

NORDIC
SKALDS

WINDHEIM COMPANION



ESFHERA I

A SUPPLEMENT FOR
DRAGONBANE



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WINDHEIM COMPANION

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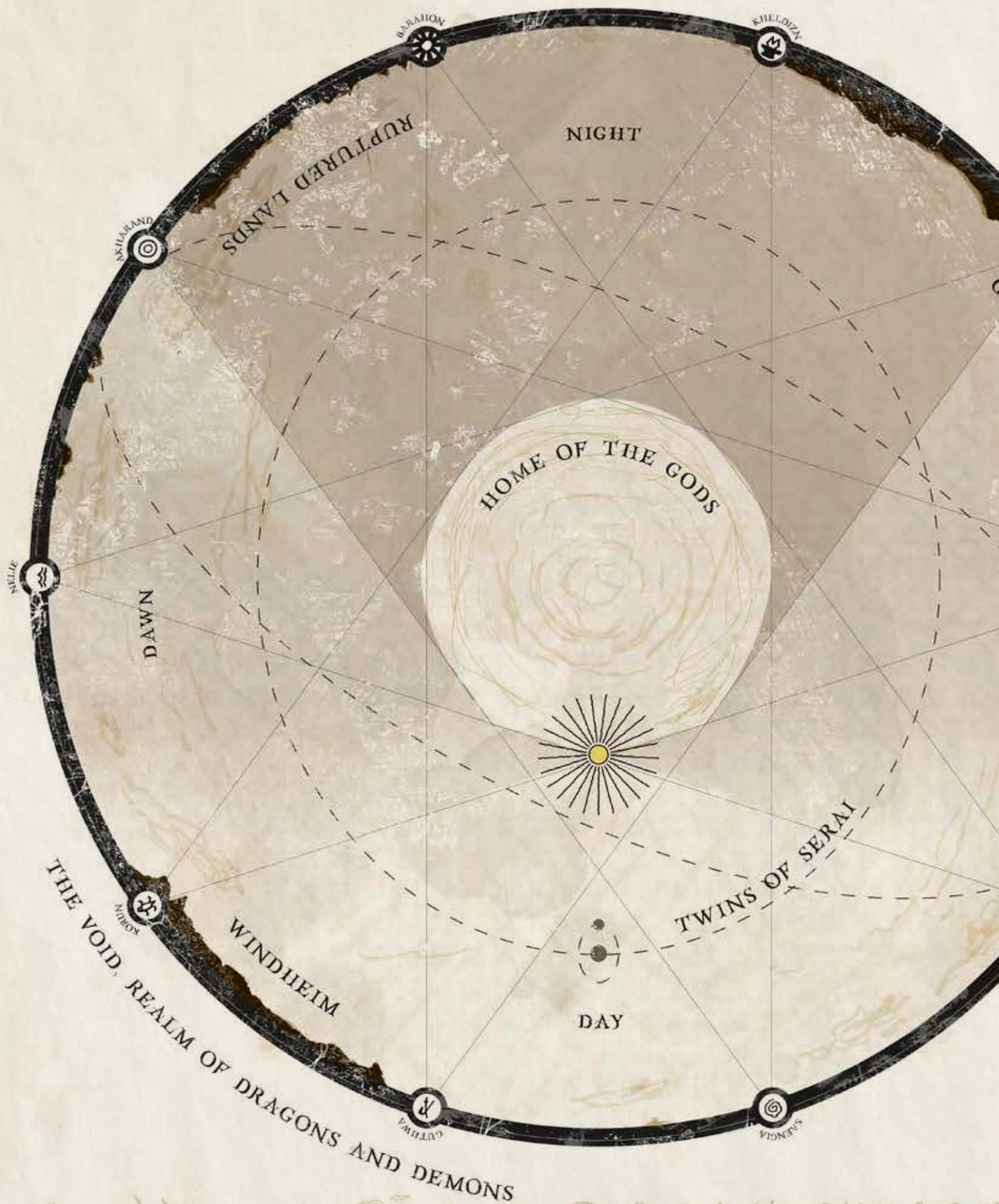


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ESHFERA



The Sphere

Verily, so 'tis said; that in the dawn of time there were Dragons and Demons, two opposing forces that strove for dominion of the Void. Among them there were two, one of each kind, of greater power than all the rest combined. And it was so, that when those two clashed together with such immeasurable ferociousness as had never been before, nor ever will, they both perished. And from their dying spirits a great force of wild magic flooded out from them and created the Primeval Deities. The remaining Dragons and Demons coveted them for their magical connection to their dead masters and hunted them. So the Primeval Deities created from their mind a sphere, Eshfera, within which they would be safe, and they constructed a magical barrier that would keep the evil beings out.

Feeling safe in the sphere, they began their long labors of shaping and filling it with many things. Kheldizn designed the matter while Percia wrote the fate of the world. But Saengia made sure all things written may change, and Gûthwa, the Warrior, made sure the world was defended. Some of the Gods created the kin: Akharand the Dwarves, Seraï the Wolfkin, Varaï the Elves, Nelië the Mallards and Barakhon the Humans from which later the Halflings came. And Korun filled the world with many beasts.

But as the inhabitants of Esfera met, sometimes strife arose and war followed. Each of the Deities came to aid their beloved creations, and in these conflicts Eshfera was almost broken. So they withdrew into the center of the sphere and created another magical barrier, one that would separate them from the kin of Eshfera and only allow them to lend aid indirectly, giving only small amounts of support and power to those who prayed and sacrificed to them. But, so that they would not be separated forever, they decided that once every thousand years the barrier would open and they could walk with their creations again. Though only for a short while, then they would return to the skies for another millennia and leave the kin and the world to shape their own fate...

GAME MASTERS ONLY

This book is strictly for the eyes of the game master of your group. Here will be told all the secrets of Windheim, along with the information needed to create great adventures for your group. It is up to each game master what to share with the group and what not to. If someone is playing a character native to Windheim, a player should know most of what is told in this book of that character's culture.

LITTLE DID THEY KNOW

The existence of dragons and demons in Eshfera is unknown to all inhabitants of the world, except among the most learned of lore masters who have read ancient tomes where the creation myth of the world is described. During the campaign of the Horn of the Dawn, or during adventures that the game master writes based on this book, the fact that dragons and demons have managed to break through the magical barrier that keeps them out of Eshfera will slowly become known. First to the characters, and then to the world.





HISTORY

The Creation

Tales tell that the Primeval Deities were created in a massive clash of magic when the most powerful Demon faced off against the most powerful dragon many thousands of years ago. They saw the struggle between Dragons and Demons and wanted to create a safe place for themselves. Kheldizn, the First, conceived in her mind a sphere within which they would be safe from the evil turmoil and destruction outside. And so she created Eshfera. The other Deities came together and conjured a magical barrier that not even the most powerful Dragon or Demon could pierce through. And within it they created land, sea and sky. They also created most of the kin as we know them today: Elves, Dwarves, Humans, Mallards and Wolfkin.

But as time went by, strife arose even between the Gods. They learned that their power grew with each worshiper, and that the more fanatic these were the more power came to the Deity they followed. The immense hunger for power of the dragon and demon they were created from grew in the souls of the Gods, and they became jealous if another had more power than they did. The struggle for power among the Gods that ensued almost tore the world apart and left it barren and all but depopulated. Then the few remnants that were left of the kin came together and all refused to worship, unless the Gods ended their wars. The Gods then agreed that they would heal the land and let the kin multiply and prosper, and that they would all withdraw to the heavens and stay there, shut off from touching the world directly.

Thus was born the order of the world as it is today. The Gods get their power from the people who pray and sacrifice to them. The more who pray to a Deity and the more zealous they are (pray more often and/or sacrifice more) – the more power that Deity gets.

Time of Decension

The Gods did not wish to be forever sundered from their children, and they agreed that every thousand years they would descend for a while and once again walk among their creations. So each time they came down from the heavens they would fight over who would gain more power, and promised great things to those who would swear fealty to them. And with time it became clear that each such period would be when they contend for which ones of them should rule them for the coming millennia.

Seven such periods have now passed, and an eighth is approaching. The lore masters would come to call these Times of Descension, and depending on which Deities came out on top, that would shape the world for the next thousand years. Right now, for the first time, there is only one sovereign ruling them – Thrakon. He is not one of the Primeval Deities, but was once a mortal man, a champion of Barakhon that was so beloved and had grown so powerful that he in the end equaled his master. He was elevated to divine status four thousand years ago and joined the pantheon of Eshfera.

During the latest Time of Descension he bided his time, and let the others fight it out amongst them. He told his people, the Bastionites, to build a great fortress where they should hide and await for him to call on them. Thus was built the Bastion, from which both the people, their capital and their empire were named. He had realized that no Deity would be able to win enough decisive victories to emerge on top. And when all of them were weakened to the point of ruin, he offered an alliance to Seraï, Nelië, Kheldizn, Barakhon, Naika and Varai. If they would but acknowledge his authority over them, and swore him their allegiance. Desperate for a victory they agreed. Varai also became his spouse to strengthen the alliance.

All Deities have their own domain, and are necessary to keep Eshfera alive, but for the first time a millennia has seen a single God rule with near absolute power. And his people, the Bastionites, are unsurpassed in might among mortals.



The Dwarves

During the creation of the world, Kheldizn put her hand in the ocean and from it she pulled up a great mass of land which became Windheim, and as she let go each of her five fingers created a mountain range. For each of these five Akharand, her spouse, created the five mothers and five fathers of the dwarves and they soon grew in numbers and became the five tribes of Thym Zûr, Khal Dhem, Inîz Baurhum, Hokhal Merekh and Zhukhal Maahr. They all mined their mountains for gems and gold and other beautiful things. Because just like their creator they loved, and love still, to create things of great beauty.

But greed started spreading like a disease among them, some say that this was the work of the Goddess of chaos Saengia. And they began to desire the creations and the mines of the other tribes. The wars that followed saw the destruction of the three minor tribes, and in the smaller mountain ranges now only empty halls and ghosts remain. In secret though, three hundred Inîz Baurhum dwarves fled with the aid of the Sea Elves to the mainland. More will be told of this in later supplements on the mainland. This left only Thym Zûr and Khal Dhem contending for the mastery of Windheim. They were so evenly matched though, that nothing could break the deadlock for thousands of years...



Elfheim

The sea elves originate from the earliest of days, just after the first Time of Descension. As there was hardly any land left after the destruction, at the very end before the barrier in the sky was about to close and the Deities were departing, some elves called out to Nelië in prayer. Vowing that if she would grant them gills, and webbed hands and feet, they would be her obedient followers forever. Though spent from the long strife, using up the very last of her power at the time, she granted them their wish.

Thus they took to the sea, and were estranged from their woodland kin for a thousand years. But when the Gods once again came down and reshaped the world, they met once again. But so furious was Varai of their betrayal, that she forbade the wood elves to ally with their ocean cousins, and they were on opposite sides of the war that followed.

It was after that Time of Descension that they established their home on the rocky islands off the north east coast of Windheim that is now called Elfheim. They soon met the dwarves of Iniz Baurhum and a friendship grew between them. And when the Baurhum dwarves were utterly defeated, it was the sea elves that shipped the last small remnant across the sea to the mainland. Since it was Khal Dhem that nearly annihilated their friends, they then allied with Thym Zûr. But they were few, and after thousands of years on the sea, they could not give much aid in terms of military strength to their friends when the Eladines and Khal Dhem took over the island. They did however provide a safe haven for the Myhl who had time to flee, and brought food to Thym Zûr through the harbor that they have on their northern coast.



Myhl & Elandines

No one, not even the Myhl themselves, remember how or where they originated. They themselves claim that they have always lived in the hilly peninsula where they still dwell, but this cannot be so because then there would be mention of them in the ancient carved reliefs of Thym Zûr. But in the saga that will unfold in the Horn of the Dawn campaign, it will be discovered that they were once a folk that lived on the mainland, over two thousand years ago. They were then the most numerous and mighty realm in the world. Powerful magic they wielded, rituals of teleportation. It is even told that one of their most powerful mages managed to teleport himself outside of Eshfera, out into the Void, and the menaces that dwell beyond the barrier. They created portals of stone, where magic runes were inscribed, ritual words that if read and activated would teleport everyone passing through to another stone gate, somewhere else in the world.

But many were jealous of their powerful magic, and when the next Time of Descension came almost every other kin and culture allied together to bring them down. They held out for a while, much thanks to their portals, but in the end the enemies were just too many and too strong. In one last desperate move to save their folk, it was decided that every child that could not read and write would be teleported to the only portal that had not been used in the war, and there be abandoned. For they understood that it was their magic that their enemies coveted. If the children who had yet not learned to use that magic would be separated, and therefore never learn the spells, they would be safe. The adults hoped that some remnant of them would survive, and be able to travel to the children, and guide them. But they were all killed, and so failed. And the children who woke up on Windheim were left all alone, beside a stone gate in the hilly landscape that is now the barony of Stoneswaardh.

A few days later, just as the children were about to succumb to starvation, a wood elf druid came upon them. Uen was her name. She took pity on them, and saved them. She taught them how to live off the gifts of nature, and when they could manage on their own, she left them. But the Myhl did not forget her, and they began to worship her as a Goddess, and as they grew in numbers, their prayers gave her magic increased power. She did not know from where her increased power came, and does not to this day, for she still lives in the forest to the south, now called the Trollwoods.

That is why, when the dwarves of Thym Zûr first met the Myhl a millenia later, no one among them knew where they had come from. In their songs they had always lived in the northeastern hills, far away from mountains and plains, shunning contact with any other kin. For that much had been preserved in their collective memory, that they must always hide, and have no dealings with other folk. Having met though,

the dwarves soon befriended them and great love has been between them ever since. With the aid of the Myhl, the dwarves of Khal Dhem were pushed back to their mountain homes, but once they had entrenched themselves there they were too strong for a final victory to be won. The enemies were besieged with no contact to the outside world.

Sometime about 600 years ago another human culture arrived on Windheim – the Elandines, an equestrian tribe that fled the mainland after having suffered a final defeat against the Bastionites. It is said that in three great ships for three years they drifted on the four seas of the world before they finally stranded on the southwest coast of Windheim. There they met a contingent of Khal Dhem dwarves on the slopes above the plains of what now is southern Eastspuuh. Realizing that these newcomers were the key to breaking their centuries long siege, the dwarves welcomed the Elandines and gave them food and shelter and when they deemed the time was right, together they routed the Myhl and thus the tables were turned. Now the Myhl were isolated in the steeper northeastern hills of their peninsula and the dwarves of Thym Zûr besieged in their northern mountains.

Bastionian Empire

Bastion, the capital city of the Empire, is built around an enormous bastion first constructed a thousand years ago. Here many humans and halflings worshipping Thrakon hid from the destruction during the last Time of Descension, now called “The Great War” by most of Eshfera’s inhabitants. Thrakon had commanded them to build it on the south coast of the mainland, far from the battles of that war, and to wait, and be ready. After all the other sides had exhausted themselves, Thrakon allied with Nelië and her sister Seraï, with Barakhon and Varai soon joining them. The Bastionites then marched north to the aid of the wood elves and wolfkin, and together they triumphed. But the elves and wolfkin were by then greatly diminished, so after the war they withdrew to their woods.

Then, the Bastionites spent centuries conquering almost the entire mainland, and around 250 years ago they even started sending ships around the four seas of Eshfera to search for new lands. Thus, they found Windheim, and when they landed in the bay where now Foamsvale lies, they met dwarves from Thym Zûr who desperately needed aid in their struggle to free themselves. They offered the Bastionites lordship over all the lands of Windheim apart from the mountains in exchange for aid in their war against Khal Dhem and the Elandines. The Myhl in their turn swore to pay taxes to the empire if they would but help them in their need, which would in time prove a dire promise indeed. The Bastionites agreed

and though it took longer than they expected, almost half a century, they managed to push back the southern dwarves to their mountains. And so utterly did they defeat the Elandines that the survivors, except a very small remnant who fled into the Khal Dhem mountains, swore eternal servitude to their conquerors in exchange for their lives. These two cultures have now intermingled to such a degree that hardly any sign of Elandine ancestry is left among those living among the Bastionites, though some few are still born with the ability to communicate with horses. They are highly sought after among the horse breeders of Silverspuuhr.

In keeping with their feudal structure, the Bastionites created the three baronies of Stoneswaardh, Croonsheadh and Silverspuuhr under which a number of Lords/Ladies govern the towns and villages of the baronies. Foamsvale is the seat of the governor of Windheim and has traditionally been a baron/baroness as well, but clearly ranked above any other nobles in the colony.

Recent 30 years

After having secured relative peace on the island, the Bastionites did what they always do after they have conquered a new territory – they built towns, roads and provided security and stability, in exchange for taxes. The Myhl, who had been decimated greatly after centuries of fighting, were content to return to their hills on the northeastern peninsula. They did not have much that the Bastionites needed or wanted, nor did they use money. But the lustros furs of the ferner, shy and very dangerous martens living among their hills, was something that the governor could send back to the capital. A handful a year was deemed enough, at first, as the Myhl were autonomous and no towns or roads were built there. Nor did they want or need Bastionite patrols to keep them safe.

But as the years went by, the furs’ popularity grew in the court of the capital, and more were demanded. The taxes increased. And then again. And again. 30 years ago the taxes had swelled to an amount of 600 a year, 100 furs for each known Myhl tribe. This meant that much of the time that the trappers needed to hunt for food was now wasted on finding and bringing down ferner instead. The martens are extremely hard to find, and when found very risky to approach as they have sharp teeth and long claws. Many good hunters were lost, and what’s worse, the Myhl began to starve from not bringing in enough meat.

Discontent grew to anger, and that anger led to many scuffles between Myhl and Bastionites. Scuffles started to break into fights, and blood was now drawn between former allies.

Small rebellions broke out. There were some years when the Myhl could not pay their tax in full, then the dwarves of Thym Zûr were rumored to have given the governor a chest of gems for each fur missing to make up the difference. But word came from the capital that the quota must be met.

Now, one Myhl in particular, traveling among the tribes and listening to people's stories, started to gather fighters about him. His name is Gylion and together with his daughter Elrica, he led his band to the town of Hilltop where they demanded to have the taxes reduced to their original level. Elrica had spent her youth among the sea elves and knew their tongue and had even been to Foamsvale with their ship. There she met Ulmor trollsayer who befriended her and trained her, and after a time she even bested her master in single combat. In Hilltop the band was told to disperse or suffer the consequences. They did not leave. A combat followed where Elrica beheaded Lord Hilltop, the fire of rebellion spread swiftly among the Myhl, and more joined the fighting than ever before.

The rebellion lasted for two years, so fiercely did the Myhl resist, and some say that it went on for that long due to help from both Thym Zûr and the sea elves. To the aid came also a mage from the mainland who called himself Wiqzamar. His magic was a powerful weapon indeed, for mages was the one resource the Bastionites did not have here on Windheim. But in the end, they could not withstand the onslaught of the far numerically superior Bastionites. The rebellion ended with a great battle on the small piece of land on the south shore of the peninsula, just next to the Inîz Baurhum mountains and Dragon's Jaw. There Wiqzamar drew as much power as he could and released many great fire blasts at the Bastionites, who fled in fear. But they could not make it over the river in time and were all burned to ashes. But then, suddenly, the wind changed, and the fire that had spread over the dry grass of the plain turned on the Myhl as well. They fled the flames, some made it to the shore and tried to swim the strong currents, but few survived. Wiqzamar fled, and hid in the mountains, and he has not been seen ever since.

Gylion managed to escape, but was crippled by the fire. Elrica saved his and many other lives in the water, but was herself slain by a sea monster while protecting the escape of her people. She slayed the sea monster but perished in the effort. Her body was buried under the lonely mountain peak on the southernmost cape of the peninsula, against the custom of her people who always burn their dead. A soothsayer has prophesied that she will arise again, when the time comes for the

Myhl to finally rid themselves of the Bastionite yoke. Gylion hides in the northeasternmost hills and bides his time (use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Myhl Hunter). The Myhl are now very few, less than five thousand are left.

But even worse tidings are starting to spread. The dragons and demons who have been kept out for so many years, have finally started to break through the barrier. At the moment only the lowest of their ranks are able to penetrate and enter Eshfera. The demons have found a way through in the now abandoned western parts of the Thym Zûr mountains and have started to emerge. They are spreading out over the land, ever sowing discord and weakening the defenses of the kin. The dragons have actually come through in the rocky islands called Dragon's Jaw, but they have not spread out much. Rather they are building their power and biding their time, until their masters join them to order them what to do.

Soon the time will come when the peoples of Windheim, and Eshfera, will have to decide if their old conflicts can be set aside, to face this new threat...

Gylion





FOAMSVALE

The Founding of Foamsvale

Foamsvale was founded almost 200 years ago by the Bastionite admiral Faros Ouldwoodh. Having landed in the bay of Foamsvale he quickly realized the need of a stronghold from which to base the colonization of Windheim. As soon as they had landed the Bastionites came in contact with the dwarves of Thym Zûr, and the two peoples befriended each other. With excellent craftsmanship, the dwarves built the first ringed wall, now called the Old Wall, to protect the settlement. The area within the Old Wall is now called the Inner Town. The outer southern wall was built a few decades later as the fortification quickly grew into a town, while the eastern wall across the river protecting New Town was ordered by the previous governor, Pluvera Goldhenstaahr. The town got its name from a foaming stream, running through a valley at the mouth of the river Ekhiyuhm.

Admiral Faros did not become the first governor of Windheim though. That title was given to one of his distant cousins Undin, who was the first of the Goldhenstaahr line. She was the one who oversaw the founding of the town within the dwarven built walls, and whose statue stands before the palace on the main square. She was elevated to the rank of baroness, creating the first barony on Windheim. The Goldhenstaahrs have governed the town and the island ever since and rumors say that it will not take long until the family is elevated even further to the status of counts/countesses, making Windheim an imperial county.

The winds and currents only allow ships to come to Windheim twice a year, so the Bastionite colonization and settlement of the island has taken quite a few generations. But as the years and decades went by, the Bastionites spread from Foamsvale all over the island.

The town is divided into five districts: The Inner Town, The Slopes, The Harbour, The Fields and New Town.

Population

The current population of Foamsvale is around 12 000, and like most Bastionite towns it's very well organized with stone laid streets, sewage and oil lamps to light up the night. You'll find all the common trades of a town here with most people descending from those who sailed here with admiral Faros, or later with Undin Goldhenstaahr. During the last decades though, people from the mainland with a need to disappear have started to realize how easy it is to do this on Windheim. Some are fleeing from the authorities, others the wrath of someone powerful. As not a few of these are of the unsavory sort, the town garrison has started recruiting more guards among the veterans who have served in the different baronies, and are looking to end their service with a few quiet years before retirement.

Many of the new arrivals also come looking for adventure, seeing as Windheim is one of the few places in the world of Eshfera where there are still wild places to explore. There are many stores that sell adventuring kits to the young and bold. These are very much of varying quality as some of the less honorable store owners are trying to make easy money on gullible would-be adventurers.

One of the most honest sellers of adventure equipment is Greg, an adventurer forced into retirement due to a demonic curse making him age unnaturally fast. Of course, since the existence of demons in Eshfera is unknown to all, no one really believes him. He has now opened a store to accommodate eager adventurers coming to Windheim, and is especially keen on educating them on the demonic presence on



Greg



THE FIELDS

THE INNER TOWN

THE HARBOR

NEW TOWN



Windheim. He is very fond of spicy food, aged cheese and dried sausages. Sometimes when he drinks a little too much coarse red wine, he becomes very melancholic. He feels like he is fighting an ever losing battle against the demons that have come through the barrier, and that no one will ever believe him. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Adventurer.

Yes yes, that'll be 8 gold for the shortsword, but listen! I have been cursed by a demon! You must believe me!

GREG

The vast majority of the inhabitants are Bastionite humans and halflings, but there are quite a few dwarves from Thym Zûr living here as well as their craftsmanship is highly sought after. There are also a few dozen families of Myhl living here, often as singers in one of the inns, or as employees in one of the dwarven stores. There are also often about a hundred or two sea elves visiting, only a few ever settling here for good. Apart from these, there are of course the odd family or two of the various kin that originate from the mainland.



Foamsvale square with the palace in the background

The Inner Town

The view of Foamsvale is dominated by the Inner Town, which holds the governor's palace, The Steaming Kettle inn, the dwarven embassy of Thym Zûr and the great Thrakon temple with the enormous sacrificial well outside it. The inner Old Wall separates these and a little over twenty other buildings from the rest of the town. Like all Bastionite towns, the main square is formed by four buildings, one on each side: the temple, the bank, the main inn of the town and the house of the regional ruler. On the main square of Foamsvale there is no commerce, instead the market stands of merchants, farmers and peddlers are out on the other squares of the town.

The Palace

The Palace of Governor baron Kaelohr Goldhenstaahr rests against the side of the sloping Thym Zûr mountain range. Within its own walls, the palace grounds hold the four-storied main building in gray brick, a storehouse, stables, a few smaller houses and many turrets. The palace looks immensely impressive to any visitor native to Windheim, but to anyone coming from the mainland having seen the palaces there, this building is much less impressive. Most servants live outside the palace, many in the Field, but some of the more important ones have lodgings in one of the smaller houses in the courtyard. There is also a small contingent of the Governor's personal guard stationed here at all times, with the golden star on their tabards.

There are many rooms in the palace. The first sight that meets new visitors' eyes in the entrance hall is a grand staircase leading up to the second floor and a dwarven made chandelier with a hundred candles hanging from the ceiling. To the right there is a library that also functions as the governor's office, books have not been a priority to import by the Goldenstaahrs so there are only about two book shelves here. To the left is a large dining room with an oaken table with room for twenty people behind which is a large kitchen. On the walls hang tapestries and paintings, many of which were made by Rober, the master artisan of Foamsvale. On the top floor lies the sleeping quarters, eight rooms in total all well furnished and with windows overlooking the town. On this floor there is also the personal infirmary for the governor and his family, where one of the town's three best magical healers is always available.

The five turrets used to be guard towers. Built when the palace was founded, they served the purpose of last defense against attackers from Khal Dhem. But now in more peaceful times only one, the easternmost and tallest, is still manned by guards. The rest are only used as living quarters for some of the servants.

The current ruler of Foamsvale and Windheim is a tall and stern man in his fifties with great gray sideburns. He has a low voice and dark piercing eyes. He often drags his hand through his graying hair with a sigh. He is struggling with choosing which one of his children is to succeed him as baron or baroness. Each one of his four children has their flaws and it would irk him to have to resort to adopting an heir that was not of his blood. This is something that many Bastionite nobles do if none of their children are deemed competent enough. The conflicts of the island and of the town are much more complex and numerous than when he took over from his mother over thirty years ago. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Knight Champion (Boss).

What's good for Foamsvale is what's good for Windheim
KAELOHR GOLDENSTAARH

The Golden Temple

The Thrakon temple within the Old Wall is called The Golden Temple by the citizens of Foamsvale due to its golden roofs. It is the biggest temple to the Bastionites' Deity on Windheim and has the characteristic six sides representing the six virtues of Thrakon, mosaic windows of many colors and golden tiled roofs. The Thrakon well outside the temple is impressive to anyone's eyes, even mainlanders. Spanning over 30 meters across it is the biggest sacrificial well in the entire empire. It was recently blessed by Oendhen, the Grand Cleric of the temple, and declared open. As with all Thrakon temples only Bastionites are allowed to pray in the temple and drop their offerings in the well. The Bastionites do not allow anyone else

EVENTS IN THE INNER TOWN

D6 Event

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 | The governor makes a speech on the square. |
| 2 | Rumpus in the queue to the Temple. |
| 3 | Someone gets thrown out of the dwarven embassy. |
| 4 | Ulmor the Troll-slayer is drunk. |
| 5 | A counterfeiter at the bank. |
| 6 | Oendhen publicly berates Hyilohr. |

to worship their Deity since they want to keep his favor for themselves. Other peoples are allowed to worship their Gods in other places, but only to a very moderate degree so as not to give other Deities too much power.

Inside the air is thick with the smoke and smells of incense. The six major mosaic glass windows in each of the six alcoves represent the six virtues of Thrakon: Strength, Constitution, Agility, Intelligence, Willpower and Charisma.

The Grand Cleric Oendhen runs a tight ship and makes sure that several clerics of the temple are always available for the many people who come here daily to pray, and feel the power of Thrakon. She herself is often found by the entrance welcoming people, giving guidance. She is a very proud and dignified woman in her early forties who is unusually tall, with a scar on her temple which she is very secretive about. She is immensely proud of the sacrificial well that she recently inaugurated, showing hers and the people of Foamsvale's devotion and dedication to Thrakon. Her main focus is guiding the Bastionites in Foamsvale in their religious duties. She does this with great enthusiasm and fervor. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Cleric, but raise **MYTHS & LEGENDS** to 16, and **PERSUASION** to 16.

May the power of Thrakon be with you.

OENDHEN

The Dwarven Embassy

The dwarven embassy of Thym Zûr along the south side of the Old Wall is a fortress in and of itself. Due to the close relationship and rich trade between the two realms the embassy is always filled with dwarves on different errands in the town. The most important and official ones always stay here if any of the seven guest rooms are vacant. If they are not, wealthy dwarves always stay at The Steaming Kettle. The embassy is also a place where important dwarves can hold private meetings.

The embassy is run by Makh, a distant aunt of the current regent of Thym Zûr. She is old but wise, and a cunning negotiator. The main purpose of the embassy is of course to keep good relations with the Bastionites, but in recent years Makh has focused a lot of attention on trying to sway the governor on the matter of the Myhl. She is working hard to try and get the ferner tax down to its initial number. She is also directing those under her to go out on the town and try to sway the view on the Myhl to the better among the general population of Foamsvale.

An honor guard of four fighters in chainmail and great helmets, both with golden ornaments, is always posted at the gates wielding two-handed axes. Their beards are oiled and

braided, their tabards display the heraldic fire and hammer of their realm. Visitors are received in a clerk's office just inside the gate, where a young and bored female dwarf called Khamahuriz asks their business and notes everything down in a ledger. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Scholar.

The embassy always has a well stocked armory of master-crafted weapons and armors, as well as a treasury filled to the brim with dwarven valuable gems, gold and silver. The embassy is also always very well stocked with food. The dwarves are slow to forget the troubled years before the Bastionites came and are always ready, in the very unlikely event that the town would be under attack.

There is of course a sacred forge here as well where dwarves can come and create in honor of Kheldizn, their Deity. Most craftsfolk living here in Foamsvale use their own smithy, but apart from them all dwarves visit the forge on at least a weekly basis. Since the creation of things, both beautiful and practical, is the main way for dwarves to connect with and get the favor of Kheldizn, the forge is always full of busy hands at work.

Ambassador Makh is over 200 years old. She was in her twenties when the Bastionites arrived, and her people built the first wall of Foamsvale. Since then she has always felt drawn towards these newcomers, and have spent many years among them. She has held her office for 92 years and seen many governors come and go. She is desperate to convince the Goldhenstaarhs to lower the taxes for the Myhl. If not the current ruler, then maybe the next one? Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Dwarven Leader.

Dwarves will make it happen!

MAKH

The Bank

The bank is a modest building where people can exchange coins for banknotes, which they can then exchange back into coins in any other bank in the empire. The empire has a well-organized system for minting coins which stretches all over the world, and therefore a gold coin has the exact same weight on Windheim as it does on the mainland. The manager is an incredibly un-charismatic halfling woman called Opog, who speaks very slowly with a very dry voice. She's a stickler for rules and regulations. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Scholar.

Down in the cellar there is a vault, locked and sealed with a custom made dwarven lock mechanism. There has only ever been one attempt at breaking into it. A few years ago a band of halflings from the mainland came here to try their luck, but the lock was far beyond their capability. They failed miserably



and were caught, all except their leader Uni. The others are now serving time in the prison situated in the barracks. The lock requires lockpicks and a dragon roll for **SLEIGHT OF HAND**, made with a bane except for Thym Zûr dwarves, to open.

The Steaming Kettle

The main inn of Foamsvale is The Steaming Kettle, a large four-story brick building in a soft yellow color with stables and outhouses in the back. Its innkeepers Aara and Habys took over the establishment a little over twenty years ago. Habys is a retired adventurer who met Aara, a sea elf, on his journeys. Now they are married and run the inn together with their five children. The inn's speciality is a seafood stew served with a Dwarven amber ale.

The inn has entertainment every night, often by a group of musicians playing various instruments and singing songs, but sometimes also from a halfling comedic bard called Osto the Joybringer. He tells all the classic tales but with a comedic twist to them. He always makes the common room roar with laughter as he provides bewildering sound effects and talks with different voices and act out scenes.

Aara left the waters for a life on land, to be with her great love Habys. She is fiery and jovial and is often the one whose voice is most loudly heard in the inn. Aara has worked hard to make this inn the best on Windheim, and she'll be damned before she'll let someone ruin it. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Mariner.

Habys! Are you gonna stand there babbling all day, or are you going to do some work for once?!

AARA

The only one who is sometimes louder than Aara in The Steaming Kettle is her husband Habys. A giant of a man with a thick beard that he only combs when he wants to ask a favor of his wife. Even though his adventuring days are over, he does like reminiscing over them. And he often seems to find an audience for his stories. Whether they are exaggerated or not – who can tell...? It is very important for Habys that people of all kin feel welcome at the Kettle. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Bandit Chief (Boss).

Ahh, the Glimmering lake, yes I know it. It was there that I boarded a mallard vessel that had snuck past the patrol ships, and cut down the captain and kidnapped his nephew for ransom!

HABYS

Many of the town's prominent inhabitants frequent the inn and are often found sharing in the merriment. Phaendrin,

a younger son of the Governor, is here almost every night, singing along and buying drinks for visitors from the mainland, asking them all kinds of questions about their homelands. Ulmor, a retired fighter of the Arena, likes to come here and beat people in arm-wrestling challenges to get free drinks. Master Hemtan of the mage guild likes to spend his evenings here, making small magic tricks to impress people and also get free drinks. Another regular visitor is Tyrea, an apprentice of Hendir the Barakhon Sunbringer from the sanctum across the river. She is restless and finds the constant meditations and soul searching boring. She wants more action and joy in her life! There is also always a number of very wealthy dwarves here visiting from Thym Zûr, living in some of the best rooms of the inn.

Other Buildings in the Inner Town

The few other buildings of the inner town are all the property of the Governor that are awarded to people who have gained great favor. One is inhabited by Ulmor Troll-Slayer, a retired legendary fighter of the Arena who once decapitated a captured wood-troll in single combat with one fell swoop of his two-handed sword. The retired champion is a tall and hard man. His long gray beard braided in a fork going down to his waist. He hasn't shaved since he lost his last fight. He likes to get drunk in the Steaming Kettle where he has people buy him drinks when he beats them in arm-wrestling. The only thing that agitates him is people pestering about him making a comeback to take down the current champion. His fighting days are over. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Bandit Chief (Boss), but raise **SWORDS** to 18 and add the heroic abilities Iron fist, Massive blow and Veteran.

Is that your arm, or a twig I'm about to snap?

ULMOR TROLL-SLAYER

A house behind the inn close to the palace is where Osera, the head clerk of the palace, lives. She runs the day-to-day business incredibly well. She is a capable and pleasant woman in her early fifties. She spends her days from morning until late night at the palace, hard at work, before retiring to her house. She has been spotted sneaking out some nights though, which has led to rumors that she has a secret lover that she does not want anyone to know about. Surely this is only a rumor... Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Scholar.

No, I am terribly sorry, but the governor does not have time for you today. Perhaps I can be of service?

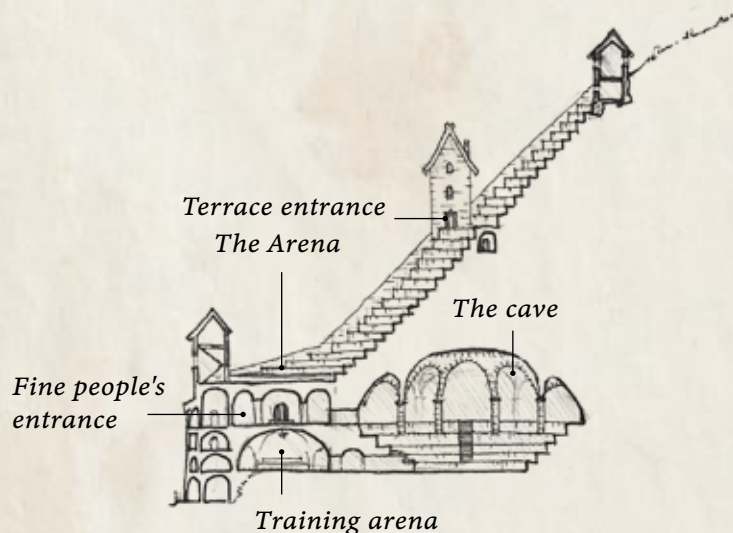
OSERA

RIVER'S HEART

While walking a corridor of The Steaming Kettle, the party sees a shadow with an inner glowing light in the dimly lit halls of the inn. The shadow disappears behind an old dwarven tapestry. Behind it, a hidden door behind a bookcase opens to a dark staircase leading to one of the catacombs under Foamsvale.

In the catacombs, the characters find a heavy door, bolted from the outside. Inside, there is a dark chamber. As their eyes adjust to the light they again see the shadow, leaning over the skeleton of a lady dwarf. She sits as if sleeping in a beautiful chair and around her neck is a silver necklace with a green and blue heart-shaped jewel. In her hands she holds a crumbled letter with the sigil of the dwarven house of Ghihinzilmir. The glow flickers as the ghost whispers: Take my heart to Bûrzinzir, my love, so he may know I did not leave him.

The party can choose to take the necklace and sell it, or to grant the dead dwarven lady her last wish and find her love. If they investigate the Ghihinzilmir house, they will learn that Bûrzinzir is the son of the lord of that house, and that his true love Ragnizham left him 20 years earlier. Actually, she was locked away in a dungeon by the father to stop their relationship, as she belonged to the house of Khalmikzir, a rival house. If the player characters reveal the secret, they will cause a rift between father and son, and may be in danger themselves. If the player characters sell the gem, the ghost will haunt them and eventually attack them.



The Slopes

The Slopes is where the poorest of the inhabitants live. It is incidentally also here that the more smelly kinds of professions such as the tanners, the fullers, the fishmongers and the butchers do their business. The reek lies thick over this part of town and except for the Arena there is little reason for anyone living outside to come here. The shacks of the Slopes have been promised a renovation from the governor for a long time but the construction of new and better houses has yet to begin. Here, the poorer families live crowded together and many are relying on the soup kitchens that the governor has set up in one of the houses just below the wall. Many of the people living here take temporary employment in the docks during the two seasons that ships come here from the mainland in the spring and late summer. Then there is plenty of work to be had.

The two small piers by the western port tower are used by the local fishers heading out into the bay of Foamsvale. There is a wide variety of fish to be caught there, as well as many different kinds of shellfish. The prawns of Foamsvale are especially renowned for their size and taste. But these piers are also sometimes used by smugglers in the dark of night, taking precious cargo to secret hideouts on Bay Island just an hour or two to the north. From there ship captains of less than high morality sometimes pick up a few boxes or sacks without asking too many questions on their way back to the mainland.

The Arena

The arena, built into the mountainside on the slopes of the Thym Zûr mountains, is a popular place to visit. Here adventurers can test their skill in the different contests that are arranged in the pits. Everything from poetry readings, musical performances to archery contests, wrestling matches and on rare occasions even fights to the death. Most often though, the fights here end either after first blood or after one combatant is unconscious. The owner, a sly halfling woman called Pira "the entertainer", always has a healer on site to treat any life-threatening injuries. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Bard.

The most popular games are held on the Governor's birthday in the spring when he and Pira arrange a whole cavalcade of games that lasts for five days. In his younger days Kaelohr Goldhenstaahr used to close the games by fighting the winner of the main contest to first blood in the pit himself. But, as he is approaching 50, in the last five years one of his children has taken on that role, often Hyilohr who is the eldest daughter and the one most interested in swordplay of Kaelohr's children. She is as tall as her father and has trained extensively for years as she thinks being the strongest and most competent fighter is what will make her father choose her as his

successor. If he does not choose her she will try to become the next Champion of the Arena. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Bandit Chief (Boss).

