok] 1, Foreign Tongue
[Rona] 1, Mother Tongue [Futhark] 4, R&W
[Futhark] 4)

Divinity Points: 61

Divinity Tablets: Borjorn's Hand, level 3 (level 3 of the rune inscribed on Uggin's belt), Healing Rune, level 3 (level 3 of the rune inscribed on Uggin's belt), Labyrinth Blood, level 4 (level 4 of the rune inscribed in a jewelled necklace), Power of Repair, level 3 (Uninscribed)

Equipment: Tvei Hakk (WA 2, IM -6, PV/BV 8/80)

Initiative: +2

Combat Points: Free 9 / Attacks & Parries 4/ Armed 1 (2H Weapons 2)

Undis Gudrugla

"Bring me their heads. They'll make fine soup bowls."

Undis is the clan lord of the Gudruglas in Skaftafjell. She is a mighty and strong woman who knows what she wants and doesn't take no for an answer. It's been long since a man sat on the throne of bones in Skaftafjell and so Undis is one in a long line of female leaders. As her wife and lover, she takes a lady named Alhwa who once was a prisoner of war from Majnjord taken on a raid. Throughout the years they have come to love each other intensely.

Movement: 2 CP per 1m (Max 10 m, max 9 m in armor)

Body Points: 34

Damage Levels:

1-9 (0) / 10-18 (-1) / 19-26 (-3) / 27-34 (-7) / > 34 (dying)

Character Traits: Strength +2, Psyche +2, Intelligence +1, Charisma -1

Skills: Agility SV 6, Entertainment SV 1, Faith SV 1, Knowledge SV 7, Vitner Craft SV 1, Wilderness SV 9

Care SV 8 Handler 2 (Commander 2)

Fighting SV 10 Armed Fighting 2 (2H Weapons 4), Battle Experience 3 (Fighter 3, Armor Bearer 2, Combat Actions 2)

Shadow arts SV 7 Shadowing 2

Equipment: Breid Spjót (WA 2(3), IM -5, PV/BV 7/70), Fur Armor (PV/BV 2/20, MM -1, IM -1)

Initiative: +1

Combat Points: Free 13 / Attacks & Parries 6/ Armed 2 (2H Weapons 8) / Combat Actions 4

Samples of attacks:

(IM -4) Breid Spjót Attack 1: SV10, Attack 2: SV10, Parry1: SV9

YUKK'S SNAKE

Type: other;

Size: 7t;

Movement: Land & Water 2 CP per 3 m (Max 24 m);

Natural Armor: 4;

Initiative (base): -4;

Fear Factor: 1d10 (OR 10).

Feats: Constricting (SV 10), Hylja, Paralyzing Stare

Body Points: 150

Damage Levels (for 95 BP):

1-38 (0) / 39-77 (-1) / 78-114 (-3) / 115-150 (-7) / >150 (Dying)

Natural Weapons:

Bite Damage 3d10 (OR 9-10)+6 IM: 0

Number of Rounds to Spread **Combat Points:** 3

Combat Points: Free 7; Natural Weapons: 11

Samples of attacks:

Bite SV 10, SV 8

Wiggon Avold

"By my life or death, I will protect you."

Wiggon is an honorable knight of the dragon. Hailing from Westmark and the house of Avold, Wiggon comes from a long and proud line of warriors. He is the son to the lord of the house, Porkild Avold, and he commands the eastern outpost of Oustoyga in the Darkwoods by the sooty mountains.

Movement: 2 CP per 1m (Max 10 m, max 8 m in armor)

Body Points: 34

Damage Levels:

1-9 (0) / 10-18 (-1) / 19-26 (-3) / 27-34 (-7) / > 34 (dying)

Character Traits: Constitution +1, Strength +1

Skills: Entertainment SV 1, Faith SV 1, Knowledge SV 8, Shadow arts SV 6, Vitner Craft SV 1, Wilderness SV 7

Agility SV 8 Battle Maneuver 2 (Ironclad 2), Horsemanship 2 (Riding 3)

Care SV 8 Handler 1 (Commander 2, Sage 1)

Fighting SV 10 Armed Fighting 2 (1H Light Weapons 1, 1H Heavy Weapons 1, Shield Bearer 2), Battle Experience 1 (Fighter 1, Armor Bearer 4, Combat Actions 3)

Equipment: Barda Makir (WA 3, IM -5, PV/BV 7/70), Lill Spjót (WA 4, IM -1, PV/BV 3/30), Medium Shield (WA 2, IM -2, PV/BV 5/50), Capital Full Plate Armor (PV/BV 10/100, MM -3[-2], IM -4[-3])

Initiative: -5

Combat Points: Free 11 / Attacks & Parries 2/ Armed 2 (1H Light Weapons 2, 1H Heavy Weapons 2, Shield Bearer 4) / Combat Actions 6

Samples of attacks:

(IM -6) Lill Spjót Attack 1: SV10, Attack 2: SV7; Medium Shield Parry 1: SV 8, Parry 2: SV7

(IM -11) Barda Makir Attack 1: SV10, Attack 2: SV7; Medium Shield Parry 1: SV 8, Parry 2: SV7

Wild folk cultist

Movement: 2 CP per 1m (Max 10 m, max 9 m in armor)

Body Points: 33

Damage Levels:

1-9 (0) / 10-17 (-1) / 18-25 (-3) / 26-33 (-7) / > 33 (dying)

Character Traits: Constitution +1, Perception +1

Skills: Care SV 1, Entertainment SV 1, Faith SV 8, Knowledge SV 5, Shadow arts SV 6, Vitner Craft SV 1, Wilderness SV 7

Agility SV 8 Battle Maneuver 1 (Combat Movement 1)
 Horsemanship 2 (Driving Wagon 1)

Fighting SV 8 Armed Fighting 2 (1H Light Weapons 1,
 Bows & Slings 2), Battle Experience 1 (Combat
 Reaction 1)

Equipment: Veidi Bogi (WA 3, IM -2, PV/BV 2/20), Split Axi (WA 4, IM -3, PV/BV 6/60)

Initiative: +3

Combat Points: Free 9 / Armed 2 (1H Light Weapons 2, Bows & Slings 4)

Samples of attacks:

(IM +/-0) Split Axi Attack 1: SV13

(IM +1) Veidi Bogi Attack 1: SV15