The current Champion of the Arena is a captured pirate mallard called Khwakza, who has never been defeated in 49 fights. Now she is only one more victory away from winning her freedom, and the governor is starting to become nervous about setting her free. She is kept in a house close to the Arena by a group of veterans from the town guards and is never let out of sight. She has learned much in her two years in Foamsvale, and has grown accustomed to a life on land. If she ever gets her freedom, she is not sure that she will return to her kin. She might either stay in Foamsvale and make a fortune continuing to fight in the Arena, or she might go off adventuring and seeing the rest of inland Windheim. In battle she wields the twohanded ravensbeak Bloodbeak. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Knight Champion (Boss) and improve it slightly.

Ah! Lovely! Another weakling for me to play with, will I never face a real challenge?!

KHWAKZA



Khwakza

EVENTS IN THE SLOPES

D6 Events

- 1 Scuffle in the soup kitchen.
- 2 A poetry contest in the Arena.
- 3 A singer gets thrown out of the Arena.
- 4 Smugglers are rowing out into the bay.
- 5 Another adventuring party is going into the sewer entrance.
- 6 Khwakza tries to escape.

BLOODBEAK

Weapon	Hand	STR	Damage	Durab.
Raven's beak	2H	14	2D8	15
Cost	Supply	Features		
20g	Uncommon	Bludgeoning, piercing, toppling		

The Harbor District

Foamsvale is where ships from the mainland anchor to load and unload their cargo. As the winds and currents only allow Bastionite ships to come to Windheim twice a year, the harbor is half empty most of the year. The ships coming here only stay for about two weeks before they have to set sail once again. The rest of the year the only vessels coming here are the ships patrolling Windheim's northern and western coast that come here, plus the odd sea elven ship or two.

The Harbors

The harbor of Foamsvale is big. The central, main dock is run by the Crown as the official export of ferner furs and horses from Silfverspuuhr make up most of the trade going out of the island. There is a high building here where the clerks in charge of administering the Myhl taxes work. That building was only a one storey building in gray brick but a second floor in red brick was added a few years back, and recently a third wooden one on top. The other high building is for the imperial export of Silfverspuuhr horses. Three storeys high in red brick, it also has a small courtyard where the horses can be thoroughly examined. The big warehouses here are mostly used by the governor for the import of goods from the mainland. The eastern piers in New Town are used by the private merchants, there are many warehouses along that dock, both big and small.

By the outlet of the river there grows a great oak, whose branches stretch out into the water, having magically been formed into landings. That is the port of the Sea Elves and there is often a ship or two docked there. The elves bring a plethora of strange items from across the four seas.

The harbor master's office is the westernmost building by the docks in New Town. Here master Ymar keeps records of everything going in and out of Windheim, few things escape his watchful eye. He is a serious halfvling in his late forties who is often scratching his beard pondering over a problem. Use the



Old Mortok

game data from the Core Rulebook: Scholar.

Old Mortok, a grumpy old man always with a pipe in his mouth, often sits in his favorite spot on the eastern pier feeding the birds of the harbor. Sometimes he has a half-broken fishing rod in his hands but seems more interested in hearing rumors and gossip from the passersby than actually catching any fish. Thus he knows almost everything about everyone, few secrets escape his eager ears. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Hunter, but raise **AWARENESS** to 17.

NYYRA'S SHEET (ARTIFACT)

A fragment grants a boon when rolling for **PERFORMANCE** to sing. Combining the four pieces grants the bard the ability to charm any person with their song by spending 3 **WP**, the victim rolls **WIL** with a bane to resist. On a failed roll, the victim is under the charm spell for one hour and will follow the bard, as their biggest fan.

THE DIVINE MUSICAL SHEETS OF NYYRA

Once in a while, bards of Windheim feel a spark of inspiration, as if Lana, the goddess of music herself whispers into their ears. Among these musical tales of Windheim, one figure stands out prominently — Nyyra, the myhl bard who felt the celestial caress of Lana, infusing her musical compositions with divine magic. Though Nyra has long since died, a framed fragment of her musical sheet graces the entrance of Foamsvale Arena. It is told that this artifact was torn into four pieces, a portion each entrusted to Nyyra's loves of old.

Out of nowhere, the previously mediocre bard Tyro now suddenly sings songs of great beauty. Concealed in a necklace, he carries another segment of Nyra's sheet. Could the tale hold some truth? Whispers persist that both the mage guild and the sea elves possess pieces of this elusive puzzle.

The Sitting Duck

The most popular tavern in the harbor district is The Sitting Duck, run by mother Gyrna. A sturdy halfling woman in her fifties, she always carries on her a cudgel which she often threatens to bash people's kneecaps with, and sometimes does. This is one of the rougher taverns in town and were it not for mother Gyrna, fights would probably break out more often than not. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Bandit Chief (Boss).

The guests here often break out in roaring songs, singing shanties about life at sea. Some of the sea elves who are curious about Bastionites and their life on land often come here and are treated with deep respect, and seldom need to pay for their own drinks.

Darwyr the bold, former sea captain and self-proclaimed master of the seas, has had a stroke of bad luck. Having docked in Foamsvale he lost his ship, his job and most of his belongings in a dire game of cards here at the Duck. He is even in deep debt to Gyrna and is currently working off said debt as barman by evening and dishwasher by night. To his great surprise he rather enjoys life here, and has decided to accept his new fate as a landlubber and is already plotting on how he can outmaneuver Gyrna and take over The Sitting Duck. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Mariner.

A RAINY NIGHT IN FOAMSVALE

Sheltering from the rain, the party is eating dinner at the Sitting Duck tavern. A man sits down near them, twisting an old map on the table. He then moves closer to the group and asks if they could help them, if they do they will be greatly rewarded! He has to get across the bay, but secretly. He was on his way to the docks when he heard saber-rattling and hid. When the sound had passed he saw a green mallard feather on the ground, untouched by the rain. It must have fallen from one of the armed individuals.

Are the mallards from a small boat, a ship or is there a whole clan here? And how did a group of pirate mallards get into town? Will the group use cunning to find out how many mallards there are and can they take them on themselves?

The truth of it is that an old pirate captain has hidden a treasure on Bay Island and it is that treasure the man seeks. The mallards that the man had heard do not know where on the island the treasure is, so they need the map. That is why they dared to sneak into Foamsvale in search of the map, and the man who stole it from them...



Darwyr the Bold

EVENTS IN THE HARBOR

T6 Events

- 1 Gyrna is trying to bash Darwy's head in, having seen him trying to slip poison in her beer.
- 2 A pirate mallard vessel has been sighted in the bay.
- 3 Two merchants are arguing about a deal, a knife is drawn.
- 4 Sea elves are playing in the water.
- 5 A ship is cut loose and runs adrift.
- 6 Harbor master Ymar is murdered.

New Town

The district on the east bank of the river is called New Town. It is an addition made a few decades ago as the town had outgrown the space inside the walls. Back then the tree and port of the elves were the only things on the eastern side of the river Ekhiyuhm. Most houses here are residential buildings and are primarily built in the decrease that runs from the gate and northwards to the piers. Between the wall and the ridge where the elven oak, a marketplace and a few temples are.

Thrakon and Barakhon

In true Bastionite fashion, the smaller Thrakon temple here is simply called the New Temple. Outside the temple there is the traditional sacrificial well to Thrakon, but since the massive new well was inaugurated last year almost no one uses this one. The cleric in charge is Loto, a trusted apprentice to Grand Cleric Oendhen. A halfling in his early thirties with long blond hair with serious eyes and a warm smile. He stutters slightly. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Cleric

W-w-w-welcome to the temple, how may I be of service?

LOTO

The purpose of the Thrakon temple here was to serve the people of New Town since the Barakhon sanctum here drew more and more people. The thought was that this would make worshippers abandon Barakhon but this failed. After Loto took over, he has instead worked together with Hendir, the Sunbringer in Foamsvale, to try and bridge the division. Seeing as Barakhon is just another manifestation of Thrakon, it is allowed for Bastionites to worship him and not sacrifice their tithe. Some, Oendhen being one of these, consider this little less than heresy and are very skeptical of the cult. But since the official Bastionite view on Barakhon is to allow the worship of him through meditation, there is no way of disallowing it.

As for the sanctum to Barakhon here in Foamsvale, it was founded after Ulir, a champion of Barakhon was mortally wounded on this spot but was healed by a passing child whose eyes turned yellow as the sun. These kinds of miracles are often seen as a sign that someone is imbued with the power of Barakhon and acts according to his will. In the spot where Ulir was healed a ringed house was soon built to house travelers coming here to meditate where the divine power of their God had shown his benevolence. The Sunbringer, Hendir leads the worshippers in meditation, and teaches the ways of the Light to whomever is willing to listen. Hendir is a halfling in his fifties with a well oiled mustache which he often twirls. He is always very calm and composed, very few things can shake

him up or throw him off guard. He does not always have an answer for every question, but when he does not he always has an interesting counter question. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Sunseeker.

Tyrea is the only thing giving him headaches from time to time. In his view she has such potential but is far too impatient for a Barakhon acolyte, and she spends far too much time in the inns of the town listening to tales of adventure. She is an energetic young woman around twenty with short dark hair, and a ready smile for anyone who seems friendly towards her. She is the only child of Lord of Bayspuuhr. He is a devout follower of Barakhon and first sent her to the Silver Sun Sanctum, but she was dismissed from there due to her lack of willingness to adhere to the strict rules of silence there. This is her last chance to achieve the rank of Lightseeker (the lowest rank among those in sworn service to Barakhon), which will also allow her to inherit her father's title. She would rather go out into the world adventuring, but she is her parents' only child, and if she is not ready to take on the role as Lady of Bayspuuhr, the family might lose it all.

*The ways of Barakhon is to sit in silence,
and listen, and feel.*

HENDIR

Oh! You're adventurers?! For real?!!

TYREA

The League of Free Merchants

The highest building in New Town is the four-storied house of the trade guild known as the League of Free Merchants. Run by master Tomas, a very intelligent and skilled negotiator, the guild has a finger in most of the trades going in and out of the town. They have grown immensely powerful of late but have never lost touch with where they came from.

The Elven Oak

By the mouth of the river Ekhiyuhm, on the eastern bank, there grows a massive oak that has stood here since even before the Myhl came to Windheim. Some say it was planted here by the sea elves as a remembrance of their distant kin, the wood elves, who now are gone. Its long limbs now stretch out over the water, forming natural piers that the elven ships can dock by.

The elves of Elfheim mostly stay on their ships when anchoring here by their tree, but some go into town to trade or to interact with the Bastionites, asking for news and rumors.



Captain Hearna

They sell their catch from waters far away to the east, where Bastionite ships cannot sail. Strange fish that taste very different from those known here in town, or on the mainland. They also sell sea shells and pearls that they've gathered on their journeys, as well as rope that endures water and salt better than any rope made by humans, halflings or dwarves. Sometimes, on rare occasions, they bring spoils of war taken from a captured pirate vessel. Those items are often very expensive, as trophies taken from the feared mallards are popular among the wealthy merchants of Foamsvale.

Oftentimes, elves are found swimming up the river in playful delight. This to the great joy of the children of Foamsvale who often stand on the docks watching them and cheering them on. Sometimes the elves like to race upstream, letting the children guess who will win.

The elves here are led by captain Hearna who has grown enamored with the Bastionites and their town. She came here a few decades ago when she was washed ashore a little to the east after her ship was taken by pirate mallards and has chosen to stay. She has no formal title but being the elf that has lived here the longest, she knows the town better than any other of her kin. Therefore other elves coming here often defer to her, unless they are high ranking captains. She is rather small for a sea elf, almost as short as a dwarf but makes up for it with her sharp wits and impressive personality. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Mariner, but raise **PERSUADE** to 17.

No I am quite content living here on solid ground, though I do miss the excitement sometimes

HEARNA

EVENTS IN NEW TOWN

D6 Event

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 | Khyrohar sabotages Anzhakhe's stand. |
| 2 | The Barakhon sanctum is set on fire. |
| 3 | Oendhen visits the Thrakon temple. |
| 4 | The river stops foaming . |
| 5 | Burglary in the League of Free Merchants' building. |
| 6 | Local wedding. |

The New Market

There is also a marketplace on this side of the river. This one is more focused on rarities and adventure equipment than the marketplaces down in the Field, where meats, grain and drinks are more common. Around twenty tables of sturdy wood with tent cloth in different colors over them to provide shade or shelter from rain are put up in neat rows. The League of Free Merchants have a stand here, manned by Ana the ever cheerful. The sea elves often have a stand selling trinkets oddities from the seas. Two dwarves also have a stand each, Khyrohar and Anzhakhe. They are bitter rivals and always try to talk down the items that the other one has for sale. They barely scrape by since they are constantly trying to undercut the price of each other. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Merchant.

Hah! Selling broken toys again are ya Anzhakhe?

KHYROHAR

Still selling stolen and smuggled goods are ya Khyrohar?

ANZHAKHE

The Fields

The rest of the town on the west side of the river, called The Fields by the town's inhabitants, is where the majority of them live. Most buildings are residential houses, some owned by a family who rents out a room or two, others are bigger structures owned by a landlord renting out rooms or a whole floor. Some are used as stores by the local artisans who live in the attic or in back rooms. Apart from this there are a few places of interest here.

The Observatory

On the southern slopes there is a tower-like structure that its owner professor Koras calls The Observatory. What he observes is clouded in mystery though, as is what a professor is or what it means. If asked he will only say that he observes the moon and the stars and the sky. And that perhaps one day he will get a glimpse of the Gods themselves, and then giggle to himself. He is a bald elderly man with a bent back and a monocle and he sounds completely mad. But he is actually on to something and as the Horn of the Dawn is blown towards the end of the campaign, he will be the first to see the sky open and the barrier between Gods and mortals will dissipate.

If a party manages to convince him to be let inside, they will find a giant telescope aimed at the sky. Koras uses it to map the sky and tries to see through the clouds that separates the denizens on the surface of Eshfera and the Gods living inside the core of the sphere. He will admit that he is indeed yet to see a Deity through the telescope, but he swears it is only a matter of weeks now. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Scholar.

*What!? You want to come inside my observatory? What for?!
Are you the tax man?!*

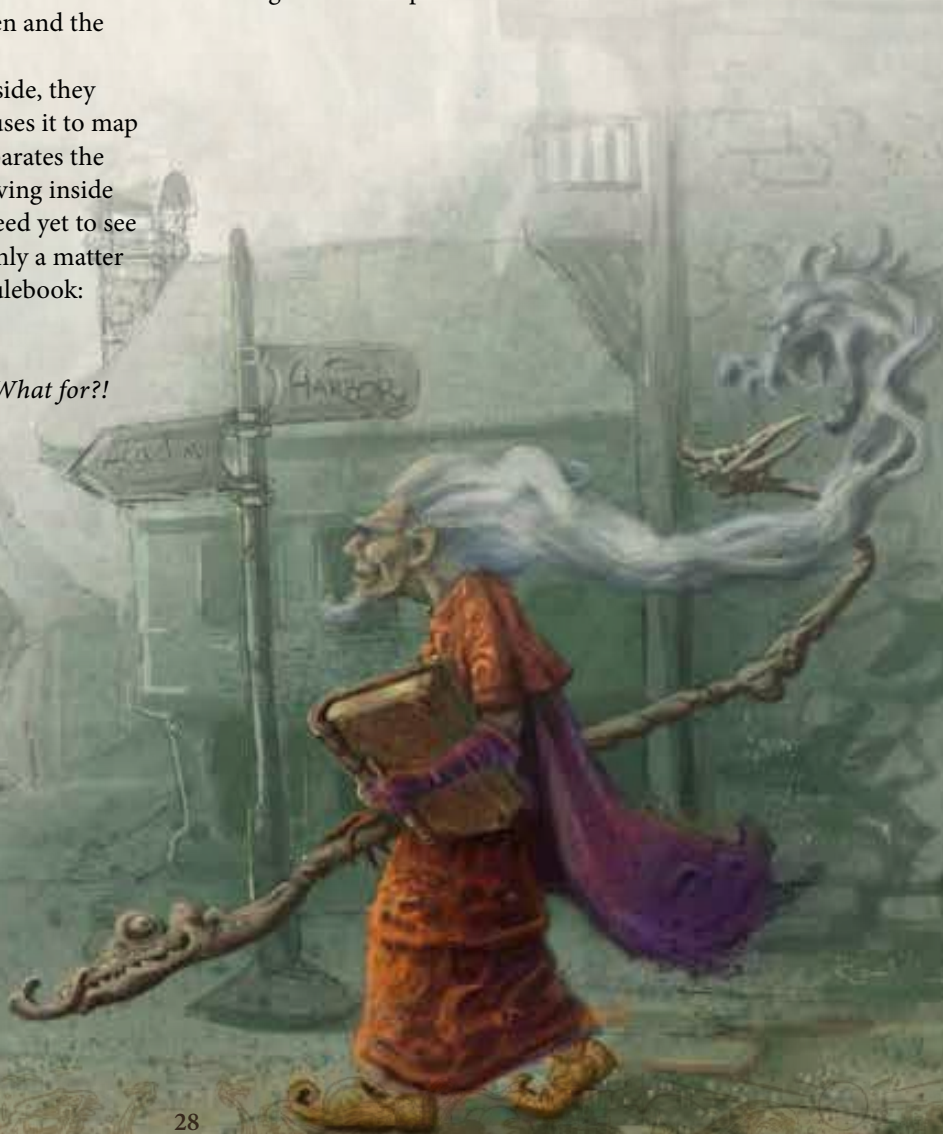
KORAS

Master Hemtan

The Princess' Tower

The high tower right in the middle of The Fields is called The Princess' Tower. This is because of an Empress' daughter who came to Foamsvale from the mainland a hundred years ago and had it built. At the time she never told anyone here who she was, only that she had come over some money and was going into exile here. She lived out her life without anyone knowing who she was, but just a few years after she died of old age her love came seeking her, having now finally gotten permission to marry her. Finding her dead, he bought the tower and locked it up with magic from the inside. Then he went to the top of the tower, laid down beside the urn containing her ashes and drew his last breath. Before locking himself up, he told everyone who she was, and the tower has been known by that name ever since.

There are treasures to be found here, if adventurers do not shy away from graverobbing and if they manage to get inside. If they do, they will find that a magical darkness is cast all over the tower, making it very difficult to find the many traps that the mage had set to protect his and his love's eternal rest.





The Mage Guild

The Mage Guild

On the west bank of the river, at the base of the northern bridge, there is a house called The Mage Guild. Housed in a two-storeyed brick building, the guild is run by Master Hemtan, an animist who is only slightly more competent than newly made player character mages tend to be. He left mediocracy on the mainland to come here where he is one of the more competent spellcasters in town. He has long gray hair which often swirls in the wind, and he often shapes the ends with magic into the head of a monster. He has gathered a few students of very basic magic who live here with him: Yler, Onoba and Firkas. They only know some basic magic tricks, but the common people believe them to be very powerful and mighty, as magic is very uncommon on Windheim.

Master Hemtan encourages his students to go around the town practicing their magic tricks. Primarily because it is good for marketing purposes as he needs more students to become more of a power player in town, but also to recover financially. But they also make money from performing magic tricks such as **CLEAN**,

HAIRSTYLE and **REPAIR CLOTHES** which they bring back to the guild's coffers. So the three youngsters are often seen all over Foamsvale performing these three services, as well as casting **BIRDSONG**, **FLORAL TRAIL**, **LIGHT** and **OPEN/CLOSE** to impress people they pass.

The building has recently gotten an addition, a tower with a massive crystal prism at the top making it look a bit more impressive. Master Hemtan only bought the piece to add splendor and add a bit of mystique to the guild. He thought it was just an ordinary dwarven crystal, albeit a large and impressive one, but it actually has a secret to it. In it, someone has managed to capture a minor blight demon. The demon was not trapped by magic but by a ritual, and therefore **SENSE MAGIC** does not show any magic from it. The demon can only be freed if the crystal is shattered, which happens if it suffers 10 points of blunt damage from a single hit. It is said Hemtan spent every coin he had on building the tower and procuring the crystal. That is why his apprentices are now even more eager to earn money from the townsfolk with their magic tricks.

Yes, verily. Come! Come, and watch the world as you know it shatter into a world of wonders beyond your wildest imagination.

HEMTAN

Yes, come... err... and see the world shatter, more than I can... you can imagine...

FIRKA

The Temple of the People

There is a rather inconspicuous Thrakon temple close to the Observatory that serves as the place of worship for the majority of the people living in The Fields. The fanatic cleric Asura leading this temple does not accept the authority of Oendhen. In her mind the Grand Cleric is a puppet for the wealthy Bastionites, and her project of building the largest Thrakon well in the world is only to feed her own vanity. Many of the inhabitants of The Fields come here to hear the preachings of Asura, and she has quite a hold on them. The governor is very troubled by this development and has called her up to the palace several times. But each time she has refused, saying that if Mister Noble Lord Baron Governor wishes to speak to her he can come down to the field and see her at the temple. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Cleric, but raise **PERSUADE** to 18.

Worshippers come here not only for Asura's sermons, but also to gain the favor of Thrakon by praying in one of the six alcoves of the temple. Outside in the courtyard, there is a small

Thrakon well for people to sacrifice into, many who come here give more than a tithe, some even as much as a fifth. The temple has taken over the whole block of houses around the small courtyard since Asura needs a lot of people to keep everything running smoothly.

Thrakon loves ALL Bastionites equally, and to gain his favor, you must love him above all others!

ASURA

The Granaries

Two big granaries in the center of the district hold the stocks of grain that the authorities store for years when the crops yield less, and one close to the south gate holds a reserve of dried and smoked meats. The overseers make sure to keep track of every single grain that goes in or out and have meticulously well kept books on the contents of the three granaries. They are easy to recognize when they pass by on the streets of Foamsvale with their shaved heads and tattooed fingers.

The Garrison and the Prison

The barracks lie in the southernmost corner along the wall, by the South Gate. They house most of the town guard and also have an armory, stables and prison cells. With the influx of unsavory individuals coming here from the mainland of late, the governor recently issued a decree stating that soldiers serving in the three baronies could spend their last years of service in the Foamsvale garrison. This was not at all to the liking of the barons who all lost some of their best veterans because of this. But the garrison was suddenly bolstered with over a hundred sturdy fighters who were looking forward to ending their time in the army with some leisurely patrolling of the streets, and maybe inspecting the inside of some of the inns in town.

There is a bit of friction between the original town guards and these newcomers from the countryside. It has yet to come to any blows but the tension is palpable if two groups meet on the streets outside the garrison. The old guards think that the veterans are only here to get drunk and laze around, and feel that they are set with all of the difficult tasks. The two groups are easy to distinguish as the new veteran recruits have pale gray tabards instead of the blue ones usually worn by the town guards. Both display the golden star of house Goldhenstaarh though. From their tabards the two factions are now called "bluecloaks" and "graycloakes". Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Guard, but raise **SWORDS** and **EVADE** to 14 for the veterans.

EVENTS IN THE FIELDS

T6 Event

- 1 Someone is climbing the Princess' tower.
- 2 Fire in the granary.
- 3 Asura's followers get violent.
- 4 Scuffle between a bluecloak and a greycloak.
- 5 A public flogging outside the garrison.
- 6 Adheas gets arrested for disturbing the peace with his songs.

The Shadow Inn

Run by innkeeper Goli, a man in his forties with long dark hair kept in a thick braid, the Shadow Inn is a popular place. He runs it together with his two younger brothers who both are slightly smaller copies of him. Despite its dark name (which it has from most of the day being shaded by the town's huge granaries) it is a very clean and nice inn. A Myhl singer, Adheas, is often here plucking on a harp and singing lewd songs, both in his own tongue and in Bastionian, to everyone's great delight. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Bard.

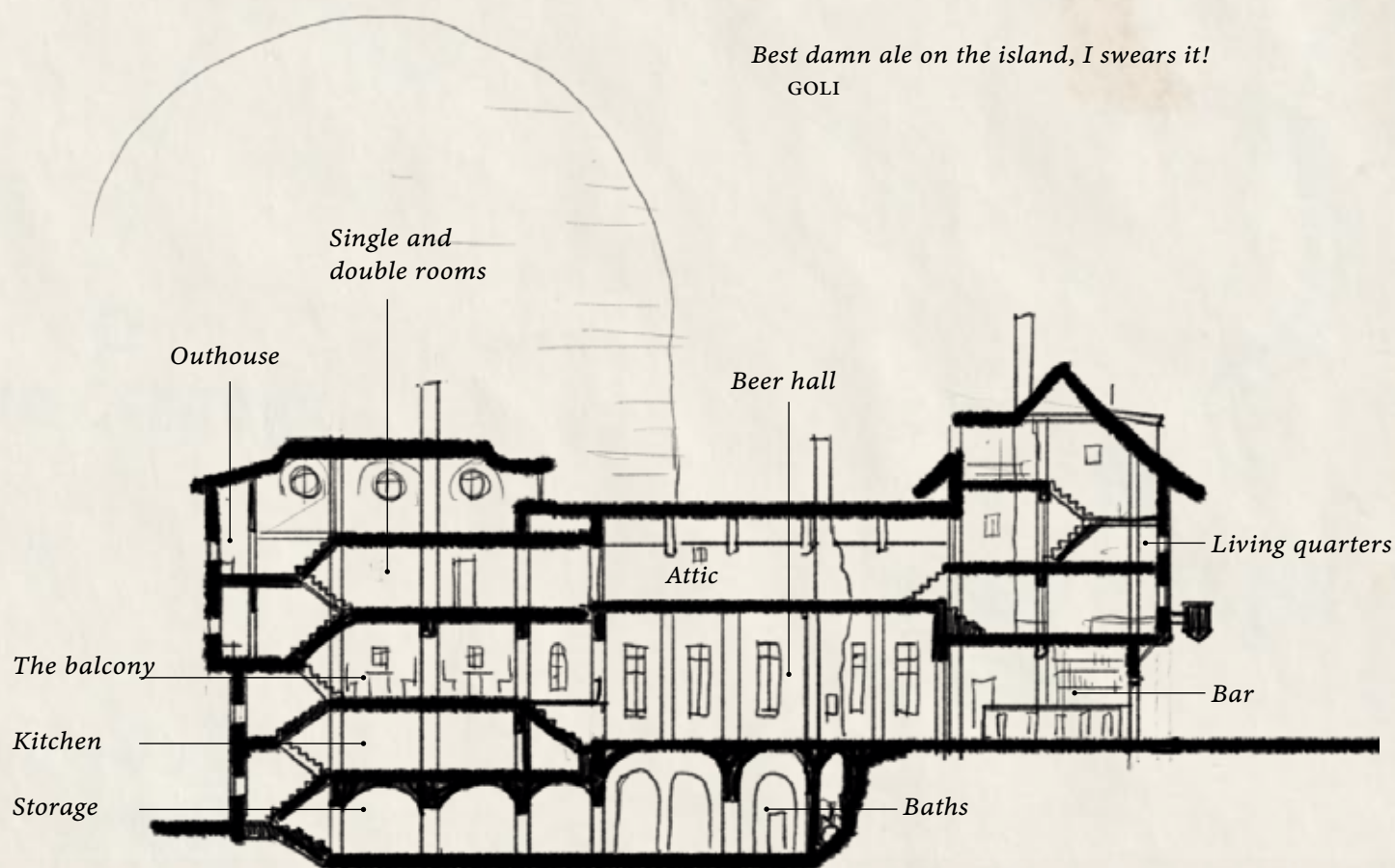
*In the tavern's embrace, we revel and writhe,
Your **** in my face, your body so lithe*

ADHEAS

The inn is small, the main building consisting of only one common room, with a small stable in a back building and two sleeping dormitories in another. But the red ale served here is one of the best in town, the brothers brew it themselves in the cellar. The food is decent enough, the speciality being a rabbit stew.

Best damn ale on the island, I swears it!

GOLI



The Catacombs

When the town was first founded and the sewers constructed, the first governor of Windheim Undin Goldenstaahr secretly asked the dwarves to also build underground tombs for her and her descendants. These are the hidden catacombs of Foamsvale to which there are only five entrances. One is, of course, from the palace. Behind the bed in the private chambers of the governor there is a hidden door leading into a broad staircase descending down into the main hall of the crypts.

Another is from the Dwarven embassy, the Thym Zûr builders thought it might come in handy someday. The entrance to this one is hidden under the big chair at the head of the main dining room table reserved for the ambassador.

A third is through the sewers, close to the outlet into Foamsvale bay. Just 80 meters in through the barred opening, robbers have cracked open the stone wall to the right and found a way into the graves. They both died though from a trap just inside the first chamber.

A fourth is from behind a tapestry in the Steaming Kettle where a spiral staircase hidden behind a bookcase leads down into a small chamber (see the adventure seed *River's Heart*). This chamber was originally built a hundred years ago by the governor at the time who had an affair with the proprietor of the inn, and this was their secret place to meet.

The fifth and last one was recently made by smugglers who needed a safe place to stash their wares. When they were digging a crude tunnel from their house in the Slopes they accidentally came upon a yet unused chamber of the crypts. They have yet to try and go past that room.

The Catacombs lie underneath most of the Inner Town. In the center there is a large chamber where the ashes of the rulers of Foamsvale are kept, and then three corridors go out in three different directions, like spokes of a wheel. Along these the ashes of the Goldenstaahrs who did not inherit the governorship are kept in urns placed in small alcoves in the wall.

THE MISSING HEIRLOOM

The party meets Gazûnhazar, a sad young Thym Zûr dwarf. Until recently he was in possession of an ancient heirloom of the dwarven house of Zakharbûr (half of a small orb, decorated in dwarven runes made from an unknown metal), and was looking for the other half to impress the Zakharbûr clan of his love interest back home.

The other half is rumored to be located in the catacombs under the Inner Town, and tales tell of a way down there from the dwarven embassy. Since the young dwarf is no adventurer, he tries to hire the party to bring back the missing part. The dangers of the catacombs is not the only risk though. Some other adventurers he tried to hire yesterday stole his half, and are now seeking the other one for themselves. If the party could retrieve both parts – they would get some powerful allies from the Zakharbûr clan, and the promised reward on top of that (gold or a dwarven smithed weapon/armor).



Adheas, the Bard



SILFVERSPUUR

The Town of Silfverspuuhr

Silfverspuuhr is the biggest town in the barony, and the seat of the baroness. It lies on the eastern shore of Glimmer lake, which got its name from the way the rays of the sun hit the water at dusk, glimmering and giving a dreamy light just before the sun disappears. It has a population of around a thousand people, counting the surrounding farms.

The first thing that comes into view when approaching the town is the gigantic dwarven built tower, shaped as a horse leg, almost 30 meters high. This is the residence of baroness Tyrin Silfverspuuhr, a woman just over twenty who despite being the youngest of nine siblings inherited the title that her father had held for 47 years. She is young and energetic, but also has a sharp wit and does not make decisions rashly. She is strikingly beautiful with dark hair and narrow clear brown eyes and enjoys sparring and studying equally. One reason she had been considered out of the race for taking over the title is that she has spent much time in Eastspuuhr, Southspuuhr and Hardrein Keep, getting to know the people in charge of defending the barony. And also to test herself in actual battle against the mallards, Khal Dhem dwarves and stone kin that often raid in those areas. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Champion (Boss).

I don't care if that's what you say my father would have done, this is my decision. Do I make myself clear?!

TYRIN

There is a mind demon in town that poses as Begel, the chancellor of the old baron. It was very surprised and disappointed that the old man left the barony in Tyrin's very capable hands. It had thought that her oldest brother Kenad, whose strings it can easily pull, would become the new baron. Being a very pompous man, Kenad is now offended and jealous of his much younger sister and often speaks against her out of pure spite in the council meetings. He has a seat there along with Begel, a younger brother called Lirem, a Sunbringer of Barakhon called Garon and the Thrakon cleric Lodra. Often the dwarven envoy Guzhnekh of house Zakharbûr sits in as well, in this the new baroness follows her father's example.

The Silver Fish Inn

The Silver Fish is a two storey building in brick with a few appurtenant houses out the back. It lies on the side of the main square closest to the lake where it also has its own pier with some fishing vessels. All kinds of fish dishes are served here



Baroness Silfverspuuhr

The western barony is home to the finest cavalry in the world. After having defeated the Elandines and their Khal Dhem allies, the Bastionites kept the surviving remains of the horse people under close watch. With time, as the barony was established, they realized what a great resource they had in the conquered Elandines, in breeding and training warhorses. Nowadays the barony's main income comes from horse export, and many of the barony's young nobility bring their mount to seek a life of adventure on the mainland.

with the speciality being the silver trout that only lives in the water of Glimmer Lake. The proprietors are an elderly couple called Firso and Tirile who have owned the inn for all of their adult lives, and it saddens them that they have no one to leave it to once they are gone. They often blow small kisses at each other from across the common room. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Innkeeper.

The Tower

This is the home of the Silfverspuuhr family. The topmost floor is made up of the council chamber, with a wide view across the surrounding town and countryside through 24 windows. It has a massive round oak table in the middle with room for ten people. The chambers of the baroness are on the floor directly below and have a big balcony going all the way around the tower.

On the other floors are private rooms of other members of the family, as well as several kitchens, servant quarters and storage rooms. On the first floor there is a large hall where clerks are sitting at desks, running the daily business of the town and the barony. A stair is leading up to the second floor which is off limits to anyone who has not been approved by the baroness' chancellor Begel.

The tower was a gift from Thym Zûr to the very first baroness of Silfverspuuhr, Orana, fulfilling the oath of general Yzhkhabar before the battle of Eastspuuh. The night before that battle a company led by Orana snuck into the camp of the

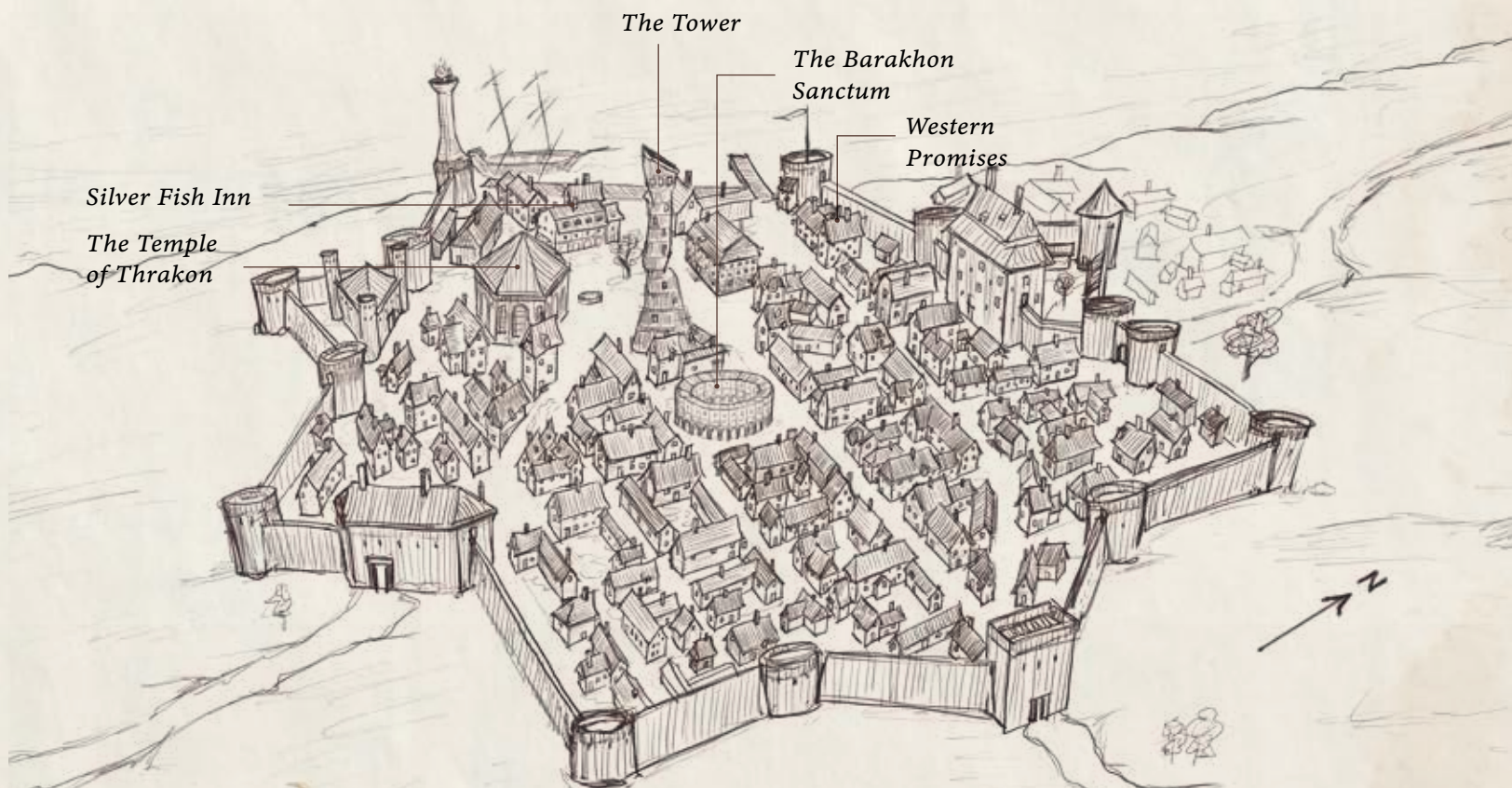
Elandines, stole 200 horses and scattered the rest. This left the enemies unsaddled for the battle the next day, and they were easily defeated by the Thym Zûr heavy infantry. This led to the Elandines being thoroughly defeated on the western half of the island and it was one of the turning points in the war. As reward for her bravery, Orana was knighted by the governor, and she went on to rule her barony wisely for many years to come.

The Temple of Thrakon

The Thrakon temple in town is a standard one with the characteristic six alcoves. Lodra runs it along with her three younger sisters. They are all in their fifties and are constantly bickering about both theological and worldly matters, but only behind closed doors, in public they always present a united front and defer to Lodra. Some of them are very critical of Lodra's confrontational stance towards Garon and the Barakhon belief. She is afraid that the Silfverspuuhr family is becoming more and more interested by what Garon has to say, even more so now that Tyrin has taken over the title and is showing great interest in the teachings of that cult. Lodra has an ally in Kenad who hopes that Tyrin's rapprochement to Barakhon will give him a way to usurp her. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Cleric.

Thrakon's will be done, and if it won't – I'll make sure it will.

LODRA



The Barakhon Sanctum

This sanctum is one of the least important ones on Windheim in terms of religious weight, but as it lies in the capital town of the only barony on the island where the teachings of Barakhon hold some sway, it is still significant. It lies right behind the tower and was the site where the first baroness of the Silfverspuuhr line, Orana, was blessed by a Barakhon Sunseeker after the Battle of Eastspuuhr. After the ceremony, people were astonished to see that her feet had made an imprint on the stone upon which she stood.

Leading the sanctum is Sunbringer Garon, a dashing young halfling man in his late twenties with long curly hair that he often twirls with his finger, who has the ear of the new baroness. They often spar together in the sanctum as he is the only one in town to match her in strength of arms, and a close friendship has grown between them. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Sunseeker, but raise **HAMMERS** to 18.

If you but find your inner peace, Barakhon will find you, and work through you

GARON

The Town Outside the Walls

The walls are so sturdily built that as the town grew a decision was made not to tear it down and rebuild it. New buildings would instead be built outside the walls. But a high building by the north gate would also be constructed, to house and feed all the people living outside the walls in case of an attack, or in worst case even a siege. These houses are simple ones, but well built.

Southspuuhr

Just a mile upstream from the outlet of the Lower Glimmer river into the ocean lies the town of Southspuuhr. About two hundred people live inside the sturdy stone walls, with about the same number living in the countryside outside around it. Lord Southspuuhr is a horse breeder who owns many of these farms and he has several employees who still have the Elandine ability to communicate with horses. This means that his steeds and mares are some of the best in the barony.

The coast is often plagued by raids from the feared pirate mallards whose homeland, Quacith, lies just a little to the east. The Bastionites on Windheim have no fleet strong enough to match the mallards in sea combat, so the defense is mostly based on strong walls and not having any villages near the coast. Patrols keeping an eye on the ocean ride out daily, all the way to Eastspuuhr river a day or two eastwards.

The town, like many others on Windheim, grew from a fortification where more and more settlers gathered into a town. This particular place was chosen because the river is at its narrowest here, and on each riverbank there is a tower between which runs a chain that can be raised to block entry into Glimmer Lake. Just north of the tower on the eastern bank lies the town itself.

Osric Frostbane, captain of the Streamdancer, is the best damn ship captain in Windheim, according to himself. He's been on-and-off again commissioned by the Baron of Silversuppuhr to protect the southern shore from marauding pirates. While he's not the only ship protecting the coast of the barony, his is the only one fast enough and small enough to protect the river entrance to the Glimmer Lake near Southspuuhr. The Streamdancer was specially designed by Sea Elves to not only be light enough to ride high in the river's waters, but also sturdy enough to withstand the ocean's beating waves. He was gifted it from them after he had sacrificed his previous ship, saving an elven ship from a mallard attack. While he does protect the river entrance from pirates, Osric also has a side job that only his small crew knows about: He secretly ferries Mhyl refugees and freedom fighters to safer places on Windheim.

EVENTS IN SILFVERSPUUHR

T6 Event

- 1 As Lodra and her sisters are talking quietly, suddenly Lodra gives one sister a hard slap on the face.
- 2 Kenad is drunk at the inn, bad mouthing the baroness.
- 3 During a sparring session, Garon accidentally throws the baroness out through a wall of the sanctuary, the sparring continues on the street.
- 4 An disinherited son of a Lord from Croownsheadh comes to propose to the baroness, and is rejected.
- 5 The key to Guzhnekh's safe has gone missing, she offers a reward of 100 gold to whoever finds it.
- 6 Three blight demons have poisoned all the fish caught today (paralyzing, potency 12).

Osric became sympathetic to the plight of the Myhl after meeting and falling in love with his wife Aesolara. Walking one day through town, he'd seen a group of uncouth bastionites follow a Mhyl woman down an alleyway. Thinking to step in and save her, Osric was much surprised to not only find her able to handle herself, she also saved him from being overwhelmed. Though his heart was in the right place, he fights best on the water, not on land. From there, love blossomed and a marriage was soon to follow. Use game data from the Windheim Companion: Mariner, but raise **SEAMANSHIP** to 16 and **AWARENESS** to 14.

The Three Spoonfulls Tavern

Not the biggest place for food and drinks in town, but the coziest, is the Three Spoonfulls Tavern. It is little more than a hole in the wall, only about twenty patrons can squeeze in here, and that's not with comfort. The tavern keep Rosa is a flirty halfling with big brown eyes and a cheeky smile. She runs the place by herself and does not mind buying someone a drink if she thinks them interesting. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Innkeeper, but raise **PERSUADE** to 18.

Osric Frostbane



A NAGGLING THORN

In the town of Southspuuh, the party bumps into a bearded man in his fifties swept in a tattered cloak. They notice fine silks in red and blue under his rags though. The man is sweating and somewhat wild of eye.

"I'm being followed", he whispers. "Please keep this parcel safe for me! I'll contact you soon to retrieve it and will reward you well for your troubles."

He thrusts a leather pouch that contains some sort of flask into their hands. The man then tries to disappear into the crowd but soon stern-looking men close in on him and roughly bring him away. Inside the bag is a sealed ceramic vial, labelled "Potion of wizardly insight, selection 8". What happened is either:

- ✦ A bet among two wizards as to whether a stranger in the street will withstand the temptation to drink a promising but unknown potion.
- ✦ A test of the adventurers' loyalty if they are associated with some organization. In this case, the man is from that organization.
- ✦ A test of a magical brew that the man finds too dangerous to try on his own.

POTION OF WIZARDLY INSIGHT, SELECTION 8

A less than honourable mage from the City of the Mages has managed to trap a lesser shadow demon to use its magical essence to power the gift of "wizardly insight". The vial contains 6 doses of the magical brew.

Whenever a dose is consumed, roll a D4.

- 1-3 An adventurer drinking the potion actually gets "wizardry insight" for 1T12 hours, making all walls and clothes transparent to him.
- 4 A mind demon imp appears after having been set free. He will curse one of his liberators, claim his name is Nagglethorne and threaten to return for revenge. The demon will then show up to bite the character's calf / make him soil himself / temporarily blind him everytime <suitable conditions> until the curse is removed. bath house and its many, many guests.

Eastspuuh

Keeping an ever watchful eye on the threatening mountains of Khal Dhem, the town of Eastspuuh is more of a swelled fortress than anything else. It lies on the west bank of the river that runs down from Vale's End, through an impressive cleft in the rock, by Eastspuuh and then on south down to the sea. The town is protected behind a stone wall, a moat, a barbican and sturdy wooden palisades in a ring fifty meters outside the moat.

Lord and Lady Eastspuuh both run the town and the five companies of cavalry that are based here. They also command the largest force of archers that the Bastionites have on Windheim. These archers have a dangerous competition going where they get to mark their bows with a ring for each dwarf they hit. As the dwarves seldom come near the fortress they often volunteer for scouting missions dangerously close to the mountains. The Lord is very strict on discipline and does not approve of this phenomenon, but the Lady finds it incredibly amusing and annually gives a wreath of honor to the archer that has added the most rings to their bow. Rumors say that she also shares the bed of the winner, but surely that is only gossip.

WESTERN PROMISES

Weird tremors seem to originate from the popular and rejuvenating underground bath house Western Promises. However the owner and local authorities refuse to let anyone look into it as shutting the bath house down would severely hamper the local economy. The party would need to go undercover in order to successfully investigate, as spa guests: naked and unarmed. All the other guests they encounter can be strangely combative and aggressive.

Level 1. The Steam Room. A thick fog that makes it impossible to see anything.

Level 2. The Pools of Many Temperatures. The unavoidable pools can give positive or negative effects ranging from frost damage to "refreshingly lemon-scented moisturized".

Level 3: Nude & Moist Stretching Area. A group of pirate mallards who've snuck in are engaging in hot yoga and do not wanna be disturbed.

Level 4. Donnie's Extremely Painful Massage Parlor. "Hi, I'm Donnie. Can I interest ya in an extra painful massage?"

Eventually they'll reach the very bottom and find a malfunctioning magical item that's causing the tremors. The party can either try to repair the item, take it with them, alert the authorities or ignore the problem. Their actions will decide the fate of the bath house and its many, many guests.

Westspuuh

Westspuuh lies a few kilometers inland from the west coast of Windheim and is one of the smallest of the towns in the barony that has its own Lord or Lady. Currently the noble in charge is Lady Isiloa Westspuuh, calling herself "The Lady of the West". This has to do with her outrage that the villages of Bayspuuh and Sunspuuh are not under her authority. In her eyes, the title of Westspuuh ought to put her highest in rank west of the Upper Glimmer river, but such is not the case. All nobles of the barony under the baroness are equal in rank, and only hold power over the lands and people in their respective area. Needless to say she has initiated several border disputes with both Lord Bayspuuh and Lady Sunspuuh. This conflict is further enhanced by the fact that her view on the Barakhon faith, to which they both belong, is that it is little short of heresy.

Lord Bayspuuh has of late chosen the path of de-escalation which has led to him losing some lands to Lady Westspuuh, but Lady Sunspuuh is refusing to give in and will not give an inch of land to this pompous "Lady of the West". Their disagreement is further fueled in that Sunspuuh wants more funding from the baroness to increase patrols along the mountains while Westspuuh is demanding funds to build more ships to prevent pirate raids. For all three nobles, use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Scholar.

Peasant! Do you not know who I am?! I am the Lady of the West, and I will NOT be gainsaid!

LADY ISOLA WESTSPUHR

Northspuuh

Already from afar, stretching high above the low walls, the palace of Northspuuh is eye-catching. Its marble towers decorated with roofs and windowsills of gold seem to shine in the light of the setting sun. Anyone who has traveled on Windheim for a while will gape at this sight. Most of the local lesser Lords and Ladies on the island seem to live in houses less gaudy than the local inn, but here is someone who must be of a different opinion. In stark contrast, the defensive wall seems to be in a state of horrid disrepair. A whole portion of the wall seems to have been razed, and over the rest of the almost unmanned battlements there are cracks and holes. Seeing as this town is very close to the mountains to the north where stone-kin raids frequently occur, this place seems very poorly prepared if such a disaster were to strike.

The Grey Goose, the inn of Northspuuh, is a cozy two storied building in dark red wood with a small side building attached to it. The proprietor is Honar, a halfling man with wild blonde hair in his middle years. He is very quiet and cautious and, though he seldom smiles, is a very pleasant person. He often asks questions about where people come from and begs them to tell stories from far away to the common room.

The temple is supposed to be run by Odek, a cleric so devoted to Thrakon that he is blind to everything else in life. He spends his days so deep in prayer, only pausing to eat once a day, that he barely notices what is going on inside the temple. He is certain that Thrakon soon will choose a devoted worshiper as his prophet, and show himself in visions to tell the chosen one about the future of Eshfera. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Cleric.

Do not interrupt my prayers! Can you not see I am busy?! Inis can be of assistance, I am sure.

ODEK

So the one actually running the temple is his apprentice, a girl in her late teens called Inis. She is blind since birth, but knows the traditions well enough to cater to the basic religious needs of the people of Northspuuhr. She is tall and lanky with her brown hair in a ponytail. She uses a stick to find her way through the temple and around the village. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Cultist.

Vale's End

The village of Vale's End is ruled by Lady Lyla Vale, an elderly halfling who often has her hair tied up in a tight topknot. She finds running Vale's End a tedious but important calling. Dominating the view of the town are the many corrals, both inside the wall and outside, filled with many magnificent horses. All caravans bringing horses from the barony to Foamsvale and the rest of the island pass through here.

There are constant intrigues between different horse breeders and among all the traders on who will get the crown's contracts connected with the horse export to the mainland. The scheming between Rine (the merchant who currently has the contract) and Lakor (the most influential merchant who wants it) is most prominent.

The Thrakon Temple

The Thrakon temple is in a state of disrepair as the cleric Tilid, a heavy set man in his late forties, is a drunkard who spends more time at the inn than at the altar. He leaves most of the day to day running of the temple to his apprentice Kerok, a young halfling. The youngster is trying his best to keep the temple up and running but is unfortunately not the sharpest tool in the shed and does not do a very good job at it.

Buuurp. Bless yer 'eart dear, it'll be my last one, as Thrakon is my witness.

TILID

WHITE ISLAND

The party comes to Westspuuhr, taking rooms at the Goodbarrel Inn, sheltering from the autumn rain. The spirited halfling innkeeper, Ren, welcomes them with ale and a hearty stew while recanting a tale.

A few weeks back, the daily life of the village was interrupted by one of the feared pirate mallards suddenly entering the village. He was clearly badly injured but no one dared approach him as he stumbled into town and fell to his knees by the water well. No one, except a young ginger haired girl who curiously and stealthily sneaked up to him and offered him some bread and mead she smuggled from her grandmother's kitchen. Rumor is that, with his final words, he told her a story and entrusted her with a treasured item before dying by the side of the well. She had since refused to tell her story or show the gift from the mallard to anyone in the village, always answering: not you, if anyone asked her. The innkeeper encourages the party to try to get the secret from the girl.

The pirate had indeed given the young ginger girl a pouch with a rolled map on parchment, that he begged with his dying breath that she give to the bravest and most competent adventurers. For this map leads to the lich, Ruler of Souls. The lich has taken over a secret pirate stronghold on White Island just off the coast, and the mallards that remain have been enchanted to serve him.

The Merry Steed

The village inn is called The Merry Steed, and is where many people meet to share news and gossip. The innkeeper Algara and her daughters Pondosa and Ulira run the establishment together. It is indeed a merry place where songs are sung and games are played.

Now now sugar, just you calm down and everything will be alright.

ALGARA

The Crown's corral

The manager of the Crown's corral inside Vale's End is a bitter man, the only thing saving his job is that he is very very good at it. He is a tall and strong man and still handsome in his early fifties, especially on those rare times that he smiles. His hands are calloused from much work with shovels and ropes, he is the sort of leader that sets an example to his employees by always doing the hardest work himself. He then expects no less from those working for him. He often cracks his knuckles and though this is just a tic, those that do not know him may find it intimidating. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Adventurer, but raise STR to 17.

Well the work needs to be done, don't it??

GEROK

Other Small Villages in the Barony

Like all Bastionite towns every village in the barony has a main square, surrounded by a Thrakon temple with a sacrificial well outside it, the residence of the local Lord, Lady or mayor, a bank and an inn. The square is where people put up market stands and tents to sell their wares. Folks in smaller villages in Silfverspuuhr work with horse breeding and horse training for the most part. The villages are therefore not protected by a ringed wall, but rather base their security on frequent patrols. The cavalry of Silfverspuuhr is, after all, the finest in the world. There is also nothing that points to an imminent threat of a larger scale. Yes, there are raids from the stonekin in the north and from Khal Dhem to the east, but these are often easily dealt with without much loss in either life or property. Pirate raids along the coast are harder to prevent or counter with cavalry patrols. But the Bastionites have moved their coastal villages a kilometer inland and these actually do have walls, to keep the feared mallards out.

A typical innkeeper would be Namera, a halfling Bastionite with a merry smile who serves excellent cinnamon buns, good ale and a tasty carrot stew. She has a cousin called Tintor who plays the harp while telling legendary stories in a corner of her inn, The Pony Tale.

There ain't nothing better than sitting back, hearing a good ol' tale with a pipe in yer mouth and an ale in yer hand!

NAMERA

Hush! I am telling a story! You'd better listen... it is very morally educating...

TINTOR

The Thrakon temple could be led by a cleric called Hunara, a somber woman who takes her calling very seriously. She would be either very tolerant towards Barakhon believers or very opposed to them. She either has a conflict with the local innkeeper who she thinks corrupts the villagers with alcohol, or with the local Lord/Lady who is not religious enough.

Thrakon tells us that we are the masters of Eshfera, in his name. We must act accordingly.

HUMARA

The local Lady or Lord could be a successful or unsuccessful horse breeder who maybe has a few elandine servants who make sure the horses are properly trained. The house is probably not that lavish, but rather sturdy and practical with two or three floors and a stable in the back where the best mounts, reserved for the noble family, are kept. Maybe the relationship with both private and royal horse merchants are great, or there could be friction there. A private horse trader might try to offer more money than the crown for the best horses. Or the royal envoy collecting the best horses could be corrupt and try to get a few more horses than the crown expects. Land disputes between the nobles of the barony over grazing fields are not uncommon so there could be some tension around that.

EVENTS AROUND THE BARONY

T6 Event

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 | Anotte the Great (see Plainsville) comes to the village. |
| 2 | An affair between Lady Eastspuuhr and an archer champion is revealed to the public. |
| 3 | The Three Spoonfulls Tavern is on fire. |
| 4 | A meeting between Lady Westspuuhr and Lady Sunspuuhr is interrupted by two power demons attacking everyone present. |
| 5 | Someone destroys the fence around a corral, 20 are horses fleeing in panic. A reward of 100 gold is offered. |
| 6 | A horse race takes place at midnight. |



CROOWNSHEADH

Croownsheadh

Croownsheadh is the largest barony on the island and is often called Windheim's breadbasket. Due to its very fertile soil the land yields great harvests and provides enough grain to sustain the entire colony. There are of course smaller farms in Silfverspuuhr and Stoneswaardh as well, but a majority of the island's fields of grain are here.

As the barony is beset by danger from north, east, south and west, a lot of the taxes goes to fund the border patrols to prevent raids. To the west lies the Khal Dhem mountains, and the dwarves attack the farmsteads in that region frequently. Unfortunately this is also where the most fertile soil can be found so the Bastionites have many smaller forts along the border to try and catch the dwarves before they can enter the plains. There is only one major village here, Streamsville.

To the north lies the mountains of the goblin queen. No one goes up into those mountains except the most brave or the most foolish, primarily the latter. The stone goblins also raid the fields frequently, but instead of forts the northern part of the barony is protected mostly by patrolling cavalry, since speed is needed to catch and ride down the goblins.

The eastern coast is plagued by attacks from the pirate mallards. Recently the situation has become so bad that the baroness has approached the sea elves to try and hire them to protect their coast. The elves, to whom the mallards are sworn enemies, are considering accepting the offer. Since they already wage war on the sea against the pirates, a hefty payment to continue doing what they are already doing seems a good deal to them.

The southern border is the only one that does not suffer from raids. But the need of timber from the Trollwoods still makes the land close to the northern bank of the river a dangerous place to live since sometimes vindictive trolls come to avenge the trees that are taken.

Therefore, except for the town of Croownsheadh itself, only the central part of the barony is safe from marauding monsters and enemies.

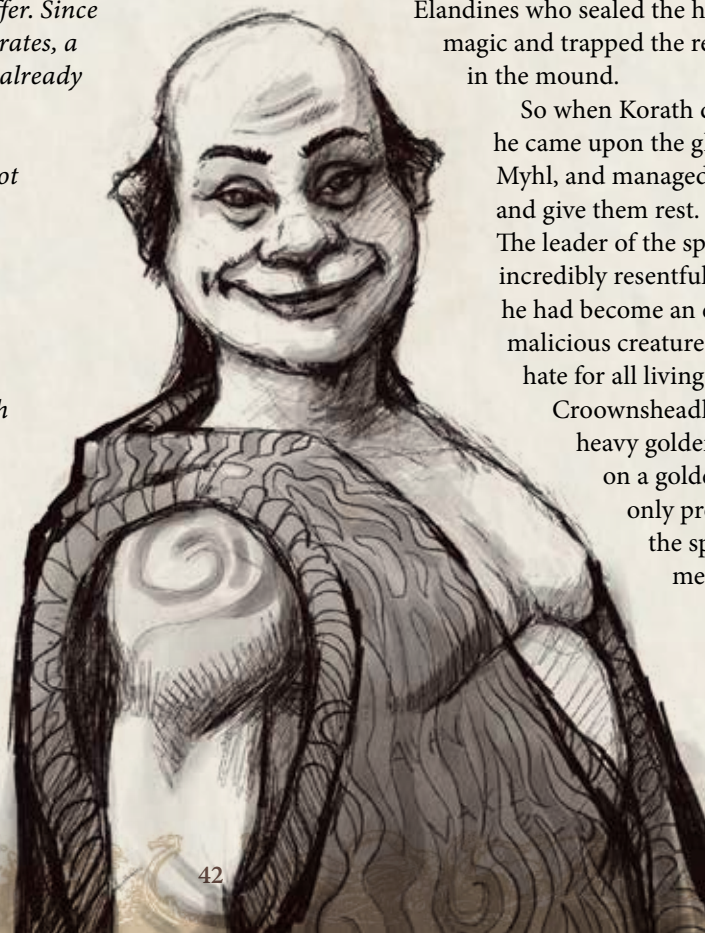
The biggest Bastionite town on Windheim apart from Foamsvale is Croownsheadh. One of the first settlements built in the early days of the colonization of the island, the town lies atop a round hill with a good overview of the surrounding fields. It has a population of a few thousand people, almost all of them Bastionites that have lived on Windheim for generations. By now the town has grown far beyond the hill and the outer wall has a circumference of several kilometers. Most places and people of interest for adventurers are on the hill though, and it is mostly this area that is described below. The rest of the town is inhabited by farmers, simpler peddlers and artisans.

One thing that stands out a bit is the high number of halfling inhabitants here. Where in other Bastionite towns halflings make up about a quarter of the population, here as much as three quarters are halflings.

There's been a rumor going on for a hundred years that the hill itself was dug out by the first ever baron, a halfling called Korath Croownsheadh, and that many tunnels and chambers are to be found beneath, perhaps even treasures. This is actually true. Korath was interested in the dwarven custom to bury one's dead underground and took on this tradition when his sister died. The only trouble is that the hill is actually an old mound made by the Elandines after a battle 700 years ago against the Myhl, whose fallen heroes were cursed, and

left here to rot in a pile by the victors. But the dead could not find rest, and came back to haunt the Elandines who sealed the hill with powerful magic and trapped the remaining spirits in the mound.

So when Korath dug out the hill he came upon the ghosts of the dead Myhl, and managed to set them free, and give them rest. All save one. The leader of the spirits had become incredibly resentful of his fate, and he had become an exceptionally malicious creature, filled with hate for all living creatures. The Croownsheadh medallion, a heavy golden piece hung on a golden chain, is the only protection against the spirit lord. The medallion is always



Nacor

THE CROOWNSHEADH CON

When the party arrives in Croownsheadh, eight children will run up to them and surround them. They will distract the party, wanting to hear about their adventures. After a while of chatting, the children scatter in different directions laughing quite suspiciously. The party will later hear rumors from the townsfolk that a gang of street urchins have been bothering the town for the last couple of weeks. Either immediately after the encounter with the children, or a while later, the party will find that they miss parts of their gear or gold – maybe a quest item?

The party will now have to seek out the orphans and confront them. When they do, they will understand that the gang of orphans are actually working for a traveling merchant that has forced them to raid the town. Through deception, he might even be seen as a father figure?

Will the party save the children and convince them that they have been tricked by the merchant? Or will they conspire with the merchant to get part of the stolen loot? The fate of the orphans, as well as the merchant is up to the party.

worn by the head of the family, a much needed protection since the Croownsheadh fortune is kept in the deepest chamber under the hill, where the spirit lord dwells. Use the game data for Ghost in the Core Rulebook. The only way to banish it is to either cast the spell **PURGE**, or give it its peace by taking a sacred vow to avenge it by slaying an Elandine champion.

Nacor is a Bastionite mage from the mainland whose heretic view on magic that it does not drive from the Deities, but rather from the magic users themselves, has forced him into exile on Windheim. He can be found in any village of Croownsheadh where he teaches disinherited young nobles how to use magic. But as it is not going very well he would be eager to teach a player character, mage or not, a few spells. He desperately needs a success story that would spread the word about him, so if a character is showing promise – he will teach a spell or two for free. He knows all the schools of magic, and his grimoire includes all spells. Use game data from the Core Rulebook: Archmage (Boss), but increase the **MAGIC SCHOOLS** to 18.



The Orchard

In the northern part of town lies the Orchard. Here there is an abundance of fruit trees, berries and vegetables. It is owned by the baroness, but she sells the produce at cost price to the people of the town, and even distributes a tenth of it among the poorer inhabitants for free. It is a wondrous place to visit, especially in spring when all the trees are blooming and color returns to all the trees and berry bushes and in late summer during harvest season.

The Orchard is run by Olana, an elderly woman who takes her job extremely seriously. Whenever people she does not recognize come here she approaches to inform them on the rules, and that not a single fruit or berry may be plucked without her specific permission. She then follows them around with a suspicious look on her face, and if there is a transgression she has a small blowpipe which she shoots at the culprit (skill level 16). The arrows she shoots are dipped in sleeping poison (potency 17). She will then alert the town guards who will come and arrest the sleeping transgressors.

Well, while you're here, make sure you don't touch anything. Looking and smelling is fine, I suppose. But no touchy touchy! There are dire consequences for transgressions.

OLANA

She has an apprentice, a dark haired woman in her early twenties with a scar over her face called Undi, who does a little business on the side. She secretly makes and sells healing potions, antidotes and sleeping poison (potency 17) under the table.

Hey... psst... psst... Are you looking for anything... special...?

UNDI

UNDI'S HEALING POTION

A vial with a small amount of red liquid in it. Consuming the vial takes one action and restores D6 **HP**. It also cures any non-lethal sickness. Price: 20 gold.

UNDI'S ANTIDOTE

A vial with a small amount of blue liquid in it. Consuming the vial takes one action and neutralizes any poison instantly. Price: 5 gold

The Mansion

At the crest of the hill lies the mansion where baroness Irla Croownsheadh lives. She is a serious halfling woman with graying hair and narrow eyes in her forties who has governed the barony for a little over a decade. She is a shrewd ruler who mostly stays in town, but she often sends her three adult children out to the villages to oversee both the defenses and the farming. She wants all of them to learn as much as possible, so that she will have several good choices when it comes to picking her heir. They travel the barony and return to her with reports which she then bases her decisions on. This means that she sometimes overrules decisions made by the local lords and ladies based on information gotten from people who are barely adults. This causes some confusion and trouble for the administration of the barony.

The eldest is Elim, a rather strapping fellow just over twenty who is wise and strong enough to be considered a worthy heir, had it not been for his considerable hubris. Whenever he visits a region he instantly organizes a feast to celebrate his arrival, trying to get all the most influential people there drunk so he can find out their true intentions and assess them.

Not everyday you have such a grand visitor, eh sonny?

ELIM

The second oldest is Ysto, a shy young lady who constantly underestimates her own abilities. Her biggest challenge is not to learn much about what the barony needs, but rather to find her strength and learn some leadership skills if she is ever to succeed her mother.

Yes w... well I th...

YSTO

Only a year younger than her sister, Elma has little interest in becoming the next baroness of Croownsheadh. She wants to escape Windheim to find adventure on the mainland, she finds her home barony to be a boring place populated only by simple farmers. This grieves her mother who thinks that she would probably prove to be the best ruler. If only she could be content with staying here, doing her duty and not go gallivanting on another continent.

But it's sooo booooring, mother. Can't I instead go inspect the forts along the Khal Dhem mountains? Pleeeeease mother?

ELMA

And then there's Hutor, a mean and bad mannered whelp of twelve years, who often runs around town making mischief. One of his mother's few weaknesses as baroness is that she finds him utterly adorable and would never scold him. So he keeps on creating chaos in town and no one dares to speak up about it.

Away with you, you beggar!

HUTOR

Hungry Halfling Inn

The main inn of Croownsheadh is a merry place. A round building with four entrances all leading straight into the common room which has a massive fireplace in the middle and a hole high up in the roof letting out the smoke. The rooms are on the second floor along the wall, held up by thick wooden logs they circle all around the inn.

The innkeeper is a halfling called Wera, who despite the inn's name seems well fed. She is approaching her retirement age and runs the inn with her large family. Her children and grandchildren all help out with cooking, serving and taking care of the stable which is in another building out the back. She has a high pitched voice and does like to poke her curious nose into people's business. Always listening in on the conversations she often gives unwanted advice and does not shy away from scolding people she thinks are in the wrong. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Innkeeper, but raise **AWARENESS** to 18.

The Hungry Halfling's speciality is her shepherd's pie, served with an amber ale that her sons brew. The ale has become so renowned that they even sell many barrels of it to other towns.

Well if ye ask me, I'd leave the fella. He is a scoundrel and will ne'er change. You'd do much better without 'im

WERA

The Thrakon Temple

The cleric in charge of the temple in town is a halfling called Toril. He is a person of great girth who has an ear for every one who needs advice. Being very wise he often gives good advice and helps troubled people find a good way forward. Use the game data from the Windehim Companion: Cleric

It's a shame that Hutor is allowed to run amok in town. I will try again to speak to the baroness about him.

TORIL

The temple itself is a traditional hexagon shaped building with a rather small sacrificial Thrakon well outside it. The square is smaller than in most other towns and there was not much room left for the well. Due to the fertile soil around the town, the clerics' incense gardens provide a wide variety of produce and there is always one or another fragrance inside the temple



Kherozh's Magnificent Clockwork Workshop

In a remote location on the outskirts of the town, lies a peculiar boutique run by the enigmatic inventor, Master Kherozh. He is small, even for a dwarf, with a shaved beard around his mouth and long and curly gray sideburns. He is somewhat of a hermit with a penchant for eccentricity. He always wears a pair of glasses that can alternate between different strengths, and has all manner of strange ticking contraptions clasped all over his clothes. Master Kherozh is the brilliant mind behind the clockwork constructs produced in the workshop. Use the game data for the Core Rulebook: Scholar, but raise **CRAFTING** to 19.

The workshop itself is a large, two-storeyed, sturdy building, adorned with gears and cogs that seem to move in a mesmerizing dance when viewed from afar. Approaching the house one hears the rhythmic ticking and whirring of intricate machinery. Master Kherozh does not mind visitors at all, he loves to have people come there so he can demonstrate his inventions, and perhaps sell a trinket or two. Few of the town's inhabitants can afford his contraptions, so he is extra fond of visiting adventurers from afar.

Within the workshop there is an array of alluring constructs, in various stages of completion. These range from small, intricate pocket watches or craftsman's tools, to larger and more complex creations such as a self-playing piano or a mechanical plow. Some might serve practical purposes, such as household assistance or farming facilitation, while others could have unique abilities like flight or the ability to manipulate elements, or even time itself.

The Workshop is protected from thievery by a large metal construct, the Watcher, that overlooks the place through lenses that see everything (**AWARENESS** rolls succeed automatically and only a dragon rolled for **SNEAKING** or **SLEIGHT OF HAND** can elude its gaze). If thievery is spotted the doors are instantly locked and the Watcher will go to attack. For Kherozh, use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Scholar, but raise **CRAFTING** to 20.

SOLD AT THE WORKSHOP

Pocketwatch, 5 g

Tells the time of day and also works as a compass. Needs to be wound up every day. Gives a boon to rolls for **BUSHCRAFT** when finding one's way in the wilderness.

Glowing crystals, 10 g

Gives as much light as a torch but never goes out. Comes in a square box where two sides can be opened to let the light out.

Resonance Ball, 10 g

A fist-sized ball that emanates a low, humming sound when a button is pressed. If placed against stone, metal or wood it will resonate louder if there is a hollow space on the other side. Great to detect secret doors, hidden caches, or concealed traps.

Metal songbird, 25 g

A small metal nightingale that sings beautiful melodies when wound up. Each person that hears the melody heals a condition of one's choice. The bird can only sing once per shift.

Temporal manipulation clock, 300 g

This clock can be activated once per shift. If the pointers are moved back, the wielder will be moved back in time. The amount of time can be chosen, but the wielder will lose the same amount of time the following ten days, often the most significant part of each day. The game master chooses when and what effect this has.

Whispering Quill, 20 g

When activated by a command word, this quill will write down what it hears for one stretch of time. This effect can be activated once per day.

Glove of Forboding, 90 g

When faced with a difficult decision, one can insert a hand inside the glove and ask for what consequences there will be for up to five choices. One finger at a time will then react according to the most plausible outcome for the choice connected to that finger. A bad and/or violent outcome will result in pain (even a lost finger if war is for example the outcome), a good outcome of a choice will result in pleasure, and so on and so forth.



THE WATCHER

The Watcher is a metal construct that watches over a certain area, person or object. It is powered by a magical substance created by the dwarves of Thym Zûr thousands of years ago, a science that is now forgotten, except for an inventor in Croownsheadh who recently cracked its secret. If whatever it is protecting is attacked, stolen or disrupted – it attacks immediately with unwavering ferocity. The transgressor has now become the Watcher's enemy, and there is no turning back...

Ferocity: 2 **Size:** Huge

Movement: 14 **Armor:** 10

HP: 50

Outstanding awareness: The Watcher sees and hears everything. Its visual and audio receivers are almost infallible. Only a dragon roll for **SNEAKING** will elude its gaze and hearing.

D6 Attack

- 1 **Hear me roar!** The Watcher lets out a deafening roar, making every creature of lesser size than huge within 60 meters tremble with fear. They must all suffer a fear attack, and roll for WIL with a bane.

The Old Cobblestone Bridge

Crossing over the river is a picturesque stone bridge. People often cross it on their way to the fields, and it is a favored spot for fishing, storytelling, and for children to play. Sadly it has also recently become the abode of a will-o'-the-wisp that lures people down into the river if they cross the bridge alone at night. Fighting, and defeating it, will only temporarily banish the creature. To banish it permanently its remains need to be given a proper Bastionite burial, a cremation ceremony overseen by a Thrakon cleric. The body was that of a spurned lover who took his life by drowning himself in the river. Use the game data on page 120 in the Dragonbane Bestiary.

D6 Attack

- 2 **These boots are made for walking!** The Watcher raises its iron boot and tramples the nearest enemy. The victim takes 2D8 points of damage and must make an **EVADE** roll or become stuck under the foot. If stuck, the victim must make a **STR** roll (an action) free itself and stand up again.
- 3 **Power slap!** The Watcher swings its mighty arm forward and slams the head of the nearest enemy. The victim takes 2D10 points of bludgeoning damage and becomes Dazed.
- 4 **Kickoff!** The Watcher kicks the nearest enemy. The victim suffers 2D10 points of bludgeoning damage and is also thrown back as many meters as the damage taken. If it hits a wall it takes an additional D4 points of bludgeoning damage.
- 5 **Rock it!** The Watcher picks up two large nearby objects and throws them at two enemies within 20 meters. Both objects deal 2D8 of bludgeoning damage.
- 6 **Swing it!** The Watcher swings its heavy warhammer in a wide arc, hitting every enemy within 5 meters who all take 2D12 points of bludgeoning damage.

Plainsville

The Marketplace

As there is not much place for market stands on the main square, there is instead a large marketplace just down the slope of the hill, with a diameter of around a hundred meters. Due to the town being smack in the middle between all the baronies and Foamsvale, more or less everything that can be bought on Windheim can be found here in one stall or another. A lot of business and trade deals are made here and much of the baroness' wealth comes from the copious amounts of taxes she gets due to this.

But where there is money, there are also thieves. The town guard has a lot of trouble with a band of pickpockets who sneak about the marketplace, looking for easy victims. Their leader is a halfling called The Shadow, due to her ability to disappear whenever the guards look for her. Her underlings are deadly afraid of her as she has managed to slit the throats of everyone who has ever tried to buy their own freedom by ratting her out, leaving her with no choice than to relocate her base to another house in town. And now any pickpocket who gets caught would rather submit to public flogging than trying to get off the hook by revealing anything about her. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Thief and raise **EVADE**, **KNIVES** and **SNEAKING** to 18, and add the heroic abilities **ASSASSIN**, **BACKSTABBING**, **DUAL WIELD**, **FAST FOOTWORK** and **LIGHTNING FAST**.

You made a mistake coming here, and you'll not get out alive.
THE SHADOW

AN ATROCIOUS NIGHT IS OVER

The party comes to the White Dove, a coastal inn on the outskirts of Eastville. Only last night the inn successfully endured the onslaught of Marius Broadfeet's pirate mallards. They departed at dawn. Among the dead is a dead mallard wearing one half of a golden medallion with an inscription in an almost forgotten ancient language. If they decipher it, it provides some cryptic clues about the location of a temple of the sea goddess Nelië. Marius Broadfeet is enraged by the loss of the medallion and starts to hunt whomever has found it. The party's quest for the lost temple is also complicated by the pirate mallards of Sulla Ironbeak, Marius's archenemy. He pursues the same goal and has the other half of the medallion. One needs to combine both to get to the temple and find its hidden crypts.

Approaching Plainsville, one instantly feels the smell of baked bread and freshly cooked food. Being the northwesternmost of the towns of Crownsheadh, the bread basket of Windheim, gives the town a surplus of food and there are many vendors of street food here.

Plainsville's main square has the usual four buildings: a temple to Thrakon with the sacrificial well just outside its doors, a bank, an inn and the residence of Lord Thyndehr Plainsmaan. He is a modest man in his early fifties with a balding head, a crooked grin on his face and fine clothes, often in red. He is also an absolute giant of a man, towering over most people on Windheim. He is a wise enough ruler, content with his post and completely without ambition to advance further up the social ladder.

Aahhh. What a fine day to be out in the sun. Just look at the beauty around us. Thrakon is good.

THYNDEHR

His house, a rather unassuming two-storied stone construction, is dwarfed by the town's inn The Crossroad which takes up a whole block of the town. It was established well over a hundred years ago when trade from all over Windheim started passing here and the official roads were drawn creating the crossroad the inn got its name from. Since then, it has grown into the nine building inn it is today. There are no other competing inns in the town, but two smaller taverns.

The innkeeper is a man called Durek, and his family has been running the inn all these years. He was the fourth child of his parents and never thought he would inherit the place, but all of his older siblings died in different battles, some against the Myhl and some at the hands of Khal Dhem hammers. So when his parents died of a disease three years ago, young Durek reluctantly put on the apron and took over The Crossroad.

EVENTS IN CROOWNSHEADH

T6 Event

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 | Khal Dhem has poisoned the river. |
| 2 | Elma has disappeared under the hill. |
| 3 | Olana has shot a visiting noble from the mainland. |
| 4 | An explosion in the Clockwork workshop. |
| 5 | Undi's business is exposed. |
| 6 | A visit from governor Goldhenstaahr. |

*Residence of
Lord Thyndehr
Plainsmaan*

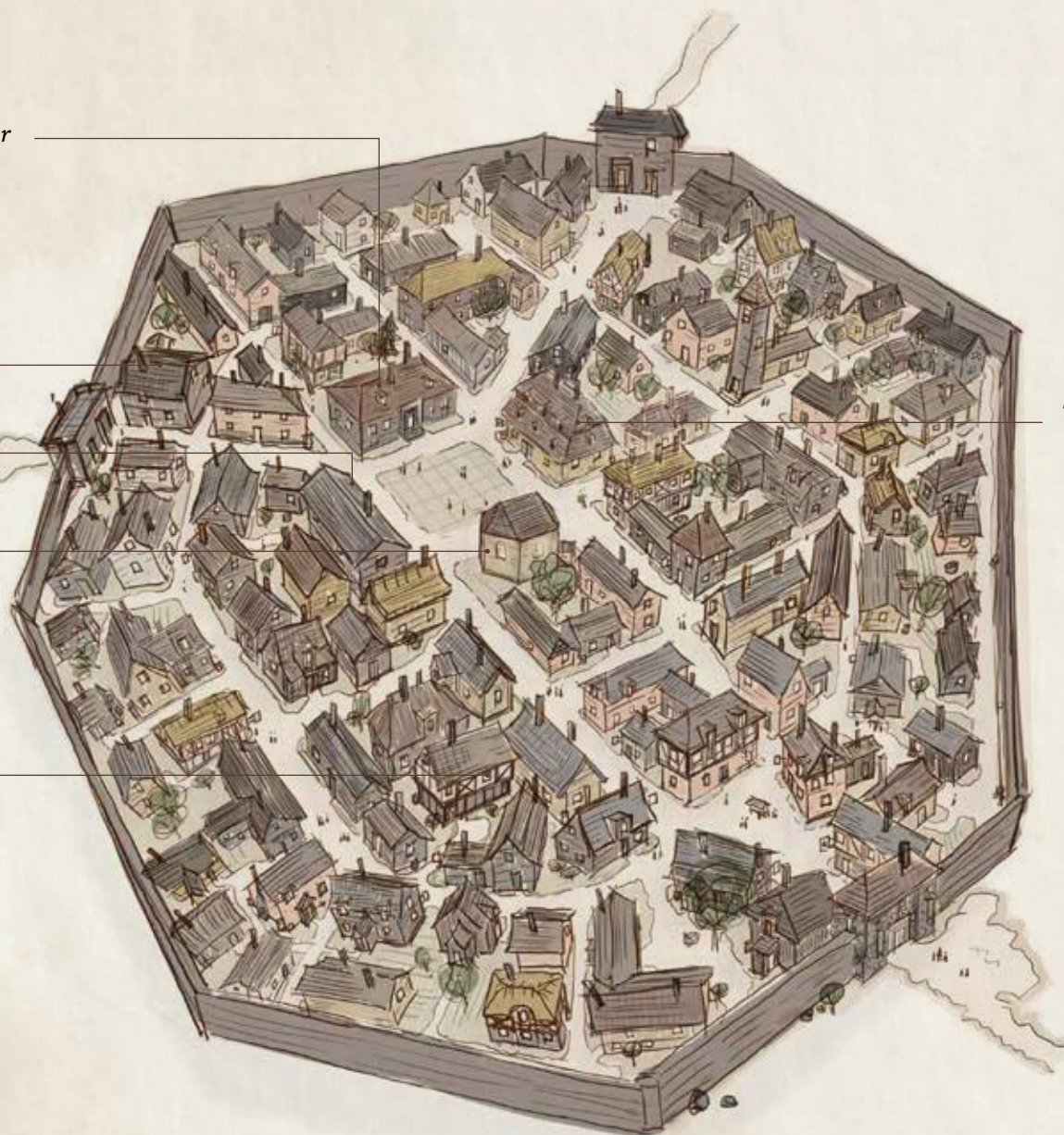
*The
Garrison*

*The
Crossroad*

*The Temple
of Thrakon*

*Regins
mapmaking
workshop*

The Bank



Anotte the Great

Anotte the Great is a mage who used to be on the High Council in the City of the Mages far to the north on the mainland. After having found an ancient text mentioning The Times of Descension and the Horn of the Dawn his narcissistic and distrustful nature made him decide not to send one of his underlings but rather go to Windheim himself in search of the artifact. He is not a very likable person, being boastful, arrogant and petty. Sadly enough for anyone who takes offense and wants to do anything about it he is also extremely powerful. Back in his home city he was used to having one of his servants proceeding him at all times, ever declaring the arrival of

“Anotte the Great” wherever they would go. But now, traveling all alone, he does the announcing himself instead. His beard is long, he dresses in mage robes of reds and blues, and manages to always look down on anyone he meets, be they taller or shorter. He is often straightening his pointy hat as it goes askew every time he speaks due to his frequent head bobbing. For game data, see The Horn of the Dawn part 1.

Out of my way peasant! Do you not KNOW who I am?!

ANOTTE THE GREAT

Zara

Another non-player character that the party might come across is Zara, a thin woman with graying hair and a clear gaze, who people of the town call the Whispering Nomad. She is a mysterious nomadic peddler, always with her hood pulled forward to shade her face, known for her keen insights and strange questions. She deals in small and simple trinkets, and her tent is often set up outside the north gate when she is in town. She is actually an information gatherer for a powerful countess on the mainland, and she knows much about what goes on here on Windheim. She sells information if the questions do not impede her work for her mistress. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Spy

Well, maybe I know, and maybe I don't. The question is – how much are you willing to pay for that information?

ZARA

The Garrison

The village has a large garrison that patrols the border to the Khal Dhem mountains. Led by captain Uler the squadrons barracked here are about three hundred strong, with half as many horses for the patrols. The captain is a sour and prim man in his late forties with long mustaches hanging down well below his chin. He was friends with Lord Thyndehr Plainsmaan in his youth and they both still keep a friendly tone in all their dealings with each other. A successful roll for **AWARENESS** though, will reveal that there is bad blood underneath the pleasantries between them. Uler was in his late teens betrothed to Sana, who in the end chose to become Thyndehr's wife, and Lady of Plainsville. Before she died in childbirth ten years ago she had given her husband four children, but evil rumors say that Uler is in fact the father of at least two of them. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Guard, but raise **RIDING** to 14.

You'll follow orders, that's what you'll do. No gallivanting or heroic hogwash. You're a soldier, damn you, not a champion from a gleeman's tale!

ULER

Regin's Map-Making Workshop

Another place that adventurers would probably love to visit is Regin's Map-Making Workshop. Regin the mapmaker is a man in his early forties who originates from the mainland where he was the Crown's finest architect. But as he was finishing the new Tower of Thrakon in the Bastion, he had to flee the capital due to the disappearance of a powerful duke who had had an affair with his wife. To punish them both he had given them a

sleeping poison, and put them in a secret alcove in the tower which he then covered with bricks. They were thus buried alive in the foundations of the tower.

But as investigations into the disappearance of the duke began, the now melancholic and crestfallen architect decided to get away from the capital. He took a ship to Windheim, changed his name to Regin, and set up shop as a map maker selling premium maps to adventurers heading out into the wilderness to the west, south or east. His mood improved after a few years and he is now a kind and serene man with round glasses that are hanging in the corner of his mouth more often than not. He sells maps that, although they are pricey, are the best on Windheim. They give a boon to rolls whenever it is relevant. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Scholar, but raise **BARTERING** to 14, **CRAFTING** to 16 and **SNEAKING** to 15.

But of course I have a map of the Trollwoods. I just can't seem to find it, return in four hours and I will surely have found it by then.

REGIN THE MAPMAKER



Regin the mapmaker

Other Small Villages in the Barony

The local Lady or Lord is probably very proud of the village and works tirelessly to improve it. Both in terms of trade and economy, but also in military power. Strangers would often be received with great interest, especially if the party has a mage or a prominent person from the mainland among them. Use the stats from the Core Rulebook: Scholar.

As there is a lot of export of grain from the barony, many of the villages have harvest festivals where merchants come from all over the island to purchase the harvest. These festivals also gather a plethora of bards, strangers, adventurers and thieves. And there are many contests where the party can test their skills against the locals. A game master can be creative here to let each character shine in their own way.

A DWARVEN CHILD

The party checks a request board. There are a lot of missing person posters around. Asking around, a wide variety of folks have gone missing, days apart – without a trace. There are rumors of bandits or worse on the roads outside of town.

As they investigate, they will come across a dwarven child – the child is in distress, crying and rambling. Once they get them to calm down, they will tell the party about having been attacked on the road – their family have been taken captive by bandits, but they managed to slip away.

Being a good samaritan is not always the best choice – the child turns out to be a lesser mind demon in disguise and it has lured good hearted folks into early graves for quite some time. Once they are alone with it, who knows what it may do. Will they fall for the scheme and be devoured by it, as so many have before them? Will they see through the demon's lies and punish it for its misdeeds? Or perhaps, a third option...ask for a boon in return for letting it continue its' bloodthirsty cruelties?

EVENTS IN RURAL CROOWNSHEADH

T6 Event

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 | Festival in the village. |
| 2 | A dwarven peddler comes, selling strange wares that seem almost magical. |
| 3 | A pie eating contest. |
| 4 | The local ale is poisoned. |
| 5 | The recently widowed local Lord has run off with his lowborn childhood crush. |
| 6 | A bard sings lewd songs at the inn and is thrown out. |

A KNIGHT'S QUEST

Lady Didymus was cursed by the wyrm Arzanath to wander the world without flesh: only her skeleton remains. To hide her curse, she never removes her helmet or plate armor in public. Four deeds must be completed for the curse to be lifted: to find the sword of Eldathril, slay Arzanath the wicked, find the heart of a ferner and finally win the heart of a mage.

As the characters stumble upon an overgrown graveyard, Didymus emerges from the shadows. Apologizing for startling the characters she presents herself as Didymus, on a quest to retrieve the sword of Eldathril. She is unable to open Eldathril's tomb, and reluctantly asks for help. On the gate to the tomb is inscribed "The gate is for the living to open to carry the dead within. The sword is kept by the dead, the dead keep it, only the dead can take it."

The knight asks the characters to come with her into the labyrinth of the tomb. Anything but the sword that they find is theirs. The labyrinth of the tomb is guarded by the living dead and dangerous traps. Realizing the danger, Eldathril calls his undead minions to keep the intruders away from him.



STONESWAARDH

Stoneswaardh is known for three things primarily. Firstly, the oxen that live here called brokhen, providing plenty of meat for the barony. Secondly, the wall that was built a few decades ago, cutting off the Myhl on their peninsula. And last but not least, the high rock that the barony has gotten its name from. It stands on the western shore of the strait that connects Myhl Bay with the ocean, and below it lies the town of Stoneswaardh, where baron Goldhehr Stoneswaardh resides.

THE WICKED WELL

The party arrives to a small village on the countryside. The Thrakon well here is one of the oldest on Windheim, and tithes have been sacrificed here for almost two hundred years. The demon worshiping sorcerer Quilnac has taken over the village and has, together with a swarm of power demon imps cleared the area of any good forces. Clerics and soldiers are all slain, and the temple is a smoking ruin.

When the party arrives, Quilnac has just initiated a ritual to change where the portal down in the well leads. Instead of leading to the divine core of Eshfera, it will soon penetrate the barrier and create an opening to the demonic powers she worships. All the demon imps in the area feel the barrier weaken and start to gather to welcome their masters. But with them comes also something bigger, something even more evil...

Stoneswaardh

The first thing someone sees when approaching the main town of the barony is the 200 meter high stone crag that looks like a sword of stone that's been thrust halfway down into the ground. On a ledge two thirds up to the summit the Bastionites have built a lighthouse, leading the way for vessels in the night. The crag juts out from a small headland at the narrowest point of the Stoneswaardh strait and from the ledge lookouts also have a great view of the surrounding territory.

The town itself lies just to the south and has a population of a little over a thousand. It has a large harbor as sea elf ships often come here carrying wares from across the four seas, and there are even some ships from the mainland that come here and not to Foamsvale to trade.

The Thrakon Temple

The temple is a typical one, led by a cleric in her forties called Yna. Her biggest problem at the moment is a heretic cult calling themselves The Mermaid's Lovers. Rumors recently emerged that they are said to worship a mermaid living in a cave by the sea. The mermaid is actually an ancient sea elf that has left her people to try and become a Goddess among humans. She lures people that come close to her cave with enchanting songs, and then gives them a love potion made from an extract from corals that only blooms under the light of the twin full moons. The potion makes one fall madly in love with the first creature they see and creates a connection as enduring as the waves of the sea. Therefore the cult members would die before revealing the location of the mermaid. They congregate secretly in town to share their love for their mistress, and once a month, when the twin moons are full together, they assemble and go to her cave.

Whaaa... ehh... whatchaaaa...?Naaaaaahh... Iiiii-ehh... whaaa...? Welleeeeehh... Like-eehhh...

RANDOM MEMBER OF THE MERMAID'S LOVERS

The Whispering Willow

The inn is called the Whispering Willow as it was built against a great willow tree whose bows hang over the small stream running through the town. The tree seems to whisper to people who rest in the shade beneath it, the words are never remembered but the theme of the message one seems to hear is clear in one's mind. There is a sense of urgency, but that only lasts one shift of time, and then it fades and most people continue living their lives as they always have.

The innkeepers are two sisters in their fifties called Gurna and Firla who are each other's opposites in every way. Gurna is a thin mingy woman with a dry voice and a sour face who always goes about cleaning the place, while Firla is a happy

heavy set woman who happily talks to every guest and gives away free drinks to anyone she feels brightens up the place. In spite of their differences they have a deep love for each other and neither one of them have taken a husband in all these years.

A frequent guest in the inn is a Myhl called Yrillian, a weatherbeaten hunter who has a very pleasant way about him. Due to this, he is more than welcome by most people in town as he often sells meat at below market price. He likes to buy people drinks and hear their stories and listens much more than he talks, registering everything he hears. He is secretly gathering information on the Bastionites for Gylion. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Spy and Hunter from the Core Rulebook.

Well, you don't say? I'm intrigued, tell me more about it.

YRILLIAN

The Manison of Stoneswaardh

The mansion of baroness Nihra Stoneswaardh is a typical Bastionite two-storeyed house but stands out a bit as it has an eight meter high marble copy of the stone sword sticking out of the roof, towering over the town square. The baroness is a stern woman in her thirties who has recently given birth to her sixth child, so she is ruling from her bed. Upon each birth she prayed to Thrakon to let Yna, the town cleric, read the future of each of her children, and each time she got a vision of the child dying very young. So she keeps on producing more heirs, in hope that at least one of the readings was not true. So far the first five have all died before their second birthday. But this one though seems unusually healthy, much to her mother's delight. The



Yrillian

only problem is that this daughter, Tira, is not the baroness' child. The midwife swapped her for an orphaned child she had delivered the night before, in hope that her Lady would get a healthy heir.

WHISPERS FROM THE WILLOW

D6 Message

- 1 Follow your dream.
- 2 Write your memoirs.
- 3 Find a new love.
- 4 Seek adventure.
- 5 Obey no one.
- 6 Challenge your rival.

EVENTS IN STONESWAARDH

D6 Message

- 1 Firla dies, possibly poisoned.
- 2 The Willow stops whispering.
- 3 The wetnurse tells the party her secret.
- 4 A member of the cult gets publicly flogged.
- 5 The lighthouse fire goes out.
- 6 Yrillian is exposed.



The Lighthouse

The lighthouse on the stone sword cliff is managed by a strange halfing called Urbas, he likes the solitude that his work gives him. He is responsible for making sure that the fire lighting up the lighthouse never goes out. It is said that he never sleeps. He never comes down to town, he is provided with food and water laid in a basket that he then hoists up and sends down. Sometimes strangers make the long climb up to the lighthouse, only to be faced by a shut door and crude insults shouted from inside. Urbas never opens for anyone. A dragon roll for **PERSUASION** if someone makes a really good argument will make him open the door though, and show the inside. He will continue with the offensive insults though, constantly commenting on everyone's intellect, physique and poor judgment.

*No! I won't open you f***** h***** g***** t****. Piss off!*
URBAS

FURS OF BLOOD

Esara, who was once a powerful merchant, is the one in Sotenswaardh responsible for the tax collection of ferner furs from the Myhl. She hires the party for a discreet mission. A merchant who is the one running the gathering of the tax is believed to have smuggled away some furs. Can the party break into his home to look for proof of this?

At the merchant's house they are met with a gruesome sight. The whole family lies slaughtered in the dining room. A sole survivor, a severely shocked woman, has been hiding in a closet. Shortly thereafter the town guard arrives. The woman instantly perks up and identifies the player characters as the ones responsible for the murders. They can fight, run or allow themselves to be arrested and try to run away later. Regardless, they have to find the true murderers to clear their names.

The truth of the matter is that Esara has hired sell-swords to extort the Myhl tribe Uoohn for more furs than the law demands. The now dead merchant wanted a piece of the cut and became a liability. The party can find a clue leading to the sell-swords' hideout, a special kind of leather bracers, in the merchant's house. Or find letters in Esara's house from which they can investigate further. Perhaps the search could also mean a trip to the Uoohn tribe who have been terrorized by the sell-swords?

The Wall

The wall is manned at all times by patrolling Bastionites from the garrisons in Hilltop and Southwall. Hilltop is an old town and from there general Timun commands the battalion tasked with manning the wall and sending outriders on missions into the Myhl peninsula. The wall was built twenty five years ago, just after the rebellion of Gylion, Elrica and Wiqzamar. The Bastionites decided they needed some control over the comings and goings of the Myhl, and to be prepared if a large force of them would rise again and come west. The construct goes from bay to bay in a north-south direction crossing the isthmus. Three meters high in most places and almost two meters thick it winds its way through the hilly wilderness. There are wooden lookout towers every kilometer manned by four archers and a rider. The only gates in the wall are by the two villages Hilltop and Southwall. For general Timun, use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Knight Champion (Boss).

First time you fall asleep on guard duty on the wall, it's a week in the cells. Second time it's the executioner's block. That's my way of running things here.

TIMUN

Captain Vohra



The Stone Portal

In a remote corner of northern Stoneswaardh, there are some standing stones. These are a remnant of the ancient Myhl culture that was the dominant power in Eshfera 2 000 years ago, and were used as teleportation gates. But that art is since long forgotten, and no one now even knows what they are or how to use them.

There are runes on them, just barely visible after all these years, that can be discerned and written down. Though the Myhl did not read or write after they arrived on Windheim, there is a scroll that explains how the portal works. It was written by the eldest of the surviving children that were teleported to Windheim. He could actually read, though no one knew it when he was chosen to be of the children sent away. And on his deathbed, he wrote on a scroll in elvish how to read out the words in the Myhl language, but kept the scroll hidden. It is now kept among the Ironclaw tribe, who preserve the scroll, believing that in it lies the key to the salvation of their people. In upcoming adventures this scroll will play a major part as the player characters are given a choice to search for it and use it to rediscover the lost art of teleportation.



The Rest of the Barony

Westswaardh by the sea and Northswaardh, a logging village, are the biggest villages in the barony beside Stoneswaardh. They both have their rather specific purpose, fishing and timber respectively, and have a little over 500 inhabitants each. Most of the population of the barony lives as hunters or cattle farmers among the hills though. The great oxen called brokhen lives all over the barony and there has in recent decades been great progress in domesticating the giant beasts.

Lord Westswaardh, a burly halfling in his forties with a scar across his bald head, is a cousin of Lady Northswaardh who is a tall human with short cut hair and a muscular build. They are great friends and their villages have much business with each other. Timber is sent south for the shipyard of Westspuuh, and smoked fish is sent up north to feed the lumberjacks. Other villages are often no more than hunting villages with a population under a hundred, led by an elderly hunter who is training, guiding and leading everyone.

Pylor is a hustler who always wins every deal. In his younger days he was an adventurer, nowadays though he uses his old contacts to act as the middleman between adventurers and employers. He often has a number of quests posted on a billboard outside the Buried Sword Inn in Westswaardh, which he owns. He has connections in all levels of society, has informants all over Windheim, and makes sure he always has a hold on the right people to be able to collect favors at the right time. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Spy, but raise **BARTERING** to 17.

EVENTS IN THE BARONY

D6 Event

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 | Yrilion comes to town (see Stoneswaardh). |
| 2 | Anotte the Great (see Plainsville) comes to the village. |
| 3 | Brokhen are dying from a disease. |
| 4 | A goblin raid from the mountains. |
| 5 | A Myhl raid over the wall. |
| 6 | A member of the Mermaid's Lovers comes to preach. |



MYHL PENINSULA

The large hilly peninsula in the northeasternmost part of Windheim is home to the seven tribes of the Myhl. No one knows where or even when they came to Windheim but, as is told in the history chapter, 2000 years ago they arrived through the standing stones in Stoneswaardh, with no memory of where they came from. They met Uen, a wood elf druid, who taught them to live off the gifts of nature and after she left them they worshiped her as their Goddess. As the years went by the Myhl grew in numbers, but keeping to themselves and hiding whenever someone not of their kin came near they were isolated for nearly a millennium.

The nature of the peninsula is not much different from that of the barony of Stoneswaardh, except that the hills are a bit higher and steeper, especially when one comes northeast, towards the coast near Elfheim.

The Seven Tribes

The Myhl are primarily hunters and gatherers, but are only semi-nomadic. Most of them have two longhouse villages that they alternate between, one in spring and summer, the other in fall and winter. They do this following the minor migrations that the broken make twice a year, or as is the case with the Tohn tribe the fish in Myhl Bay and the eels in East Bay. The Kabh tribe lives only in Myhlir, the village in the middle of the peninsula that functions as the capital for the Myhl. The Goldflowers live by the forest just southwest of the outlet of the Meandering River. And the tribe of Gylion, the Oalaks, live only in the woodland wilderness in the most remote part in the northeast.

The Gurior (Numerous) Tribe

Almost half of all the Myhl belong to the Gurior tribe who are spread out over all the peninsula. A majority of them live south and west of Myhlir though, all the way to the wall in the west and to the mountains and ocean in the south. They live in smaller societies of one or two hundred that struggle to survive with the raised taxes that force them to go out on many dangerous hunts for ferner, when they could have been hunting broken.



There are about 1 500 Guriors and their Waelindor (leader) is Iraea, a tall and slender woman in her late forties with a pleasant smile. Her red hair is tied back with many small interwoven braids. She is a master hunter and never sends out someone else on something dangerous if it is possible for her to go instead. Her father held most of their clan out of Gylon's rebellion and though she had wanted to join it, she still remembers that her father's decision saved many lives for the Gurior tribe, and thus practices caution in her own

decisions regarding the Bastionites. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Myhl hunter, but raise **AWARENESS**, **AXES**, **BUSHCRAFT**, **EVADE**, **HUNTING & FISHING**, **SNEAKING** and **SPEARS** to 17, and add the heroic abilities **EAGLE-EYE**, **FAST FOOTWORK** and **FEARLESS**.

Sometimes, the thing you want is not the best course of action.

IRAEA

FERNER

The ferner are solitary marten carnivores who live exclusively on the Myhl peninsula on Windheim. They are extremely shy and will run away at any sign of humanoid kin approaching. They have red fur that seems to almost radiate a light of its own with lines of white cutting through the red in different maze-like patterns. If cornered, they will defend their lives and attack ferociously with long teeth and razor sharp claws. If caught and properly skinned, the fur from this animal can be sold on the black market in Foamsvale for 1 000 gold coins.

Ferocity: 3	Size: Small
--------------------	--------------------

Movement: 24	Armor: 1
---------------------	-----------------

HP: 16

Hard to catch: A ferner will never attack a character. But if the party wants to go on a hunt to try and catch one they can do so, but they will be up for a difficult and dangerous task. To find one they must first roll for **SURVIVAL** to find tracks of a ferner, with a bane to the roll, unless they are traveling with a Myhl. Then, as they come closer, they must succeed with a roll for **SPOT HIDDEN** to spot it in the high grass. If they succeed, each player that wishes to join the final part of the hunt may then make a roll for **SNEAKING**, rolled with a bane, to come close enough to fight it. If even one of these stealth rolls fails, the ferner will dart off and disappear immediately. If shot at from a distance, it will also flee,

so a player character would need to kill it with one single shot. The best way to come close enough for melee attacks, is to sneak up on it from at least three directions. The skinning of the animal requires a successful roll for **HUNTING & FISHING** (rolled with bane for all non-Myhl) and this may only be attempted once and by one player.

D6 Attack

- 1 **Bite attack!** The ferner bites the closest player character with its long teeth, inflicting 2D8 piercing damage.
- 2 **Claw attack!** The ferner attacks the closest player character with its razor sharp claws, inflicting 2D8 slashing damage.
- 3 **Swift strokes!** The ferner scurries through the legs of two random player characters within 20 meters and slashes at their legs, inflicting 2D6 damage to both.
- 4 **Leaping attack!** The ferner makes a great leap and attacks a random player character 10 meters away, sinking its teeth into the neck of its prey, having found a weak spot in the armor. The attack does 2D6 piercing damage. Armor has no effect.
- 5 **Piercing shriek!** The ferner lets out a shriek that pierces the mind and numbs the senses. All player characters within 30 meters suffer a fear attack.
- 6 **It disappeared!** The ferner finds an opening to run away and successfully flees the combat through the high grass.

EVENTS AMONG THE GURIOR

D6 Event

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 | A hunter is found torn to shreds by a ferner. |
| 2 | A Bastionite patrol comes riding. |
| 3 | A fight breaks out between two starving families over a piece of meat. |
| 4 | A ferner hunt is starting and the party is invited to follow. |
| 5 | A brokhen has been caught and a feast is prepared. |
| 6 | Iraea is mortally wounded, and has something to say to the party before she dies. |

EVENTS IN MYHLIR

D6 Event

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 | A visit from a Thym Zûr dignitary. |
| 2 | Two tribe leaders come to blows outside the Waelindaar. |
| 3 | A Bastionite scholar from the mainland arrives. |
| 4 | A ferner has gone rabid and goes berserk in the village. |
| 5 | A dragon is sighted flying high up in the air. |
| 6 | The Phorobaar has gone missing. |

The Kabh (Painted) Tribe

Myhlir is the only larger village where Myhl live all year round. Here lives a tribe devoted to preserving the knowledge and the traditions of their people. They never leave the village but live out their lives performing their duties here, they are recognized by their tattoos covering much of their face and body.

Some are shamans, who perform rites in honor of Uen.

They are also guiding the leaders of the tribes who often come here to seek advice. They have tattoos on their foreheads. One, two

or three lines going in an arc from the eyes to their ears. The more lines, the higher the rank. The Kabh are a little over five hundred strong. Some are singers, tasked with preserving the tales and history of the Myhl. They know by heart poems about all the major events, and sing many songs about heroes, ancient and recent. Their tattoos go in wavy lines from their mouths to their ears. The ones with shaved heads with axes tattooed on each side of the head above the ears are the fighters, Myhlir's ceremonial guard. They keep watch over the village, but first and foremost they protect the Waelindaar (Hall of Leaders).



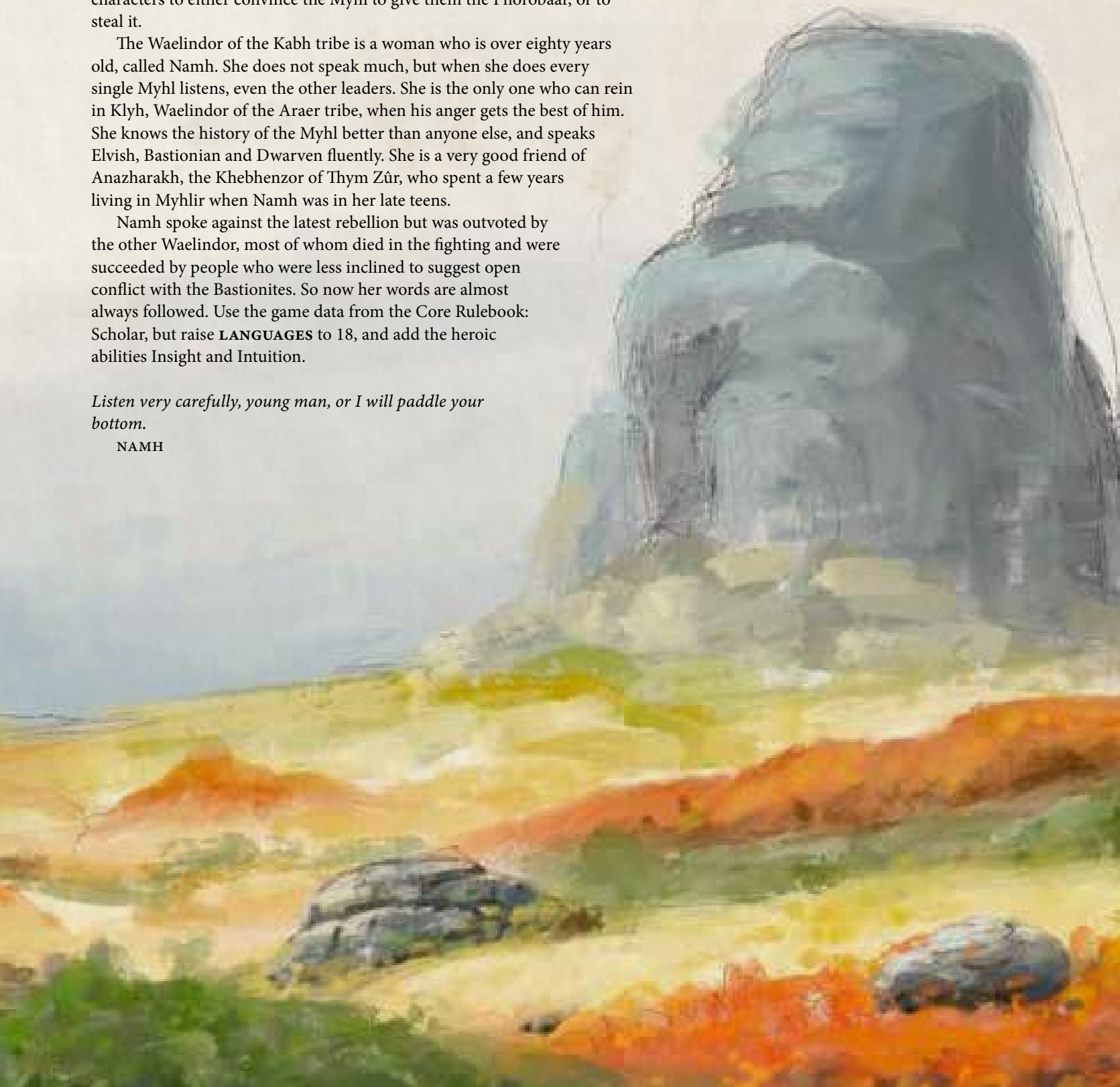
The Waelindaar is the largest building in the village, with space inside for a hundred people. The only furniture inside is seven large thronelike wooden chairs standing in a circle, one for the leader of each tribe. At the far end of the house the wall melds with the side of the hill that towers over the village, and set into the dirt wall is a ruby of great size, larger than a clenched fist. This is the Phorobaar. It was given to the Myhl by the dwarves of Thym Zûr, and it is one of the three gems needed to find the Horn of the Dawn. The Myhl treasure it over any other possession they have, and in Horn of the Dawn part 2 it is the difficult task of the player characters to either convince the Myhl to give them the Phorobaar, or to steal it.

The Waelindor of the Kabh tribe is a woman who is over eighty years old, called Namh. She does not speak much, but when she does every single Myhl listens, even the other leaders. She is the only one who can rein in Klyh, Waelindor of the Araer tribe, when his anger gets the best of him. She knows the history of the Myhl better than anyone else, and speaks Elvish, Bastionian and Dwarven fluently. She is a very good friend of Anazharakh, the Khebhenzor of Thym Zûr, who spent a few years living in Myhlir when Namh was in her late teens.

Namh spoke against the latest rebellion but was outvoted by the other Waelindor, most of whom died in the fighting and were succeeded by people who were less inclined to suggest open conflict with the Bastionites. So now her words are almost always followed. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Scholar, but raise **LANGUAGES** to 18, and add the heroic abilities Insight and Intuition.

Listen very carefully, young man, or I will paddle your bottom.

NAMH



The Araer (Moonweaver) Tribe

Up in the northern woods dwells the Araer tribe. They live secluded from most other Myhl, and the Bastionites don't even know of their existence, partly because the tribe did not take part in Gylion's rebellion.

They have abandoned the worship of Uen, believing that another Deity would better be able to aid them in their plight. So they turned to Seraï and began worshiping her, and her twin moons in the sky. In this they were guided by a wolfkin by the name of Arwha, who after her military service among the Bastionites decided not to go back to her home on the mainland. Instead she lived out her days among the Myhl, who she had taken pity on during her two years on Windheim. So she taught them the rites of worship, believing that these proud hunters belonged in service to the Mistress of the Hunt.

Those that chose to accept the call left their tribes to form a new one, the Moonweavers. They are, except for the Oalak, the smallest tribe in terms of numbers, only a few hundred. They live in the woods close to the shore of Elfheim, hunting wild beasts and performing rites in the moonlight. The tribe lives isolated from the rest, but come south to trade sometimes. They bring meat which they exchange for arrowheads and weapon repairs, as they have no blacksmiths of their own.

Their Waelindor is Klyh, a man so obsessed with the hunt that he very seldom comes to Myhlir to attend the meetings with the other leaders. And when he does, there is always great tension as he refuses to accept Bastionite authority, and openly scorns members of the other tribes. The only one he respects is Namh. Klyh is one of the strongest humans on Windheim, an absolute giant of a man with a wild stare that makes anyone flinch, except again the elderly Waelindor of the Kabh. Although most Araer hunters hunt by way of stealth and cunning, Klyh's way is by brute force. He is a charismatic leader, but speaks Bastionian very haltingly and likes to give strangers weird nicknames. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Bandit Chief (Boss), but raise **AXES** and **BRAWLING** to 17, and

add the heroic abilities Battlecry, Double Slash, **FEARLESS**, Iron Fist and **MASSIVE BLOW**.

Haha! Funny-ugly mister bald-y man!

KLYH

The Uoohn (Windwhisperer) Tribe

The Windwhisperers migrate all over the peninsula wherever the wind takes them. They gather roots and berries on their way, and shoot birds with their great bow of yew, having caught them in the wind. They use wind magic that they've learned from the sea elves, and can bend the wind to their will if they need to.

The Waelindor is an elementarist called Foaelir. A tall man in his early forties with a long orange beard that is starting to turn gray by the ears and under his chin. He never makes any decisions without first consulting the winds, where he believes he hears Uen's voice. Since Windheim is the birthplace of all the winds that spread out over the world, he says that they live in the holiest of places.

The clan was crucial during the last battle of the rebellion as it was their magic that was supposed to drive Wiwzamar's fire towards the Bastionites. But the winds they created were too strong, and a wildfire that could not be stopped spread uncontrollably in all directions. Foaelir was there and was the most powerful elementarist that survived the battle. He has seen with his own eyes that there is no way for the Myhl to free themselves from under the Empire's yoke by ways of fighting, but still feels a deep urge to get revenge on the Bastionites. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Myhl Hunter, but add **ELEMENTARISM** 16.

The wind brings us air to breathe, makes us strong and wise, and gives us pleasant dreams.

FOAELIR

EVENTS AMONG THE ARAER

D6 Event

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 | A clan of wolfkin comes unexpectedly from the mainland, to aid and live here. |
| 2 | A great bear comes into camp, Klyh fights it alone. |
| 3 | The twin moons are full, a ritual begins. |
| 4 | Some Uoohn hunters come to join the tribe. |
| 5 | A sea elf sneaks into camp in the night to meet her lover. |
| 6 | Klyh snaps the neck of a hunter that criticizes his way of hunting. |

EVENTS AMONG THE UOOHN

D6 Event

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 | Foaelir dies, and his successor Tealia can not hear Uen's voice in the wind. |
| 2 | The wind abruptly changes direction 180 degrees. |
| 3 | A Bastionite patrol approaches. |
| 4 | A Thym Zûr peddler visits. |
| 5 | A young wind dragon contests the winds created by Foaelir. |
| 6 | The wind stops completely and magic can't create winds either, this has never happened before. |

The Tragh (Goldflower) Tribe

The only tribe apart from the Kabh that live in one place all year around are the Thragh who have made their homes just southwest of the delta of the Meandering River. There they have planted great gardens and many herbs and trees. They are masters of the soil, and no other people on Windheim knows more about planting and cultivating sprouts and shoots than they do. Because farming is much safer than hunting, and the fact that they have not taken part in the rebellions because very few of them are fighters, this is the second largest tribe after the Guriors. The tribe is about eight hundred.

Their land is bright with color, even in winter due to the Folloor trees that bloom in red when it is below freezing temperatures. The greatest of these is over 30 meters tall and stands out against the snowy landscape as a red beacon. They grow many fruits and different types of grain, but also healing herbs that they trade with the other clans for ferner furs to pay their taxes to the Bastionites. They also provide the Araer with some metal work in exchange for furs. They do not eat meat.

The Tragh are led by Anau, the spouse of Iraea. None of them have left their tribe though and thus they only see each other when they convene in the Waelindaar with the other myhl leaders, or when Iraea brings the Gurior north to hunt near the fields of Anau's tribe. He is a beardless man in his mid-forties with black hair and large hands. He towers over most of the people in his tribe and is a master herbalist. He is the calmest of the Waelindors and never loses his temper. He wants peace more than anything, but because his wisdom lies in knowledge of herbs and plants, he leaves the important decisions to other leaders among the Myhl. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Myhl Hunter, but raise **HEALING** to 15.

Seeds, seeds are food, and food is power. At least all the power we Tragh need.

ANAU

EVENTS AMONG THE TRAGH

D6 Event

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 | A blight spreads over the land, killing all that grows. |
| 2 | Marriage feast for Iraea's and Anau's oldest daughter. |
| 3 | A Bastionite patrol approaches. |
| 4 | A halfling Bastionite is caught thieving. |
| 5 | The biggest goldflower ever seen grows from seedling to great height in one day. |
| 6 | A wildfire is spreading, wreaking havoc. |

The Tohn (Fish) Tribe

The tribe that lives closest to Stoneswaardh is the Tohn tribe. In spring they set up their yurts along the eastern shore of East Bay, just south of the wall, to hunt the eel that come there with the spring currents. The Tohn stay there over the summer and then move north to the east coast of Myhl Bay where they lay out their nets for the various fauna of fish there. They preserve both eel and fish by smoking them, and then exchange them for ferner furs and meats with other tribes. There are about four hundred Tohn Myhl, spread out over three villages.

The tribe is led by Phirien, a short woman in her late twenties with braided red hair and bright eyes, one of their few warriors. She seldom leaves her dwarven two-handed axe behind, except when a Bastionite patrol comes riding by. She took over leading the clan after her uncle died a few years back. Her fierce temperament is well matched by her wisdom, and though she makes some bold decisions at times, she is seldom reckless. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Myhl hunter, but raise **AWARENESS**, **BUSHCRAFT**, **EVADE**, **HUNTING & FISHING**, **SNEAKING**, **SPEARS** to 15, and **AXES** to 18, and add the heroic abilities **FAST FOOTWORK** and **MASSIVE BLOW**.

My axe? It is a family heirloom, as are most Myhl axes, given to my ancestor by the dwarves many generations ago.

PHIRIEN



THE PROPHECY OF ELRICA

It is said, that after the Battle of the Burned Lands Elrica, daughter of Gylion and the most renowned of all the Myhl champions, died and was buried on a clifftop on the westernmost cape of the Myhl peninsula. There she was embalmed by Wiqzamar, and put to rest in a sarcophagus adorned with carvings of her heroic deeds. And one of the shamans that was present uttered this prophecy, and then she died:

Verily, I see it! Yes, oh what bliss! When the serpent roars, and the horned one wreaks havoc upon the land. Then by Uen's power will she resurrect again! She will ride the serpent through the skies and their wrath will block the light of the twins. And through them will come our salvation or death.

EVENTS AMONG THE TOHN

D6 Event

- 1 A Bastionite patrol approaches.
- 2 A pirate mallard ship in the bay.
- 3 Gylion comes to the village to recruit Lon.
- 4 The eel/fish disappear.
- 5 A dragon is spotted flying over the sea.
- 6 A sea elf ship anchors to trade goods and news.

EVENTS AMONG THE OALAK

D6 Event

- 1 A young wind dragon is spying on the camp from afar.
- 2 A dozen fighters give up the cause and will join the Araer.
- 3 Wiqzamar comes to see his old friend Gylion.
- 4 Gylion becomes weaker, will he die?
- 5 A sea elf stumbles in on the camp.
- 6 A band of Gurior come to join.

The Oalak (Never Surrendering) Tribe

Led by old Gylion, a remnant of the army that fell during the last rebellion still dwells hidden among the high hills on the east coast of Windheim, north of the Iniz Baurhum Mountain range. The Oalak tribe were called the Ynikiihr before the rebellion, and was the most numerous with over two thousand, but these days they are less than two hundred. That might prove to be enough of a spark to start something bigger in the future though, given the right circumstances. Most were Ynikhiir before the fighting started, but some who belonged to other tribes chose to stay with their brothers and sister in arms, and continue the fight. They live off what they can hunt but also get some gifts of food from the other Myhl from time to time.

It happens that they ambush Bastionite patrols passing through Myhl territory, and they always slip away in time before a search party can find them. They have even on rare occasions made raids over the wall, but the other Waelindor have begged them to stop that, since the repercussions from the Empire are swift and brutal and fall on their people, and not the raiders.

Gylion is an old man now, crippled by the injuries he sustained during the rebellion. But he has sworn never to give up the fight, he will have vengeance for his daughter, Elrica. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Bandit Chief (Boss), but his weapon skills are **AXES 12** and **BRAWLING 10**.

I will NEVER make peace with those traitors! I did NOT put my daughter in a grave, only to bend the knee to some pompous baron! They will cease collecting the tax, or perish.

GYLION



HEALING HERBS OF THE TRAGH

Purple leaves that are boiled into a tea that heals 1D6 hp if drunk when hot.





THE FIVE MOUNTAIN RANGES

The Glimmering Mountains

Between the west coast of Windheim and the Glimmering lake lies the smallest of the five mountain ranges, the Glimmering mountains. Once home to the Hokhal Merekh dwarves it is now mostly known for the sanctuary of Barakhon that lies high up in the mountains. The ruins of the dwarven realm have since long been plundered dry, with one exception. Here lies the Horn of the Dawn, hidden here by Barakhon, who during the latest Time of Descension managed to get his hands on it.

THE SANCTUM

The sanctum was founded shortly after Barakhon hid the horn when Alda, his most devoted champion, died here. She had come to these mountains searching for him, in hope that he had not yet ascended to the heavens. But she was too late and died of grief on one of the twin pinnacles of the mountain peak Azhurbum. She was buried there by her squire, in a cave right below the place where the two mountains meet. This is now the holiest place on Windheim for followers of Barakhon. The cave is filled halfway up with water coming down from the two peaks creating a pool, in the midst of which there is a stone walkway that goes halfway out into the water, to a great circular platform in the middle. Under this lies the grave of Alda, and here she rests with her holy armor and her magical sword Radiance. The water is holy and is said to bring health and long life to anyone who drinks it. The flat pinnacles of the twin mountains are the closest places to the sanctum where buildings could be constructed. Below it there are only steep precipices, and a narrow winding path along the mountain side is the only way up.

There are buildings on both of the two mountain tops, with a bridge connecting them. The bridge is a remnant of the dwarven realm of Hokhal Merekh from thousands of years ago, but all the buildings were made by the worshippers of Barakhon. The main building is for the communal meditations that take place every day at dawn and dusk, celebrating the coming of the light of Barakhon and lamenting the loss of it. The largest building on the western peak is for melee combat practice, both unarmed and with the blessed golden morningstars that each anointed wield in battle. There are also dormitories (a separate one for visitors), a large dining hall and one of the most well stocked libraries on the island.

Outside there are several ash trees, a garden for healing herbs and two wells. One of these is used for ceremonial purposes and goes all the way down to the pool by the sanctum. The other provides the worshippers with its everyday need for water.



HOLY WATER

Anyone who drinks from the water of the Silfver Sun Sanctum is cured of any disease or curse.

Inhabitants of the Sanctum

The sanctum is led by Sunbringer Melser, a tall, strict man with long white hair whose age is hard to guess. He is convinced that the reason the sanctum was built at this particular place was because Barakhon left something for his followers here, and he is not wrong... Rumors say that he is over two hundred years old, due to a secret elven ancestry, but he quickly shuts down any such speculations. The rumors are true though and he has spent over a hundred years on Windheim, during which he has found and collected several artifacts that are now

in the sanctum's possession. He is experienced, learned and devoted enough that he could have been appointed Sunmaster in Bastion a long time ago had he wanted, but his studies have given him clues enough to lead him to believe that he is close to finding the answers he seeks here. He is often found outside under a tree, reading a book and flipping its pages with ink stained fingers. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Sunbringer, but raise **MYTHS & LEGENDS** and **HAMMERS** to 18.

Barakhon has no use of those who do not have the patience to follow his path.

MELSER

Another prominent person in the sanctum is Sandara, whose botanical knowledge is greater than any other's on Windheim. The elderly woman often travels among the people of the barony of Silfverspuuhr to give aid and help heal the sick and wounded. She is also somewhat of a social genius, everyone she meets finds her extremely likable. Thus she has become an ambassador of sorts for not only the sanctum but for the Barakhon belief in general. Some say that this is why the cult has grown so much in popularity on the island this past half century. Not a few within the sanctum though say that her predilection to spend much time with younger men is not in line with the chastity vow that all those anointed in the Barakhon faith must swear. Melser though seems to accept her reasons and believes her to be true to her vow, and protects her from the intrigues of the clergy. She is often brushing a strand of her gray curly hair off her face. She, as Melser, holds the title of Sunbringer. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Sunbringer, but raise **PERSUASION** and **HEALING** to 18.

I need a volunteer to help me tend to the sick, preferably a strong young man.

SANDARA

Isa is the sanctum's instructor in the sacred art of wielding the blessed golden morningstars of Barakhon. She is a little over forty, competent and strict, and she does not suffer fools. Her training sessions often end with a student being brought to Lia for healing, but the result of her hard teachings is that the Sunseekers of the sanctum are among the finest fighters on Windheim. She often cracks her knuckles and talks with an imposing voice, a little too loud even for many of the anointed here. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Sunseeker, but raise **HAMMERS** and **BRAWLING** to 18.

Don't worry, it's just your head, thinking isn't your strong suit anyway.

ISA

It is seldom that a Lightbearer starting a life of devotion to Barakhon shows a magical talent, but when Lia first came to the sanctum it was clear that she had been born with the spark. A dusty old grimoire of a deceased healer called Ardunar was given to her. She instantly started learning spells from it, and now she does little else in the sanctum than studies the magic school of animism. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Scholar, but add 12 in **ANIMISM**.

I...I don't know if I can save him. But I'll give it my best.

LIA

Keelo

At dusk about half a year ago, a young man threw himself down the cliff, for unknown reasons, and died. His ghost now haunts the sanctum at sundown every day for one hour, then it throws itself over the edge with a horrible wail and then disappears. The truth of it is that he had a love affair with Isa, and that they were supposed to have a secret meeting at dusk. When Isa did not show up Keelo went in search of him, and finding him in the bed of a visiting woman from Southspuuhr, he jumped to his death. His spirit will only find rest if the truth, that Isa was drugged by the woman with a love potion, is revealed. For this reason the trainer is not often found in the sanctum after sundown, she cannot bear seeing the restless spirit of her beloved. If left alone, the ghost will not attack. But if confronted in an uncalm manner it will wrathfully charge. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Ghost.

I was betrayed...

KEELO'S GHOST

EVENTS IN THE SANCTUM

D6 Event

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 | A random monster comes up the mountain path. |
| 2 | Isa takes out her frustration on a student. |
| 3 | An artifact has gone missing, theft is suspected. |
| 4 | Sandara is found in bed with a young man. |
| 5 | Lia suffers a random magical mishap. |
| 6 | A griffon attack from the skies. |

Thym Zûr



Thym Zûr dwarves consider theirs to be the oldest tribe of the dwarves, naturally this is contested by Khal Dhem who also makes this claim. Nevertheless, they have lived in their mountains since their ancestors first awoke in the deep, and their realm as well as the mountain range all bear the same name as the tribe.

The realm is ruled by the Council, where a representative from the most prominent families each have a seat. When the Khebhenzor, the Head of this Council, is a strong dwarf the council is not consulted as often as when it is a weak one, then the assembly convenes more often. The current Khebhenzor is Anazharakh, she is about 150 years old and was in her youth one of the youngest generals in the history of Thym Zûr. She has brown hair and beard, both braided down to her waist, and dark brown eyes. She speaks with confidence in all things with her clear deep voice. She is often fiddling with a coin in her hand, given to her on her father's death bed. Tradition says that it was the first coin ever minted by their family, the Urumburzhakh.

I will not make this decision lightly, but I will make it!

ANAZHARAKH

She listens to the Council but makes it very clear that she is calling the shots. She is a shrewd tactician and has a cautionary view towards Khal Dhem, she is not keen on throwing away dwarven lives. In this she is opposed by a faction in the council led by Mukharzh, who finds her weak and wishes to replace her. Three times he has challenged her in council meetings and only been silenced when she has asked if he wishes to challenge her on a vote of confidence, or challenge her to single combat. Although entry to the realm is forbidden for any stranger who is not a Myhl, it is possible for a player character party to be allowed to enter. Either through the events in The Horn of the Dawn part 2, or if the party wishes to explore Thym Zûr for other reasons. If the latter – just getting a high enough ranking councilmember to approve such a request would be a scenario in and of its own, either placed in the Outer Town of Enkharom, or the Foretown of Mizhil Arkhom.

The realm is divided into four administrative regions: North, East, South and West.

THE NORTH

The Harbor and Ykherozh

In a small bay on the northern coast of the Thym Zûr mountain range lies a small harbor with two small piers. The harbor is mostly for trade with the sea elves, but the occasional Bastionite ship anchors here now and then as well. There are four massive catapults on ledges along the cliff walls of the two headlines forming the bay, ready to face a threat from raiding pirate mallard ships at all times. These are loaded with rocks that if an attack occurs will be doused with oil, then set ablaze and hurled at the ships, bringing fire and death. The master of the harbor is Ukhzhahr, who is rather tall and almost lanky, for a dwarf. His brown chin curtain beard is short trimmed and he is always puffing on a pipe in the corner of his mouth. He is often found on one of the ledges with his binoculars, looking for approaching ships, be they friends or foes. Whenever he sees a ship coming in to anchor though, he always goes down to meet them, he wants to be the first to greet arriving vessels. He speaks Sea Elven fluently, and Bastionian without any hint of an accent and is a very pleasant and friendly person. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Adventurer, but add **LANGUAGES 14**.

They're out there, I can smell their flea-eaten feathers. If they come here, we'll show 'em!

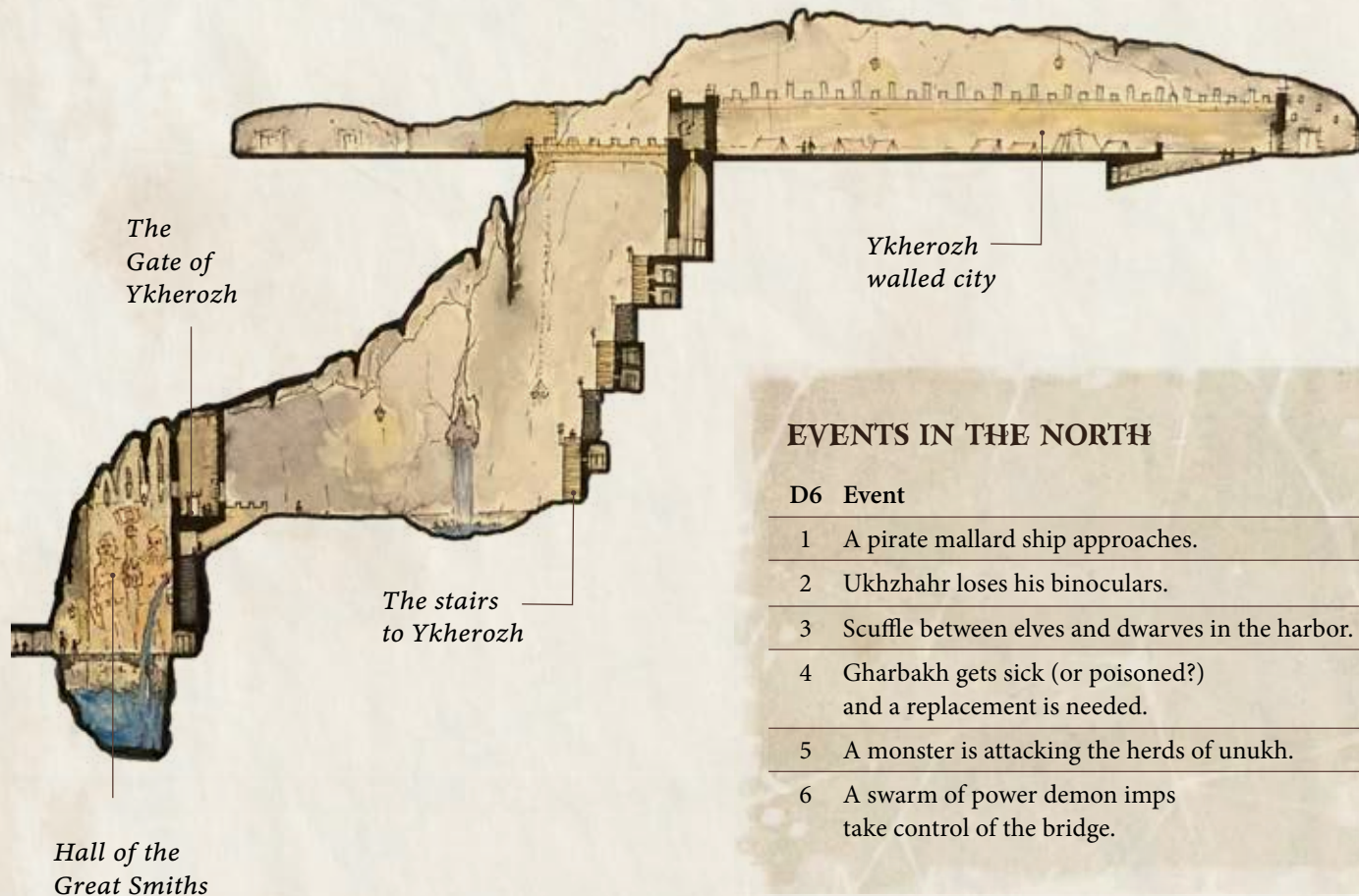
UKHZHAHR

Ykherozh

There grows a majestic old oak tree on the very narrow shore, just outside the mouth of the tunnel leading into the small dwarven town of Ykherozh. This town only has about seven hundred inhabitants, most of whom are shepherds tending the unukh (see below) that live in the mountains here. There is also an impressive hallowed forge which brings some smiths here from other parts of the realm.

The town is built along the shores of an underground river, flowing out towards the sea. The entrance from the harbor is an impressive sight, with a stone bridge leading over a pool that collects the water from a waterfall. And with great carved reliefs of dwarven smiths along the walls.

In Ykherozh lives one of the five Okhathazh (dwarven for "Holy Leader"). They are the highest ranking religious leaders of the dwarves, and they each preside over a sacred forge, guiding their flocks in the holy smithing in honor of Kheldizn. The Okhathazh here in town is called Gharbakh and he is the oldest among his peers, with an immensely long beard



EVENTS IN THE NORTH

D6 Event

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 | A pirate mallard ship approaches. |
| 2 | Ukhzhahr loses his binoculars. |
| 3 | Scuffle between elves and dwarves in the harbor. |
| 4 | Gharbakh gets sick (or poisoned?) and a replacement is needed. |
| 5 | A monster is attacking the herds of unukh. |
| 6 | A swarm of power demon imps take control of the bridge. |

held together with small intricate golden pins and clasps. He is always found in the forge and rarely goes up into open air. His sight on one eye has become very bad with age so he has constructed a spyglass-like monocle which if he is not wearing he constantly fiddles with in his great callused hands. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Okhamûr, but raise **CRAFTING** and **MYTHS & LEGENDS** to 17.

Oooohh, you've come here to forge? To create in the name of Kheldizn! Aaahhh, come, come..I'll show you a trick or two. Hehehehe...

GHARBAKH

The Unukh

On the slopes of the northern mountains, the dwarves have many herds of unukh. They are a sort of mountain goat but larger and with great horns with long black fur. The existence of these is a secret, since the dwarves prefer that the Bastionites think that they are dependent on trade with the empire to supply their population with food. They have never really fully trusted their imperialistic allies. Inziil, a liquor made from the milk of the unukh is very strong and few except the dwarves can manage to drink it without passing out.

THE EAST AND ENKHAROM

The East deals mainly with trade going to and from Foamsvale, both on an official government level, but also on a smaller and private scale. The official one is mostly about selling standardized swords and armor in exchange for food and gold. The private trade is for any dwarven made product there is a buyer for, which there always is.

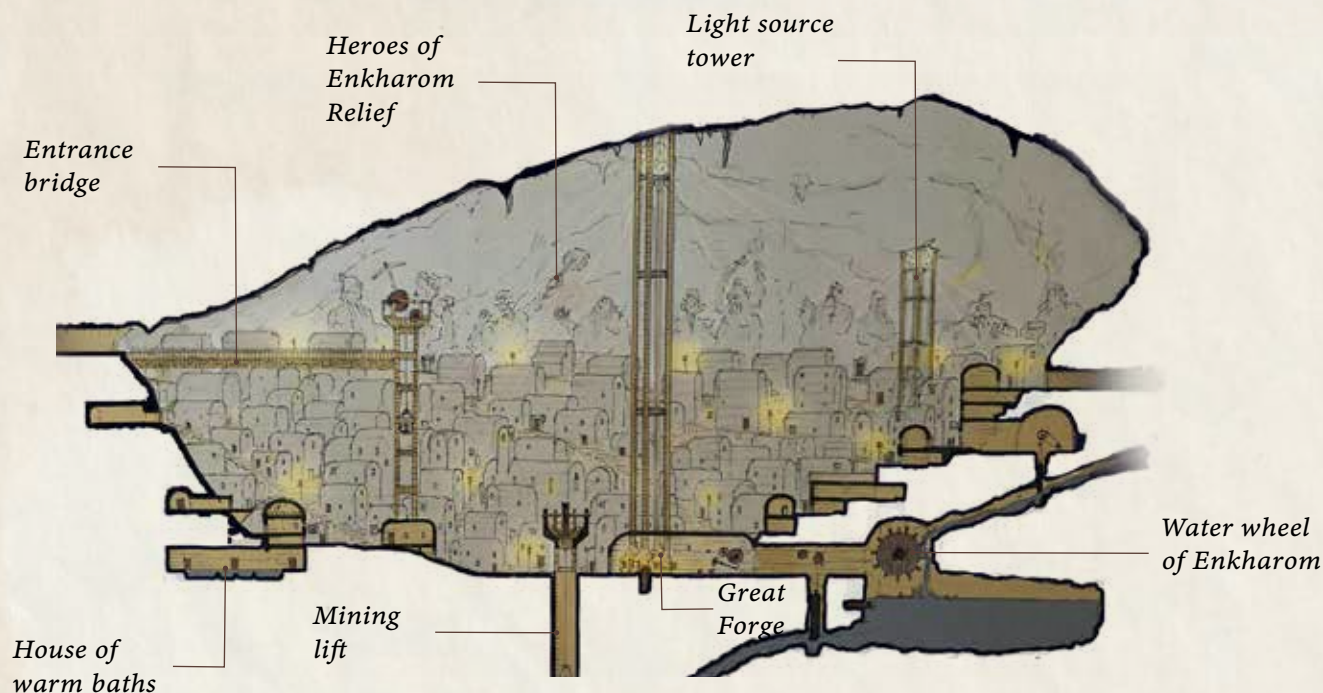
The East Gates

Most private Bastionite merchants come to Enkharom, the dwarven town just inside the east gate of Thym Zûr, near Foamsvale. Outside the gates the Bastionites have set up a sort of camp-like village, where traders can stay while they make their deals with the dwarves, some of which come out to meet

them. If they do, the visiting merchants do not need to pay the toll that is charged for entering the outer town. 5 gold just to enter, 20 if you are there to do trade.

The Outer Town

The Outer Town is just inside the fifteen meters tall iron gates, double doors with a relief showing admiral Faros Ouldwoodh kneeling before the Council of Thym Zûr. The Outer Town is as far into the realm that Bastionites are allowed to go. The Myhl though have full freedom to go anywhere they want, the dwarves have much love in their hearts for their ancient friends and take great pity on them in their time of need. Inside is a huge open circular cavern that is 400 meters across and 200 meters high. There are buildings both at the bottom of the cavern and along the walls, carved into the stone. Here merchants and visitors can go to one of the many stores that sell dwarven made weapons, armor and trinkets. Adventurers coming to Windheim for the first time, and having a bit of gold with them, often come here to equip themselves before they set out.



Kamrazh Store of Dwarven Masterpieces

If adventurers have asked around for the best that money can buy, they often come to Kamrazh, one of the finest dwarven weapon smiths there is. When she left the holy forge of Mirazh Khargath to start her own business, this was not at all to the liking of her superiors. But left she did, and now has a flourishing business in Enkharom. She has her red beard braided back on each side of her neck and then has it braided together with her hair along the back. She has fiery green eyes and a ready smile for anyone coming to the shop in search of the very best, and she makes jokes, often bad puns, winking at her customers. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Okhamûr, but raise **CRAFTING** to 18.

Kamrazh's weapons are not considered magical, but all have a durability score of +4 and deal damage one dice value above the ordinary. For example, the broadswords she has made deal 2D8 instead of 2D6, and the two-handed axes deal 2D12. But they all cost four times as much as the weapon normally does. Her armors all have an armor rating of +1 above the standard value and removes one bane (which one varies). These cost three times as much as the normal price.

My masterpieces are the finest dwarven craftsmanship can make, and cost only a wee bit more than me competition.

KAMRAZH

The Fireheart Inn

Another popular place in the Outer Town is the "Fireheart Inn", where visitors can try the popular dwarven liquor with the same name. Fireheart is a highly alcoholic beverage that dwarves distill from a fungus growing in the deep moist caverns of their realm. Though highly intoxicating, it sets their hearts on fire and gives them great strength. A mug costs 5 silver coins, but buying a flask for 2 gold is possible if a successful roll for **PERSUADE** is made.

The innkeeper Khorga is a talkative rather unusually short dwarf with short trimmed black beard and big eyes. She loves to talk strangers into trying a mug of fireheart and then see them stumble about. Khorga often spits on the floor and then tries to rub it away with her foot. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Innkeeper.

Fireheart, heh? Well, I'd not say it's TOO strong for ye, but then again, who can tell...?

KHORGA

FIREHEART

Fireheart gives dwarves a boon to all rolls based on STR but a bane to all other rolls for D6 hours. Anyone who is not a dwarf and succeeds with a CON roll gets the same result. A failed roll results in gaining the Sickly condition for D6 hours during which all rolls are made with a bane.

ENKHAROM

At the far end of the Outer Town there are three large passageways leading into the actual town of Enkharom. These are always guarded by armed dwarves with chainmail, helmets and battle axes. Only dwarves and Myhl are allowed through these and enter the realm of Thym Zûr.

Enkharom is the second largest town of Thym Zûr, only surpassed by the capital, with its 4 000 citizens living for the most part in the main cavern. The town is not, as most Thym Zûr towns and villages, lit up by shafts letting in sunlight which is then spread out with mirrors. Instead Enkharom is illuminated by two crystals set on high towers, reflecting the fire inside them and sending out many rays of light over the town. Therefore this is the only settlement in the realm that never goes dark. The brightest rays of light fall on the cave whose walls are covered with massive reliefs, depicting important historical events from the past.

The House of Warm Baths

In the House of Warm Baths a tired traveler can rest weary muscles, and a stressed out advisor can ease a troubled mind. People come here to relax in the pools of water that has been pumped up from an underground river which is heated from a lava stream that flows by it. The proprietor, Khamikozh, runs the house with his seven sons and seven daughters who all look almost identical to their father.

There's not a knot in any back that these dwarven hands won't loosen.

Khamikozh



The unukh

EVENTS IN THE EAST

D6 Event

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 | Governor Kaelohr Goldenstaahr visits. |
| 2 | Kamrazh kills a halfling that had tried to steal some daggers. |
| 3 | Scuffle as the guards stop two Bastionites trying to sneak beyond the Outer Town. |
| 4 | Khamikozh gets sick (or poisoned?) and dies, his children argue on who should replace him. |
| 5 | Two Khal Dhem dwarves in disguise are trying to sell fake trade contracts to gullible Bastionites. |
| 6 | Three mind demon imps take control of the guards who run amok attacking anyone in sight. |

SCHERPING'S FOLLY

Far north in the Thym Zur range stands the pinnacle of Scherping's Folly, the mythical shrine of a Myhl shaman called Scherping who once tried to travel to the gods in heaven. The Bastionian oppression of the Myhl people had driven him to this bold move. But they are not forgiving, pilgrims to Scherping's Folly return as empty shells, if they return at all.

The party is approached to find four youths of a Myhl village, seduced by the promise of seeking out the gods. The climb, a narrow cliff-edge path, is dangerous. At the summit they find a lich, Scherping, stealing the pilgrims' spirits. But this is not what it seems at first glance. Scherping is gathering spirits to power his magic against the growing menace of stone kin to the west who are planning massive raids on both Silfverspuuhr an Thym Zûr. Do they believe this lich? And how can they save the pilgrims without dooming the lands to invasion from the stone kin?

THE WEST AND MIZHIL ARKHOM

The West Gate

The west gate of Thym Zûr is situated about a two day journey from either Vale's End or Silfvermane and is, like the east gate, an impressive sight. Also about fifteen meters high, the heavy iron doors are adorned with a massive relief of the fire and hammer sigil of Thym Zûr. Like the east gate, there has grown a small village of tents here outside the entrance for smaller merchants who do not afford to pay the toll to enter Mizhil Arkhom.

The Foretown

The Foretown, just inside the gate, is much smaller than the Outer Town of Enkharom. The cavern that one enters beyond the iron doors is only about fifty meters across, with a dozen or so shops, small forges and workshops built along the walls of the square-shaped cave. In the center lies the tavern called "Mizhilmahr" (dwarven for "Western Delights"), run by two elderly identical twin sisters with white beards tucked into their belts called Omkhirah and Emkhirah. They founded the inn in their youth when the trade with the barony of Silfverspuuhr grew and the Foretown was built 150 years ago. Their constant bickering is one of the sources of entertainment, another is old drunken Khoberth who recites ancient poems that he somehow manages to remember by heart. For Omkhirah and Emkhirah, use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Innkeeper. For Khoberth use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Bard.

Hush, barbarian, and hear now the story of the accursed hero Zhurhin, the Black Sword.

KHOBERTH

Mizhil Arkhom

A triangle-shaped opening, two meters high, leads inwards into the actual town of Mizhil Arkhom. The buildings are built along ledges and on bridges of a vast cavern, sixty meters wide and a hundred meters high, in the middle of which there stands two massive stalagmites that grow from the bottom to the top of the cave. Along their sides staircases spiral upwards with many bridges connecting them to the different levels of the town.



EVENTS IN THE WEST

D6 Event

- 1 Lord Silfvermane visits and is enraged at not being allowed to enter beyond the Foretown.
- 2 Celebration as Ahkathûl delivers a holy weapon to Rokhzha.
- 3 Scuffle between two Bastionite merchants among the tents outside the gate.
- 4 Omkhirah and Emkhirah actually start a fist fight.
- 5 The corruption of Rokhzha is revealed by an offended secretary.
- 6 Three blight demon imps spread disease in the Foretown.

MILITARY RANKS IN THYM ZÛR

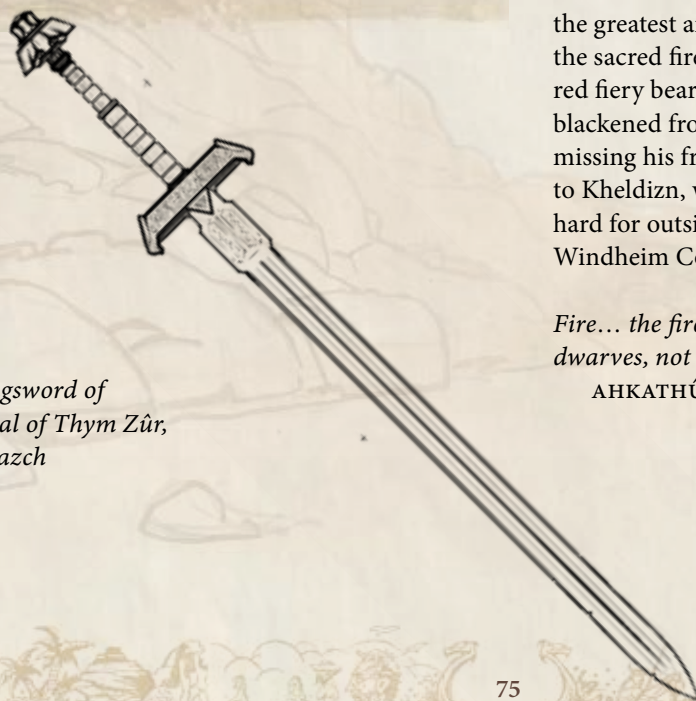
Corporal

Captain

Colonel

General

*Ykhahozar, longsword of
Zhykthoth, general of Thym Zûr,
forged by Thorbazch*



About two thousand dwarves live here and there is also a rather large Myhl community of around four hundred, most of whom are housed on the upper level. Most of the dwarves work with the mining of many metals that can be found in the depths of the mountains, for here the ore deposits surpass any other on Windheim.

The town is run by Rokhzha, a rather corrupt dwarf with narrow blue eyes that often squints at whoever she is talking to. She does manage to keep her greedy theft of funds a secret though due to also being very competent. The riches going from Mizhil Arkhom to the treasury of Thym Zûr are greater than they have ever been, mainly because she is managing the trade with Silfverspuuhr extremely well. The fact that she fills her own pockets with chests of gold as well is therefore known to no one. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Merchant.

A deal is always beneficial for both parties, wouldn't you say?

ROKHZHA

The Sacred Forge

The sacred forge of Mizhil Arkhom lies in the lowest part of the town in a small cave about ten meters across and fifteen meters high, reached by a narrow staircase that starts at the bottom of the main cavern. The forge is the second oldest in the realm and its Okhathazh is a very young but incredibly talented smith called Ahkathûl. There were many who did not think him worthy of this position when a new Okhathazh was to be appointed after the previous one had died, but all doubts are now gone as he has proven himself time and time again. Some even say that the will of Kheldizn runs through his veins as he has a talent unseen in any smith since the days of Thorbazch, the greatest artisan that ever lived. He is even said to endure the sacred fire on his skin without getting burned. He has his red fiery beard in a disarray most of the time, and his hands are blackened from being in the fire day in and day out. He is also missing his front teeth, rumors say that he has sacrificed them to Kheldizn, which along with halting Bastionian makes him hard for outsiders to understand. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Okhamûr, but raise **CRAFTING** to 20.

*Fire... the fire is the soul of Kheldizn... Fire cannot hurt
dwarves, not if they're true to her...*

AHKATHÛL



General Zhykthoth

EVENTS IN THE SOUTH

D6 Event

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 | The Council are inspecting the defenses, Zhykthoth is offended. |
| 2 | Celebration as Ahkathûl delivers a holy weapon to Zhykthoth's daughter Zhykhi. |
| 3 | Scuffle between two corporals. |
| 4 | A scouting party returns from the south, heavily decimated. |
| 5 | Yhkhahozar is missing, perhaps stolen? |
| 6 | Three mind demon imps spread dissension among some captains. |

THE SOUTH AND THE BORDER

The South region is a strictly military zone which stretches along the entire southern border overlooking The Pass, while only being a few kilometers wide. There are railways (see below) running the entire length of the zone with many carts, making it possible for a large number of soldiers to reach any part of the border incredibly fast.

There are hidden strongholds every five kilometers along the whole border with gigantic catapults, much like the ones outside Ykherozh overlooking the harbor there. Each of these twenty strongholds house a garrison of four hundred soldiers that can be ready for combat in twenty minutes. Such a dwarven company consists of a hundred crossbow shooters, eighty light infantry, two hundred heavy infantry and twenty dwarves of whom some are bagpipers, playing battle tunes, some play the drums of war, and five spellcasters wielding the magic of Kheldizn. Their offensive battle magic seems to fail though, when cast at Khal Dhem dwarves, so they mostly provide healing.

General Zhykthoth

In command of the border defense is general Zhykthoth, a brilliant strategist that has held his position for over a hundred and fifty years. A veteran from a time when the war was still taking place on the plains of Windheim, he has a near legendary status in the realm. He has seen several Heads of the Council come and go and has been seen by some as a healthy balancing force when leaders have held near absolute power over the realm. He has shaved his beard off completely, vowing that he will only let it grow out again when Khal Dhem is utterly defeated. This is considered immensely bizarre by any dwarf, but also speaks volumes to the amount of respect he is given that he has been able to do this and still hold his position. He has his thin white hair in a top knot, tied with many bows and ribbons and is seldom seen without the longsword, Yhkhahozar, on his back. It was forged by Thorbazch long ago and was given to him after the war was won by governor Andin Goldenstaahr, son of Undin, who had gotten it from the Council of Thym Zûr as a token of the alliance between the two realms. Use game data from the Core Rulebook: Knight Champion (Boss).

A swordarm is only as strong as the brain controlling it.

ZHYKHOTH

MIRAZH KHARGATH

The capital city, Mirazh Khargath, is situated where the other regions meet, next to Windheim's highest peak, Amkhorozh. It is the only town in Thym Zûr that is not underground. It is shaped like a funnel with no roof, very wide upper levels containing the majority of the residential buildings, and very small lower levels where the most ancient and prominent houses of the tribe have their mansions. There are fifty levels from the highest to the lowest one. From most of the floors there are corridors leading into the mountain, as the city grew so did the need for more homes. Some corridors lead to elevators that connect all the floors, all of these except one are small ones for a few dwarves at a time, and they are drawn by five Unukh with the help of great counterweights. One, which is for the transportation of heavy goods, is drawn by many goats and is solely used for official businesses

At the very highest level, the circular rim of the city is a good six hundred meters in diameter, making the circumference almost two kilometers. Each following level is ten meters less in diameter and has five meters of walkway which is also the roofs of the houses on the floor below.

Here, closer to the sky, the air is fresher (if one is not a dwarf and happens to care about such things). The view downwards is spectacular, with countless fruit trees and waterfalls gathered in small pools from which chutes run to provide water for the whole city. Many statues adorn the parapets, and countless gems of many colors have been fitted into the rocks, reflecting the starlight at night. Tending the gardens is the responsibility of around two hundred Myhl that live here in the city, most of them on the topmost floor in a great tower that was built for them a few hundred years ago, during the days when the Thym Zûr mountains were beleaguered.

Eagles Nest

The most popular inn on the upper levels is the "Eagles Nest", taking up almost a quarter of the 42nd level. The innkeepers are three siblings: Gyrzhakh, Khorzhakh and Whynzhakh. They grew up in the inn, being the children of the previous owner, and managed to turn it around from near bankruptcy to a flourishing establishment. Gyrzhakh is the face of the inn, the jolly face greeting newcomers and making everybody feel like home. She has a red beard and a blue beret with a large feather in it. She blows a horn and makes loud announcements to the common room as people enter.

Khorzhakh is the head chef, few have such a power over spice and flavor as he does. The speciality is a goat and mushroom stew together with some dwarven brown ale. But despite the excellent work done by her siblings, Whynzhakh's contribution to the inn is probably why it is one of the most sought out places in the realm. Fifty years ago she learned how to lure the eagles of the mountains down to the roof of the inn, and eagles have come here to visit the nest she built on top of the inn ever since. Visitors can sit and gaze at the magnificent animals as they pick among the meats she feeds them. There have of course been misfortunate events where patrons have been attacked, but always (almost anyway) as a result of careless actions by all too curious dwarves who've disturbed the eagles. Use game data for all three from the Windheim Companion: Innkeeper.

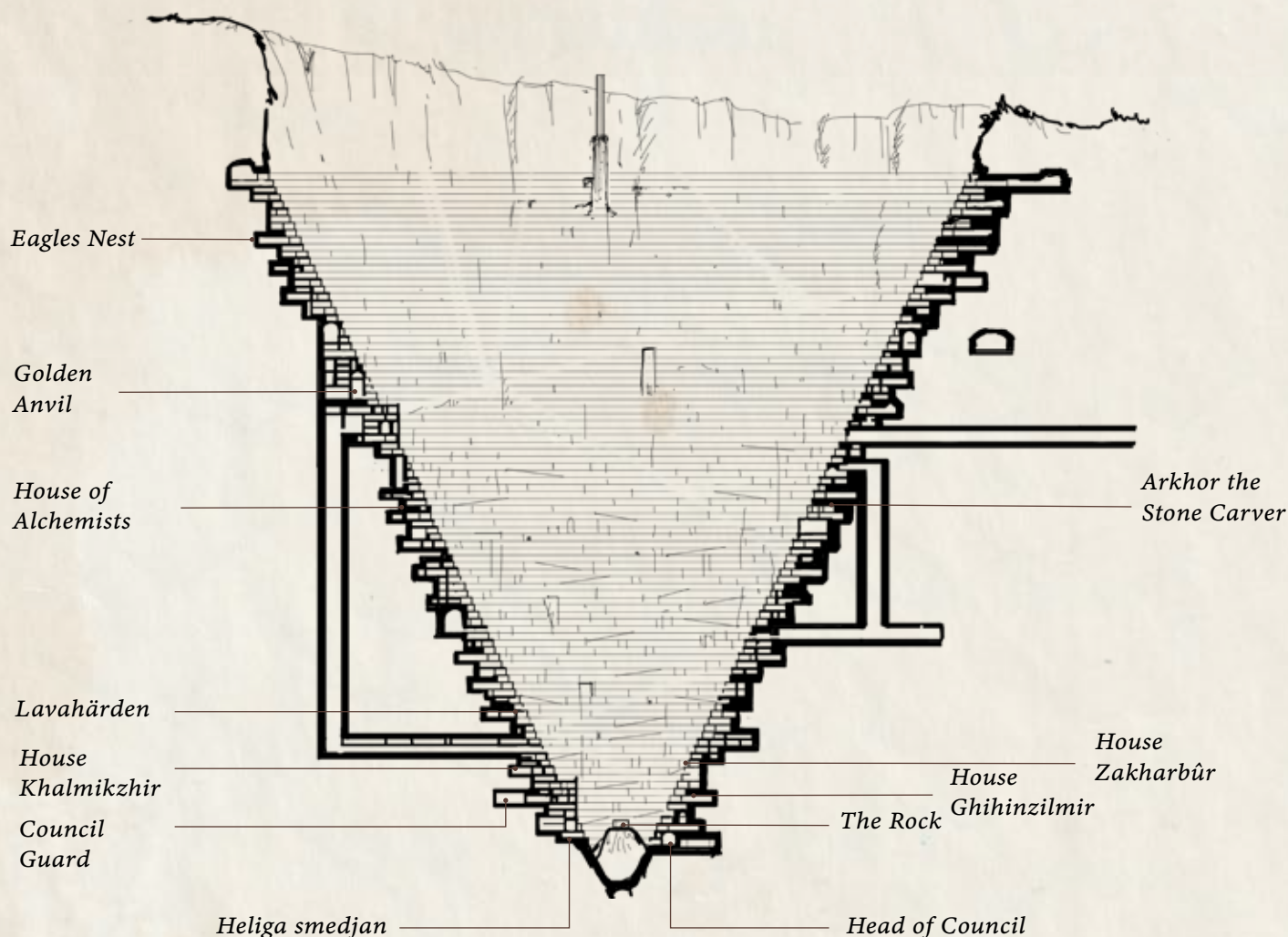
My beautiful babies.

WHYNZHAKH

EVENTS IN THE UPPER LEVELS

D6 Event

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 | As Khazhkham is berating a town guard that disrespected him, Rezhkham steps in and defends the guard. |
| 2 | An eagle in the "Eagles Nest" picks up a dwarf and takes to the sky bringing her with it. |
| 3 | Khorzhakh has gotten an illness that deprives him of his taste buds. |
| 4 | A group of Myhl eyes the party with suspicion (especially if one or more are Bastionites). |
| 5 | The town guard steps in as two dwarves are about to duel (with axes) over a slight. |
| 6 | An epidemic breaks out, is it the work of a blight demon? dissension among some captains. |



Council Guard

Mirazh Khargath is under no immediate threat from invasion, but there is still a garrison in town, mostly to keep the peace between feuding houses that plot and sabotage each other's affairs. Dwarves being dwarves, greed can easily take the upper hand, and disputes are not seldom settled by duels or drunken scuffles, so the city guards often need to step in and separate the combatants. 100 elite city guards make up the ceremonial Watch of the Council who wear plate mail with the hammer and fire emblem of Thym Zûr in gold thread, and diamond embedded greathelms. The Watch lives and are posted inside "The Rock", and about it on the shore of the island. The regular garrison guards have chainmail that also has the same emblem but in silver thread, and their greathelms are unadorned, though well made.

The captain of the garrison is a dwarf called Rezhkham who has shaved the tip of her chin and keeps her long beard braided down from her cheeks. She is very strict when it comes to upholding the law, but is privately very jovial and has a good sense of humor. Her brother Khazhkhram is the captain of the Watch, and though she officially outranks him, his position is

considered more honorable, and therefore the love that they had for each other growing up is now gone. They despise one another and take every chance they get to make the other look bad in the eyes of the Council. For both, use game data from the Core Rulebook: Knight Champion (Boss).

Dwarven law is not Bastionian law. Here, justice is always made!

REZHKHAM

Oh you've met my sister, have ye? Has she gotten the stick out of her butt yet?

KHAZHKHAM

Arkhor the Stone Carver

One such is Arkhor the stone carver, a young dwarf who makes the most beautiful stone statues in the realm. He is often found sitting outside his store, bringing his work out with him and hacking or chiseling away at a piece of stone in front of him,

House of Alchemists

In this part of the city lies also the House of Alchemists. They are a society of chemists who have been around for over a hundred years, they are working tirelessly trying to chemically create gold. As it soon becomes known to Thym Zûr about the gunpowder that Khal Dhem has created though (see Horn of the Dawn), they are ordered by the Council to drop all of their research into gold and instead try to figure out the secret behind this dreadful new weapon. The two founders, Khorimilzh and Kharimilzh, are a pair of twins that often finish each other's sentences. They are over two hundred years old now and have started to get a bit cracked from inhaling too many different kinds of unhealthy fumes during their experiments. For both, use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Scholar.

There is a.

KHORIMILZH

...very slim...

KHARIMILZH

...possibility that we...

KHORIMILZH

...have reached a crucial...

KHARIMILZH

...breakthrough.

KHORIMILZH



Mirror of Possibilities

Another thing of note is the Mirror of Possibilities that is set against the side of the mountain on level 15. Supposedly it was crafted by Kheldizn herself a thousand years ago and given to the dwarves of Thym Zûr to help them in times to come. It is a two meter high and one meter wide oval mirror, set in a frame of silver and decorated with a hundred emeralds of varying size. Its surface is black until a question about the future is asked of it. Then the blackness dissipates in a cloud of dark smoke, and several different scenarios are shown, showing the varying ways in which the future might unfold. Dwarves have since tried to recreate smaller mirrors like this one, but only managed to make hand mirrors that can show if a decision will be good or bad.

EVENTS IN THE MID LEVELS

Between level 10 and 30 is where most of the merchant houses and the artisans have their offices, workshops and stores. Many of these have painted the walkways outside their doors with large colorful runes, advertising their business to the levels above.

D6 Event

- 1 Someone has during the night changed the runes outside a tailor's shop, turning it into an obscene insult in dwarven.
- 2 A dwarf drunkenly juggling three handaxes drops one into the golden anvil, cracking the gold plating and revealing its secret.
- 3 A chute carrying water down through the town floods over into several shops and homes.
- 4 The rich merchant Mukhzahr has been robbed.
- 5 An explosion in the House of Alchemists killing Kharimilzh.
- 6 A statue falls from high above, crashing into things on the way down and a big piece of stone cracks the Mirror of Possibilities into a thousand pieces.

HAND MIRROR OF POSSIBILITY

This small oval mirror is about the size of a human palm. Its frame is of silver with ten small emeralds embedded in it. If asked a question concerning a choice to be made in the very near future, the mirror turns purple if the choice presented will bear a negative consequence for the bearer, and yellow if the choice is beneficial. This item can be used once per day.

The Golden Anvil

"The Golden Anvil" is the most popular tavern here in the mid levels and its bar is a massive golden anvil, actually it's just gold plated but no one knows that, not even the innkeeper Thokhar. The tall black haired dwarf took over the inn twenty years ago and is very proud of the anvil bar. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Innkeeper

House Khalmikzhir

One such home is house Khalmikzhir's on the third level, one of the most prominent artisan families in the realm. Their head is Thûrbazhor, a giant of a dwarf with an imposing gaze and an impressive gray beard, always combed to perfection. He is as hard as the steel that his family's wealth is built on, he even locked his daughter away to die, rather than see her marrying a son of house Ghihinzilmir (see the adventure seed "An Atrocious Night is Over" on page 47). For Thûrbazhor use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Scholar.

House Ghihinzilmir

That house is one of the richest in Thym Zûr, having made its fortune from being the first to engage in trade with the Bastionites, and therefore have deepest and most profitable trade deals with the empire. The Ghihinzilmir head, Ghûrk hazh, is a fierce negotiator with intense blue eyes, who often bullies his way forward when bargains are being made. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Scholar, but add **PERSUASION 14**.

I'd not trust Ghûrk hazh further than I can throw him, and I can't throw him very far, he's thick, in more than one way.

THÛRBAZHOR

Thûrbazhor? That Khalmikzhir stone-head has as much wit as an Unukh!

GHÛRKHAZH

The reason that these two houses are feuding goes far back, long before the Bastionites' arrival. They do not agree at all on what started the conflict. According to Ghihinzilmir it started because Khalmikzhir refused to sell them their wares, while the other family claims that the merchant family refused to buy the products. It soon spiraled out of control, and when an heir to one of the clans was killed in a duel, there was no going back.

House Zakharbûr

House Zakharbûr makes many weapons and armors, which they then mostly sell to the Bastionian Empire. From this they have gained much favor from their allies, and often members of that house are chosen to do much of the dealings with the Bastionites. One such example is Guzhek who is an envoy of Thym Zûr, stationed in Silfverspuuhr (more on her in Horn of the Dawn part 2). The house is led by Lazkhe, a female dwarf with a beard that is beginning to show a little gray. She often wears the Ykhnobizhare, a sacred and magical headband in gold with a massive red ruby in the front that was created by Kheldizn herself three thousand years ago. It protects the

wearer with strong magic, and also gives the power of insight, making it easier for her to read if someone is lying to her. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Scholar, but add 14 in **AWARENESS**.

We are always ready to aid our allies! Count me in!

LAZKHE

Hearth of Lava

The oldest inn of Mirazh Khargat is the Hearth of Lava. Here a trickle of lava pours through a hole in the wall and down into a small pool in the innermost corner of the common room, over which hangs a spit where salted and greased pork is grilled to perfection. The innkeeper, Ghokhra is often chewing on some of it herself and is often wiping grease off her black beard. She is loud but friendly and does not mind teasing and embarrassing her guests in front of the whole establishment.

The Library

The dwarves' memory stretch back almost to the time of their creation. Many records and chronicles have been preserved in the Thym Zûr library, overseen at the moment by Whezhnekh, a very old and bald docile dwarf with white beard. His memory is not what it was but he can still navigate the intricate system that the library has for cataloging the massive collection of texts. He is now the only dwarf that still can read the most ancient texts (like the ones concerning the creation of the Horn of the Dawn), a fact that saddens him immensely. He is desperately trying to find some dwarf to teach before his time is up. His hearing is almost gone, as are his teeth, and he often loudly asks people to repeat what they just said. Despite this he often mishears people. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Scholar but raise **LANGUAGES** and **MYTHS & LEGENDS** to 18.

Can you read young lad? There is perhaps not much battle honor in cataloging books and scrolls, but it is more exciting than the most epic of battles!

WHEZHNEKH

The Sacred Forge

The sacred forge is located on the very first level (see map), a long and straight tunnel leads into the mountain, opening up into the great smithy where Kheldizn herself is said to have created the dwarves in the dawn of time. A long channel of lava floats through the middle of the 50 x 50 meter large chamber, with anvils and other smithing equipment standing on racks and hanging from great chains all around. Lava is the

blood of Kheldizn that she lends to the dwarves so that they can create new things of beauty and power in her honor. Here many dwarves come at least once a year to worship Kheldizn by forging things and then sacrifice them into the lava. The Okhathazh in this forge, Lamkharazh, is considered the highest ranking religious official in the realm. He once sacrificed his entire beard in the lava, an action that only increased his reputation as being the most zealous and fanatic Okhathazh for a thousand years.

How I long to be laid in the lava, and merge with Kheldizn for all eternity.

LAMKHARAZH

Council Hall of Thym Zûr

At the very bottom is a lake with a small island in its midst. On this rocky island the Council Hall of Thym Zûr has been carved out, and the stone reshaped with magic into a magnificent piece of architecture with many storeys and layers. Here the council convenes and discusses matters of state. There are many rooms and halls in “The Rock”, a name referring to both the island and the Hall. Even though the regional leaders have authority to make most decisions needed in their respective area, the realm of Thym Zûr is governed from this place. And in the corridors of power, intrigue and deception is always found in the shadows.

Head of the Council

The only other structure on the first level is the private quarters of the Head of the Council, Anazharakh Thymbûrzhazh. Her office is down in “The Rock”, but this is where she spends her few hours of leisure. It is a very humble home, intentionally so because whoever is Khebhensor, is supposed to be a humble servant of the Council. The thought of a dwarf becoming king or queen of Thym Zûr is inconceivable, the hated Khal Dhem tribe is ruled by an autocrat, they do not wish to have one here. And as there are never any foreign dignitaries to receive and impress, a modest home will suffice.

THE RAILWAYS

In an advanced network, a marvel and a testament of the dwarven ingenuity, an underground railway connects all the regions and towns with each other. Rolling on them are small carts connected together, 2 x 3 meters wide and 1,5 meters high, with seats for four dwarves on each cart. Up to forty carts can be connected together and, in a pinch, transport 320 dwarves.

It is constructed in a way that the rails are slanting ever so slightly (about 1 cm/m), so though the carts need to be

EVENTS IN THE LOWER LEVELS

The lowest ten levels of Mirazh Khargath are not very wide, only around a hundred meters across from ledge to ledge. Down here is where the cream of dwarven society lives. The most influential and richest families each have a mansion here, most of them with grand facades with statues and reliefs depicting their most legendary ancestors. Dug into the mountain these all have a myriad of halls and rooms that stretch far beyond the visible part of the mansions.

D6 Event

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 | The lava inside the Hearth of Lava slowly starts to overflow its basin. |
| 2 | A fight between two members of house Khalmikzhir and Ghihinzilmir breaks out. |
| 3 | A master forged axe is found by the party behind a barrel. |
| 4 | A cave in, inside the mansion belonging to the Urumburzhakh family. |
| 5 | A love affair between two members of house Khalmikzhir and Ghihinzilmir becomes known. |
| 6 | An assassination attempt on Anazharakh. |

pushed to give them a little starting speed, the carts roll on along mostly very straight lines, sometimes for miles, until the travelers reach their destination. In this way dwarves can travel the length of the Pass, which for Bastionites takes seven days, in under a day, traveling at around 50 km/h. Each train is steered by a dwarf in the first cart responsible for pulling a brake lever now and then to keep the carts from traveling too fast. At each landing station there are elevators that can then lift the carts 500 meters up to a departure station.

The Railways are a closely kept secret, only a few of the most trusted Myhl are allowed to know about them. If a party manages to gain entry to the dwarven realm, and if they wish to use the railways they will first have had to show themselves to be extremely trustworthy, and have done a few big favors to the dwarves. Revealing the secret of the Horn of the Dawn will automatically give them access to the whole realm and use of the railways.

The railways are rigged with contraptions that can destroy them if disaster would somehow strike and Khal Dhem would be able to invade. Just as they are a great resource for defense, they can also be used against the realm if the enemy would succeed in invading a town with access to the railways.

Khal Dhem

Any party approaching or entering Khal Dhem (Qal Tem in their own tongue) will be shot on sight by the arquebus shooters, so adventuring up into these mountains would be extremely dangerous. Few Bastionites have even set foot on the first slopes and survived to tell the tale. In Horn of the Dawn part 3 there will come a dungeon crawl and if the party dares to take that perilous journey it will take them through the tunnels of Khal Dhem, but before that any party that tries to enter will be killed or chased away. Having said that, a few notes on the culture and military of Khal Dhem are worth mentioning.

The Dwarves of Khal Dhem

To non-dwarves, the dwarves of Windheim are all but indistinguishable, but the members of the two tribes would recognize their enemies at first sight. They walk differently, talk differently, and look not at all the same, to a dwarf. Therefore there is no way that a Khal Dhem dwarf could live secretly among the Bastionites because there are always Thym Zûr dwarves around who would spot them.

The southern tribe also worships Kheldizn, and much in the same way they also forge and create things in her honor. They also have sacrificial forges

HARDENED LEATHER ARMOR

The Dwarves of Khal Dhem have managed to create a hardened leather armor that has one more point of protection than studded leather, and also has the bane on **SNEAKING** rolls. These are the standard armor of the infantry in their armies.

Armor	Rating	Cost	Supply
Hardened leather	4	15 gold	Rare

overseen by holy smiths who guide the people in their prayers to their Goddess.

There are cities and towns in Khal Dhem about as big and numerous as in Thym Zûr, but where the northern realm and its towns are ruled by councils, Khal Dhem is ruled by a king. The King, Qorbaq, has absolute power and under him different governors rule different regions of the mountains, not unlike the feudal system of the Bastionites. The capital city of Puqaq lies under the central part of the mountains.

They value their old friendship with the Elandians and have given them a valley in the western part of the realm where their horses can run free and they can live in peace. Due to the many long wars against Thym Zûr and the Myhl they are extremely hostile to anyone from those cultures. The Bastionites they consider to be invaders and troublemakers, but would strike a deal with them if the opportunity presented itself.

ARQUEBUS

This ranged weapon is a new invention of the alchemists and artisans of Khal Dhem. The green fluorescent gunpowder fires off an iron bullet at great speed when the fuse is lit. Any creature that is shot at for the first time with this weapon suffers a Fear attack. A creature that takes damage from a bullet must also roll to avoid a disease (virulence 8).

Weapon	Hand	STR	Damage	Range
Arquebus	2H	13	D10	60

Cost	Features
1000g	Piercing, no damage bonus

EVENTS NEAR KHAL DHEM

D6 Event

- 1 Five crossbow bolts come flying, shot from behind a large rock.
- 2 A war horn sounds, and the ground trembles. An army is on the march.
- 3 An avalanche. The defenses of Khal Dhem never sleep.
- 4 A loud sound echoes, a catapult has been fired. Will the party notice the stone in time?
- 5 A Khal Dhem deserter approaches the group, raising his hands.
- 6 Khal Dhem releases some captured giant spiders on the group.



Zhukhal Maahr and the Land of the Goblin Queen

The dwarven realm of Zhukhal Maahr was the first of the five to fall. It just had too many enemies on too many flanks. It was invaded by Khal Dhem who tried to claim the caves and towns for their own, but holding on to two mountain ranges at once proved too difficult a task, and in the end they decided to withdraw and leave. This was soon discovered by the stone goblins, who by now had started to grow in numbers and no longer heeded the orders they got from Akharand, their creator. Raiding the dwarven realms, they came upon the abandoned halls of Zhukhal Maahr and made their abode there. Their queen laid herself down and started to give birth to a massive amount of goblins, and soon the halls were busy with goblins chipping away, busy as bees, carving the caves and caverns more to their liking.

Nowadays, the stone goblin hive remains, and it is ever a threat to the people living close to it in southern Stoneswaard or northern Crownsheadh. They often raid down on the plains and while the Bastioninite patrols often manage to stop them in time they never follow them up into the mountains, the valleys and tunnels are a veritable death trap. Few have dared to explore what is now called the Land of the Goblin Queen, and returned.

The center of the hive is what was once the old Hall of the Kings, which has now been desecrated by the stone goblins, and made into a birth chamber for the Queen. Here she lies, a vast oval shaped conglomerate of stone, always awake, sensing every single one of her children. A thrumming purr comes from her great jaws and nostrils. Beneath her, and all about her on all sides stretching away across the defiled floors, lay countless piles of gems and jewels, and gold and silver, all bloodstained. About her are her trusted 100 servants, goblins no fit for raiding, who keep the chamber supplied with fresh excrement and bile, for her pleasure.

From there, seven tunnels lead out in different directions, four of which are old dwarven carved hallways, leading out into the maze that is the home of the hive. There is no logic apparent to humans or dwarves to the windings and bends of the tunnels, but the goblins know their way around like the back of their hand. The biggest peril is not finding a way *IN* to the hive, it is finding one's way out. The goblins have few guards and patrols stationed, both inside the maze and outside, for they do not need it. Instead they rely on their great numbers.

A stone goblin raiding party often consists of 5–10 scouts and warriors. More than enough to take on a farmstead, but as soon as they sniff out that a patrol is near they scatter and flee.

The only way for a party to get into the hive is to create a massive distraction in another part of the mountains, drawing most of the goblins away, so they can sneak in from another direction. Even then it will be hard, but can be done. Just trying to get in without drawing the goblins away will mean facing goblins around nearly every corner.

EVENTS NEAR THE ZHUKHAL MAAHR MOUNTAINS

D6 Event

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 | A party of 10 goblins are raiding a farm. |
| 2 | A landslide, many great rocks tumble down towards the party. |
| 3 | A dragon is sighted flying in the sky. |
| 4 | A horn is blown in the distance, by whom? |
| 5 | The wail of the queen fills the air, for many miles away. |
| 6 | A dying person is fleeing pursuing goblins. |



The Iniz Baurhum Mountains and Dragon's Jaw

The Mountain range on the east coast of the Myhl peninsula was abandoned when the tribe of Iniz Baurhum was defeated two thousand years ago. They are thought to be all dead, but in secret a few hundred of them fled on sea elf vessels to the mountains on the east coast of the mainland, where they have lived in secret all these years.

Since then the mountains have been uninhabited. Few have dared to go there because the genocide that took place here is said to have been so abhorrent that the countless undead spirits of the Iniz Baurhum will not endure anyone to come into their mountains. The dwarven halls here stand empty, and unplundered.

The mountains can be approached from the west, from the Myhl peninsula, but the dead keep watch, and will attack anyone who dares to try and find their ancient halls. There are a myriad of treasures to be found, only outnumbered by the ghosts that guard them. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Ghost.

Dragon's Jaw is the ancient name of the rocky coast off the mountain range. Here many sharp rocks emerge out of the water, like the teeth of a great monster. No one really knows where it has gotten its name, especially since no one except the oldest and wisest even knows what a dragon is. But, ironically enough, here is actually where the dragons have managed to create a small crack in the magical barrier keeping them out of Eshfera. At first only small hatchlings can pass the fibers of magic that make up the barrier, then young dragons, then adult, and as time draws near to the Time of Descension also the ancient.

The sea elves have started to notice recently that each time they sail past the teeth, a sour stench of sulfur fills their nostrils and they have not dared to sail any closer to examine. The presence of the dragons makes itself known, though no one knows what this means.

THE FIRST HATCHLING

As the sun sets over the jagged rock faces of Dragon's Jaw, a small but nimble young hatchling with jet-black scales silently stalks the party.

The creature possesses an uncanny intellect and a knack for staying hidden, and it observes them for some time at quite a close range. The party only becomes aware of its presence among the deep shadows when it dislodges a pebble, which startles a sea bird into flight.

The hatchling, seeing the party's alarm, immediately takes on its least threatening pose, curling up like a housecat and settling its eyelids into a more soothing expression. "You are strong, travelers. I know of a cavern below, where a great treasure rests, waiting for anyone strong enough to fetch it and bring it back." The diminutive dragon stretches and yawns, adding "It's of no use to me, this treasure, but if you vow to leave me unharmed, and tell none that you saw me here, I will lead you to this reward."

Will the party take the cunning hatchling at its word, and seek the treasure in the cavern beneath Dragon's Jaw? Will they attack? And is the hatchling to be trusted...?

EVENTS NEAR THE INIZ BAURHUM MOUNTAINS

D6 Event

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 | An adult dragon offers to strike a deal with the people of Windheim. If he is allowed to rule of the mountain range unopposed, he will fight against his own kin. |
| 2 | A landslide, many great rocks tumble down towards the party. |
| 3 | A crevice blocks the way. |
| 4 | Wiqzamar (see p. 13) comes walking around a hill. |
| 5 | A loud burp is heard from the sky, and a bloodied chainmail drops from the sky. |
| 6 | A dragon egg is hidden in a bush. |



PERIPHERAL LANDS

It is rather unlikely that a party would visit these three regions, for they are all well guarded and not keen on visitors and it would have to take something extraordinary for a party to be allowed to pass into these lands. But since a game master might want to bring the characters here, we have some basic information on them.

Elfheim

As is told in the history chapter, the sea elves settled on the rocks just off the eastern coast of Windheim thousands of years ago, and they have lived there ever since. Though this is only true in part. The vast majority of sea elves live their lives on the sea, ever sailing from coast to coast, ever traversing the four seas of Eshfera. Only a few hundred live permanently in Elfheim, with about as many often being there temporarily, for a year or two.

Iselonë

Elfheim is the name given to these rocky islets by the Myhl and later also used by both the dwarves of Thym Zûr and the Bastionites. But in their own tongue the sea elves call it Iselonë, “home port”. Though this name is mostly used by elves out on the oceans when talking about their home, it is also used by the elves living there when talking about the main islet where most of the houses and piers are. Here there are seventeen wharfs built all along the south and east shore where the ground is level with the sea, to the north and west the edges of the cliffs are high above the water.

There are many buildings of various sizes on the island, mostly on the eastern side. From big warehouses to small houses for families. Most elves who live here are either in training under an animist wind master, called the Mirioori, or perform administrative duties.

The Uilonâr

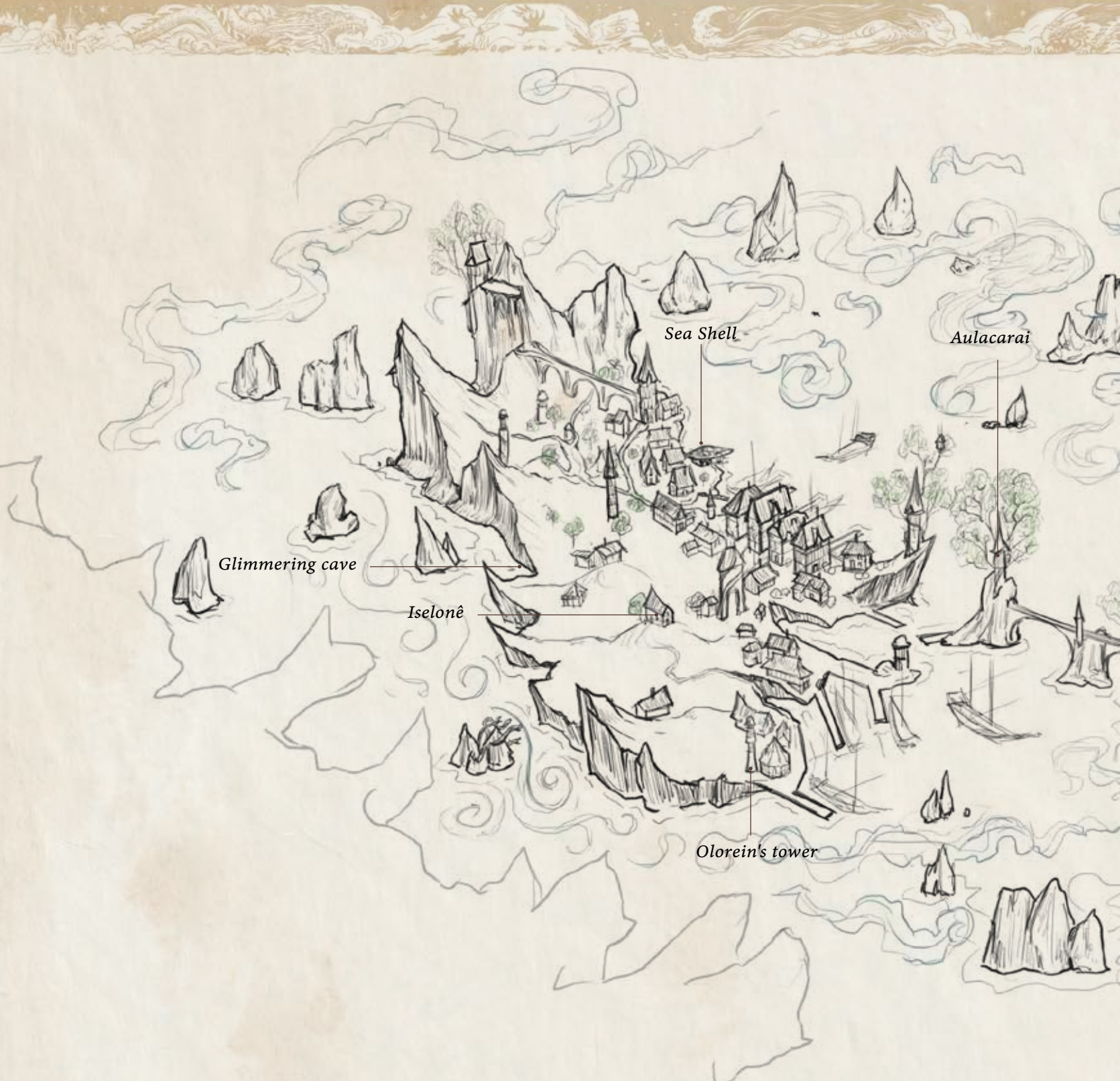
The five towers are where the Uilonâr lives. They are the five leaders of the sea elves and they each have a domain that they oversee, but in matters that would affect all sea elves they convene and vote on the course of action. They function as ministers in a government except that there is no sovereign over them, they are all equals. The five domains that they are Masters of are trade, war, wind, crafting and food. Sea elves do not die but become more and more aquatic with age, and often leave their kin when they have fully reached their new form, and roam the seas in solitude or with their mate. Therefore most Uilonâr are elves that have not yet reached their

full aquatic nature, but have lived long enough to develop gills and webbed feet and hands. There is seldom discord among them, but on the matter of the Bastionites and their increasing imperialism, the two that hold the most sway among the leaders, Haelorin Master of War and Olorein Master of Trade, have had wild disagreements. Haelorin is of the opinion that the alliance with the Empire has only weakened them, and that the haughtiness of the imperial admirals is starting to cross the line to insulting. She wants to make an example in some way, to show the Bastionites that they sail the north sea (between the mainland and Windheim) only because the elves choose to let them. Oloruin on the other hand is worried that the imperial navy has gotten strong enough to severely impede on their trade all over the coast of the mainland, should a conflict erupt. Haelorin is short for a sea elf, her hair tied up with seaweed and decorated with small seashells. She never goes anywhere without her trident, the Thaecor “Triple Deaths”, even when she is safely at home in Elfheim. She is a hard and gruff person, but friendly to those she trusts as allies or friends of her people. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Knight Champion (Boss), but adjust to sea combat.

If the sea be my grave, then a happy corpse I'll be.

THAECOR “TRIPLE DEATH”

Weapon	Hand	STR	Damage	Durab.
Trident	1H	10	2D8	14
Range	Features			
STR	Toppling, piercing, can be thrown			



HAELORIN

Olorein is a more prudent person who never makes rash decisions. He is more heavy set than elves generally are, and of an age where it will soon be time for him to leave life above the surface forever. His gills are clearly seen behind his ears, and his legs have almost webbed together completely. His booming voice is as deep as the ocean.

Some in Iselonë mean that his descent into the depths of

the ocean is long overdue as he can no longer walk, but must be carried to the council meetings. But he feels in his bones that major things are happening, and if he gets news that dragons and demons have come through the barrier into Eshfera, he will not leave his post but will stay until the fate of the world has been decided. He is, and will be even more when these news eventually reach him, of the opinion that all the people of Eshfera need to unite and put their differences behind them.



Tower of Seeing

He is actually the only one of the council that advocates seeking out the mallards to initiate peace talks, seeing as they are all the most faithful followers of Nelië. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Scholar, but raise **AWARENESS**, **MYTHS & LEGENDS** and **PERSUASION** to 16 and **BARTERING** and **SWIMMING** to 19

If I am not agreeing with you, that is not the same as opposing you. If you fail to see this, that is your loss...

OLOREIN

The Seashell Tavern

As the sea elves do not allow people into Elfheim, there is no need for an inn with sleeping quarters. But when ships anchor here, the crews like to gather at “The Shell” to drink and sing songs together. The tavern is little more than one big common room, half of which is out in the ocean and half on land, with a kitchen and distillery in an adjacent small house to one side.

The inn got its name from the enormous seashell used as roof, from which many lights are hanging illuminating the interior. The bar runs along one side, half in water where there are corals growing forming into small tables for drinks just above the surface, and half on land, with stools and tables.

The barkeeps are a couple, Ilisiia and Therovour, who opened The Shell to find a way to spend their lives together. Though their love for each other is as great as love can be between two people, they do not share the same preference of habitat. Ilisiia prefers the water, and early in her life chose to spend as much time as she could below the surface. Therovour on the other hand loves the sun on his face and the wind in his hair, and he has stayed above the water even though his gills are fully developed and his legs are starting to web together. Some even say that they’ve heard him say that he will probably cut his legs free when it becomes too difficult to walk. By opening the amphibious tavern together they have found a way to be close to each other without having to compromise their preferred way of life. Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Innkeeper, but raise **SWIMMING** til 16 for Therovour and 19 for Ilisiia.

What I’ll do when I can no longer breathe the air? Hehe, well, time will tell...

THEROVOUR

Don’t sit on the coral you clumsy drunkard! You’ll ruin it! Do you know how long that took to grow?!

ILISIIA

The Glittering Caves

In the cliffside on the western side of Iselonë there is a cave, under the island. Inside there grows a species of luminescent azure algae under the water which illuminates the entirety of the cave. This is the most hallowed place for the sea elves. For it is said that the algae was a gift from Nelië in the times when Elfheim was first settled, and they have not found these anywhere else in the world. Here those who have fallen are given a funeral rite before their body is given as a gift to the ocean, and here also lovers come to get the blessing of Nelië to marry. When she approves the algae shine with an even more intense light, and eyes are blinded, just as love is blind.

Tending the Glittering Cave and the algae there is Ilirissa, who has almost fully evolved into a mermaid. She lives in and



around the caves, singing songs of joy and sorrow, playing her seashell ocarina, and whoever hears her music is healed of any illness. She is very shy and only shows herself on rare occasions though. Any attempt to find her by rolling for **AWARENESS** is made with a bane, and is rolled against her **SNEAKING** score of 18.

Only sea elves are allowed in the caves. But a party can sneak in, in which case Ilirissa will see them and try to convince them to turn back. Or they can try and get permission from a Uilónar with a **PERSUASION** roll, if they have a very good argument for it. Use the game data from the Bestiary: Mermaid, but raise **AWARENESS** and **SNEAKING** to 18.

You are not welcome here, only sea elves are allowed to bask in the holiness of Nelië

ILIRISSA

THE OCARINA OF ILIRISSA

Any player character with a condition who hears the music of the ocarina played for a stretch of time is healed from all conditions and feels refreshed.

The Tower of Seeing and the Tree Tower

On the second largest islet there is a tower and a few piers, reserved for those who do not carry cargo, mostly warships. The Tower is the highest in Elfheim and in its highest chamber the elves have placed the Ruilear, a three meter long spyglass that can see through any cloud or magic. It is always facing the south, and a troop of watchers is always on duty here looking for signs of sea monsters or pirate mallards approaching.

Across a long and narrow bridge leading westwards, there is a tree that with animist magic has been made to grow very tall, with an immensely wide trunk, with narrow passages leading through and up the tree. This is the Aulacarai. When the sea elves first settled here, there were some among them that regretted their decision to leave Varai. So they planted a tree from a seedling they had brought with them on their exodus, and made it grow into the shape and size it is today. Here they lived out their lives, in time merging into the tree, and now faintly their forms can be seen if one enters the passages and touches the wooden walls. Some even claim that they can hear voices whispering, lamenting the loss of Varai's love.

The Sea Elven Ships

The ships of the sea elves are unsurpassed in Eshfera. The Bastionites may have more ships, but would have to have a heavy numerical advantage to even come close to matching the elven ships in battle. For these are faster, stronger and more agile. The mallard ships come close to matching them, theirs are stronger but not quite as quick or dextrous.

In combat the elves use great slingshots that fire glass balls that ignite upon impact, and a group of almost fully aquatic warriors swim under the water to the enemy ship and wreck its rudder to splinters. The only weakness the elves have is that if they are boarded they stand little hope of fighting off an attack, as they are not the best melee fighters.

EVENTS IN ELFHEIM

D6 Event

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 | Tavern brawl in The Shell. |
| 2 | Due to a prophecy, an elf asks a player character to join him/her in the Glittering Cave . |
| 3 | The Aulacarai starts to wither. |
| 4 | A ship is swallowed whole by a sea monster. |
| 5 | Someone has stolen the Thaecor. |
| 6 | A fleet of mallard ships have somehow managed to slip past and are attacking. |

Quacith

The red mohawked pirate mallards have their base on the narrow peninsula south of Khal Dhem. From there they hoist their red sails and set out in search of adventure and plunder. The seven ports of Quacith have names that are feared all over Eshfera, and those who live along the coasts of Windheim have often heard them, and tremble at the mention of them: Bchaach, Cheeb, Kichaar, Quachaar, Chiboo, Chaqua and Bichiachaar.

But the mallards also trade, they have a lucrative business friendship with Khal Dhem, whose secret port in Khal Dhem Bay is often visited by mallard merchants. They also trade with the people of the Five Cities (off the coast of the mainland, more on them will come in future Eshfera supplements) and the denizens of the Shadowed Isles.

Quacith can be reached either by ship, in which case intruders would have to have an incredible ship or incredible luck, or more probably via the narrow strip of land between the beach and the southwestern slopes of Khal Dhem. Though difficult, that way is by no means impossible, especially for a small stealthy group. The only question is: if you get in that way – how are you going to get out? If the mallards alert the dwarves that intruders are on their way out, they will close that way out by blocking the beach.

The ruler of Quacith is an extremely old mallard called Plythy who has even started to get a thin gray beard under his beak. He is but a puppet king though. In reality all the important decisions are made by Admiral Thuudz (see below). For Plythy use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Scholar.

Whaaaaat...? I... I, eh... do not know... 'tis better you ask Thuudz, he'll know what to do...

PLYTHY

In other supplements we delve deeper into the differences between the ports and describe them all in detail. But as a party will probably only visit one town if they have a purpose to try and dare the voyage here, we give here some examples of places and non-player characters that can be placed in either of the seven ports.



The Ruffled Feather

A tavern called the Ruffled Feather lies by one of the docks in town. It is renowned for being an extremely rough place where brawls break out frequently. Inside hangs many flags and heraldic shields from captured ships or towns, given to the innkeeper Bwaatz in exchange for alcohol. The more distinguished a donated trophy is, the longer time the doner will get free drinks. The tavern has no tables, as anything not held is considered up for grabs by all and sundry. All quarrels that risk becoming too wild are swiftly interrupted by Bwaatz' great raven's beak that he keeps behind the bar.

In the middle is a cage where captured prisoners are often forced to fight to the death for the amusement of the clientele. Wealthy mallards pay good money to have a seat closest to the cage. Here they can pull three chains fastened to each combattant, which are led to the table through intricate pulleys and wheels, dragging the fighter in the preferred direction. For Bwaatz, use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Innkeeper, but raise **AWARENESS**, **BRAWLING** and **HAMMERS** to 16.

Haaaaaaah!! Your's is a hide I would not mind plucking!

BWAATZ

The Admiral's Mansion

Admiral Thuudz is a tall mallard whose red mohawk is bigger and brighter than any other mallards. In his ears he has triple golden earrings, connected together with a gold chain which ends in a ruby bejeweled nose ring. His spiked knuckle dusters Phyych, Beak Breakers, and his magical raven's beak Qyzhaa, Brain-Hole-Maker, are feared all over the four seas. He is also highly intelligent and despite his cruelty he can often see the most reasonable way forward. He would accept an alliance

THE QYZHAA

Weapon	Hand	STR	Damage	Durab.
Raven's beak	2H	14	2D8	15
Cost	Supply	Features		
20g	Uncommon	Bludgeoning, piercing, toppling, can be thrown		

with any faction if he felt certain that his people would benefit from it. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Bandit Chief (Boss), but raise **AWARENESS**, **BARTERING**, **BEAST LORE** and **PERSUADE** to 16, and **BRAWLING**, **HAMMERS**, **SEAMANSHIP** and **SWIMMING** to 18, and add the heroic abilities **FAST FOOTWORK**, **FEARLESS**, **FOCUSED × 6**, **IRON FIST**, **LIGHTNING FAST**, **MASSIVE BLOW** and **TREASURE HUNTER**. **WP: 28**.

I have yet to meet my match in mastery in the art of fighting. But I'd be more than happy to give you a shot to prove me wrong, hehehe...

THUUDZ

The mansion itself is a white two storeyed sandstone building by the sea. It has its own small harbor, where a medium sized rowing boat is always at the ready to bring the admiral to his flagship. The flag of admiral Thuudz is always flying high in the wind, displaying the three mallard skulls representing the three mallard captains he killed to gain his command.

Training Ground

On every mallard ship discipline is of utmost importance. Every crew member needs to know exactly what is expected at all times, and be ready for whatever comes. To make sure that all ships that sail off have a crew that is up to the task they have training grounds in most towns. Here the mallards that want to join a ship first have to go through rigorous testing to qualify, and then once accepted they stay for another year of combat training and sailing practice. Only after that they are allowed to enroll and head out into the world.

The Guild of the Blood Mages

One of the reasons the pirate mallards are so universally feared, is their use of blood magic. Most ships have a Qzoohr, a blood mage, on board. When a pirate ship raids a village, the Qzoohr goes around collecting blood from the victims' dying bodies. They need the blood to be fresh for their magic, preferably from someone who is just on the threshold of death. More information on blood magic is in *Horn of the Dawn* part 3.



There is a guild where Qzoohr are trained in most mallard ports. To enter training, an apprentice must offer a pint of their own blood to the guild. With it, the guild binds the acolytes to lifelong servitude – to break the oath one takes when joining means lifelong suffering. The magic can also affect any blood relative, even from far away. The students then spend two to five years, depending on their talent, perfecting their craft before they are unleashed on the world. The magic is dangerous, and not all those who try to learn it survive until graduation. Once there, their final test is to use some of their own blood to kill a living relative. The guild requires absolute conviction and fealty.

The head of the Blood Mages is Irchaa, a very old mallard whose mohawk has turned all white, but each morning she colors the tips with blood powder. She runs a very tight ship and demands complete and utter submission from everyone in the guild, and most mallards outside it as well. She knows that others are plotting to try and be the one to succeed her, but what they do not know is that she has secretly managed to perform a ritual in which her blood was used to prolong her life, infinitely. She delights in the knowledge that when her scheming underlings in time all will realize what she has managed to do, her power and their fear of her will grow to new heights. Use the game data from the Core Rulebook: Scholar, but add the Blood Magic school and the heroic ability **FOCUSED** × 12. **WP:** 40.

Featherfall Falls

From a high cliff above the town, surrounded by a dense forest, a stunning waterfall cascades down. From the pond below flows a stream growing into a river, passing the town before it runs out into the ocean. Hidden behind the waterfall lies a cavernous lair, where the mallards of the town store their treasure. Over the years they have amassed a fortune in there; gold, jewels, works of art, magical weapons and armor. It is a place, the mere rumor of which would lure and excite any adventuring party worth the name.

To reach the waterfall, a group would first need to navigate through treacherous waters and avoid the watchful eyes of patrolling guards. Then escape the many traps that are set around the pond and inside the entrance. And, once inside, face and defeat the ones guarding the hoard – a group of eight chimeras. They were created by the blood mages to keep the town's treasure safe. Use the game data from the Bestiary: Chimera.



EVENTS IN QUACITH

D6 Event

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 | Runaway sea elf slaves have stolen a ship and are taking it to the sea. |
| 2 | A fight breaks out in the Ruffled Feather that Bwaatz can't stop. |
| 3 | Admiral Thuudz comes on an inspection. |
| 4 | Plythy dies. Was it of old age or was he assassinated? |
| 5 | Two feuding blood mages try to cut each other to get blood. |
| 6 | The characters are accused of being spies. |

The Pirate Ships of the Mallards

There is not a coast on Eshfera where people do not tremble at the sight of a red sail on the horizon. The raids of the pirates are swift and merciless. They approach rapidly, and when they are close enough an attack force of a hundred mallards per ship dive in the water and swim ashore with great speed. What follows is too gruesome to account for. Lives, plunder and slaves are taken. And on the return voyage the ships are heavy with booty.

On the sea, a pirate ship will try to come close enough to board as soon as possible. Half of the fighters will wear no armor, and swim under the keel of the other ship and climb up the other side, using the spiked side of their raven's beaks. The other half is wearing chainmail armor, and will swing over to the defending ship with ropes, and attack with immense ferocity.

The ships are coated with a liquid that makes the sails and hull less flammable, far too many ships have been lost to the fire of the sea elves. When a mallard and an elven ship face each other on the sea, the fighting goes on both above and below the surface, and the fighting is savage. Even though they share the same main Deity, they hate each other with a burning fire that does not seem to die down any time soon. The mallard ships often sail three by three, few enough to be mobile and not have trouble with supplies, and many enough to feel safe against any enemy (the elven ships often sail alone). Use the game data from the Windheim Companion: Pirate Mallard.

The Trollwoods

Among both dwarves, Myhl and Bastionites the big forest in the southeastern corner of Windheim is known as the Trollwoods. This due to the enormous tree-trolls that roam the forest and who come down with swift anger upon any uninvited intruder (and let's just say that invitation cards to these woods are scarce). The trolls are believed to have been created by Varai during her alliance with Saengia (the Goddess of chaos) in a Time of Descension far back in time, but it is not true. They were created by powerful animists in a magical ritual after the second Time of Descension when the wood elves of Windheim withdrew from the world to live in a symbiotic peace with nature. The trolls are the guardians of the forest, and do not let anyone in. Bastionites of Fordsville sometimes come to the edge to cut trees for timber, but they must do so with haste for if a troll hears the sound of axe on trunk, they are merciless.

Eälárnin

The wood elves live in the center of the forest, most of them scattered about, living among the trees and delighting in the vibrant life of their homes. But there is one place that could be called a village, a capital of sorts. Eälárnin, the Sacred Hill. Here dwell around seven hundred elves who prefer the social interactions of a larger community, living in the canopies of the great oaks and beeches. Their homes are wrought with magic to twist the limbs and branches of the trees into rooms to live in.

Eälárnin is named so due to the small hill in the middle of a clearing in the forest. It is ten meters high, with an oak tree growing at its crest. The tree is alive, and here many wood elves come when they have lived a long time, to merge their spirits with the great oak, and their bodies evolve into one of its many roots. The first elf ever to do this was Eälara, the first queen of these woods, and one of the first elves ever to be created by Varai in the dawn of time.

Her daughter, Osinda, is now the oldest living creature in all of Eshfera. She never goes far from the tree, indeed her feet are now so firmly connected to the ground that she can only move very slowly. She is the guardian of her people, and all listen and heed her advice and decisions. She has lived for thousands of years, and has seen several Times of Descension come and go. She is almost as powerful as a Deity, and her skill level is 19 in all three magic schools from the Core Rulebook, and she knows all the spells therein. **WP:** 60.

Lirvaer

There are very few conflicts in Eälárnin, the elves live in peace and harmony with both nature and each other, but a worry has begun to grow – there are no more wood elf children being born. As is mentioned in the Horn of the Dawn part 1, if a player character is a wood elf that character will have been sent out by Osinda to find two great gems: a ruby and a sapphire. These gems are needed to find the Horn of the Dawn that the campaign is named after, and the third gem is a topaz, that the elves call the Lirvaer, that is hanging from tree roots under Eälárnin. Our suggestion is that a wood elf player character would have been the last elf child born. That would also make it reasonable for this last one, this “chosen one”, to be the one sent out on the quest.

If there is no wood elf player character, or if a wood elf player character comes from the mainland, the party could have come across an elf on this quest on their travels. It would take a dragon roll for **PERSUASION** to have that elf reveal the existence of the Topaz in the Trollwoods. But a successful roll for **AWARENESS** if a player character has the heroic ability Insight, or a regular success for **PERSUASION** will reveal that the elf is searching for a ruby and a sapphire of great size.

Osinda is convinced that another Time of Descension is drawing near, and will not merge with the great oak until that event has come and passed. She wants to save her people and find out why there are no more elf children being born, and knows about the Horn of the Dawn. She wants to blow it to call on Varai and get her aid in breaking this curse. The reason she has not sent out more elves to search for the gems is that she also knows that the reason they are still independent is because no one knows they are in the Trollwoods. The more wood elves there are out in the world, the more risk of their realm being exposed.

The Hill

The sacred hill that Eälárnin is named after is in a big clearing in the woods. And atop it grows the great oak. From the north side there is an entrance into the hill, where the soil and roots with magic have been made to open up. An eight meter corridor leads in, on the sides and ceiling of which the roots wreath and twist in intricate patterns. It ends in a cavern shaped like the top half of an orb, and here also the walls are lined with roots meandering in ornamental figures and shapes.

EVENTS IN THE TROLLWOODS

D6 Event

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 | A pirate ship sails up the river, attacking villages along the way. |
| 2 | Increasing attempts to cut down trees near Fordsville, several tree-trolls have died. |
| 3 | A blight demon has managed to slip through the defenses and poisons the great oak. |
| 4 | Osinda has a vision of imminent destruction from the skies. |
| 5 | An old elf animist, who almost has evolved into a wood vaesen, falls in love with one of the characters. |
| 6 | The player characters are accused of spying for the Bastionites. |

In the center of this room, which has a diameter of about fifteen meters, three tree roots come down from the ceiling and wrap around the Lirvaer. The gem is bigger than a large clenched fist and cannot be removed from the tree roots other than cutting the roots, an action that will release a horrifying scream (each character in the room suffers a Fear attack) from the spirits whose souls are in those roots. Osinda can command the roots to part though, to get the topaz out, and will do so for the player characters in the Horn of the Dawn part 3, if they succeed with the tasks she set them.

The Resin Tavern

As most elves living in Eälárnin do so because they enjoy socializing with other elves, there is a tavern here in the village. The Resin Tavern is run by Salialia, an elf so old that she has almost totally merged with the tree in the tavern's center. Her face is the only part of her still visible, and she serves the customers through taps here and there on the tree trunk. From her eyes she pours a sour, clear alcoholic sap called Aesalilia, tears of Salialia. But the treat that most elves come here to enjoy

is the resin that she serves through her mouth called Eroia. It has a sweet taste and has a relaxing, intoxicating effect when you chew it for a stretch of time. Some even have visions of places far away, far back in time, or even from the future under the influence of the resin. This is because Percia, Goddess of fate, bestowed this gift upon Salialia a thousand years ago after she did her a great favor.

There are no tables or chairs, but there are many couches and daybeds of moss where visitors sit or lay down in conversation with each other. It is seldom full except on poetry nights which occurs every time the twin moons are full. Then, many elves come here to chew on Eroia and create great works of poetry and rejoice in each other's company.





RELIGION

The Primeval Deities

Eshfera is a world where religion and the Deities are very much a big part of the daily life for the people who live in it. The Gods may be behind a barrier in the sky, but they affect the world below them, and are often the difference between success and failure. The different kin, as well as each individual, often have one Deity that they primarily pray to, and consider to be “their” Deity. Having said that, each one of the Gods all have a domain where their powers are stronger, and where they can influence the world and its creatures the most. Therefore, the inhabitants of Eshfera pray to the Deity whose domain lies closest to their daily life. For instance, dwarven hunters might sacrifice the heart of their game to Seraï to give thanks, even though Kheldizn is the dwarves’ main Deity. The only exception to this is the Bastionites who only pray to Thrakon, and who do not allow for other people to worship him. Instead, as the ruler of the pantheon, he makes sure that all the other Gods give favor to his people in all their respective domains.

In gaming terms, a character who performs the proper rites and prays to its primary Deity will get a “free pushed roll” a day, without having to take a condition. This is one way the Gods affect the lives of the player characters. Another can be if the game master finds it appropriate to include some other kind of divine intervention, either to hinder or to help the player characters. Since a little nudge from the game master often helps the story progress, this is a good way to motivate that nudge. Each Deity also has some unique ways of granting power to a worshiper, these are described at the end of the text for each of them. The game master is encouraged to be generous in allowing these, and to expand/adjust them to fit the party and the campaign. Religion really matters in Eshfera.

In this book we cover the basic means of worship on Windheim, and the Deities that have the most influence on the island. In an upcoming supplement, Religion in Eshfera, all the Deities in this world will be covered, as well as some religious festivals and rites, religious locations and more rules on how the Deities can influence the world.

When the Gods were created there were only ten of them: Barakon, Kheldizn, Varai, Nelië, Seraï, Akharand, Saengia, Percia, Gûthwa, and Korun. They were the ones who created Eshfera and all things in it. In time, some mortals became so powerful through the worship of their peers, that the Gods decided to accept their ascension, giving domains to these new Deities. For example Naika, the Birthgiver, became the Goddess of fertility and crops, Lana the Goddess of music, and Eir the God of wisdom, learning and rationality.

The attentive reader will notice that Thrakon is not among the Primeval Deities, though he is Lord of the pantheon. And Akharand has little more power than an experienced mortal mage. Thus, age is not an indicator of a Deity’s power. For as the kin were created, much of the original power and magic of the first Gods went into them, and therefore they can only get the power back by having the mortal kin worship them.





BARAKHON

Barakhon, the creator of humankind, is represented by the sun, which he also created. The Sun gives light and warmth to the surface of Eshfera, and in the beginning he was

much worshiped by most kin, except the dwarves. But since his former champion, Thrakon, was raised to divine status as the God of fire and destruction, Barakhon's power and relevance has diminished greatly. Even more so since the last Time of Descension, when Thrakon took power. Barakhon's strategy then became that of trickery. He spent his last time among the mortals pretending to be an alternative aspect of Thrakon, and thus gained followers among some of the Bastionites. In this guise he has spent the last millenia.

His followers relate to this duality in different ways. Some in their hearts see him as a Deity apart from Thrakon, while others truly consider him to be an avatar of Thrakon. The official story from the Barakhon leaders though is that he is merely another aspect of Thrakon, and thus Bastionites are allowed to worship Barakhon, and not sacrifice the tithe.

Those anointed of Barakhon either travel the world, aiding people in need and subtly preaching the teachings of Barakhon, or they live in one of the sanctums around the world. Each sanctum has a high level of autonomy, but the Sunmaster of the sanctum in Bastion is considered the spiritual leader of the faith. There are a few sanctums on Windheim of which the ones in the Glimmer mountains, the one in Foamsvale and the one in Silfverspuuhr are the most influential ones.

Barakhon is mostly worshiped through meditation, trying to find inner calm or to kindle one's inner fire. And everytime one aids someone in need, that is also considered to be doing Barakhon's work.

A person who studies to become one of the faith's anointed gets the rank of Lightseeker. After having studied the teachings of Barakhon thoroughly, a test has to be passed to be raised to the rank of Sunseeker. The test is both theoretical and physical. One must know the religious text, most of all the writings of Alda and Tomin, and one must master the sacred golden morningstar. Once this rank is obtained, one may choose which way to do Barakhon's work. By training new Lightseekers, study the ancient records, or to become a champion of Barakhon by defending the weak.

Sunbringers are the highest ranking leaders in the sanctums, often two or three per location. They are the most senior acolytes of the faith, and this rank is only given to those who have performed extraordinarily well in their respective field.

There are three rites that are the most sacred to followers of Barakhon. Daily at sunrise the coming sun is greeted with a prayer, giving thanks to him that the sun comes again. And each day at sunrise, a prayer is given, pleading that it will not be the last time the sun is seen in the sky. Yearly, at the vernal equinox there is a great festival, celebrating that each day will now have more sun than darkness. Sun cakes are baked, and mead is brewed from the year's first drops of honey.



AKHARAND (THE FORGOTTEN ONE)

While Akharand is one of the Primeval Deities and the creator of the dwarves, he is now all but forgotten, and no one worships him. His ancient symbol was a circle inside a circle. His decline began when the five tribes of the dwarves made war on each other. He was miserable, and desperate for something that would stop the fighting. Thus he created the stone kin. Ogres, orcs and goblins who unlike the other kin do not have the breath of Seraï in them, instead they are powered by the heat of the lava of the mountains that flow inside them. But instead of keeping the peace, the stone kin attacked the dwarves, furiously and without mercy. His design had failed, and the dwarves turned from him and took Kheldizn as their prime Deity, already worshiping her for her gifts to them.

Therefore he now sits in solitude, in a peripheral chamber in Khaham Burzil, a dwarven city that was attacked by the stone kin, and now lies abandoned...



KHELDIZN

Kheldizn, the maker of the world, is symbolized by an anvil in front of a fire. She is the main Deity of all the dwarves on Windheim, since she is the one who

spawned the matter from which they make their creations. But blacksmiths and artisans of all kin, except the Bastionites, worship her to some degree as well.

Creating new things, both beautiful and practical, pleases her greatly. And thus the main means of worship is to forge, construct and shape new objects and items in her honor. On rare occasions, if the object is especially pleasing to her, she will even imbue it with magic. This is the way in which holy magical items are created, and that is why there are more dwarven made magical weapons and other things than from any other kin.

In the dwarven realms there are sacred forges, and in Thym Zûr these are all presided over by a Okhathazh, Holy Leader. Dwarves who are true masters of crafting. Any dwarf may come to the holy forges, and sometimes an Okhathazh will aid in the creation. It is every dwarf's duty to come to each of the five sacred forges and create, at least once in their lifetime. Under the Okhathazh are the Okhamûr, holy hammer. Many of these spend most of their time in the forges, both the sacred ones and others, where they create holy weapons for the fight against the stone kin. But some prefer to personally wield the sacred axes, and to fight on the western border.

The birth of a new child is especially sacred to the dwarves, as it is considered yet another way of reforging the gifts of

Kheldizn. Therefore it is always celebrated with a great feast, giving thanks to her. In much the same way, death is celebrated since both body and soul go through a metamorphosis.

Another time of festivity is the five dates spread out over the year when each of the five sacred forges were created by Kheldizn. Each Time of Descension she has given the dwarves of Thym Zûr a new forge, redirecting the lava and shaping a new place where her power grants favor to those who come there.

The dwarves of Khal Dhem also worship her, and she gives them all the same benefits as she does for Thym Zûr. But since she loves all the dwarves equally, the powers she gives them do not work against other dwarves.

BARAKHON AS YOUR PRIMARY DEITY

For the "free" pushed roll a day – Meditate at least two stretches of time a day. A Barakhon faithful who aids another person, be they player characters or not, with nothing to gain for oneself always does this with a boon.

AKHARAND AS YOUR PRIMARY DEITY

For the "free" pushed roll a day – Just remembering him and thinking of him. Since there is no one anointed to him at the moment, a player character who exchanges its main Deity with Akharand will become his Champion. While that character/s is his only worshiper he cannot grant much power, but the 1 "free" pushed roll will become 3 a day.

KHELDIZN AS YOUR PRIMARY DEITY

For the "free" pushed roll a day – At least once a week create something in Kheldizn's honor. On a dragon roll for **CRAFTING** in Kheldizn's honor, a created object becomes imbued with her magic. The game master chooses the magical effect.

NELIË AS YOUR PRIMARY DEITY

For the “free” pushed roll a day – Inhale and pray daily. Followers of Nelië seem to always have the wind in their back granting them such benefits as ranged and thrown weapons have a range of +10%, they can get boons on **SNEAKING** rolls if scent is a factor or become less fatigued by a long or forced march. On sea the wind is always favorable if the prolonged inhalation prayer has been made.

VARAI AS YOUR PRIMARY DEITY

For the “free” pushed roll a day – At all times show respect for all growing things. A player character worshiping Varai can cast the magic trick Floral Trail without rolling for Animism, and gets a boon to rolls for **SNEAKING** when in high grass or in the forest.

PERCIA AS YOUR PRIMARY DEITY

As neither farming nor conceiving a baby will probably be a part of a roleplaying campaign, we have not added rules mechanics for praying to Percia, but if a group wishes to include it we are sure such rules can be added by the game master.

SERAÏ AS YOUR PRIMARY DEITY

For the “free” pushed roll a day – Always following one’s passions and impulses. Whenever a prey is killed, if the heart is eaten while it still pounds a boon is given on relevant rolls during the next hunt

KORUN AS YOUR PRIMARY DEITY

For the “free” pushed roll a day – Refrain from eating meat. Elandines who pray to Korun get the ability to communicate with horses.



NELIË

Nelië controls the flow of water and air, and is represented by two wavy lines. She is the main Deity of the sea elves and the mallards.

Even though the mallards are her own creations, she favors them both equally. The main reason for this is that the mallards’ tendency to violence has resulted in there not being that many of them left. The more serene mallards have all left the seas for a life on land, often in the great cities of the mainland, where Nelië is all but irrelevant, and they have turned to other Deities. The pirate mallards of Windheim are the only ones who still keep her in their hearts, but they are few.

The sea elves are not her creation but, as is told in the history chapter, they turned from Varai and took to sea, and have been true to Nelië ever since. They are more numerous than the pirate mallards, but are more spread out over the four seas, and are not as warlike, and thus they are evenly matched around the coasts of Windheim. Nelië grieves that her two sources of worship, apart from them only the Bastionites who worship Thrakon sail the seas, do not get along. Nothing would please her more than if they would reconcile.

Nelië is worshiped by praying to her while inhaling deep, and holding one’s breath for a long time. With closed eyes the worshiper feels her power spreading through every limb, every fiber of the body. It is common to pray daily in this manner, and before long voyages both elves and mallards often do it to the point of passing out.

There are no big seasonal festivals, but rather the beginnings and ends of long successful voyages are celebrated. And, much like with the dwarves of Kheldizn, birth and death are followed by feasts, celebrating the draw of a newborn’s first breath and lamenting a deceased’s last one.



VARAI

Creator of the elves and all of the flora of Eshfera, Varai has a deep love of all growing things, and is represented by a tree with great bows and many roots. The wood elves are the

ones who primarily worship her, but some farmers hold her in equal esteem as Naika, the Deity of fertility. Most of all her creations, she loves the trees, and the felling of these grieves her greatly. Thus, in ancient times, together with Saengia she created the tree-trolls, to guard the woods of Eshfera. But apart from the Trollwoods on Windheim, where there are still many hundred left, most of them are now extinct. Only solitary ones still exist in the woods of the mainland.

The way of worshiping Varai is by planting and tending to plants and trees. This can be done regularly or whenever there is need or the possibility to do so. Of all the Deities, she is the

one least picky about formalities and statutes. The only thing important to her is respect for nature, and if this decree is violated – her wrath is fearsome.

Celebrations of festivals and the like differ from place to place, since the seasons are not the same across all of Eshfera at the same time. But often at the height of summer, when all the local flora is in full bloom, there will be a feast to celebrate the glory of Varai.

Animists, if they are not Bastionites, get their power from Varai, along with Seraï and Saengia.



SERAÏ

The “Mistress of the Hunt” is worshiped by hunters all over Eshfera, but most of all by the wolfkin who she made. She is represented by the twin moons that she also created.

To the wolfkin she has granted special powers making them exceptional in the art of the hunt. Though this is what she is most known for nowadays, her role in the beginning of time was another. In the creation of the kin and the beasts of Eshfera, she was the one who breathed life into all of them, and in all the years after she has been celebrated as the Goddess of passions. In this she is the polar opposite of Eir, the God of wisdom, learning and rationality. Unbridled passion and giving in to one’s urges is considered living in accordance with her will.

Being the Deity of hunting means that she has often been on the opposing side of Korun in previous Times of Descension, he does not appreciate her giving power and aid to those who hunt and kill his beloved creatures.

Besides giving in to one’s urges and following passions, the main way of worshiping Seraï is to sacrifice the beating heart to her by eating it. Then her power fills the body and gives it strength.



PERCIA

The Goddess of fertility and crops, represented by a seed, was once a mortal human woman who through her prayers to several Deities was granted to give birth

to 1001 children. As these soon grew into a people who all worshiped her as their matriarch, she was elevated to divine status. She is worshiped by farmers and those who wish to conceive children, though not among Bastionites. Thus she holds great power even though she does not have one specific kin or culture who consider her “their” Deity. She is worshiped by planting and reaping crops, and conceiving and birthing children. When planting, people often pray to her for a favorable harvest, and a feast is held in her honor. And when harvest time comes there is an even bigger one.



KORUN

The maker of all the beasts of Eshfera, represented by a four-legged creature, Korun has few worshipers nowadays. Non-Bastionite cattle farmers pray to him, as

do the few Elandines left on Windheim. When he created the animals, he made them free, and unbound of any covenant, and so they do not pray to him. Thus he is today a very weak God. What little power he has he gives to the Elandines, granting them the power to communicate with their beloved horses. And they pray to him by tending to all animals and refrain from eating meat.



Korun



SAENGIA

The Deity of lightning, chaos and chance is represented by a whirlwind. Few worship her, and most prayers are directed at keeping her and her influence away. But gamblers of course hold her in high regard, especially

when playing games where chance plays a big part a prayer is often muttered in her honor. Animists who wish to learn and cast lightning spells need to pray to her on a daily basis. This is done by uttering words of prayer while casting a knife in the air, making it spin, and then catching it with one’s eyes closed.

SANGIA AS YOUR PRIMARY DEITY

No player character has Saengia as a primary Deity – if they would do so she would require an unplayable amount of chaotic behavior.

If someone prays to her and tosses a spinning knife and catches it – have them roll a d20. On a 20, a lot of blood is drawn and the worshiper loses 8 HP. On a 2–19, blood is drawn and the worshiper loses 3 HP. In either way, the worshiper may reroll its next demon roll, or have the game master reroll a dragon roll against them. On a 1, no blood is drawn and the worshiper can turn its next demon roll to a dragon roll, or have an opponent’s dragon roll become a demon roll.



THRAKON

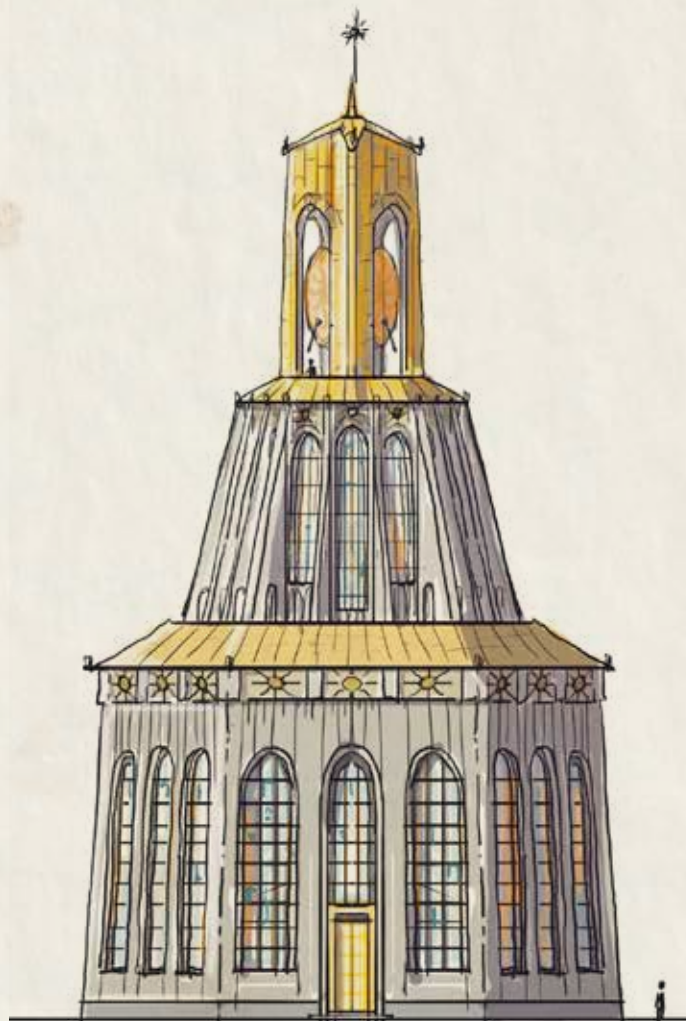
The current ruler of the pantheon was once a mortal man, a champion of Barakhon, who was elevated to divine status due to the multitude of humans who worshiped him after his many heroic deeds. He was granted the domain of fire and destruction and is represented by the Bastion in the center of a sun.

In the last Time of Descension he bided his time, and told his worshipers to gather in a place on the south coast of the mainland, and to build a Bastion within which they would be safe as he would guard them. Then, when all the other Gods were weary, and many of their worshipers had slayed each other in a long protracted war – he struck. He offered Varai, Seraï, Nelië and Barakhon, an alliance if they only accepted him as their sovereign. Being on the brink of defeat, they accepted. He then defeated Gûthwa in single combat, and the Bastionites marched on the other armies and thus the war was decided. Being the dominant victor of the conflict he could then, as the first Deity ever, reign as sole ruler among them.

But he has now become weary of immortality, and the constant squabbles of the other Deities. In the next Time of Descension he will give a blacksmith the power to forge a weapon with the power to slay even the divine, intending on it being used on himself...

His people are the Bastionites, the human and halfling culture that now rules the surface of Eshfera, as he rules the sky. They sacrifice a tenth, the tithe, of everything they earn, make or grow in the enormous Thrakon wells that are in every village. No one knows what is at the bottom of the wells, but they are very deep, and once a cleric has come to bless it, it seems bottomless. The blessing is actually a spell, which the most powerful of the clerics are taught. The words uttered are not in any language known to them, so they do not know what they say, or what the spell does. The truth of the matter is that it is a teleportation spell, so that all things that have been sacrificed over the last millennia have been teleported to Thrakon in the Home of the Gods. If player characters are foolish enough to jump in the well, or try to climb down, they will be sucked in and teleported to the divine core of Eshfera, and thus die immediately from the sacred fire of Thrakon.

Though the sacrifice of the tithe is the most important way of praying to Thrakon, there are a few other religious practices. All Thrakon temples are hexagonal shaped, with one alcove for each of the virtues of Thrakon: Strength, Constitution, Agility, Intelligence, Willpower and Charisma. Coming to pray in one of the alcoves is common in towns that are big enough to have a temple. Another, more personal way is by lighting a fire. Thrakon being the God of fire the Bastionites light candles and hearths in his honor, giving thanks for the warmth and light it gives them.



THRAKON AS YOUR PRIMARY DEITY

For the “free” pushed roll a day – Sacrifice the tithe in the Thrakon wells. Bastionites who pray in one of the alcoves in a temple get a boon to all rolls based on that attribute/virtue for the following hour. And if they light a candle or other religious fire they get improved vision in the dark for one day, as the light of their eyes make them see more clearly than usual.



UEN

Though Uen is not a Deity yet, she is worshiped as such by the Myhl. If enough of them survive the next Time of Descension, she might be elevated to one, but as of yet she is not, and therefore can not give the Myhl any powers. But they do pray to her, and when they find food through foraging they offer thanks to her. Since the recent sad events though, more and more of them have turned from her. Some to other Deities, like the Araer tribe who now worship Seraï, and some have even stopped worshiping any Gods at all.



GÛTHWA

The Warrior God, the protector of Eshfera, is represented by a crossed axe and sword, and is worshiped by fighters all over Eshfera, except naturally among Bastionites. It is said that in the last Time of Descension, he was so exhausted that Thrakon actually defeated him in single combat, and that this was the final turning point of that war.

Like Percia and Saengia, he does not have a specific kin or culture worshiping him, and he does not have any seasonal festivals in his honor. Nor is he worshiped on a daily basis, but is rather a Deity that one calls upon before a fight. Before combat, fighters who cut themselves and offer their blood to him, reaching for the sky, feel his power flow to their arms.

GÛTHWA AS YOUR PRIMARY DEITY

For the “free” pushed roll a day – Start a fight.
Before a fight, if followers of Gûthwa cut themselves dealing 5 hp of damage and offer the blood to the sky, they get a boon to all str-based attack rolls the first two rounds of combat.

UEN AS YOUR PRIMARY DEITY

A Myhl player character worshiping Uen does therefore not get any advantages from this when it comes to rules mechanics, this is balanced by some benefits that will come in events following the campaign Horn of the Dawn.

*Uen, the
Elven animist*



YOUR WINDHEIM CHARACTER

Kins

These are the typical kins of Windheim, you can use the Kins from the Core Rule Book and Bestiary as well.



THYM ZÛR DWARF

The dwarves of Thym Zûr are a proud and stubborn people. They do not forget, and they seldom forgive. They often live to become over 200 years, sometimes almost 300. They are the hardest folk in Eshfera, and will endure pain and heavy tasks better than any else.

Ability – True Ally, 1 WP

Whenever you help someone you truly consider your ally, that person gets two extra dice to roll instead of the usual one.

D6	First name
1	Burumkhir
2	Khirizhaa
3	Akhla

D6	First name
4	Makharazh
5	Zhirimarkhor
6	Khorzhor



MYHL

The Myhl are a human culture that have lived on Windheim for thousands of years. They are hunters and gatherers who live in the hills in the northeasternmost part of Windheim. The suffering due to the heavy taxation from the Bastionites is dire, and they want to free themselves from that yoke. They dress in furs and leathers and are excellent hunters and singers.

Ability – Forager, 2 WP

You can always find food in the wild to sustain yourself.

D6	First name
1	Narea
2	Phiir
3	Ireala

D6	First name
4	Eilir
5	Thornuil
6	Ryhl



PIRATE MALLARD

The mallards of Windheim are green feathered except on their heads where they have a mohawk of bright red feathers. A few exiled ones live among the Bastionites, but then shave their heads so as to hide their ancestry and pretend they are peaceful mallards from the mainland.

Ability – Improvising fighter, 2 WP

Though you prefer to fight with your raven's beaks, you are also very used to fighting with whatever is in front of you. Each time you attack with an improvised weapon, the damage is increased with 1 die (2D6 becoming 3D6 etc).

D6	First name
1	Zhwaa
2	Inkhirii
3	Bizhe

D6	First name
4	Wicho
5	Kzhindar
6	Byqua



SEA ELF

In their youth, the sea elves are not that much different from humans. They act in similar ways and look much the same, except for their pointy ears. But as the years go by they start to develop gills and webbed feet and hands, and as they approach their later years (often after around 5–700 years) they start to metamorphose into a sea creature. In that form they then roam the seas for around a hundred years before they die.

Ability – Water healing, 3 WP

When submerged in water for one hour, you heal 3D6 HP & WP and remove all conditions. The WP cost is subtracted after the rest is completed.

D6	First name
1	Seara
2	Hirlae
3	Aalisa

D6	First name
4	Frearn
5	Haalys
6	Seneas



BASTIONITE

Bastionites are the dominant kin in Eshfera. Through their worship of Thrakon they gain much power. Bastionites come in all shapes, sizes and colors, about 75% of them are human, and 25% are halflings. A Bastionite player character can either choose the kin ability for human/halflings from the Core Rulebook, or choose the one below.

Ability – By the Power of Thrakon, 3 WP

When in melee combat, you can activate this ability to draw holy strength from Thrakon and get a boon to an attack roll against a non-Bastionite opponent.

D6	First name
1	Ladara
2	Ponal
3	Ona

D6	First name
4	Torok
5	Dirol
6	Manok



WOOD ELF

Wood elves are the oldest and most long lived creatures in Eshfera. Through their connection with Varai and their beloved trees they enjoy a serene and simple life, but some few want to travel the world and seek adventure. After the first one or two thousand years, a wood elf will start to become one with nature. Some start to leave their bodies behind and become almost transparent, and live on as strange spectral beings. Some metamorphose into a woodland vaesen, and some merge their spirits with a tree when their bodies die.

Ability – Tree healing, 3 WP

When in continuous contact with an old tree for two hours, you heal 3D6 HP & WP and remove all conditions. The WP cost is subtracted after the rest is completed.

D6	First name
1	Teara
2	Hindae
3	Aaneara

D6	First name
4	Fioraan
5	Thaerys
6	Sereasca

DEEP ELF

The most seclusive and secretive of all kin in Eshfera are the deep elves. Born deep under the mountains, they spend their lives in darkness in the depths of the world – lower even than any dwarven mine. Some though are born with a spark within them. A spark that sets them apart from their kin, that makes them yearn for the light, for adventure. They leave the deep halls of their ancestors to seek fame and fortune in the world outside.

Ability – Earth healing, 3 WP

When completely submerged in earth for two hours, you heal 3D6 HP & WP and remove all conditions. The WP cost is subtracted after the rest is completed.

D6	First name	D6	First name
1	Seara	4	Frearn
2	Hirlae	5	Haalys
3	Aalisa	6	Seneas



WOLFKIN IN ESHFERA

The wolfskin in this world live primarily on the mainland, in a forest called Wufthang. They are under the authority of the Empress, but have kept their autonomy by sending their youths on their twentieth birthday to serve in the Bastionite army as scouts for two years. Thus their people have been all over the known world and much knowledge has been brought back to their land.

Not all return though. Some stay in service, either because of comradery or the wages. Some stay where they were dismissed and settle down. And some go adventuring around the regions they have gotten to know. At all times there are at least 500 wolfskin trackers posted on key locations all over the Windheim. Mostly in Eastspuuh, Vales End, Plainsville, Streamsville and in the garrisons keeping an eye on the Myhl. After completing the two years, it's not at all unusual for young wolfskin to stay on the island, as there are still many wild places to explore and adventures to be had.



Professions

These are typical Windheim professions, you can use the professions in the Core Rule Book as well.



CLERIC OF THRAKON

As Thrakon is lord of the heavens and rules the Gods, so we control the earth, and rule the kin of Eshfera. We Bastionites alone are his children, and we must prove ourselves worthy of the power he gives us. By sacrifice, and prayer.

TARAL, CLERIC OF THRAKON

A cleric has taken a sacred vow to serve Thrakon and to be his representative among the peoples of Eshfera. These divine servants channel his blessings to the Bastionites and give them guidance.

- ✦ **Key attribute:** Willpower
- ✦ **Skills:** Beast Lore, Crafting, Healing, Languages, Myths & Legends, Performance, Persuasion, Staves
- ✦ **Heroic Ability:** Divine Blessing

D6 Gear

1-2 Staff, holy symbol, notebook, quill, fold-up writing desk, sleeping pelt, flint & tinder, D4 food rations, D10 silver.

3-4 Staff, holy symbol, book (any topic), sleeping pelt, oil lamp, lamp oil, flint & tinder, D6 food rations, D12 silver.

5-6 Staff, holy symbol, bandages, sleeping pelt, chess set, flint & tinder, D8 food rations, D10 silver.

D6 Nicknames

1 The Meek

2 The Wise

3 The Learned

D6 Nicknames

4 The Unwavering

5 The Silent

6 The Unforgiving

BERSERKER

I am one with my weapon. One with the fray. When I hear the battle horns sound and the clash of steel on steel, I roar to the sky and pray to my Deity that I may one day join them. And become the stuff of legend...

MINHAZKH THE MIGHTY

Many cultures have for centuries trained warriors to fight with unmatched ferocity. In battle they build up an untamable wrath and leap headlong into danger.

- ✦ **Key attribute:** Strength
- ✦ **Skills:** Acrobatics, Axes, Bartering, Beast Lore, Brawling, Hammers, Persuasion, Swimming
- ✦ **Heroic Ability:** Berserk

D6 Gear

- | | |
|-----|--|
| 1-2 | Two-Handed Axe, chainmail armor, torch, flint & tinder, D6 food rations, D4 silver. |
| 3-4 | Heavy Warhammer, studded leather armor, great helm, torch, flint & tinder, D6 food rations, D4 silver. |
| 5-6 | Large wooden club, leather armor, open helmet, torch, flint & tinder, D8 food rations, D6 silver. |

D6 Nicknames

- | | |
|---|-------------------|
| 1 | The Blooddrenched |
| 2 | The Roarer |
| 3 | Hardhand |

D6 Nicknames

- | | |
|---|-----------------|
| 4 | The Scarred |
| 5 | Deathbringer |
| 6 | The Unstoppable |



SPY

I wouldn't say that it is immoral to sniff out a secret or two, would you? Or to plant a rumor out of nowhere? If it is all done in the name of Thrakon, then it must be his will, must it not...?

GORTAN (PROBABLY AN ALIAS)

On the mainland it is not uncommon for noble houses to have a few spies working for them. In the quest for greater glory and the elevation of one's family – few methods are deemed off limitss.

- ✦ **Key attribute:** Charisma
- ✦ **Skills:** Bartering, Bluffing, Knives, Languages, Persuasion, Sleight of Hand, Sneaking, Spot Hidden
- ✦ **Heroic Ability:** Hide in plain sight

D6 Gear

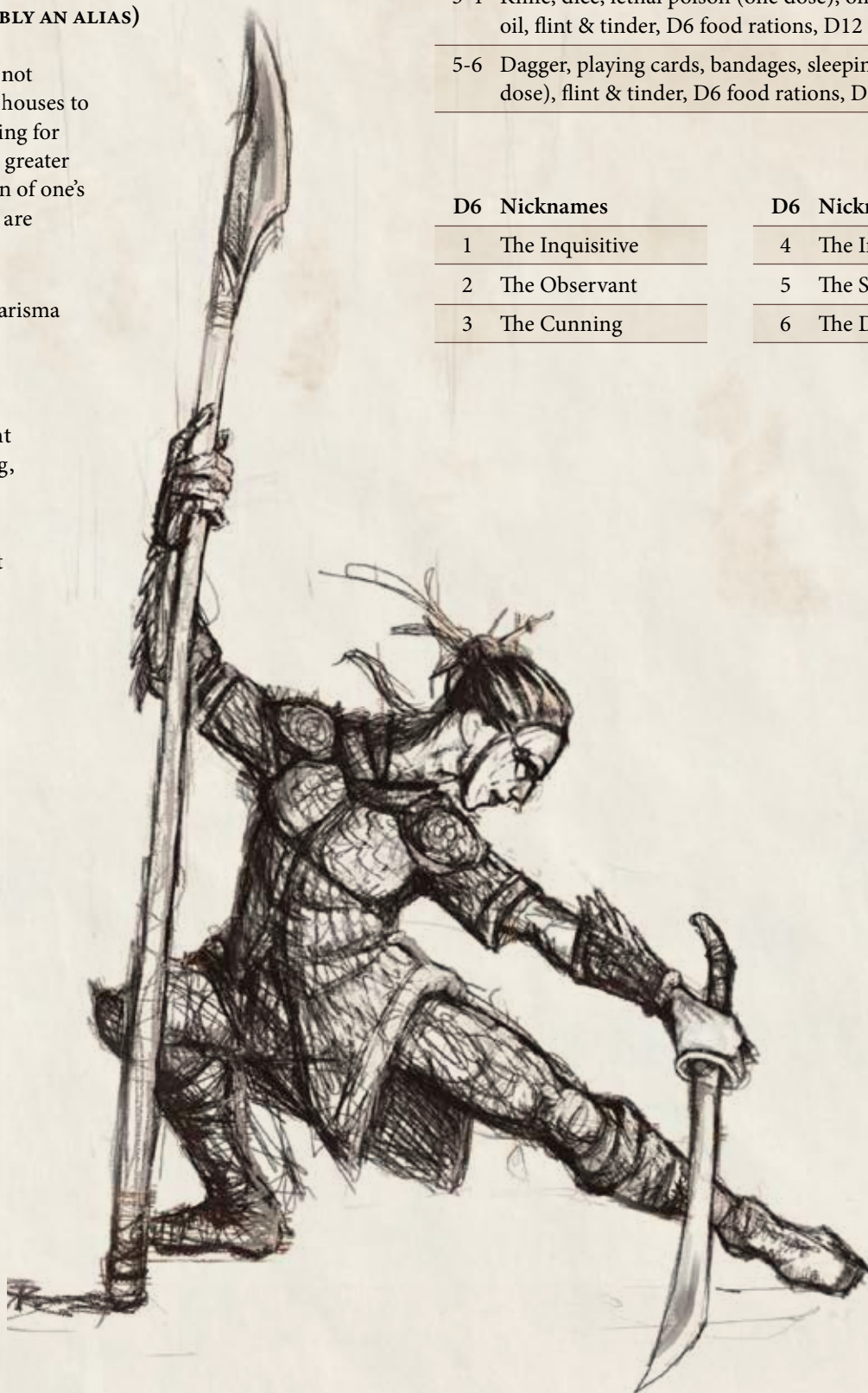
1-2	Staff, chess set, notebook, quill, paralyzing poison (one dose), flint & tinder, D6 food rations, D10 silver
3-4	Knife, dice, lethal poison (one dose), oil lamp, lamp oil, flint & tinder, D6 food rations, D12 silver.
5-6	Dagger, playing cards, bandages, sleeping poison (one dose), flint & tinder, D6 food rations, D12 silver.

D6 Nicknames

1	The Inquisitive
2	The Observant
3	The Cunning

D6 Nicknames

4	The Insightful
5	The Stubborn
6	The Daring



SUNSEEKER OF BARAKHON

Barakhon is the bringer of light, of warmth and of life. When his rays touch us, we feel his caress, and his love, and are filled with inner peace. But they also give us power, to strike down those that wish us harm.

HANOG, SUNSEEKER OF BARAKHON

Sunseekers of Barakhon are trained in both the art of meditation, and the wielding of the sacred morningstar. Some leave the sanctums to travel the world, seeking knowledge and spreading the teachings of Barakhon.

- ✦ **Key attribute:** Strength
- ✦ **Skills:** Acrobatics, Brawling, Evade, Hammers, Healing, Languages, Myths & Legends, Persuasion
- ✦ **Heroic Ability:** Meditate

D6 Gear

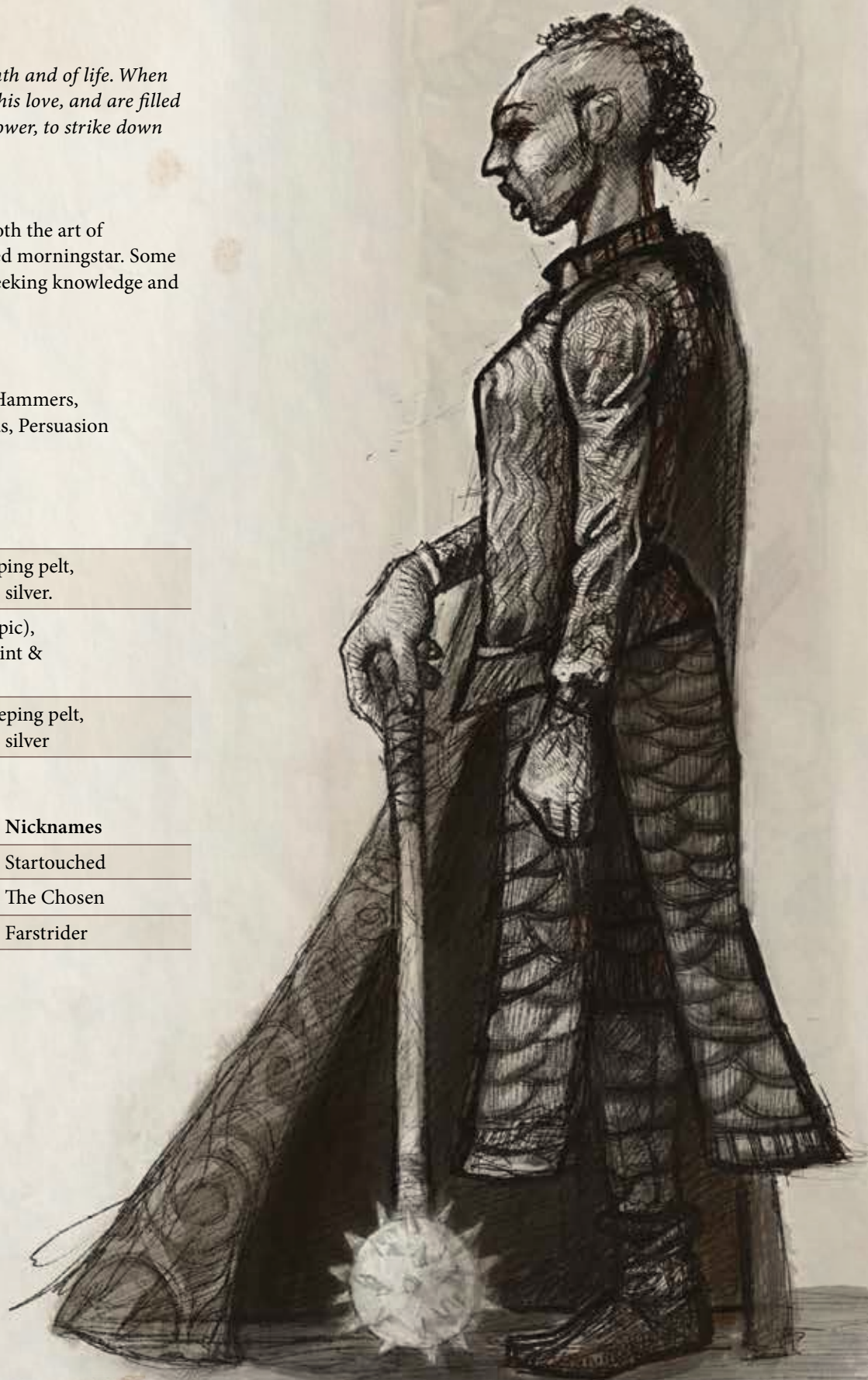
- | | |
|-----|---|
| 1-2 | Sacred morningstar, spyglass, sleeping pelt, flint & tinder, D6 food rations, D8 silver. |
| 3-4 | Sacred morningstar, book (any topic), sleeping pelt, oil lamp, lamp oil, flint & tinder, D6 food rations, D8 silver |
| 5-6 | Sacred morningstar, bandages, sleeping pelt, flint & tinder, D6 food rations, D8 silver |

D6 Nicknames

- | | |
|---|-------------|
| 1 | Suneye |
| 2 | The Blessed |
| 3 | Eversmile |

D6 Nicknames

- | | |
|---|-------------|
| 4 | Startouched |
| 5 | The Chosen |
| 6 | Farstrider |



SHAMAN

The spirits are ever watching us. We can learn from them, if we listen in the right way. We need not fear them, at least I do not, hehe...

KAEROHN, SHAMAN OF THE UOOHN TRIBE

A few among the Myhl have been taught by Wiqzamar and have learned to speak with the unseen spirits that roam around Windheim. They live among the tribes, but often a bit secluded since they are feared by many due to their powers.

- ✦ **Key attribute:** Willpower
- ✦ **Skills:** Awareness, Bluffing, Knives, Languages, Myths & Legends, Persuasion, Sleight of Hand, Spot Hidden
- ✦ **Heroic Ability:** Spirit Walker

D6 Gear

- | | |
|-----|--|
| 1-2 | Knife, small skull (conduit), short bow, quiver, sleeping pelt, torch, flint & tinder, rope (hemp), D8 food rations, D6 silver. |
| 3-4 | Dagger, short staff adorned with bells and feathers (conduit), sleeping pelt, torch, flint & tinder, fishing rod, D8 food rations, D6 silver. |
| 5-6 | Dagger, sling, necklace made from small wisps of hair in different colors (conduit), leather armor, sleeping pelt, torch, flint & tinder, rope (hemp), snare, D8 food rations, D6 silver |

D6 Nicknames

- | | |
|---|-------------|
| 1 | Haggardface |
| 2 | Hornblower |
| 3 | Whisperwind |

D6 Nicknames

- | | |
|---|------------|
| 4 | Fastrunner |
| 5 | Fairvoice |
| 6 | Darkeyes |



OKHAMÛR (HOLY HAMMER OF KHELDIZN)

Here ye go. This here weapon'll cleave the head of stone kin like butter, and drive away the undead fekkers like nought else!

Khårdûr, Okhamûr in Mizhil Arkhom

Most Okhamûr are masters at their craft and combine the unsurpassed skill of their kin with the sacred power of Kheldizn to craft holy weapons, used for fighting undead, and by those holding back the stone kin to the west of Thym Zûr

- ✦ **Key attribute:** Strength
- ✦ **Skills:** Axes, Crafting, Hammers, Languages, Myths & Legends, Persuasion, Sleight of Hand, Spot Hidden
- ✦ **Heroic Ability:** Sacred Forging

D6 Gear

1-2 Hammer of Kheldizn, spyglass, sleeping pelt, flint & tinder, torch, D6 food rations, D8 silver.

3-4 Hammer of Kheldizn, book (any topic), sleeping pelt, oil lamp, lamp oil, flint & tinder, D6 food rations, D8 silver.

5-6 Hammer of Kheldizn, bandages, chess set, sleeping pelt, flint & tinder, D6 food rations, D8 silver.

D6 Nicknames

- | | |
|---|------------|
| 1 | One-eye |
| 2 | Hammerhand |
| 3 | Longbeard |

D6 Nicknames

- | | |
|---|------------|
| 4 | The Burned |
| 5 | The Silent |
| 6 | Strongarm |



New Heroic Abilities

Divine Blessing

✦ **Requirement:** Cleric or someone who has sworn a blood oath to a Deity

✦ **Willpower points:** 3

You bestow another person (or yourself) with the blessing of your Deity. During the next stretch all rolls for a skill of your choice are rolled with a boon (at the extra cost of 1 **WP** per roll for the blessed one) due to the divine power giving aid. The blessing can only be performed once per stretch.

Hide in plain sight

✦ **Requirement:** Sneaking 12 and being among a lot of people

✦ **Willpower points:** 2

If you follow, or are being followed by someone unfriendly, while being in a town or village, you can spend 2 **WP** to activate this ability and blend in with the crowd. You remain unnoticed

Meditate

✦ **Requirement:** A sacred oath to Barakhon

✦ **Willpower points:** 3

If you spend a stretch of time in deep meditation to fill yourself with the power of Barakhon, you can spend 3 **WP** and will automatically succeed with all Willpower rolls to resist fear. This effect lasts for one shift of time.

Reckless rage

✦ **Requirement:** The heroic ability Berserk

✦ **Willpower points:** 3

You can activate this ability if you go down to 0 **HP** while berserking by spending 3 **WP** to continue fighting, going up to 75% of your max **HP** (rounded up). If you go down to 0 **HP** again in the same fight you can spend another 2 **WP** to continue fighting once again, this time at 50% of your max **HP** (rounded up). At the end of the battle you fall unconscious and check a failed death roll for every time you got up again during the fight before starting to make death rolls. You may get up a third time (this time only to 25% of your max **HP**) by spending 1 **WP** but will die immediately after the battle is finished.

Sacred forging

✦ **Requirement:** Crafting 12 and a sacred oath to Kheldizn

✦ **Willpower points:** Varies

If you spend a shift of time in a smithy, you can craft a holy weapon. This weapon does an extra d6 of sacred damage to stone kin and undead creatures. The cost in **WP** is twice the item's price in gold. You can spend multiple shifts to complete the work if you don't have enough **WP**.

Spirit walker

✦ **Requirement:** Willpower 12, and a conduit to the spirit world

✦ **Willpower points:** Varies

If you spend 1 **WP** you can sense any spirits and ghosts within 1 kilometer. If you spend 2 **WP** you can communicate with a spirit or ghost for a stretch of time. You can deal hp damage to a ghost (or other incorporeal undead) equal to the amount of **WP** you spend. The ghost does not regain the lost hp until after it has finished a shift rest.

Staff Fighter

✦ **Requirement:** Staves 12

✦ **Willpower points:** 2

If you wish to try and disarm your enemy, you may activate this ability, rolling for staves with a boon to disarm your opponent and send the weapon 2D6 meters away. This attack does not deal any damage.

Unarmored Fighter

✦ **Requirement:** Evade 12, and not wielding a shield or wearing armor.

✦ **Willpower points:** 2

When you are not wearing any armor you can activate this ability in melee combat and roll for **EVADE** as a free action, with a boon. This ability can only be used once per round and may not be activated when you are wielding a shield.

Typical Non-Player Characters

Type	Heroic abilities	Damage bonus	HP	WP	Skills	Gear
Cleric	Divine blessing	–	10	12	Myths & Legends 13 Persuasion 13 Healing 13	Holy symbol
Sunseeker	Meditate	STR +D4	10	12	Myths & Legends 13 Persuasion 13 Healing 13 Hammers 14	Golden morningstar
Sunbringer	Meditate Focused x 3 Massive blow	STR +D6	12	20	Myths & Legends 15 Persuasion 15 Healing 15 or Hammers 16	Golden morningstar
Inkeeper	–	–	10	–	Myths & Legends 12 Languages 10 Bartering 13 Awareness 10	Small wooden club
Mariner	–	AGL +D4	12	–	Seamanship 13 Swimming 13 Awareness 10 Knives 12	Dagger, spyglass
Pirate mallard	–	STR +D4	13	–	Seamanship 15 Swimming 15 Awareness 12 Hammers 15	Raven's beak
Myhl Hunter	–	STR + D4 AGL +D4	14	–	Bows 12 Evade 10 Spears 12 Hunting & Fishing 12	Short spear or short bow
Dwarven blacksmith	Master blacksmith	STR +D4	13	12	Crafting 14 Hammers 13 Bartering 12 Hammers 12	Hammer
Dwarven leader	Master blacksmith Massive blow Insight Robust x 4 Focused x 5	STR + D6	20	26	Hammers 16 Bartering 16 Persuasion 16 Awareness 14	Holy two-handed axe Plate mail Great Helm
Bard	Musician	AGL +D4	12	12	Performance 14 Spot hidden 12 Evade 13 Acrobatics 12 Knives 10	Instrument

Type	Heroic abilities	Damage bonus	HP	WP	Skills	Gear
Merchant	–	– –	12	–	Bartering 14 Myths & Legends 12 Bluffing 12	Wagon or store with wares
Khal Dhem Scout	–	AGL +D4	11	–	Sneaking 14 Evade 14 Awareness 14 Spear 12	Shortspear (D10) Leather armor (1)
Khal Dhem Shooter	–	AGL +D4	13	–	Arquebus 14 Hammer 10 Evade 10 Spot Hidden 10	Arquebus (2D8) Light warhammer (2D6) Leather armor and Open helmet (2)
Khal Dhem Fighter	–	STR +D4	12	20	Evade 12 Hammers 12	Hardened Leather and Open helmet (4) Light warhammer (2D6) Large shield
Khal Dhem Captain	Robus x2 Massive blow (+D8)	STR +D6	20	12	Awareness 14 Evade 13 Myths & Legends 12 Hammers 15	Heavy Warhammer (2D10) Chainmail and Greathealm (6)

Creating Non-Player Bastonites

	D12 Bastionite names	D12 Personality	D12 Physical feature	D12 Motivation	D12 Favorite possession
1	Undir	Talkative	Scar across the face	Personal wealth	A horse
2	Pelora	Sorrowful	Limping	Find spouse	A cane
3	Larna	Introvert	Glasses	Please local noble	An hourglass
4	Olor	Fawning	One-armed	Seek adventure	A pendant
5	Ynek	Irksome	Skewed jaw	Protectionism	A golden dagger
6	Kalar	Inquisitive	One-eyed	Spread religion	An emerald bracelet
7	Ronad	Rreckless	Shaved head	Kill the enemy	A disputed old will
8	Ondar	Jovial	Missing teeth	Altruism	A religious symbol
9	Tyrak	Scheming	Lavishly clothed	Serve demons	A tame raven
10	Halar	Crazy	Sweating	Amorous matchmaking	A black cat
11	Korek	Loud	Enormous	Inherit a business	A diary
12	Anadar	Somber	Lisp	Leave Windheim	Painting of ancestor



MONSTERS

Dragons

Dragons come in four ranks: hatchling, youngling, adult and anicent. Attacks for these are common but give different effects. Effects like range, numbers or damages are separated by a | in order of rank: Hatchling | Youngling | Adult | Anicent.

WIND DRAGON

The fastest flying creatures in the world, the wind dragons are agile and quick. Thinner and lighter than all their other cousins, they are also slightly easier to kill – if you can get close enough to one.

	Hatchling	Young	Adult	Anicent
Ferocity	3	3	4	3
Size	Normal	Large	Large	Huge
Movement	22	28	32	30
Armor	1	2	3	5
HP	26	40	70	90

Master of wind: The wind dragon has full supremacy over the flow of air. Whenever a ranged attack towards it hits, it can choose to spend one of its actions of the round to have the wind carry the projectile off course, and miss.

Elusive: The wind dragon is one of the most agile and fast creatures in Eshfera. If it moves away from an enemy it does not give the opponent a free attack, the dragon slips through their fingers.

D6 Attack

- Shrill shriek!** When the wind dragon lets out its high shriek, it travels further with the wind than any other creature's, chilling the blood of all who hears it. Everyone within 200 meters suffers a Fear attack. WIL roll is [unmodified | unmodified | made with a bane | made with a bane].
- Wing it!** The wind dragon spins in a whirlwind creating a tornado that sucks away all weapons. Characters within 5 m | 10 m | 20 m | 30 m who fail a STR roll, [unmodified | unmodified | made with a bane | made with a bane], have their weapons ripped out of their hands. The weapons land 5 m | 10 m | 15 m | 20 m away.
- Take my breath away!** The wind dragon breathes in heavily, sucking the very air out of the lungs of 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 enemies within 5 m | 10 m | 15 m | 20 m. The victims must roll for CON or pass out for 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 rounds. At the end of each one's turn they can roll again to wake up. A successful roll for **HEALING** will wake a character up.
- Come to mama!** The dragon tires of 1 | 2 | 2 | 3 characters who are within 15 m | 20 m | 30 m | 50 m away. It wants them closer so it can sting them with one of its claws, and makes the wind blow them closer. All victims must roll for AGL, with a bane to the roll, or be pulled up to the dragon, where a claw awaits, dealing D8 | 2D6 | 2D10 | 3D8 of piercing damage. A successful roll means a victim throws itself away, landing prone.
- Air minion!** The Wind dragon commands the air to create minions for it. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 sylphs (see the elementarism spell in the Core Rulebook page 68) equal to ones created from a power level 3 spell appear anywhere the dragon wishes within 10 m | 20 m | 30 m | 40 m from itself.
- Whirlwind of death!** The wind dragon takes a great leap and flies from enemy to enemy, biting and clawing at them. Every enemy within 10 m | 15 m | 20 m | 25 m is attacked and each takes D10 | 2D6 | 2D10 | 3D8 points of piercing damage.

LIGHT DRAGON

The light dragons were the first to enter this world through the cracks in the cosmic veil, and only a handful of living beings have ever encountered one. In their native form they are creatures of pure energy, exploring the Void. But when they squeezed through into this world they found that they had taken physical form, and were unable to escape. They are the most erratic of all the dragons. Sometimes, they relish in finally having pierced the barrier and can bask in the divine magic of Eshfera. But now and again, they yearn for the day when they can escape their prison of flesh and freely roam the Void once more. Light dragons prefer to make their lairs on the highest mountain peaks, close to the open sky.

	Hatchling	Young	Adult	Anicent
Ferocity	1	2	2	3
Size	Normal	Large	Huge	Huge
Movement	18	24	26	26
Armor	1	2	4	6
HP	30	50	80	100

Incandescent body: The body of a light dragon emanates small flakes of flickering light all around it. All rolls for spells cast at it suffer a bane. But all rolls to detect the creature with sight are made with a boon.

Immunity: A light dragon is immune to all natural and magical lightning and thunder effects.

Wings: The powerful wings of a light dragon lets it fly fast and far.

D6 Attack

- 1 **Blinded by the light!** The light dragon curls up, and then stretches outward with all its body and releases a bright, blinding light. All creatures within 5 m | 10 m | 20 m | 30 m must succeed with a CON roll, made with a bane, or become blinded and lose their next turn.
- 2 **Cosmic shriek!** The magnificent beast rears its head back and lets out a high-pitched shriek while beating its wings. Everyone within 10 m | 20 m | 40 m | 60 m must succeed with a WIL roll (with a bane) or suffer a Fear attack. The battering winds from the flapping wings also knocks everyone who is at least one size smaller than the dragon within 5 m | 10 m | 15 m | 20 m prone.
- 3 **Spikes of light!** The light dragon shifts its body and whips its tail, sending a hail of spikes of pure energy at all targets within 5 m | 10 m | 20 m | 40 m. Every opponent takes D10 | D12 | 2D8 | 2D10 piercing damage. Armor has no effect.
- 4 **Lightning bolt!** The glowing dragon spits a lightning bolt through its nostril at a target within 5 m | 10 m | 20 m | 40 m. The attack deals 2D6 | 2D8 | 2D10 | 2D12 electrical damage. The bolt then continues to another random target within 2 meters, inflicting 2D4 | 2D6 | 2D8 | 2D10 damage, and then to a third inflicting D4 | D6 | D8 | D10 damage. All who are damaged by the attack must make a CON roll or be stunned, and lose all actions for the rest of the round. Metal armor has no effect.
- 5 **Lightning storm!** The light dragon connects with the clouds above, and unleashes a storm of lightning upon all within 10 m | 16 m | 20 m | 30 m, dealing D6 | 2D8 | 3D6 | 3D8 electrical damage to its victims. Metal armor offers no protection. All who are damaged by the attack must make a CON roll or be stunned, losing all actions for the rest of the round.
- 6 **Cascade of light!** The dragon opens its mouth and lets out a deluge of the light it carries within it. All creatures within a 5 m | 10 m | 20 m | 30 m cone take 1D12 | 2D12 | 3D12 | 4D12 radiant damage. Armor offers no protection. All victims must succeed with a CON roll, made with a bane, or be blinded their next turn.



WATER DRAGON

Water dragons live in large bodies of water, be it wide rivers, lakes or even oceans. They resemble their cousins but are viewed as a less powerful form, lacking wings and the ability to fly. Even so they are formidable opponents, utilizing their mastery of illusions and a cunning mind to trick and catch their prey. Their lair is always hidden under water, requiring an intruder to be able to breathe underwater to access it.

	Hatchling	Young	Adult	Anicent
Ferocity	1	2	2	3
Size	Normal	Large	Large	Huge
M. Water	12	14	18	22
M. Land	8	12	14	20
Armor	1	3	4	5
HP	30	50	75	100

Amphibious: A water dragon can live both on land and in water. It moves without any restrictions in either element.



Illusionist: The dragon has the innate ability to create illusions to fool its prey. Such an illusion may be conjured at will and disguises the dragon to resemble the local fauna and wildlife. The mirage disappears once the dragon's eyes are above the surface of the water.

D6 Attack

- Drowning!** The water dragon thrashes about in the water, creating powerful waves that throw all creatures within 4 m | 6 m | 10 m | 12 m range D6 | 2D6 | 3D6 | 4D6 meters backwards. The attack deals an equal amount of drowning damage to everyone hit by the waves. Armor has no effect.
- A hot spot!** The monster exhales a superheated cloud of water through its nostrils. Every player character within 2 m | 4 m | 6 m | 8 m is horribly scalded and takes D6 | 2D6 | 3D6 | 4D6 burning damage. Armor has no effect.
- The sting!** The sharp tail thrusts out, hitting one player character within 6 m | 8 m | 10 m | 12 m. The victim takes 2D6 | 3D6 | 4D6 | 5D6 piercing damage.
- Crushed it!** In a lightning move, the dragon stretches out two muscular limbs towards two victims within 3 m | 5 m | 7 m | 9 m, catching them in a firm grip, squeezing hard. Each player character takes D8 | 2D8 | 3D8 | 4D8 crushing damage. Any player character held receives a bane on all attacks until it spends an action and succeeds with an opposed STR roll to break free against the dragon's STR (16 | 18 | 22 | 24).
- Vicious bite!** The water dragon lunges at a player character within 3 m | 6 m | 9 m | 12 m, viciously biting down on its prey. The attack deals D10 | 2D10 | 3D10 | 4D10 crushing damage and the dragon takes a firm grip of its victim. As long as the player character is held it receives a bane on all attacks until it spends an action and succeeds with an opposed roll for STR against the dragon's STR (16 | 18 | 22 | 24) to break free.
- Gulp!** The maw of the water dragon opens wide and in one gulp it swallows one player character whole. Its next turn, the victim can spend an action attempt to climb out of the dragon's throat with a successful AGL roll. If this fails the player character is forced down into the dragon's stomach. Each round spent in its disgusting gut deals D4 | D6 | D10 | D12 fire damage to the unlucky adventurer. Armor has no effect. The only way of escape is for someone from the outside cutting open the dragon's bowels.

Demons

Demons come in three ranks: imp, demon and archdemon. Attacks for these are common but give different effects. Effects like range, numbers or damages are separated by a | in order of rank: Imp | Demon | Archdemon.

BLIGHT DEMON

The blight demons are the most chaotic creatures of the demon horde that is starting to pour in through the barrier. Their task is to weaken the people of Eshfera by laying waste to their crops and spreading disease.

	Imp	Demon	Archdemon
Ferocity	1	2	3
Size	Small	Normal	Large
Movement	12	14	18
Armor	2	3	5
HP	30	60	100

Baleful stench: The blight demons' bodies consist of a diabolic mix of shadows, refuse, bacteria, acids, rot and feces. All rolls made to discover power demons that are made within 50 meters of the monster are made with a boon. All attack rolls within 5 | 20 | 30 meters against the demon are made with a bane.

Infectious presence: the very air around the blight demon is infectious, as it is filled with demonic microorganisms. Every person who comes within 2 | 5 | 10 meters of a blight demon must immediately make a CON roll, or suffer the condition Sickly.

Fearsome appearance: The hideous shapes of the blight demon elicits fear in all creatures that lay their gaze upon it. The first time seeing a blight demon during a shift, a creature suffers a fear attack.

Wings: Blight demons can form wings from their accursed bodies at will, and fly.

D6 Attack

- The Shadow rising!** The blight demon's shadowy figure spreads around all characters within 3 m | 6 m | 10 m in an uncanny form. Everyone surrounded by the shadows suffer a Fear attack, WIL rolls are made with a bane.
- Blade of shadows!** The blight demon calls all shadows in the vicinity to it, creating in its midst around a blade of pure light in its hand. It attacks the nearest enemy with it. The attack deals D10 | 2D10 | 3D10 points of slashing damage. Armor has no effect.



D6 Attack

- Grapes of wrath!** The blight demon forms from its shape balls of concentrated bacteria, and throws them at 2 | 3 | 4 random enemies. The balls each do D8 | 2D8 | 3D8 of bludgeoning damage, and the victim must succeed with a WIL roll, with a bane, or gain the condition Angry.
- Poisonous acid bite!** The blight demon moves its form to a random enemy and sinks its newly formed teeth, dripping with poisonous acid, into the victim. The attack deals D6 | 2D6 | 3D6 piercing damage, and D6 | 2D6 | 3D6 acid damage (armor is applied individually to both of these). If either of these deal 1 or more points of damage – the victim is also subjected to a deadly poison with potency 9 | 12 | 15.
- Spread it!** The blight demon loves nothing more than to corrupt and bring decay to its enemies. It spreads its accursed form around the closest 1 | 2 | 3 characters and enters their bodies through nose and mouth. Each victim must make a CON roll, made with a bane, or suffer one condition per following round until it has gained all six conditions.
- Epidemic burst!** The blight demon spreads itself immensely thin and touches all enemies within 5 | 10 | 20 meters and tries to enter their bloodstream by piercing the skin with an attack that does D8 | 2D8 | 3D10 points of piercing damage. If at least 1 point of damage is taken, a deadly poison with potency 10 | 13 | 16 spreads across the circulatory system.

MIND DEMON

The mind demons are the spies and the assassins of the demon hordes. They use their psychic powers to deceive and to attack, to bluff and to kill. The demons are of varying size and girth, some are just skin and bones while some are almost spherical in shape. They all have greenish skin and piercing red eyes.

	Imp	Demon	Archdemon
Ferocity	2	2	3
Size	Small	Normal	Large
Movement	14	18	20
Armor	1	2	3
HP	20	45	85

Human guise: A mind demon can assume the image of a humanoid being of normal or smaller size, at will. The likeness is total, and no one, not even the imitated's family, can tell any difference. The form they take must be of a person they have seen in the last 24 hours. They must use all their powers to uphold this form, but if threatened they instantly drop the illusion and appear in their normal form. If the demon can, it often tries to kill the person whose form it takes to not risk suspicion.



D6 Attack

- Sleep!** The mind demon locks eyes with a person within sight and instantly puts a Sleep spell on them. The victim rolls for WIL, [unmodified | unmodified | with bane], to resist. If the roll fails, the victim's sleep lasts for one minute/stretch/shift and can only be broken with a **DISPEL** spell of power level 1 | 2 | 3.
- Freeze!** The mind demon puts the fear of death into the [nearest person | nearest two persons | nearest three persons] in sight, who must make a WIL roll, [unmodified | unmodified | with bane], to resist. If the roll fails the victim/-s is Paralyzed (result 7 on the Fear Table).
- Flee!** The mind demon is so terrifying that the [nearest person | nearest two persons | nearest three persons] in sight become so frightened that they must make a WIL roll, [unmodified | unmodified | with bane], to resist – or flee for their life. On a failed roll the person suffers Wild Panic (result 8 on the Fear Table).
- Empty yourself!** The mind demon lets out a deep, fetid breath on the strongest person within 5 m | 10 m | 15 m making that person extremely nauseous. The victim rolls for CON, with a bane, to resist. On a failed roll, the victim must spend its next action retching and emptying its stomach.
- Stab yourself!** The mind demon looks at the strongest character within 15 meters deep in the eye. That character must make a WIL roll, [unmodified | unmodified | with bane]. On a failed roll it must use its next action to stab itself with a sharp object nearby, a weapon if possible.
- Do it!** The mind demon roars with laughter and fixes its eyes on strongest character in sight, who must succeed on a WIL roll, [unmodified | unmodified | with bane]. On a failed roll, the demon takes mental control of that person. The demon will have that character protect it by attacking the person closest to the demon. The controlled character can make an unmodified roll for WIL again to escape the mind demon's control at the end of their next turn. It does not take an action for the demon to keep control of the victim.



POWER DEMON

The power demons are the forerunners of doom, tirelessly working to open cracks in the holy barrier which protects Eshfera from the dark demon hordes waiting to descend upon its innocent inhabitants. At first the cracks are small and can only let the smaller imps through to wreak havoc upon the lands and its people. As the cracks widen, larger power demons break through to harrow the defenses of Eshfera.

	Imp		Demon	Archdemon
Ferocity	2	2	3	
Size	Normal		Large	Huge
Movement	12	17	20	
Armor	2	5	8	
HP	35	75	110	

Baleful stench: The power demons exude a horrendous odor of sulfur, and rotten meat. All rolls made to discover power demons that are made within 30 meters of the monster are made with a boon. All melee attack rolls against the demon are made with a bane.

Fearsome appearance: The hideous shapes of the power demon elicits fear in all creatures that lay their gaze upon it. The first time seeing a power demon during a shift, a creature suffers a fear attack.

D6 Attack

- 1 Stinking cloud!** A stinking cloud is released from the demon. All non-demons within 4 m | 6 m | 8 m of the monster are blinded and lose their next turn. They must also succeed with a CON roll or vomit, get the condition Sickly and lose D6 | D8 | D10 **HP**.
- 2 Rend and tear!** The demon sheaths its sword and descends upon an opponent, using its claws to rend and tear at its flesh. The victim takes 2D8 | 3D8 | 4D8 slashing damage.
- 3 Foul phlegm!** The monster forms a disgusting glob of stinking phlegm in its throat before lobbing it at an unfortunate victim within 9 m | 15m | 22 m. The target suffers a deadly poison with potency 9 | 12 | 15.
- 4 Dire bite!** The power demon descends on an enemy and delivers a bite dripping with poison. The attack deals 2D6 | 3D6 | 4D6 piercing damage. If the target takes 1 or more points of damage it is also subjected to a paralyzing poison with potency 9 | 12 | 15.
- 5 Murderous blow!** The power demon draws its accursed blade, and lands a mighty blow on one melee opponent dealing 2D10 | 3D10 | 4D10 slashing damage.
- 6 Piercing bone shards!** The power demon lets loose a handful of small bone shards from its ridged appendages. The attack hits 2 | 3 | all enemies within 8 m | 15 m | 20 m of the monster and deals D108 | 2D10 | 3D10 piercing damage.

The Stone Kin of Windheim

STONE GOBLIN

The most human-like among the stone kin, the small ravenous goblins of the mountains have a metabolism that forces them to eat more often than their larger cousins, the stone orcs. This makes them raid settlements and travelers close to their mountain homes. They are strangely adept at picking up other languages and can speak different tongues, some even throw in a few choice profanities in Bastonian in their communication. The inner fire that burns hotter in stone orcs and even more so with the stone ogres is still there with the stone goblins, but is seldom visible. When a goblin is strongly angered though, its eyes will only glow with a red light.

Movement: 10

Damage Bonus: STR+D4 AGL+D4

Armor: 1 (natural)

HP: 10

Skills: Awareness 12, Evade 12, Sneaking 14, Spot hidden 12, Languages 10

Typical Weapons: Short bow 12 (damage D10), Daggers (stone) 12 (damage D8)



Cowardly: The stone goblins are a vicious and fierce kin, and will tear into any enemy in their path – until they are outnumbered or the fight seems hopeless for them. Then they often flee with great haste, trying to hide from their superior enemies. A game master can at any appropriate time decide that stone goblins will flee, or make a morale roll if leaving it up to chance seems like more fun.

Hive Mind: Every stone goblin is a part of a colony where a queen rules and gives birth up to tens of goblins every day in times of war. Through the queen, the goblins share emotions and thoughts, and because of this a goblin does not die immediately when reduced to 0 **HP**. If its heart or head is not pierced or bashed within three rounds, the goblin will regain half its **HP** from the hive and either continue the fight, or flee (see Cowardly above). A stone goblin can also communicate telepathically with others from its hive who are within 50 meters.



STONE ORC

The stone orcs are one of the most enigmatic kin of Eshfera. They consider themselves the caretakers of rock and stone and the protectors of the foundations of the world. The stone orcs live in the mountains, roaming deep and climbing high. Within them burns an inner fire that powers their relentless ambition to ward their mountains. This means that they often attack the dwarves mining the them, and many battles have been fought between the two kin in the tunnels below the world's mountains. The stone orcs are also known to raid quarries close to their territories and to raze buildings of stone, often stealing leather armor if they can find it. Stone orcs are humanoid in appearance but their facial features are bestial and fierce, reflecting the harshness of their existence. Their eyes always burn with a flickering red light.

Movement: 10

Damage Bonus: STR +D4 AGL +D4

Armor: 3 (studded leather 2 + natural armor 1)

HP: 18

Skills: Acrobatics 12, Awareness 8, Brawling 14, Crafting 8, Evade 10, Sneaking 8, Spot hidden 8

Typical Weapons: Heavy warhammer 12 (damage 2D10), Stone hard fist (damage 2D4)

Attuned with the stone: Stone orcs are attuned to the stone and rock surrounding them, and can communicate with others of the kin within a one kilometer radius, if both sender and recipient are touching stone.

Fiery blood: Stone orcs have fire running through their veins. This blood has healing properties to them, and the orc heals D3 HP on each of its turns in combat. A stone orc not engaged in combat will heal all HP after one stretch.



STONE OGRE

The stone ogres are deeply rooted in the stone and granite that form the backbone of these lands. In appearance these ogres look much like the stone that gives them their name, big and burly with arms like pillars and hands like hammers of doom. A hateful red fire burns in their eyes and their hearts, a hate for all things soft and squishy. The stone ogres live in mountain canyons and caves, patiently and greedily gathering gold which they use to adorn themselves. Some even have seams of gold running through their bodies. The more gold it displays, the more powerful it is in the eyes of its own kind. This will often bring a stone ogre into conflict with other folk as they roam the mountains looking for easy prey and glistening loot.

Ferocity: 2

Size: Large

Movement: 8

Armor: 6 (natural)

HP: 42

Deep slumber: When a stone ogre rests it enters a deep slumber and is turned into a rock, indistinguishable from any other stone formation in the area.

Fiery blood: Stone ogres have slow running lava for blood. This blood has healing properties and the ogre heals D8 **HP** on each round of combat. A ogre not engaged in combat will heal all **HP** after one stretch.

Sensitive to light: The monster takes D6 damage each round it is exposed to direct sunlight, and do not heal damage during that round. If the ogre is reduced to 0 **HP** from this damage it is temporarily turned to stone. It will turn back to normal as soon as the sunlight has retreated. Heavy clouds or thick hides or cloth is enough to avoid the effect, and thus stone ogres are often covered in animal skins, and helmets made of skulls of large beasts.

D6 Attack

- 1 **Hammerfall!** The ogre forms a fist and rains down a hammerblow on an enemy who takes 2D8 bludgeoning damage. The victim must succeed with a STR roll to keep standing up.
- 2 **Headbutt!** The monster headbutts one enemy who is pushed 3D4 meters away from the ogre, taking the same amount of bludgeoning damage and falls prone.
- 3 **Tackle!** The ogre barrels into its enemies, using its body to knock them around. Everyone within a 10 meter cone must succeed with a DEX roll to remain standing. Those who fail take 2D8 bludgeoning damage and fall prone.
- 4 **Rock and roll!** The ogre reaches into the ground and pulls up two large rocks to throw at the two enemies farthest from it within 30 meters. The victims take 2D8 bludgeoning damage and are Dazed.
- 5 **Some bite it hot!** The stone ogre savages one enemy with a bite that burns from the lava in the monster's veins. The poor victim takes D10 bludgeoning damage, and D10 burning damage.
- 6 **Lava vomit!** The monster vomits a lava burst at all enemies within a 20 meter cone. The targets all take 2D6 fire damage. Armor has no effect.



Other Monsters & Beasts

HILL GIANT

About the same size and equally intelligent as the forest giants, the hill giants of Windheim are very fickle. Many times they are very aggressive, but often they have become immensely fascinated with a very specific form of human behavior. Since they are lonely creatures, they want to fit in among humans, but become incredibly angry when they are misunderstood. To avoid being attacked, a party can try to appease the hill giant by showing off the exact behavior that it has taken an interest in. If they do not do this, or if they fail miserably at it – the giant will attack with immense ferocity.

Ferocity: 2

Size: Large

Movement: 12

Armor: –

HP: 30

Fickle: Every giant is transfixed with some kind of behavior, such as: dancing, laughing, crying, kissing, jumping, handshakes etc. If the correct behavior is displayed the giant will not attack, only stare with awe at the activity. This often takes a successful roll for PERFORMANCE. But one cannot bring a giant on one's journeys, for it is fickle, and might as well attack anyone in the vicinity at any time.

D6 Attacks

- 1 **Bite'em!** The giant opens its jaw and bites the nearest player character with its mighty teeth, inflicting 2D6 bludgeoning damage.
- 2 **Bash'em!** The giant raises its mighty two-handed club over its head and brings it down upon a random victim within 2 meters, inflicting 3D8 bludgeoning damage.
- 3 **Kick'em!** The giant flings its enormous foot forward kicking the nearest victim in the gut, inflicting 2D10 bludgeoning damage.



D6 Attacks

- 4 **Toss'em!** The giant picks up two player characters within 3 meters by the belt and tosses them 3D4 meters in a random direction, inflicting an equal amount of bludgeoning damage. The victims land prone. Armor has no effect.
- 5 **Swift Blows!** The giant flings its long arms around wildly, hitting all characters within three meters. The attack inflicts 2D8 bludgeoning damage on each victim.
- 6 **Headbanging!** The giant grabs the two nearest player characters by the hair and uses their hair to bang their heads together. Both suffer 3D6 bludgeoning damage. A helmet will reduce the damage.

GANGLY

The ganglies are shadowy and mysterious warriors that roam the lands of Windheim. Rumored to have been created by the mad mage Maganus, they turned on their master and slew him, escaping his thrall. Even so, they didn't find the freedom they sought and now aimlessly wander the roads in solitude, filled with hate and resentment for their wretched existence.

Ferocity: 2
Size: Normal
Movement: 16
Armor: –
HP: 32



Defensive: A gangly is adept at defending itself, and may use its actions to parry (skill level 14).

Honor-bound: The ganglies are honor-bound to not fight an opponent that surrenders. They will disarm the defeated enemy and then let them go. This does not mean that they are easily duped, and they always stay vigilant to detect any treachery.

Jumpers: The powerful legs of a gangly enables it to jump both high and long. The creature can jump up to half of its movement.

D6 Attack

- Baleful look!** The gangly's eyes light up with a baleful fire. Two opponents within 10 meters are subjected to a fear attack.
- Claws!** The creature slashes with its claws against one opponent within reach. The victim takes D10 slashing damage. The attack may be parried.
- Beak stab!** In a surprise move, the gangly jumps behind an enemy within 5 meters, and viciously thrusts its massive sharp beak in its back. The victim takes 2D8 piercing damage.
- Flurry of blows!** The creature wields its huge sword and delivers a flurry of blows. Every opponent within 3 meters takes 2D10 slashing damage.
- A feast for crows!** The gangly calls down a murder of crows upon the battlefield. They attack all characters within 10 meters of the gangly. Each victim suffers D8 piercing damage and gains the Dazed condition.
- Caw caw!** An ear piercing shriek forms a psychic wave, emanating from the gangly. Everyone within 10 meters takes 2D6 psychic damage and loses their next turn.

LICH

There are those among us that are driven by an overpowering desire to attain immortality, and are willing to make whatever sacrifice they can to reach that unholy goal. Such individuals, often mages of great power, seek ancient and forbidden knowledge of tainted magic that will transform their very beings into something otherworldly, an undead abomination that will exist forever. These few unfortunate souls are named liches, and the magic ritual that empowers their transformation will leave the body dead and rotting, and the soul bound into an item carefully crafted to hold their life force safe. Over thousands of years the flesh rots away, and in the end even the bones of the fiend turn to dust, leaving the lich nothing more than a palpable and deadly shadow. They do not need food or drink, nor do they need to breathe to sustain their unlife.

Ferocity: 2

Size: Normal

Movement: 10

Armor: –

HP: 48

Aura of dread: The lich emanates a sickly aura of confusion and dread. Every creature within 10 meters of the fiend gains the Dazed condition and is subjected to a Fear attack, with a bane on the WIL roll. Each creature can suffer this only once per combat.

Soul bond: When a lich is created its life force is placed into an item carefully prepared in advance. This is called a soul bond and this is what makes the undead beast virtually immortal. As long as the item is intact a lich will not die of natural causes, and will reform 2 meters from it if it should be reduced 0 HP. The soul bond is often a piece of exquisite jewelry but plain and simple soul bonds are also rumored to exist. It typically takes an equal amount of damage as the monster's maximum HP to destroy it. The lich may at any moment spend one action to teleport to its soul bond.

Mage: The lich is an accomplished magic-user and may possess the knowledge to cast as many as 2D8 different spells. Most common are: **DISPEL**, **DOMINATE**, **GUST OF WIND**, **FIREBALL**, **FIRE BLAST**, **MAGIC SHIELD**, **SHATTER**, **STONEWALL**, and **MENTAL STRIKE**. Note that a lich will never cast any spell from the animism school of magic as this has become anathema to its very existence. A lich has as many WP (typically 24) as half its maximum HP, and has a skill level of 16 in all magic schools except animism.

Digestive immunity: Liches are immune to poison.



D6 Attack

- 1 **I put a spell on you!** The lich taps into its magical powers and casts a spell (Gamemaster's choice).
- 2 **Heart crush!** A clenched fist is thrust towards an enemy within 6 meters and the lich squeezes its heart. The attack deals D12 damage to HP (armor offers no protection).
- 3 **Death ray!** The lich points a finger at an opponent within 30 meters, firing off a sickly purple death ray dealing 2D6 points of damage to HP and D6 to WP. The victim also gains the Sickly condition.
- 4 **Soulstripping!** Invisible claws tear and rip at a victim within 4 meters of the lich, trying to tear the soul from its very bones. The unfortunate target takes 2D10 damage to HP, gains the Scared condition and also suffers a Fear attack.
- 5 **Bludgeoning blast!** The lich summons unholy energies and sends a blast of power towards its enemies. The blast forms a cone that is 10 meters long and whose width at any given point equals the distance from the lich's body. Damage is 2D10 bludgeoning damage and pushes the victims as many meters as damage dealt away from the lich.
- 6 **It's full of stars!** The eyes of the monstrous undead flare with demonic and unholy fire, filling the minds of its victims with visions of exploding stars and dying galaxies. Everyone within 10 meters of the lich must make a WIL roll to avert their gaze. Those who fail gains the Dazed condition and then suffers a Fear attack, with a bane to the WIL roll.